

ETHIOPIA

Good Evening Everybody

Dessye captured. Haile Selassie's northern headquarters taken! That comes after the fighting in Africa seemed to have settled down into a battle of publicity men. What a pity all battles can't be fought with typewriters. On this occasion the press departments of both Italy and Ethiopia sent virtually identical telegrams to Geneva. Each of them wired to the League of Nations: "Behold, we are scrupulously observing the rules of humane warfare. Our wicked enemies are violating every law of decency, morality and civilization."

From the Italian side we've been hearing for days that the Emperor Haile Selassie had shaved his beard and gone into hiding. The Duce's press bureau said the King of Kings, was on the run, hunted by Italians and his own rebellious tribesmen alike. To which the Emperor's propaganda department replies: "Tsh, tush, the Emperor is not only safe and in good health, he has just called out three hundred thousand reserves."

The Ethiopians also claim a new ally in the person of "General Rains". The Italians, they declare, have bitten off more than they can chew, extending their lines too far. Before long they will be caught fast in the glutinous, African gumbo mud, and Haile Selassie's men will be able to destroy them at leisure. The Italians of course make light of such communications and point out that they are consolidating their positions and getting a stronger hold on important strategic outposts.

About the only definite other occurrence in the last twelve hours was another panic in Addis Ababa. A squadron of Italian planes roaring over the Ethiopian capital. All of the natives from the highest government officials to the poorest Galla slaves, rushed to cover -- Europeans leading the runners, probably. But their terror was needless. Not a bomb was dropped, not a shot fired. The Italian flying commanders observed the promise made by Mussolini last week that Addis Ababa would not be bombarded.

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In Europe the war of words is conducted mostly by

the French. General elections are approaching, and the League of Nations has become one of the main issues of the campaign.

One Party cries: "Let's leave Geneva, let's leave the League to the British who are using it for their own purposes." Another party cries: "No, we will not leave. We should instead have strong sanctions not only against Italy, but against Germany."

And so it goes, words, words, words, in France as well as Ethiopia.

GENERALS

That gallant officer Major-General Hagood is not to be laid on the shelf for giving frank answers to Congressmen. In one respect, the dopsters were wrong. They had prophesied that General Hagood would be sent to Governors Island. That's the post for which he was next in line before that tempest-
arousing episode. Instead, of that, he goes to Chicago - and Chicagoans say that's a step higher. Major-General Frank R. McCoy comes to New York from the Windy City.

General McCoy's chief reputation in army circles is his exceeding tactfulness. He is known as the best diplomat of them all. They also call him the "Wood's man". Because of his long, close friendship with the late General Leonard Wood. Also he's the last surviving officer of the historic battle of San Juan Hill, in Cuba. McCoy, then a lieutenant, was wounded in that scrap, and the surgeon who attended him was his brigade commander. Through that contact they became friendly. Young McCoy married Leonard Wood's niece and became his aide de camp in Cuba and later in the Philippines.

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It was after the War that he earned his reputation as a diplomat. In Nineteen Nineteen he went to Armenia as a member of General Harbord's Military Mission. In Nineteen Twenty-Eight, President Coolidge sent him to Nicaragua, as a trouble-shooter; to supervise those turbulent Nicaraguan elections. General McCoy did so well that on his return he was assigned to temporary duty in the State Department. Still later he accompanied Lord Lytton's League of Nations Commission to Manchuria.

He has one of the squarest chins in the army, and is a typical cavalry man, thin, wiry, with a ramrod back and what a chin. He's the McCoy.

EASTER

For the youngsters of Washington, D. C., this was a real red letter holiday. For the Hundred and Twenty-Seventh time the small boys and girls of the capital were the guests of the President of the United States. It was the merriest egg-rolling that has been seen on the White House lawn in several years. The sun shone, the bands played, and the children cheered the President and the First Lady. They had not only a Marine Band, but a boy and girl orchestra to make the music. There was a magician to pull rabbits out of hats. One of the funniest clowns in the country added to the fun.

