

Years ago there was a man who was lonely. He was a young Chicago attorney, Paul Harris. Somehow he didn't have many close friends, ^{so he} and was lonely. He decided to do something about it. He gathered a few men and started a club -- the first Rotary Club. That's how Paul Harris became the founder of Rotary -- as a cure for loneliness. And what a cure it was.

He certainly isn't lonely tonight out in Detroit, where ten thousand delegates from eighty nations are gathered for the twenty-fifth convention of Rotary International. There are Rotarians from every corner of the world, Singapore, Cape ^{town,} ~~town,~~ Shanghai. And Paul Harris is the predominant personality at that huge convention. He is sixty-six now, and tonight he's the least lonely man on this globe.

STEEL

Here's something significant in the steel and labor controversy. A poll has been taken of the employees in the foremost steel mills of the country. And the returns tend to show that more than ninety per cent of the workers are today in favor of the "vertical union." That is, that all the workers in each mill should be organized as one union, *-- that is, the company union.* So says the American Iron and Steel Institute, an organization of employers.

The "vertical union" idea is that all the workers in any plant should be organized in one compact union. The horizontal union idea is this: All the electricians in all plants everywhere organized into an electrician's national union; all the machinists everywhere in a machinist's union, and so forth.

The vertical idea would mean that if any workers in one plant want to argue things out with the boss, they select a plant representative who will do the negotiating. According to the Horizontal idea, the workers are represented by a delegate appointed by the National union.

It is easy to see why the labor leaders are strong for the horizontal union, and are against the vertical union, which they call the "company union."

T.V.A.

Here's an attack on the Administration from an unexpected source. It concerns the T.V.A., the Tennessee Valley Authority, one of the first master projects that President Roosevelt put over.

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The attack comes from twenty-three big coal operators. They are backed by the National Coal Association. And they are not confining their attack to words. They have ~~xx~~ filed suits in the courts of Alabama, declaring that the provisions of the law enabling the T.V.A. to sell electric power, is unconstitutional. Of course, the reason these coal operators have taken this move is that they feel they have been injured. The T.V.A. project means that they will sell less coal to the electric companies. ~~So now that fight is up to the courts.~~

There is a warm human story behind the ~~story of the~~ creation of the Tennessee Valley Authority. Several years ago a man used to drive through the Tennessee Valley on his way from New York to Warm Springs, Georgia. He saw how the beautiful countryside was being ruined by soil erosion. He saw that the inhabitants were unable to cope with the problem that decreased their crops year by year. This

man was ill at the time and it looked as though his career were at an end. But he vowed that if he ever had an opportunity, he would help the people of the Tennessee Valley. That man today is President of the United States. And one of the first things he did was to urge on Congress that big project for the reclamation of Tennessee Valley, an economic Utopia, of which the electrical power development is a part.

That's the sentimental side -- the ~~case~~ heartbreak.
The other side - is - government in business.

AIR

Tragedy rode on wings over the weekend.

Do you remember that day last January when the thermometer stood at zero and the skies were black with winter storms? There was a sick little girl in Texas who needed an emergency operation, an operation that could only be performed at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. It was Jimmy Wedell who flew fourteen hundred miles through the blizzard and landed that baby in Maryland in time to save her life.

Now the contrast - the bright clear weather of yesterday, perfect flying conditions. Jimmy Wedell was giving a student pilot a lesson, *down South.* There was a crash. And the man who safely rode the wind of that perilous January storm was killed on an ideal day! There appears to be no explanation. If the student whom he was teaching regains consciousness, we may learn some ~~explanation~~ *thing of the reason. Perhaps the old story of a student freezing to the controls.*

Another crash in quite another part of the world had a happier ending. Bill Bullitt, our Ambassador to Moscow, was flying to Leningrad to meet his ten year old daughter. His pilot, ~~and~~ ^{his} military attaché made a forced landing on the marshy ground surrounding the air field at Leningrad, The plane crashed, nosed over, turned on its back.

Then Ambassador Bullitt cabled to President Roosevelt: "Plane landed upside down but we ~~emerged~~ ^{came out} right side up."

PIRATE

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Uncle Sam's Coast Guards are ^{always} ~~proverbially~~ ready for almost anything -- catching smugglers, saving lives, rushing to the rescue of both vessels and human beings in distress. Today they are on a new job along the New England coast. They are hunting a pirate. It is the first time in a hundred and fifteen years that the Coast Guards have had a pirate adventure.

Six young graduates from Williams chartered a yacht and sailed to the Yale-Harvard regatta at New London. After the race, they went ashore for the night. The next morning one of them went looking for the yacht, but it wasn't there. He hired a boat and went scouting along the shore. He saw the yacht stranded on a rock. When he boarded her, he was confronted by a well dressed gentleman with a revolver in hand. This chap had evidently heard "The Pirate of Penzance" and decided that it sometimes was a glorious thing to be a pirate king."

That pirate king added insult to injury. He forced the young gentleman from Williams not only to ~~haul~~ haul the ~~craft~~ stranded craft off the rock, but also to supply him with gasoline. As he sailed ~~off~~ ^{away} gayly ~~off~~, he waved to the young gentleman from

Williams, shouting: "Never you mind, sonny."

When and if the Coast Guard catch that pirate, we shall have a novel spectacle: a man tried for piracy in the courts.

WHALES

We hear ^a ~~of~~ lot about prisons and prisoners, tight corners and curious predicaments. Here's something special.

I'll bet you never heard of ^h anything like it before. Held prisoner by a hundred whales -- that's the story the five men

tell who were fishing in Jersey waters off ^{the famous beach at} Asbury Park, *New Jersey.*

Suddenly the water began to churn all around their boat. They were surrounded by a huge school of whales, a hundred leviathans, some one hundred and twenty-five feet long. They were giant hampbacked whales. The fishermen shut off the motor and drifted, afraid that, if the whales were disturbed they might overturn the boat. For five hours the men were prisoners on the surface of the sea, surrounded by an imprisoning ring of whales.

They were badly scared when, about sundown, the whole school of whales dived suddenly. Nothing more was seen of them and the boat went chugging back to port.

FRANCE

Is it possible that France is losing her proverbial gaiety?

The people of the land of good food and wines are going in for rioting for their weekend diversion. Instead of the usual Sunday excursion to the country, Frenchmen of today are arming themselves with bottles, brickbats and sticks and go out looking for heads to hit.

Take the latest series of disturbance. In one place the Communists set up a barricade and fought off mounted guardsmen for hours. A hundred people injured! Thirty arrested! It wasn't until the firemen came on the scene with the fire hose that the riot was squelched. At another place the Royalists and Socialists had ^{an unsocial} a battle royal.

In Paris five hundred war veterans made their weekly demonstration against cuts in their pensions. They picked a dramatic and beautiful spot for their fight with police and mounted guards, right in front of the historic old Paris Opera House. And they put on a mob scene, the like of which the Paris Opera has never staged.

GERMANY

Now about all those prophecies of a possible downfall of the Nazis in Germany. Hitler himself takes note of the rumors in his latest declaration. "Don't forget", he shouts, "how everybody laughed at me fifteen years ago. It was then that I declared that one day I would govern Germany." Then he added: "They laugh now and just as foolishly when I declare that I shall remain in power."

While Hitler was throwing down the gauntlet to prophets predicting his downfall, his Minister of Propaganda was taking a crack at the Vice Chancellor, Von Papen. What he said was really a warning to the Junkers, the band of aristocrats whom Von Papen represents. "We have eliminated the Marxists", he cried, "but we are still tolerating the reactionaries. Then came the warning when he proclaimed that in twenty-four hours the reactionaries would disappear, if Hitler gave the order."

The reports of trouble in the Hitler camp are being more and more confirmed by the defiant outcries of the Nazi chiefs themselves.

CUBA

~~Meanwhile~~ In Cuba the A.B.C., the student organization that started the revolution last year, ^{has} pulled a new stunt. That is, it was a new stunt in Cuba. But really the A.B.C. ~~were~~ copy-cattling the Italian Fascisti of ten years ago.

They swooped down on a radio station right in the middle of a broadcast. Three commentators were in process of criticising the A.B.C. They were dragged out of the radio station ~~by an armed gang~~ and taken for a ride. When they got out in the country they were lined up in front of machine guns and invited to take their choice -- bullets or ~~a drink of castor oil~~. They took the ^{letter} ~~castor oil~~ and they ~~had to walk back to town. And not a mail order catalogue in sight!~~

BULLFIGHT

So Belmonte has returned to the bull ring. The lion of the toreadors has killed his bull again. For years he was the idol of Spain - the supreme master of the game in which the red cape and slender glinting sword are matched against the needle-sharp horns of the bull. Then he retired, and became a legend.

In the cafes of Madrid, Seville, and Barcelona they gossip about the strange story of Belmonte's life. He was an urchin in the slums of Seville. He made his money, earned his first pesetas, by stealing a sack of potatoes to buy a bottle of milk for his ten brothers and sisters. He himself grew up undernourished and weak. To strengthen his puny body he used to swim at night across the moonlit Guadalquivir and, using his shirt for a bullfighter's cape, he practiced on the cattle in a neighboring farmyard.

