

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

Let's begin with the bread-and-butter side of the news today. The news is good: more butter on more bread for more people. Figures released by the Department of Commerce show an increase in jobs, and a decrease of the jobless.

The figures are for August, and reveal that the number of people employed was just a shade less than sixty million -- the highest for any month since October of last year. The figure for unemployment in August is something less than three million, seven hundred thousand. July showed -- nearly four million, one hundred thousand. So the decrease in unemployment comes to about four hundred thousand.

August, however, also showed a decline in national income. It dropped a fraction -- but that was because of lower food prices, which reduced the farm income.

Today Dr. Edwin Nourse, Chairman of President Truman's Council of Economic Advisors, stated: "The unfortunate prospect of last spring, which had everyone so worried, did not materialize."

So that's the bread and butter picture. We've had a slump, but it didn't break into a depression -- as many were afraid it might.

## STRIKE

This afternoon the Missouri Pacific Railroad was gradually slowing down operations, in preparation for the strike called tomorrow. When the freight trains reached the end of their lines they were taken out of service. -- and after two-forty-five AM tonight no more passenger trains will pull out. Every effort has been made to avert the strike, but it seems inevitable that five thousand operating employees will quit the job tomorrow afternoon.

## WASHINGTON

The second session of the conference in Washington was held today. The word is that British Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Cripps, made a series of suggestions of what the United States could do to aid Britain. He asked that we buy more rubber and tin, and other commodities produced in the sterling area; ease Marshall Plan restrictions which require Britain to spend funds in the United States; and modify the American tariff so that Britain can sell more over here.

## YUGOSLAVIA

The American loan to Yugoslavia, much talked of, is now a reality. In Washington tonight, the announcement was made that the United States Export-Import bank has loaned twenty million dollars to the Government of Red Marshall Tito. Whether or not we should aid him has been much debated. Red Marshall Tito is feuding bitterly with Stalin, but he doesn't pretend to be anything but a complete Communist. So we are backing a little Red against the bigger and more dangerous Red.

But there's another angle, too. Yugoslavia is a large producer of non-ferrous metals - used for alloys of steel. We're in need of these metals, and stand to have our loan repaid with them.

## JAPAN

There are bitter protests about Japanese gold. The news tonight brings angry complaints against an American decision to turn over eighty million dollars to Siam and French Indo-China. Australia and the Phillipines think they should get the gold as reparations. The treasure was seized after the war, and Siam and French Indo-China put in a claim, saying that Japan had intended to ship the precious metal to them, as payment for damage during the Japanese ~~war~~ occupation in Southern Asia. But it could not be sent, because of the disruption in transportation during the final months of Japan's defeat. They contended <sup>THEREFORE THAT</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>therefore</sup> the gold belonged to them. This claim was examined by American authorities, <sup>and</sup> ~~^~~ said to be okay -- a just claim.

## BOGOTA

In the legislature of the Republic of Colombia today, the lawmakers debated with- bullets. There was a wild shooting affray, with revolvers blazing on all sides. One member of the Colombian House of Representatives was killed, and four others were wounded, including a well known figure from the world of diplomacy, Soto del Corral, who has been repeatedly the Colombian Foreign Minister. South American politics are known to be stormy, but today's gun battle hung up something of a record in the annals of argument.

The legislature at Bogota was considering a bill to advance the date of the next presidential election. A conservative representative made a vitriolic attack on the Liberal Party. One of the liberals jumped up, and the two faced each other, hurling insults -- then drew pistols, and began to shoot it out. The liberal was killed. By now other members had their guns out and were shooting, and the Colombian House of Representatives was a roaring battlefield. Fifty shots were fired - before police and soldiers arrived,

and stopped the battle.

Outside, crowds were attracted by the fusillade in the stately national capital. A sort of panic spread through the city. People remembered the ferocious riots in the spring of last year, when a thousand lives were lost in disturbances that broke up the Pan-American Conference, meeting in that same capital building.



