Page /

Good Evening, Everybody: -

The great East Texas oil fields re-opened today. Yes, the giant wells started pumping oil once more, but it was under strict military supervision.

Huge wells, many of them capable of yielding 40,000 barrels a day, are being kept down to 225 barrels.

The United Press calls that East Texas oil field "a modern El Dorado that threatened to ruin the entire petroleum industry."

It was producing so much that the bottom dropped out of prices.

Something had to be done to plug up that disastrous gush of oil.

We all recall how Alfalfa Bill
Murray used military force in shutting
down the excessive production of oil in
Oklahoma. And in Texas Governor Sterling
did the same thing.

The great East Texas oil field has been idle since August 17th. The military forces of the state have been patrolling the great forest of derricks to see that the oil was kept under ground.

10

11

13

The idea seems to have worked.

During the wild orgy of over-production oil from that East Texas field dropped to the incredible small price of 5 cents a barrel. You'd pay as much for a subway ride as you would for a barrel of oil. But with the shut-down the price did a neat climb. Today the price of that same oil is 68 cents a barrel.

Well, today the big East Texas oil field started pumping again, but the flow of oil is severely restricted.

Here's a veteran who source came back in great style. Yes, Francis Grünet, won that big golf townament at Beverly Country Club, Chicago. For the second time in his long career, the United Press informs us, Juinet captured the National amateur golf championship by beating the National amateur golf championship by beating the Netland, b up and 5 to go. The N.Y. Eve. Post vacla Westland, b up and 5 to g

_25

6-16-31 - 5M

It's beginning to look bad for the bridges crossing the Rio Grande. Those bridges that reach from Texas into Mexico may become just about as useless as a river without any water in it.

The Mexicans have been protesting against the fact that the authorities on the American side have put through an order closing the American end of the bridges at nine o'clock in the evening. The city of El Paso is trying to get the local bridge closed even at five o'clock.

The Mexicans say this is all wrong and there is a movement asking the Mexican Government to retaliate. The retaliation suggested is that the Mexicans should close the bridges down during the day, from early morning until nine oclock at night. It's a sort of tit for tat idea. You close the bridges down at night and we'll close the down in the day time, which of course would make the bridges merely so much decoration. ***XMXX***

Another type of retaliation xxx being agitated among the Mexicans is that they are threatening to declare a boycott against the merchants of El Paso. They want the Mexicans to agree not to buy anything from the business men in the American city.

The Associated Press gives us a bit of explanation about that bridge-closing controversy. The Americans say they are closing the bridges because of the prevalence of open gambling in the Mexican towns. The Mexicans claim that the real reason is that merchants on the American side want to shut off the competition. They don't want people to go over to the Mexican city and do their shopping.

The peaceful news from Chile that we had last night didn't seem to work out. The Government at Santiago decided to make peace with the mutineering sailors in the Navy but it not only takes two to make a fight but it also takes two to make peace. The sailors refuse to accept the concessions.

And so this evening the situation in the South American republic is worse than ever.

The Associated Press reports that the Government forces are preparing to attack the rebels. The army is scheduled to take control of the coast and shut off the food-supplies for the revolting sailors of the fleet. The idea is to starve them into surrender.

At the same time the air force of the republic is mobilizing, the government threatens to send the planes to bomb the rebels from the sky. Two naval bases, Talcahuano and Coquimbo are in the hands of mutineers. The squadrons of the air are to be sent against those

в

two strongholds.

It is feared that the mutinous warships may try to bombard the big cities on the coast. If they do the planes will bombard them with bombs from the sky. At least that's the program which the Government announces.

The International News Service reports that six large Junker bombing planes are ready to go into action and a large supply of huge air bombs have been made ready.

Meanwhile the word COMMUNISM sounds loud. The Communists are said to be making a serious effort to establish Bolshevism in Chile. The Government has ordered a round-up of all Communist leaders.

6

7

8

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

Meanwhile in Spain the trouble is still going on. Rioting in Barcelona. There was shooting all over the city xxx throughout the night. The Associated Press reports that the efforts to make peace have fallen flat.

The worst battle of the day occurred when a body of strikers barricaded themselves in the Syndicalist headquarters. They fortified themselves mand there and decided to fight it out. They had rifles and pistols and plenty of ammunition. The soldiers and police attacked the place but were beaten back. The fighting went on for six hours and only ended when the police brought up cannon, pieces of light artillery. They trained the threatening muzzles on the Syndicalist headquarters. And when the Reds inside saw the sight of artillery they didn't like it. They surrendered.

