

WEATHER

Next to the storm in Washington, next to the blasts of public opinion about the President's work relief bill, the biggest and most violent news story tonight is -- the weather. Its violence is a concoction of unseasonable warmth, tornadoes, storms at sea, rain, snow, sleet, clouds of black dust, earthquakes and just about every sort of disturbance Mother Nature can cook up -- except a major volcanic explosion. As for magnitude, take a globe of the world, put your finger on Colorado, and draw it all the way around to the ancient land of Greece, and you'll be tracing the immense area covered by freak disturbances.

Here amid the skyscrapers of Rockefeller Center, in New York, the weather man hasn't been cutting up with any high jinks, but still he has been behaving in rather peculiar fashion -- a marvelously warm spring day. In some places the greening of grass has been noticed on the terraces of the R. C. A. Building. And today is February twenty-fifth -- a balmy dash of spring ahead of time. Well, pleasant but highly unseasonable weather like this is always an indication of trouble somewhere else.

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The middlewest reports violent storms, five casualties, thirty people injured; transportation halted, highways blocked, railroad trains stalled. At Ordway, Colorado, a woman was killed

driving an automobile, when a tornado blast of wind lifted the car and ^{slammed} ~~knocked~~ it over. At Joplin, Missouri, twelve houses were blown down by the wild storm. At Wichita, Kansas, a tornado picked up a cow and blew the animal a hundred feet through the air. This evening's report is that the cow is still a ^{bit} ~~a~~ bewildered but her milk supply was okay when the farmer appeared with the pail ~~and~~ ^{hadn't churned to butter.}

In some places the raging winds were combined with snow, sleet and rain, in others with dust -- dust storms as violent as the sand storms of the desert. Immense black clouds swirled so far, wide, and high, ^{that} traffic was blinded. In parts of the west planes were grounded, as they sometimes are on the Arabian desert when the sand storm blows.

If it was bad on land, it was even worse at sea.

Blasting storms have been lashing the North Atlantic, howling gales and heavy seas. The storm has been combined with bitter cold. Radio calls have been received from eight vessels in distress, British, Italian and Greek freight vessels, flashing urgent wireless appeals, telling how they're being battered by the fury of the sea. Some of ~~them~~ report they've lost their propellers, and are drifting helplessly. Off the coast of France naval vessels are searching

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for a French freighter which seems to have vanished completely, possibly foundered. She sent in her distress call giving her position as fifty miles off the port of LaRochelle. After that call, nothing more has been heard from her.

As we make a ^{stormy} landing ^{on the continent of} Europe, we find France whipped from end to end by great gales. Eight people reported killed, houses wrecked, trees blown down, roads blocked. And in some places the pouring rush of floods has ^{been} added to the sweep of the wind. A number of small French towns are reported to be inundated by the sudden torrential deluge, trickling small streams turned abruptly into a turmoil of flood. And the same storm story comes from Holland, Belgium and Spain.

When we get around to Greece, it is something else again. On the Island of Crete, and adjacent shores of Greece, the earth is trembling. There have been severe shocks in some places. People killed and injured, property destroyed. And the earthquake tremors were felt far and wide along the shores of the Aegean Sea, and all over the eastern Mediterranean.

~~From~~ ^{From} an automobile blown over by a tornado in Colorado, to buildings knocked down by earthquake shocks in Greece -- there's a belt, a broad belt, of wild disturbance a third of the way around the world.

ABYSSINIA

You can extend that belt of trouble southeastward from Greece to the shores of East Africa, although there the disturbance is not meteorological. The dark clouds are metaphorical -- the lowering clouds of war.

It is significant enough -- that Rome is silent about Abyssinia's latest proposal for a compromise, no official response. As for an unofficial response, you might be inclined to see something like that in the Italian troop movement today. Four ships steamed out of the Sicilian port of Messina with several thousand troops aboard, bound for East Africa. That brings the Italian enforcements in Somaliland and Eritrea up to the figure of fifteen thousand. But the significance becomes more eloquent when we observe the identity of today's four troop ships. It is the liner "Biancomano".

