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Good Evening, Everybody: -

Well, the most curious social event of the year has taken place.

Mahatma Gandhi called on King George 
inxx at a formal reception at Buckingham 
Palace, this afternoon.

His Majesty received the Indian delegates to the Round Table Conference in solemn state. The notables from Hindustan made a gorgeous array. Some of them in formal Western clothes, others in the glittering costumes of their native land.

Gandhi was dressed according to schedule. He was garbed in a loin cloth, a shawl drawn across his shoulders, and a pair of sandals on his feet. Amid the stately pomp that surrounds British royalty and the blazing splendor of the Indian princes, Gandhi was dressed like the poorest beggar of the millions of beggars of his own Hisdustan. He spoke briefly with the King. There was no self-consciousness either on the part of Gandhi or His Majesty, George V, or the potentates of India who were there.

The Mahatma left before tea was served, and they say that removed a served source of possible embarrassment, because Gandhi drinks nothing but goat's milk and they might have trouble finding a goat to milk in Buckingham Palace.

The International News Service reminds us that this isn't the first time a man calling upon the King has worn something very different from formal dress. It wasn't so long ago that His Majesty received Colonel Lawrence, the hero of the war in the desert. How did Lawrence of Arabia dress when he called upon the King? Why, he had on the same costume that he wore when he led the Bedouins of the desert in camel charges against the Turks. He was garbed in the robes of the East with a turbin on his head the traditional head dress. The desert head the desert in the desert.

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the Bermudans said NO.

make an exception in his behalf. But

Here's something that has the right ring -- at least so far as my ears are concerned.

"I wouldn't even allow the King himself to have a motor-car here." Yes, those are sturdy words.

No insult was meant to King George the Fifth of England. It was an alderman down in Bermuda who was talking.

It appears that the beautifu! island will continue to get along without automobiles. An International News Service dispatch relates that the Governor of Bermuda has asked the local assembly to let him have an automobile on the island. They have a law against motor-cars down there. They don't want the honking of hones or the chugging of motors or the smell of gaseto injure the quiet poetic charm of the island.

Today by a vote of 19 to 7 they re-affirmed their unalterable and undying stand against motor-cars. And it was in

The Governor wanted the law to

the course of the debate that one beefeating alderman made his little speech about His Royal Majesty, the King.

Well, I imagine with many of us Bermuda wouldn't be Bermuda any longer if it were infested with a lot of buzzing motor-cars instead of old-fashioned horses and carriages and bicycles. Bormuda is Just about night as it is.

The biggest battle in the recent 2 troubles is resting in Manchuria.

The United Press reports that
the Japanese are driving the Chinese
back along a five mile front. The
Japanese made a terrific attack upon the
Chinese left wing stationed along the
Noni River.) There has been heavy
fighting all along the line. The Japanese
are said to be heavily outnumbered and
reinforcements of the Mikado's troops are
being rushed to the scene of the fighting.

are trying to lure the Vapanese army into the Russian aphere of influence and thereby bring the Russian bear clawing into the rumpus.

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Great Heavens, man, the World War is over. This seems almost incredible. And yet the man continues to fight the battle that was begun in the fall of 1914. He is an officer of the Kaiser's old army.

In 1916 Eric Von Satzen was sent into the wilds of North Africa to fight against the French. And he's still fighting. No order to cease hostilities has ever reached him. He had gone native among the tribes of the Sahara. He has married the daughter of a tribal chief, and he himself is now a great warrior among the men of the sand. He leads them in their raids against the French. He keeps them always at war. He is still fighting the battle the Kaiser sent him to fight.

In October of 1916 Eric Von Satzen, a lieutenant in a regiment of Uhlans, was ordered to report secretly to the commander of the German submarine UC-20 at Heligoland. He went aboard and found there two men who were to be his

companions. One was Herr Probster, former German consul at Fez. The other was Captain Achmed Hari Bey, of the Turkish Army. These three men were ordered on a secret mission to North Africa to rouse the tribes of the Sahara Desert against the French, just as Colonel Lawrence of Arabian fame roused the Bedouins against the Turks.

