

KINGSFORD-SMITH

At a Fifty million dollar naval base they've been waiting anxiously, the titanic British naval base at Singapore, waiting for Smitty. The full stately nomen is Air Commodore Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith. But whenever any aviation mechanic got tangled up with the combination of names, the world renowned aviator would say - "Call me Smitty."

He has survived many perils, but this time the story tells of the most desperate danger of all. And he had decided it was to be his last long distance flight. Sir Charles - Smitty - jumped into fame with great sky voyages to Australia. And of course he's the man who conquered the Pacific, not once but twice - once around the world, and then did it all over again. Now, he was on another flight from London to Australia, homeward bound by leisurely stages. His last big hop, he said! And maybe he spoke with more grim truth than he ~~ix~~ imagined. For Smitty, having made uneventful progress as far as Allahabad, in India, took off for Singapore, across the dangerous shark infested waters of the Bay of Bengal. And at Singapore he is overdue,

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long overdue. And what's worse, there's the story told by another aviator who has just come in from that same route. He says he saw Kingsford-Smith's plane, battling against a Hundred and fifty hour gale - a dreadful tropical storm lashing the sea of sharks. And Smitty's plane seemed in trouble, was shooting streaks of flame as the motor back-fired.

No wonder they're anxious at Britain's mighty naval base. Kingsford-Smith stands as the ace of ace flyers in the British Empire -- Air Commodore of Australia. Now - missing. With a flame spitting motor, in a fiendish tempest, over waters full of sharks!

GERMANY

There's a sententious tone in the news, that Hitler picked today for abolishing the Stahlhelm. For today is a pompous anniversary ~~day~~ in Germany, which adds impressiveness to the final suppression of the Steel Helmets, Germany's organization of World War Veterans. The Stahlhelm had been more or less at odds with the Nazis for sometime. There ^{has} been a long lingering talk of putting them out of business. There was a ^{former} Nazi order that the powerful veteran group should disband -- this at the ~~sinister~~ time of the Nazi' blood purge a year and a half ago. The Stahlhelm, however, kept on going. Since then it has actually been disbanded in several parts of Germany. Now ^{comes} the final curtain for the once mighty Steel Helmets.

On today's anniversary a letter of Hitler's is printed, declaring that the spirit and usefulness of the Stahlhelm has been taken over by the new German army. And immediately, comes the answer that his command has been swiftly obeyed. The Stahlhelm -- no more.

Yes, anniversary -- twelve years since the renowned "beer hall putsch." Ludicrous, yet tragic. The early days

of the Nazi Movement. Yet Hitler thought he could stage a revolt, twelve years ago. In Munich he marched solemnly with General Ludendorff and a handful of Storm Troopers. They shouted their way into a Bavarian beer hall. And Hitler, with dramatic fireworks, pulled out a pistol and fired a shot at the ceiling, and to the astonished beer drinkers he shouted:- "The National Socialist Revolution has begun."

With that proclamation, they marched to seize the city. They thought they had the support of Chief of Police Von Kahr. They didn't know Von Kahr had changed his mind. So when a detachment of police came against them, Hitler ordered them to surrender. Instead they opened fire. Eighteen of the Storm Troopers killed, so they say.

Tonight instead of firing a shot at the ceiling amid the clinking of steins, Hitler will speak radio words to all Germany. And the ceremonies honor the eighteen that were killed in that "Beer Hall Putsch."

ETHIOPIA

The capture of Makale today was mostly ceremony. The Italian battalions actually have been in the town for several days. All that was needed was the advance of enough troops to make a parade for the flag-hoisting. That was done in suitable style, with Ras Gugsa, traitor to Haile Selassie, playing the star part. The pop-eyed Ras cut a swagger figure when he took possession of the palace, such palace as it is, in a town of mud huts. It's old home to him, because he's the hereditary ruler of Tigre Province. And the palace was once the royal establishment of King John, who ruled Abyssinia in the last century. Ras Gugsa is of the royal line of King John.

Meanwhile, to the west of Makale Mussolini's men are shoving on toward Lake Tana, and the Blue Nile. That's normal strategy, establishing a straight line across northern Ethiopia. But, it's venturing into ticklish terrain. For Lake Tana and sources of the Nile are of special interest to Great Britain, master of Nile watered Sudan and Egypt.

The Italians scored another success in the south, with

the capture of the strategic town of Gorrahei. That's important, because Gorrahei is the base of a big water supply and is the center of caravan routes leading in all directions. General Graziani's officers say the road to Harar is now open to them. Down there on the southern front there wasn't much resistance either. As a military success, the capture of Gorrahei was exceedingly peaceable.

ROBIN HOOD

And here's one about a bandit whom they call a Robin Hood. But a thief at heart.

