Good Evening, Everybody:-

They're having a flood or two down in the Canal Zone. It's been raining in Panama, although cain is a mighty feeble word to describe the way the Heavens opened and the water poured out of the sky.

Hundreds of people along the Chagres River were driven out of their homes today. The tropical downpour started at 8 o'clock last night. It rained all night; a deluge. And today it rained all day without a let-up.

The Chagres River began to spill over its banks. It flooded fields and houses. Natives living in the Chagres Valley have been abandoning their homes and $r$ unning away to the hilltops.

The International News Service reports that the water poured into amman Gatun Lake at such a rate that it threatened possible trouble for the Panama Canal. Nine spillway gates were opened to let the water out and relieve the pressure on the Gatun Dam. If the flood waters should happen to break

PANAMA - 2 Panama Canal was tied up today. The storm and rain, with a $50-\mathrm{mile}$ wind, was to severe for operations to continue. Two ships are being held up until the tempest abates.

I cant tell you much on the next subject that comes along. I cant tell you anything, in fact, about what caused that explosion the other day aboard the U.S.S. Colorado.

An anti-aircraft gun was being fired when there was an explosion on deck. It cost the lives of five men.

A Board of Inquiry has been looking into the causes of the accident. It made a report today, telling just ho w the mishap took place. What does the report say? Well, that's being kept a mystery.

The Associated Press explains that the mechanism of the anti-aircraft gun is a technical! secret of the United States Navy. A report on the causes of the accident might reveal a hint that would give the secret away. And so the findings of the Board of Inquiry were transmitted to Washington under a seal and may never be given out to the public.

The hand of Fate has once more played its part in that tangled Congressional situation at Washington. Fhorels an especially dramatic turn to the death of senator Caraway of Arkensas-p
(The election last fall left the Republicans in the Senate with a majority of one. Then Senator Morrow, Republican of New Jersey, died, and that made it a tie.

And now comes the passing of Senator Caraway, fighting Democratic leader. mbthat restores the Republican majority of one.

It leaves two seats in the Senate vacant. Senator Morrow's place will be taken by another Republican. New Jersey has just elected a Democratic Governor by a huge vote, but the retiring Governor, who is a Republican, will appoint a successor to Senator Morrow -- and he will appoint a Republican.

Well, who will the Governor of Arkansas appoint to fill Senator Caraway's place? A Democrat? say? not at appoint anybody. A special election will have to be held to choose a man to take Senator Caraway's place. The election cannot take place before the first of the year, which means that Senator Caraway's seat will remain vacant while the Senate is being organized in the early part of December.

The irony is that had Senator Caraway lived two days more the Governor of Arkansas would have named a Democrat to succeed him. This curious time element comes about through a peculiarity in the Arkansas law relating to elections.

The Associated Press points out that one result of the odd situation is that when the Senate convenes early in December the Republicans will have a majority of two -- that is, unless the Grim Reaper takes a $h$ and once again in the confused political situation at Washington.

## ELECTION

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Any of us Americans whose brain may be a little perplexed by the crossword puzzle complexities of politics and who, on election day, get all tangled up in a maze of candidates, political
affiliations, referendums and amendments -- well, those of us who are bewildered may sigh with envy as we come to the subject of an election in Jugo-Slavia.

The New York Evening Post relates that amazing election will be held government has put so many restrictions on the activities of the opposition parties that these have just thrown up the ir hands and said, "What's the use!" ${ }^{25}$ They couldn't carry on any kind of

## ELECTION - 2

political campaign, and so they decided not to put up any candidates. That leaves only the government ticket in the field, all by its lonesome. self.

Now just in case you're under any misapprehension, let's take up another point. You may say that a citizen of Jugo-Slavia might be undecided whet the to vote or not. He may be a little bit perplexed as to whether he should go to the polls or stay at home. No, not at all. The Jugo-Slavs are certainly a lucky people. They have a government which saves them from all kinds of bother. The Jugo-Slav voter wont be a bit perplexed about whether to vote or not. Hell either vote or go to jail, and since he doesn!t want to go to jail, held vote.

