

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

We have one piece of good news to start the week with. It isn't about Ethiopia, nor the general election in England, nor the A.A.A., nor anything to do with the New Deal. It's about those Ten thousand geese that were trapped above the thundering waters of Niagara Falls. Their danger, and their escape.

It's an illuminating sidelight on popular taste to observe how many thousands of people have been interested in the fate of those Ten thousand winged travelers on their annual autumn journey from Laborador to the south.

The Game Commissioners tell me that top of the Falls is one of the oddities of Nature, a natural game trap. For hours that myriad of fowl struggled against being carried over the Galls. Time and again last night and today the foremost were swept to the brink and with difficulty beat their way back, flying, but landing on the water again, no leader to show the way out of danger. Thousands of people who were watching from both the Canadian and American sides, noticed

that the efforts of the birds grew weaker, their honking and booming feebler. Game wardens feared that as has sometimes happened in previous years, they would be carried over the rapids and dashed to pieces on the rocks below. They tried various devices to save the birds, but all in vain.

Curiously enough, it was a volley of gun shots that finally did the trick. The game wardens issued permission to hunters ~~to~~ to shoot the geese today. At the first few cracks from the weapons of the hunters, one old gander got wise to himself. Instead of continuing the futile attempt to fly back up stream he took to the air and winged it for the south. And immediately, in squadron formation, one flock after another of his mates followed. Late this afternoon, the last honking bird was way up in the sky, headed for the warmth of the south. But a few hundred of the trapped ten thousand had gone over the falls, -- victims of Nature's Game Trap.

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REDFERN

I have often mentioned the mystery of Paul Redfern, the Georgia aviator who disappeared eight years ago, flying over South America. Since he vanished many stories have come through, claiming he is alive, that he crashed in the jungles of Dutch Guiana, was crippled and being held by a tribe of Indians.

Well, the report is confirmed again, by a tropical traveler, William La Varre, just back from a four-months' expedition into the Guianas. There, he too heard what seemed to be ^a well established report that Paul Redfern is alive.

Incidentally, I am asked to say that the sky expedition which is being organized to hunt the lost flyer will not be under the auspices of the United States Army. That would be impossible, as Uncle Sam has no business sending his planes over foreign countries. But, Major Willis Taylor, an army ace will head the rescue expedition. He will obtain leave of absence in order to find Redfern and bring him back alive.

HURRICANE

The aftermath to that hurricane which killed Two thousand people in Haiti is a threat of more danger to come elsewhere.

The threat is to the Republic of Honduras. The Hondurans are living in momentary peril of terrific floods. The torrential rains

that followed the hurricane have so swollen the waters of the River

Kō-my-ō'gwa.

Comayogua, that there's no telling when catastrophe will overwhelm

the country. The government ^{*in Tegucigalpa*} has warned everybody living in the

lowlands to drop everything and run for their lives to the mountains.

Indeed, the people of one village have already suffered. More than

one-third of them are clinging desperately to tree tops. Whole

towns ~~and villages~~ are seven foot deep under water. More than a

thousand families, not individuals but families, owe their lives

to rescuers in boats and canoes. The weather experts say that if

^{*flood*} the ^{*Kō-my-ō'gwa*} waters of the Comayogua merge with the torrent of the ^{*To loo ah*} Ulua

River, the entire north of the Republic will be inundated.

SUPREME COURT

The mills of the Supreme Court continue to grind on the key phases of the New Deal. The President's official family has something new to worry about. The fate of the government's project for eliminating slums and building huge blocks in modern apartments that will be within the means of poor people.

The nine august justices announced today that they will review this pretentious program. While many people have applauded it, owners of real estate complain that it injures them and in effect confiscates their property. They say that Uncle Sam has no right to condemn privately owned land, not even to clean out the slums. And the Supreme Court will decide whether it's constitutionally okay or not.

