

ENGLAND

It's cheery on Christmas Eve to be able to emphasize that unexpected word - peace. The events of the past few days in the world crisis have been pointing so consistently in the direction of the God of War, that it's surprising to hear of something that has a significant tone of peace and good-will.

The appointment of Anthony Eden as Foreign Minister in London was universally viewed as a war-like sign. Eden, the League of Nations man, had done more than any other single individual to sink the Hoare-Laval scheme for concessions to Italy. And we were told that the dapper young Captain, was on terms of personal antagonism and antipathy with the scowling, not so well dressed Black Shirt Mussolini. All of this raised prophecies that under the command of Eden, the British Foreign Office would follow a hard and determined policy of more sanctions, especially oil sanctions. And, that in response to Mussolini's threat that oil sanctions would mean war, Eden would reply, "go ahead and start something".

Last evening we heard how the war threat darkness was darkened by the announcement that Great Britain had lined up eastern Mediterranean allies, Greece, Turkey, Yugoslavia, for a possible clash of battle with Italy. So it looks like a glum and discordant Christmas so far as the world crisis is concerned. But now -- Santa Claus has come to the international news.

I don't know how much real significance should be read in today's report from London, but you can't blame a fellow for trying to see all the hopeful peaceable signs he can - on Christmas Eve.

"Great Britain to withdraw part of her fleet from the Mediterranean" - that's the way today's headline runs. London reports that, with Anthony Eden just getting settled in the Foreign Office, the government is thinking about taking a large part of its warships out of the sea in which Italy has so prominent and peculiar a place.

Of course what we all think of right away is the fact

that when the British fleet was mobilized in the Mediterranean it was an ominous threat against Mussolini.

The Hoare-Laval agreement went into the scrap heap before the anger of the British public and the League of Nations. Sir Samuel Hoare, who signed the peace plan - out. Anthony Eden, who opposed the concessions to Mussolini - in. And now - right away, - word from London about the probability that England would take a large part of her fleet ~~wa~~ away from its position menacing Italy. That is unexpected!

What reason is given? We are told that the British government feels that its negotiations with the Eastern Mediterranean powers have changed the situation, because Greece, Turkey<sup>s</sup> and Jugoslavia have lined up to support Britain in case of attack by Italy. And that makes the British position in the Mediterranean a lot safer. As for the safety and security provided by the Eastern Mediterranean powers, a cynical bystander might ask - How far will Mussolini be impressed by the Greek navy or the Turkish navy?

Along with that, London opinion holds that there will

be no oil sanctions against Mussolini. The present comparatively mild commercial sanctions are enough, doing the trick - so they say. So, oil sanctions are unnecessary. And to finish it all off, leaders of British opinion are quoted as saying that they now believe the African conflict is unlikely to spread into Europe - not much chance of a war between Great Britain and Italy.

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And, I guess that's squeezing every drop of juice out of tonight's Christmas Eve tidings of European peace and goodwill.

ROME - FOLLOW ENGLAND

From Rome we have two items. One is that Mussolini has cancelled all Christmas leaves in the Italian army. Every officer and soldier is to be on duty during the days of the holiday season. And Rome is wondering what it means -- why the Duce should want to give Christmas so dark and ominous a look. Perhaps he wants to prepare the people for any sort of news that may break -- although opinion in Italy is more hopeful right now of peace than it has been in the past week.

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The other bit of news comes from that city within the city of Rome -- the Vatican. Pope Pius today addressed thirty-four Cardinals, and described the present time as "moments darkened by melancholy, menacing clouds and human bloodshed." Yet he said he hoped for peace, and was praying for peace.

## ORIENT

News from the Far East tells us of developments along three lines -- autonomy, diplomatic protest, and rioting.

Autonomy comes from Inner Mongolia. The diplomatic protest comes from Outer Mongolia. On the north, China proper has a long line of frontier that stretches pretty much to the north and east. Along this there's a long but rather narrow strip of territory, Inner Mongolia. Beyond that is a much larger region, Outer Mongolia. So you have, in succession; China, Inner Mongolia, and Outer Mongolia.

