

BULLFIGHT

And now Senors -- you know the wild excitement of the bullfight, the nerve-wracking thrill, the screaming enthusiasm. No amount of adjectives can describe it half so tellingly as a brief glance at an afternoon in the bull-ring at Madrid.

The latest bit of toreador news tells of that gala, ferocious scene, red capes, glinting swords, and the splashing of long sharp horns. One bull killed, and then another.

The crowd flaming with intensity as the next bull came rushing out. Then there was a louder yell as a man leaped from the stand into the ring -- a young fellow in ordinary clothes. He had a red cape in his hand. Everybody knew what it was. It had happened before. He was not a bullfighter -- just an enthusiast out of the crowd, jumping into the show.

He darted at the bull. The enraged beast charged him. He nimbly took the slashing horns in the folds of the red cape. The crowd gave him an immense ovation.

He had his fling with the bull before the professionals of the ring could stop him. Then they intervened and led

him out of the arena.

There's a traditional Spanish saying that there are two gateways out of the bullring, one to glory, the other to the tomb. This enthusiast left the ring by the gateway to glory.

But that was only the beginning of events that were not to the program, in the bullring at Madrid:-

There was another young man in the crowd, crazy for thrills. And the excitement got the better of him, too. He also vaulted into the arena, flourishing a bullfighter's cape. And with a dash and a swagger, he flashed the cape in front of the bull. The animal charged with lowered horns. This time the story is different. This second enthusiast wasn't nimble enough. The lunging horns got him. There was an hysterical scream from the crowd as the man tumbled on the sandy floor of the arena, the bull on top of him.

Yes, there are two gateways out of the bullring, one to glory, and the other to the tomb. This second enthusiast took the gateway to the tomb.

For a moment a shadow of tragedy brooded over the plaza delos Toros at Madrid, but then the next fight was on,

There was a deafening cheer as a skillful matador killed his bull. The fool had gone his way -- a hero was acclaimed.

It must have been something like that in the amphitheatre in Ancient Rome.

Each is a gathering of war-veterans. At Toronto, the Canadian Corps is in session tonight, and the lions of the occasion, are the wearers of the Victoria Cross -- that grand, old V. C. which has decorated British heroes all around the world, from Zulu Land and Rorke's Drift to Vimy Ridge.

At Newport, the capital of the socially elite, our own American Legion of Valor - Congressional Medal and U. S. G. men is holding its annual meeting. Yes, in the favorite haunt of the swells and high-hats, is many a rugged chap tonight who gained his social distinction, not at any reception of the Four Hundred, but in that hot reception the Germans gave, with machine guns roaring instead of champagne corks, and with a roar of an artillery barrage, instead of society small talk.

Yes, the Canadian Corps and the U. S. Legion of Valor are gathered tonight -- and what of our friend, the enemy? What of Fritz, the old Hun?

VETERANS

Tonight two meetings are being held, and if I could attend them, I certainly should have trouble in choosing which one to select. One at Toronto, Canada, the other at Newport, Rhode Island.

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GERMANY

In the German land of East Prussia, strange sights are witnessed tonight, along that road from the little town of Neudeck to the battlefield of Tannenburg. All the peasants houses are decorated with green garlands tied with black crepe, and they have spread a carpet of green boughs for sixty miles. The peasants are sitting up late tonight, waiting for the old Field Marshall to go by.

Yes, the funeral procession of President Von Hindenburg is now slowly on its way, with the sound of muffled drums, along that road, carpeted with green boughs, from his old home to the battle-ground of his greatest victory.

And the whole sixty miles are lighted by the red glare of torches, thousands of torches, held aloft by lines of brown shirted Storm Troopers, and boys of the Hitler Youth Movement. And tomorrow morning, the grizzled old veteran of war will find his last resting place, amid the monuments and memorials of the battlefield, where twenty years ago this autumn, he crushed the Russian legions of the Czar.

It has been told again and again, how for years he had made an endless study of his own native East Prussian Province -- regarding it strictly as a military problem. Then, as an almost forgotten, retired general, he was called upon to command in the campaign of which he had dreamed. And on the battlefield with blood and iron, he executed the strategies he had so long worked out on paper.

One Russian army was advancing from the east. A second was driving forward from the south. Von Hindenburg's army was too small to fight them both. Most of the German war-machine was in the west, thundering on toward Paris.

