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Good Evening, Everybody:

Well, sing out, my hearties, and let's have a merry yo-ho for the brave yacht Dorāde. She sailed into Plymouth, England, today -- the first that set out from Newport, Rhode Island, on July 4th for a race across the Atlantic. The Dorāde with a staunch crew and spreading canvas made the trip in 17 days, and the United Press calls that an amazing voyage.

Yes, of the 10 yachts the Dorade sailed into port first. But that doesn't mean that she has won the race, because it was a handicap react. That boat is such a trim sailor that she was put under a handicap of over 46 hours. In other words, some other troat with a smaller handicap may come in after the Dorade and still win the race. But just the same the good yacht with her tall graceful sails made a beautiful race of it, and she stands an eminent chance of winning.

Meanwhile, another yacht, the Linsmore, is battling a heavy sea in the mid-Atlantic this evening. She ran into

bad weather and has had a rough time of it. Her main mast was tost in a sudden violent squall, and the crew had to hoist a jury-rig to take its place.

Aboard the yacht is the only woman sailor in the race. She is Mrs. William Roos. Her husband is both the Captain and the owner of the Linsmore. And that woman sailor has proved herself to be one of the heartiest of the deck hands. The crew consists of seven amateurs and one professional seaman, and two of the amateurs are all done-in by the stormy voyage.

distress signals. The liner Hamburg hove into sight and came to the rescue. She took aboard the two disabled men. Some thought that Mrs. Roos also should abandon the race to sail the rest of the way aboard the liner. Sailors said that a woman had no place aboard a small boat in a North Atlantic gale. But the lady sailor decided to stick it out. She said she'd sail the rest of the way just as any

jack-tar would.

The fact is that she had been in a trans-Atlantic yacht race before. She was aboard the schooner Rofa which lost its rigging in a storm and was so badly battered that a tank steamer took aboard all hands. The tanker tried to tow the fact yacht, but the yacht sank.

And so the woman able-bodied seaman aboard the distressed yacht in the Atlantic tonight is no timid greenhorn. She's a veteran of the perils of the deep.

There is a rumor in London tonight that France may bolt the 7-power conference. We probably will. The State

Department in Washington today gave out President Hoover's latest proposal for the settlement of Germany's financial difficulties.

The President, reports the United Press, does not suggest a loan for Germany. His principal idea is that the financial institutions of the leading powers should lengthen out German credits - that is, German financial and industrial institutions owe money to the banks in the other countries - this is largely in the form of short term credits - and the President suggests that these short term credits be extended so that the Germans don't have to pay them right away.

And by the way, France today made a formal declaration to the League of Nations on the subject of disarmament. The International News Service gives the gist of the French statement which declares that France cannot consider any proposed reduced armament until there is an adjustment to the political situation in Europe.

The principal news of trouble this evening comes from Spain, South America and Africa.

In Spain rioting is still going on, in the district of Seville. A general strike is on and there have been savage clashes between the rioters and the soldiers. A number of people have been killed.

Hundreds of arrests have been made and the International News Service reports that the Spanish Government is deporting anarchists to Morrocco.

In South America a revolutionary plot against the government has been discovered and squelched. It was led by a Colonel, who was formerly an aide to President Iroyen who was thrown out of power by the revolution which put the present rulers of the country into the saddle.

Word comes in a round-about way, via South Africa, of a bit of disturbance deep in the Belgian Congo. It begins with a mention of a cannibal tribe, although most of us thought cannibals were thank flourish in Africa any more.

Anyway, the International News
Service passes along the word that a
Belgian official was killed by the
cannibals. And that was followed by
lively fighting between the tribesmen
and the colonial forces of the Belgium
government. The white men had machine
guns, and these did their usual deadly
work. The cannibals were mowed down, and
50 were eliminated from the complications
of tribal affairs in the depths of the
Belgian Congo.

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Reports from Mexico tell us that in the State of Sonora eight ranches have been robbed. A mob of a hundred men or so went around through the country, stormed up to the ranch houses, and proceeded to do a thorough job of 7 looting. Figures given by the Associated 8 Press show that at one place the gang got away with \$5,000 worth or money, 10 household objects and ranch supplies.

