

Hello you sport fans, let 's look at the news from baseball to chess.

The Yankees are at death grips with the Tigers, with all sorts of action in the play-by-play descriptions in the newspapers. And the Yanks won today -- eight to two. They batted three Detroit pitchers all over the lot.

~~~~~ o ~~~~~

And the dazzling Deans are at death grips with their bosses in St. Louis -- both of the famous baseball brothers indefinitely suspended. They refused to accompany the team on an exhibition trip, were fined, and then refused to pay those fines -- "gracefully." Dizzy Dean got so mad he tore up his uniform. That was dizzy allright, not a bit graceful. So the two brother speed-ball pitchers say they are going fishing for the rest of the season.

And the baroness won. She racketed a surprising game at the women's tournament at Forest Hills, where an international array of girls are at death grips swinging the rackets and swatting the ball to see who'll be the queen of tennis.

John Bull's pet, Betty Nuthall, was beaten by Baroness Maud Levi. A baroness, a duchess or a marchioness would seem more likely to shine at a royal court than on the court with the white chalk lines.



## GOLF

The sport news from Canada is -- the mystery of the missing cup. Golfers are death grips whanging away at the ball on the famous course of Laval Sur Le Lac in the Province of Quebec. They are battling for the Earl Gray Trophy, emblem of the amateur golf championship of Canada. Yes, they're golfing for the cup, but where's the cup? They may have to take a demi-tasse instead. Because the Earl Gray Trophy is missing. It's worth more than a thousand dollars. And that emblem of the golf championship is now held probably by someone who doesn't know a mashie from a niblic. It has disappeared. No one seems to know where. So at Laval Sur Le Lac se soir they are saying: "By gar, who swipe ze cup, Jacque Le Blank?"

## CHESS

In one corner of the sporting page you may notice an item about a form of athletics, which thousands do not cheer. It's the intellectual sport of kings, bishops and pawns. Yes, chess, with the grey-matter athletes at death drips in Syracuse, New York. One of the players -- he's tied for the lead -- is named Reshevsky. And that brings recollections of a small boy, who a dozen years ago astonished the chessical world as a child prodigy.

There's a story behind it, a story going back to that thundering day in the World War, when Hindenburg's massed artillery battered the Russians into sullen retreat, and the Kaiser's Iron Regiments captured Warsaw.

Into a Warsaw chess club stamped a German colonel with spurs, sword, spiked helmet and all. The chess players, mild old fellows with whiskers, trembled. In a militaristic Prussian voice the German colonel called for a game. None of the chess players wanted to swap pawns with him.

Then up piped a little voice. A tiny Jewish boy stepped forward and said he would play. The colonel smiled with amusement, and accepted the challenge. He was an excel-



lent player, but the little lad demolished him.

The astonished German officer spread the word of the child prodigy. That began the fame of Samuel Reshevsky. Soon he was touring Europe and America as the boy chess player. Then he dropped out of sight, to be educated in a normal way. Now he's grown up, and is a good bet to win the international tournament in Syracuse.

## MONEY

In the news today we see a big dollar sign, meaning golden tidings about money -- though it all begins with silver tidings.

Have you seen the new silver certificates? They're just starting to make their appearance. There's not much novelty to them. Here are a couple of points of difference which you can match against one of the old dollars.

The old dollar has the Treasury seal on the left of the portrait of Washington. The new one has it on the right. A large numeral ONE appears on the left of the new bill, in place of the Treasury seal. The old bill, if you will take a look at one, certifies that "there is deposited in the Treasury of the United States, one silver dollar". In the new one, the phrase reads "one dollar in silver," the same only different.

----- 0 -----

A lot of dollars, though not of silver, are on their way to France -- a million dollars in gold. For the first time since 1933 American gold is being shipped to Europe. The important thing is to ask what that means. Not much apparently. They say it's just a gesture to convince foreign skeptics that



when Uncle Sam declared a new gold standard last January, it really meant something actual, glittering metallic gold.

Then there's another batch of American dollars on their way to Europe, a million and a half. Russia gets it. Andrew W. Mellon, former Secretary of the Treasury pays it, and receives in return a famous painting. It's a Raphael "Madonna", the "Alba Madonna" they call it, Nicolas the First, Czar of Russia bought it one hundred years ago for seventy thousand dollars. Now the Red Communists are selling it for more than twenty times that.

----- O -----

More money talk -- a treasure hunt down in Nicaragua. Remember Sandino? They say he hid away a fortune in gold coin and gold bars. So now three young fellows from Salvador are looking for it. One of them served under Sandino in those Nicaraguan revolutions, and he claims that he knows where the treasure is.

## BUSINESS

The word today seems to be -- better business.

Henry I. Harriman, President of the United States Chamber of Commerce is a conservative judge whose opinion may be expected to be sound and sober. He declared<sup>S</sup><sub>A</sub> that he expects a moderate fall pick-up, especially if the President will give business leaders more assurances of steady policies. And then Henry Harriman adds:- "Business is better than we had reason to expect."

