

WEATHER

Once more the drama of the weather flashes into the news. A new cold wave brings a new crop of thrillers. In no year since I've been on the air has the story of stormy weather brought so many tales of human peril and adventure.

During the long cold snap before the recent thaw we had a prevailing theme of men caught in the toils of blizzard, snow and ice. Tonight there's the added terror of tremendous storms at sea. The North Atlantic whipped by howling gales, and along the coast one vessel after another reported in peril.

Of these various sea stories the one with the neatest turn is the wreck of the INGOMAR. A schooner with a crew of more than a score aboard, she was hurled on the shoals off the coast, near Newberry, Massachusetts. Her distress signals flashed. The Coast Guard to the rescue -- the same old Coast Guard, always to the rescue.

But meanwhile, the INGOMAR was being smashed by the wild seas. Things so desperate that her crew took to the boats that is, all but two. Two men were

washed overboard by the howling waves. The ^{men}~~nineteen~~ in the boats rowed for the coast fifteen miles away, and after a battle with the sea got ashore safely. ^TAll the while the coast guard rescue ship was beating her way to the wreck of the Ingomar. What did they find when they got there? Two men aboard. They were the two who had been swept into the sea when the crew had taken to the boats. They had managed to climb back aboard ^{the storm battered hulk -} ~~the Ingomar~~ -- and now were saved by the coast guarda.

But today's biggest rescue at sea was staged three hundred miles south east of ~~the~~ Nantucket Lightship. All day long there was suspense for the Greek freighter, Stephanos Costomenis. Sinking, with a crew of ~~thirty~~ aboard. Just how desperate the peril of that ship was is told by one fact. Her decks were awash, the sea breaking over her from starboard to port. That's the way she was when the steamship, City of Newport News drew near. And no sooner did the Greek captain sight the rescue boat than he signalled:- "We're going to abandon the ship." In fact, it was about time. So the ship was abandoned and everybody saved, taken aboard the

City of Newport News. And those are only two of a whole sheaf of stories of peril on the ocean on this day of storms at sea and cold and snow on land.

The Middlewest is again in the grip of a blizzard; roads blocked with snow-drifts; transportation impeded; a fuel shortage in ~~xx~~ many places, and in some food shortage.

Athelsten, Iowa, has received no supplies for almost two weeks. Food running mighty low, fuel exhausted. Already several old buildings have been torn down for fire-wood.

Hatfield, Missouri:- The town has been in a state of winter seige for a month. No supplies received for four weeks. But the seige was broken today, supplies hauled in by sled. However the relief is only temporary because today the cold wave closed down again, with a new pile-up of snow drifts - beseiged once more by Winter.

At Versailles, Missouri, they were lucky enough to receive one car of coal today, the first in weeks. The coal was rationed out to those who needed it the most.

In the southwestern part of South Dakota, a dozen communities are reported isolated.

These are individual details of the general picture of the harshness of winter -- as the new cold snap comes on.

GOLD

Two hundred thousand dollars in gold is a handsome stack of the yellow metal. It's a lot to have in a safety deposit vault. It's doubly a lot, when the Department of Justice agents seize it.

Today the Federal men raided a safe deposit box in the vaults of a New York bank. Somehow, they had gotten word that the hidden gold was there. And there it was -- two hundred thousand dollars worth.

Of course under the government-Gold-Act it is against the law to possess the precious metal. Gold is supposed to be turned in, exchanged for currency. Today's haul is the biggest that has been made since the government gold policy went into effect. The owner is not named, but we are told that he will be reimbursed. He will get two hundred thousand dollars worth of bank notes in return for his gold. Reimbursed! Yes, -- but maybe prosecuted also. Presumably the case will be put into the hands of the Attorney-General for punishment under the law.

WAR

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During the last few days, war news from East Africa has been flaring, while in Washington there has been ^{an active movement} ~~quiet, determined work~~ to keep us out of that war or any other. They have been putting the Neutrality Bill through. ~~and~~ Today the Senate did its part. The upper House members passed the bill. The lower House had already voted okay. ^{now} ~~it~~ goes to the White House for the President's signature. It is, of course, an extension of the former neutrality measure, with a few not too important modifications.

It is believed that the President will sign. He wanted a more comprehensive, more permanent neutrality policy. This, however, seemed so complicated and controversial, that the lawmakers said, "Let's extend the temporary neutrality law for another temporary term, and take up the permanent policy when international affairs are in less of a tangle." Presumably the President agrees to this.

