

STRIKE

The news tonight? Well, it's common logic, the regular thing, for a big strike to gain a momentum of violence. It may begin peacefully enough, but soon the tension increases, things begin to get hot, tempers and flare and antagonisms boil over. That's the curve of human nature which the textile strike is following -- all quite mild at the beginning, then here and there disturbances, more of them, and angrier.

The biggest scene of violence today was in South Carolina. A mill, in the town of Honapath, opened its doors for work. Some of the men wanted to return to their looms. The strikers intervened and there was a pitched battle, an affair of grave and ominous meaning. For when the shooting was over, six men lay dead, and ten wounded. State Troops are on their way to handle this most threatening situation. And South Carolina is scheduled for martial law.

This bitter Southern flare-up, one of a whole series, has brought up the strike casualty list to a total of ten men killed.

Yes, the violence is increasing, despite the quieting effect of the President's peace-making move. And today's

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turbulent news is hastening the action of the Mediation Board,
which begins its sessions in Washington tomorrow.

FOLLOW STRIKE

I'll bet there's one question that echoed far and wide over the country today -- who are they, those mediators the President appointed? The men on the Winant Board are comparatively unknown figures over the length and breadth of this land:- Governor John G. Winant of New Hampshire; Marion Smith, a leading lawyer of Atlanta, Georgia; and Raymond V. Ingersoll, New York City's Borough President of Brooklyn.

Yet, Governor Winant, at least, should be known better. He's one of the most colorful figures in the country today. Personally, he's like a de luxe edition of Abraham Lincoln. He was born rich, had a learned scholastic career, and then a brilliant war record. Ten years ago he ran for Governor of New Hampshire on a platform of sociological reforms, such as the abolition of child labor, and he has been New Hampshire's Governor ever since, -- the only one ever to be elected three times in that state. Last year there was a buzz in national political circles, with the rumor that Governor Winant would be nominated as the next Republican candidate for the Presidency, in the 1936 campaign. And the President has appointed him to this important urgent job! Looks like a daring Roosevelt stroke

-- also intelligent. Now for the comedy:- The Governor's mansion at Concord is made the more interesting by a prominent placard. Mrs. Winant keeps a sign on the front fence, a sign reading:- "Puppies for Sale."

ALUMINUM STRIKE

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More ominous strike word comes from the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. They have voted to call a general strike of fifty thousand garment workers to begin on October First.

But here's quite a flash of silvery lining -- not silver, exactly -- aluminum. That strike is over! That metallic walk-out which has tied things up in the aluminum industry for a whole month! The official announcement is:-- "Strike's over, union recognized, universal wage scale agreed upon." Federal labor officials say that neither side won a victory, it was a compromise. So now nine thousand workers ⁱⁿ ~~at~~ the Pittsburgh area are back on the job.

That aluminum labor battle was quite a serious affair, though it was completely dwarfed and almost forgotten when the employers and the union ^s came to grips in the ^{vast} textile world.

~~In Chicago, the Brotherhood of Railroad Shopcrafts is meeting to discuss its labor policies. The discussion of the railroad men is centering mostly around their pension plan. But no grandiose strike seems to be brewing there.~~

MUNITIONS

World War echoes in Washington today! Reminiscences of the surge of that world conflict, also of the surge of the Stock Market.

Remember those controversies about the sale of American munitions to the embattled nations of Europe? Yes, and some financially minded folks may remember how submarine stocks did a dizzy climb. Building submarines galore, and selling them!

All sorts of grand international panorama at the Senate investigation on munitions prying into the affairs of the Electric Boat Company! Documents were produced which show that the company in 1916 sold war vessels to Italy -- craft which the United States Government officially classed as war vessels. The sales were made more or less secretly. An official of the company admitted that the authorities in Washington had been told nothing about it.

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Munitions men have been protesting that some of the testimony should not be made public; that there are secrets better kept under cover. The government doesn't agree with this.

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President Roosevelt has sent an order to all Federal departments instructing them to place all their files at the disposal of the Committee, especially those files that have anything to do with the sale of munitions to European and Latin American countries.

Meaning that there will ~~be~~ be no white-washing, but a public laundry of the linen.

LONG

Once more tonight the sound of loud words comes echoing from New Orleans. Some say they heard the sound of shots, but the only big noise identified with any certainty is the blast of denunciations.

About those shots which are rumoured to have been fired at Huey Long's house, Mayor Walmsley, pet political enemy of the Kingfish, has the following to say.

"If anybody shot at Huey's house, he did it himself."

Then adds His Honor, the Mayor. "Huey has to have some excuse for having an army camped on his front lawn!"