He executed a daring maneuver. He left a mere screen of defense against the eastern Russian army. If the Russian general had known, he could have walked right through, but he didn't know, didn't find out. Von Hindenburg's movements were too rapid. He withdrew his forces from in front of the eastern army and threw them around the wing of the southern army of Russians. It was something like Robert E. Lee's strategy at the Battle of Chancellorsville. Von Hindenburg outflanked the

ALGERIA

Yes, French troops are on guard in the Algerian city
southern Russian Army and drove it into the deadly maze of East
Prussian swamps and lakes. He destroyed it utterly, taking
seventy thousand prisoners.

Tonight his funeral procession will halt for a brief
ceremony on the hill where he had his headquarters reviewing
and directing the battle. Then it will move on to the tomb
prepared for him at the great monument where the fighting was
the thickest.

It's another indication of the friction between the
Jews and Moslems. It used to be traditional that the Moslems
were benevolent toward the Jews, whose chief troubles were with
the Christians. Nowadays, there's a change. Look at Germany,
where the stronger church elements of the Christians are opposed
to the anti-Jewish activities of the Nazis.

And now still another curious anomaly -- the Far
Eastern Japanese making a gesture of welcome to Jewish refugees
from Europe.

ALGERIA

Yes, French troops are on guard in the Algerian city of Constantine tonight. Not war in the North African desert this time -- merely that riot in the town -- that anti-Jewish outbreak. They say the Mohammedans started it and attacked the Jews. They burned houses in the Jewish quarter, which is built on a great rock in the deep gorge of a river. A furious battle was fought, twenty killed and seventy injured.

So the French overlords sent their regiments hastily on the march to put down the disturbance.

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There may be a real point of wisdom in that Japanese invitation to the Jews -- "Welcome to Manchuko". Soviet Russia has established Jewish agricultural colonies in Siberia -- not so far from Manchuko as distances go in those far-flung regions. And they say the Jewish Siberian colonies are doing pretty well, with the Children of Israel, so long wedded to the ways of commerce, taking rapidly to the cows and chickens, pitchforks and potato patches 'down on the farm.'

Foreign press representatives in Japan have been informed that the Mikado's Government would welcome as many as fifty thousand Jewish refugees in Manchuko. It's a long, long way to Tsitsihar, but the Japanese offer may help to solve the legions of Jewish refugees from Germany and other anti-Semitic countries. *PP Anyway there ^{is} a polite invitation.*

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It certainly isn't news to say that the Japanese are courteous. Their ceremonious good manners have been noted by every traveller who has visited the island empire. But just the same, there's one recent tribute to the exquisite manners of Old Nippon that I can't help quoting. It's from an article by William F. McDermott, in the "Cleveland Plain Dealer". He speaks of the gentleness and serenity of the average Japanese individual. *Maybe both get another way, with*

"In their outward good manners", he goes on, "these people are the most pacific and conciliatory I have ever encountered in considerable travel. It's not merely a native lack of truculence, you seem to sense, it's positive goodwill and amiability."

And then the "Cleveland Plain Dealer's" ^{*Far eastern staff*} correspondent gives what he calls an ordinary instance -- when two taxi-cabs meet in a ^{*Tokyo*} street so narrow that they can't get by each other.

"When this happens in any other country", comments Correspondent McDermott, "it's regularly accompanied by profanity and acrimonious debate as to which driver shall back out. I

said he
have seen traffic snarled for many minutes in France," while the drivers fought it out with bitter reflections on one another's ancestry and personal habits".

"But", he explains, "it's different in Tokio", ~~and~~ he adds: "It's an unfailing custom of the drivers to bow and smile and start backing out simultaneously".

Well, I wonder what happens then -- when both have backed out. *Maybe both go ^{round} another way, ~~take~~ ^{take} another narrow and meet the same way again!*

LOUISIANA

Let's not have any Kingfish jokes tonight. Let's treat that comic battle of New Orleans as something quite serious, which it certainly is from one angle.

The senatorial Kingfish and the embattled Mayor of New Orleans are providing plenty of funny paper sham battles for the country to laugh at -- but it's no gay burlesque for the people on the unemployment relief rolls ~~in New Orleans~~ *down there.*

They are the real victims, and mighty unfortunate victims too, of the farcical political war ~~down there~~ in the Land of the Bayous.

The Federal government has stopped providing unemployment relief in Louisiana because the state has failed to put up its own share of the relief funds. The legislature neglected to act. The reason for this ~~was~~ that the law-makers were so busy that they forgot unemployment relief altogether.

As a result, in New Orleans alone, there are fifteen hundred people who should be getting unemployment relief, but who are now faced with starvation.

LABOR

One point brought up at the meeting of the American Federation of Labor in Atlantic City might provoke a bit of speculation. ^{It has to do with} the program of the labor leaders, ^{It's a} ~~the~~ discussion about -- "Education". They are now going to work out plans to educate the thousands of new members to the proper principles of "Unionism", and "Union Discipline".

