

Good Evening, Everybody:-

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Tonight Italian regiments are encamp<sup>ed</sup>~~ing~~ in steep valleys, in defiles through the mountains, <sup>ready to advance again.</sup> They pushed on all day, advancing in a formation of three <sup>waves.</sup> ~~waves~~ First -- a line of skirmishes<sup>es</sup>, feeling the way. Then a wave of machine gunners. After that -- the main body of infantry<sup>--</sup> massed regiments in columns.

Strategically, the Italian forward march into Ethiopia is an attack from the North, from Eritrea, pushing through wild and formidable mountains to more open country beyond. Mussolini's men going ahead, ~~ix~~ not on a broad front, but in columns through mountain passes. This leads them past the country of the fierce Danaki<sup>s</sup>. So it's not surprising that the first skirmishes were with war parties of Danaki<sup>s</sup> fighting men.

Rome reports that the advance into Eti~~opia~~opia is progressing according to ~~schedule~~ schedule. A battle flash comes of a force of eight hundred Ethiopians, trying to make a rushing charge, mowed down

by machine gun fire. Another tells of terrified prisoners, rounded up and sent behind the lines by the advancing Italians.

From Addis Ababa comes a report of an Ethiopian victory, in a sector to the west of the main fighting front. It relates that in the Tigre Province warriors of the King of Kings, drove back an Italian invading force - the Italian retreat covered by a thundering of bombs from planes overhead. This rumor of a defeat -- Rome denies, as absurd, ridiculous.

The Italian objectives are the towns of Aduwa and Adigrat - Aduwa scene of the historic Italian defeat long ago. And, the war news which flashed so swiftly and flamingly today began with a sky bombardment of Aduwa and Adigrat. These are prominent Ethiopian centers, and the Italians struck first from the sky at these towns, preparing the way of terror for the advance on the ground.

The reports tell of frightful havoc wrought by the air bombs, both towns in flames, many killed. The Emperor Haile Selassie at Addis Ababa radios the complaint to the world that Mussolini's bombers killed women and children, nurses, Red Cross workers. He says one bomb hit a hospital.



American newspaper men say they had been informed that the Italians would give warning to the civilian population that the sky attack was coming. A dispatch from London indicates that the warning was given but that the civilian population didn't have time to evacuate the towns before the bombers came roaring overhead.

In the forefront of the attacking planes were Mussolini's two sons, and his son-in-law, Count Ciano, who commands a squadron which calls itself "The disperati," meaning the "Desperate <sup>Squadron.</sup> ~~men.~~"

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The latest is that the Italian sky observers report large masses of Ethiopians gathered within two miles of the frontier. These presumably are the forces with which the Italians have been <sup>engaged.</sup> ~~engaged.~~

Yet it's not certain how far <sup>the</sup> ~~^~~ resistance has been by units of the Ethiopian army, and how far -- by parties of tribal warriors.

It may be that Haile Selassie's troops will retreat skirmishing -- or they may put up a desperate fight, right away. <sup>Thus far the</sup> ~~Tomorrow will tell~~ casualties are estimated <sup>^</sup> up to 2000. ~~ex-that.~~

Such is the first day of war news; perhaps we can call it the first real day of war news we've had since those events of twenty

<sup>Post-War</sup>  
years ago. Somehow all other <sup>5</sup> ~~scrapes~~ and skirmishes seem vague and remote -- the war in the Gran Chaco, the French campaign against Abd-el Krim in the Sahara, the Japanese attacks on Shanghai and in Manchuria. The world situation today is such that the military dispatches from East Africa, remote as it is, <sup>seem</sup> ~~are~~ as vivid and as close to us as the daily bulletins ~~were~~ <sup>did</sup> during the World War.

Mussolini ~~struck~~ <sup>violence</sup> struck, as was to be expected, with singular ~~violence~~ and drama. We had heard rumors that he might start the fighting with a romantic flight, himself at the controls -- <sup>— a flight to</sup> East Africa. What has happened is different -- but just as spectacular -- all Italy mobilized yesterday, mobilized before loud speakers, the millions of Italians in cities and villages gathered in groups to hear the Duce's cry of determination -- determination on war and conquest. That yesterday, and at dawn today the Italian army in East Africa thundered forward.

In ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> the blast of battle little else is to be heard -- usually. <sup>Mahzins</sup>  
I think it was the great Roman General Marius who said -- "In the clash of arms laws are silent." But today, for all the burst of shells



and sky bombs -- the voice of international diplomacy can speak with a thunder just as loud.

What about the League of Nations? Complications with England? What about France?

The possibilities of another World War are so stupendous that the tempest of battle in East Africa becomes almost small - compared with the maelstrom that diplomacy might bring forth.

