

Alfredo Codona.

Acrobat.

May 5, 1933.

INTRO FOR CODONA

One of the stars of the "world's greatest circus" is Alfredo Codona who does flips and triple somersaults away up there at the top of the tent. If you go to the movies regularly you have also seen him on the screen. In the Tarzan film it was Codona who doubled for Johnny Weismuller, ~~and~~ <sup>He</sup> did all the jungle acrobatics. ~~He~~ <sup>He</sup> was born in the circus.

His mother was a gymnast, bare-back rider, and performer. His

father was the owner of a small one-ring circus. ~~Hushed~~

~~crowds have watched Codona do his triple somersault in a~~

~~score of countries, and off and on for twenty-four years he~~

~~has been with the Ringling and Barnum & Bailey show.~~ <sup>which is in New York this week and in Boston next.</sup>

In addition to being brought up as a youth among

circus ~~fi~~ performers, he was also brought up with ~~the~~ bull

fighters, both professionals and amateurs.

In this country nearly every kid's ambition is

~~is~~ to be a second Babe Ruth. In a Latin country every youngster's

ambition is to be a bull fighter. So Codona took it up as an

amateur, until his father made him quit.

Through my friend Henry Sell, the advertising  
expert, I first met Codona. <sup>Tonight he</sup> He came up to the studio ~~tonight~~  
to watch me throw the bull, ~~I mean talk about the day's news.~~  
And now, Señor Alfredo, I wonder if I can get you to tell  
us a little about your experiences with the bull?

L.T.

FOR CODONA

Well Lowell, my last adventure with the bull was rather curious. It was almost fatal. I went to the bull ring, not to do any fighting, but merely as a spectator.

In 1920 I was doing my trapeze act in Panama. One afternoon there was a big bull fight for the men of the United States Navy, and I was in one of the ring-side seats.

~~Because of my circus work in Panama I was known both to the public and to the bull-fighters. And as a gallant gesture during the fight in the bull-ring, one of the <sup>banderilleros</sup> ~~matadores~~ came over to my box and offered me a pair of banderillas -- the darts you annoy the bull with. ~~For a bull fighter to do a thing like that is a very~~ gracious gesture indeed -- and I couldn't refuse.~~

So I took off my coat, went down into the arena, and successfully executed the trick of putting these banderillas on the bull -- and then returned to my box.

A little later, when it came time for the final coup de grace, the time when the matador is supposed to polish off the bull, the star of the afternoon strode over to the box and with a sweeping bow offered me his cape and sword, --- offered me the extraordinary honor of taking his place in the ring.

Well, I hadn't been in the bull ring for ten years. But I went down. I could hardly do anything else. Anyhow the bull looked as though he was all in and couldn't do me any harm. ~~He didn't seem to have any courage left.~~ I made a few passes at him with the cape; but, why finish off a bull when he has a fight in him, thought I? So, I turned to my friends, a ~~part of~~ the crowd, and said: ~~to them~~ "I'm awfully sorry, but you'll have to excuse me. This bull wouldn't harm a flower." ~~He can't take it. So, if you don't mind, I'll just withdraw from the ring."~~

~~At that moment~~ I had my back to the bull.

And just as I said those words he came to life with a rush.

He charged! And before I could whirl around and use my cape he had me. He struck me with all his force, and tossed me twenty feet into the air. When I hit the earth with a thud, sprawled all over the arena, he was ready to charge me again. But I jumped up, dodged to one side, and as he came at me I let him have it.

Just one thing ~~had~~ saved my life:-- he had wide horns, and when he charged ~~me~~ he struck me with his head, one horn on either side of my body. <sup>So,</sup> Even though he did toss me high into the air I wasn't gored, <sup>he didn't put a hole in me.</sup>

~~So, I decided that I had~~ <sup>So, I</sup> learned my lesson, that I had better let bull-fighting alone and go back to my circus trapeze.

L.T.

~~Ed~~ Follow Codona: -

MRS. PINCHOT

Great! That's a thrilling yarn. And now that you've told how the bull threw you, I'll do the opposite now, I'll resume my occupation of throwing the bull.

