

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Today a great name was abolished from the maritime world of the sea, the name of Dollar. For years that has been an expression used on the wide spaces of ocean and in many a port - Dollar. Not in the sense of "lend me a dollar," or "this will cost you so many dollars." That use of the term is familiar enough on land. It's the Dollar Line! The steamship system built up by the late Captain Robert Dollar.

Today, the name of that world-renowned Company was changed. Hereafter the Dollar Lines will be known as -- the American President Lines. The reason? Today's statement puts it this way: "Dollar ships," it says, "are known around the world as the president liners. Each vessel named in honor of an American president. Therefore," concludes the statement, "it was felt that no name could be more fitting than -- American President Lines."

So the American Dollar gives way to the American President, but they'll still take dollars for passage.

X

WILKINS

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Sir Hubert Wilkins is a mighty explorer, but when he goes off on a perilous expedition - I wonder if he likes to take along a lady who's fat. Explorers have been known to have an eye for those sinuous lines, the streamlined figure. So maybe ^{Lady} ~~Mr~~ Wilkins is making a mistake. Today she ^{repeated} ~~announced~~ that she's going along on Sir Hubert's next attempt to reach the North Pole by navigating under the ice pack in a submarine. ^{Oh Susanna!} Brave Susanna! But don't be incautious, Susan ^{me.} Lady Wilkins made ^{her} ~~this~~ courageous announcement while taking it easy at one of those opulent Hollywood homes. "Certainly I'm going along," she replied when asked. "I'm just here to fatten up for the trip."

Don't fatten up too much, Susan ^{me.} Putting on fifty pounds or so might be one good way of not going on an expedition. Double chins and an anatomy bulging in other places, might impair the romance of taking a lady explorer along, even for so ~~hard~~ ^{an arctic} hardy captain as Sir Hubert Wilkins.

EUROPE

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Tonight the British House of Commons will have a chance to vote on that long delayed and much talked of agreement between Great Britain and Italy. Today in Parliament Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain told the M.P.'s that his government intends to put the London - Rome Pact into effect -- "as soon as possible." This he said will ^{be made possible by} ~~push~~ a motion to be introduced tonight, a motion phrased in these words: -- ^{that} ~~this~~ house welcomes the intention of the government to bring the Anglo-Italian agreement into force." There is no doubt that the Conservative majority will support the Chamberlain motion and so London and Rome are as good as tied up by those terms arranged between them last spring.

A later dispatch from Paris gives us a report that Hitler is about to propose an armament agreement. "A ceiling of armament" says ~~the~~ ^{the} cable from Paris. ~~Setting~~ Ceiling meaning nobody to build up armament any higher than a given limit. They say this would mean that Great Britain and France and Italy would be permitted to build up their air strength as high as Germany and that Germany and Italy could build up their

naval power to equal the French fleet. Germany has a naval ~~an~~ agreement with England ~~for~~ providing that Germany sea power shall not exceed one third of British sea power. This to remain in effect on the grounds that British needs so many warships to protect so great an empire.

(ⁱⁿ And trouble ^d in Palestine, the Arab general strike goes on, tying up industry and activities that depend upon Arab labor. This is the latest Moslem way of protesting against the ~~severe~~ severe ^{restrictions} ~~restoration~~ that the British have slapped on to put down the Arab insurrection.)

In the Far East the Japanese are concentrating their forces at sea in front of the great Chinese port of Foo Chow. Half way between Shanghai and Canton, Foo Chow is one of China's ^{historic} ~~great~~ harbors. ^{so its} ~~is~~ a logical objective

for the Japanese and now they seem ready to seize it. ~~They~~ That ^{Foo Chow.} must ~~mean~~ be the meaning of the Japanese concentration outside ~~of the port~~

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DEWEY

etc
~~There's~~ a story of a tit for tat in the New York political campaign. First (the Republican ~~Party~~ charge that Governor Lehman was running against his will, drafted, shanghaied → and if elected ~~he~~ would resign and retire to private life. This Lehman proceeded to deny. Next the Democrats made the same sort of charge against Republican candidate, District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey. And the accusation was made the more imposing by mention of presidency. *(The Democrats say)* They said that Candidate Dewey only wanted to be elected Governor of New York because that would put him in line for the Republican ^{presidential} nomination for president in 1940.) And being nominted them, he would resign from the Governorship. This Tom Dewey denies. Today's political headline is ^{his declaration} that if he is elected Governor, he will not resign, will not ~~try~~ for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. Thus he declares himself out of the presidential picture for 1940.