All of the ranches that were 12 robbed employ Chinese for part of their 13 labor, and this is given as a reason 14 for the attacks.

There is a good deal of feeling 17 laborers against the employment of 18 Chinese, and the supposition is that there was a gang of Mexicans out of work 19 who went around looting the ranches that orientals for work in the fields.

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A case has come up in China which has a sharp and immediate bearing upon the old question of whether a white man in the celestial republic should be tried by Chinese courts or by the diplomatic authorities of his own country. It's the old problem of extraterritoriality in China.

Anyway, Doctor Francis Tucker, treasurer of the William

S. Porter Memorial Hospital in Shantung Province, is being held
this evening at Tsinanfu on a charge of killing a Chinese servant.

The Associated Press gives us a sketch of the facts leading to
the Doctor's arrest.

A series of robberies occured at the hospital, which is a mission, and Doctor Tucker got himself a revolver as a measure of protection. On Saturday night last he was awakened by noise and found that a burglar was in the hospital office.

Doctor Tucker opened fire and killed the prowler. It was then discovered that the intruder was an employee of the hospital who had gotten into the office by means of a skeleton key, presumably for the purpose of robbery.

The local Nationalist Committee saw red. They demanded that Doctor Tucker be instantly beheaded, that the hospital mission should be suppressed and that indemnity should be paid to the dead man's family. That of course was a bit drastic. The government authorities arrested Doctor Tucker.

The American diplomatic officials deny the right of the Chinese courts to try Doctor Tucker. They say he must be turned over to the American consulate authorities and declare that they will oppose any attempt to subject the Doctor to the rigors of Chinese law.

A parade marched into Steubenville,
Ohio, today -- men, women and children
with shabby clothes and grim faces. They
were striking miners and their families.

The miners' strikes in Ohio and other coal-mining centers have been going on for some time now, and it's a bitter determined fight to the finish.

Well, the United Press tells us that
10 500 strikers and their families gathered
11 in front of the courthouse at Steubenville
12 and held a meeting. Leaders made speeches
13 and there were resolutions and voting.

The miners demanded that the county commissioners should help the strikers and give them \$10 a week for the duration of the labor trouble and \$5 a week extra for each dependent. They likewise asked that the armed guards be removed from the mine district, and that laws against the strikers be repealed, and that men arrested for strike activities should be released.

All of these demands were refused. The miners are said to be in a

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condition of considerable distress -- even starvation -- and they want relief.

A glamorous page out of the history of horse racing was recalled 3 today when a man beaten about the head was admitted to Fordham Hospital. He was 5 a smallish chap, perhaps a bit overweight 6 now. But you might have guessed that he was a jockey, and In fact, that he was 8 none other than Bud Ensor who, a few years ago, was the sensation of the race 10 tracks. He was a star rider of his day mand a sensational and almost magical 12 figure among the people that followed 13 the horses.

The famous & ex-jockey was 14 15 found unconscious among the weeds of 16 a roadside and in the hospital he told 17 a somewhat melodramatic tale of a 18 kidnapping plot to abduct a well known 19 Broadway character. He declared he 20 knew about the plot and had tried to 21 warn the Broadway character, and that 22 was the reason he was slugged and left 23 unconscious at the roadside.

The New York Evening Post quotes the doctors as saying in a somewhat

skeptical way that Ensor might have been hit by a blunt instrument or he might have been run down by an automobile, or he might have just taken a fall.

Well, Ensor always was a dramatic character. And how he could ride the horses. They called him two-a-day Ensor because he usually could be counted on to win at least two races a day. One day at the Aqueduct racetrack he rode in six races. He brought home five consecutive winners and then finished second in the sixth race.