Autonomy in Inner Mongolia is just an extension of the autonomy that Japan has been helping along in the northern provinces of China. So when we hear that Prince Teh has declared the independence of a large section of Inner Mongolia, you can consider it right along with actions of various northern Chinese officials in declaring their own independence of the Chinese government in Nanking. It's all fostered by Japan. It's all part of the slicing off of Northern China. Prince Teh is supposed

to be working up his autonomy business for the purpose of suppressing communism in Inner Mongolia. That's the same story as in the Northern Chinese provinces. They too are out to squelch the reds. All along, for many months, the Japanese Government has been talking loudly about the Communist menace.

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The riots in Shanghai tie right up to all this, although the students there went on the rampage -- because they wanted free tickets. The students raised Cain at the railroad station. They stormed into the trains. They wouldn't get out. They demanded free railroad transportation, and sat all night in freezing coaches, and couldn't be ejected. Why do they demand those Far Eastern railroad Annie Oakleys? So that they can go to Nanking, the Nationalist capital -- there to protest against the autonomy movement in Northern China. They want to join a giant Nanking protest against the aggressions of Japan.

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The student agitation has grown so intense that Marshal Chiang Kai-Shek, the Chinese military chief, inaugurated a student protest day at Nanking. He invited colleges all over China to send teachers and pupils to speak their mind about Japan's grab in Northern China.

At Shanghai the trouble is that a lot of students who want to go to Nanking and speak their anti-Japanese minds, haven't got the price of a ticket. They thought they ought to ride free -- hence the rioting which has been flaring today.

The diplomatic protest is like an affair where a clerk in one office sends a message to a clerk in another office, with the two big bosses in the background. The two clerks in this case are the Republic of Outer Mongolia and the Kingdom of Manchukuo. The big bosses are Soviet Russia and Imperial Japan. The Soviets dominate Outer Mongolia. The Japanese dominate Manchukuo. So we can consider that it is Moscow speaking ~~xxxxxx~~<sup>to</sup> Tokyo. In fact, we are told today that the leaders in the Red Kremlin drafted the Outer Mongolian protest, and Tokio is just as sure to draft the Manchukuoan reply.



It all concerns Mongolian soldiers killed and others taken prisoners, carried away by a party of Manchukuoan raiders who invaded Mongolian soil. Mongolia demands that these eleven soldiers be released. And moreover, that the Manchukuoan raids must be stopped. The Mongolian note includes the standard ominous diplomatic phrase -- serious consequences. It warns that serious consequences may ensue if Outer Mongolia is not given satisfaction.

So growls the Red Russian Bear. At the same time he shows his claws and teeth, claws in the shape of warships, teeth in the form of submarines. Today one of the most important Soviet newspapers in Moscow issues a blunt and warning statement that in the past four years the Kremlin has quadrupled its fleets of destroyers and submarines -- multiplied them by four. And it adds pointedly that this augmented Soviet Sea power is in the Pacific and in the Baltic. Warning -- not alone to imperialist Japan, but also to Nazi Germany.

TYPHOON

Thirty men on a rock. Thirty Filipino fishermen marooned on a slippery mass of stone, while a typhoon lashes them. That's a story from the Phillippine Islands.

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Their boat was caught in the typhoon and smashed upon the shoal. The fishermen managed to get safely to the mass of stone projecting from the sea. And there they are now, while rescue is being rushed to them.

There was huge damage in the Far Eastern islands -- from that Christmas time China Sea storm. Boats at sea were *hit* especially ~~and~~ hard. In addition to the thirty men on the rock there's another account which tells of the foundering of a tug boat, but its crew of nine were saved.

## FIRE

There was blazing Christmas Eve drama in Southern New Jersey today. Blazing is right. Twenty-five thousand gallons of gas -- ~~blazing high~~, spouting flames to the sky. And with it went a hair-raising tension of suspense and peril -- peril that a whole ~~fx~~ fleet of oil might blast into fire and smoke. ~~There was that sort of~~ Tremendous <sup>by</sup> theatrical: ~~when~~ men ~~have to~~ wrestle <sup>ing</sup> with the violence of elemental forces.