That large and handsome vessel was long familiar at New York, one of the crack Italian liners. Its name means "white hand". Christened after one of the old medieval Counts of Savoy, who was surnamed the Count of the White Hand. Until rather recently, the "Biancomano" made a regular North Atlantic run,

packed with gay parties of American tourists, bound for the sunny Mediterranean. Now the ship is crammed with soldiers and munitions, bound for the still sunnier Red Sea. This has a telltale connection with the story that went the rounds in shipping circles several months ago. I was told by ship news reporters that several Italian liners were ^{being} pulled off their scheduled runs in the Atlantic. They had been announced for a series of cruise voyages to the West Indies, but these ^{faunts} ~~cruise voyages~~ were cancelled -- for no apparent reason. Now this reason becomes somewhat more apparent when we find the familiar luxury liner on military duty:-- the Count of the White Hand *bound for the land of the black men.*

The inference is that Mussolini has been preparing for this Abyssinian crisis for months. It's no hasty, spur-of-the-moment, jump into the dark.

JAPAN

If Abyssinia is the world's most likely war area right now, the second most likely of course is in eastern Asia. We haven't been hearing much of late about military developments along the borders of Manchukuo, China and Mongolia. But there's every indication that Japan is getting set for possible military action. Of course we know that the Nipponese army is using up about half of the total Japanese budget. Also, the military chiefs are conducting a big propaganda drive to line up the Japanese people in support of the army.

And then there's that significant word from London -- that during the past several years Japan has bought eighty-six ships, for a total of six hundred thousand ^{tons,} ~~pounds,~~ from Great Britain.

These are merchant vessels of course. ^{have they to do with war?} ~~What's more significant~~
Well, they're [^] they're not good merchant vessels. ~~How can they be used for war?~~

~~What's more~~ [^] They're old craft, discarded by British firms, sold for scrap. That points to how they can be used for war.

The British say that Tokio has bought them for the metal the ships contain, metal ^{for} ~~that will be employed in~~ the manufacture of war munitions -- the steel hulls of discarded ships to be forged into cannon or armored plated tanks!

ARMY

The subject of airplanes comes up in a story from Los Angeles and one from Italy. The Los Angeles account tells us that the United States Army has developed a new type of fighting plane, not intended for any altitude record, just the reverse. The plane is to fly at exceedingly low levels, for close range attacks on enemies on the ground. She will have two men and six machine guns aboard.

The war bird barely skimming the ground could work heavy devastation with machine guns. And maybe this new secret plane is heavily enough armored to withstand fire from the ground.

The aviation story from Italy tells of a flying fish. They say it is shaped like an M. That is, the wings slant forward from the fuselage and then slant backward, each wing like a V with a point forward. This giant craft, called the flying-fish, is intended for long range sky voyages. The Italians have built it secretly, with the intention of beating the present record, which is held by the French. They say the flying-fish will make a hop from Rome to the Straits of Magellan - 8000 miles.

CATHOLICS

People today have been wondering about that picture painted in daring red strokes at a gathering of thirty thousand Catholics at Philadelphia. It is common enough to point the finger at Moscow, and make the accusation of "Communist conspiracy." But Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, drew the outlines of a comprehensive political plan, according to which the red hand at Moscow is reaching ~~taxes~~ not only into Mexico but intends to reach on into the United States. And that's what you'd call far reaching.

It is quite a dramatic interpretation of the anti-religious drive against the Catholics in the southern republic -- the angle that the suppression ~~might~~ of the Church ⁱⁿ Mexico is just one part of an attempt to establish a Communist Soviet system south of the Rio Grande, ^{and} the ultimate purpose of ^{that} ~~which~~ would be a seepage of Red revolution across the border into Uncle Sam's domain.

Before the immense assemblage at Philadelphia it was declared that Moscow ~~was~~ money had been poured into Mexico to finance the anti-catholic movement, ^{just} ~~and it all was~~ a Latin-American

phase of the familiar Bolshevick idea of world revolution -- a Latin-American phase to be followed by an Anglo-Saxon-American phase.

The Philadelphia mass meeting is merely a beginning of what promises to be a coast-to-coast organization of Catholics to bring influence ~~xxxx~~ to bear against the anti-Catholic drive in Mexico.

In New York the gathering of the ~~ix Catholic~~ Church clans ~~xxxx~~ is being headed by Al Smith, the foremost Catholic layman in the United States.

CUNNINGHAM

Sports enthusiasts are rehearsing once again the paradoxical story of Glenn Cunningham. They are telling, once more, how ~~am~~ when Glenn was eight years old his legs were burned so badly in a schoolhouse fire that the doctors wanted to amputate them, but his parents refused to consent. For a long time he couldn't move his legs. He learned to crawl - then walk. The doctors tried some other advice. They told the crippled boy to run a little each day, so as to strengthen the injured muscles. He did and he grew up running, - running miles. Did everything running. And now he's the fastest in the world. And, of course, the reason for this reminiscence is that over the weekend Glenn Cunningham ran fifteen hundred meters at the speediest clip on record.

