

EGYPT

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But on land the picture was different -- "Down with England." Raging crowds storming and rioting, battling with police. Mobs on land revolting against that power on parade at sea,

The general strike in Egypt has resulted in the inevitable -- a renewal of the violence that flared a few days ago. Cairo once more in a state of insurrection. The walkout is on even at Alexandria, Eastern Mediterranean base of the British Fleet. Things reported peaceable there. Maybe because of the fleet. But it's another story from Port Said, the northern end of the Suez Canal. Violence seething at Port Said, tonight.

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A huge anti-British riot got under way today with hundreds of women joining the shrieking mobs. In a series of battles fifty-one rioters arrested, five policemen battered. And among the injured --- an American newspaper correspondent, caught in the swirl of the fight, in the rain of blows.

Yes, wild passions against Great Britain are flaring in Egypt, and in Palestine too. Yesterday we heard of a clash between a British police patrol and Arab bandits. Five bandits killed. Their funerals were held today. The people must love brigands out that way, because today's funerals were a signal for a desperate outbreak. In the seaport of Haifa a mob of Arabs attacked the police station, two thousand of them, storming in fury. In the fighting that ensued they battered the police. And among the injured were the British police superintendent and a number of his men.

ETHIOPIA

Now about soldiers. Troops thrown into battle. Two different kinds of battle. In Rome Mussolini orders a hundred thousand men to the attack, economic attack. That's the latest move in the bitter passive battle Italy is waging against the League of Nations sanctions, against economic strangulation. One hundred thousand troops released from the army and sent back to the farms and workshop to speed up production and make things at home, instead of getting them from abroad. Instead of fighting in a military way with guns, those soldiers are to wage their warfare in factories and on farms.

The other kind of battle is amid the mountains, valleys and deserts of Ethiopia. Mussolini's commanders report that on the Northern Front they smashed through Ras Seyoum's regiments today. They tell of a victory in rugged country, seven thousand feet high, near a famous natural fortress, which is a key to the Ethiopian defense.

The more general fact is that the Italian generals believe they are about to force a major battle, a big time scrap in which they'll have a chance to bring their modern weapons to bear on Ras Seyoum's ~~new~~ main army and inflict a crushing defeat.

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... the great Argyll, who lived in splendor and died by the
... his magnificent antagonist Montrose,
... who set the same black way to the black.

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... Revolution of Parliament against the royal Stuart, Lordly
... Charles the First, sold by his own fellow Scots, to Cromwell,
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ARGYLL

Mention to any Scot, the name of Argyll, and his mind goes back to the dark naxes of Scottish history, so full of mingled heroism and treachery. The Duke of Argyll, chief of the Clan Campbell, one astonishing figure after another, down the long line of succession. But more than all your Scot will ~~think~~ think of the great Argyll, who lived in splendor and died by the headsman's axe. Argyll and his magnificent antagonist Montrose, who went the same black way to the block.

It was the perilous, tricky time of England's revolution of Parliament against the royal Stuarts. Lordly Charles the First, sold by his own fellow Scots, to Cromwell, - and executed. Then there was Cromwell's autocracy and death - and the restoration of the Stuarts, with Merry King Charles the Second. And, in Scotland the great Argyll was master, treading the dangerous mazes of war, politics and revolution. He was a lord of falsehood, perfidy, courage and greatness. In the end he lost out - lost out to his enemies, lost out to the headsman's axe.

What's that got to do with today. Merely some of the memories that will occur to a Scot when he hears of the coming

marriage of the heir to the Dukedom of Argyll. The bride to be? Americans also may remember a thing or two, when we hear the name of Clews. For she is of the family of the banker, Henry Clews, who was of much renown in Wall Street.

Moreover, there's a bit of complication about the approaching marriage that quite fits in with the complicated history of the Dukedom of Argyll. The heir is Ian Campbell. On his father's side a ~~great~~ grandson of the royal Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria. His mother was an American, and she reared the Argyll heir in the United States.

