

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

In all this ill-tempered turmoil, some good manners and real gallantry. The scene, the harbor of Alexandria in Egypt, where Julius Caesar started his famous acquaintance with Cleopatra.

The harbor was crowded, mostly with British warships. But there lay at anchor also the fine Italian liner, the AUSONIA.

The jam of John Bull's men-o-war was of itself enough to create tension. Judge for yourself what the ~~xx~~ excitement was over the sound of a terrific boom, an explosion. Nerves were on ragged edge already. Executive officers jumped to their feet! Even captains and admirals bounded out of their luxurious beds, wondering if the zero hour had arrived, the hour of war between John Bull and Mussolini.

As they arrived on deck in their pajames, the sight that met their eyes was quite different. Huge columns of steam, smoke and flame poured from a stricken vessel - and it was the

Italian AUSONIA. The signal went out among all of Britain's mighty ships: "Everyone to the rescue!" Picket boats raced through the waters of Alexandria harbor. Lifeboats were hurriedly lowered from the towering warships of His Majesty's navy. They discovered that the AUSONIA'S boilers had exploded. The accident was tragic enough. The engine room crew lay dead, or in pain.

Fire had started aboard the liner, and the flames were creeping towards the luxurious cabins of the passengers. But, the picket boats and lifeboats of King George's navy arrived in time and removed everybody from the stricken ship -- took them safely to land. Thereafter, a picturesque epilogue, a chorus of "Grazie signore!" from the Italians; an echoing chorus of "Quite alright old chap!" from the English. And thus a gallant gesture flashes to punctuate the tense relations between the two countries involved.

WAR

Let's see what real information we have from Europe outside of rumors. Well, a long conference between the Duce and His Excellency, Sir Eric Drummond, His Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Ambassador Plenipotentiary to Rome. And what were they talking about? Your guess is as good as mine. And anyway it's obvious. What was the result of their long confab? Here's their answer: "Progress". Whatever that may mean. Oh, yes, I <sup>re</sup>forgot, "Great Progress", <sup>they said.</sup> Their Excellencies intimated that we may expect a joint announcement at any moment. That ought to be enough to make us anxious to buy the next edition of our favorite papers.

48

So much for Rome. Now what do we hear from Paris? This is rather unexpected because we were led to believe that Monsieur Laval wouldn't issue this information until the senatorial elections were ended. ~~So what we learn from him this afternoon is unexpected.~~ <sup>You'll</sup> We have to recall that John Bull sent over a preemptory message asking, "Are you going to back us up in the Mediterranean or not?" Monsieur Laval's reply is ~~an~~ unequivocal ~~reply~~ "Yes, we are". At least, that's the gist of it. In short, a solid front opposing Italy.



RUSSIA

There's a particularly colorful aspect in one report from Geneva. The U.S.S.R., ~~the~~ Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, has officially notified the League of Nations that it is right on the job with that embargo on Italy. No war munitions, no supplies, will be sent to the Duce's country from any of the Soviet Republics in the Union. <sup>And -</sup> No financial help.

49  
A caustic observer might add that there's a slightly comic note to the information that Moscow won't lend the Duce any money. Nobody yet has heard of Russia lending anybody any money. When there's any money to be loaned, it's the good old U.S. S.R. who is doing the borrowing, if, as and when.

Nevertheless, the <sup>Tovarish is</sup> ~~Tovarish are~~ right on the band-wagon in the boycott on Italy. No guns, no powder, no nothing from Russia for the Duce's armies.

The enthusiasm of the Red delegates in this situation is quite conspicuous. For instance, they were among the first to shout:

"Here, here" at all the drastic proposals of John Bull's delegates.

<sup>R</sup> <sup>Britains</sup> ~~Johnny's~~ latest idea is a boycott on everything ~~that's~~ Italian.

That is, all tangible products, grapes, olives, wine, spaghetti,

lemons, oranges, Isotta-Fraschinis, Fiats, and so on.

NAVY

While the rest of the world is sabre-rattling, stalking round with iron fists and in shiny armour, we can hardly blame Uncle Sam if he bestirs himself and says: "Well, maybe I'd better get me some war equipment myself." To which Sam adds: "And if you are going to do it, might as well do it right." Accordingly, he is going to build him the most formidable, top notch A-One, dreadnought armada of airplanes that has ever been seen. Sixty mammoth flying cruisers.

50  
TH That's the scheme. They'll all be patterned after the X P 3 Y 1, the crack patrol boat of the navy, the one I <sup>told</sup> ~~had the honor of telling~~ you about on Wednesday, ~~That was~~ the flying battleship that created a non-stop record for airplanes by flying from Panama to <sup>San Francisco,</sup> ~~Alameda,~~ California, with Lieutenant-Commander McGinnis at the controls. <sup>TH</sup> So that record flight meant something more than just establishing a new record.

