

EARTHQUAKE

Just mention "earthquake" and "New York" in the same breath and the imagination immediately starts wobbling -- trying to picture what would happen if a really violent tremblor were to hit this concentrated mass of skyscrapers and cloud piercing towers. Just can't imagine it.

Last night's shake was the most severe New York has had in fifteen years. Yet, it was so slight as to do almost no damage. Many people didn't even know about it -- including yours truly.

But, as nearby as Newark a house suddenly swayed to one side and leaned over against another house. Upstate, in Jamestown, an auto was flung over in a ditch. And in the country around Syracuse, barnyard fowls flapped in wild panic. The patients in a hospital were awakened by the terrified screaming of wild pheasants in a field. And, a woman died of fright at Watertown, New York.

Well, I've gone to headquarters -- scientific headquarters with a resounding name:- The division of Terrestrial

Magnetism and Seismology ^{of the} United States Coast and Geodetic Survey.

The chief of that all-inspiring haunt of technology is Captain N. H. Heck, a research scientist whose job is to find out facts about earthquakes when they occur. Captain Heck is at a microphone in Washington right now. So let's switch over to the national capital. Captain Heck, ~~will you please~~ tell us **is** there's any likelihood of any more such earthquake shocks?

CAPT. HECK:

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Only a foolish person ventures to predict earthquakes, since they are natural events far beyond the ~~power~~ power of man to control or influence. We know something, however, of the course of events immediately after an earthquake of this kind, and I venture to say that we will have other shocks in the general region of this one, but it is unlikely that any will be felt so far away as Washington and probably New York. The earthquake has been located in Canada, east of Lake Huron, nearly five hundred and fifty miles from Washington, and only a widespread earthquake is felt at such a distance. In any case we should

expect similar earthquakes from time to time and buildings should be erected with possible earthquakes in mind.

Thanks Captain, lets all go back to the primitive and live in hay-stacks.

ETHIOPIA

There's a Mussolinian touch of the dramatic in the reported capture of the town of Makale by the Italians. This was one of the important and strategic objectives for General DeBono's army. By taking it, the Italians score a success that makes the headlines. So they turn it into a bit of theatricalism to impress the Ethiopians: Makale conquered by Ras Gugsa. He was in command of the forces of native Askari troops that occupied the town. Yes, that same Ras Gugsa of Ethiopian royal blood, son-in-law of Haile Selassie - the one who made a sensation some weeks ago by deserting the Ethiopian cause and going over to the Italians.

General DeBono made a big play at that time of honoring the royal Ras Gugsa, nominated him Governor of Tigre Province. Now Ras Gugsa is given the further distinction of conquering Makale.

Still - you could hardly call it conquering. The news dispatches tell no tales of bitter fighting. The town seems to have been abandoned by Haile Selassie's men, just as we've been hearing for days. Moreover, there seems reason to

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believe that it was less of a permanent capture than a mere raid. The news comes from English sources. The official bulletins from Rome make no mention of the fall of Makale.

But whether the place is in Italian hands or whether it was merely raided - Ras Gugsa gets a chance to play the hero on his own ball field.

DESERTER

An interesting story is told by the one Italian prisoner who has appeared in Addis Ababa. He is really a deserter, though a soldier from Italy. He is a Croatian, one of the discontented Slavs from Fiume, a city which was claimed by both Jugoslavia and Italy. He tells the Ethiopians that the Italians driving into southern Ethiopia, number no more than a mere ten thousand.

Also - that they are suffering badly from thirst and heat. And he adds the interesting detail that in those sun blistered lowlands the small Italian tanks are nothing better than ovens. The tropical sun beating on the metal almost boils ^{few} the men inside ^{the tanks.}

~~alive.~~

CRISIS

There are two hotels in Rome with interesting names just now. One is the Hotel England, the other is the Hotel Eden, reminding the Romans that Captain Anthony Eden, Britain's delegate to Geneva, has been the most aggressive advocate of those sanctions against Italy.

Well, there were more student demonstrations in Rome today. The rioters descended on the Hotel England and made the manager hang a large Italian flag over the word - "England". As for Hotel Eden, they yelled and stormed, threw stones and broke windows.

And heavy forces of Fascist police are guarding the British Embassy.

Meanwhile, Baron Aldisi has hurried to Geneva to do what he can. He's there to negotiate, to try to get a peace agreement before the sanctions go into effect. An Italian spokesman put it this way today: "Italy does not refuse to negotiate for peace, but we are not running after peace."

