Good Evening, Everybody: -

There's a funny look this evening in the eyes of that famous Monarch, King Cotton. His Majesty may have a vacation next year.

Louisiana passed a bill declaring a cotton holiday in 1932. This bill was sponsored by Governor Huey %. Long and it went through in a hurry. It proposes to forbid the growing of any cotton in 1932 in the State of Louisiana, provided the other cotton-growing states of the South will put through similar.

Louisiana is say ing to her Southern brothers:

"BOYS, THE PRICE OF COTTON HAS

GONE DOWN AND DOWN. WE HAVE BEEN

PRODUCING TOO MUCH. COTTON. THE WAY WE

CAN BRING THE PRICE UP IS BY CUTTING THE

PRODUCTION OF COTTON. HOW ABOUT Rolling UP

STOPPING THE PRODUCTION FOR A YEAR?

WE'LL TAKE THE LEAD. HERE (S THIS NEW

LAW OF OURS. NOW WHAT WE WANT IS FOR

EACH OF YOU TO PUT THROUGH A LAW OF THE

SAME KIND. WE WON'T GROW A BALE OF COTTON IN 1932 IF YOU WILL GUARANTEE TO

The State Government of Louisiana, says the Associated Press, is taking up the matter with the other auxtam cotton-growing states and these are debating the question of whether they should join in the movement and make 1932 a cottonless year—in fact the only cottonless year since those old days when Colonists in America introduced the plant that grows the white and fluffy stuff and made King Cotton a Monarch of the South Tand Divice.

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It was announced today that between fifteen and twenty five thousand men had been ordered to return to work on September 8th at the Ford Plant in Detroit. The company made a big cut of its working force on August Ist but now att those thousands are boing back. And the Associated Press quotes officials of the company as saying that fifty thousand men were expected to be taken back by the middle of September. Former employes will get the jobs.

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Three hundred thousand people over in England had their pay cut today. They are government employes. The new economy government of Great Britain has started in on its money-saving drive, and they began with the civil service. The amount cut off from each man's and woman's salary won't be much, only a little more than ten dollars a year.

But multiply that by 300,000 and you have a good deal of money. The figure given by the Associated Press is million 400/dollars a year -- and that's a considerable saving for a country that's as up against it for money as England is now.

Meanwhile, Prime Minister MacDonald is being expelled more and more from the Labor Party -- that is, more and more various branches are showing him the gate. The London branch in which he lives has Prime Minister has said, "Goodbye, Ramsey old chap," and the International News Service cables that even in his old home district in Scotland,

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where he's now having a vacation, the local Labor party has voted to expel him from its ranks.

They accuse him of having formed an anti-socialistic government, the purpose of which is to put through legislation which is against the interests of the working class.

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Well, Gandhi has sailed, Amid a scene of wild demonstrations. He is now on the high sea aboard the steamer Rajputana, on his way to London to a attend the conference which it is hoped will decide the fate of India.

But Gandhi doesn't seem to have much hope. He declares that he doesn't believe that London conference will settle the Indian question or that it will accomplish anything in particular. But just the same he is going. He is quoted by the Associated Press, as declaring:

" I SEE NOTHING ON THE HORIZON
TO WARRANT HOPE. I WAS BORN AN OPTIMIST,
AND I AM HOPING AGAINST HOPE."

Before he sailed he made an address to an endless group of followers in which he said:

"I AM A CRIPPLED MAN. BUT IT IS N'ATURAL THAT A GRIPPLED NATION SHOULD HAVE A CRIPPLED DELEGATE."

On his way to the ship at Bombay huge crowd gathered and yelled frantic

cheers for the little Holy Man. But there was one loud and discordant not e. A group of Reds gathered with banners and howled denunciations against Gandhi. They protested with wild yells against his trying to make peace with the British and his departure for the London Conference. But they were outnumbered by Gandhi's followers.

There was a lively fight. Fists flew and missles were hurled. The International News Service says that the friends of Gandhi won. They swooped down xx on the Mahatma's enemies and gave them a thorough beating. TOf course & Gandhi's trip to England has an important sartorial angle. The Mahatma's clothes are going to provide one of the most his trip to London. The went aboard ship clothed as usual in a loin cloth, with a scarf hung about his shoulders. He will live on goat's milk and fruit. Miss Madeline Slade, English woman, and daughter of a British Admiral, is Gandhi's

attendant on the voyage and she is

charge of the goats. the milkmaid to the goats.

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An Associated Press cable from Paris denies the report that France is about to get out of Syria. The French have been in possession of Syria under the mandate system since the end of the World War.

that there's nothing to the rumor that France is going to give up Syria. A spokesman for the French foreign office merely says that the report is premature.

The explanation was made that negotiations are now under way for the framing of a treaty which will give the Syrians the right of self-government. The French say the time isn't ripe now, but when it is, France will withdraw her soldiers, will declare the autonomy of Syria, and will give the Syrians the right to enter the League of Nations.

The arrangement which France proposes is something like the agreement which England made with the kingdom of Irak -- that is, Mesopotamia. Both

Irak and Syria are somewhat similarly situated. One is to the east of Arabia, and the other is to the west. Their problems are somewhat similar, and I suppose the solution might as well be similar too.

Now let's begin where I left off last night -- I mean that story I didn't have time to tell.

Picture the barren Arctic land along the Peace River, that's in the desolate borderland of Canada and Alaska. A canoe paddling on the river. In it are a white man and two Indians. The white man is a priest. He looks very old. He has a long white beard. In fact, hels very old -- more than a hundred.

This picture is drawn for us in the current issue of the Literary Digest. It is quoted from a Methodist periodical, Zion's Herald, which prints an interview with Carveth Wells, the far-journeying traveler.

Carveth Wells met that ancient priest traveling along the river, still active despite his hundred odd years. The old man was Father Grouard, well-known among the hardy people along the Arctic circle of western Canada and Alaska. He was a

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middle-aged man already, back in 1873, when he set out with a bullock-cart from Chicago and headed to the Northwest. He was looking for a parish. First he went to the little log-cabin villages of Minneapolis and Saint Paul, but they weren't primitive enough for the pioneering priest, to make the right kind of parish. He kept on in his bullockcart, heading North. He traveled through the untamed Indians of those days until he came to the present site of the city of Edmonton. Then he put on snow-shoes and walked a distance that now takes two days by train. He came to the Peace River, but still that wasn't far enough and wild enough for the parish that he wanted.

With a couple of Indian companions he built a raft and floated northward along the river. Finally he came to a place sufficiently desolate and far enough in the country of the Indians and Eskimos to please the fancy of this adventuring missionary. He built a

church with walls and ceilings of moose-hide. And there he conducted his mission for years.

He passed his spare time painting sacred pictures for the walls of his church. He was quite an artist in his way.

Methodist Zion's Herald, tells us that when he was up that way a couple of years ago the church was still standing and the paintings were still on the walls. They are considered artistic treasures by now. Several museums have tried to buy them. But the understanding was that they would remain in the church until the old priest had died, and then they would be given to one of Canada's large museums.

At that time Father Grouard, although more than 100 years old, was still healthy and active -- and he may still be.

Well, that article which the Literary Digest gives us is an impressive panarama of missionaries in the wilds.

Carveth Wells goes on by telling how last year in the depths of Central Africa he met a man distributing Bibles. He was traveling all the way from the East to the West coast of Africa, pushing along his stock of Bibles in a kind of wheelbarrow.

Yes, it's a parade of missionary heroism that that
Literary Digest article gives us this week.

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The air races opened at Cleveland today. There was a flower procession that made its way through the streets of the city. It was sponsored by the Cleveland Plain-Dealer; and the United Press describes it as a splashing display of colorful floats and gaily bedecked marchers. The procession made a 25-mile trip through the city streets and on out to the airport.

Well, at the airport they had another kind of procession. A squadron of fighting Naval planes thundered through the air, and those boys made speed as they wheeled around the sky in their skillful formations.

these were just opening festivities. And the next few days are going to see the thrilling contests, with their made orgies of speed -- speed and more speed.

Will be the giant DO-X.

