

ETHIOPIA

The Ethiopian news flares today with a terrifying episode of sudden catastrophe. A demoniacal concatenation of ancient and modern things.

The ancient thing: a caravan traversing the Bad Lands of the Ethiopian province of Ogaden. A huge caravan, with its own modern touch. For there are motor trucks along with the camels. Scores of motor trucks - loaded with munitions and gasoline. And, hundreds of camels, swaying with heavy loads of cartridges and explosives. Five hundred of Haile Selassie's soldiers march as the convoy. This military caravan is transporting war supplies from British Somaliland to the Ethiopian armies. The munitions embargo against Ethiopia takes off some time ago! So now they are sending fighting stuff across the trackless wild lands.

The great caravan was halfway between Jigiga and Harar. A hum in the distance! A hum that grows into a roar! Planes in the sky! Two squadrons of Italian bombers! They are flying high. They are looking for munition transports; and they spot the

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caravan. And then the devil's own work breaks loose. The planes swoop, one after another. And down come the bombs, roaring and bursting. They hit the trucks and explode. The munitions ~~explode~~ ^{blow up.} Tanks of gasoline burst into ~~fl~~ flame. The bombs hit the camels, whose loads of explosives flash and thunder.

The whole caravan blown up with a shattering of the trucks and an ~~annihilation~~ annihilation of camels.

It's one of the most terrifying of utterly swift catastrophes ever reported from a warfront.

And just to supply the last touch, the five hundred soldiers scurry away from the exploding caravan, but they fire with their rifles at the planes. In retaliation the planes swoop down on them, and machine guns wipe them out!-- the finishing stroke in the nightmare of war destruction in the sky.

WAR

It would be an ironical thing if Mussolini's spectacular campaign were rained out. He built his war show with a long, loud prologue during the summer, waiting for the rainy season to end. The moment it **did** end - bang, and the attack on Ethiopia began.

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Theoretically, they should be having a dry season over there for some months' duration, the kind of weather to make military operations possible. But now suddenly, ^{breaching} ~~dark~~ tropical rains ^{are hitting} ~~hit~~ General DeBono's army as it pushes rapidly toward Makale. Maybe it's only a temporary cloudburst. Even so, it has held up the Italian drive, turning dried-up creeks into roaring torrents, transforming dusty trails into rivers of mud.

Ethiopian raindrops seem to be more deadly than Ethiopian bullets.

HAILE SELASSIE

The story of the attempt to assassinate Haile Selassie comes from the Italian side - from Asmara, the Eritrean war base. How did the Italians find out about it? They say the tale was told by a caravan traveling through their section from the interior. Addis Ababa doesn't confirm the story, but then Addis Ababa might likely enough keep any such thing a secret.

The Italian version is that a bomb was discovered all set to explode in the imperial palace. Who set the bomb? They answer that by pointing to another report they have - that an alarm has gone out to the Ethiopian police to arrest an American negro.-

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This American negro is supposed to be the plotter who tried to bomb the King of Kings.

MEMEL

A sore spot is likely to throb! So, the latest news from the most dangerous sore spot in Europe may be described as just another throb of tension and trouble. I mean - the City of Memel, where they had a wild and turbulent election in September. Today's event follows on the heels of that election.

But first let's look at the background, a background of disturbance. The port of Memel on the Baltic Sea, used to belong to Germany, the extreme eastern tip of East Prussia. The Peace Treaty took it away from Germany. The town was claimed by Lithuania. But the Versailles statesmen made Memel a free city. That pleased neither Germany nor Lithuania. In Nineteen twenty-three Lithuania seized the town. The League of Nations did not do anything much about it. In the following year, Nineteen twenty-four, an International Convention was called at Memel to consider the question of the seizing. The Convention decided to let Lithuania keep the place, but that the Memelites should have autonomy, their own local government.

That's the series of events which ^{created} ~~turned immediately into~~ an international danger point. Germany bitter about it, Germany

swiftly regaining her old power, and now more bitter about Memel than ever. Hitler makes no secret of his intention to take the town into camp, just as he took the Saar.

In the September elections for local city officers, the vote went ninety per cent German. And that, has set the sore spot throbbing in a most agitating way.