"We're keeping out". That's the American word, while the news of battle in Ethiopia rises and falls. War bulletins are notoriously contradictory - one side saying, "We won!" and the other side replying, "No, you didn't!" We have an extreme case of that sort of thing ^{right now,} ~~at present~~ Italy is in national rejoicing

because of the victory at Enderta, ^{Ethiopia,} ~~with great celebrations today,~~
and General Badoglio's triumph is described in precise eyewitness
~~terms by the American correspondents.~~ Yet Addis Ababa denies it
all. The Ethiopian government has gone so far as to take the sworn
statement of an Irish Red Cross representative. To be sure, he
wasn't there at the time of the battle, but he has only recently
returned from the scene. So he can't talk about the event ~~on~~
personal experience, ~~But~~, he makes the formal declaration that it
was impossible for ~~the~~ General Badoglio's men to defeat the Ethiopians
at Amba Aradam and capture that mountain fortress. That's a new
kind of military bulletin denying an enemy victory ^{that} - it couldn't be
impossible.

And then there's another kind of denial and disproof -
based on the Ark of the Covenant. . It comes from London, and is
propounded by an Ethiopian Princess married to a British officer.
First she tells how the Ark of the Covenant got to Ethiopia.
It all goes back to that famous visit which the Queen of Sheba
paid to King Solomon. Her kingdom was in Ethiopia, ~~where~~ ^{they say.} Years later
their son visited Jerusalem, and all he asked of Solomon, his father,

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was a bit of the sacred wood of the Ark. That was granted. But the companions of the young Ethiopian Prince played a trick. They weren't satisfied with a mere fragment of sacred wood. They built an exact replica of the Ark, and substituted the copy for the real thing. They carried the genuine Ark back to Ethiopia. And it has been there ever since.

The Princess in London declares that as long as the Ark remains in the possession of the King of Kings, the Italians cannot win. *How can you refute that!*

PARAGUAY

Now about - Colonel Smith. Tonight Colonel Smith rules the roost, not in Chicago, Topeka or Kalamazoo - but in the City of Asuncion, capital of the Republic of Paraguay. ^{So - once more} it's to the greater glory of the Smiths that one of their ^{clan} ~~sons~~ has prevailed in the War - ^{Wears} Latin-American Republic below the Equator, [^] south of Rio.

For it was a Colonel Smith who engineered the revolution that overthrew the government of President Alaya. The officer with the familiar name executed ^{the} a coup-de-etat at the head of war hardened troops from the battles of the Gran Chaco.

Really, there are two colonels - Colonel Smith and Colonel Franco. And behind ^{twain} that military ^{twain} ~~twain~~ there's a story.

Forty years ago, an American named Frederick Smith went to Paraguay as manager of an American meat packing plant. He stayed there, married there; ~~he~~ married the belle of Asuncion. He sent his son to the Paraguayan West Point, and there the younger Smith became a favorite pupil of the Commander of the military school - Colonel Franco. Since then, Smith has been the right hand man of Franco.

Now about Colonel Franco. Some time ago, the Paraguayan Minister in the United States, Dr. Bordenhave, told me that Franco

was the leading soldier of Paraguay, the brilliant individual hero of the bitter warfare at the Gran Chaco. It was Franco who won the battle at Camp Via, and captured nine thousand Bolivian troops with their supplies.

But Franco didn't get along so well with the politicians at Asuncion. Two points are mentioned in particular - one ^{is} concerned with the beginning of the war, and the other with the end. They say that Colonel Franco, before he got orders from his government and before any war was declared, attacked and captured Bolivia's "Fort Bólván." That was in Nineteen Twenty-Eight. This attack is said to have touched off the blaze of war. The second thing is that, after the *Chaco fighting was over some* ~~war was over a few~~ months ago, Franco returned as the principal hero of battle, *and he* didn't like the way the politicians were wrangling over the peace terms. He said the politicians were claiming the ~~glory~~ glory of the victory, which the army had won. And his hardened Gran Chaco soldiers agreed with him.

So President Alaya had Franco arrested and deported to Buenos Aires. ~~and~~ The President said the war hero was a Communist.

All the while Franco was working with his trusty

lieutenant, Smith, son of the one-time American meat packer; the two colonels hand--in--glove. So while Franco was in exile, it was Smith who fought his fight, plotted his plot, in Paraguay. And, today the news came that it was Colonel Smith who has just seized the government of Paraguay. The one Colonel doing it for the other. And Colonel Smith has called back Colonel Franco to take control. So from Argentina Franco is returning.

FASHIONS

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In England a judge's decision has cast confusion into two separate realms - industry and fashion. But industry and fashion get together and become one in the dress business - the manufacture of fashionable gowns. Here's the problem that went to court.

