

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

Fascism makes its reply to the three-power money pact!

Mussolini's answer is to bring Italy onto the band-wagen.

Instead of fighting the movement, he joins it. By decree of his Cabinet, the value of the Lira is reduced forty-one per cent.

It is officially and arbitrarily set at nineteen Lire to one of Uncle Sam's Dollars, ninety to one of John Bull's pounds.

In other words, the relations between Italy's money and ours is now arbitrarily restored to what it was before President Roosevelt took us off the gold standard. With the same flourish of his pen, the Duce takes measures to prevent

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inflation and speculation in prices. In a supplementary decree he reduces duties on imports. He also forbids any rise in prices above those fixed for September. Moreover, landlords may not jump their tenants' rent. This edict will be in force for two years. It applies equally to homes, offices and farms. Public utility companies may not increase the cost of light, power, gas, and so forth. As for goods whose prices have not been already fixed, arrangements are being made to adjust them immediately.

Altogether this somewhat astonishing move is interpreted as being decidedly encouraging for the peace of the world, also for its prosperity. This word from Rome had been awaited quite anxiously. The dictators, both Mussolini and Hitler, had until today maintained a strict and somewhat mysterious silence. Nobody knew exactly which way the Italian and German cats would jump. Of course Berlin is still to be heard from. In effect, the Duce's ~~surprise~~ surprise move leaves the Reich, for the moment, out in the cold.

Mussolini, in addition to those edicts, issued a

decidedly amicable and comforting statement. He approved unequivocally, of the Franco-British-American monetary agreement. "The economic restoration of the world", he said, "is the first condition necessary to the collaboration of its peoples for the maintenance of peace."

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Mussolini's government took this opportunity to float their long expected Ethiopian Victory Loan. This is essential, says the official announcement, to insure the proper defense of the country. With this goes a capital levy. Property owners will be compelled to ^{give the government} ~~pick in with~~ five per cent of the assessed valuation of their possessions. That makes us wonder how ~~this~~ well this pleases Italian capitalists, without whose subsidies Mussolini never could have climbed to power. ~~But that isn't the only new tax on wealth. The Duce has also ordered additional imposts on stock dividends and profits. The reduction of import duties affects principally foods and raw materials. He has also abolished the ad valorem taxes on foods and raw materials.~~

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Tonight England is still in a dither over the affair, ~~this evening~~, and the government is taking strong precautions. Yesterday's ~~affair~~ ^{rioting} has the supposedly phlegmatic English in a state of ~~high tension~~ ^{nerves} and the utmost watchfulness is being maintained.

LONDON

RETAKE

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It seems strange to have to tell about law-abiding London in the grips of riots. Not since the Duke of Wellington, the Iron Duke, had to take the Chartists in hand and swear in two hundred constables, have such disturbances gone on within sound of Bow Bells. ^RThis morning we learned how Sir Oswald Mosley and his Black Shirts were put to rout by the Communists. It looked as though the quietus had been put upon the Fascists for the time being. But today the shoe is on the other foot. Fascist raiders invaded the East End, where anti-Fascist feeling was at its greatest height. Bricks and stones flew, great glass fronts of shops smashed. The fury of the Black Shirts was heaped mostly upon Jewish shops in London's Ghetto. The rioting was not put down until the Commissioner of Police had the area surrounded by a force of six thousand bobbies. And meanwhile observers in airplanes flew overhead, watching the spots where the disturbance was greatest, telephoning instructions by radio to the police on the ground.

Incidentally, the credit for the rioting is being

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RACE

That journalistic race around the world is becoming quite an exciting affair. When those three reporters left New York last Wednesday, it was difficult to see how there could be any strenuous competition, since they were all to use the same means of transportation. But today we see one of them, Bud Ekins, of the NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM and Scripps-Howard papers a long distance and many hours ahead of Leo Kieran of the NEW YORK TIMES and Miss Dorothy Kilgallen of the Hearst papers. If he keeps up his present rate, and if Kieran and Dorothy don't lose any more time, Ekins will still beat out his rivals to the China Coast by a full day. But of course they all of them, still have a good solid lot of travelling to do.