## FORUM

It's a spectacular thing when a formal discussion staged by an American newspaper turns into an event of significant meaning in the crisis that is shaking the world. But that happens to be the case with the Forum of Current Problems, sponsored by the New York Herald Tribune that has just closed its three day session before crowded, distinguished audiences in the great ball room at the Waldorf. It closes after a series of declarations to the Forum and over the radio to the world, by some of the dominant personalities in control of troubled international affairs. Sir Samuel Hoare, British foreign secretary, making a pronouncement of British policy. Our own Secretary of State, Mr. Hull announcing an American viewpoint. And finally President Roosevelt with a formal re-statement of his pledge that America will remain neutral. And he called upon the women of the United States to do their part in keeping this country out of any war.

Just to make the proceedings complete, there was one of the great publishers of the land who is prominently mentioned as a possible Republican candidate to oppose Franklin Roosevelt next year, Colonel Knox of Chicago. As a newspaperman,



his idea is for the freedom of the press.

Yes, that newspaper forum turned out to be a ~~big~~ thing of ~~n~~ international significance. And behind it all is a small gracious, soft-spoken woman -- Mrs. William Brown Meloney, editor of the Sunday syndicated newspaper magazine -- "This Week." A great big imposing high pressure magnifico might have had a mere speechifying party, while a rather shy, quietly reserved woman made it an international news feature.

MANCHUKUO

Fighting news today comes not from Africa, but from Asia. A battle in Manchukuo! A battle between Japanese and Chinese. The generals of His Imperial Majesty, the Mikado, inform us that the Chinese they fought were bandits. That reminds me of a remark made to me the other day by a Blackfoot Indian. Said He: "When you beat us, the Indians, it was a victory. When we beat you, it was a massacre."

## HORSES

Horses, horses, horses, here's a tale of horses, ~~horses,~~  
~~horses.~~ Specifically, a couple of them who deserve medals as  
definitely as any two-legged hero. For instance, there's the gallant  
four-legged champion named QUICKSILVER. He's silvery white and on  
his near foreleg he carries the scar from a bullet that struck him  
in Nineteen Fourteen, when he was carrying one of the old  
"Contemptibles". Ever since then, no parade in London is complete  
without QUICKSILVER. Every time His Majesty opens Parliament,  
QUICKSILVER ~~XXXXX~~ paces with dignified steps through Whitehall.  
He has appeared in the Victory March, in the funeral of the Unknown  
~~Soldier~~  
~~Soldier~~ <sup>Soldier</sup> at the wedding of Princess Mary and the marriage of  
the Duke of Yorke.

53  
Another famous four-footed champion is a horse properly  
named WARRIOR. He is twenty-seven years old now. A burst of shrapnel  
almost killed him in Nineteen fourteen, at the historic battle of  
Mons. The shrapnel penetrated close to his heart, but WARRIOR  
survived. In fact, he survived to fight again and to be wounded  
four times more.

Then there's  
Another famous veteran is a lady named KITTY. She's a

HORSES - 2

bay mare and fought <sup>with the British</sup> all through the four and a quarter years of the ~~WAR~~ World War. In fact, KITTY had her closest escape from death just two days ~~WAR~~ before the Armistice. But the Armistice didn't end KITTY'S record of distinction. She has won almost enough Blue Ribbons at horse shows to cover her chest. And three of her foals have won fifty prizes.

KEMAL

Just as though there weren't enough to arouse alarm, here comes news of a conspiracy in Turkey. A plot against the life of the formidable dictator known as the Ataturk. We know him better as His Excellency Mustapha Kemal.

Apparently, however, it doesn't seem to have been a very good plot, because it was found out. One hundred and fifty of the conspirators were <sup>seized.</sup> ~~pinched.~~ All of which tends to prove that a secret shared by a hundred and fifty people isn't <sup>much of a secret.</sup> ~~such an awfully~~ good secret.

WILKINS

24  
Here's a relief from war news. In Africa people are destroying each other. But on the other side of the world, men are risking their lives just to advance the cause of human knowledge.

Lincoln Elsworth and Sir Hubert Wilkens have just started on their third expedition of exploration to the South Pole. They left the

beautiful harbor of Montevideo in Uruguay today. This is the 3<sup>rd</sup> edition of the expedition that in two consecutive years has been defeated by hard luck and the elements.

## DROUGHT

War or drought - which is worse? We've had our days of both. And we thought with all those dreadful dust storms in the west last year, we'd had our full meed of parching. But an authority who has studied the subject comes forward to say to us, "Hold everything! You ain't seen nothin' yet." We're in for a ten year period of terrific drought. So says a man who has been studying the subject assiduously for the last couple of years. His name is Halbert Powers Gillette, and he is a Chicago mining engineer. He broke this news in a paper that he read to the Pennsylvania Water Works Association at Atlantic City.

Mr. Gillette has been studying droughts and rainfalls as they have happened over the last One hundred and fifty-two years. To complete ~~his~~ his observation, he has gone to the length of scanning rings in trees, deposits of shale, layers of silt in the beds of lakes.

