

BRAZIL

L.J. Lunoco. Friday, Dec. 20, 1935.

Amund
1935

Flaming disaster struck today in the harbor of Santos, Brazil. ^aThe humdrum peaceful scene suddenly turned into crashing terror.

Santos, the coffee harbor, an ornamental South American city. A ship at the dock, those docks where ^{so much}~~most~~ of the coffee of the world is shunted on its way to our breakfast tables.

The ship, the ^{Swedish}~~Swish~~ freighter Britto-Marie. But she wasn't loaded with coffee. Nitrates were what they crammed into her, tons of nitrates; ~~bound~~ bound for Europe, there to be turned into deadly munitions for war and preparations for war.

The sudden roar that broke, the flaming detonation that crashed is simply expressed by the words -- a ship full of ~~explosive~~ explosive blew up. Flames shot high. Every man in the crew of twenty-five was reported killed. The city was shaken as if by an earthquake. Debris was ~~hurled~~ hurled on all sides; sacks of nitrate blazing and popping, flung onto nearby docks and warehouses. ^PAnd they started fires. What casualties there may have been among the dock workers is not known. The coffee city of Santos was

thrown into ~~wild~~ ^{wild} panic. The families of dock workers hurried screaming to the flaming waterfront. Tonight the melancholy task is being done of counting the casualties and reckoning the damages.

LIGHTSHIP

47

Now here's something that sounds like a hospital report - "she's holding her own". That's the latest word from the harbor of Boston. The story is that the Boston lightship is still on top ^{of} ~~at~~ the murky, wind swept waters along the New England coast. It was believed at first she would sink. But she's still afloat. ^{It} Today's mishap occurred in a dense haze, something of an artificial haze. The fog was composed of thick white snow flurries, combined with clouds of smoke from factories, smoke that drifted out to sea. The white snow and the drab smoke, made a dim, dull mist. ^{It} Into this a British freighter came ^{ow-} ~~plying~~, a vessel bearing the poetic name of "SEVEN SEAS SPRAY". She was ^{bound} ~~pulling~~ out of Boston with a cargo of scrap iron for Bilboa, Spain. And in the haze of snow and smoke the SEVEN SEAS SPRAY hit the Boston lightship. A rending crash, as the steel prow of the freighter slashed into the lightship and ripped a jagged hole near the waterline.

It was a ticklish moment for "Snow". No, I don't mean the snow that was mixed up with the smoke, I mean Captain Snow. He's the skipper of the lightship. He and his brave crew were knocked on their ears, when the freighter hit them. But there were no

LIGHTSHIP - 2

casualties. Captain Snow and his crew picked themselves up, badly shaken, but nothing worse. And the good old lightship is still afloat. She's been guarding the Boston harbor for forty-three years, and she may continue to show the way to New England navigation for forty-three years more. *Still there!*

Colonel
Julian.

Dec. 207
1935.

COLONEL JULIAN

L.T.: The world crisis and war dangers look so ominous today that I thought it might be well to hear a few of the lighter and more diverting things concerning that Ethiopian imbroglio. So, here to the studio I've brought Colonel Hubert Fauntelroy Julian, the Black Eagle of Harlem, whose Ethiopian and previous adventures have made him a headline. So let's have the Black Eagle tell us an oddity or two that he observed in the realm of the King of Kings. He's just in from Addis Ababa. How did you find the soldiering in Ethiopia, Colonel Julian?

- - - - -

COLONEL: Most peculiar, sometimes. I'm an aviator and I love action. I went to Ethiopia to fight in the warfare of the sky. But I found there wasn't a single war plane in the country. I became commander of the air force, an air force without any fighting planes. I got tired of that, I wanted action. So I asked for an army post, and was made Military Governor of Ambo. That's a camp where I had the assignment of training ten thousand men. I'm a West Indian, from Port au Spain, Trinidad, a British

possession, you know, and I had military experience with the British in the World War. His Majesty sent me to Ambo, to teach the Ethiopian tribesmen modern military methods of fighting. That's where I had some very peculiar experiences.

- - - - -

L.T.: Were the tribesmen good at learning those modern military methods, Colonel?