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He never did become really strong. That's one reason why he became so great a bullfighter. His physical weakness compelled him to invent a new style -- the close style. To use the sword he had to close in, right against the very horns of the bull. All Spain went wild over his spectacular skill and daring. They called him Blessed Juan the Dominator, also the Cataclysm, the inundator, the

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universal flood. And those are big names.

It seemed a miracle that he wasn't killed -- so thought the fans of the bull ring, so thought his wife, and so thought the painter, Zuloaga. This renowned Spanish artist was a close friend of Belmonte. He pleaded with the toreador to retire while the retiring was good. And Belmonte's wife pleaded too. Belmonte agreed. He accepted - reluctantly, sadly. "In making me promise never to fight again, you are killing me," he declared. "The oath you require of me is more cruel than the horns of a bull." And if those words aren't immortal, they ought to be.

So Belmonte was seen no more in the bull rings of Madrid, Cadiz and Toledo. And all that remained were memories of him as the greatest bullfighter of them all.

But now he has returned, middle-aged, in his forty-second year. He appeared in a charity performance in the ancient Roman arena at Nimes in France. This reminds us that bullfighting is a popular sport in southern France. In that magnificent amphitheatre built by the Romans two thousand years ago, Belmonte whirled his cape and flashed his sword, while the bull lashed at him with lowered horns. He killed two bulls. Three times he was tossed into

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the air, but came nimbly to his feet.

It all sounds flamingly romantic, but there ^{Oh,} ~~is~~ ^{is} a reminder of what a primitive and ferocious sport bullfighting is, that primitive ferocity which makes it ^{so} repellant to us. In the Roman arena at Nimes Belmonte was given the supreme trophy, the highest that any bullfighter can receive. In a stately ceremony they presented him with the ears and the hearts of the two bulls he had killed. Yes, there's a tone of primitive ferocity in that.

HUMAN PROJECTILE

We have often wondered whether the human projectile act in the circus is really dangerous, if there is any real peril for the fellow shot out of the cannon.

Here's the answer. Over in Paris a man shot out of the cannon in the circus was killed. The cannon shot him too far, and he missed the net. Yes, it's dangerous.

FROG RACE

I like a race, horse race, foot race, bicycle race, human race -- also frog race. I mean a jumping race between frogs. I have a keen eye for frogs. They look so solemn and have such beautiful eyes. I have also a keen nose for a press agent stunt. And there certainly were publicity angles all over the place in a big frog-jumping race just held in New York.

It was put on by Ben Riley, who runs a fancy hostelry called Arrowhead Inn, where frogs legs are a favorite dish. Ben Riley loves Mark Twain, also publicity. So he remembered Mark Twain's famous story, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras," and decided to put on a frog race of his own.

But it was all a fiasco. The frogs wouldn't jump -- at least not much. When the starting gun was fired they took one jump, then sat down and went to sleep. The starter fired his gun again, but they didn't move. Finally they had to prod the frogs with sticks and push them along. So it turned into a frog-pushing contest.

It was a punk race, but it was swell publicity.

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Over the weekend I picked up a volume of Shakespeare, opened it at "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and read the part where Sir John Falstaff, the fat and paunchy heart-breaker, sends the same love letter to two different women. The two ladies get together and compare notes, and what they say about the corpulent knight is certainly amusing to read. For example, when Mistress Page declares: "I'll find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man."

Well, Sir John Falstaff was no doubt a shameless rogue, but how about that American sailor over in England?

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At Plymouth a gob from the American battleship Wyoming had seven postal cards to mail. I don't know what kind of 'arf and 'arf he'd been drinking, but he mistook a grocery store for a postoffice and put the postal cards in the grocery store mail box.

The seven cards were addressed to seven different girls in New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Newfoundland, Hawaii, and Mexico. And each card read precisely the same. In each the sailor promised to marry the girl, and ended this way:-

"I'll never think of any other girl but you."

How's that for an American sailor with a girl in every port? Well, I can offer those seven lovelorn damsels in New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Newfoundland, Hawaii, and Mexico, a bit of advice, advice out of Shakespeare, It goes this way, as one of Falstaff's two ladies expressed it:- "I think", she explains, "the best way were to entertain him with hope 'til the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease." That's Shakespearian advice for you, girls. Or, you might say to that sailor what I'm saying, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.