23

24

They are having a series of floods in the British

Isles, and in both England and Ireland the waters of some of

the rivers are misbehaving themselves, especially in Ireland.

In England, Yorkshire, Wales and the midlands report the worst

floods in fifty years.

In Ireland hundreds of people are homeless and thousands of cattle have been drowned. The floods are the worst near Dublin. At Drumcondra two hundred houses are under water and at the town of Bray, says the International News Service, torrents of water surged through the streets and five hundred people are out of house and home. Also several sections of the city of Dublin were inundated also.

The great Wilkins mystery is solved. A long wireless message has come through from Sir Hubert Wilkins and his party of adventurers up there in the Arctic. And one phrase seems to explain the silence which enshrouded the North-Pole-going submarine for days --

"Our radios Sir
Hubert Wilkins, "are upright once more,
and we can now establish almost constant
communication with the civilized world."

so it would appear that the reason no word by wireless had been come heard from the adventurous party was the simple fact that the wireless masts, for some cause or other, were down.

Captain Wilkins states that in her voyage through the floating ice the Nautilus frequently shoved her slim nose beneath floes of ice and lifted them, and the ice went cracking and slithering off the metal sides of the submarine.

The wireless dispatch from Sir Hubert Wilkins which is printed in the Hearst newspapers today, tells us that the Nautilus did dive amid the icy perils of the North, she went beneath the ice pack.

"With our depth gage reading 33 feet," radios the modern Captain Nemo, "we have looked out of the portholes, viewing the steel-like fangs of ice moving stealthily through the water.

"Startled small black fish about 6 inches long dash from the ice-holes, making lightning-like speed for a few feet. Then turning, they face us, and we watch their gills fluttering, their tails lashing furiously as they gaze at us through the portholes.

"The water changes in color from blue to green, through the entire range of blues and greens."

That's the picture that is given us by the modern

Captain Nemo, who, like the famous hero of Jules Verne, has

taken a diving submarine to explore the icy wonders of the Polar

Sea.

---- 0 -----

The New York Evening Post carries a fascinating Associated Press dispatch from Washington tonight about a

distinguished American. This American is Silas H. Strawn of
Chicago. The dispatch states that Mr. Strawn, who is now at the
head of the nation's largest association of business men, went
to Chicago from an Illinois farm, to work in a law office at
"ten shining cartwheels a week." Now he is President of the
Chamber of Commerce of the U. S., and one of the world's foremost
lawyers, bankers and diplomats, and he constantly serves his
country in important capacities without pay. An unusual man
who does things quietly and without benefit of publicity.

1 2 3

4 5

7 8

I have a letter here which gives me a calling-down for leaving something out. It seems that in talking about school days I mentioned the old-time marbles and the old-time baseballs we used to make, but I forgot all about that prize implement of our boyhood days -- the big turnip, the watch we used to carry around. Remember how long it took to wind it? You'd have to work your fingers on the stem for long minutes. And wasn't it fun to investigate the works, with a hammer and chisel?

Well, those days have gone forever. One of those old-fashioned turnips would seem as much out of place in a modern school as the antediluvian slate. The school boys and girls nowadays are equipped with the snappiest sort of timepieces, those natty wrist watches, and small trim pocket watches. Yes, they all have them, because school days mean pride in the possession of a watch.

And school days mean pride in the possession of a lot of things. This week's Literary Digest, in showing us how the opening of school boosts business, gives us a little scene which is highly illustrate that

The Literary Digest tells us that Mary walks up to Dad and says, "Dad, I want you to buy a vacuum cleaner for Mother. We need one in this house."

"Mary," replies Dad, "I doubt if we need a vacuum cleaner. Mother manages all right with a carpet beater."

But Mary is a star pupil in home economics at High School -- and she knows. Dad hasn't got a chance. Mary tells about germs, dirt, fatigue, and a lot of other things. Oh yes, she's well up in her studies.

In a few minutes Dad runs up the white flag, and the local dealer in electrical appliances has another customer. And pretty soon the neighbors grow interested in that new vacuum cleaner, and they turn into customers.

6

14

16

10

11

12

13

3

17

19

20

22

23

And let's don't forget that in a couple of years Mary gets married. She starts a home of her own, and she too is a customer.

Yes, this week's Literary Digest certainly does tell us in convincing manner just how the opening of our schools helps to build up general, nationwide prosperity.

