

HELLO YOU NEWSPAPER READERS. That's just the same as saying:- "Hello Everybody." We can't do without our newspapers, and apparently the ancient Romans couldn't do without their's.

The news today tells of the first newspapers. They've been dug up in excavations in the old Roman port of Ostia. Of course, we've always known the Romans had newspapers, although they weren't made of paper. They were public tablets of one sort and another, detailing the news of the day.

The Roman special extras just dug up give us a comprehensive view of journalism twenty centuries ago. The day's news was carved on stone tablets. They had no giant rotary

presses in those days or microphones through which to broadcast ~~events of~~ the world's happenings. But the Roman reporter covered about the same range of stories ~~which~~ we have today, international events, wars, elections, debates in the senate, a religious section, a death notice column, and even a sporting page, for the latest chariot race or combat of gladiators in the arena.

~~Yes,~~ That's newspaper news of two thousand years ago, But let's ^{jump}~~just~~ come down to the last minute of the ^{present}~~presses~~. And here too we find some newspaper news, a journalistic stunt that may have its place in international affairs.

47
Over in Japan, the Osaka Asahi Shimbun, Shimbun being Japanese for newspaper, has sponsored a spectacular airplane flight to China, a reporter of the Japanese paper went winging to the old Chinese land, with which Japan has been ~~at~~ such enmity of late. And he reports that he was received with enthusiastic friendliness. It's a kind of goodwill flight, and it may ^{have some effect on}~~to something to~~ the Chinese attitude toward Japan.

~~This bit of enterprising bit of journalism reminds us that some of the most important newspapers in the world are in~~

LEAGUE

The League of Nations is again in session and here are a couple of the more important problems facing the world statesmen.

8

One is Russia, though that doesn't seem to be much of a problem anymore. Japan doesn't like the idea of Russia entering the Geneva family of nations. Tokyo has withdrawn from the League, and doesn't want to see her Russian antagonists on the inside. Poland also protests. Moscow would naturally be seated as a ^{major} ~~big~~ power and ^{Warsaw} ~~Poland~~ ^{Poland,} thinks she should get the next place on the list of ^{Major} nations.

However, the real bosses are France, England, and Italy, and they see many advantages in admitting the Soviets. And that seems to settle the matter. You can count on Russia becoming a member.

One immediate question concerns the Saar Valley. The League will have to decide promptly if it intends to send additional policemen into the disputed territory to run the scheduled election. Anti-Nazis are claiming that the Hitler forces are going to resort to skull-duggery to make sure that the people of the Saar vote to become a part of Germany again.

So, they want the League to send a strong body of international police to watch the election.

RUSSIA

49

We learn today something of the reason why negotiations between the United States and Russia have broken down. The facts have not officially been made public -- the State Department is threatening to come right out and tell just why Uncle Sam hasn't been able to get anywhere with the Communists of Moscow.

However, the general layout is fairly well understood. The American debt claims against the Soviets don't seem to be the real difficulty, although the Russians refused to consider anything like the amount Uncle Sam had thought himself entitled to. (The original claim was about six hundred and seventy million dollars, but the discussions boiled that down to about one hundred and fifty million.)

The real difficulty that broke up the rosy diplomatic pow-wow was the Communist idea about a loan. The Soviets insisted that Uncle Sam should lend them some money. They were willing to settle what they owe, not by giving us any money, but by having us give them some money. Sounds like a fine idea, if you can make it work.

Of course, this ingenious fancy was tangled up with all that international trade between the United States and Russia, the huge amount of American goods the Soviets ^{might} ~~would~~ buy.

50
The Moscow diplomats said they wanted to borrow our money so

Good old World War idea!
they could buy out merchandise. [^] Washington was willing to

underwrite Russia's credit in part. But Moscow insists on

having a loan. It all boils down to elementary financial

terms:- We want them to pay us money on what they owe us.

^{also}
We [^] want them to pay us money for goods they buy from us. But

they want us to hand them ^{a lot of coin.} ~~some money.~~ [^] Everybody wants dough.

STRIKE

It's encouraging to notice that the strike news looks quieter tonight. There's still plenty of sporadic disturbances in the various textile areas, but nothing like that tragic flare-up in South Carolina yesterday. You could hardly avoid the anxious feeling that the southern battle, with its shooting and killing, might touch off a wide-spread series of savage clashes.

But that has not been the case. The death list seems to stand as it did yesterday -- at ten.