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It happened on Mantua Creek, which flows into the Delaware River. On Mantua Creek is the town of Paulsboro, a busy terminus for oil shipments. A barge with those twenty-five thousand gallons of gas was moored to the dock, ~~and for some unknown reason it~~ exploded ~~and~~ it is believed ~~the~~ two men aboard were killed. The blazing barge was threatening to spread its bursting ~~volcano~~ flames to the dock. So they cut it loose. And the raging volcano went drifting downstream, where it couldn't do much damage. It ran aground on a shoal, and there it stayed, like a giant spouting flare. Fire-boats gather<sup>ed</sup> around, but couldn't do anything about it, ~~the~~ heat was so terrific. But the blazing gas barge wasn't doing any harm there -- just the biggest fire you ever saw.

So far so good -- but the tide turned. Flood tide began to run up the creek. It floated the barge again, and drifted it upstream. And now <sup>the</sup> a roaring volcano was on its way up the creek to the oil terminus, where there were dozens of craft, barges and tanks loaded with oil. If it ever got among them, that would be worse than when Nero burned Rome.

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There was no hope of putting out the fire. So in desperation firemen, police and volunteers did the one thing they could do. They stretched three huge cables across the creek to stop the blazing barge and keep it from getting in among the oil fleet. And that did the trick. The floating volcano stopped by the cables, was left to burn itself out.

## CHRISTMAS

From all over the country the word comes of holiday crowds on their way to their families and their homes to celebrate the holiday. All day long trains, buses and airplanes did a record business. Kansas City, Cincinnati, Chicago, Atlanta, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast -- all report record crowds for last minute shopping. New York is having the gayest Christmas Eve since pre-depression days.

In Washington the big feature is the lighting of the National Community Christmas Tree this evening. And with lights go music, the singing of the Lincoln Cathedral Choir, the nationally famous chorus of Lincoln, Nebraska which is in the East to sing carols this week at Rockefeller Center and at the Waldorf in New York tomorrow. Tonight it chants its Christmas chorus in the National Capital, sponsored by President Roosevelt and General Pershing.

Yes, a merry Christmas indeed, with even the weather man helping. A white Christmas in many parts of the country.

And let's not forget the saddest Yuletide in the world, the most melancholy Christmas tree being decorated tonight, on a freight ship steaming East, across the murky Atlantic. A young

couple aboard that ship, with their small boy -- the only passengers aboard. Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh dressing the Christmas tree for little Jon. Stringing the tinsel and the lights, hanging the colored bulbs, arranging the display of presents and thinking inescapable thoughts of that other baby. On their way to exile, because they don't feel their remaining child is safe in their own country.

WILKINS

I believe there's a radio rule against speaking a particular message over the air to any one person. But let's break that rule, and transmit a Christmas Day message to a man aboard a lonely ship, somewhere down in the Antarctic, coasting somewhere along the edge of the polar continent.

I had a telephone call today from Lady Wilkins, wife of Sir Hubert Wilkins. Sir Hubert went to the Antarctic with his friend Lincoln Ellsworth, to organize the expedition - and he remained in charge of the ship when Ellsworth made his luckless flight over the polar continent. Luckless, indeed, it seems, because after so many weeks of silence little hope can be cherished for the famous explorer and his pilot.

Sir Hubert Wilkins is now in charge of the attempts to rescue. This is indicated by fragmentary wireless reports coming from the White Silences of the South Polar World.

Well Lady Wilkins told me today that she hasn't been able to get into communication with her husband for sometime. Hitherto, on all his expeditions, she has succeeded in keeping

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in touch with him by wireless. But now, since Ellsworth has been lost, there has been silence.

So she asked me to make a try tonight. She told me that Sir Hubert, an old friend of mine, always listens in to this broadcast to get his news of the world. So she hopes he may hear this message. She wants me to tell her husband that she has a child now. That's his Christmas present. She has adopted a six year old youngster. And she wants me to wish Sir Hubert a Merry Christmas.

So Sir Hubert Wilkins in the Antarctic, if by any chance this message gets to you - I want to tell you for your wife that you have a little adopted daughter waiting to pull that famous beard of yours when you get back. Merry Christmas Sir Hubert, and to all of you,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.