Folks in Allentown, Pennsylvania, had an unusual sight today. The wife of the Governor of the State joined the strike picket lines and marched up and down in front of a shirt factory at Northampton, near Allentown, as a protest against what she considers the outrageous sweatshop wages paid to children.

The strike <sup>in</sup> which Mrs. Gifford Pinchot is taking part is known as the Baby Strike. It seems that Mrs. Pinchot has been for several weeks investigating conditions in some of Pennsylvania's factories. She has found wage conditions which appalled her, such as fifteen year old girls working for ~~fifty seven~~ <sup>sixty</sup> cents a week.

The police of Allentown and Northampton told ~~the N. B. C.~~ <sup>us</sup> over the telephone that Mrs. Pinchot drove up in the Governor's official state limousine, got out in front of the shirt factory and ~~got~~ <sup>was</sup> marching with ~~with~~ cheering lines of ragged and underfed children.

~~This is not the first experience of this sort for Mrs. Pinchot. On previous occasions she has been in picket lines in both New York and Washington on behalf of the Woman's Trade Union League.~~

B.C.

BOYS

Do you remember Paul Siple, the boy scout who went south to the Anarctic with Byrd? Well, Paul is turning out to be quite a traveler. The latest news concerns his adventure with the Arabs.

Through Captain Scully, Red Cross life saver, I heard that a boys' exhibition is going on this week at the Grand Central Palace in New York. So I took my own youngster and went down to

have a look. *It was marvelous! You must not miss it.*

While there I ran into Frank Robinson, one of the directors of the Boy Scouts of America, and August Horowitz, and they told me the latest news from Paul Siple. Paul comes from Erie, Pennsylvania. He is the youngest chap ever to spend a winter on the South Polar continent. He was selected to go with Byrd, from 600,000 Boy Scouts. His hobbies are biology and zoology, but he also turned out to be an all-round fellow.

Now he's in the Near East, living among the Arabs, who have taken him all over the region where I spent considerable time fifteen years ago. They even took him to my favorite spot,



the lost city of Arabia, the rose-red, abandoned, unhabited, forgotten city of Petra, a city carved out of solid rock.

~~And then to make it a real day I dropped in at the circus for a few moments. I usually go two or three times every year. There are certain acts that I never get tired of seeing; Clyde Beatty and his forty lions and tigers all in a cage at one time, and Alfred Codona on the flying trapeze.~~

BULLET

Did you ever hear of a man smoking a bullet? A story from India relates that His Highness, the Maharaj-Rana of Jhalawar was seated in his palace of Prithi Vilas at Jhalrapatam. He had just lit his pipe and was smoking comfortably when all of a sudden -- bang! A bullet whizzed by his head and buried itself in the wall behind him. At first the others present thought for a moment that there had been an attempt at assassination. But His Highness <sup>of Jhalawar</sup> soon put an end to that idea.

It seems the way it happened was this: The Maharaj-Rana kept ~~the~~ <sup>royal</sup> royal tobacco pouch in a <sup>royal</sup> bag with a <sup>barre</sup> six chamber twenty-two ~~ball~~ revolver and some cartridges. A couple of the cartridges had worked into the tobacco in the pouch. Consequently, when he filled his pipe, without noticing it, he ~~had~~ also stuffed a small twenty-two cartridge in with it. Fortunately, for the royal life, he was holding the pipe at some distance from his face at the time the cartridge exploded, <sup>or it have blown the royal dome right off the Maharaj-Rana of Jhalawar.</sup>

~~So there, what might have been a tragedy turned into somewhat of a comedy.~~

ENDING

Mr. Homer Greenlee, who evidently lives on a farm near Muncie, Indiana, sends me an item about Mark Twain. He says that one day Mark Twain was busy writing in his studio. His little daughter asked where her daddy was. She was told to be quiet and not disturb daddy because he was upstairs writing an anecdote. Not long after that the doorbell rang. The little girl ran to answer it. The caller asked <sup>if</sup> ~~for~~ Mr. Clements was in. To which his little daughter replied:- "Yes sir, he's in, but you can't see him, cause he's upstairs riding a nanny goat."

And, then the little girl probably said: SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW. — I mean until Monday.

*Correspondence*