The strike leaders in Washington are resorting to an appeal to the President to send regular Army troops into the disturbed sections where threats of fighting between the strikers and the mill police are reported. The President is not likely to do any such thing. The use of the Army in strike troubles has been exceedingly rare, only when local authorities proved themselves unable to handle a dangerous outbreak.

Just the other day, Secretary of War Dern, made a remark about the use of even State troops. He declared that cool judgement should be used before National Guardsmen are called out in textile strike troubles:

One thing to keep in mind is that some textile mills

are shutting down to avoid violence without the workers going on strike. This is the case with the J. & P. Coates thread making plant at Pawtucket, R. I.

Right now, the President's Mediation Board is hard at work. The Board met in Washington today and organized. Governor Winant of New Hampshire, the chairman, announced that all parties interested in the strike would be called at once for the hearings the Board is going to hold in a swiftly moving attempt to bring about an agreement. And they were called, to give testimony for both sides. Things hummed today in that board meeting.

An odd angle in the day's strike news is the trouble in Arizona, where workers employed on government relief projects are striking and rioting. They are protesting against the amount of Federal wages paid to them. A communist agitator was the leader in the disturbances in which the entire police force of the city of Phoenix was called out. And the acrid smoke of gun powder mingled with the biting fumes of tear gas. One man killed, seventy injured.

The strike tendency seems to have reached a curious pinnacle with this disturbance among the men to whom the government gave public works jobs because they were unemployed.

RELATIVES

The NRA news today mostly consists of family matters. The codes may not be working out perfectly, but the NRA family relations are getting ahead in the world.

General Johnson's son, who was a second lieutenant, has been promoted. He is a first Lieutenant now, ~~just~~ in the regular way the Army grinds out promotions. The lieutenant won his ~~promotion~~ ^{raise} not in an Army post, but in an NRA office.

And then there's Robbie's brother-in-law, Miss Frances Robinson, who is General Johnson's influential, deputy assistant, has a brother-in-law who is a deputy administrator in the NRA. He is a retired leather manufacturer and they say he's likely to become head of the leather section of the Blue Eagle's domain.

His immediate superior's declare that Robbie's position ~~xxx~~ at headquarters has nothing to do with her brother-in-law's position in the leather wing.

KONG

The entire National Guard has been mobilized in Louisiana, three thousand troops called to the colors. How come? Well, the story that comes from New Orleans ~~shows~~ sounds like a scene in a comedy.

Somebody told Kingfish Huey Long that his prime political enemy, the Mayor of New Orleans has been conferring with a man who is a regular demon of war, a tall, ~~tall~~ bronzed, soldierly fellow named Colonel Molony.

"Who is this guy Molony?" Huey is reported to have asked. And somebody replied that Colonel Molony was a soldier of fortune who had led revolutions in Latin American countries, an expert machine gunner, also an expert at training men for war.

When Huey heard this he shouted: "Let him start a war. He can't lick me."

And with that he gave orders for the mobilization of three thousand National Guardsmen.

All of these absurd tales, day after day, merely serve to deepen the puzzle of the Kingfish who is certainly the most perplexing character in American public life, perplexing because

he seems to have so many extremely able qualities. Just look at his career -- born on a Louisiana farm, hoed potatoes, a salesman peddling lard, going from door to door telling housewives how to run their homes; borrowed four hundred and fifty dollars from a brother ^{to go} ~~went~~ to college, then enrolled for a three year course at Tulane University, did the three years of work and won his diploma in nine months.

Then a dizzy, upward climb in politics, and as Governor of Louisiana, he ~~was~~ ^{has} accomplished ~~the~~ real, substantial things, new roads, new buildings, public improvements. These ~~xxxxxxxx~~ accomplishments are undeniable.

5
So there's some reason for Huey's boastfulness, as— when he made his famous declaration: "There may be smarter men than me, but they ain't in Louisiana."

His braggadocio climbs to a real pinnacle with the story of how in 1930 he met ex-President and Mrs. Coolidge.

"Are the Hoovers good housekeepers?" the Kingfish asked.

The President looked puzzled and answered, "I guess they are."

Whereupon Huey explained. "When I was elected Governor I found the Executive Mansion in such rotten shape I had to tear it down and rebuild it. I don't want to have to do that to the White House."