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WALKER

Here's an answer to one of those public questions that's been a source of interest on and off. Of course some captious people might say it was entirely a private question. But then, in this new era of modern enlightenment, as in that old era of ancient enlightenment, there's nothing so public as the private life of a public man. And Jimmy Walker was nothing, if not public. As Mayor, the limelight played on his smallest action. And the microphone of publicity magnified his wisecracks, even when they were a little bit foolish. And public attention has followed him in his travels far from his native shores.

So, the citizens of this land have regarded ^{it all} as quite a public question, wondering -- "Has Jimmy Walker got any money, and how much?" And the public answer ~~was~~ given in London today ^{was!} -- "No." Jimmy appeared in a British law court to answer a batch of claims that New York creditors have taken over to England. He declared he could make no offer to settle them -- because he has no means.

Asked by counsel whether he hadn't been a man of wealth while he was Mayor of New York, he replied "No". He declared that as Mayor he had been paid twenty-five thousand dollars a year, but he had to give fifteen thousand of it to the

Mrs. Walker who was then his wife. He added that the bills for which he was being sued were run by the former Mrs. Walker, who, it was told, on one day had bought twenty pair of shoes, with a handbag to match each pair.

Then the former Mayor of New York was asked who had paid for his latest trip to Europe, and he responded: "The present Mrs. Walker". He explained that his wife, the former Betty Compton of movie fame, was footing the bills for his present European journeyings.

Wife Number One bought the shoes and wife Number Two is not footing the bill.

Jimmy added that his only present source of income was about one hundred dollars a week, which he earned writing ~~write~~ articles for a newspaper. He said he expected to return to the United States maybe next summer. And immediately afterward Jimmy found himself tangled up with British regulations concerning aliens. He had failed to register, as every foreigner is required to do every three months. And that may help to decide his plans.

England never gets tired ^{of} talking about -- royalty.

And Americans never get tired of hearing about it -- at least so some say. However, in case you are weary of Kings, Queens, and royal Princes, mark this down under the heading of -- hobbies. I suppose we are all interested in hobbies.

Anyway, British newspapers have been resurveying the hobby situation in the royal family.

Apparently it ~~is~~ has changed a bit. The Duke of York used to be a radio fan, ^{really a bit of a bug} ~~a regular bug~~ on wireless -- but not so much any more. ^{Now,} His principal hobby is his children, the two little princesses. The Dutchess of York, ^{? her hobby?} ~~likes music and~~ needlework.

I don't find any mention of the Duke of Kent and the Princess Marina. They haven't any little prince or princess to make a hobby of -- but give 'em time. Neither has the Duke of Gloucester, ^{far} ~~and~~ he's not married. Or the Prince of Wales! ~~He's not.~~
The heir to the Crown, still seems as though he'd never get married, which makes it ~~distinctly~~ distinctly impossible to speak of him as making a hobby of his children.

However, the Prince of Wales is a man of many hobbies. Yes, he's had one after another:- golf, squash, hunting, flying, dancing, thumping on the trap drums, blowing the bagpipes. Just now, though, he has turned to a new avocation -- gardening. He's a real enthusiast of the hoe and rake. He thinks nothing of getting up at six O'clock to putter around among his cabbages, spinach and parsnips. Instead of taking his guests to some London restaurant like New York's Waldorf Star Light Roof, his proudest moment is when he presides at his own table and serves his guests with string beans, onions and brussel sprouts, fresh from his own royal garden.

That succulent garden item is the real big hobby news from the realm of royalty. The rest of it is pretty much the same -- a hobby status quo. The Prince of Wales still retains his passion for detective stories, ~~and~~ the most lurid sort of thrillers.

Her Majesty the Queen prefers historical romances and old time comedies by the dramatists of the days of courtliness.

The King's reading consists almost entirely of official papers, just plain work -- and, books about stamp collecting. His Majesty still remains world stamp collector number one.

Well, even a cat can look at a Queen. And even a radio news commentator can have a hobby as well as a King. So I'll just tell you what my favorite hobby is. It's finding new ways of getting around to say ---

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.