

L.T. - SUNOCO -- TUESDAY -- MAY 5, 1936

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

This is one of those days that leave a mark on the pages of history. Even if the Italian occupation of Addis Ababa had been a mere formal procession, the significance of the event would be there:- An ultimate sign and symbol of the utter downfall of the Ethiopian Empire, which had lasted in one form or another for several thousand years. Also today's event is a gesture of complete Italian triumph in the face of giant obstacles of nature and against all the opposition of the League of Nations and the British Empire.

But the Italian advance took on a vivid turn of drama and suspense with all that savage outbreak of bloodshed and destruction in Addis Ababa; the deadly peril to the white colony there, -- the seige of the legations. So today is a day of the formal impressiveness of history plus a flame of theatrical thrill.

The scenes in Rome during the past few hours may be dismissed with the adjectives "giant" and "stupendous", that is, the crowds and the shouting and enthusiasm. All of Italy today

staged its vast rally for which Mussolini had told them to be ready. The long expected signal was sounded from the Alps to the top of Sicily - sounded with a shrieking of sirens, ringing of bells and blare of trumpets. The millions of the population dropped everything, and with concerted discipline hurried to the public squares. There a nation mobilized in massed crowds. As one vast radio audience they listened to the voice from the loud speaker. The voice of Mussolini -- the Duce in one of his flaming orations.

Last October there was a similar scene of massed radio audiences. Then Mussolini announced his defiant intention to conquer Ethiopia. The next morning Italian troops began the invasion. Today the Duce shouted his message to even greater crowds, and his shout was -- "The war is over! Ethiopia is Italian!" A nation-wide bravo rent the springtime skies. And there seemed to be nobody in the world to dispute the Duce's triumphant boast.

While he spoke in Rome scenes to illustrate were witnessed far to the south in Africa -- the machinery of war rolling through the streets of looted, mob-torn Addis Ababa.

Columns of tanks, armored cars and trucks bristling with machine guns rumbled past the British Legation and on into Haile Selassie's former capitol. There was no sign of resistance. The Ethiopian mob that had stormed and raged had vanished. The shooters and looters had fled to the hills. Some even tried to take refuge in the foreign legations, which they had been threatening with storm and massacre shortly before. The plunderers simply vanished in a panic, afraid of the punishment the Italians might deal out for the reign of terror they had staged.

So with the coming of trucks and tanks, the peril to the white colony in Addis Ababa ended today. At the last moment American Minister Cornelius Van H. Engert finally gave in and took refuge in a well-defended British Legation. He and his handful of Americans defended their almost undefendable headquarters against repeated savage attacks -- while the State Department wirelessly him to seek safety in the British stronghold. Tonight he's back in his own legation again. Today the Italians assured our State Department in Washington that they will safeguard Americans according to the laws of war.

Why were the Italians so long in marching into the stricken city? Why the delay - while the mad mobs were plundering, burning, shooting, killing, threatening a massacre of the Europeans? A siege of the legations? We've had reports for two days that on a mountain slope outside of Addis Ababa, the Italian advance guard was waiting - native troops, those hard bitten black Askaris, who skirmished the way for the advance. And all the while the British and French legations were calling upon the Italians to hurry and save the Europeans. ^F We have an explanation from Rome today. *It is* that Mussolini had ordered Marshal Badoglio to hurry, march into ~~Addis Ababa~~ as soon as possible, and put down the murderous anarchy. But Mussolini also commanded ^{that} the march into the city should be made by white troops - that the Italians of the mechanized divisions should have the honor of the triumphal entry. That sounds a bit operatic, something like the triumphal scene in Aida - while the white colony ^{was in peril and the city burned.} ~~in the Ethiopian capital was in peril.~~ But I suppose there may have been some point of policy in this - an African sort of policy, the idea that the Ethiopian natives would be more impressed with the power of the white man, if white men and their

machines made the triumphant^{el} entry, instead the the native black skirmishers.