- - - - -

COLONEL: I'll tell you how well they learned. After two months of intensive training, I ordered my batallions out for some up-to-date manœuvres. I'd been teaching them over and over again how they should creep up to an enemy position, how to advance, crawling on their stopachs in the face of machine gun fire. I had been educating them in the most up-to-date tactics of the French army, the German army or the American army. For the sham battle I divided them into two armies, which were supposed to attack each other in the most modern military way. We didn't have any guns. There never seemed to be any guns available. So

I had them equipped with branches of trees to take the place of rifles and machine guns.

- - - - -

L.T.: Your two armies going into action must have looked like a forest -- like the Forest that Moves, in Macbeth.

- - - - -

COLONEL: Well, rather. But it was stranger than that. I gave the command to attack. I looked out over the battlefield through my binoculars, expecting to see my modern trained soldiers creeping along as if they were attacking machine gun nests. But they weren't there. They had disappeared. Then I saw something come flying out of the bush, a long snake-like object. It was one of their tree branches, supposed to be a rifle. And then there was a whole shower of them. My modern troops had suddenly gone primitive and taken into the bush, and were throwing theoretical rifles as spears. So my up-to-date military manoeuvres turned into a tribal sham battle, as those ten thousand trained soldiers showered each other in an old time Ethiopian spear fight.

- - - - -

L.T.: That must have been discouraging for a modernistic military commander.

- - - - -

COLONEL: It was. It was so discouraging I couldn't stand it any longer - training that kind of an army. In addition, the Ethiopians were hostile to foreigners, both colored and white. They were so antagonistic, put so many obstacles in my way, that finally I left. But it's a mistake to say that I am pro-Italian. I was misquoted on that. As a result of my experience over there I am not pro-anything.

- - - - -

L.T.: So you just packed up, said "so long" to His Majesty, and came home.

- - - - -

COLONEL: Yes, to give some lectures.

- - - - -

L.T.: Over here, Colonel Julian, you at least won't find anybody throwing a rifle as a spear.

And who's going to win the War?

- - - - -

COLONEL: Well, rather!

CRISIS

The diplomatic earthquake of the past two days is followed by the inevitable consequence. The tossing out of the unlucky peace plan merely intensifies the peril it was designed to avert - the peril of a European conflict. When Sir Samuel Hoare told the House of Commons last night that he had negotiated that much condemned agreement with Premier Laval as a desperate measure to preserve peace in Europe he might have been forecasting the ominous tenor of the news that comes today.

From London we hear that England has already started movements to line up a coalition of nations to stand by England and fight Italy, if war should come.

And that's confirmed by Paris, which declares that London has sent diplomatic notes to four Mediterranean nations, asking if they will support her if Mussolini attacks. Those four nations are Spain, Greece, Turkey and Jugoslavia. They have not yet replied to the London query.

Paris again has notified London that France will stand beside England, in the event of war.

(Some chilly words were spoken in London by Sir Austin Chamberlain, who is prominently mentioned as the possible successor to Sir Samuel Hoare. With cold logic, Chamberlain stated the League of Nations economic penalties were not enough, would never turn the trick. They would always have to be followed by the use of force. He said the League must be prepared to take military measures in the end. Meaning, that the procedure of the League leads logically to war.)

The warlike danger looks still darker when we turn our eye to Egypt. Military moves there, with the British army authorities sending troops to the border of the Italian Province of Libya. The word is that England has as many as fifty thousand soldiers in readiness in Egypt. Add to that some twenty thousand sailors of the fleet lying at Alexandria. And, Britain's army in Egypt is augmented by almost a thousand fighting planes. That's the military background for the word that comes today, which is:-

That a tank corps batallion was sent today to the Libyan border. No official word is given out. But it is believed to have gone to the Oasis of Siwa. On the other side in the Siwa territory, the Italians are busy fortifying. They are digging

trenches and stringing barbed wire. Everything points to tension and more tension on that British-Italian North African border.

Yet, I suppose it may be considered hopeful for peace that Premier Laval stays in power. There had been reports that his government would be overthrown, that he would resign.

~~peace plan, you might expect his partner in the scheme to be in trouble also.~~

But Laval will not resign. That's the formal statement in Paris today. Premier Laval had a conference with President Lebrun. They talked over the troubled situation, and when ~~it was~~ it was all over, Laval stated his intention in these words: "There may be an epidemic of resignations, but I ~~don't~~ ^{not} feel affected by the contagion."

The Chamber of Deputies has adjourned. It won't meet again until after Christmas, December twenty-sixth. So nothing can happen to the Laval government until that time.