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Here's something that will sound fantastic and improbable to most of you who are listening in:- Hundreds and hundreds of people spent Easter, here in the Eastern part of the United States, playing around on snow from forty to seventy feet deep. Cherry blossom time in Washington, balmy Spring nearly everywhere, yet hundreds spent the day on top of more than forty feet of snow!

Today special trains on the New Haven and ~~the~~ Boston and Maine, and streams of automobiles, ^{returned} ~~deposited~~ skiers ^{to} ~~at~~ their homes, all the way from Philadelphia to Quebec. According to the United States Forestry service figures, seven-hundred-and thirty-one ~~skiers~~ put in the Easter weekend sliding down the dizzy slopes of Tuckerman Ravine. That ravine is on the northeast side of Mount Washington. Right now, the snow line commences near the base of the mountain. Putting on your creepers, or sealskins, you ski laboriously up a dizzy trail for three miles, then climb over an ice wall, a precipice of snow and ice, and then you find yourself in Tuckerman's. At the top of this ravine is a still higher precipice, a towering head-wall. Men of the Forestry Service

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and CCC lads had special First Aid stations, and stretchers to take care of any injured skiers. ¶ From up near the top of Mt. Washington the experts on the hickory blades come shooting down into the ravine at express-train speed. Many, losing their balance, high on the mountain, ~~would~~ come end over end, falling for a hundred feet or more. But in the soft snow no one seemed ^s to mind. ¶ The seven-hundred-and-thirty-one skiers in the ravine included nearly all the experts in the East, as well as many who are not so good. Much of the time the ravine was filled with clouds. Suddenly you'd hear a shout, and here through the mist, down the mountain, would come a man, flying like the wind, with his parka hood whipping with a drum ^{mums} ~~beat~~ sound. — and if you happened to be too near him he'd go by in a cloud ~~of ~~skiers~~ ^{crashing.}~~

The Easter parade on the snow of Tuckerman's Ravine ended with a spectacular downhill race through the pine and birch forest to the base of the mountain. Dartmouth and Harvard skiers predominated in the race, and the first four places went to Dartmouth.

The snow, and the skiing in Tuckerman's Ravine usually lasts right up until June. From now on most of those who go there

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will ski in their bathing suits, And get as deep a coat of tan
in two days, on the snow, as they could get in two weeks at
the shore. Sounds unbelievable, doesn't it?

Barr.

Apr. 13, 1936.

INTRODUCTION TO MR. BARR.

Tomorrow will be the big day for us baseball fans. That is, provided we get a better break from the Weather Man than we in the east have been having today. But if luck is with us, in eight Big League parks, some of us will hear the magic, exciting words: "Play Ball!"

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Just for a change, let us consider the men who say those words, the men who run the games, the umpires. For the most part, the umpire is the "forgotten man" of baseball. Unlike the players and managers, he's a limelight dodger. But behind that mask and chest protector, there's many a colorful personality. For instance, there was George Moriarty of the American League. George used to say that a fair fight was one between him and any three other fellows. Bill Klem is another picturesque figure. An angry player once said to Bill: "Who are you umpiring for?" In his stentorian voice, Klem roared back at him: "I don't ump for nobody, I ump the ball."

Facing me ~~in the studio tonight~~ is one of these mysterious officials of the big game: ~~He's~~ George Barr, ~~the~~ ~~man~~ who is going to call 'em at the ball ground tomorrow when

the New York Giants meet the Brooklyn Dodgers. George doesn't look ferocious, he's quite cheerful and amiable. But the players tell me that he's one Grizzly "Barr" when you dispute him. He's not only an umpire, he's an umpire-maker. At Hot Springs, Arkansas, he runs what is probably the most unique educational establishment in the world: a school for umpires, the only one of its kind.

L.T.:- Tell us, George Barr, does an umpire on his day off ever go to the ball park to see a game?