League proceedings got nowhere today. They were discussing the question of financial compensation for the

smaller nations, which have money due from Italy and stand to lose financially by boycotting. They want some cash in return. And who will fork over the cash? The League has put it up to a committee.

As for opinion in England, we have a cool reasoned statement from an American just in from abroad - my Dutchess County neighbor, Casey Hogate, head of Dow, Jones & Company and publisher of the Wall Street Journal. Publisher Hogate is quoted by the Wall Street Journal today as declaring that he comes home convinced that there is a minimum probability of another world war. (But, he adds: "I am not so confident that England herself will stop shore of any measures that may be required to protect the empire.") He found a general idealism toward the League in England. "But" he adds, "underneath this is the distinct feeling that no challenge to British imperial interest can be tolerated."

CHINA

Twenty-six years ago, in March of 1909, a dramatic event occurred in the then Imperial City of the Dragon Throne, Peiping. ^{to} The Manchukuoan Dynasty was dragging along to its troubled end. On the Dragon Throne sat a small boy, the Emperor Hsuan Tung, later to be the exiled Henry Pui Yi, now the ^{Manchugan} Emperor Khang Teh. Administering for the boy emperor was the regent, Prince Chun. There was an attempted assassination, a young revolutionary student tried to kill Prince Chun.

That's how, as a would-be assassin, Wang Ching-Wei, first jumped into prominence. Another time his revolutionary organization commanded him to blow up Prince Tsai Lan, one of the most formidable and ferocious of the Manchus. Wang and five companions got into Tsai Lan's house one night, placed a bomb and lit the fuse, to blow up the whole place. But the sputtering of the fuse aroused a dog, which gave the alarm. The burning fuse was put out, and Wang was caught. He was sentenced to be beheaded.

The fierce old Manchu, Prince Tsai, was also something of a philosopher. He wanted to know why Wang had tried to blow

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him all the way to his Celestial ancestors. So he asked Wang. The shrewd young revolutionary told the Prince that his motives were so complicated the reply could only be written. So the prince told him to write it before he was decapitated. Wang proceeded to write a masterpiece, in such beautiful prose that Prince Tsai decreed that it would be wrong for such a literatus to lose his head. He commuted the sentence to imprisonment, but Wang soon escaped from jail. ^{TP} The Chinese came to say that Wang's life was guarded by the gods. He became known as the handsomest man and the most incorrigible revolutionary in the Celestial land, *— and now Premier.*

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Tonight, Wang Ching-Wei, Premier of China, lies critically wounded in a Nanking hospital. This time he's the victim of a would-be assassin.

Today nine men were arrested, suspected of complicity in the melodramatic shooting. It is still unknown whether the assassin ^{shot} ~~killed~~ himself, or was shot down by the fusillade the guards fired. But his identity has been established, after some confusion. He ^{is} ~~was~~ Sun Mingh Sun, a Chinese newspaper reporter for ^{the} Chin Kwang News Agency. His affiliations are still obscure

but he is believed to have been a member of the Communist anti-Japanese opposition.

There's an ominous international angle to that wild scene. Military and political chiefs in the Nationalist Government gathered to debate those hard demands that Japan is making in Northern China. Prominent officials grouped in front of the government building to be photographed. A crowd of spectators watching as the photographers snapped their pictures. Then one of the spectators whipping out a pistol and blazing away. The Premier and three other officials shot down. More crashing of shots as the guards fired on the assassin. And a wild scurrying to cover as the crowd sought safety from the hail of bullets.

Bullets shot at the pro-Japanese Premier were also bullets shot at Japan. (Is it an indication of dangerous revolutionary anger among the Chinese masses, resentment against the policy of concessions to Tokyo?) Are the Chinese masses ready for an anti-Japanese outbreak and boiling over? Those are questions that impelled Tokyo to announce today that the shooting of Wang Ching Wei is of serious consequence to the peace of Asia.

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Word comes of a wedding celebrated in the ancient city of Damascus. The bridegroom wasn't there. The bride was anonymous, her name not given. (By referring these singular facts to the ways and customs of the Bedouins of the Arabian desert, we can ^{deduce}~~figure~~ ~~out~~ certain ^{things}.)

The bridegroom must be an important personage. You can guess that, because the marriage was by proxy. Forty of the most renowned sheiks of the desert represented the bridegroom ~~who~~ ^{the} wasn't there. Yes, an important personage - none other than the mighty Ibn Saud, renowned as ^{the} conquering king of the Nomad tribes, equally renowned as a conquering husband. He has had a hundred wives. This newest bride makes it a hundred and one.

The fact that the bride was anonymous, her name not mentioned, is significant too. It means she is no young freshcheeked Zuelika. Her years are mature. And she ~~xxxxx~~ is a spinster, ~~because it is~~ ^{old} an Arabian custom not to give out the name of a bride, when she is of spinster years. ^{can} And we also infer that when so greatly celebrated a potentate makes an absentee marriage to a camels-hair-tent-old-maid, why it's no light affair of fancy. There must be weighty political reasons for it. And there are.

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Ibn Saud (began life as a wandering exile, a giant, six feet four, in stature. He won his way to power by the sword - also by marriage. He) has consolidated his imperial sway by making matrimonial alliances with the daughters and sisters of the sheiks of powerful tribes. So marriage is just a branch of diplomacy with Ibn Saud. (Hence his hundred and one wives - they mean a hundred and one diplomatic victories.)

(And that's the case with the latest.) The diplomatic angle is the fact that Emir Nawaf El Shaalan is Sheik of the ^{great} Rualla tribe. The Ruallas are many and powerful. Emir Nawaf El Shaalan had an unnamed spinster daughter. Ibn Saud has married her. *An important political alliance out where the sand blows in your eyes.*

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RETAKE

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G-MEN

Another one of those manhunt stories, pathetic it is. The public enemy in this case is no cold blooded gunman, but just a colored man down in Tennessee. We'll call him "Memphis" for short. Memphis made a slight mistake when he signed his name to a check for Sixty Dollars. The worst of it was that it was a government check. So this put the case in the hands of the dreaded G-Men. When "Memphis" learned that the G-Men were after him, he started traveling. He could see a G-Man around every corner. Actually, J. Edgar Hoover's federal agents were not exactly giving their undivided time and attention to the pursuit of "Memphis". But the colored man didn't know it. He was on the run. He just lifted 'em up and put 'em down.

Now the manhunt has ended. "Memphis" dragged his steps into the headquarters of the G-Men, and panted: "Here I is." But he was hardly himself. "Memphis" had lost twenty three pounds liften 'em up and puttin' 'em down.

"Boss", he gasped. "I'se all tired out, running away from where you all ain't."

AUTOMOBILE

Here's a question that nearly everybody will answer in the same way. What industry is leading the way out of the depression? The automobile industry. And ~~Do you think it would be a good idea to crush that pace-making line of business?~~ Do you think it would be a good idea to kill off the leader in the march back to prosperity? That's the interesting angle propounded by John T. Flynn in COLLIER'S WEEKLY. He states it in an article on gasoline taxes. ~~to~~ Points out that the huge, increasing imposts on motor fuel are a dangerous handicap to the whole automobile industry - a heavy blow at the depression-fighting champion.

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Flynn in COLLIER'S points to Decatur, Alabama, ^(where) ~~that~~ the car owners get soaked the hardest of all. The average value of ^{all} ~~the~~ ^{the} automobiles down that way is about Two hundred Dollars ^{per.}

The car owner, when he buys a gallon of gasoline, has to pay One Cent in tax to the federal government, Six Cents to the state, Three Cents to Limestone County, and Two Cents to the Town of Decatur. Twelve Cents in all. A gallon costs him Twenty-five Cents altogether, nearly fifty per cent of which is tax. Add to

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that the taxes on the car itself, on tires and on spare parts, and the figures work out an average of a Hundred and fifteen Dollars a year -- all on a Two hundred Dollar automobile! That caps a gawdy climax in the political sport of -- soak the poor motorist.

DOCTOR CRILE

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A lot of news has been coming from that Twenty-fifth Annual Congress of the American College of Surgeons, which is in session out in San Francisco. Three thousand surgeons are gathered there. The famous Dr. George Crile of Cleveland described to his associates today how on one of his expeditions into Africa he discovered that the leap of the lion -- that wild bound when the King of animals comes flying through the air at you -- is all because of the large amount of adrenal secreted in the lion's glands. And that makes the lion ~~xx~~ jump. And what makes me jump is the second hand on this studio clock, which tells me that it's time to say --

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SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.