When they reached Frankfort -am- Main, they were on even terms. But there they parted company each of them choosing a different route. But Ekins appears to have made the best guess. He stuck to planes with the consequence that he reached Bagdad this afternoon while his competitors had barely left Athens. Ekins went by way of Vienna, Athens, Alexandria, Gaza in Palestine and on across the desert to Bagdad. Kieran and Dorothy Kilgallen also chose, each of them, different routes. Kieran by way of Basle,

Switzerland. The young lady via Munich. They met up again at Brindisi, Italy, for the flight to Athens, and thence across the Mediterranean to Egypt. The girl reporter had to take a train from Munich to Rome, and Rome to Brindisi. Kieran had to charter an automobile for five hundred miles to catch up on his schedule. Both of them were delayed at Brindisi near the heel of Italy because of strong head winds. So at present those two are probably either at Athens or on their way to Egypt. While Bud Ekins after stretching his legs for thirty minutes at Bagdad is off to Basra on the Persian Gulf, with India next.

When Ekins left Palestine he found himself bang in the middle of a war. At Gaza where Samson wooed Delilah, he ran into a United Press correspondent who said he had a hard time getting there because the Arabs were on the warpath. "It isn't my war" Ekins cabled, so on he went after a few minutes chat with his colleague.

But you never can tell. They may all be together on the China Coast, catching the same Clipper, flying home across the Pacific.

World Series

~~GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:~~

That sure was a ball game I saw this afternoon.

I hate to tell you how many years I have been a fan. But of all the games I ever saw -- that one at the Yankee Stadium this afternoon was the best, ~~the finest~~, the most exciting, the most thrilling. At my side was ~~Hans~~ ^{Hans} Kaltenborn ~~who, as is~~ ^{and Charley Payson.} ~~Neither had~~ ^{happened, hadn't} seen a game since he was a boy. Through most of those ten innings ~~he~~ ^{they} sat on the edge of the ⁱⁿ seat in a nervous perspiration. And, I was ~~about the same~~ ^{just as bad.}

I need hardly tell you ~~about~~ that the Giants five to four victory, keeping them spectacularly still in the series, upset all the dope. Last week the Yankee sluggers banged Hal Schumacher out of the box in short order. With Schumacher on the mound today, said the experts, there was little hope for the Giants and the series would end about three forty-five P. M. ~~Quite a lot of people stayed away on that account.~~ ~~After yesterday's triumph, after the Ruppert Rifles had sent~~

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And did the aforesaid get himself in a hole. In one half the time. Inning after inning, it looked as though surely the winning run, or runs, would come pouring over the home plate. But that fighting pitcher pulled out time after time. Take that inning with three men on bases with none out. He got one man out. Then coming to bat were slugging Joe DeMaggio from San Francisco and Iron-Man Lou Gehrig. With all of us there in a frenzy, what did the gallant young prince Hal do but strike out the formidable DiMaggio and the champion home-run hitter of both leagues, Lou Gehrig! That was the high spot of an extra inning game of high spots -- victory for the Giants in the tenth.

STENGEL

The game at the stadium wasn't the only surprise in the baseball world today. From Brooklyn came an unexpected item. An upheaval in the Brooklyn Dodgers! (Mighty Casey has struck out. Not Casey, the pride of the Mudville team, but Casey Stengel, the pride and manager of the Dodgers.) Only a couple of hours or so ago I saw Casey in the press box at the Stadium, diligently writing his report of the game for a syndicate, a report for which he got paid quite handsomely. When the Series started he was Charles Dillon Stengel, manager of the Brooklyns. But as he covered that game, he was (Charles Dillon Stengel, Ex-Manager.) He seemed quite cheerful about it. Probably the fact that he is going to be paid in full for next year's work, without having to work for it, contributed to his cheer and softened the blow.

There had been a great deal of hot discussion about those Dodgers this year. In fact, there usually is.

~~seeing the Brooklyn fans fobbed off with a bum team.~~ ^H Brooklyn is one of the hottest, most enthusiastic baseball communities in America. But it hasn't had a ^{winning} ~~good~~ team in years. The baseball writers declare that Casey is not to blame for the lowly estate of the Dodgers; ^{And that} ~~But~~ the owners of the club are making Casey the goat.