The National Air Races out at Cleveland seem to be piling one thrill on another. Today, the United Press, tells how Ray Moore, a San Francisco pilot, shot across the field at such terrific speed that he was hardly more than a blur. He leaped straight into the face of the sun and in a moment was lost from view. Then a few minutes later he re-appeared and observers estimated his speed at around 300 miles an hour. The engine of his mystery ship is made partly of magnesium and is unusually light. He is grooming it for the Thompson Speed Race at Cleveland on Labor Day. Jimmie Doolittle, who swept to more fame yesterday, when he smashed the record by jumping from Pacific to Atlantic, in eleven hours and 15 minutes, will be in that

Thompson Trophy Race, and the reports are that Major Jim

Dootlittle's tiny biplane can split the wind at around 800.

So the big air carnival in Cleveland will end on Monday with one grand burst of speed. That's sure.

A house-to-house campaign is going on in St. Louis, Missouri. The men who are going from one house and then to another are sturdy chaps, no Broadway stylish out to their clothes -- just plain open-country fellows. They're farmers. And at every house they go to they do a bit of talking. They explain the things to Mrs. House-Wife and her husband. They talk about milk.

A battle is on between Missouri and Illinois Farmers and a big dairy company; tte a price war. The farmers felt the middle-man wasn't doing right by them.

Well, usually the farmer just talks and can't figure out what he can do about it. But these Missouri and Illinois farmers got up on the hind legs we're going to tell the customers exactly what we're fighting for and let them be the judges, "declared A. D. Lynch, the manager of the Farmers!

Marketing organization.

And so the campaign is on, with

the farmers pointing out to the customers how much the milk costs the consumer and what the farmers get for it. They've also got a few things to say about the dumping of milk which is said to have taken place in the course of the present price war.

The United Press adds that there have been outbreaks of trouble between the embattled farmers and the dairy company, and the state police are patrolling the roads to prevent any further outbreaks of violence.

Well, I don't know anything about the rights or the wrongs of the controversy in Missouri, but I dabble a bit in farming myself, and I know that the boy behind the plow has a hard row to hoe.

about agricultural matters over the week-end, because I'm going to attend Albert Akins barn-party in Duchess County, and that's always an occasion when there's plenty of talk about the

But anyway, there's one farmer who has been having a good time. He ate 37 ears of corn. And he established a record.

They had a corn-eating contest at Ortonville, Minnesota. And a new corn-eating champion has been acclaimed. He is Edward Kottwitz. Ed is a farmer from Grant County, South Dakota, but he traveled over to Minnesota just to get his share of the corn.

As the United Press describes the scene, the boys lined up at a big trough. That trough was heaping full of ears of boiled sweet corn. There were eleven contestants. The signal was given, and all eleven started to eat corn. The one that outlasted the others-and ate the most ears of corn -- well, he'd be the winner.

They ate and ate and ate, or as Doctor Vizetelly and the boys out in Minnesota would say -- they et and et and et. The sound of the eating could be heard for miles around, as those

corn right off the cob.

Pretty soon one man was observed to have a glassy look in his eyes. He had had too much corn -- I mean ears of corn. He dropped out. One by one others dropped out, but Ed Kottwitz just seemed to be getting into his stride. He was getting in big bites. The way he could demolish an ear of corn would make a horse jealous.

Were left at the trough, and one was Ed Kottwitz. His competitor tried to keep up with him, but it was in vain. He wasn't a bad corn-eater, Ed's remaining competitor. He could chew up a mouthfull of corn as well as most men. It was just his misfortune that he was up against the greatest corn-eater in the world. You know how a warrior's arm grows faint in battle, or how the presidential hand grows weary from shaking hands. Well, that's the way the poor fellow's jaws grew faint and

23 24 25

6

8

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

weary from trying to keep up with Ed Kottwitz at chewing corn. The next thing you know, he staggered away from the trough, just about ready to collapse.

And Ed remained there in solitary glory, just having a few more bites of corn. He was the champion.

Well, after every great achievement the hero usually makes a little speech. Maybe he says, "I did it for wifey and the kiddies." Ed didn't say exactly that. He sort of apologized for having eaten only 37 ears of corn.

explained, "only I ate corn for dinner, just two hours before the contest started.

Anyway, I can't eat any more because I've got to hurry home. I've got 12 cows to milk this evening."

Yes, those are the words of a great man.

well, that corn-eating contest certainly fits in with my state of mind this evening. I'm on my way to the farm, and over the week-end I'm going to

neighborhood barn-dance. Maybe they'll have corn too. But I don't expect to break Ed. Kottwitz's record by putting away 37 ears. But I'll do my best, and --

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.