Today's throb[?] - ~~The~~ resignation of the directors who rule the disputed territory. These directors quit in a body, saying: "The plebiscite showed overwhelmingly that the people want to return to Germany. So what's the use of trying to govern it under the sovereignty of Lithuania?" That puts a tough problem before the Lithuanian authorities ^{in the capital city of} ~~of~~ Kovno. But, they ~~xxx~~ show no sign of backing down. The latest announcement from Kovno is that Lithuania will appoint a new set of directors to rule Memel.

JAPAN

Things look blue for the Blue Shirts in the Far East.

Chinese officials are not giving their consent, but that hasn't stopped the Mikado's generals. At Peiping, the Japanese, operating from their legation, have taken over the policing of the city.

And no sooner had the Nipponese gendarmes got on the job than they began arresting Blue Shirts - members of that anti-Japanese Fascist organization.

So they are out to quell Fascism. **But**, they also **have** threatening words about Communism. The Japanese militarists in north China issued a warning ^{that} if Chinese authorities don't do something about checking the spread of Communism, the Japanese will. They say they've got to protect Manchukuo from Soviet doctrines. Meaning, they are prepared to take military action in China to suppress the Reds. And — gobble up more China!

We hear indignation from the Tokio side and a denial from the British side - concerning the report that England is going to finance China's new money policy. The Nanking authorities have put an embargo on silver, the idea being to take China off the old silver currency basis of the Orient, and inaugurate a new system

of stabilized paper money. The rumor was that Great Britain would make a large loan to China, millions of Pounds Sterling. It was said that the British loan would be secured by Chinese railroads. That, of course, would give Britain a ^{Further} large stake, ^{a bigger} ~~an~~ interest in China.

So no wonder it annoyed the Japanese. They protest loudly. However, we have a British denial. Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, British money expert in the Far East, talked about the matter today and said - "No". He admitted that there had been talk of a British loan of Fifty million Dollars to China, but it was just - talk. Nothing ^{done} ~~to do~~ thus far, not even any serious negotiations.

WEDDING

The eve before the wedding - in England. Another royal wedding, this time a simple one. Because of the recent death of the Duke of Buccleuch, father of the bride, Lady Alice Montagu-Douglas Scott.

The Duke of Gloucester, the third son of the King and Queen, is a mighty horseman. A major in the Tenth Hussar⁵~~Regiment~~, a devotee of the fox hunt. Lady Alice is just as much of a horsewoman, who'll take a jump, vault a hedge, along with any man.

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Both bridegroom and bride have gone big game-hunting in Africa - the Duke shooting lions, ~~and~~ rhinoceros and waterbok, Lady Alice going after the same kind of game, but not shooting, painting. She's quite an artist. Her water-colors have been

publicly exhibited, in London. Tomorrow, royal wedding picture. Not on public exhibition. In private.

ELECTION

Bad weather and a big ~~post~~^{vote}. They're not supposed to go together. It's an American national legend that a rainy election day can have all sorts of political consequences. Cuts down the vote because the farmers won't turn out

But today bad weather was the general rule ~~in~~ from one end of the election to the other: cloudy, drizzly, damp and rainy. The turn-out of the voters was one of the biggest ever. What's the answer? Not the weather. It must be public interest in politics this year.

That stont Socialist Jasper McLevy was re-elected Mayor of Bridgeport, Conn.

AVIATION

Every so often amid the statistical figures and commercial reports, you'll find an item with all sorts of story-romance behind it. Take one today, a bare unornamented paragraph, telling of a large sale of stock - aviation stock, T.V.A. It relates that General Motors has sold its entire holdings in Trans-Continental and Western Air, sometimes called the "Lindbergh Line".

Purchasers? Lehman Brothers, Bankers, and Floyd B. Odlum, head of the Atlas Corporation. Let's take a closer look at Odlum of Atlas.

Some thirty years ago Floyd Odlum was a boy growing up in the sort of household that's symbol for - not much in the bank, scraping along, hard up in a genteel way. His father a Methodist preacher in Union City, Michigan. Small town preaching is not an over-paid profession. Today Odlum of Atlas is the head of the biggest investment and management company in America, assets a Hundred and forty million Dollars!

Not so long ago he was traveling in Roumania and paid

a visit to the royal palace. There he encountered a man in a plain business suit, and the greetings went like this:

"How do you do, I'm King Carol."

"Glad to see you, I'm Odlum."