2

RUTH

That plaintive, melancholy sound we hear is <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ Swan Song.

The singer who is caroling "farewell" is a brawny, burly chap whose open honest face you will immediately recognize -- Babe Ruth.

At the ~~Hotel~~ Gotham in New York today three men sat around a table. Freddy Behham, ~~the mighty maestro of publicity~~, Christy Walsh the syndicate <sup>man</sup> ~~manager~~ who manages the Babe, and the old Bambino himself. They were talking about the game the Babe is going to play on Sunday. A ball-busting battle on the diamond for a lot of kids, thousands of kids. The Babe expects it to be his ~~last~~ <sup>swan</sup> ~~game~~, the last time he walks out on the field in uniform.

And, ~~it will be~~ his last autograph orgy, autographing baseballs.

Maybe the Sultan who made the domain of Swat his own kingdom can get up and say -- the pen is mightier than the bat. He has autographed thousands of baseballs for boys and perhaps has given more pleasure thereby than <sup>with</sup> all his circuit clouts over the fence. He will go on his last autographing spree on Sunday --

Graham McNamee <sup>will</sup> ~~conducting~~ <sup>the</sup> drawing; the lucky lads to get ~~a~~ baseballs signed by the hand that gripped the mightiest bat ~~ex~~ that ~~was~~ ever

~~known~~ walloped a ball.



COCKNEY

Do you like a success story <sup>the good old</sup> -- ~~a regular~~ Horatio Alger  
rise from the bottomest bottom to the top <sup>of</sup> the very tip top? Here's  
one from the land of the Dons, the southern latitudes of Don  
Francisco and Don <sup>Jose.</sup> ~~Hoson.~~ The name of our hero is ~~one of the most~~  
picturesque and beguiling -- "Don Jimmy the Cockney." That's what  
he was called ~~down~~ in the Southern Cross republic of Chile. Don  
Jimmy-the-Cockney has just died, at the pinnacle of his power and  
affluence.

As for the bottom for a beginning, you couldn't pick  
anything further down on the scale than -- Limehouse. Limehouse  
of Limehouse nights, where the slant-eyed ~~x~~ heathen Chinees of London  
mingles with the cockniest of the Cockney. That's where Jimmy-the-  
Cockney was born, James Webb -- to give him his right name. At  
twelve he was a plumber's apprentice in Limehouse, with no rosy  
future for a <sup>Whitechapel</sup> ~~knacker~~ ~~talented~~ ~~cockney~~ lad. <sup>TP</sup> He ran away, stowed  
away -- on a freighter. And eventually he landed, like something  
drifting ashore, on the west coast of South America. ~~and~~ The  
plumber's apprentice from Limehouse went to work as a plumber's  
apprentice in Chile. He grew up -- he flourished. He became  
connected with electric power plants, ran that up into a fortune.

<sup>And</sup>  
~~he~~<sup>^</sup> became a great utilities magnate, down below the equator. A  
power in politics,<sup>a</sup><sup>^</sup> controlling influence in government, an intimate  
friend and colleague of President Ibanez, dictator of Chile.

With all this he remained the Limehouse cockney. When  
he spoke English it was ~~all~~ with the richest, ~~and~~ broadest accent  
of Bow Bells. He was a mighty man, a Don. <sup>But</sup><sup>^</sup> He was always called  
Don Jimmy-the-Cockney -- and proud of it.

## AUTOMOBILES

It's "step on the gas!" for Death Valley Scotty. And it's "slow and easy" for the Prince of Wales. Those two renowned personalities appear in sequence, one after another, in the news today - each in an automobile story.

You know of Death Valley Scotty, that picturesque magnate of mysterious gold mines, who has a principality in the desert heart of Death Valley. He's got a new car. And when Scotty drove into Los Angeles, it looked as if he were running a locomotive. For he was driving a car that looked a whole lot like the engine that pulls the train. Something special for the Death Valley mystery man, not intended for city streets, but for the sandy bone-bleached roadless spaces of the sunblistered desert.

"It goes seven hundred miles without stopping", said the fantastic old miner as he stuck out his chest proudly, "and it has a gas tank that holds a hundred gallons."

So Death Valley Scotty is stepping on the gas in a big way; but it's just the opposite with the Prince of Wales. Not that His Royal Highness was never known to hit it up along the roads

that weave among the fashionable resorts of Europe. But that seems to be a thing of the past. The heir to the British crown paid a visit to the London Auto Show. He was much interested in the cars, until he came to one and they told him - "Your Royal Highness, it will do ninety before it's hardly got started." The Prince of Wales yawned, registering - so what? And he said a little wistfully: "I'm not so young as I used to be. Nowadays speed doesn't interest me so much as comfort." Reminding us that the one time boy prince, the flower of royal youth, is now forty-one; and the time is 6:59 and

20 seconds, so solong until Monday.

9 1/2