TALMADGE

When the late Huey Long was assassinated, we all wondered: "Who will inherit his mantle?" Over this there was much fighting among his lieutenants in Louisiana. But one gentleman outside of Huey's state has grabbed himself at least a piece of that garment. Governor Talmadge of Georgia has emphatically replaced the Kingfish as the chief baiter of Président Roosevelt and his New Deal. His latest attitude was to decline to make the usual proclamation announcing ~~this as~~ Navy Day. ^H Said the lanky Georgia Governor: "No Navy Day announcements from me! Navy Day is just a racket." On second thoughts he decided that wasn't quite prudent. So he modified his ^{defiance} ~~intention~~ with the concession: "Oh, well, I'll tell the newspaper men about it - I'll call their attention to the fact that ~~this~~ ^{there is a} ~~is considered~~ Navy Day throughout the rest of the country." But then he stuck out his jaw and said: "But there'll be no official proclamation ^{here!}"

The picturesque boss of Atlanta ^a ~~is~~ suffers no embarrassment from the fact that President Roosevelt ~~maxxxh~~ has established his ^t White House in Georgia, at Warm Springs. A little thing like

Before Talmadge became Governor, he used to be Commissioner of Agriculture in Georgia. His first stunt when he moved into the Governor's mansion in Atlanta was to build a barn and hen house. "It's too darn quiet here", he explained. "It get's my goat." He wanted the crowing of roosters and the cackling of hens.

He has acquired a good deal of the Huey Long technique. Though he graduated with honors from college, he always uses the homely rural vernacular when he is talking to a group of farmers. His favorite pose when receiving people in his office is with his feet on his desk, a chaw of tobaccer in his mouth. He punctuates his remarks by snapping his red suspenders with his thumbs. He receives everybody without favor or discrimination, farmers, women's clubs, big business men, ex-convicts, one after the other in a steady and indiscriminate stream.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Talmadge of Georgia isn't the only southern Governor unafraid of a fight. South Carolina today is almost in a state of small-time Civil War. And all over a quarrel between Governor Olin D. Johnston and his Highway Department.

The Governor of South Carolina wanted the Highway Commissioner to suspend the selling of auto licenses until he could put a new law through the Legislature, a law establishing a flat rate of Three Dollars for every automobile or light truck. The Commissioners' reply was: "No suh!" To which the Governor of South Carolina said: "You're fired suh!" And the Commissioners retorted: "The Dickens we are." Governor Johnston's next word was to proclaim the Highway Commissioners rebels. Yes, and he called out his National Guard, and turned his recalcitrant Commissioners out with machine guns.

And that's what the Governor of South Carolina said to -- his Highway Commissioners.

TRUCK SHOW

I have just been asked a question: "Did you ever hear of getting power out of a pancake?" The answer is "Yes, many a good day's work is accomplished on pancakes." But one automotive engineer has discovered a new way. It's one of the features of the National Motor Truck Show that opens at Newark, New Jersey tomorrow. A pancake motor. A flat, exceedingly quiet twelve cylinder affair. Instead of being under the hood, it is under the driver's seat. Does away with the necessity of any hood.

AUSTRIA

Fresh rumblings from Austria, the country which has been called the "keystone of European peace". The last World War started there. Statesmen are wondering, "What influence will it have on the next?" Despite the abolition of the Hapsburg monarchy, the pleasant but troublesome country between the Tyrol and Czechoslovakia continues to be a storm center. In some corner^s Fascists are drilling. In others, ~~the~~ anti-Fascists. Over on one side of the republic peasants and burghers cheer the name of the Archduke Otto, the Hapsburg Pretender. On the other side the mere mention of that same name is ~~almost~~ enough to cause a riot.

And now comes a new threat to the peace of Europe, the possibility of a new dynasty in Vienna. The Starhemberg dynasty. The story now is that instead of bringing back the head of the Hapsburgs, Prince Ernst Rudiger von Starhemberg, Vice-Chancellor of Austria, Commander-in-chief of the Heimwehr, has his eye on ~~a~~ the crown, ~~himself~~.

~~His principal claim to the throne is not so bad.~~ As Commander of the Heimwehr he is the most powerful single individual in Austria. ~~Sentimentally, he also has a good cause.~~ For ^{and} ~~he~~ has the ₁

right to say "Hapsburgs? Pooh! They are upstarts, parvenues compared to the Starhembergs." Then he could tell you further, "The von Starhembergs were gentlemen, knights, leaders of chivalry when the forefathers of the Counts of Hapsburg were not much better than goat thieves in Switzerland."

The scenario of the expected coup d'etat, as we are given to understand it, is first for a Fascist uprising along the Vienna Ringstrasse, and the main streets of other Austrian cities. But, it won't be Nazi-Fascism. It will be Fascism modelled on Rome. The Duce of Austro-Fascismo will be His Highness, Prince Ernst Rudiger von Starhemberg. He will first become Regent of Austria. The crown will follow later, under such circumstances as to give it at least the appearance of a popular demand.

Well, if it ~~index~~ does come off, he'll make a theatrical figure of a king. He has had a private army of his own for years. Drills them on the grounds of his numerous castles where no outsiders can get a look in.

One of his pet fancies is to play Harun-al-Rashid. He likes to go hunting, dressed in leather shorts, on his head a green hat decorated with a gemsbart, the beard of a mountain sheep. If dusk finds him at a distance from any of his castles, he will drop in at any peasant's hut and confer on the humble owner the honor of spending the night there.

However, Starhemberg and his private army aren't the only people who are drilling in Austria. There's also the Republican Defense League. And it's arming and drilling for a fight.

Altogether, the Austrian pot is full of ingredients for a red hot stew.

EUROPE AND AFRICA

To celebrate the thirteenth anniversary of Fascismo, the Duce's men in the North are driving deeper into Ethiopia. In the south they are pressing their drive towards the railway line. And a real sensation the shooting down of one of Mussolini's giant bombers. A squad of Haile Selassie's machine gun marksmen bagged a big plane with a crew of three, fifty miles south of Harhar.

Back in Europe the peace pendulum swung again. Last week even Rome was encouraging peace talk. This week there's a different story. London and Paris are preparing more drastic measures for the boycott of Italy.

On the other hand, Stanley Baldwin, election-campaigning, says there'll be no blockade unless Uncle Sam and Hitler join in. And Uncle Sam of course has expressed himself quite conclusively on that subject. He doesn't want any part of it.

DOGS

The crack inspectors of the C.I.D. are up against a new racket. The idea is forging the betting tickets sold at the Greyhound Races. Sounds like a new way of going to the dogs.

It came to light only recently. The winner of a certain race was dog Number Fice, a long shot. To their dismay, the officials of the race track found themselves paying off on a ruinous number of winning tickets on that dog. Now if all those tickets had actually been bought, the odds could not have been so high. So they had those bits of pasteboard examined in a laboratory. And chemical tests revealed that hundreds of them were forgeries.

The reason the authorities believe an American gang is at work, is that the forgeries are so good. Since the middle of the last century, American "Scratchers" as they are called, such as

Charley Becker and other extinct celebrities of the underworld, have notoriously been the most skillful and the wiliest in the world.

Another thing which stumps Scotland Yard is the speed with which those phoney tickets are turned out. They have a theory that portable machines are working right at the race tracks, ~~themselves.~~

Jew Babies

UNDERGROUND FOLLOW BABIES

A baby story of a ~~more~~ grim kind comes from across the seas. It brings to light the fact that there's an underground railway in Europe now from Germany to England, an underground railway recalling the famous one by which slaves used to escape from the southern states into Canada, some seventy-five years ago. Their treatment by the Nazis has led the wealthy Jews of Germany to form just such a clandestine ^{route of escape.} ~~passage~~ And it's purpose is to have their babies born outside of the Fatherland. Jewish people expecting to become parents surreptitiously leave Berlin for ~~the north~~ ^{for} London. In a nursing home in ^a ~~that~~ quiet suburb the babies are born. Thus the youngsters automatically become British subjects. As soon as the mother is convalescent, she and her husband and baby return to Germany, taking care to bring with them the child's birth certificate.

QUINTS

The latest from the Dionne quintts is that they precipitated a lively young riot today. This being the first day of their eighteenth month Dr. Dafoe decided it was time to start feeding them meat. The result was that they celebrated by trying to break all the windows in Dr. Dafoe's hospital. If they're like that at eighteen months, on a few pieces of liver, what will they be like at eighteen years on steak and stout.

The first taste of meat gave Yvonne an idea. She wondered what it would be like if she threw her pet wooden duck against the window. So she promptly found out. The noise of the crashing pane and bits of glass tinkling on the floor delighted her sisters so much that Cecille followed suit and registered a strike with her wooden Mickey Mouse on another pane. That was lots of fun. So Annette, Marie and Emilie followed suit with their dolls and other playthings. The consequence is that the windows of their hospital now have to be protected with heavy wire. That was the only way Dr. Dafoe could find to convince them that "Young ladies we live in glass hospitals shouldn't throw toys."

(Crying)

And, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.