

BUSINESS

In September the steel business was more than double, compared with September of last year. Meaning, ingot tonnage, raw steel. According to figures given out by the American Iron and Steel Institute, the industry turned out a million, two hundred thousand tons in September of last year. This September the figure rises to nearly three million.

In New York, we hear that retail business has been running twenty-five per cent higher than last year. They say that last Saturday was the biggest single day in the last five years, always excepting those big days during the Christmas rush.

And there's a special demand for furs. Wifie and the girl friend are going in once more for mink coats and silver fox neckpieces.

One of the telling industrial signs is the way freight is shuttled across the country on the railroads. That's what they call car loadings. And car loadings this year are the highest since Nineteen Thirty-one.

Those are some facts. I wonder what they mean? Go ahead, you figure it out - in terms of depression and recovery.

## MAE WEST

The latest Mae West melodrama has a curious angle of coincidence. The last time the belle of buxom beauty made the papers in a big way was when some gent jumped into the limelight saying he was Mae's husband. The queen of plumpness and pulchritude vowed she had never been married.

"You're my wife!" -- "Hey, Mister, I'm not married!" And a magnificent controversy hit the headlines. It happened that this burst of publicity coincided with the appearance of a new flamboyant Mae West picture.

Now, what do we find today? Wicked plots and diabolical conspiracies weaving around those ample charms. The plots and conspiracies are crooked. The charms are curved. And, at the same time -- a new Mae West picture is about to appear. Delicate nostrils might scent the trail of the press agent. But this story appears to be no wisp of illusion, any more than Mae herself is a wisp of illusion.

The Los Angeles police made a wholesale catch of prisoners, five men in all. Five is plenty, even for a Mae West picture. Four however, were released. This evening only one

remains in jail, and he says he's innocent.

This is the latest in a series of events that have given Mae a good deal of distress. Her blonde tresses in disarray - the way a heroine weeps in distress.

It seems she received five threatening letters demanding money. The blackmailer threatened to take her life or spoil her beauty. Maybe he meant take her beauty and spoil her life. Directions were given for placing the money. The screen star, the star without points, turned to the police. (In "She Done Him Wrong" she turned to a Salvation Army captain who turned out to be a cop. It worked out all right then,) so now, Mae turned to the police.

The Los Angeles detectives set a series of traps, one after each demand for money, after each direction where to put the cash. Four times -- nothing doing. The blackmailer wrote back that the conditions had not been just right. In his fifth letter he directed that Mae should answer by printing her telephone number in a newspaper "want ad." That was the limit. Mae was terrified. Today she told reporters: "I guess the note

that ordered me to put my telephone number in the papers scared me the most. I'd have had a lot of strange people calling me" - coming up to see, sometime.

So something had to be done. This time they set another trap, placed the money, and the detectives laid in ambush. It was put in a prominent place in Hollywood, in the frond of a palm. A man came along, looked cautiously around and reached -- for the money. The detectives reached for him. They also reached for four other men who were nearby.

The prisoner who had done the grabbing turned out to be a bus boy in a Hollywood studio restaurant. The four others proved to the satisfaction of the police that they were merely sauntering around that palm lined haunt in Hollywood. So, they have been released. The bus boy is charged with extortion. He explains that he saw a man place a package in the frond of the palm and wondered what it was, so he thought he'd look and see. He looked and saw too much. The cops don't believe the explanation.

## DEAD MAN

The news today gives us several odd cases along that favorite old theme of legend and romance -- people long supposed to be dead who turn up alive and well. History records all sorts of weird instances of real returns from theoretical graves, or mere myths, frauds, superstitions.

One is Rolland C. McLaughlin of Detroit. Nine months ago he was declared dead. His wife brought about legal proceedings that officially pronounced him no longer in the land of the living. He had been missing for eight years, vanished. But he has reappeared and today was called to testify in a commonplace law suit, a family row charging fraud.

The second missing man who returned from the dead is a brother of this same McLaughlin. The courts officially removed him from the roster of the living. While the judge was saying Robert McLaughlin is dead, Robert in fact was a deputy sheriff of Cadillac, Michigan. So they couldn't have checked up very carefully.

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Our third case this evening takes us into a more melo-dramatic realm of mystery.

Mighty few of us have heard of that mysterious personage, Commandant Gideon Scheepers. Yet he was famous enough in South Africa during the bitter days of the Boer War, as a Boer spy. And he stood before a British firing squad. There is a former British soldier alive who swears he saw Scheepers shot.