The Robin Hood part of the story sings the Bulgarian praises of Docho Uzonoff, the Bulgarian bandit. Docho Uzonoff was a hero in the World War, distinguished himself for bravery. But after peace was declared he was arrested on a political charge, accused of being revolutionary. Things looked bad for Docho, but he escaped and fled to the mountains.

The next thing you know, there was an epidemic of robberies. Docho had turned bandit. Time after time he made miraculous escapes from the police and soldiers. The peasants regarded him as a superman -- a Robin Hood.

Docho never stole from the poor -- no Robin Hood ever does. He robbed the rich and gave to the poor -- that's

Robin Hood for you. And they say that the plunder he looted was not for himself, but for -- the cause. He turned it over to the revolutionary organization. ~~He~~ ^{he} served. ~~then~~.

But Docho the Bulgarian Robin Hood turned ^S out to be just a thief, a ^{burglar} ~~burglar~~ and a robber. The story ^{now} comes of how he and his gang held up a motor bus. ~~the other day~~. They took everything the passengers had. They packed up the loot and were about to decamp into the hills -- when Docho noticed one of the passengers -- a girl. She was crying, weeping bitterly. Docho went to her, and took her gently by the hand.

"Why are you crying little one?" he asked in Bulgarian.

The grief-stricken girl replied that she was on her way to a neighboring town to be married, and Docho's men had stolen her trousseau. And how, she sobbed, could she be married without her trousseau. Docho swore a loud Bulgarian oath. He, the Bulgarian Robin Hood -- and something like this happens. He roared to his bandits and made them unpack the loot. Out came the girl's trousseau. Docho gallantly gave it back to the blushing bride-to-be, and handed her also -- a bag of money, ~~xx~~

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to help her set up housekeeping.

Then this modern Robin Hood showed himself to be nothing but a thief at heart -- because he stole a kiss.

NIAGARA FALLS

Brides and trousseaus - and a sad story from Niagara Falls. Things are not going so well for the honeymoon business. There's a moon in the sky, and there's honey in the beehive - but there's plaintive melancholy at the favorite haunt of honeymooners. For the Niagara Gorge Railway may become a thing of the past. For years its dizzy tracks and spray^{ed} diving cars provided the way for millions to view the wonders of the falls, but now it may go out of business.

The officials of the Niagara Railway claim that brides ~~now~~^{to} days, instead of adventuring through the gorge, prefer to observe the falls sitting with the new hubby on the front seat of the family flivver. ~~Brides are not eager any more for the thundering roar and the dashing spray. Maybe it's because hubby does enough roaring and the wife~~ at breakfast, and wife goes dashing around so much.

Anyway, business has fallen off ~~so much~~^{for} with the Niagara Gorge

Railway ~~that~~^{and} it has been running at a loss for the last five years -

^{running} in the red. In its palmy days the only red in those parts was the

blush of the blushing bride.

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Recently, there was a landslide. ~~And~~ ^{The} falls is in the
— *in another million years or so,*
process of cracking up gradually. This particular landslide covered
the tracks of the Gorge Railway with tons of rock. So the officials
say that it would cost too much money to shovel out that rock,
with no profits coming in. And they decided the wise thing is to
scrap the railroad, equipment, romance and all.

BRIDE

There seems some sanger of this turning into a bridal broadcast. Here's another bride -- aged sixty-four. It's one of those stories of love long deferred.

Long, long ago, in the old city of Durham in England - Mathew Story said "Will you be mine" - said it to Frances Clayton. But she said him "Nay." "No," sighed the maid, "I love you, but I can not marry you. When mother died I promised her on her deathbed that I would take care of father, who is an invalid." So, Frances told Mathew she wouldn't marry him as long as her father was alive.

Whereupon, Mathew went far, far away. Darn far away - to Canada; and there he made good, i.e., as good as possible without Frances. Now, after all those years, Mathew seventy, Frances sixty-four -- the word has come:- "Father has died." (Yes Sir, the Old Boy had konked.) So Mathew swiftly hurried back to England - as swiftly as you can hurry when you're seventy! They'll be married on Monday.

And if I don't get onto some news less romantic I fear my heart will break, or I'll dash out and get married and be a bigamist.

UTILITIES

Telephone calls, no mere local or long distance, trans-Atlantic telephone calls. These calls are - were - one of the by-products of yesterday's court decision against the Utilities Holding Company Bill. The broader aspect has been a Wall Street boom in utility stocks. An avalanche of orders, heavy trading, a rise in prices, though the market settled down this afternoon.

(But all the stock brokers in the world aren't on Wall ^{ent} Street. There are European traders, who speculate in American securities on foreign Stock Exchanges - especially the London Exchange.) There is a five hour time difference between here and England. So, by the time the Federal Court decision was flashed across the sea, the London Exchange had closed. That left a lot of impatient buyers with no place to buy - except New York. So they proceeded to place their orders in New York, via trans-Atlantic radio telephone. That's an angle they've been talking about here at the cross roads of radio - Rockefeller Center, today.