William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor predicts:- "A very substantial increase in business."

Miss Perkins, Secretary of Labor, declares that nearly seven million persons have been given jobs since the Administration took power. She adds that the worst of the strike situation has been seen, and there will be fewer walk-outs.



ICKES

Now please don't flatter me -- not that way at least.

The Secretary of the ~~Interior~~<sup>Interior</sup> ~~Pressure~~ is being sued for a quarter of a million dollars, and here's his comment.

"It's flattery," he says.

Sometime ago, Secretary Ickes testified in Chicago that a lawyer had tried to blackmail him into handing ~~down~~<sup>out</sup> a Federal job. Now the lawyer is answering with ~~that~~<sup>that</sup> a suit for a quarter of a million.

If that's flattery, I'd ~~like~~<sup>prefer</sup> to be insulted.

## NEW JERSEY

They're getting all lit up in New Jersey -- I mean lighted up -- lightning the roads, to lighten the burden of automobile accidents.

Jersey traffic authorities are preaching a gospel that the highways must be lighted. They point out that two hundred and sixty-three persons were killed in their state because the road was too dark. They show that well lighted highways would prevent at least one-fourth of the accidents at night.

Last year Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, Harold Hoffman, started experiments in Highway lighting and these cut down accidents to such an extent that they're forming a state-wide program for lighted highways. So there'll be no night for roadside spooners in New Jersey.

"Sensational kidnapping in Canada" does have an odd sound, because Canada preserves the sternness of British law. This makes it interesting to observe that there seems never to have been a kidnapping in England, whereas we have had no many



## CANADA

Now that Canadian kidnapping case. John S. LaBatt, the wealthy Ontario brewer is still missing with one hundred and fifty thousand dollars ransom demanded. His brother waited patiently in a Toronto hotel today as instructed by the kidnapers. And from that point the rumors begin. A mysterious stranger appears. Has contact been established with the kidnapers?

On this side of the border, we are used to kidnappings, and yet there's a shock of anger every time a new outrage happens. In Canada where the crime of snatching is almost unknown, there's a wrathful roar in indignation. The authorities are badly worried. They are eager to solve the LaBatt case without any delay, so as to discourage any repetition of that sort of crime. They believe that the kidnapping mobsters came across the border from the United States, probably members of former bootlegging gangs.

"Sensational kidnapping in Canada" does have an odd sound, because Canada preserves the sternness of British law. This makes it interesting to observe that there seems never to have been a kidnapping in England, whereas we have had as many

## CANADA

as 3000 in one year in the good old U. S. A.

to extend birthday greetings to a canal. You can hardly walk up to a canal and slap it on the back and say: "Many happy returns of the day, old canal."

But anyway, the Panama Canal is twenty years old today. It was thrown open to traffic on August 15th, 1914, after a colossal monumental labor that converted the old mythical post-hole called Panama into a modern wonder of engineering. The canal cost three hundred and seventy-five million dollars to build. Today on its twentieth birthday it has nearly paid for itself, has earned almost the full cost in tolls, and is now taking in over twenty million dollars a year.

So happy birthday to ~~the~~ one of the Seven Wonders of the Modern World and hats off to any of you who worked on it.



PANAMA

Happy Birthday! -- although it may <sup>not</sup> seem logical to extend birthday greeting<sup>s</sup> to a canal. You can hardly walk up to a canal and slap it on the back and say:- "Many happy returns of the day, old chap."

But anyway, the Panama Canal is twenty years old today. It was thrown open to traffic on August 15th, 1914, after a ~~monumental~~ monumental labor that converted the old myasmial pest-hole called Panama into a modern wonder of engineering. The canal cost three hundred and seventy-five million dollars to build. Today on its twentieth birthday it has nearly paid for itself, has earned almost its full cost in tolls, and is now taking in over twenty million dollars a year.

So happy birthday to ~~the~~ one of the Seven Wonders of the Modern World and hats off to any of you who worked on it.

## AEROPLANE

The Trans-Atlantic Airmail service is being speeded up. Some may be surprised to know that there is a regular airmail service across the ocean. The answer is, South Atlantic.

The Germans have been flying the mails from Europe to South America, for some time, two planes a month. But beginning with September First it's going to be a weekly trans-oceanic airmail service.

And, a second oceanic airmail base is being installed. Like the one already in operation, it's a rebuilt ocean liner, stationed at sea, between Africa and Brazil. This second floating airport will be an improvement over the first -- with a rotating catapult to shoot planes into the air.



## COLUMBIA

The labor jitters -- they've got them in South America too. A wave of strikes in the Republic of Columbia. There was a lively disturbance in the Catatumbo region, where the workers in the oil fields have walked out. Soldiers have been sent to keep the lid on. There's a shoemaker strike in one town, also a taxi-driver strike. And railroad workers are threatening to walk-out. In addition to the strikes there has been an agrarian disturbance, with seventeen persons reported killed in a pitched battle between the peasants and the Civil Guards. Is it just spasmodic? Or may we expect some kind of upheaval in Columbia.