The submarine, says the Associated Press, stole out of the harbor and ran the British blockade. After a long voyage it reached the west coast of Africa and put ashore the three men. They made their way inland to a people called the Blue Tribes. And there with local chiefs they incited a war against the French.

Probster, the former German consul at Fez, after looking the situation over, started back for Germany to report that the situation looked good, and had machine guns and ammunition sent by submarines to supply the tribesmen. But he found that the French destroyers were

on patrol, and German submarines did not dare approach the coast. He started north along the savage shore, hoping to reach Germany somehow. He was never heard from again.

The story, as told in the New York Evening Post today, relates that Eric Von Satzen and the Turkish captain, Achmed Hari Bey, led the Blue Tribes against the French in one raid after another. Achmed, the Turk, was killed. Von Satzen just carried on. He kept the war a-going, with raids against French garrisons month after month, year after year.

No word of the Armistice came to him. So as far as he was concerned the War was still on, and he was still went native and married a chiefe daughter.

In 1920 he and his desert warriors had a brush with the French Foreign Legion and captured several prisoners. One was a German, a former officer of the Kaiser. The two Germans faced each other. The prisoner told Von Satzen that the war

was over, but Von Satzen shook his head. He had been ordered to carry on the fight a until his companion Probster had returned to give him further orders. Probster had never come back, and until he did Eric Von Satzen must carry out the orders given to him by the Kaiser.

And so he is still out there in the North African desert continuing the World War.

Recently he encountered another European, and here is what Eric Von Satzen said:-

"Tell the people back home that in the south you found Eric Von Satzen, of the Second Uhlan Regiment, sent here by the Imperial Government in 1916 and forgotten by the new Government of Germany. Tell them he is still obeying orders, still doing his duty, still fighting against the French."

A ship slid into dock at

Liverpool, England, the other day. She was loaded with grain -- grain from
Canada. There doesn't seem to be anything odd or fantastic about that, but just the same, that bulky ship-load of wheat did a bit of epoc-making. It was the first cargo out of Canada's newest great port. Where is that new port?
Well, that's the interesting part of it. It's thousands of miles away from the main body of the ocean. No, it's not on the ceat Lakes either. It's on Hudson bay.

The new Literary Digest, that came out today, tells us how at Churchill, on the Western shore of that great inland sea of the North, Canada has built a magnificent harbor at an expense of 50 million dollars. And that brings the wheat lands of Western Canada a thousand miles nearer to the British market.

It does seem as though Henrik
Hudson's old dream of a Morthwestern
Passage has been half-way accomplished.

He wanted to sail north of the North American continent, all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He foresaw a great commercial route. But the frozen barrier of the Northern ice-pack wrecked Hudson's dream.

Now, however, a great shipping lane is actually in operation from the heart of inland Canada, through the northern passage to Europe.

The Literary Digest tells us to that all Canada is watching with acute interest. This new northern shipping lane promises much for the Canadian wheat trade. And it will have to accomplish a good deal to pay the expenses -- I mean the 50-million-dellar expense of building that great port at Churchill, on Hudson Bay.

The ships bound from the Canadian wheat fields to the Atlantic ocean must steer northward and pass through Hudson Strait. And that's in the Polar regions. But Hudson Strait is open only 4 months of the year. The rest of the time it's tied up by the frozen grip of the Polar

ice-pack.

They say that by the use of ice-breakers the northern passage can be kept open a bit longer than 4 months. But just the same the ice does cut a big figure in the operation of that new shipping lane.

The Literary Digest quotes an article in the Vancouver Province as saying that Canada hopes that the new waterway will save millions of dollars in freight rates on wheat. No wonder the Canadians are keeping a watchful eye on the new waterway that partly fulfills Henrik Hudson's old dream.

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Well, watch your step, or rather, I mean watch your driving, your automobile driving.

The National Conference on Street and Highway Safety has given out a warning, which reminds us that November and December are the two worst months for automobile accidents. The reason is that it grows dark early and the streets are apt to be slippery. There are sudden falls of snow, and people are not yet geared up to their winter standard of care and caution.