Broadway. He zipped along among the bright lights at a pace that finally got him into trouble. He was suspended a and it looked like his finish as a jockey. But he came back. He declared he had learned the errors of his way and found that the simple life was the best. "It's got Broadway beaten a mile", he explained. But he never seemed to get back quite to his former glory. In then, finally, dropped out of sight.

now he has appeared in a New York hospital beaten up and telling an exciting story about a kidnapping.

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And now along comes a rumor which tells us to get a nice little band of crepe, jet black, solemn and funereal crepe, and drape it around that new golf ball.

The New York Evening Post declares today that it has information that the United States Golf Association is about to throw that new ball and go back to the older type of golf ball, a smaller and heavier one. It is stated that the Association has become convinced that the average golfer doesn't like that new ball, and so had determined to return to the old state of things.

The Post adds that the official announcement may be withheld for sometime, but just the same the ruling body has already made up its mind to chuck that new ball into the ashcan and dig up the old ball and place it on the glorified tee symbolizing golf.

And, by the way, there are two

crackajacks golf stories in this week's 2 issue of the Literary Digest. Of 3 course, we all know that the new kingpin of the golf world is Billy Burke, but how many of us know anything about Bill? He's just one of those comparatively little known figures who 7 8 suddenly flame into brilliancy. We ought to make his acquaintance. And the Digest introduces him to us in hearty fashion. We are told that he is a snub-nosed, xxx freckled, placid man, and then the Digest article goes on to give us a quantity of xxx intimate personalities about him.

And then there's that other golf story which tells us how a pair of robins built their next on a bridge which is a strategic point on a big Kansas City golf course. And the two robins proceeded to hatch xxx a nest full of little robins right there in the middle of golf activity. They certainly did gum up the progress of golfing on that particular course. And what did the golfers do?

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Well, you just read the story in the Digest. It's got a heart throb and catch in the throat, and all that sort of thing.

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At Centralia, Washington, today the citizens were treated to an old-fashioned sight -- yes, very old-fashioned. Four men spent an uncomfortable and painfully public half-hour in the stocks. Yes, the stocks which remind us of Puritan New England days. Those four men of Centralia who were put in the stocks were clean shaven. They didn't have any whiskers on their faces. That's why they were in the stocks.

Centralia is preparing for the annual Southwest Washington Pioneers' picnic. It will take place on August 11th and 12th, and the old days of the Wild West will be re-enacted. All the citizens are supposed to take part, and Centralia is determined that every detail must be exact -- up to and including the whiskers.

The Associated Press reminds us that

The old pioneers who made this great country what it is did their pioneering with plenty of spinach on their faces.
They didn't go in to any great extent for razors, shaving brushes, shaving soaps,

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lather, bay rum, and talcum. They just let 'em grow as Nature had intended.

And so the city fathers of Centralia passed an ordinance a couple of days ago declaring that all the male citizens of Centralia were required by law to go without shaving until the pioneers' picnic was over. Most of the men of Centralia loyally obeyed the law, but some of them unfortunately were criminals -- they had a shave for them-selves.

And so today a vigilance committee got busy. The boys made a tour of the town and rounded up every man who failed to have a growth of several days on his face. The first batch consisted of four men whose sleek smooth jaws showed every evidence of a recent very close shave. These shameless rogues were instantly seized and today placed in the stocks. There for half an hour they stood with their necks clamped in the wooden vice, displaying their shameful smoothshaven faces. And they were jeered

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and mocked by the other males of Centralia who have all sorts of terrible growths of new-born whiskers on their faces.

The other night we had the case of a large family in which all the children had names the first letters of which ran right down the alphabet.

This evening we meet an equally interesting family of names - a family in which there are fourteen children, each of which has a first name beginning with the letter "D". Judging from the story as given by the United Press, Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Bowman of Cutler, California, must have some particular reason for liking the fourth letter of the alphabet. In any case, these are the names of their children:

Doris, Dorothy, Donald, Della, Dolly, Dee, Dorine, Dean, Davis, Denzil, Daisy, Delbert, Danny, and Dale.

Well, d-d- dat, that I mean, seems to be a deelightful idea, and it brings me to the time when I must deepart - and dee-liver my closing refrain of so long until tomorrow.