But the most important thing is the giant battle that seems to be impending in the utilities row. (It promises to be

cut even more resounding and spacious than the raucous row over the passing of the bill for Holding Company-decapitation.) Of course there will be an appeal all the way to the United States Supreme Court, but that will be a polite and dignified tournament of law, compared with the additional judicial brawls that seem likely. The law which the Baltimore court has just declared invalid commands all holding corporations that control power companies to make a report to the Securities Exchange Commission, a report about their finances, (the blocks of stock they hold, *cut* the groups of power companies that they control.) The Securities Commission wants that information as a guide in wielding the axe. The deadline for filing is December first.

But the utilities companies now are saying, since the Federal court has decreed that the bill is unconstitutional - why turn ~~it~~ in those reports? (Why not wait until the Supreme Court *cut* has spoken the final word as to whether the law stands or not? So we hear voices of utilities saying - "We won't turn in a report!")

But the government declared that, pending the Supreme Court decision, it's going to go right ahead and enforce the law.

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Those utilities reports will have to be turned in - or else!

The Holding Company law provides that if any company fails to turn in its report - why the punishment is a fine or imprisonment, or both.

So there you have the parlous prospect - that if companies refuse to report, the attorney general will thereupon prosecute. You can see what kind of knock-down-drag-'em-out-of-the-courtroom battles that would bring about. Lawyers all over the place.

And, moreover, there's the possibility that the legal rough-and-tumble will project the whole noisy utility squabble in the Nineteen thirty-six campaign - as one of those ringing issues.

ROOSEVELT

A new writer of detective thrillers burst upon an astonished world. Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

It came about this way. While Mr. Roosevelt was still Governor of New York, a visitor to the Executive Mansion was Fulton Oursler, editor of LIBERTY. In conversation, it developed that F. D. R. was an avid reader of detective yarns.

Oursler asked whether he had ever thought of writing one. And the reply was: "To tell you the truth, I've carried a plot in my mind for years, but never had time to write it."

Oursler prevailed upon him to tell the idea, and it was a corker. Recently the editor engaged six famous authors to write a serial based on the President's plot. The authors who collaborate are Rupert Hughes, S. S. Van Dine, Anthony Abbot, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Rita Weiman and John Erskine. The first instalment is written by Rupert Hughes, is just out.

All proceeds to go to the President's pet charity, the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation.

Baltimore - first city in the country to pass the million mark with its community fund. And the first time in five years. Baltimore has done this. So, congratulations, Baltimore.

ROBBERY

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Crime is becoming a more ^{horrible} ~~terrible~~ problem than ever. The gangster menace looms more darkly over the nation - after what we hear today. Not only did those vicious bandits at Paterson, New Jersey, rob the bank, but they did it while the Board of Directors was holding a meeting. ^{And -} That's going too far. It's an outrage to arouse the conscience of the nation!

Yes, the bank directors at Paterson were in solemn conclave. You know how solemn a bank directors' meeting can be. [?] They were deciding deep problems of finance. That was upstairs, in a sort of second story penthouse above the Prospect Park National Bank.

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Downstairs there was banking as usual, when four robbers stalked in, three of them brandishing pistols, the fourth pointing a machine gun. They held up the customers and the bank employees. They shoveled money into sacks, and got away with Twenty-five thousand dollars.

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That was bad enough. The worst was - that right in the middle of the robbery one of the bank employees got clear and dashed upstairs, right ^{bang into that} ~~in the middle of the~~ directors' meeting. "The bank is being robbed!" he cried. And that's when the rush began. The

bank directors swarmed pell mell down the stairs. No, not down the stairs into the bank, where the robbery was going on, ¹ & down another stairway into the street, where the getaway was good.

*And while the getaway is good, I'll
1/2 be on my way and s-l-u-t-m.*

The voice was that of Captain Albert W. Stevens, commander of the U. S. Army National Geographic balloon that made this historic flight into the stratosphere. It is quite sure that he and his companion, Captain Cyril Anderson, have established the record if they only went seventy thousand feet. The word is that they went up 74,000 feet. A couple of Russians went up to seventy-two thousand last year. But as they were killed and their instruments were destroyed, their flight has no official standing.

The world's altitude ought goes to Uncle Sam. The figures will not be definitely known until their instruments are analyzed and examined by officials of the National Geographic Society. Whatever they did, it is positive that they rose to a height of more than fourteen miles above the earth. The previous official record was sixty-one thousand feet, roughly speaking, twelve miles. Ten years ago Italy's amazing achieve-