

LION

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

Thrills and terror in Richmond, Virginia, today - people by the thousands stampeding for their lives - a raging lion roaring, charging striking, clawing.

Today was circus day in Richmond. You know the picture - the circus parade, crowds lined along the sidewalks, the blaring sound of music, the flashing of the band wagon, the elephants, the clowns, the circus riders, the ferocious beasts in their cages. The lion going by. A huge fellow with bristling mane. The kids along the curb were gazing in gaping admiration at the king of beasts. The cage gave a lurch. The lion bumped against the steel bars, right against the door. The door flew open. The lion leaped out, -- went bounding along the pavement.

There was a wild yell as thousands of people broke into a wild stampede. The great cat aroused, frightened, and desperate, made a lurching charge, and attacked a horse, sank its claws into the horse which plunged wildly.

By then the crowd was running in milling panic, a

## YACHTS

How is the breeze out your way? Here in New York there isn't any breeze, and there's still less at Newport, Rhode Island. It takes ~~any~~ wind to jam a wind-jammer, and even ~~though~~<sup>the</sup> light, slim yachts need at least a breath of air to fill their sail.<sup>s</sup>

Skipper Sopwith, with two British victories under his belt, scanned the sky. Skipper Vanderbilt, ~~x~~ with two American defeats under his belt, also scanned the sky. They scanned it for two whole hours, looking for some sign ~~that~~<sup>of</sup> a breeze, ~~might be coming~~. But there was no sign and there was no breeze. So today's contest between those sailing swans ~~is~~<sup>was</sup> postponed until tomorrow, when the third lap of the cup race will be ~~held~~<sup>sailed</sup> if there's any breeze.

# RETAKE

tempting mark for the great lithe cat to plunge into.

There was the sound of shots. The police opened fire. A circus trainer seized a rifle, took a cool aim and fired! He dropped the lion killed it outright . Right while the crowd was stampeding.

It was circus day in Richmond. It was almost like circus day in a Roman arena.



## YACHTS

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## WISCONSIN

There are some interesting things to be observed in the figures from the Wisconsin Primary election yesterday. These figures, which are still incomplete, give a general picture of a heavy Democratic primary vote, with the LaFollette Progressive party well behind.

The LaFollettes polled about the same vote as the regular Republican ticket. The Democratic vote is much larger than either. The ballots are divided in proportions something like this: three, two, two. Three for the Democrats, two for the Republicans, and two for the LaFollette Progressives. That's the general aspect. Though Phil LaFollette for Governor, polled nearly as many votes as the Democrat. So it will be a three-cornered election, with the Democrats favored to win.

However, there is one other rather surprising angle -- the smallness of the total vote. It isn't nearly as big as the total in the Primaries two years ago. And that leaves a margin to provide possible surprises and upsets.

## LOTTERY

*The* lottery movement seems to be sweeping across the country. With New York City plumping for a giant civic game of chance to raise money for unemployment relief, voices in various states are being raised saying, "Let's have a lottery too." Father Knickerbocker's lottery, however, seems likely to have a bit of rough ~~skidding~~ sledding. Sharp attention is being called to some of the odd angles of a municipal gambling scheme to raise funds.

In a New York court a policeman appeared with a large colored gentleman in tow.

"What's the charge?" asked the Judge.

"He's got a policy slip," replied the cop. ~~Then he explained that~~ In New York "policy" means a lottery. They are always running illegitimately -- those policy games -- especially in Harlem.

The Judge responded with some analytical reasoning. "The city is going to have a lottery," he observed. "Why not be consistent? If a lottery is right ~~for~~ and proper for a city, why

*however*  
people have their doubts whether prominent citizens of such  
giltedged renown will be willing to serve on the lottery *board.*



## TELEGRAPH POLE

The great battle of the electric light pole at Camden, New Jersey, is still in movement, or rather, lack of movement. The lady isn't moving an inch. She's not a flag pole sitter. She's a post hole sitter.

For years an electric light pole stood in Mrs. Elsie Barnaby's yard. The old pole was decrepit and decayed, so the company sent around workmen to put up a new one. The workmen took out the old pole, but before they could put the new one in place, Mrs. Barnaby sat down on the edge of the post hole, with her legs dangling ~~down~~ <sup>into</sup> it. And she's been sitting there ever since, *more than two days.*

The company has a legal right to put their electric light pole in Mrs. Barnaby's yard, but they have no legal right to lay hands on Mrs. Barnaby. She ~~is~~ could sue them for all sorts of damages if they did. That's the dilemma.