Later on in the day Candidate Dewey ~~was~~ delivered an address in Buffalo -- up there where Niagara Falls is the favorite honeymoon haunt of the United States. *And* ~~so~~ he reverted to that newlywed idea in declaring the Democrats and the New Deal ~~were~~ doomed to defeat in New York. The long ^{Democratic} honeymoon in New York States ~~is~~ over. *said he.*

SCHOOLS

There's no tougher argument than one that goes like this:-

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Here is something that must be done. Yes, but where is the money to do it? Dayton, Ohio, ^{still} is puzzling over just such an argument.

The public schools of Dayton are ^{still} closed, closed to thirty-four thousand pupils and thirteen hundred teachers.

Why? ^{still} ^{forthcoming.} ~~No~~ money. All the school board has is a deficit of

sixty-one thousand ~~dollars~~ and no idea of where to raise any

cash. The case was taken to court, and last week the judge handed

down an order directing the school board to reopen the schools

and start education going again. The board still couldn't think

of any way to get any cash, and ignored the court order. Last

night ^{board} a majority voted to keep the schools closed - until funds

^{are} ~~were~~ in sight.

Today, the school board was in court again, with contempt proceedings against them, and once more the judge ordered them to get the pupils and teachers back into the schools. But what about the cash?

His Honor solved the dilemma in these magisterial words:

"I'll give you until tomorrow afternoon to do your duty," ~~"~~

said he. "The money to operate the schools will be forthcoming somehow."

"But he didn't say how," the members of the school board are groaning tonight for their problem was left by the judge in the beautiful land of somehow.

FORD

Today Henry Ford must be more than ever convinced in his vision of greatness for New England - for he saw an example of good old-fashioned Yankee shrewdness and frugality.

The motor magnate has been describing New England in these words: "Potentially the greatest section in the world for industry and agriculture." All that's needed, says Henry, is for the Down East Yankees "to awaken to their greatness." As a means of helping the awakening, he's going to build a farm equipment plant at Sudbury, Massachusetts - so he announced today. This - designed to promote a back-to-the-soil movement in New England.

And Today the sage of the automobile world visited a saw-mill that's being put up near Framingham. In a way, that saw-mill was blown in by the recent hurricane. All around are abundant supplies of timber to be sawed into lumber, trees blown down when the tropical storm came blasting. Another version of the old saying - it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

The hurricane, apparently, blew a bit of profit in the direction of some shrewd and frugal Yankee who, seeing the ~~trees blown down~~, *storm-blasted trees*

takes advantage ~~jumps in~~ with the saw-mill.

Henry Ford gazed and nodded in approval - because Yankee frugality and shrewdness will make New England awaken to its greatness.

BARNETT

There was an outbreak of dramatics in a Los Angeles courtroom today. Not unexpected, since one of the defendants was Mrs. Anna Laura Barnett, widow of the eccentric Indian millionaire, Jackson Barnett. She was expelled from the fabulous palace that the Indian millionaire built at Los Angeles - an expulsion that was attended by all sorts of ructions, the palace beseiged and stormed.

Today Mrs. Anna Laura Barnett, with her daughter as co-defendant, faced the grand jury on a charge of resisting federal officers. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, which sounds pathetic. And it was still more pathetic because it was a matter of tear gas. A deputy marshal said he fired the gas bomb when Mrs. Barnett threw a hatchet at him. This she denied, saying she just happened to have a hatchet in her hand because she was going to repair the front gate.

The pinnacle of the excitement came with the story of the doings of a guard, on duty at the sumptuous palace the Indian built. That cop slept in Mrs. Barnett's gorgeous bed, and hung his shirt on the equally gorgeous chandelier. "Gangster! Thugs!"

yelled the lady. "They're destroying my property." Gangster and thug -- those are strong words, but they may not be strong enough for a fellow who hangs his shirt on the chandelier.

COUNT

Here's a lot of name -- Count Gústaf Von Frederick zu Brandenburg; and forty thousand dollars is a lot of money to borrow or swindle or gyp.