G.B.:- Maybe some do. But I don't. I've never once seen a Big League ball game as a spectator! I did see the all-star game two years ago. That was when Hubbell did the most amazing bit of pitching. He struck out five men in a row, and those five men were Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Al Simmons, Joe Cronin, and, I believe the fifth man was Gehringer.

L.T.:- What was the most remarkable game you ever umpired?

G.B.:- The one at the Polo Grounds two years ago. The St.Louis Cardinals were making that sensational end-of-the-season rush for the pennant. The Cards were playing the Giant, Hubbell pitching for New York. He pitched eighteen innings and won the game - won it one to nothing.

L.T.:- That must have been some game! And what was the most exciting one you ever umpired?

G.B.:- Down at Fort Smith, Arkansas, in the bush leagues. I had to call all the close ones against the home club. So a bunch of enterprising home town lads went out and collected a lot of rocks. Then they went through the grandstand, selling them two for a nickel --- to throw at me. One of the boys made a dollar and seventy-five cents that afternoon, just selling rocks to fire at me.

L.T.:- How were you at dodging?

G.B.:- Swell! I ducked 'em all. Then there was that day in Shreveport, Louisiana. I'd just called a runner safe at home plate - a chap on the visiting team. Then I heard a row behind me, and as I looked over my shoulder there was a fellow running out of the grandstand with an ice-pick in his hand. Fortunately there was a ~~copy~~ cop behind the guy with the ice-pick and he nailed him just before he nailed me.

L.T.:- And that's one way of picking on an umpire! What a pleasant life you fellows must have.

BOUNTY

In the last year or so, we've been hearing and reading quite a good deal about Pitcairn Island. Two persons are about to sail from San Francisco for that picturesque community in the South Seas. One of them a five year old boy. His name is Charles Christian. He's the real live great, great grandson of Fletcher Christian. Many today recall that Fletcher Christian, first mate of the ill-fated Bounty, was the man who led the mutineers, set Captain Blye adrift, and founded that unique colony of Pitcairn Islanders.

Five year old Charles Christian and his mother are going to Pitcairn to claim their share of the land. Everybody on that South Sea rock is a descendant of one or another of the mutineers of the Bounty. You may remember that the Nordhoff and Hall film won the blue ribbon of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts last year. And the film and books brought the island prominently into the news. One result of this was that the residents of ~~Pitcairn~~ Pitcairn learned that Fletcher Christian's great granddaughter and great, great grandson were living in San Francisco. So they invited them to join the colony and said

they'd be glad to give them a share of that far off island
refuge midway between Australia and South America.

BONES

Some time last year a farmer in Michigan felt his plow strike an unusual obstacle. He investigated and found a heap of enormous bones. When the scientists got a slant at ^{them,} ~~it,~~ they discovered that the farmer had found the skeleton of a mastodon, forty thousand years old.

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Anybody who has been to Detroit has probably seen that mastodon. She was christened "Midge". J. Lee Barrett, head of the Detroit Convention and Tourist Bureau, bought her from the farmer. They took Midge to Detroit in pieces and put her together again. Then they put a red coat on her and made her the prima donna of the Michigan Exposition.

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Midge made quite a hit with the crowds, but now she is resting sorely on Mr. J. Lee Barrett's shoulders. As she weighs ten tons, that's no light load. Mr. Barrett doesn't know what to do with Midge. He offered her to Mayor Frank Couzens of Detroit for the City Hall grounds. Said the Mayor: "Thanks and all that -- she's a perfectly beautiful mastodon, but she somehow doesn't seem to fit in around the City Hall."

~~He~~ Barrett then tried the Detroit Zoo. The director

of the zoo would have been delighted to have Midge if she had been alive. But dead mastodons don't belong in zoos. Two universities in the Detroit vicinity have also declined to give bony Midge a home.

Poor Mr. Barrett is having far more trouble getting rid of his mastodon than I did with my bear, Nudist. Anybody who wants a full sized mastodon, in perfectly good condition, dead as a door nail, dead for 40,000 years, will be welcomed with open arms by Mr. J. Lee Barrett of Detroit. If anybody offered me a mastodon I'd say,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.