

HAIL

Hail! Hail! Not the gangs all here." I hope they are. But just hail! If it isn't one thing it's another. What the farmers of the United States and Canada needed was water falling from the sky, but not water in solid form -- not hail. The Canadians are figuring up the amount of the damage done by an epidemic of hail-storms, which have been pelting the broad plains for a week or more and have now^w come to a climax. Four million dollars is the figure for the damage done to the grain crops. Southern Saskatchewan had a million-dollar hail-storm. Alberta had one to the tune of half a million. And then there were a whole series of other bombardments of ice from the sky, all the way from the region of the Great Lakes, westward.

FLOOD

From various parts of the world comes the word -- flood. It's been raining heavily in Asia Minor and in one valley of Northern Anatolia the flood waters came rushing. Thirteen people lost; a bridge, three public inns and a mosque swept away.

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Then eight thousand houses are reported inaudated and many lives lost near the border of Korea and Manchuria. The Yalu River is on the rampage.

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In South America, in Chile, a vast swirl rushed down on the old town of Recoleta. Great crowds of people watched while the water rose higher and higher in the town. Houses disappeared and finally the cross on top of the church sank out of sight, like the mast on a foundering ship.

And thousands cheered. The crowds yelled "Bravo", a Minister of the Chilean Government led the festivity.

Chile has her own drought problem and needs irrigation. Hence the building of the giant Recoleta Dam, the largest in

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South America. And a huge man-made lake came into being.

The old town was sacrificed. The flood-gates were opened
and the water swept over houses, over the tip of the church
steeple.

That's why thousands cheered.

said, early, "and if I ain't got no mash, I can't take no
whiskey, and if I ain't take no whiskey I ain't take no
money."

MOONSHINE

Another by-product of the drought comes in the form of... Among the more pathetic victims of the drought is the Oklahoma moonshiner who has appealed to the local County relief committee for help. situation is so serious that liver-

fighters: "This dry weather has dried up all my mash", he said, sadly, "and if I ain't got no mash, I can't make no whiskey, and if I cain't make no whiskey I cain't take no money."

...toward a whole series of towns. Twelve of them had eye in danger of being wiped out.

FORESTS

Another by-product of the drought comes in the form of forest-fires, a danger in the Western states from Canada to Mexico. In Idaho, an immense blaze is sweeping across the woodlands. The situation is so serious that fire-fighters from New Mexico have been brought by plane to battle with the Idaho flames. Then all the way across the continent in Nova Scotia the burning trees of a forest fire are sending their flames toward a whole series of towns. Twelve of them that are in danger of being wiped out.

Meanwhile, political leaders of all shades are expressing their sorrow at the passing of that florid, stocky figure with the lionine shock of white hair, and the flowing black tie, who had been a familiar, friendly personality in Washington for thirty years -- Henry C. Rainey, Congressman from Illinois and Speaker of the House.

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SPEAKER

The political dope tonight points to a tall Tennessean. The indications are that Representative Joseph W. Byrns of Tennessee will succeed Speaker Rainey as steersman and whip-cracker of the House of Representatives.

Joe Byrns is the natural selection, the next in line for the job. He's an old-line Democrat grown gray and wise in the ways of law-making. He was a close personal friend and political ally of Speaker Rainey, followed his footsteps, in fact, Mr. Rainey was the majority Floor Leader, before he became speaker. And when he stepped up to the higher dignity Joe Byrns succeeded him as Floor Leader.

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is also the forecast of his probably successor as Congressman. There's talk of putting Mrs. Rainey up for election in Illinois.

So it may turn out that Henry T. Rainey's work as Speaker will be carried on by the man who was his close friend for twenty-five years, and, his work as Congressman continued by his wife, who was his secretary for thirty years.

Those are the indications.

STRIKES

Yes, indeed the prospect of half a million textile workers walking-out is enough to put the government into feverish motion. Two presidents are taking a hand in the situation. One President Green of the American Federation of Labor, who is confabulating with the officials of the United Textile Workers. And, of course, there is President Roosevelt who they say may intervene.

PRISON

The Illinois prison authorities are explaining today that the riot at the State Reformatory was a rather complicated affair. It was the result of two separate plots among the hard-boiled section of the convicts.