~~If that was the idea~~ ~~a dispatch indicates~~ the entry with the theatrical gesture, was blunted a bit - by a giant, dusky fellow, mighty and majestic, with the mane of a lion for a headdress. Ras Hailu! Last night, the night before the Italian machinery of war moved in, was comparatively quiet. Because out of the west came the big chief, Ras Hailu, with a force of a hundred and fifty ~~thousand~~ warriors. He took command of the city-of-anarchy. ~~And~~^{And} after some fierce fighting, his warriors cleared away the raging mob that was trying to storm the French legation. Ras Hailu, one of Ethiopia's greatest noblemen, arrested hundreds of the ~~leaders~~^{rioters} and seems to have had the situation pretty well in hand when the Italians arrived. The lion skin chieftain was the man of the hour, to greet the conqueror, Marshal Badoglio. And so, a new dominant figure in the Ethiopian scene may have been created. Haile Selassie gone, Ras Hailu to the front. He may become an important figure in the Italian occupation. It is possible to surmise something like this from the singular story that lies behind it all.

^{The}
▲ time was when the greatest friendship existed between Haile Selassie, the King of Kings, and Ras Hailu, lord of the provinces of the west. They made a trip to Europe together some years ago. But as time and Ethiopian politics went on, the Lion of Judah and his great feudal lord, became estranged. Ras Hailu plotted against Haile Selassie, and was involved in a scheme to dethrone him. ^{It} It concerned Lij Yasu, the former emperor. Haile Selassie had deposed Lij Yasu and seized his crown. He kept the former emperor ^a prisoner, manacled with golden chains. So now Ras Hailu schemed to liberate Lij Yasu and restore him to the throne. But the King of Kings was too smart and quick. He arrested the lord of the west, took him from his provinces and held him a close prisoner. ^{When} When the Italians started their war, Ras Hailu was Haile Selassie's bitterest enemy in Ethiopia. As the war went on, the former emperor, in his golden chains - died most opportunely. So opportunely - that the rumor was that Haile Selassie had done away with him. Meanwhile - a revolt broke out in the western Gojjam province, the hereditary realm of Ras Hailu. The rebellion quite naturally was ^{supported} ~~started~~ by the

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Italians, who did everything they could to stir up the subject provinces against the King of Kings.

We all recall how a few days ago, Haile Selassie, defeated in the north, returned to Addis Ababa and vowed he would retire to the mountains of the west and resist to the last inch. His sudden flight by railroad and ^{by} British battleship came when he found out that the western provinces were in wild revolt against him. ^{The} Rebellion in Gōjjam had spread far and wide. That's what made the Italian triumph so swift and complete. And now we see Ras Hailu, hereditary governor of Gōjjam and lord of the west - released from prison and marching with a band of his feudal retainers, into Haile Selassie's abandoned capital, putting down riot and anarchy, ~~and~~ rescuing the Europeans, *and meeting the Congress*

So now we have - Ras Hailu riding high, ~~as~~ Haile Selassie's bitterest enemy, in the foreground as the lord of the western provinces that revolted and overthrew the last chance of the King of Kings to resist the Italian invaders. It may be that the Italians will think that Ras Hailu has done well by them, and that he deserves a handsome reward. The least that can happen

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is - that the lord of the west will go back to the west, more lordly in his lion skin than ever.

And as for his lordliness - let's illustrate it with a majestic incident. This is told me by Joe Israels, war correspondent, who ^{formerly} flashed news to us from Addis Ababa. He tells me something about that trip to Europe made by Haile Selassie and Ras Hailu, when they were friends. There ~~was~~ was one gadget of modern civilization that particularly impressed ^{the} Ras. ~~Hailu~~ He rode in a sleek, fast automobile and was so delighted that he went at once to the salesroom of the Renault Company and ordered a hundred cars, to be delivered to his province in western Ethiopia. The terms - spot cash, gold on the table. So the automobiles were shipped to East Africa, and a hundred French mechanics went along. At Djibouti the autos were unloaded and the mechanics assembled them. Then the fleet of motor cars ~~x~~ started across Ethiopia. They soon ran out of roads, couldn't go any further. But that didn't daunt Ras Hailu. He sent a call for a hundred thousand of his subjects, to build roads. So it was road-building at a tremendous clip. Pretty soon, however, they came to a great chasm

in the mountains. There was no way to get across it, or around it. So the hundred French mechanics knocked down the cars and the hundred thousand subjects started carrying the parts down the chasm. It was a long and tedious operation, and by this time the French mechanics were thoroughly fed up. They were thinking about that dear Paree. They couldn't stand the African heat any longer. So they decamped, just turned around and went back to Djibouti and Gay Paree. Today, the hundred automobiles, dismantled, in parts, are still lying at the bottom of that chasm. So says Joe Israels.

Ras Hailu had one bit of solace. He admired machine guns as much as he admired automobiles, and collected a great store of quick firing weapons in his ~~mp~~ palace at Gojjam. And there his way of entertaining a European guest was to take him on the palace roof and regale him with the sight and sound of scores of machine guns firing in every direction.

And Ras Hailu rides high tonight, But highest of all rides Mussolini.

POLITICS

Politics today gives us a bit of news from both sides -- something for either side to cheer.

One loud voice said: "I am backing Roosevelt." It was William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, speaking before the National Womens' Trade Union League. *said he was speaking for himself. But his* President Green's [^] declaration today points to the support of the Unions for the New Deal in the Fall.

On the Republican side the word is -- Borah won't bolt. He said it himself -- in East Liverpool, Ohio. He made this declaration to scotch rumors that if he were not nominated in Cleveland he'd take a Republican walk. So party unity won't be in ^{en} ^{ed} danger [^] by the Senator from Idaho.

Meanwhile, it's political eyes on California today, eyes on the Republican primary. Two native sons are in a somewhat indirect battle -- Hoover and Hearst. Ex-President Hoover is entered in the primaries as a Presidential possibility. Publisher Hearst is supporting Governor Landon of Kansas. The returns, of course, have not yet begun to come in. We'll have them tomorrow.

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RATTLESNAKE

In Florida they ^{have} passed a law - forbidding anybody to get bitten by a rattlesnake. That seems an odd sort of prohibition - but it's connected with those rattlesnake revivals they've been ~~having~~ having in the south. At Bartow, Florida, a man died after he was bitten in one of those hysterical exhibitions of snake religion. He announced he was ready to lay down his life for the Lord, and he did. The coroner's jury said it was through his own carelessness. There was a flood of protest against the weird practices. So today the City Council put snake religion in the class of a "public nuisance". And a rattler revival will be punished by jail sentences.

It's always a pleasant story -- Home town boy makes
— *sounds like O. O. McIntyre.*
good, And how the good old home town thrills and rejoices
over the glory of its favourite son. However, there's another
old saying with Biblical authority -- that "a prophet is not
without honor -- save in his own country." Now ^{which} ~~that~~ is correct--
the glory of the home town boy, or the gloom of the prophet
without honor. I'll leave you to judge -- on the basis of
this story.

It concerns the Pulitzer prizes, announced today.
The literary world is thrilling over them. Whenever literary
awards and honors are handed out, the ladies and gentlemen of
the writing profession always thrill, maybe with ecstasy or
maybe with indignation.

This year's price for drama goes to Robert Sherwood's
anti-war play -- "Idiot's Delight." The honors for fiction
go to the Oregon forest novel, "Honey in the Horn," written
by the former cowboy, H. L. Davis. Poetry, "Strange Holiness,"
my brilliant former school mate
by ^{came} Robert Tristram Coffin. Journalism, Lauren D. Lyman
of the NEW YORK TIMES for his scoop story about the departure

of the Lindberghs. And honoars go to Will Barber of the Chicago Tribune. It's a posthumous award, because War Correspondent Barber died of malaria in Ethiopia.

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But the prize that will give a newspaper man the most exhilaration is the one for ---"the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by an American newspaper during the year." Who is crowned with the majesty of that award? A small town paper -- that's the pleasant part of it. The paper is in Iowa, the Cedar Rapids Gazette. The citation says that the Gazette gets the prize for -- "its crusade against corruption and misgovernment in the state of Iowa." The editors out there staged an expose that resulted in accusation of graft against ~~fi~~ forty-five defendants.

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Well, Cedar Rapids certainly should be delighted with the honoar that has come upon its own Gazette. The folks in Iowa must thrill with the good old time sentiment -- a home town boy makes good. Let's look at the news and see.

As a result of the Pulitzer prize winning campaign of the Gazette forty-five defendants charged with graft were

face to face with the law. The number then decreased to thirty-one, when Attorney General Edward L. O'Connell[^]_^ and several others were cleared. The Attorney General went to trial twice. The first time the jury disagreed. The second time there was an acquittal.

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Today the news tells us about the remaining thirty-one defendants -- a verdict from the Iowa Supreme Court. What's the verdict? All the charges are voided, cases dismissed. And this court decision comes on the day of the announcement of the Pulitzer prize granted to the Cedar Rapids Gazette for starting the graft crusade in the first place.

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A prophet is not without honor save in his own country. And s-l-u-t-m.