It would be my guess that Casey won't be out of a job long. He's one of the most colorful and amusing figures in the game. He got his nickname because forty-five years ago he was born in K.C.- Kansas City, Missouri. If he had been a right-hander instead of a southpaw, we might never have heard of him. He would probably be a fairly prosperous but little known dentist in Kansas City. But he found that the patients looked askance at a left-handed dentist. Casey decided - and who can blame him? - that it would be much more amusing to be an outfielder.

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It must have been particularly interesting ^{today} for him to be reporting a New York versus New York World Series, ~~the last~~ ~~few days~~. Just sixteen years ago the left fielder for John

McGraw's Giants, playing Miller Huggins' Yankees, was Mr. Charles Dillon Stengel. Sixteen years ago, as today, it was Giants versus Yankees. What's more, Casey won two games ~~from~~ for the Giants. He slammed out a couple of homers that gave his team the runs just when they needed them, the runs and the championship.

He played for five clubs before he became a manager.

He was left-~~out~~fielder for New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Brooklyn, always in the National League. Since he became a ~~an~~ manager, he has never been fortunate enough to have a good team. His first managerial job was for the Boston Braves. Little needs to be said about that. Then for a while he handled the Toledo Mudhens. Four years ago he came to Brooklyn, not as manager but as coach. When the owners of the Dodgers fired Max Carey two years ago, Casey was right on the spot and succeeded to his job. Now he follows Max Carey again, into the unknown.

TP Casey has
~~Next~~
~~He has somewhat of~~ a reputation as a humorist,

always is able to state his case to the newspaper experts with

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an amusing slant. The best story about him concerns his retort to an umpire. After a few innings, Casey went up to the ump, took off his shirt and with a deep bow gave it to the umpire. With it he said: "You have been playing with the other guys all afternoon. So wear our uniform for a change."

Another of his famous retorts was made to the fans. They had been booing him all afternoon, giving him the bird, ~~as the English say~~. Casey handed it right back to them. As he stepped up to bat, with the fans jeering at him loudly, he took off his cap and out flew a pigeon.

He is also celebrated for being as ready with his fists as with his wisecracks. His creed is that hands were made for three things. First, to hold a bat; second, to throw a baseball; third, to throw a punch.

And now he's out of a job - shadow boxing with himself.

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SHENANDOAH

There ^{has} ~~been~~ a lot of talk about too much government. On that subject the good people of Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, are able to talk today with details and inside information. The principal industry of Shenandoah is exporting anthracite coal to other parts of the country. But there's another commodity that some Shenandoahans would like to export right now. And that is politicians. The hustling town in Schuylkill County is at present enjoying the luxury of two ^{administrations.} ~~governments~~

It all started in last November's election. At that time a new Democratic councilman was elected. Shenandoah Democrats thereupon took a roll call and figured that they had a slim but working majority of eight to seven. "That's fine," they said, "we're going to reorganize the entire city government." Then one of the Republican councilmen had a squabble with his colleagues and ^{shifted} ~~flocked~~ to the ^{majority} ~~other~~ side. "^{Perfect} ~~Better still,~~" said the Democratic leaders, "We've now got nine to six." At that point, however, two of the Democrats got a change of heart and ^{jumped} ~~flocked~~ to the Republican side. That put the Republicans once more

in control with a majority of eight to seven. So the Republicans went ahead and did their little bit of reorganizing: appointed a chief of police and named their Republican appointees to every job in the city.

Then came another change. One of the Republicans who had resigned suddenly declared: "I've changed my mind. I won't resign, instead of that I'm going to vote for the Democrats." (This is getting too complicated. I'm about lost myself.) Then the Republicans retorted: "You have resigned and you're going to stay resigned, whether you like it or not."

But that'll do for the complicated details of the quarrel. Its consequences are the amusing spectacle. For today Shenandoah, a city of twenty thousand, has a Republican Council and a Democratic Council; Republican cops and Democratic cops. The cops of one party make raids on slot machines or what-have-you. The cops of the other side raid the raiders and arrest them on the charge of impersonating officers. By the same token, the municipal water-works have two forces, two men for every job, each side getting in the other's way, working independently, pretending the other is not there. And in a minute I'll be there. Not here. Somewhere. And ---- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.