One group schemed to start a riot for no other purpose than to cause trouble and raise general Cain. That was plot number one. Plot number two was a more formidable affair, and was concocted by the toughest of the tough in the prison. They had been talking it over secretly for a week or more, and were out to escape. Their plan was ~~to revolt and start~~ a general prison break.

The whole thing came to a head at a ~~convict~~^{convicts'} baseball game, with the would-be escapers intending to take advantage of the battle-royal started by the conspirators who were merely out for trouble.

~~anyway~~ It developed with a sudden fistfight as the convicts watched the ~~baseball~~ game. And when the guards tried to stop the scrap, the convicts fell upon them and beat them up. With that, turmoil ~~was~~ was let loose; the rioters stormed through

the prison smashing, destroying, raising general havoc. The printing shop went up in flames.

One small band made straight for the wall and tried to rush the guards. This was the attempted prison break. It resulted in volleys of rifle fire, with one man killed and a number of others wounded.

That was the end of the two-fold, double-decked prison conspiracy, with the great majority of the twenty-four ~~hundred~~ ^{hundred} convicts taking no part in the trouble at all.

SNAKE ENDING

Snake religion down South is increasing by leaps and bounds or rather by squirms and wriggles. In various places Holiness preachers are being called upon by their enthusiastic followers to repeat the miracle of the preacher who let the snake bite him. Most of them don't like the idea. That miracle is turning out to be more of a menace than a benefit to the Holiness pastors.

One of them waxed indignant when somebody brought a rattlesnake in a box and asked him to wrap it around his neck. He declared he could tell that that particular snake came from the devil where he told that parishioner to go.

But then, there was that spectacular miracle which has just happened, with a preacher petting a rattlesnake, and another Holiness leader joining him and tickling its whiskers -- if a rattlesnake can be said to have whiskers. While the congregation shouted and talked in tongues.

It turns out now that the rattlesnake had had its fangs pulled out. The first preacher knew it. The second preacher, who thought he was taking part in a real miracle

AVIATION

There's an eerie thrill in the details of how the flyers crashed on a rugged hillside in Wales.

They were on a return trip from Rome, to the United States, ^{Chesery} George Pond and Cesare Sabelli. They got lost in the fog, drenching rain and driving wind over the Irish Sea. They cruised around for an hour, flying blind, and then decided to return to the coast of Wales.

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Here's the way Pond tells it: "I was piloting and came as low as I dared in the hope of finding a landing place. Suddenly we crashed in the pitch darkness."

That's the weird thrill'-- the inky blackness of night, then, crash!

The plane turned over and buried its nose in the ground. The two wayfarers of the sky found themselves on a mountain side. They weren't hurt, but the plane was, so badly wrecked that the flight is called off.

BALLOON

^{foreign}
The reporters had a break over there in Yugoslavia.

The newspaper correspondents had hurried to the scene where that Belgian balloon landed. It was a big story, the stratosphere trip which began in Belgium and ended far to the south in Yugoslavia, *over a thousand miles away.*

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Instead of having to palaver in broken phrases with the local Yugoslav peasants, who had seen the balloon come down, the ^{correspondents} ~~reporters~~ found a young American right there on the scene. He was Charles Szmodia of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, studying ^{at a} college ~~in~~ Budapest, and on a vacation in Yugoslavia. And he certainly gave the correspondents a vivid story.

"I was out walking," he told them, "when suddenly I saw a silver ~~ball~~ ball in the heavens which I thought was a new star speeding toward earth. Then as ~~it~~ it neared the ~~ground~~ ^{earth} a rope was dropped and signals were made telling us on the ground to catch hold."

"Van der Elst," he continued, "was the first to leave the balloon. He was exhausted. We ~~then~~ laid him on the

ground. He seemed half conscious and only recovered when the peasants administered hot tea and bathed his face and hands. Cōsyns also was extremely exhausted. We took them to the home of the local schoolmaster where they spent the night."

That was the end of the successful stratosphere flight which didn't break any altitude records, but which is said to have acquired valuable information, including observation of that mysterious phenomena, the cosmic rays.

HITLER

Opponents of Hitlerism in France and England are drawing what comfort they can from the fact that Der Fuehrer got a mere ninety percent majority in the election yesterday. Ninety percent would seem to be a convincing margin, but then those Fascist 'totalitarian' ballotings have a look of cock-eyed fantasy. It's easy to laugh at them, but then those weird elections probably do bear out the Fascist theory that with enough ^{ad}propaganda and enough skilfull leadership, you can establish a virtual unanimity in a nation.