The Mayor was referring to the fact that the Kingfish now has a bristling array of National Guardsmen around his house.

Then His Honor refers to the story that the Kingfish ran to his window while the shooting was going on. Which inspires the Mayor to the following deep reasoning:-

"If there really was anybody shooting at Huey's house," the Mayor argues in his best judicial manner, "Huey certainly wouldn't have stuck his nose out of any window, he would have been hiding under the bed."

With these statesman-like words, the majestic
labors of government go on down there where the alligators
slide and slither into the bayous.

We have heard about a lot things that indicate the return of prosperity, all the way from more mosquitoes in New Jersey to a ring around the moon. .And here's another sign -- in football.

They say the return of prosperity is indicated by the fact that twenty-seven big American colleges have appointed new football coaches. The angle is this. The depression made many colleges stop ~~paying~~ paying high salaries to coaches. Now it's different.

They want the best football educators they can get to instill drop-kick learning into the forward-pass scholars. They see signs of bigger ~~xx~~ crowds and better gate receipts for the season at hand. So they are hiring new coaches at larger salaries -- and probably cutting the salaries of professors.

Anyway, the present season will show the largest coaching turnover in the past five years, with some of the greatest names in football on the list. Benny Friedman going ^{N.York} to City College; Lieutenant Tom Hamilton to Navy; Ducky Pond, ~~at~~ Yale; Mal Stevens ~~to~~ N.Y.U.; Elmer Layden, ~~at~~ Notre Dame; and Pat Hanley, ~~at~~ Boston University. ^{Yep!} ~~it means~~ ^{returning} it means prosperity -- for the coaches.

Two bits of news, pretty much along the same line, come from Germany and from Italy. And both countries subscribe to the Fascist doctrines of trying to increase the population, ~~and~~ encouraging families.

From Germany comes word that the government is paying eight million marks to fifteen thousand newly wedded couples. It's a common complaint: "We haven't enough money to get married."

So the government is kicking in with a subsidy ~~to~~ to marriage, helping Cupid along.

From Italy the tidings are that women will be excluded from industrial work. They won't be allowed to labor in factories. Of course that's a blow at modern enlightenment, and those rights of women which give women the right to sweat in sweat shops and slave in factories. The general Italian idea is to restore women to family life, **B**ut present day unemployment sharpens the argument a good deal. Forbidding women to work in factories will put a lot of men ~~back~~ *back on the job*

But what about the women deprived of ^{employment?} ~~jobs~~ Well, of

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course they would be put on the dole. I suppose the Italians figure that unemployment and the dole, getting paid for doing nothing, is more demoralizing for men than women.

BULGARIA

The champion drinker of Bulgaria has died, and he didn't drink himself to death. Gorgioff Sando was acclaimed the most conious toper of the Bulgars, and you can sing all the drinking songs you know to his memory, from "Nut Brown Ale," to the Maine Stein Song..

He drank everything from beer to vodka, but he never touched water until he died.

On the day of his death, Gorgioff Sando downed fifty-one bottles of red wine in the village tavern. Did that kill him? No not at all. He called for more, but the tavern keeper said it was too late, and he wanted to close up. So Gorgioff Sando went home and down ~~to~~ the stairs to his cellar, where he kept his wine casks.

And he had a night-cap of a quart or two. But it was water that killed him.

There was a sudden torrential downpour, a flooded stream, a rush of water into the cellar. The Bulgarians say that at the first touch of water; Gorgioff Sando died. He never could stand water.

Anyway they found him the next morning with a smile on his face and one arm wrapped around a wine cask. He was a gentleman and a scholar, but no judge of water.

OFORI

London has lost it's most glittering visitor -- Sir Ofori Atta, -- old atta-boy -- in his flowing toga of plaid velvet, his thick gold crown and his tiger-skin sandals with jeweled straps. Sir Ofori Atta-Attacoy - is a huge potentate with a face like a black full moon.

He is a mighty ruler from the Gold Coast of Africa. He owns diamond mines and motor cars. On the Gold Coast he walks abroad under a golden umbrella as big as a tent carried by a court officer who wears spectacles. The golden umbrella is to shield Sir Ofori's Atta's ebony complexion from the sunlight.

He was knighted by King George for leading an army of his tribesmen against Germany during the World War. And recently Atta great expence Sir Atta went to London in an effort to persuade the British Government to repeal a water tax that had been slapped on Sir Ofori Atta's tribe. He didn't get very far, and now he utters a loud complaint:-

"The Colonial Secretary turned me down flat," he moans. "He said 'No' to everything I asked. I stayed in London two months and he only gave me two hours of his time."