After the Boer War was over, there was an inquiry, and the grave was officially opened. The body of the spy was not there. Later on the explanation was given that the searchers had not dug deeply enough. But that didn't still the rumors.

Nor are they still today - with the appearance of a man in South Africa who claims that he is the long vanished Commandant Gideon Scheepers. And there are people who back him up, people who

knew Scheepers and say the man who has reappeared is he. His handwriting upon examination is said to be identical with the handwriting of the spy, supposed to have been executed thirty-five years ago.

The man who says he has returned tells a weird story. He says at dawn they led him out to be executed. ~~(and he stood there and the firing squad thundered its fusillades)~~ But there was one sergeant who was friendly to the spy, and it was he who passed out the cartridges to the firing squad. He passed out blanks - and told Scheepers to play dead. So the volley was harmless. The spy fell to the ground, played possum - and was able to get away.

That's pretty much the same <sup>as the</sup> story told of Napoleon's Marshal Ney who was executed after Waterloo. The legend for long was that the firing squad, old soldiers of Napoleon, used blanks. Time and again down the years those favorite themes of romance reappear, with different persons, in different circumstances, but essentially the same.

ETHIOPIA

Addis Ababa is in a furore tonight. A wild cry <sup>spreads</sup> among the Ethiopians: "Aduwa has been recaptured!" The rumor rings wildly in Haile Selassie's capital that Ethiopian forces driving north, have recaptured the City of the historic battle from the grasp of the Italians. <sup>But</sup> The Ethiopian government gives no confirmation. ~~of the~~ ~~rumor.~~ <sup>R</sup> From the Italian side we have reports of ~~the~~ military activities of the Italians striking on beyond Aduwa, to the south of the City - striking with aircraft. Air scouts are said to have discovered a heavy concentration of Ethiopians, ten miles south of Aduwa. And the report says the planes went into action with bombs and machine gun fire, with <sup>the</sup> rattling and thundering of death.

The contradiction of war dispatches is expanded with the word that at jubilant Addis Ababa they don't believe the Italians have captured the holy city of Axum. The capture is reported by London, but the Ethiopians <sup>say "no."</sup> ~~in the capital don't believe it.~~

And some more contradiction:- Haile Selassie's government reports that a flying column of Ethiopians marching north from Axum, is advancing into Eritrea and driving deep into the <sup>Red Sea</sup> enemy colony.

Rome counters with a dispatch that masses of Ethiopian warriors



surged in an attack upon the Eritrean frontier near the point where it joins <sup>the</sup> British Sudan. The Ethiopians were beaten back, says Rome, by forces of Askaris, ~~These are~~ native troops under Italian leadership. <sup>R</sup> It reminds one of old war time days when both sides were reporting victories in the same place, at the same time. The more conservative dispatches indicate that on the northern front the Italians have consolidated their positions, bringing up supplies, building roads. <sup>Q</sup> ~~The~~ breathing spell - before another drive.

In the south, where the Italians are advancing into Ethiopia from Somaliland, there is also a confusion of reports. Flashes tell of sky bombardment in various places. And for the first time we hear of - gas. The commander of the Ethiopian southern army charges that the planes are dropping gas bombs and he described such kind of warfare as incredible and disgusting. The gas ~~is~~ <sup>said to be</sup> ~~describes as~~ thick yellow vapor, which causes people to suffer painfully. From the description, the surmise is - that it's mustard gas. <sup>Burning gas, but not death-gas.</sup> Painful, but not fatal.

The planes are reported to be bombing places nearer and nearer to Addis Ababa, and that gives point to a request today that the United States Government has made to Rome - that Italian

bombers, if they attack Addis Ababa, be careful about the American legation. It is marked with a large American flag painted on the roof. "So don't drop any bombs in that direction." That is the request of Secretary of State Hull, sent to the Foreign Office in Rome.

The League of Nations marked time today. The Council, after calling yesterday for penalties against Italy, will place the demand before the League Assembly tomorrow. And the Assembly is going to vote just as the Council did - for penalties.

Addis Ababa informed Geneva today that the Ethiopian Government was handing the Italian Minister his passports and sending all Italian diplomatic representatives out of the country. The Ethiopians claim the Italian legation has been doing spy work.