The tricky point is -- that she reared him as a Roman Catholic. Now, the conflict of Catholic and Protestant runs like a red thread in Argyll history. More immediately - the Duke of Argyll of two generations ago left an estate of Four million Dollars, with a Will that said, no Catholic should ever inherit the money. And the father of the present Duke left another large fortune, with the proviso - that no heir should be a Catholic. And there we have young Ian Campbell, a member of the faith of Rome. Moreover, his mother left a fortune. Her Will decreed

that he must be a Catholic. Otherwise he is disinherited.

So the approaching marriage is tied in a web of conflicting religion. But actually, it's still more intricate, because Ian Campbell has been divorced. His intended bride of the American Clews banking family, has also been divorced. But the Catholic Church, in one of its most rigid canons, forbids divorce.

All very complicated! - Ah, but the history of the Argyll Dukedom has been complicated with religion, back to the storms of the Reformation.

LIQUOR

The new capital of the rum runners is a stately city on the Sheldt, where the River Rhine flows into the sea; a metropolis famous for two historical sieges, when it was besieged and captured by the King of Spain's general, the Duke of Parma, during the Religious Wars in the Low Countries. And, when it was bombarded and forced to capitulate by the German Big Berthas early in the World War. Yes, Antwerp - now the capital of the rum smugglers.

They load a cargo theoretically for Newfoundland, and sail across the ocean. But on this side of the water - they "break bulk." That's a term used in shipping circles - when a vessel transfers cargo at sea, before it gets to the port named in its papers. It's not supposed to be done. There's a fine. But they'll pay the fine and still make a huge profit - transshipping the liquor before they get to Newfoundland, loading it into small fast smuggling boats. These make a dash to the coast of the United States, there to sneak their contraband ashore.

Remonstrances have been made to the Belgian Government, saying - "Antwerp has become the rum running capital." The Belgian Government replies with the most friendly courtesy, but apparently does nothing about it.

Well, there's ~~nothing~~ disappointment in this next bit of news. It would have been a chilly letdown if those instruments they examined in Washington hadn't worked just right-- hadn't given their cold, mechanical proof that the stratosphere flight had broken the record. So here's the story the instruments tell after they've been checked and rechecked. Captain Albert Stevenses and Captain Orville Anderson achieved the supreme height of seventy-two thousand, three hundred and ninety-five feet. *That* was the top peak of their stratosphere expedition Monday before last. That's the official report given out by the National Aeronautic Association today. The two captains beat the previous official mark by eleven thousand feet.

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About Lincoln Ellsworth on his flight over the Unknown Antarctic — the same as last night. Forced to come back. Started out again — on his way once more.

AUTO SHOW

Picture a gala automobile show -- a crowd gazing with admiration at a sleek new model. Suppose that handsome car should suddenly start travelling. That would be astonishing.

It actually happened at the Trenton Automobile Show.

A crowd was milling around a model displayed on a turntable. The car was rotating in stylish dignity, when somehow it got loose from its fastening. And the forces exerted by the revolving motion went to work and sent the car rolling, off the turntable and into the milling throng. There was a young panic and people

got pushed around. Luckily, no one was hurt, ~~when the runaway~~

It won't happen again. So you
don't have to be scared to go to the Trenton Auto Show.
~~auto got loose in the auto show at Trenton.~~

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CHILD PREACHER

Down with dancing! Down with tobacco! Down with
~~the~~ cards! Down with all those practices of the devil!" So
says the still small voice. In this case it isn't so very
still, but it's small enough - five years old. It emanates
from Kansas City, Missouri, where the youngest evangelist in
the world is now holding forth, striking mighty blows. ^{Against} ~~the~~
what he calls the "sly old fox" - the devil.

He has been preaching ever since he was two. His
father, who is a preacher, taught him. The first words he
learned to lisp were evangelizing words. So now he is the
Reverend Charles E. Jaynes, Jr., aged five. ~~He is~~ a disciple
of Sister Aimee Semple MacPherson, of the Four Square Gospel.
I suppose you'd call ^{his} ~~it~~ a five year old gospel.