Mrs. Barnaby declares they'll have to pay her before she will get out. She says she has six children. Her little girl was sick. She needed light. The electric bill was due. Her husband was out of work; she couldn't pay. She begged for time.

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But the company shut off the lights. So now she's shutting off the electric light pole. And she claims if they don't pay, it will stay shut off.

The Company relates that Mrs. Barnaby is angry because she wanted the old electric light pole, to cut it up for kindling, and they wouldn't give it to her.

Anyway, when the lady began her post hole sitting act, the neighbors rallied around her. They put up a canvas tent to shelter her. They have been bringing her food and blankets, and keeping a watch fire burning.

2  
All the company can do is keep a gang of workmen on the job, waiting for Mrs. Barnaby to weaken and get up, so they can slip the pole into the hole.

And the gang of waiting workmen is costing money.



## HOUSE

Another one of those judgments of Solomon! When the two mothers both claimed the baby, Solomon ordered the baby cut in two and one half given to each mother. What would Solomon have said if it had been, not a baby, but a house? No doubt the great Law Giver of Israel would have commanded: "Cut the house in two!"

That's what Julian Laskowski did. It happened in Seattle. Julian Laskowski built a house in partnership with another fellow. Each put up half of the money. They both lived in the house, until Julian Laskowski finally decided to move. And he wanted to get back the money he had put into the house. His partner refused. And there was a wrangling argument.

Then Julian Laskowski solved the problem in that Solomonian way. He ~~was~~ got a big saw, climbed on the roof and started to saw the house in two. His partner protested, got the sheriff, swore out a complaint, charging malicious destruction of property, and he appealed to the Justice of the Peace.

The authorities, upon looking up the law, decided they had no grounds to interfere. Each man was entitled to half of that house and Julian Laskowski was getting his half.

It's the wisdom of Solomon all right, with one man carting half a house away and the other left with his half of six rooms and bath.

## CROOK

A new and modern method of criminal disguise came into prominence with the Dillinger case - I mean the practice of crooks having their faces lifted so ~~ixxwant~~ they won't be recognized. It's a reversed version of the old green whiskers, which disguised the detective. Face-lifting, while it may produce satisfactory results in ladies among certain age, doesn't seem to work so well with the wily criminals. It didn't work with Dillinger and others of his gang. *And* here's a fresh instance of how the beauty specialist failed to save a crook from detection.

Two years ago a Long Island butcher dropped twenty-five thousand dollars to a couple of con men, who trimmed him with a ~~x~~ fake game at the races.

*leading*  
The swindler got away and proceeded to have a neat job of face-lifting done in Minneapolis. A police official at Aurora, Illinois, saw him and didn't recognize him - not exactly. He seemed like one of the fugitives whose photograph was on file, only he was different. The policeman knew all about this face-lifting and took it into account. He considered the face in the photograph and figured out what a beauty specialist might be able to do with it.

4



In this next bit of news there's a tragedy, not of a  
Yes, that was the man. The crook was brought to New York and once  
more, in spite of the face-lifting, he was identified - by the  
victim whom he had swindled.

association of the League of Nations, but the latest developments  
have made it difficult indeed.

What ancient nation is it? The Assyrians. They claim  
to be the last lingering remnants of those Ninevites of Bible  
days, that conquering race who swept across the face of civil-  
ization in western Asia - the Assyrians of Sargon, Sennacherib  
and Ashurbanipal. Then mighty Nineveh fell. And ever since the  
Assyrians have lingered, a fragment, a safe relic, scarcely more  
than a story.

There are only ten thousand of them now, the claim  
to be descendants of the survivors of the Assyrian empire who were  
born like a wolf on the fold. They are the most devoted followers  
and there's a story in that too. They are still the  
followers of that famous Babylonian history of 2500 years  
before 700 years ago.

As Christians, they sided with the Allies in the  
World War. The Turks rounded them up and took them from their  
homes. The British Army rescued them and provided for them.



## IRAQ

In this next bit of news there's a tragedy, not of a person, but of a race of people. One of the most ancient nations is homeless, no place to go. Their case is now before the new session of the League of Nations, but the latest developments have made it difficult indeed.