And so, as the New York Sun. tells us, we are warned to watch our brakes, lights, tires and steering wheel. In other words, get yourself all set for winter driving conditions.

and great this advice goes

for me too.

Well, she's broken the record - I mean that English society girl, Peggie Salaman.

Peggie is a high flying society lassie, that is, aeronautically speaking. Her mother gave her an airplane expecting her to do a little polite flying, and the next thing you know Peggie went skooming off on a sky jaunt which was polite enough, but certainly must have startled her mother.

She soared into the foggy London sky and headed southward, in an attempt to break the airplane record between London and Capetown. And today she did it.

The Associated Press reports that Peggie landed at Capetown today along with Gordon Store, a British flier who was her partner in the venture.

The previous record was six and a half days. It was made by the British flier Glenn Kidston, Last April. Peggie has cut that record down by twenty four hours. She made the flight from London to Capetown in five and a half days.

It was a great stunt for a comparatively inexperienced girl flier. She's being congratulated and entertained on all

sides. Which means that she'll have plenty of chance to wear that smart evening gown she took along.

A smart girl was Peggie. She wasn't going to find herself at a party without a stitch to her back, except of course those ugly clumsy togs which flying people wear when they go galavanting through the sky.

There was a cerious airplane crash tonight. A plane bound from Washington to Newark came down in a field near Camden, New Jersey shortly before seven p.m. Five bodies were recovered. The plane had stopped at Camden to discharge passengers for Philadelphia and had just taken off again for Newark when the accident happened.

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Now comes a new way of flagging a train.

I suppose trains have been flagged in almost innumerable ways, all the way from the orthodox red lantern of the switchman, to the case of the famous billy-goat that swallowed a red shirt, and as punishment was tied to the railroad track. Of course, that billy-goat coughed up the red shirt and flagged the train. and that's an old Tall Story.

Near Council Bluffs, lowa, a Chicago-Denver passenger train was roaring along. "Holy Smoke", remarked Engineer Charles Utter, "that seems to be utterly silly. What do you think that fool aviator is trying to do?"

Yes, sir, not far from the tracks ahead an airplane was cutting capers. It banked sharply and wiggled xxxx its wing. /xxx the plane soared aloft and took a dive over the engine, just missing it. Then the flying machine whizzed on ahead and did some more fancy gyrations. They looked something like

signals. In fact, Engineer Utter soon came around to the idea that they were signals. He stopped the train. It was just a quarter of a mile from a bridge, and that bridge was on fire.

The Associated Press relates that Aviator Harold Neimann was flying along when he saw that the railroad bridge was burning. He flew around scouting for a train and pretty soon he saw the Chicago-Denver express roaring along toward the burning bridge. And that was when Aviator Neimann emulated the billy-goat, and flagged the train.

And like that same billy-goat

I'm liable to be taken out and tied to

a railroad track unless | cut it short

and say - so long until tomorrow.

There's great activity among the fishermen at Seabright, New Jersey. The boys are att out in all kinds of boats and with all kinds of tackle - I mean all kinds of large and he avy tackle. Because they are fishing for whales.

The New York Sun says it has been years since any of the big sea mammals have been seen off that section of the Jersey coast, but this year four whales, each about forty feet long, have been cruising around within a few hundred yards of the beach.

"Thar she blows." The old cry has gone up among natives of the shore, as they stood watching the big fish disport themselves in the New Jersey waves.

Old timers declare that the appearance of whale at this period of the year indicates a cold, hard winter, with plenty of strong Nor'westers and heavy easterly weather. At least that's the way the seafaring men of those parts express it.

But most of the boys down there are interested in the fishing aspect of the whale problem. The monsters are of the black whale type, and their skin and blubber are worth a good deal. Furthermore, a wholesale fishing establishment has offered a reward to enybody who'll capture the whales. As a result, every boat along the beach is being prepared for action, all the way from skiffs to fishing smacks.

Yes, those fellows are going out whaling in skiffs - and it might be serious if they happen to catch a whale. Anyway-thar she blows! And it's time for me to blow - and,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW: