

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

Good news from the DIXIE, good news for everybody who has relations or friends aboard the grounded liner. The rescue work has begun. Late this afternoon they started removing the passengers.

That means the fury of the gale ^{is dying down,} ~~has begun to diminish,~~ and those

towering, hissing combers are subsiding.

The first boatload of passengers was taken off in mid-afternoon, and right now life boats are beating their way thru the churning sea, carrying scores to safety. It is expected the entire rescue will be completed tonight.

That makes a happy ending to one of those hair-raising stories in the annals of the sea. Though we've had more than our share of marine disasters on this coast in the last few months, the drama of the DIXIE was peculiarly poignant. Seldom have the tension, doubt and anxiety over the fate of a shipload of people been so acute and so long drawn out.

Before the actual work of rescue, no fewer than seven vessels were standing by, passenger liners, freighters, and Uncle Sam's coast guard cutters. There they were, ready and anxious to begin the saving of lives. But the tremendous force of wind and wave kept them powerless. Instead of an anxious moment, it was an anxious two days. Even at noon today Captain Sundstrom, the veteran Master of the DIXIE, radioed his home office:- "Sea still too rough for transfer." But soon after that came the reassuring message, "Weather moderating. Expect to transfer passengers this afternoon." And that's what's been happening. By this afternoon the engineers of the DIXIE, by constant pumping, had ~~be~~ already been able to reduce the water that had poured into the ships' hold.

All the rescue ships had their life boats swung out, ready to be lowered the moment the officers decided that it was safe.

Incidentally, at the request of the Captain, the passengers ^{are being} ~~were~~ landed at Miami. There the officials of the Morgan Line had made elaborate preparations to take care of them and to ship them by train promptly to New York or wherever else they wanted to go.

And, by the way, the officers of that line have earned themselves golden opinions by their frankness, by the ready help they gave to the men gathering ~~the~~ news, and by their willingness to give the public all possible information. This fact is conspicuous because in the past there have been regrettable occasions when the steamship owners have not been so candid and helpful.

The Manager of the Morgan Line was asked whether he had made arrangements with insurance companies for the expense of all these operations. Mr. Cooper is quoted as having replied: "To hell with the expense! We want to take care of the passengers first." And when they asked him whether he had consulted lawyers, he said: "What do we want lawyers for?" And he explained: "We have nothing to hide."

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As a final bit of good news for this happy ending, all the passengers, even the women and children, are cheerful, and have taken their perilous adventure in the best spirit of good cheer and courage. No serious casualties to either passengers or crew.

STORM

Some authorities are afraid that this hurricane will turn out to be as ferocious as the one of 1926. When we awoke today we learned that a hundred were killed. Now the estimates have grown to seven hundred and maybe more. According to one account four hundred veterans perished at one camp along, Camp Number One on Metacumbe Key, on the West Coast. A three-story veterans' hospital was plunked up from its foundations and hurled into the waters of the Gulf as though by the hands of a titan.

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matchwood, plantations pulled up by the roots, villages wrecked as though thousands of huge tanks had plowed through them.

A thousand war veterans were employed building a road in one place. ~~on the West Coast.~~ They contributed a large number to the total of sufferers. All up and down that region the ruins of houses and buildings are so thick that the rescuers can hardly accomplish their job of saving lives. Once again the ~~Florida~~ National Guard is mobilized for this sorrowful work of relief. The Red Cross is also on the job with several coast guard cutters and patrol boats standing by. Railroad tracks have been washed out in many places, thus rendering it still more difficult to bring in supplies.

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So far the worst of the damage has been confined to the West Coast in the neighbourhood of the ^{more remote} Florida Keys. But it is feared that the hurricane might change its course and continue ^{its} ~~in~~ swathe of devastation. ~~islands~~

SUBMARINE

When Uncle Sam launches a new submarine it's not only news, it's ~~also~~ ^{also} spectacular. So the Navy is justifiably keen over an event that happened at Groton, Connecticut, today. A new under-water boat slid down the ways while Miss Eleanor Roosevelt, daughter of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, cracked the champagne bottle over her bow. She's named the TARPON, and she's one of the latest three hundred foot models, the last word in modern scientific submarine construction.

She also happens to be the first under-water vessel to have a name instead of a number, and thereby hangs a story. She's the first of three new models that are to be launched before the end of the year. Each of them was to be named after a fish. ^{The first, the Tarpon} The second one was to be called the PINNA. But just out of curiosity, an officer of the Navy looked up the word and discovered that a PINNA was a bivalve, somewhat like a mussel, that loves to stick in the mud on the botton of the ocean and stay there. Imagine giving a submarine a name which meant that it lived in the mud! There was a hasty conference and looking up of dictionaries, after which it was decided that the ~~TARPON~~ ^{of the Tarpon} sister-submarine is to be

named the PERMIT, not KERMIT, - that would be all-Roosevelt --
- PERMIT. I never knew until now that it's the name of a fish
that resembles a pompano.

Well, good luck to the TARPON and the PERMIT both.
Let's hope they navigate the under-water as well as the fish for
which they are ~~xx~~ named.

Incidentally, the Navy asks me to correct a mis-
apprehension over something said last night. Flight officers
of the Navy will still be required to go through occasional
terms of service aboard ships at sea. It is the construction
and engineering officers of the aeronautical department of the
Navy who will in future stick exclusively to their jobs of
designing and building aircraft.

BANDIT

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Over in Rumania there's a bandit who makes our jail breakers look like amateurs. His name is George Coróin. He's more popularly known as the Robin Hood of King Carol's country. George has quite a record. He's even outdone the colorful Spada of Corsica who was hanged recently.

George Coroin had escaped from prison twenty-one times. That beats all American records. But he's not so good at staying out of prison. *The rheumatic Roumanian* ~~the~~ cops have got him again.

This time he seems to have had enough of it. He sent a partition to King Carol which, to our American ears, ~~fx~~ sounds like a comic document. But it appears to be quite serious in Rumania. George says he's tired of breaking out of King Carol's prisons. So he ^{has} asked His Majesty to give him an audience, a pardon, and a job. The job he's begged for himself is that of Chief of Police in Transylvania, *the land of demons and were-wolves.*

We may think the suggestion is funny, but as a matter of fact it has been done ^{before.} About a hundred years ago the French government appointed a notorious convict head of its detective force. And, according to the records, he was the best Chief of Detectives

Paris had ever had, up to that time. Balzac made him the principal character of one of his most fascinating books.

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But a similar thing was done far more recently. The same policy was followed by Captain Bertram Thomas, the explorer who crossed the Rub al Khali, and who was for a number of years Prime Minister to the Sultan of Muscat. Bertram Thomas had experienced considerable difficulty with robberies in one of the towns under his rule. So he too picked the most adroit thief in the place and made him Chief of Police. Thereupon the crime wave promptly stopped. So perhaps the suggestion of Rumania's Robin Hood has a good deal of sense to it.

HANSON

The United States has just lost one of the most colorful figures in our foreign service - just as his trip to Ethiopia was cancelled. George C. Hanson, who committed suicide aboard the Dollar Liner "PRESIDENT POLK" today, was known as one of the sharpest trouble shooters in the State Department. It was a picturesque career that has come to an end.

The late George Hanson took an engineering degree at Cornell in Nineteen eight. Then he dropped his slide rule and became a student interpreter in the Far East. He served in Shanghai, Harbin, Chefoo, Tientsin, Swatow, Chungking, and Foochow, and all over the East. At the end of thirteen years he was said to have as keen an insight into China and oriental problems as anybody in those waters. He knew six Chinese dialects and could tell funny stories in all of them. He was particularly well known in northern Manchuria.

It was narrated of him that once he was on a golf course when he was surrounded by bandits who wanted to abduct him. He laid about him so vigorously with his brassies, mashies and niblicks, that the would-be kidnappers took to their heels.

His most important advancement was when he was made Consul-General in Moscow, and then first secretary of Uncle Sam's Embassy.

In Moscow he became as familiar with the Russian language-and-affairs, as he was with those of China.

As a matter of fact, he became so important in the Russian capital that his recall was interpreted as a diplomatic rebuff to Russia. ~~This was partly because of the troubles last February.~~ Hanson had been assigned to Addis Ababa, an appointment which was believed to indicate that Uncle Sam had become particularly interested in Ethiopian affairs. But on his way to Ethiopia his appointment was cancelled and he was ordered to Greece instead.

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~~And now he has passed away by his own hand. He was~~ a jovial, spectacled fellow of Two hundred and fifty pounds. In the Far East he used to be known as Uncle Sam's best all-round mixer. ~~Apparently he preferred to die sooner than go to Greece.~~

ETHIOPIA

This is the big day at Geneva for which the world has been waiting all these weeks. The big League of Nations show opened, the show from which statesmen still continue to hope for miracles. Nobody knows exactly why. It has been obvious for months to the most casual newspaper reader that the Duce intends to march on Ethiopia.

So there wasn't much surprise in today's proceedings. They opened with a statement from Italy, demanding that the Council expel Ethiopia from the League. ~~of Nations.~~ Mussolini's envoys backed this up with the announcement that nothing will stop Italy's plans in Ethiopia. In other words, "Go ahead and talk your heads off -- we're going to do what we intended to all along."

John Bull's diplomats, headed by Captain Anthony Eden, added to the generally farcical nature of the proceedings. Said they: "It will be a calamity to the world in general and a fatal blow to the League if the quarrel between Italy and Ethiopia is not settled." At the same time, ^{they} ~~we~~ calmly admitted: "In any event, Great Britain will do nothing about it." No matter what

happens there will be no fight between England and Italy. Neither with guns nor with Pounds *sterling.*

Just what the League can be expected to do is a mystery that the diplomats are keeping a deep, dark secret. What they are saying ~~xxx~~ amounts to this: "The League of Nations should stop war between Italy and Ethiopia. But the League of Nations can't do anything to interfere with Italy."

Anyway
~~It's a relief to know that~~ Mr. Francis Rickett, ^{of London} and his oil concession are not going to drag Uncle Sam into this tragic comedy. Not now, at any rate. For a while it looked as though oil on the troubled waters might widen the scope of the storm. So Secretary Hull set a lot of fears at rest ~~this morning~~ when he announced that the Standard Oil Company had withdrawn from its arrangement with the Emperor of Ethiopia.

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The men with the big portfolios in Geneva had professed themselves rather indifferent to this development. But President Roosevelt shared the relief of ^{plenty} ~~of~~ Americans in the cancelling of that concession. He issued a statement from his country home at Hyde Park. He said the action of the American

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oil interests in dropping the whole affair was a gratifying proof that dollar diplomacy is no longer a policy of the government of the United States. And he added his hope that this might have a favorable result in Geneva. He still prays that the conferring gentlemen may be able to arrive at a peaceful solution.

Of course there is tremendous excitement in and around that great palace on the bank of Lake Geneva. From what we hear, the whole ^{Swiss} countryside must be fairly littered with conferences. In the Council chamber and in the corridors, in hotel rooms and hotel lobbies, top hatted and morning coated gentlemen are pow-wowing portentously in the utmost secrecy. And that, in the last analysis, is what it all amounts to - talking.

BALOGNA FOLLOW ETHIOPIA

An additional element of comedy was injected into the Geneva show today. But so far, the Italian delegates have been unable to see the joke. It's a ~~joke~~^{jest} shared principally between British and American newspapermen. And the more they laugh, the more the Italians get annoyed.

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Mussolini's boys, when they arrived in Geneva, brought not only the usual bulging diplomatic ~~pk~~ brief cases. When their train puffed into the station, squads of porters puffed along lugging eight huge wooden packing cases.

The eagle eyed newspapermen were on the spot, curious about the contents of those enormous crates. So they asked: "What's in them?" To which the top hatted spokesman of the Italians replied: "Documents. Those cases are full of papers which will prove that Ethiopia is unfit to retain membership in the League of Nations. They are documents that ~~xxxxxx~~ we are going to present to the Council of the League." Thereupon one of the American correspondents took a close squint at the packing cases. The first one was labelled: ~~Being~~ "B-o-l-o-g-n-a." The second one was also labelled *

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"B-o-l-o-g-n-a," and so on down to the eighth. — they came from the ancient Italian university city of Bologna.

Well, as you may imagine, a roar of laughter filled that railroad station in Geneva that almost lifted the roof. The Italian diplomats scowled and spluttered. Nobody had the heart to tell them what baloney implies in American lingo. They still don't know what the joke is all about and they still think American newspapermen are an unmannerly lot.

Anyhow here's something that isn't baloney. It's time for me to say --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.