They have an election law in JugoSlavia which specifies that every adult Jugo-Slav must vote or incur the penalty of the law.

And just to save ourselves any

Ana they don't have to hold any Literary Digest poll to find out who is going to win their election tomorrow. It will be a real landslide, the kind to make the heart of any politician gay and glad. In fact, it will be unanimous.

Today at Geneva, Japan informed the League of

Nations that she would not withdraw her troops from Manchuria at once. There $\boldsymbol{x} \boldsymbol{x}$ were the usual protestations of peace and goodwill. But the answer was definitely "no." The International News Service reports that the Jananese demand that the Chinese military authorities now in command in Manchuria must get out. The Japanese declare they will not withdraw their troops until those Chinese generals turn over their armies to other commanders, - commanders who meet with the approve of Japan.

The Soviet Government of Russia today sent a note to the League of Nations. "GENTLEMEN", declared the Soviets, "THE INFORMATION WHICH WE HAVE GIVEN YOU IS TO BE KEPT STRICTLY CONFIDENTIA AND IS NOT FOR PUBL IC AT ION".

The information in question concerns the military establishment of Bolshevic Russia. The League of Nations has received from various countries $l$ is ts of the ir armies and navies, fighting airplanes, guns and munitions.

Soviet Russia sent along the facts about the Red Army.

It has been expected that the League of Nations might give out the armament figures which tell the story about the $k$ ind of guns the powers of the world are toting on the hip. But Soviet Russia says---"NO, WE DON'T WANT THE WHOLE WORLD TO KNOW THE MEASUREMENTS OF OUR OWN PARTICULAR SIX SHOOTER\&".

The United Press makes the comment that the Red Army is supposed to number 624,000 men in actual service and

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a four and a half million in reserve. Recently the Red rulers at Moscow have been concentrating on an air force. They have a considerable number of planes and 15,000 trained menīn their ain comps.

But all the se figures are merely estimates. The actual facts are in the possession of the League of Nations and apparently are not to be made public.

Joseph P.
Draper. one of 3 brothers nod dealers.
hor 7,1931 -
p. 12.
story about sheep men in the west

I suppose the theme song for this next bit of news should be "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep, Have You Any wool?" That familiar ditty might be sung in a resounding chorus at a big dinner. held in New York tonight. It is a gathering of the Wool Kings of the country. They are here to launch Wool Week, which begins on Mondey. Wool Week is sponsored by the National Wool marketing Corporation, and the idea is to stimulate int est in wool as a material.

Well, it's a grand occasion when the Wool Kines get
together for a banquet. I suppose you might call it a wild and woolly event. Among the speakers are Lord Barnby, a big sheep and wool man from London, Secretary-of-Agriculture Hyde, James $\mathbb{E}$. Stone, Chairman of the Farm Board, Congresswomen

Elizabeth Norse Rodgers, from Massachusetts; and Jimmy Walker, New York's

## INIRO_EOR_MR._DRAPER_- 2

merry mayor. It would be fun to hear Jimmy Walker sing "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep, Have You Any Wool?"

The subject of wool is a romantic one. I myself have wandered quite a bit among the shepard countries of the earth, in Palestine, and Arabia, the Sudan, Afghanistan, and the backblocks of Australia. But I feel as though I dare ${ }_{A}^{\text {at }}$ say a word on the subject, because I have here with me a man who knows just about all there is to be known about wool and sheep and shepherds in the odd corners of the world. There are three brothers, Draper by name, whose business it is to wander all over the world buying wool. One year they bought up the entire wool production of Turkey.

The chap who is here with me now is Joseph P. Draper, and what he doesn't know about wool, his two brothershdo. Draper has been telling me how in wandering through the Balkan States he has come across small flocks of hairy sheep, each attended by a lone shepherd,
a shepherd clad in a coarse, mana handwoven cape from crown to ankles, his feet bound in ragged bandages.