When England went off the gold standard, it put up the price of Paris gowns, and many fashionable London ladies felt the pinch of economy. They were reduced to buying their frocks and evening gowns in London. Well, His Majesty's Treasury went off gold for just that sort of purpose - to ~~make foreign goods dearer and English goods cheaper~~ and boom British industries. It did just that for the London dressmaking trade. Fashionable designing houses expanded with big business, eight million dollars a year. ~~So far so good, but there~~ there was one difficulty.

The fancy costuming firms, under the British law, could protect a latest creation, only by getting out a patent. But ~~you~~ ~~know how patent offices work.~~ It takes a couple of months for all *that* ~~the~~ formality. So, by the time the couple of months had elapsed and the patent was issued, that latest fashionable gown had gone out of style. Meanwhile, everybody could copy it. So you see the difficulty,

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The good old patent law works with steam shovels and so on, but it's much too ponderous and clumsy for such an ephemeral, fickle, gossamer thing as feminine fashion.

So, one of London's largest costumers went to court and sued for a quicker sort of protection. The fashion case was tried before the same sort of court that passes on patents for steam boilers, motor trucks, and artillery; like having a jury of airplane technicians pass upon the qualities of a parachute skirt. Result - case dismissed. London sport clothes, tea gowns and lingerie still kept in the same class as battle-ships and structural steel.

So the British needle experts complaining that their expanding business is threatened, and their fashion trade may go back to Paris.

On this side of the water, we find the familiar and useful needle exalted by art: knitting, crocheting, tatting. I always like - tatting. Yes, needlework has invaded the realm of painting and sculpture - tatting along with landscapes and nudes - tut, tut. At the Karl Freund Art Galleries in New

York, where there is a stately array of masterpieces of the

needle. Not knitted sweaters or crocheted pillow cases.

They're textile pictures, works of art in fabric; made by

stitching together bits of colored cloth to form waves breaking

on the beach or ballet girls dancing. Beautiful and expressive

art.

Belgium. The motorbike had a sidecar, and in it was sitting
a man in a big overcoat pulled up over his ears and a big slouch
hat pulled down over his face. He was huddled up, hunched up, and
looked like an old man all tired out. The motorcyclist showed a
passport for himself and his companion.

The Belgian customs guard spoke a few sympathetic words
to the old gentleman, but got no reply. He raised the hat, and when
he saw the old gentleman's face he let out a yell. And no wonder
it was a yell. Instead of a sheep in wolf's clothing, it was
a wolf in man's clothing. The cyclist was trying to smuggle the
animal into Belgium, where it would fetch a better price.

The invisible man is to be seen over in Czechoslovakia.
Yes, "seen" is right. You gaze at him, you perceive him, you get
a regular eyeful -- but just try and photograph him!

FREAKS

The daily round of the news brings a regular crop of weird and freakish tales. Tonight there are two -- the invisible man and the old gentleman in the overcoat.

The strange case of the old gentleman in the overcoat comes from Belgium. A motorcyclist arrived at the frontier from Holland. The motorbike had a sidecar, and in it was ~~XXXXXX~~ sitting a man in a big overcoat pulled up over his ears and a big slouch hat pulled down over his face. He was bundled up, hunched up, and seemed like an old man all tired out. The motorcyclist showed a passport for himself and his companion.

The Belgian customs guard spoke a few sympathetic words to the old gentleman, but got no reply. He raised the hat, and when he saw the old gentleman's face he let out a yell. And no wonder -- it was a calf. ~~Ex~~ Instead of a sheep in wolf's clothing, it was a calf in man's clothing. The cyclist was trying to smuggle the animal into Belgium, where it would fetch a better price.

The invisible man is to be seen over in Czechoslovakia. Yes, "seen" is right. You gaze at him, you perceive him, you get a regular eyeful -- but just try and photograph him!

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His name is Slag, and he's a Russian. He was picked up wandering at ~~ax~~ the town of Ostrava in the Province of Moravia. He seemed to be a suspicious character. The police put him through the usual routine. That included taking a picture of him. When the plate was developed it was ~~xxx~~ blank. They photographed Mr. Slag again, and once more the plate was blank. They tried it half a dozen times, but Mr. Slag just wouldn't make any impression on the sensitized surface. He was invisible -- photographically.

The police were profoundly puzzled, and still are. Mr. Slag told them that he had a secret of making himself unseen by the camera, offered to reveal it if they would let him out of jail. The police said no -- they'd try to figure out the mystery

for themselves. At the last reports, they were still figuring, *figuring*

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How ^{Mr. Slag made} ~~did he make~~ himself invisible? ^{Well - I'm} ~~I'm already~~ invisible. And,

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~~now~~ I'd better ^{also} make myself scarce. And ---

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.