

L.J. - Lunco. Wet., Jan. 15/36.

Amman

CONFERENCE

(If the ~~Japanese~~ had walked out of the Naval Conference last week, they might have provided us with a thrill. As it is, their action today is pretty much of an anti-climax.) Any drama there might have been in it has been discounted long since. And, indeed, it was predicted right and left long before the Conference came to order, as soon as it was known what Japan's demand would be. Indeed, many people said: "When everybody knows what's going to happen, why waste time and money on the old conference anyway?"

However, the ^{Japanese} ~~the~~ walkout today has resulted in something

~~rather startling. We hear from London~~ that either Germany or

Russia ~~may~~ may be invited in to take the place of the gentlemen of

— *hearing that days now.*
Japan. Of course neither the Fatherland nor the Soviets can compare

with the Mikado's realm as naval powers. That is, not yet. But the

possibility that it opens up is an agreement between the western

naval powers and Russia. And that's a picture that the descendants

of the Samuri will not look upon with good ~~appetite~~ ~~appetite~~

appetite, until that long prophesied and we hope mythical day when they want to fight the whole white race.

PLANE CRASH

That tragedy in an Arkansas swamp ~~this afternoon~~
has ^{now} become a mystery. And that, aviation people will tell
us, is the worst part of it all. Now that the authorities
have been on the spot, now that experts have looked over the
scene, ^{they say they} we haven't the faintest idea what happened to that ill-
fated ^{giant} passenger liner. Worst of all, Department of Commerce
officials say that the cause of that catastrophe ^{and} the death
of those seventeen people will probably never be known.

The craft was in a perfect condition. The pilot,
Jerry Marshall, one of the ace fliers of Texas, a veteran and
a crackerjack. As for the weather, perfect flying conditions.
When the dead passengers were found everyone of them had safety
belts adjusted. Whatever the cause of the smash Jerry Mar-
shall had had time and presence of mind enough to shut off the
gas feed.

Nothing can be grimer than the circumstances. ^{Pilot} ~~Jerry~~
Marshall took off from Memphis in perfect order. Fifteen
minutes later he reported by radio:- "Every^hting okay." The
next time he was due to report, no message. Silence. The

silence grew ominous. The dispatcher tried to get in touch with him and failed. Then the officials of the Memphis Airport became alarmed. The alarm became ^a horror when a message was received from a farmer living in the Arkansas lowlands. He telephoned in that he had seen a ~~fi~~ giant plane flying low midway between Memphis and Little Rock. And he ^{had} heard a loud crash.

That, of course, was a cue for a searching party.

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With lanterns and flashlights men waded through ooze and mud sometimes up to their waists. And they found evidence of the horror even before they reached the actual scene. For "The Southerner," the crack liner, and its passengers, were scattered over an area of four miles.

Less tragic was the plane accident in Florida. Nobody was aboard the giant French good will air liner, biggest plane in the world. The wind, a freak flurry, picked it up and turned it over on its back. Floating upside down,

BONUS

And what of the bonus? That's what everybody is trying to ask the White House today. And the White House replies with a vociferous and labyrinthine nothing. The Number One Man at the Executive Mansion has everybody in the capitol and elsewhere guessing, ~~And are they~~ busy guessing!

Be that as it may, let's take a look at the Bonus Bill and decipher what it means. It sounds simple and plausible. All veterans who hold adjusted service certificates will get fifty Baby Bonds, not negotiable. The number of bonds each man receives ~~will be~~ for the full value of his certificates after any loans that have been made to him are deducted. However, the interest on those loans will be cancelled as from September Thirtieth, Nineteen Thirty-One.

But, you may ask, how do the lads get their pay? They take them to any post office and receive cash, cash for full face value.

But there's an inducement to encourage them to hold on to those bonds. If they put them away in the old ~~box~~ safety deposit box, those bonds will accumulate interest at three per cent,

starting June Fifteenth, Nineteen Thirty-Seven. And those bonds will mature June Fifteenth, Nineteen Forty-Five, with accumulated interest. That's the scheme as worked out by compromise.

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Meanwhile the infationists are busy. Demanding that the Government shall print new money to pay the Veterans. Inflation. They point to the tremendous deficit we already have.

Leadville, and Central City, Colorado, Virginia City and Pecos, Nevada, like scores of super-cities that made fortunes and drew in fabled... for years Deadwood was a ghost town, with deserted mine shafts, empty houses, the bare frames of saloons and gambling houses with windows boarded up.