IRELAND

Over in Ireland they are making ~~quite~~ a major political affair of the farmer who was killed in County Cork. The funeral of the victim of the Irish <sup>farm</sup> riot is being taken over by the Blue Shirts, the Irish Fascists. A Blue Shirt guard of honor is on duty. Their leader, General O'Duffy, Ex-President Cosgrave and other leaders of the opposition to President DeValera will attend the funeral, as a political demonstration. A gesture against the present Irish government.



GOERING

We heard yesterday that Hitler's man Goebbels<sup>a</sup> made a sour crack about Hitler's other man, Goering, ~~and~~ <sup>maybe there</sup> ~~was~~ a row brewing between the two men Friday. <sup>If so -</sup> Which would Hitler support?

Now we hear that Hitler went speeding to the bedside of Goering who has been injured in an automobile crash. The brilliantly uniformed Goering was dashing around in the Bavarian Alps at the wheel of his powerful, dashing automobile, when he dashed right into a truck.

He's painfully but not dangerously hurt. He's <sup>decorated</sup> ~~attired~~ tonight in court-plaster and complicated bandages instead of <sup>and</sup> fancy uniforms. Anyway, Hitler dashed to his bedside, and in Germany, they're saying tonight that Goering <sup>is</sup> as strong as ever with Der Fuehrer.

6

FOLLOW GERMANY

But all these giddy doings aside, there's stark reality in an announcement by Germany's acting Minister of Economics, Dr. Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht. His announcement goes this way: "All reports orders will be filled first" -- meaning that goods in Germany will be used first to fill foreign orders and the German people will get what's left.

If there's any shortage, the folks at home will have to do without. I don't believe there's any serious shortage to cause suffering in Germany -- but merely some inconvenience.

One angle is that Germany cannot afford to leave any foreign orders unfilled, because her outside commerce is constantly decreasing.

Cut <sup>2</sup> { One outstanding point is that the Nazi government should release these facts and figures on the very eve of the nation-wide vote which is to confirm Hitler's absolute power.



Now jumping Jeosopath and leaping Lena.

57  
Yes, leaping Lena is in the news again. She's the sister and manager of King Levinsky, Chicago's flaming heavy-weight. The King does the punching, and also takes <sup>the</sup> punching, while leaping Lena does <sup>the leaping and</sup> the talking.

She is always giving out interviews, what a royal shallacking the King can hand out. Recently, ~~xx~~ she announced that she had put the King on a secret, infuriating diet which was turning the royal lambaster into a vicious, man-eating tiger.

She acts as his second when he fights, leaps into the ring, douses him with buckets of water between rounds and howls in clarion tones with sisterly admonitions: "Paste him in the <sup>Kink!</sup> mush! Kick him in the slats! <sup>Kink!</sup>"

The report now is that the marriage of the flaming fighter which has just been celebrated, was arranged by leaping Lena. What kind of a bride did she select? Why leaping Lena selected a fan-dancer as her brother's blushing bride. And I suppose leaping Lena will continue to leap and the fan-dancer will continue to fan. But make your own jokes.

## MAMMY

Now is the time for all good men to sing a mammy song.

Here's a real mammy. She's a hundred and ten times a mammy. She's Aunt Leah Williams of Fayetteville, North Carolina. Eighty-five years old, and one hundred and ten children. They're not all her's, I mean in the usual way, you know, the strictly maternal sense. For many a year she has gathered around her every Negro child, orphan, waif and stray that came her way. Sometimes she has had as many as twenty at once living in her cabin. She has only a couple of chairs, so at dinner time they just stand crowded around the table while she dishes out sow-belly, hoe-cake and hominy grits.

She has had a lot of children of her own, but they've been so mixed in with the crowd that she hardly knows which is which.

Day's all my chillun", she explains.

This champion colored mammy extends her bountiful charity even to dogs. Any stray pooch that comes to her cabin is sure to get something to eat.



"Ah knows dey's no count hound dogs," she grumbles.

"But I ain't gwain to run 'em away cause deys no-count."

And so she explains her destiny; as noble a destiny as a truw and abiding Christianity can suggest. "When anything is homeless and hungry", Aunt Leah observes, "it jes natu'llly makes fo' my cabin."

TALKING ENDING

9 1/2

A new kind of sickness -- talking sickness. A man at Columbus, Ohio, has suddenly become afflicted with a mysterious prattling conversational malady. He's been talking incessantly day and night for a week and his vocabulary hasn't run out yet. The doctors don't know what to make of it. It's all so mysterious. But wait a minute! You may think I've got the talking sickness myself. But I haven't! I can still say:-

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW