

MT. EVEREST

Once more Mt. Everest has claimed its victim. That sounds surprising because His Majesty's Government in India had forbidden any further attempts to climb the highest mountain in the world. Those airplanes flights over the topmost tip of Everest sometime ago were followed by earthquake and other disturbances of nature, so the natives of those parts thought the gods were angry, because the eye of man has profaned the forbidden summit, of the sacred mountain. So the British authorities forbade Maurice Wilson to try. He was a former British army captain and a member of the London Aero Club.

But Captain Wilson disappeared mysteriously from Darjelling. That was sometime ago. He had a new theory about climbing Everest. He thought the large parties and elaborate equipment used in the previous attempts were all wrong, a hindrance, a curse. His plan was to take only a couple of native porters and then make the final stage of the climb with no more

MT. EVEREST - 2

burden that three loaves of bread and two tins of porridge.

His native porters, have come back. They tell of Captain Wilson's forbidden climb. High up on the mountain-side, he left them to remain behind, while he continued on and up among the glaciers. And then -- he disappeared from their sight at an altitude of about twenty-three thousand feet. He never returned.

So now the people of Tibet, Nepal and in the north of Bengal are saying -- that Chomolungma the Goddess of the Mountain has taken her vengeance once more.

Every year in the big cities of the land the day comes when epics and sagas of heroism are made public. That's when the police department awards its medals for distinguished courage in the performance of duty. And many a cop gets a medal, listens to speeches telling how good he is, and then goes back to pounding the pavement. *And sometimes it's his widow who gets the medal.*

I have just been looking over this year's list of medals handed out by the New York Police Commissioner, and it hits you right between the eyes -- what scads of heroism and ~~st~~ stacks of thrills are represented in those two dozen citations.

A couple of them caught my ^{*Fancy--*} ~~eye~~ -- deeds of heroism about which there was something particularly appealing. Take the big excitement that got Patrolman Wolf Silberstein his medal of honor.

It begins like the same old story -- an East Side poolroom and Patrolman Silberman off duty, in plain clothes. Three hold-up men walked in, automatics ^{*ready.*} ~~in hand~~. The pool-players threw up their hands.

Patrolman Silberman reached for his gun and opened fire. That was ^{*brave*} ~~brave~~ enough, but it was only the half of it.

Before he blazed away he jumped to one side to avoid hitting the poolplayers. He fought out that gun battle maneuvering to keep the innocent bystanders out of the line of fire. He killed one gunman and arrested the other two.

You sure deserve that medal, *Silberman,* Officer, but let's go on to Patrolman Nelson Helmstrom. He was chasing a murderer who had just killed a man and gravely wounded a woman. And that chase was on a crowded street. The killer turned and blazed away at the Patrolman. Helmstrom, pistol in hand, did not return the fire. He refused to shoot. He was afraid of hitting the passersby on that crowded street. He just sprinted faster, and caught his man.

Time and again she crept past the German sentries with two loads of hay. When the first load came up, the Germans poked it through and through with pitch-forks, to see that nobody was hidden in it. Concealed beneath the hay of the second

HEROINE

I was just about to say -- Edith Cavell has got married. That would have been a melancholy slip, with heroic Edith^h Cavell resting all these years. ~~It's~~^{This concerns} another war ~~nurse~~^{heroine} whom they call "the French Edith Cavell." There has just been a resplendent display of ministers of the government, formal ceremonies and heaps of flowers at her wedding in Paris. ~~The~~^{The} Edith Cavell was executed by a German firing squad. Her French sister also was condemned to death but the Germans changed that to life imprisonment. After the war of course, she was set free.

~~brother~~ Her part in the war was a good deal like that of the martyred British nurse. She ~~had to~~^{ed} help her fellow countrymen to escape from behind the German lines. Marie Van Houtte was a country girl ~~behind the fighting lines~~^{back of the trenches.} Her brother and his friends were also caught behind the lines and eager to join the French army. And she got them through.

Time and again she drove past the German sentries with two loads of hay. When the first load came up, the Germans poked it through and through with pitch-forks, to see that nobody was hidden in it. Concealed beneath the hay of the sec-

ond load were the men Marie was trying to sneak through. And now the country girl did her part. She joked and laughed with the sentries and held their attention, while the second load of hay with the concealed men was driven around in front of the first.

Then the Germans got busy with their pitch-forks again. They jabbed and jabbed at what they thought was the second load, but which was really the same heaped-up hay that they had pitch-forked the first time.

Marie played that trick time and again and got her brother and dozens of others through the German lines.

The brother took the column well. "I never knew Starluky", he said. "I only knew him as a man for our cousin, Pierre."

The Premier asked him if he was as it was not

FRANCE

The latest rumpus in France has a curious background. You might call it the battle of the Ex-Premiers. Ex-Premier Tardieu makes the charge before the Chamber of Deputies that Ex-Premier Chautemps was involved in the Stavisky banking scandal.

The odd bit of background comes in a curious story that has been circulating around Paris. Last January while Chautemps was Premier a French newspaper declared that his brother had been connected with the Swindler Stavisky. The Premier took his brother to the cemetery where their father was buried. There the Premier asked the brother to swear a denial on the grave of their father -- or he would resign as head of the Government of France.

The brother took the solemn oath. "I never knew Stavisky", he swore, "I think I've been mistaken for our cousin, Pierre."

The Premier embraced him. "As long as it was not

'you," he cried, "it is of no importance." "I can not be responsible for all my cousins."

That bit of Parisienne gossip certainly does shed a peculiar light on the accusation now made -- that the Ex-Premier, himself, was involved in the Affaire Stavisky. Yet the accusation is having the most serious political consequences.

The accuser is a conservative leader, the accused a radical leader. ^{And it} ~~then~~ threatens to disrupt the conservative and radical ^{alliance} ~~elements~~ in the present Cabinet and cause a downfall of the government. Another Ex-Premier, Edouard Herriot, is on his way from Geneva to Paris to stop the political free-for-all. He ^{is still} ~~is~~ the leader of the Radical Socialist Party, ^{he} ~~and~~ is going to try to do some peacemaking.

~~50~~

In the tuneful precincts of New York's Metropolitan Opera House, they are singing a dirge for Minnie -- Minnie the cat that knew Caruso. Her nine lives have flickered out.

Minnie's home was across the street from the opera house, in a refreshment place where the singers frequently go to "gargle their throats." It's called the Artists and Writers Club. The writers drop in from the nearby Herald Tribune.

(Newspapermen also gargle their throats occasionally. *Also Broadcasters.*)

The story goes that fifteen years ago the Artists and Writers Club was in a state of crisis. It was invaded by a plague of rats. The rodents grew so bold that they used to come right up to the bar, where the singers and newspapermen were gargling their throats. And they would go so far as to bite the patrons in the ankle. It is even rumored that once while the great Caruso was lubricating his million dollar throat at the bar, a rat took a nip at his silk socks and right there the King of Tenors sang Rigoletto with plenty of indignant high notes. It was at this juncture that Minnie appeared. She walked in one morning from the direction of the opera house.

~~51~~

In the tuneful precincts of New York's Metropolitan Opera House, they are singing a dirge for Minnie -- Minnie the cat that knew Caruso. Her nine lives have flickered out.

Minnie's home was across the street from the opera house, in a refreshment place where the singers frequently go to "gargle their throats." It's called the Artists and Writers Club. The writers drop in from the nearby Herald Tribune. (Newspapermen also gargle their throats occasionally. *Also broadcasters.*)

The story goes that fifteen years ago the Artists and Writers Club was in a state of crisis. It was invaded by a plague of rats. The rodents grew so bold that they used to come right up to the bar, where the singers and newspapermen were gargling their throats. And they would go so far as to bite the patrons in the ankle. It is even rumored that once while the great Caruso was lubricating his million dollar throat at the bar, a rat took a nip at his silk socks and right there the King of Tenors sang Rigoletto with plenty of indignant high notes. It was at this juncture that Minnie appeared. She walked in one morning from the direction of the opera house.

Maybe she was a kitten out of some stray litter produced in the majestic temple of melodious song. Jack Bleek, the proprietor, let the stray cat remain. And that good deed was amply rewarded, because Minnie went right to work on the rats with a vim and vigor that resembled Blue Sunoco. She turned out to be one of the greatest rodent destroyers the cat family has ever produced. The next thing you know Minnie had the place cleaned out so well that only the artists and writers were left. And Caruso could gargle his throat without getting a bite in the ankle, and, he was Minnie's friend for life.

But that was only the beginning of Minnie's usefulness. She turned into a kind of local lottery. The great stars of the Metropolitan and the great editors of the Tribune used to lay bets on how many kitten Minnie would have the next time. Just as she decreased the number of rats in the world, so also she increased the number of cats. Some more vim and vigor like Blue Sunoco.

And then, Jack Bleek, who is said to love horse races better than opera claims she made the singers feel at home. When she yowled, sometimes it was like a contralto

wrestling with a difficult phrase in Samson et Delila, while other times it was like a tenor trying to catch a B flat in Aida. But now it's the swan song for the cat that knew Caruso.

ideas will come to a flowery fulfillment in an array of the Gardens of the Nations. These will be laid out on the steps back of the eleventh floor, an area of about three-quarters of an acre. It will be the first all-year-round flower show on record, demonstrating the art of gardening the world round, from the fainty miniatures of Old Hippon to the floral splendore of the Villa Deste on the Lake of Como.

And there will also be a bird sanctuary there in the heart of New York, a haven for American birds in the Gardens of the Nations.

GARDENS

We're used to all sorts of international gatherings, but here's an international gathering of gardens. Rockefeller Center in New York was founded with splendid ideas of landscape beauties in the heart of the metropolis. And now these ideas will come to a flowery fulfillment in an array of the Gardens of the Nations. These will be laid out on the step-back of the eleventh floor, an area of about three-quarters of an acre. It will be the first all-year-round flower show on record, demonstrating the art of gardening the world round, from the dainty miniatures of Old Nippon to the floral splendors of the Villa Deste on the Lake of Como.