The Reverend Jaynes vociferously denounces
dancing. At the age of five, he doesn't dance. He excoriates
tobacco. At the age of five he doesn't smoke. The same thing
goes for cards - he doesn't play poker.

As for liquor - in all his five years he has never
stood at the bar, hoisted a cocktail, tiddled a highball or

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blown the suds off a glass of beer.

So down with sin, ~~and~~ *at the age of Five!*

~~SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW~~

REPUBLICAN

This is about a gentleman who sails yachts, raises primroses and collects dollars. Back in Nineteen Twenty-eight, he flew a full spread canvas in a yachting race across the ocean to Spain. He won it - won the King's Cup.

And, he has a notable fancy for flowers - the primrose is his favorite bloom. He maintains a special garden with beds and paths of primroses. He treads the primrose path - but only in a horticultural sense. His collection of dollars is for the Republicans, raising sinews of war for Nineteen Thirty-Six. Dollars, in place of chickens, in the pot, to beat the New Deal.

In other words - William B. Bell, President of the American Cyanamid Company, has just been appointed Chairman of the Republican Financial Committee of Sixteen. Others on the Committee are Charles Francis Adams of Boston, Herbert L. Pratt of New York, Joseph N. Pew, Jr., of Philadelphia, Silas H. Strong of Chicago, and so on.

Mr. Bell flourishes the financial sword against the Brain Trust, against the professors in government.

ROOSEVELT

I want to give a bit of advice to a Roosevelt. That's a bold thing to do, but then I can mitigate it by referring to what was said in the Cambridge, Massachusetts, police court. When the young man charged with the escapade was asked by the Judge what his name was, he answered - "Roosevelt".

"Which Roosevelt?" demanded His Honor.

"The other Roosevelt, for a change", responded the young gent.

So, as it's the other Roosevelt, the Oyster Bay branch, not the Krum-Elbow White House branch, I can go ahead with the advice.

Several years ago a party of us were on a West Indian cruise aboard a fine old sailing ship - the skipper, Count Felix von Luckner, the Sea Devil; the host, Burt Massie of Palm Olive School Girl Complexion fame. Burt, our host was quite a wit, and he achieved some of his most humorous sallies with an air gun. During the long hours at sea, Burt would lie in wait. He preferred the time when the guests were ascending a dizzy companionway to an upper deck. Then he'd take a good aim from

below with his air gun. The bee-bee shot had a particularly good effect on the silk stockings and so on of the ladies, or on either sex when they were in bathing suits. Just a lot of fun!?

What I want to point out to young Cornelius Roosevelt is this: He denies he opened fire with an air gun from a window, at Boston Tech. He denies he peppered passing motorists. He says he was deep in study. However, Burt Massie with his air gun peppered his guests on a millionaire West Indian cruise. That got him a big laugh. The moral is obvious. If you're going to shoot anybody, shoot your guests!

Maybe it was all a mistake up at Cambridge - just another motoring accident.

Now, turning to the other Roosevelt.

ACCIDENTS

As a prelude to his trip to Warm Springs for Thanksgiving -- President Roosevelt called in Secretary Roper and talked about accidents and safety. The nation is taking serious note of the huge list of victims each year, people killed or hurt. So the President said to the Secretary of Commerce: "Call a national conference," a get-together, to discuss the accident problem. The President called it "a distressing situation"; and that indeed is what it is.

There have been many safety drives by local authorities and private organizations - like my own sponsor, the Sun Oil Company, for example. Now it becomes countrywide. The National Safety Conference will meet in Washington early in December and there will be a drive to make this land safe for all of us.

One point to be noted is - fatigue. This is clearly brought out in that striking book just published, "Sudden Death and How To Avoid It," that expansion of the article in READER'S DIGEST, which caused so much attention, an expansion which goes on to tell how to prevent accidents. Five or six in the evening is the most dangerous hour for them so far as injuries are con-

ACCIDENTS - 2

cerned For fatalities seven to nine P.M., is the perilous time. The morning rush hour is only one-third as perilous. The obvious answer is - fatigue. So look out at the time of the day when you are tired, when everybody is tired. And maybe you're tired - and --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.