As a result of the collective bargaining policies of the NRA, the A.F. of L. has gained a whole legion of new members. We may ask, "Why do President Green and his fellow labor leaders emphasize the need of educating these new members?"

^{Well,} Perhaps ^{these} ~~they are~~ not as amenable to "Union Discipline" as the more veteran union men. I wonder whether this is in reference to the general strike on the Pacific Coast, when the unions walked out in opposition to the advice of the older heads of the A. F. of L.

Anyway, the coast strike is up for discussion at the Atlantic City gathering. The heads of the American Federation of Labor are studying the lessons to be gained from ^{that} experience.

At the same time, President Green issues a hotly worded statement calling upon American industrial leaders to tackle the unemployment problem in a big way, and put men to work by the thousands. The unemployment figure, although reduced by the various measures of the New Deal, stands at ten million.

The ²abjurations addressed to the employers denounce industrial defeatism and talk about selling America short. We used to hear those terms from the heads of industry in the early days of the depression. Now they are spoken by the leaders of labor.

Wayway, Lone Chief and Medicine Pipe...
 saying a fine time...
 judged from Lone Chief's brief address on the radio last night...
 it was a...
 Delightful...
 magnificent...
 the price...
 the...
 the...

Some day in the remote future we're going to have a real New Deal -- we will have a President who will not be an Indian Chief. Of course, the present New Deal, with all its novelties, isn't new enough for that.

But then what could Mr. Roosevelt do? He's distinctly a man who is impatient with older and staler forms of mumbo-jumbo.

But when the big hearted Black Feet arrived with the usual red-skin ceremonies to make him a tribal chief, why the big chief of the pale-faces accepted with his customary smiling grace. So they named him "Lone Chief", which is rather mild after some of the grotesque names other Presidents have got. Mrs. Roosevelt got a Black Foot baptism somewhat more fancy. They gave her the exquisite name of "Medicine Pipe Woman." I wonder why they called her that.

Wayway, Lone Chief and Medicine Pipe woman have been having a fine time roaming around Glacier Park, as you will have judged from Lone Chief's brief address on the radio last night. It was a ^{fine} ~~good~~ piece of salesmanship for the national parks. Delightful salesmanship, I'd call it. The merchandise was magnificent, our superb system of national parks. The price quoted -- was nothing. Magnificent merchandise for nothing --

that's the kind of salesmanship ~~we~~ which certainly does break down ^{our} ~~the~~ sales-resistance.

And of course, the President was also selling his Public Works program, with its ambitious plans for our system of national parks. Tonight Lone Chief and Medicine Pipe Woman have left their loyal Black Foot ^{west} ~~subjects and are~~ on their way to the tenderfoot East to become the President and Mrs. Roosevelt once again.

nimble too.

Anyway, business is booming like the big blue train.

Dancing classes are making more money, with a more wiggly-jiggly carriage, than any time since 1929.

But let's carry on this carriage with some precise

figures:-

There are more than sixteen thousand five hundred dancing teachers in the United States, from many of whom you can learn a lot of things including dancing.

The dancing pupils of this great nation spent last year more than eleven million five hundred and eighty-three

DANCING ENDING

Here's a prosperity note, in fact, it's a whole prosperity carrioca. Business is picking up, in fact, kicking up, in the art of dancing!

We learn this from a convention of dancing masters in New York. But, wait a minute, most of them are women. Ninety percent of the dancing instruction these days is given by the ladies. So, instead of dancing masters, it should be dancing mistresses. But, wait a minute, I mean instructresses of the nimble toe.

Anyway, business is booming like the big bass drum. Dancing classes are making more money, with a more wiggly-jiggly carrioca, than any time since 1929.

But let's carry on this carrioca with some precise figures:-

There are more than sixteen thousand five hundred dancing teachers in the United States, from many of whom you can learn a lot of things including dancing.

The dancing pupils of this great nation spent last year more than eleven million five hundred and eighty-three

DANCING ENDING

thousand dollars on dancing shoes. How far could you dance on eleven million dollars worth of shoes? All the way to perdition, no doubt, miles and miles along the Primrose Trail.

And all those pupils purchased nineteen million six hundred and fifty-seven thousand dollars worth of dancing costumes. Which leads to the question of how many acres of exposure are represented by nineteen million dollars worth of dancing costumes? Enough no doubt to cause a lot of pneumonia -- also marriage.

Well, you'd better be careful when you're dancing the carrioca! You'd better know when to say:-

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.