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There are only ten thousand of them now, who claim to be descendants of the spearman of those Assyrians who came down like a wolf on the fold. They are Christians, Nestorians - and there's a story in that too. They are still lingering followers of that famous Nestorian heresy of nearly fifteen hundred years ago.

As Christians, they sided with the Russians in the World War. The Turks rounded them up and tore them from their homes. The British Army rescued them and provided for them.

When the War was over, their homeland was turned over to the kingdom of Iraq, which is Mohammedan, and ~~they did not want~~ <sup>still no welcome for</sup> those Christian Assyrians. Since then they have been living as refugees, by sufferance, by mere permission of the Iraq government, which wants them to go.

For a while it seemed as though they might find homes in the wide spaces of Brazil. The League of Nations negotiated with the Brazilian government and the project seemed to be agreeable all around. But matters lagged, things dallied and delayed. And now the Brazilian Legislature has passed a new law - a new law against immigration. And that automatically leaves the Assyrians on the outside.

And now the problem is being pressed before the League of Nations again, the task of finding a home for ~~Assyrian~~ the Assyrians, who once were the terrors of <sup>Asia,</sup> ~~two worlds~~ <sup>Egypt</sup> conquerors of Babylon, and Jerusalem, and lords of the world, nearly thirty centuries ago.



## ITALY

From Italy comes a statement that rings with the clangor of war and a clashing of arms. Mussolini, in a formal declaration, tells that the Fascist idea is to give Italian boys quote "a passion for military life." He says the lads must have "frequent contact with the armed forces," and speaks of a rival of warlike glories and traditions.

This has a sinister sound these days, but a philosopher may reflect that our mild morality of glorifying peace is quite a recent thing, and that the many long centuries of western civilization rang and resounded with the admiration for warlike deeds and the love of war.

That Italian plan, just announced, of putting all boys over eight years old through a course of military training, making soldiers out of them as they leave the cradle, is even more significant than it first sounded. Because it won't be a mere matter of drilling and parading and learning how to handle weapons. Mussolini's philosophy goes deeper than that. The announcement now is that the juvenile military training will consist largely of a study of military culture. And that culture we are told, consists of military history, the strategy of famous battles, and a special study of the military characteristics



of the Italian frontier. A regular school year in Italy from now on will include at least twenty hours devoted to this military culture.

This puts Fascist Italy in a category with imperial Japan. Japanese education is designed to intensify the knightly chivalrous spirit of the old <sup>Samurai.</sup> ~~country~~ Mussolini from the first has talked of reviving in Italy the antique martial spirit of Rome. That sounded rather stately and oratorical <sup>at</sup> ~~at~~ the time, but now he is turning the words into detailed actualities in the Italian school system, ~~by~~ ~~the teaching of military culture.~~

*So Mamma mia*

~~The Italian mother~~ is raising her son to be a soldier.

ARMY - ENDING

And your Uncle Sam is sounding a military note these days. Sounding a note is right -- a shrill note on the piccolo, a tooting note on the trombone, a booming note on the base drum. Your musical Uncle is recruiting musicians.

He needs them to play melodies to the palm trees in the tropics, and serenades in the moonlight of the South Seas.

The <sup>War Department</sup>~~United States Army~~ has sent out the following notice:

"The Army needs forty-two musicians for its infantry band in Hawaii and six for its field artillery band in Panama." So if any of you fellows can make sweet sounds on the base tōoba, saxophone or snare-drum - here's your chance. You can tootle with the infantry in Hawaii or <sup>slide the old trombone</sup>~~bang away~~ with the field artillery in Panama.

Or ~~But~~ maybe your mother didn't raise her <sup>boy</sup>~~son~~ to be a piccolo player.

Anyway, ~~SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.~~



## BRIDGE

No, women can't play bridge as well as men. They haven't the card sense or the gambling instinct. Of course, it's true that a woman has just finessed her way to victory in the most dazzling contest known to the world of dummies and grand slams. Yes, Miss Elinor Murdock takes top honors in the individual masters championship of the American Bridge League. She won out by a half a point over her nearest rival, a man. So the bridge champ now is a woman. And your wife will probably talk back even more vigorously the next time she's your partner.

Miss Murdock may have won the championship, but she sure has lost the argument. She has always said, with expert emphasis, that women could not possibly play bridge as well as men. "They haven't the card sense", she explains, "or the gambling instinct." Well, if she's the bridge champion? It's all as puzzling as trying to trump a lead when you haven't got any trumps left. I haven't got any news left and haven't got any time left. So, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.