So His African Majesty has left London, disappointed, and the Londoners are disappointed too. They had learned to love the millionaire African potentate, swaggering through the streets, blazing with diamonds, emeralds and gold, and spending his money freely. And it's back to the Gold Coast for Sir Ofori Atta.

I have a particular interest in today's
~~... fancy zoological news, ...~~

the great triumph, the end of a life long quest, a quest for snakes. For years and years, Doctor Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of reptiles at the New York Zoological Gardens has *that* had [^] one long ambition: -)

> He has caught all kinds of snakes, from our own hundred percent American rattler, to the hooded cobra that dances to music in India, from the hoop snakes that you could use for tires on a bicycle, to the reptilian wonders of "snakes in the boots." But ^{Dr. Ditmars} ~~he~~ had never caught a bush-master.

The bush-master, as you would judge from the name, is found in the bushes and he's the master of all he surveys -- *the* deadliest reptile ⁱⁿ this hemisphere ⁻⁻ and one of the rarest.

Now, finally, Doctor Ditmars ^{has} succeeded in catching a specimen of the bush-master ^{for} his treasury of snakes at the New York Zoological Gardens. He got it on the island of Trinidad. It's a huge six foot killer with brown spots on its back and a spike on its tail.

The Ditmars party, on that tropical snake hunting ~~XXXX~~

expedition, braved all the terrors of the jungle, amid ferocious animals, deadly snakes and venomous insects. But there was only one injury. Only one man was bitten. He was bitten by a mouse.

It was in a boarding house in Trinidad. The mouse ran up the explorer's trousers and bit him in the leg.

I feel that I can talk about this snake expedition with considerable authority because I ^{we just been} ~~was~~ on a similar one myself last week. It was a rattle-snake hunt ^{with the Allens of Dover Furnace in} ~~at~~ ^{a place} ~~in~~

~~was~~ where there are not supposed to be any rattle-snakes, ^{there are} any more than [^]boa-constrictors in Ireland. But just the same, our two snake experts, Paul W. Snyder and Captain R. Cheyne ^{of the N.Y. Central Park Zoo} Stout [^] didn't have the slightest difficulty in locating rattle-snakes, also copperheads.

I watched in admiration, and at a safe distance, while they spotted the poisonous reptiles and ~~the~~ deftly snared them with a forked stick.

I'm only glad we didn't run across any mice, for if a mouse about then, had run up my trousers and bit me in the ^{leg,} I ~~would~~ have promptly collapsed.

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ELEPHANT

Flying elephants, not pink elephants -- Martin Johnson doesn't see pink elephants. But he does see flying elephants. In fact, ~~he~~ flies with them. He did today. ¶ In New York, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson were waiting impatiently. "Where, oh where, is my little Toto Tambu," sighed Mrs. Johnson, the indomitable Osa of the African wilds. ¶ Well, Toto Tambu was on a ship steaming for New York. There was a ~~whole~~ menagerie aboard that ship, a collection of animals caught by the Martin Johnsons in Africa, and being brought to America.

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¶ These wild and ferocious beasts were in the charge of Terengosi, ^{a wild and ferocious savage from the wild and ferocious} ~~a savage from the barbarous wilds of Mount Kenya~~ slopes of Mount Kenya. And the savage was in charge of Miss Helen Joyce -- not Peggy Joyce, but Martin Johnson's ^{sophisticated} pert, petite secretary, who handles his correspondence, social obligations and savages.

The animals consisted of a man-slaying leopard and four kitten cheetah, ~~which are~~ nimble hunting leopards. There was Fishy, ^{laughing - ha ha ha.} a tame hyena. And there was Toto Tambu; Toto ^{the} elephant.

Other women have a Pekinese or a Persian cat, but

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Mrs. Martin Johnson has an elephant. She was so eager to see Toto Tambu that a plane went winging to meet the animal ship out at sea. The plane is the Martin Johnson Afrikander Tamganyloa exploration sky craft called, "Osa's Ark".

And so it was that Osa's Ark landed on the ocean next to the American export freighter, and the elephant, trussed in a canvas sling, was lowered into the big cockpit. I might add that Toto Tambu is not a full grown elephant. But he will be someday.

The plane, with the elephant aboard, took off and went winging over New York City and on to Connecticut. And that was the first time an elephant ever took a sky ride over the towers of the metropolis. I don't know what the pachyderm thinks about aviation, but Osa when she sees him will tickle his trunk and say:- "Oh you cute little Toto Tambu." And all the admiring press-agents in New York join the laughing hyena in saying "Ha ha ha!" They know a good stunt when they see it. Elephants in airplanes. The Martin Johnsonian touch. Ha ha ha, and, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.