Enormous as it was, the Nazi majority, was a few points less than on the occasion of the last general election they *held*. In fact, the people who voted against Hitler were twice as many as the last time, and more significantly, one of the largest anti-Hitler percentages came from the exceedingly Catholic city of Cologne, -- the old story of Church opposition to Nazism.

One French newspaper is making a great deal of the fact that Hitler's vote, ninety percent though it may be, shows a decrease. The French journalist draws an analogy with the time of Napoleon the Third, who in taking supreme power in France,

held a couple of elections. The second time he got more than the first, but Hitler gets less. I don't know if these fine points of French logic mean anything -- any more than that the French don't like Hitler.

In Germany of course, the vote of thirty-eight million to four million is hailed as a great victory, and is sufficient cause for celebrating a "day of rejoicing".

"Unless this arrangement, so disastrous to Hungary is revised, the peace of Europe is constantly threatened." So declares Premier Chamberlain as he demands drastic changes for what he calls the "unjust and unbalanced conditions of today".

Of course it's no news that the Premier and his fellow Hungarians feel that way about the treatment dealt to Hungary after the World War, but just the same every time the subject is mentioned, it sparks excitations and representations among those nations that took large slices of Hungarian territory.

HUNGARY

Now let's get this name straight, the name of the Prime Minister of Hungary. It's spelled G-O-E-M-B-O-E-S, but I'm told that the correct way to pronounce it is G-O-O-M-B-U-S-H. With that settled, let's observe that Premier Goemboes has created something of a European sensation by coming out with a scathing denunciation of the peace treaties. Those treaties gave sixty-three percent of Hungary's former population and seventy-two percent of Hungary's former territory -- to Hungary's hungry neighbors.

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ITALY

You know the old phrase -- "See Naples and Die."
Jokesters used to paraphrase that as -- "Smell Naples and Die".
For centuries Naples had a loud smelling reputation for dirt,
slums, and general untidiness. But that's all changed now.
You can't smell Naples anymore, except of course, for an
occasional whiff of cheese, ~~spicing of~~^{or} ~~olive oil and~~ garlic.
~~Housing and sanitary experts can go to the "city in the~~
~~shadow of Vesuvius" and find out how a town should be cleaned~~
~~up.~~ Of course, it's all a part of the Fascist program, ~~of~~
polishing the peninsula
~~shining Italy up~~, from the Alps to the tip of Sicily.

C.F. Palmer of Atlanta, has been touring Italy
to get facts and figures for the Administration at Washington.
He finds that eighty-two thousand people are being housed
under the Black Shirt program. There are three classes of
government housing. The old time beggars are being put up
in barracks, military style. The unemployed are given semi-
private apartments with community kitchens and laundries.
Poor families whose earnings are insufficient to live on are
housed in modern apartments that rent far below their value.

I don't know whether these facts will have any bearing on our own program, but they're ■■ on their way to Washington.

Here's the big military news. The army of Paraguay has captured "Fort-the-Twenty-Seventh-of-November." No, I'm not getting my fortresses and my dates mixed, although it does seem something like saying -- the American Army unlimbered the artillery and fired the Fourth of July. ~~The military importance of this story is that any fort should have such a name. It's just the traditional custom in Latin countries to name a street, a plaza, a bath-house, or a fort after some patriotic date. And so it is that the Paraguayans have captured Fort the Twenty-Seventh of November.~~

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But seriously, the event has meanings in that interminable warfare that is wasting blood and treasure down there in the Grand Chaco. The fort that sounds like a calendar is an important strategic point that commands several ^{main} ~~important~~ roads. It is the fifth Bolivian stronghold that the Paraguayans have captured during the past week-and-a-half. Altogether, the ~~little~~ brown men of Paraguay have taken fifty-seven of the enemy forts, and that's a pretty good indication that the war has been going strongly in their favor.

Military observers point out that the fighting front down there in the Grand Chaco now extends in almost a straight line from north to South. If you like to look things up on a map, here's a cue. If any of you map-fans have a pencil handy, or a good memory, just take note of this:-

The Paraguayan and Bolivian armies are facing each other almost precisely along the Sixty-second Meridian of Longitude, from the Twentieth Parallel to near the Twenty-Third Parallel of South Latitude.

And while you're looking that up on your maps I'll say,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.