Count Gustaf von Frederick zu Brandenburg is in the Boston sneezer tonight on a charge of getting that much cash from a Boston merchant -- not so much Yankee shrewdness and frugality in this story. The Count's attorneys say he shouldn't be held on a criminal charge at all, because every time he got any part of the thirty thousand dollars from the neither shrewd nor frugal Yankee, he gave a note for it -- which comes under the head of borrowing. And that's no criminal offense. I hope not.

However, the authorities have made inquiries in Denmark, where the Count says he's from. And Copenhagen replies that the roster of Danish nobility knows nothing of any Count Gustaf von Frederick zu Brandenburg. Moreover, the immigration authorities are interested to see whether the Count is in this country in violation of the immigration laws. And, furthermore, the Naval Intelligence has been questioning him -- and Naval Intelligence usually investigates person suspected of espionage, so Count Gustaf von Frederick zu Brandenburg's bail is set at forty thousand dollars.

SALLY RAND

I suppose that at the trial of Sally Rand you'd expect ^{in evidence} exhibits ~~for evidence to consist~~ of bubbles and fans. Not at all. The exhibit in the Hollywood courtroom today was a torn shirt, just about ripped to bits. No, nobody tore the shirt off Sally. 't was a man's shirt anyway and the charge is that Sally ripped it off the back of a customer in a theatre because he snapped some ~~camera~~ ^{candid camera} pictures of her bubble dance which may be considered candid enough. The charge abainst Mademoiselle Rand is one of assault and battery. And, if Sally did rip the shirt off a guy she certainly should be reproved. It may be all right for a lady to have her shirt off in the theatre -- but for a gentleman it may be embarrassing. However, Sally says she will tell the naked truth, and we'll all agree that the truth at least should be a nudist.

COLLEGE

Some academic soul has said with deep feeling, that the priceless value of a college education is -- teaching a student how to wear a tux and use his knife and fork correctly. In any educational institution of high scholastic standards, the student body and faculty too are careful of their table manners, really refined. That's especially true of Wagner College, New York. So there today a luncheon was tragic. No doubt a Hallowe'en prank. Somebody stole all the forks and spoons, and left only knives for the student body to eat with. Faculty too.

Such was the painful predicament in the college dining ~~xx~~ hall today -- nothing but knives. And the luncheon menu was pea soup and fricassee of lamb. It's not in the book of etiquette to eat fricassee lamb with a knife. Still it can be done. But how did they manage the pea soup!!

RACE

I don't suppose there was any idea of nautical sociology when names were selected for those two horses -- War Admiral and Sea Biscuit. Yet War Admiral means the aristocracy and officialdom of the sea, the fancy uniform with the gold lace. And what else can Sea Biscuit mean that hard-tack, on which so many a jack tar of old ground his jaws -- signifying the fo'c'sle, the sailor. Were such symbolism used, we could only characterize the race today as a regulat Bolshevik revolution in the navy, a mutiny and insurrection -- the sailors putting their gold braided commander in the brig. For Sea Biscuit utterly conquered War Admiral, beat him, out-ran him, out-lasted him.

The story is no better told than by a glance at where the two thoroughbreds were at various stages of the race. The classy Admiral took the lead right away, in his usual flashing style. Ahead during the first few seconds. Then the Biscuit marrowed the gap, caught up, took the lead. At the first quarter, the Biscuit was two lengths ahead. But the Admiral made a challenge; he was gaining. When they passed the judge's stand, it looked as

if he'd close the gap. But once more drew ahead. At the halfway mark he was again leading by two lengths. Still the Admiral wasn't through. Again he challenged, And low and behold, at the three-quarter mark the two thoroughbreds were running neck and neck. Around the turn Sea Biscuit leading by a head. At the mile pole he held the lead. Then came the stretch, with the promise of a thrilling finish. But thrilling it was not. The Biscuit turned on the speed like a racing car full of Blue Sunoco and it was too speedy for the Admiral. The daylight between them widened. One length, two lengths, three, four. War Admiral couldn't stand the pace, and Sea Biscuit finished four lengths ahead, and broke the track record.

If you consider it hard-tack against gold-lace, then it was a revolution, a mutiny. And it nearly caused a mutiny in the betting world, for War Admiral was the favorite. And

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.