And there will also be a bird sanctuary there in the heart of New York, a haven for American birds in the Gardens of the Nations.

AVIATION

It gives one a feeling of sympathy and encouragement to look at the report just issued by the committee investigating the Army Air Service. Headed by Newton D. Baker, it's that body of experts who were given the job of finding out what was wrong with the way the Army carried the mails. And the answer seems to be that nothing in particular was wrong -- except the weather.

The Board, after a three months survey declares that the army planes and the army flyers are at least on a par with those of any other nation in the world. Our planes are as good, our flyers as well trained. We haven't got as many ~~air~~ sky ships as France or Russia. We have a few more than Japan.

So the reason for those sad casualties when the Army took over the mails was mostly a matter of rotten flying weather. There's applause for the chiefs of the Army Air Corps and three cheers for the boys who did the flying. They had a tough time of it and deserve plenty of sympathy and admiration.

The strike situation is easing off all over the country. With the end of the big San Francisco walk-out could feel that all the time. And here's another detail that tells the story of progress in the skies:- The first air transport bulletin-board ever put up -- in the Hotel Gotham in New York and the Blackstone in Chicago. They are busy big boards that tell of the air schedules, arrivals and departures in the business-like manner of a railroad. General Kincaid, head of the American Hotels Corporation had the ace-flyer Eddie Rickenbacker preside over the installation of ^{that} ~~the~~ first air bulletin board. ~~at Hotel Gotham~~

"Don't take a beating," he commanded, "you have your whips and you know how to use them."

That has an ominous sound.

Also the Alabama and Massachusetts textile strikers are still on.

STRIKE

The strike situation is easing off all over the country. With the end of the big San Francisco walk-out government mediation boards are finding it much easier to bring employees and workers to an agreement. The chief danger points that still remain are Seattle and Portland. The Governor of Oregon is ready to call out the National Guard if the Portland dock strike is not settled soon.

And in Minneapolis the truck drivers strike is still on, with a mediation board headed by the Reverend Father Haas of Washington, D. C., working hard to settle it. The chief of Police of Minneapolis has told his men not to stand for any nonsense.

"Don't take a beating," he commanded, "you have your shotguns and you know how to use them."

That has an ominous sound.

Also the Alabama and Massachusetts textile strikers are still on.

But the government officials are expressing all sorts of confidence. They feel that the end of the strike in San Francisco is having a pacifying effect on the labor disputes all over the country.

Postmaster-General Farley is ^{now} in San Francisco to help in the settlement of the still lingering longshoreman ^{difficulty;} ~~strike~~ and he is expected to bring large powers of persuasion to bear. He has control of the ocean mail contracts, which makes him a personality whom ship owners are likely to listen to.

Yes, The Postmaster-General of the United States is a great personage in this republic of ours, but to Elmer's mother he is just a big fellow who ought to keep his hat on. Postmaster Jim Farley, on his way to San Francisco to help in the strike arbitration, stopped off at Williams, Arizona, while the train guard unloaded the mail, *— always an inspiring Boss* ~~an interesting~~ process to Postmaster Jim. With his hat off, he stood in the hot sunshine bareheaded. And you know how bare Jim's head is, one of the barest, baldest, shiniest domes that ever shed its last, single, solitary hair, *years ago.*

Up rushed a little old lady. She wagged a reproving finger at the Postmaster-General.

"Now listen here," she scolded, "you're just a bald-headed man like my boy Elmer. And whenever Elmer goes out in the sun without his hat, he gets a headache, So you put your hat on or you'll get a headache like Elmer."

on his way to mop up the strike situation in Frisco,
When last seen, *the* Postmaster-General was wearing his hat *like* Elmer.

FOLLOW STRIKE

Today's strike news includes the jolly subject of fishing. The story might be headed -- "Strike Settled by Fish Hooks." At Bridgeton, New Jersey, the pickets were parading in front of the plant of the New Jersey Packing Company. Herbert Smalley, the treasurer of the company, came out of the gate, and looked at the platoon of striking workmen.

He called out with a grin, "what's the use of parading up and down like that? Why don't you fellows go home and get your tackle and some along and go fishing with me?"

At the mention of fishing some of the pickets grinned back at him. And twenty-two of them said "Okay".

They got their rods and lines, and the treasurer took them fishing in his big motorboat. Yep, the fish were biting and I suppose that settled the issue. When the fishing is good it makes the heart of the fisherman glad. They caught a hundred and fifty assorted weak and blue. In between bites they told fish stories and in between fish stories they ironed out the strike difficulties.

Back on shore the angling strikers put away their rods and reels, scaled the fish and told the other strikers

about the terms they had arranged. And today the men were back at work.

Maybe there's a moral in that. End labor disputes by taking the boys fishing. Just think what a fishing party Henry Ford could put with his hundred thousand employees.

And that gives me an idea. I think I'll take my one employee, my stenographer, fishing over the weekend. And so long until Monday.