Laval's position was stronger today, because of two factors. One is that former Premier Herriot is ~~still~~ ^{standing} sticking ~~along~~ with him, staying in the Cabinet. In the storm over that peace plan, Herriot resigned as head of the Radical Socialist Party. It was thought that he would get out of the Cabinet too, as a protest, but he is staying on. The second factor that helps Laval is Sir Samuel Hoare's speech yesterday. When the ousted Foreign Secretary spoke so gravely of the danger of a European war, that made a deep impression on the French - who don't want any war. So newspapers in Paris today were picturing France as the only big power that's carrying on to fight for peace.

SCHALL

Senator Schall, the blind legislator from Minnesota, has always liked to say - that when he was stricken blind, he "saw the light." Tonight the word from the hospital in Washington is that the Senator is still in a critical condition. ^{It} There's a tragic note in that automobile accident. The spirit might be sturdy enough to regard blindness as a brighter light, a new and greater vision, ^{but} ~~but~~ a glimpse of common physical eyesight is needed when ^{you are crossing a street and} a car is coming.

56
cut

Thomas D. Schall was an active young Minnesota lawyer when, nearly thirty years ago, he was lighting a cigar with a patent lighter and the thing exploded in his face and destroyed his eyesight. He became totally blind. Yes, that was when he saw the light, saw an inner vision telling him he must conquer his immense affliction. He went right on with his law practice, and made a success of it. Then he served for ten years as a Congressman in Washington. In Nineteen Twenty-four he was elected to the Senate, and has been a Senator ever since. (And that long political career has been of a most active and vigorous sort. The blind Senator began politics as a Democrat. He became a Teddy Roosevelt Bull Mooser, a Progressive,

cut

then a Republican. ^{It} Yet, as a Republican he threw control of Congress to the Democrats in Nineteen Eighteen. The House was so closely divided that it was a tie, except for one vote, and the blind Senator cast that one ~~dividing~~ ^{deciding} vote for the Democrats, and made Champ Clark the Speaker. Politically, ~~the blind Senator~~ ^{he} was as strenuous in the game as if he had a hundred eyes. ^{It} And, so too was he - physically.) Sturdy and active, only recently he took up horseback riding again, going out for a canter as he had done twenty-eight years ago. The blind Senator would ride along and accept no help from a companion, except when they came to a sharp turn. Just this autumn he attended an athletic meet at the school where his daughter goes. Sightless and fifty-eight years old, he himself went out on the field and gave an exhibition of jumping. ~~xxxxx~~ Lately, he has been cultivating jumping as his favorite exercise.

57

Such was the light of will and courage that Thomas D. Schall saw when he became blind. Now, he was crossing the street in a Maryland town. His police dog, Lux, was not with him, the dog well known in Washington for leading the Senator around. He was being guided across by another man, an employee. And both were hit and injured by the car.

WILD LIFE

The President made an announcement today, and the echo is - Ding. It sounds like the echoing of a bell - ding, dong. The subject of the presidential proclamation was wild life - not wild life in the great City, but life in the wilds, the birds, the beasts and the fishes. Mr. Roosevelt has called a conference to be held in Washington from February third to February seventh, for the purpose of bringing wild life enthusiasts and government officials together, so they can talk over ways of conserving the beasts that roam through the woods, the birds that sing in the trees, and the fish that dart in the streams. A committee, headed by F. A. Silcox, will make the arrangements, and bring to Washington more than a thousand conservationists, including governors and lawmakers - and their representatives. It will be a great event for the untamed creatures of land and sky and water. So, let the bell tinkle - ding, ding.

Why all that ringing and chiming, and dinging? Well, it's because of a cartoonist, famous for his skits and sketches on current events. J.N. Darling, or, as he signs his cartoons - Ding. He is one of the most devoted of all wild life enthusiasts.

And the President, in calling the conference on conservation, attributes it all to the midwestern cartoonist. He rings the bells for Ding.

This takes us back to events of some time ago. Because of his interest in wild life, Ding was made the head of the Biological Survey. He held the post for a while, and then resigned, issuing a blast of protest -- because of no New Deal for Woodpeckers and Chipmunks. He declared that government officials with whom he worked were really not interested in wild life conservation, were just lukewarm about it. He spread his charges far and wide in the newspapers and attracted plenty of public attention. This, says the President, is what has stirred up interest in wild life to such an extent that the Conservation Conference is being called. All because of Ding. And that ding -- is the signal for me to say ----

SOLONG UNTIL MONDAY.