And then Mr. Draper pointed out the state of the modern industry in this country, with its up-to-date methods, and its expertness in turning out the finest kind of woolen fabrics.

Yes, it's a far cry from the oldwar Id shepherd who tended his flock and watched the stars, to our modern American wool production. Isn't that so, HesTer? JoE?

## EQR_MR._DRARER

Yes, you are right, Lowell. It is far cry, all right. But don't let's forget that some of the wildest and woolliest events in the history of wool W区 were to be found right here in our own country. I mean the old days when sheep raising was first introduced into the broad spaces of the West.

The cattle men didn't like it. They claimed that the sheep ruined the $x$ x grazing lands for their cattle. They said that the cattle wouldn't feed on ground where sheep had grazed before. And there was war between the cattle men and the sheep men, ${ }^{\text {a }}$ a bitter feud. No, it wasn't a-war of words. They didn't ap oe in words in the old Hest. Whey said it with $s i x$-shooters. There Was plenty of fighting and bloodshed in ore It went so far that $t$ he cattle men put a bounty on the head of sheep men. They paid a reward to anyone

Out in Colorado today there's a
well-knowh wool grower one of the prominent citizens of the State who still hears a scar across his face. He is an Englishman. That is, he came to this country a young man straight from England. He went West, a tenderfoot -- an English tenderfoot, which is the lest word. He went to work on a sheep rask ranch. One day he was riding along when a gang of men on horses centered up. He didn't know it but they were an outfit who were gunning for sheep men, trying to ar those bounties. One of them drew a pistol and fired. The bullet cut a gash across the young Englishman's cheek. That just aroused his English ire. You know how med en Englishman cen get some times. He pulled his gun and blazed away. I don't supnose he could shoot any too straight.

He didn't have a chance. But the leader of the gang of killers called his men to STOP. "That young fellow has got grit", the leader shouted. "He's got a bit of salt in him. And the next man that fires will have to settle with me." And with that the gang of killers turned their

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horses and galloped off leaving the young Englishman
astonished thet he was still alive.
    A couple of days later they caught the leader of
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that gang end he was promptly strung up.
Those were the old days, not so long ago in fact,
but quite different from the present where through generations
of experience and plenty of agricultural college training have
built up a race of young sheen men to be truly proud of.
Well, I guess that's enough about wool, so let's
see what Lowell Thomas has for us next. How about it, Lowell?

I suppose you have already heard about the big
football games, how Harvard defeated Dartmouth 7 to 6, Georgia licked New York University 7 to 6, how Notre Dame trimed the University of Penna. 49 to 0 , how Ohio State won from Navy 20 to 0 , and so on. But here comes the sound of singing, loud, lusty singing. They are football songs bawled out by the roaring throats of 150 students. Songs celebrating the prowess of Carnegie Tech. Where is the singing going on? In the football stadium? On the campus? No, not at all. The football songs of Carnegie Tech were sung today in jail. And then there was a flood, with water pouring in.

They had their usual annual riot on the Carnegie

Tech campus at Pittsburgh last night. (There were huge bonfires in the Oakland residential district. The firemen tried to extinguish various and sundry blazes. The students descended upon the firemen and put them to rout.) Then the police came $u$ and nut the students to rout. But only after
a hard fight. The cops were met with a barrage of sticks and stones and milk bottles.

One policemen, reports the Associated Press, was
taken to the hospital. But finally the cons won out and the patrol wagons got busy. 150 over-enthusiastic Carnegie Tech men were taken, shouting and singing, to jail. They were herded into the police station and they just kept on singing. One husky vocalist varied his activities by breaking a waterpipe.

And that flooded the whole place. The patrol wagons were rushed into action again and the mob was transferred to another police station, where presumably they didn't get a chance to break any watervipes. And so the Carnegie Tech team went into action against the University of Pittsburgh this afternoon with one noisy faction of its cheering section behind the bars in a Pittsburgh hoos-gow. Perhaps their team needed them. At any rate I'll just conclude with a sour note, that Carnegie Tech lost the game - and,