And now the picture has changed again. The high price of gold has brought new life to Deadwood as to other places. At the famous Summit there's a new shaft driving a mile deep into the earth. Also a modern hydro-electric plant and an assay office. Even the nearby town of Blackfoot is on the boom too. The hammering of carpenters and the noise of concrete can be heard all day putting up new mills. New claims are being discovered,

GOLD

And now some gold to pay that bonus.

A new gold boom in an old place, the picturesquely named town of Deadwood, South Dakota. In the days of Thomas F. Walsh, of George Hearst, and other great finders of mines, Deadwood was one of the most picturesque, hustling, thriving wild and wooly places on the North American continent. It was there that George Hearst found the famous Homestake mine, the source of a large proportion of the two hundred Hearst millions. But like Leadville, and Central City, Colorado, Virginia City and Pioche, Nevada, like scores of other places that made fortunes and drama, it faded. For years Deadwood was a ghost town, with deserted mine shafts, empty houses, the bare frames of saloons and gambling houses with windows boarded up.

And now the picture has changed again. The high price of gold has brought new life to Deadwood as to other places. At the famous Homestake there's a new shaft driving a mile deep into the earth. Also a modern hydro-electric plant and an assay office. Even the nearby town of Rockford is on the boom too. The hammering of carpenters and the noise of concrete machines can be heard hastily putting up new mills. New ore veins are being discovered,

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new claims staked out. In Nineteen Thirty-Four, South Dakota mined more than sixteen million dollars' worth of the precious metal. And engineers tell us that the figure for Nineteen Thirty-Five will run even higher. What's more, some of the baser metals such as columbite, feldspar, bentonite, and lithium ore ~~is~~ used not only in the making of fireworks but of batteries, all these are being dug out of the black hills of South Dakota.

Siemel.

Jan. 15,
1936.

INTRODUCTION FOR SIEMEL

A gentleman dropped in on us tonight whose specialty is hunting tigers with a bow and spear. He is Sasha Siemel, who among other things is the hero of those thrilling books TIGER MAN and GREEN HELL. Though he was born in Latvia, his bailiwick is South America -- the jungle, Green Hell -- and oddly enough he looks like Ulysses S. Grant. Recently he took Colonel Ted Roosevelt to South America on a hunt.

Hunting the big cats, jaguars, South American tigers, with the weapons of our forefathers seems just about the most dangerous thing a man can do. How about that, Mr. Tiger Man?

SIEMEL

MR. SIEMEL: No, Mr. Radio Man, it's much safer than going after them with explosive weapons.

L. T.:- How do you make that out. Can't you miss with a bow just as well as with a rifle?

MR. SIEMEL: Well, yes, occasionally. But as a rule I feel myself pretty safe behind an eighty pound bow. But then in case one does miss, and the brute becomes charging, we're ready for him with the spear. And I'm perfectly sure of my weapons, because I make all myself, my own bows and arrows, forge and temper my own spear blades.

L. T.: To us it seems a little strange to hear of hunting tigers in South America.

MR. SIEMEL: Ah, you call them jaguars. But down in South America we call them tigre. As a matter of fact, they run to three hundred and fifty pounds, as large as a medium sized Bengal tiger. You

haven't any jaguars of such size in North American zoos.

L. T.: What's the most exciting experience you had with one of those big cats?

SIEMEL: The most exciting time I ever had with a cat was in a boarding house in Buenos Aires. There had been a lot of murderous burglaries around there. I woke up in the middle of the night with my window open and was conscious there was something or somebody in the room who had no business there. After lying awake a couple of minutes, I kicked violently with my feet. There was a yowl, a snarl and a spit, and behold! a common or garden house cat! That was the biggest fright I ever got from a cat.

But the saddest experience I ever had was the first time I'd ever seen a jaguar in the open - they usually cling to the bush. I had my camera man, a young boy I was breaking in, posted with detailed instructions, so that he could get a good picture. The dogs had chased the jaguar up a tree. We were all ready for him. I wanted one picture of him climbing down the tree, and

another of the spear fight. I clicked my steel camera at him and as he heard the click he snarled and came sailing through the ~~xxx~~ air at me. I had never seen a big cat jump from such a height. He landed almost at my feet. I got him with a spear. When the fight was over, I looked at my camera man. He was pale and shaking, and said ---

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L.T.:- I bet I know what he said. He had forgotten to load his camera with film!

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SIEMEL: Not exactly, but just as bad. He had rubbed against the ~~xx~~ aphragma, if you know what that means. Anyway, there was no picture.