The Emperor Haile Selassie protests to the League that Italy has invaded. And finally he puts the national mobilization of his country into effect - and hands the Italian minister his passport. Rome doesn't deny. Mussolini's men counter with the charge that their attack was provoked by the warlike ~~menace~~ menacing attitude of the Ethiopians. With finicky reasoning the Italians claim that the very fact that the Ethiopians were held on a line well behind the border was provocative. They argue that this holding back was merely to mask warlike movements, the concentration of huge ~~xxx~~ numbers of men.

So complains Ethiopia; and so answers Italy. But what

about the nations that virtually stand in judgement? The League of Nations, England, France? As for the League, there can be no question. The family of nations can only denounce Italy, proclaiming Mussolini the aggressor.

An official announcement from Paris made that clear. That announcement is grave enough. France is lined up with England most decidedly. They'll act together, but through the League. [ Captain Anthony Eden, London's diplomat, has been having urgent talks ~~with~~ with Premier Laval about the Italian attack. And together they decided that France and England will urge the League of Nations to slap penalties on Italy for today's invasion, economic penalties. ] They will call upon the League to have its members stop doing business with Italy, cut trade relations, financial relations.

Mussolini answered that yesterday. (Weeks ago, when *cut* { things didn't look so threatening and England didn't look so determined, he proclaimed that sanctions meant war. Yesterday, though, ) he said that only warlike sanctions meant war - and that Italy would meet economic sanctions with self-denial and patience.



The first day of the long and loudly advertised war in East Africa has come and gone. It's now dawn, Friday morning over there. What desperate events will the new day bring? Events on the Ethiopian battlefield, events in the councils of the nations determined to check Italy? The new day will tell.

## TRIBE

This is the story of a girl who didn't want to make a loveless marriage. Her parents had a bridegroom picked for her, but she refused. It's an old story, but I'm<sup>not</sup>/going to tell it in such details as -- "the parlour of the old homestead and the weeping girl saying no." Or -- the rejected bridegroom saying fervantly:- "I will make you learn to love me, Nell." Because this story of the peril of a loveless marriage comes from among the primitive Aborigines, in the bush country on the edge of the Never-Never Land in Australia.

The unwanted bridegroom was an old warrior. The greatly wanted bride had been engaged to him for twelve years. She was twelve years old, meaning -- her parents had promised her to him when she was born. When the child grew up, when she was twelve years old, the old warrior claimed her. But she said "no," in Australian Aboriginee, which is -----, I suppose. She refused to marry him. The story doesn't say whether there was a young warrior in the background or not. Probably so.

In any case, the girl refused to obey the commands of her parents, rejected the pleadings of the unwanted bridegroom.



This kicked up quite a social sensation in the country of the Kangaroo. The affair was placed before the elders of the tribe. And they decided according to old custom -- that if the girl persisted, she must undergo the Ordeal of Spears. If she survived the dreadful ordeal, she could have her way. The girl said:- "Anything but this hateful marriage. Bring on the ordeal of spears." And they did.

Missionary priests at the Keats Port Mission witnessed the spectacle, but they were helpless to do anything about it -- in the face of a horde of fierce Aboriginal warriors. The fighting men of the tribe stood in a line, with spears poised. The girl was placed thirty paces away from them. One by one the tribal warriors flung their spears at her, flinging them with strong aim, trying to impale her. The slim girl writhed and ducked, dodged and side-stepped. One spear missed her; then another! She ducked a third, side-stepped a fourth. And so on -- time after time.

At last, she had evaded them all, all except one. The right to fling the last spear at her, belonged to the spurned suitor. The embittered old warrior, veteran of many a spear-

flinging fight, raised his lance, and with all the venom of disappointed love -- hurled it. The spear sailed swift and true, straight for the mark. ---- The panting, terrified, girl made her last effort, pulled herself aside! And, the spear -- missed.

With that -- the ordeal of spears was complete. The girl had survived unscathed -- and had won the game with death. She was free now -- free at the golden age of twelve, free to marry whomsoever she pleased.



DILLINGER

I had a remarkable experience this afternoon. ~~In the big~~  
~~Sert Room at the Waldorf-Astoria~~ a slim young man, medium stature,  
just thirty-two years old, quietly dressed and soft spoken, was  
talking informally, unemotionally, almost casually, to a gathering  
of some Fifteen hundred men <sup>in the big Sert Room at The Waldorf.</sup> He might have been an insurance  
executive, or some ~~■~~ other business man talking shop. Instead of that,  
in those quiet, matter of fact, unemotional tones, with a <sup>soft</sup> ~~slight~~  
southern brogue, he was telling one of the most sensational stories  
of the age. That young man, whose only distinguishing feature was  
his deep sunken eyes, was Melvin Purvis, until recently ~~an~~ ace ~~fox~~  
~~■~~ of the "G" men, the man <sup>given credit</sup> ~~responsible~~ for putting an end to Dillinger,  
<sup>and</sup> ~~the man~~ for Pretty Boy Floyd; <sup>the man</sup> who broke the Factor and Bremer cases, and  
apprehended Piquet, the lawyer who was arrested on a charge of  
harboring the gangsters. He was giving us, in his own words, the  
first hand authentic account of the killing of the once notorious  
public enemy, John Dillinger. Incidentally, it is pronounced with  
a hard "g". *Dilling-er.*