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George Sanford Holmes (wash coveryment of Scrippo-Howard chain) Nineteen years ago a milk-faced, guileless youth, came down out of the tops of the Rocky Mountains, and knocked timidly at the door of the editor of the big-town newspaper, a great editor, a noble editor - he saved me from starving to death.

the time a lot of snows have melted on the slopes of old Pikes

Peak and that first soft-hearted editor who took me under his

wing, has become an newspaper men with a national reputiation. In

fact, today he is Washington correspondent of a whole chain of

dailies the Scripps-Howard newspapers. Not only does he write

political and general articles that are printed from coast to coast,

but he also reels off poems which are read daily, by hundreds of

thousands of folks on this continent.

His name is George Sandford Holmes. And my old boss
George Holmes hap ens to be in New York this week. I invited him
to come along to the studio with me tonight and tell us some news
item of the day that strikes his fancy. I even told him that he
might burst into verse about it if he wanted to.

Well, George, how about it?

I'm glad to know that unconsciously I have been responsible for saving a human life--if starving newspaper men are human. I suppose they are, but they don't always look it. But now that "story of the day". To me it was the reception to the Old Frigate CONSTITUTION, --a welcome such as only New York can give, to the old historic relic, now rebuilt and repaired and being towed about the country as Exhibit A of patriotic tradition. This was the way it impressed me, in a verse which I have called, "Give Back Her Wings!"

HER TAPERING MASTS AND YARD-ARMS TOWER BARE HER SAILS ARE FURLED FOREVER TO THE BREEZE: A TUG AND TOW-LINE DRAG HER THRU THE SEAS THAT ONCE SHE RULED AMID THE BATTLE'S GLARE; NO MORE HER MUZZLE-LOADERS BELCH AND BLARE OR GRAPPLING - IRONS GRIP HER ENEMIES, HER PEACEFUL MISSION NOW TO FLOAT AT EASE WITH "TATTERED ENSIGN" IDLING IN THE AR. O CRIPPLED BIRD FROM OUT THE GLORIOUS

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past,
SHORN OF SNOW PLUMAGE, CANVAS BATTENED
FAST,
PRAY SOON TO SPREAD THY PINIONS TO
THE GALE,
MAN RIGGING, DECK AND SPAR, CROWD SAIL
ON SAIL--O SET HER FREE AND CUT HER LE ADING-STRINGS
GIVE BACK TO IRONSIDES HER GORGEOUS WINGS

That was superb. And certainly a grand way to tell about that glorious old ship. By the way, George, you're an heir to an estate over in England are you? If so, just listen while I tell the folks this one:-

The stately activities of diplomacy and state-craft were livened up a bit today by the American ambassador to Great Britain coming out and denouncing a swindle. Ambassador Charles G. Dawes and his pipe still upside down, made a public declaration in which he denounced the "imaginary estate" swindle which is said to be taking millions of dollars out of the pockets of gullible Americans.

The "imaginery estate" game is usually a case of British crooks persuading Americans that they are heirs to a fortune over in England.

John Q. Jones of Hayseed Corners has a little money saved up, and the next thing you know he gets a letter from a supposed firm of eminent London solicitors who tell him that he is an heir to the fabulous fortune left by Lord Bareacres or the Duke of Emptiland.

Of course John Q. Jones, Esquire, will have to put a bit of jack for the expense of establishing his title

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to all that wealth. John does, and he's just plain swindled. The har, and that how the touch is made. There is no estate such as the one described, and even if there were John wouldn't be entitled to any of it.

It's an old game. It's been going on for years, but it's been flourishing with a new crooked glory during the past couple of years. Ambassador Dawes is quoted by the United Press as declaring that one of the singular effects of the world depression is shown in an increase in the number of Americans who are swindled by crooked British lawyers by means of the old "imaginery estate" racket. And the American ambassador is in a position to know, because sooner or later these swindles come to the notice of the American diplomatic officials in London.

And so Ambassador Dawes wants the word to be spread far and wide, warning Americans against any supposed information they may receive about estates in England.

The ambassador comes right out and states that any American who, without preliminary investigation, sends money to a stranger to be used in establishing a claim to an estate, why that American is a double-distilled fool.

So let's all be on the look-out.

And, as I leave here now I'd like to see some slicker come up to me and tell me how I'm the heir to the two hundred thousand pound fortune left by his Grace the Earl of Flubdub.

I'd tell him just what I'm saying now:-

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.