UMPIRE

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It seems funny to be hearing about "a most popular umpire." ~~Fancy that, Hedder~~ I always thought umpires were about as popular as the proverbial pole-cat at a picnic. But it seems that for two years running the celebrated Albert Adolph Stark, "Dolly" to you, has been acclaimed the most popular umpire in the National League. That's a result of the census of the SPORTING NEWS, a baseball weekly in St. Louis.

In the American League the laurels go to Bill McGowan. But Dolly topped all the umpires in both leagues for first choice votes.

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newspaper men or liquor peddlers. The idea is to prevent any
of the official business of the Commission from leaking out.

Can you imagine what a hubbub such a ruling would make
in Washington? Suppose nobody in the employ of Uncle Sam at the
capital were allowed to have champagne dinners with lobbyists or
dealers with reporters.

DATES

If you were a stenographer, how would you like it if your boss laid down rules for the dates you make and keep, or break - of an evening? Most ~~stenographers~~ employers say: "I don't care what the boys and girls do after office hours, just so they're on their toes the next morning."

Out in Iowa there's an employer, and an important one, who cares a great deal what his employees do in the evening. That's the Iowa State Liquor Commission. It has established a date black-list such as exists in young ladies' boarding schools! The young gentlemen and ladies who work for that Commission may not associate with either liquor salesmen or newspaper reporters. There's something that ought to interest the Newspaper Guild!

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Can you imagine what a hubbub such a ruling would make in Washington? Suppose nobody in the employ of Uncle Sam at the Capital were allowed to have champagne dinners with lobbyists or beer dinners with reporters.

SAXOPHONE FOLLOW DATES

And here's a yarn from the Far East that might interest the Musicians' Union.

In a Chinese cabaret in Shanghai, there was a young saxophone player named Bienvenido Bantog. ^{Senior} ~~Mr.~~ Bantog is a Filipino, evidently full of the traditional and ineradical passion of his race. He became enamored of a dancing girl in that cabaret, ^{— even as you and I,} Another man in the band started making a play for the same lady. The up-shot was a quarrel, which ^{Senior} ~~Mr.~~ Bantog ended by stabbing his rival.

As a native of the Philippines, ^{he} ~~Mr. Bantog~~ was subject not to the Chinese courts but to the United States Consular Court. There his attorney, ~~who admitted the stabbing,~~ made a plea for mercy; ~~He first~~ claimed that the stabbing was done in self-defense. But aside from self-defence, said the lawyer, the judge should go easy with ^{Senior} ~~Mr.~~ Bantog. In the first place, he said, Bantog ~~was~~ a saxophone player. As such, the advocate continued, he was only a step from the jungle. Furthermore, he urged, "a saxophone player represents the ~~lowest~~ lowest rung of the social ladder and should not be treated as though he were a butcher, baker, or candle-stick

maker. Or even a xylophonist."

Said the judge: "I think you're right - six months
in jail."

I wonder what the scale of punishment ought to be
for ukelele players?

ALARM

In the game of romance you should say it with wedding bells, not fire bells. Love may be alarming to some, but it shouldn't be a false alarm. All of these rules of the heart were violated by a young man of Montreal, who tonight is in jail. ^{TP} The story goes how Rene' Jobin was deeply devoted, but the girl's parents were cruel. They wouldn't let her see Rene'. One night the mournful suitor was pacing disconsolately in front of his loved one's house, yearning for a way to ^{meet} ~~see~~ her. Then he noticed in front of the house - a fire alarm. And that inspired him to a flaming idea - only there were no flames. He thought - if you were to ring the alarm the fire ^{engines} ~~bells~~ would come thundering and clanging. In the commotion, the people of the house would rush out, parents, daughter and all. And he would have a chance to sneak her off to one side and be for a few minutes with her. ^{TP} He tried it, and it worked! There was a fire alarm all over the place. Papa and Mama came tearing ~~out~~ down the front stoop, daughter followed them. And while Papa and Mama joined the firemen, looking frantically for the fire, Rene' and his beloved had a blissful few minutes, exchanging of vows of eternal ^{devotion.} ~~emotion.~~

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It worked that time. And it worked the next time. In fact, it worked eight times. Love was singing its own sweet song - and the Montreal Fire Department was driven crazy, not to mention the incessant agitation of Papa and Mama. But the ninth time - Ah, that was different! The Fire Department had cruelly set a watch. And they caught Rene', ringing the false alarm. So now Rene' is in the coop. And the lovelorn girl is hoping that by the time he gets out he won't be too old to marry her.

(GONG)

Fire alarms and love, and -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.