VOLCANO

Out in the Hawaiian Islands, the night clerk in a resort hotel was whiling the time away, when suddenly he noticed a window aglow with a strange light. Outside, the buildings around were ^{aglow} ~~glow~~ with a weird radiance. ~~And the sky was lighted up as if by some giant planet.~~

Then in the distance he saw shooting flames and a gushing of liquid fire from the top of a mountain. The blaze leaped high with brilliant towering jets of white and green, ~~and there was a vivid glow of incandescent lava.~~

That's the way the eruption was first noticed, the ^{present} eruption that has ~~just started to spout fire once more from~~ of Hawaii's renowned volcano, Kilauea. The earth is trembling ^{there tonight} out ~~in Hawaii~~ as the mountain goddess is staging ~~one of~~ her most spectacular shows for many ~~a~~ year. At last reports, the immense basin that is the crater of Kilauea is filled to a depth of fifty feet with flaming molten rock.

KINGDON-WARD

Here's another one from the uttermost end of the earth, from one of those blank spaces on the map, a region unknown even to explorers. That is, until now. This is the latest news, in fact, the only news we have ever had from the wild mountains through which the Lohit River flows. But flows is too quiet a word. The Lohit races and roars and crashes -- plunging through wild gorges at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

The explorer, Captain F. Kingdon-Ward, ~~whose name you probably have never heard~~, has penetrated to an unknown region near where Burma and China come together. Twenty years ago, when I first met Kingdon-Ward in Asia, even then he was exploring the inner valley's of the remote Himalayas, a land of dense, streaming jungle, where slant-eyed tribesmen slide across yawning canyons on bamboo rope-bridges.

His profession is exploration. And his hobby is even more dangerous. ~~He~~ Searching for rare orchids found in the most ⁱⁿ accessible places. ~~Captain Kingdon-Ward tells how on this latest expedition through a fantastic fairyland of goblins and gloom, while descending a great cliff which he had scaled~~

in search of a rare ^{orchid} ~~plant~~, he missed his footing, clutched and hung trembling for minutes, before he got back to safety.

Some of the people he found in ~~that~~ unknown part of Tibet were naked dwarf savages. All they wore were helmets made of cane. They carried long bows with poison arrows, and their features were ape-like.

The English Captain sent a runner over the mountains to bring in his mail. The runner was murdered; his body thrown over a cliff. It was during a storm. One person, a tribesman heard a scream, and found the body.

When Captain Kingdon-Ward returned to the village of the Governor of that Tibetan district, all the head men had been called in. An investigation was already on. The Governor was determined to find the murderer. The people of the mountain town had all gathered. Two powerful men, striped, stood there with leather thongs, whips, ready to help the witnesses quicken their memories and hurry their answers, with the lash.

The Governor was doing the questioning. He turned away from one witness and said to the English explorer: "Shall I

flog him?"

"Why"? replied Kingdon-Ward.

"His answers are not satisfactory," said the Governor.

8
"Carry on according to your own customs," was the Englishman's answer. And then he sat there watching the witnesses flogged, one after another. The Captain left that night and continuing his exploration. When he returned he learned that none of the witnesses who were flogged had been responsible for the crime. But in the months that had passed the murderer was found, --- while the English explorer was hunting for orchids.

SNORE

87m
I don't know how many of you folks I've put to sleep,
how many of you burly men are snoring -- of course the ladies
don't snore.

Anyway, I hope you're snoring in a musical, melodious
manner. It's a test ~~for~~ of your talent for music. This
"snore-science" we learn from Professor Arthur Cremin, Director
of the New York School of Music. The Professor is a student
of those sibilant sounds emitted in sleep. He can listen to
your snore and tell you how much music there is in your soul.

You should have heard Caruso snore I suppose.
~~A fine snorer can be a fine singer.~~

~~It's just too bad if you have one of those ~~hiss~~ busy ~~snore~~
snores, or a slumbering intonation that sounds like a bass
fiddle gone sour, or like the bull moose calling for its mate.
It means you are more fitted for a baseball game than the
Metropolitan Opera House.~~

9
The kind of sleepy sound that tells of a soul full of
not the old buzz saw but
music is [^]the kind of snoring that has nuance, tunefulness,
a snore that is like the sighing of the wind in the trees, and
then rises with a plaintive cadence and swells like the solemn

tone of an organ or the distant note of a hunting horn, ~~on a~~
~~summer day. A room full of snorers like that would be like a~~
~~whole orchestra of bassoons, bass clarinets and saxophones.~~

So if wifie is awakened at night by ~~her husband's~~ ^{hubby's}
snoring, she shouldn't hit him over the head with a pillow,
she should listen to see if he is musical.

Well I suppose you are all snoring by ~~this time, so~~ ^{now, so}

~~I had better say,~~ SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

9 1/2