In London a bit of discontent is being expressed in some quarters - at the French reply to London's question whether France would support England if Italy started to bomb British warships in the Mediterranean. France ~~xi~~ said "Yes", but attached two important reservations. One ~~is~~ that England, working through the League of Nations, must virtually guarantee France against any move by Germany.

The other that any British naval move that might bring on war with Italy must be approved by Paris in the first place.

Officially, England is satisfied with the answer. But it's too much hedged around with conditions to be perfect from the London point of view.

London is working up ideas of sanctions to be sent to the League.

LANSBURY

Old George -- as his friends call him. George Lansbury, with the wind-blown whiskers. His picturesque figure in the House of Commons is as familiar as our own Senator <sup>✓</sup> Ham Lewis in Congress. Old George, 76, ~~years old,~~ leader of the Labor Party -- with his blunt manner and always ready to criticize royalty, to jibe at the throne and make satirical remarks about His Majesty King George <sup>m</sup> himself. That's what made his constituents like him -- also because he ~~became~~ so entirely and thoroughly <sup>up from</sup> the ranks. As a boy he worked for twenty-five cents a day in Australia.

All his long life old George Lansbury has been a ~~xxxxxx~~ Pacifist. Strong <sup>for</sup> peace, unwavering against war. He believed that the way to have peace was not to have war. The way <sup>not</sup> to fight was not to fight. As plain and simple as that. And he still believes it. He is against anything that will bring war between Italy and England. And so he is against sanctions, ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~against penalties slapped on by the League of Nations.~~ But the ~~xxxxxx~~ British Labor Party is in favor of backing up the League even to the extent of war. So Old George and his flowing whiskers <sup>have</sup> ~~has~~ resigned.

He has plenty of followers, and when he and some other  
hundred percent pacifist Labor leaders ~~xxxxxxx~~ resign --  
it means <sup>a big split</sup> ~~that something is slipping~~ in the party. That fits in  
with the report that the Tory government wants to dissolve  
Parliament and hold general elections right now. ~~xxxxxxx~~ With  
the Labor party divided it will be a walk-over for the Tories.  
~~His Majesty's Conservatives are certainly in a strong position,~~  
~~They are putting the pressure on Italy, and the bulk of the~~  
~~Labor party can only applaud if the Labor minority secedes. All~~  
~~of which makes a nice political set up for the Tories.~~

## COLE

Here's something that we all know, that - "Old King Cole was a Merry Old Soul". But plenty of us will be astonished to learn that Old King Cole was a real person, if somewhat legendary. And that now - archeologists are digging up the royal capital, or at least the home town of old King Cole.

There is it? Why, in England. Yet, the jovial monarch, a Merry Old Soul was he, - but not an Englishman. He flourished gayly when England was the Roman province of Britain. And he made the years festive at the City of Camulodunum. Nowadays that's the City of Colchester, with the old town buried beneath the accumulated earth.

So, that's where that crowned head of laughter called for his wife, and he called for his pipe, according to ancient tradition. But Camulodunum is more than a comic memory. It's also romantic. In the year Five B.C., even before the Romans came, it was the royal fortress of a king of the Britons, called Cunobelinus. That name later became Cymbeline, in Shakespeare's tragedy.

The news angle of it all is that English archeologists,

digging into farmland that used to be the site of a school, have uncovered a splendid Roman British temple, going back nineteen hundred years to the First Century A.D. In it is a mysterious shrine thirty feet long. Bits of pottery show that the temple was a place of pagan worship for nearly four hundred years, but they don't indicate what kind of deity was worshipped there, whether it was Jupiter, Venus or Apollo - or one of the strange Celtic gods of the Druids. Maybe Old King Cole himself paid his homage to the immortals in that long forgotten temple, and then returned to his mirthful palace to call for his fiddlers three.

And right along with the glad news of the uncovering of the royal capital of Old King Cole, we have some more of that blasphemous skepticism that loves to take the grandeur out of great things. Doubts are cast on the Old Boy. Scholars sticking their inquisitive noses into the time honored legend, say that the traditional king of rib-quaking chuckles, was no king at all. They surmise that he was no more than a great nobleman of Roman times at Camulodunum, a Roman by the name of Coilus. Maybe they want the ditty to be about the illustrious Roman

Senator Cole. Or perhaps they'd prefer - Marcus Sempronius  
Coilus. Maybe those learned scholars would like to change  
the ditty and have it classically correct.

Marcus Sempronius Coilus

Was a merry old Soilus.

No, that won't do -- and -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.