Part of what Melvin Purvis told us has a direct bearing on  
the news of the day, on the plight of Anna Sage, the famous woman in

red, who tipped off the "G" men. Purvis led off his remarks by saying: "It has always been the policy of the F.B.I., the Federal Bureau of Investigation, to preserve the utmost secrecy as to all sources of information received by the Bureau. Then he added: "But since Mrs. Anna Sage has herself brought it into the open, it is only fair to tell the facts." What he then said was particularly vital, because Mr. Purvis had just been served with a subpoena by Mrs. Sage's attorneys, in the fight to save her from deportation.

~~Mr.~~ Purvis went on to say: "Mrs. Sage did furnish us with the information which led to the apprehension of Dillinger. In so doing, she rendered a real service to the country and, in my opinion, she ought to be allowed to stay." He then went on to tell the vivid, astounding details of that day in Chicago.

After relating how the information came to his office, he said: "We had already surveyed one picture house, the Marlborough; but we had not yet looked over the Biograph Theatre. Two of us went there and I was one of them. I saw Dillinger pass into the theatre. Then I saw something else that worried me a great deal. I saw a



great many women and children.

We followed him into the theatre. We prayed for the good fortune of finding three vacant seats behind him so that we could grab him from the rear and hold him before he could reach for a weapon."

At this point Purvis added a significant detail, with the words: "In spite of the talk that has been made, still it really was our purpose to take him alive. For one thing, we wanted to try to ~~make~~ make him talk. Possibly he would not have talked. Possibly this would have been no use, but many ~~am~~ of even the most hardened criminals have talked." Then Purvis repeated: "We wanted to take him alive, but, he wouldn't let us. Our hope of finding three vacant seats behind him was in vain."

"We had three lines of defense surrounding the theatre. If he passed one, it was up to the second line, and so forth. We waited two hours and forty minutes." And added Purvis, "that was one of the most difficult waits <sup>I</sup>~~he~~ ever hoped to have. ~~in his life.~~

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<sup>And he</sup>~~He next~~ explained: "The signal was, that I was to light a cigar, <sup>But he said to us -</sup> ~~and~~ I want to tip all of you off, if you are ever in a

like position, don't use that signal. For as Dillinger came out of the theatre, I lit a cigar and it bobbed up and down in my mouth like a shaking leaf."

Continuing in the same impassive tone, with his <sup>Carolina</sup> ~~slight~~ <sup>accent,</sup> ~~southern brogue~~ Purvis then told us, while we sat breathless:

"I looked straight into Dillinger's eyes and he looked straight into mine. Apparently, he didn't recognize me. At any rate, he didn't do anything about it. But after he walked a couple of paces, one of the women with him pulled the sleeve of his shirt.

Then I saw that the moment had come. I said: 'stick 'em up, Johnny!'"

~~You may imagine that we all listened~~ <sup>Well we all sat</sup> ~~breathlessly for~~ <sup>waiting for</sup>

Purvis' next word. And this was it: "He reached for his gun and it took him two jerks to get it. That cost him a great deal. What happened after that everybody knows." Then he added: "It isn't a pleasant story to tell. Probably I won't ever tell it again."

<sup>TP</sup> As a matter of fact, it isn't known to this day, not even to the agents of the F.B.I., <sup>exactly</sup> whose bullet ~~actually~~ killed Dillinger.

They purposely made no test of the bullets that were found in the



dead desperado's body and made no comparison with the barrels of the agents' pistols. This as a matter of policy.

1,500 men sat spell bound. We could have listened to Melvin Purvis for the entire afternoon. Actually, we were all there as the guests of the editors of RED BOOK, who were giving the party to celebrate a series of spine-tickling articles by Melvin Purvis, just about to appear in that magazine - out today in fact. And a great scoop. The Dillinger story wasn't the only thrilling yarn he told us. I wish I had time to repeat to you the graphic tale he told of the famous battle of Little Bohemia. But we'll have to keep that for another day.

## BASEBALL

If you catch a Tiger by the tail, look out! Those big wild cats of Mickey Cochran's certainly took vengeance on the Cubs for yesterday's shut-out. Two Chicago pitchers knocked out of the box. Score, eight to three! That's a come-back worthy of any champions.

Baseball history repeats itself at Navin Field. Once again we have the score and games all squared at the end of the second day. The clawing, cuffing Cubs obviously have their work cut out to match the Detroit fence busters. So I've got the laugh on Amos 'n' Andy tonight about that bet. So ha! ha! And,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.