How did Odlum of Atlas achieve his swift fabulous rise? You will find the germ of the answer in the fact that his dizziest ascent to financial power had been quite recent. His money empire has been built up since the crash, during the depression. That's the amazing part. A depression structure of finance. And that ties in with the explanation that Odlum himself gives of his business philosophy.

"You buy", he says, "when the other fellow is out to sell. And you sell when things look the rosiest."

AUTO SHOW

I ran into a crowd of engineers from Sweden at the National Auto Show in the Grand Central Palace and again at that almost equally impressive all-General Motors show at the Waldorf. One of them remarked: "It seems to me that a man gets more value for his money when he is buying an American automobile than any other article that is turned out anywhere in the world."

The reply of a statistical shark standing by was: "Yes, as a matter of fact, we figure that an automobile is cheaper than a pound of butter." That sounds like a gag, but actually it's true if you figure pound for pound. There are motor cars in the National Auto Show weighing Twenty-seven hundred and fifty pounds. If they cost as much per pound as butter, estimating butter at forty-five cents a pound, their price would be Twelve hundred and thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. As a matter of fact, an American car of that category costs in the neighborhood of Six hundred dollars, and they are selling them even as cheap as \$400. So there's your analogy.

CRIME

When Dutch Schultz lay dying, delirious in the hospital, after underworld gunmen had shot him, he rambled raved and babbled. The newspapers played up the drama of that strange, disjointed stream of gangster talk. They reprinted ^{it} word for word -- for the police had ~~had~~ ^{there to} a stenographer ^{take down} every meaningless syllable, muttered and shouted by the once mighty boss racketeer. Gangster-like ^{in his conscious moments} he refused to tell who had shot him. ^{So} Detectives hoped to get a lead, a clue from the senseless jumble ^{of delirium.} They got it today. One time in his raving, Dutch Schultz prattled these words, ~~was~~ ^{is} and mad-- "Please crack down on the Chinaman's friends and Hitler's commander. I'm sore and I'm going up and I'm going to give you the honey if I can." What sensible meaning can be got out of that insanity -- about cracking down on the Chinaman? Well, it gets a flashing hint of meaning in a gruesome discovery made today.

They found the body of Chink Sherman. Dutch Schultz said the Chinaman. Today's murdered gangster ^{was} ~~is~~ called "Chink". They found him in an abandoned barn near Monticello, ^{N.Y.} recently buried in a shallow grave of quick lime.

Chink Sherman was a gangster-racketeer, much too well known to the police. He was a recognized enemy of Dutch Schultz and his mob. This fact flamed into ~~gaudiest~~ the headlines, in one of the gaudiest extravaganzas of the prohibition era. ~~It~~ ^{was} a wild fight in one of the most flaunting of ~~the~~ speakeasy night clubs. Two mobs battled away, smashing up the place, turning it into a wreck. Dutch Schultz was in that fracas. So was Chink Sherman. Enemies -- battling against each other.

^{now}
So take those deathbed ramblings of Schultz', the underworld bigshot. "Please crack down," he begged, "on the Chinaman's friends and Hitler's commander." Is that a hint that Schultz was referring to these two weirdly named individuals as being among his killers? Hitler's commander? Weird mystery. But somebody went ahead and cracked down on the Chinaman himself, the gangster called Chink Sherman.

BOY

Junior ate his supper off the mantelpiece tonight, as the old saying goes. But I suppose Junior had that spanking coming to him.

He's ten years old and lives at East Portchester, Connecticut, just across Long Island Sound ^{from} ~~to~~ fashionable Great Neck. He bought a white toy ~~balloon~~ balloon in a store, got tired of playing with it, and thought of something new, something bright. He took a piece of paper and scribbled: "I am kidnapped. Come to Number Ten Henry Street, East Portchester." He tied it to the balloon and let it go. And away it drifted, on a brisk wind. The balloon was blown all the way across Long Island Sound, and came down in Great Neck. A woman picked it up. ^{TP Boy} Kidnapped! She ^{ran} ~~pushed~~ to a policeman! And that started the rush -- a mad drive of hosts of motorcycle cops, and cops in automobiles -- Portchester, to the rescue. Ready for a gun battle with the kidnapers, they stormed to the house at Ten Henry Street. Junior saw them coming. And did he laugh! He did -- until his father learned what it was all about. And then -- Junior cried.

And s-l-u-t-m.

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