## STRAUSS

Today a giant passed from the world of melody -- the creator of Don Juan, Salome and Der Rosenkavalier. In Germany, the composer, Richard Strauss, after a long illness, died at the age of eighty-five. His great days were back in the early and happier years of our Century, when he flourished along with composers like Mahler, Sibelius, Puccini and Mascagni, creating classics of symphony and opera. The world of music pays a sad farewell to Richard Strauss, who gave us the brazen excitements of Don Juan, the lusty waltzes of Der Rosenkavalier, the impish comedy of Tyl Eulenspiegel, and the perverse frenzies of Salome.

## ESCAPE

Yesterday, if you remember, we listened to the voice of Lowell Thomas, Jr., describing the mysterious country through which the Lowell Thomas expedition has been slowly making its way. I guess a lot of us envy Lowell. If there ever was a man who has escaped from it all, at least for the time being, he's the guy. Perhaps up there in the high Tibetan passes he's found his own Shangri-la.

That brings to mind the wonderful description in Chapter Five of James Hilton's Lost Horizon where he describes the austere serenity of Shangri-la. "Its forsaken courts and pale pavilions shimmered in repose from which all the fret of existence had ebbed away, leaving a hush as if moments hardly dared to pass." I suppose Lost Horizon is one of the best pieces of escape literature in the language. There's nothing quite like it.

Reflecting on this whole business of the literature of escape, I realized that the most typical of such books these days is what's called science fiction. In their pages you watch men of the remote future

adventuring among the furthest stars in incalculably rapid space ships. These stories are becoming so popular that publishers are selling science-fiction books just exactly the way they sell detective stories.

There are several magazines devoted to romances of this kind. One of them, called Astounding Science Fiction, not only contains extraordinarily good stories from time to time, but authoritative articles on various aspects of science and technology.

Some of the best books in this field were, of course, written years ago by H.G. Wells and Jules Verne. But the finest piece of science fiction ever written, in my opinion, is a book called Last and First Men by an Englishman named Olaf Stapleton. Last and First Men is an account of the future of man for the next two billion years, which takes in quite a lot of territory. Mr. Stapleton does pretty well considering the fact that most of us can't see ahead more than twenty-four hours these days. At any rate, you Lowell Thomas fans whose thoughts have lately been turning to the Shangri-las of time and

space might want to take a look at some of this new science fiction that's being produced in great quantity in our country.

However, I guess we have to get back to the good old Here and Now -- and so here's a dispatch...from Washington.

## TRUMAN

A new fact comes to light about the past of President Truman -- he was once an usher in a vaudeville house. We know the President as one-time captain of Battery D -- also as a partner in a habberdashery store years ago. But vaudeville usher -- this is something new.

The disclosure was made at a White House news conference today, when <sup>THE TALK</sup> ~~chatty conversation~~ got around to the <sup>CURRENT</sup> ~~new~~ revival of vaudeville. With that for his cue, President Truman remarked that, when he was a youth in Kansas City, he went to every vaudeville show that came to town -- and every afternoon at the old Grand Theatre he worked as an usher in return for the ticket that let him in.

## BULLETIN

A late bulletin tells of a number of vacationists caught in a forest fire near King City, California. A Hot Springs resort is ringed by flame, and the firemen have not been able to break through, to go to the aid of the trapped vacationists.

## SUBSTITUTE HURRICANE

The hurricane off the west coast has suddenly disappeared. After raging up along the coast of the peninsula of Lower California, the big wind has now turned into a little wind. The diameter of the revolving tempest had been reported to have been one hundred miles, but this afternoon, scouts planes of the Weather Bureau gave it another survey, and found it was only about twelve miles across -- little more than a whirlwind. Even this is dying down off the coast of Lower California -- the case of the vanishing hurricane.

## MANEUVERS

The Berlin Airlift was on the job again today - but with a new assignment. With the war maneuvers going on in Germany, the strategy called for the hurling of twenty-four hundred soldiers, for three hundred miles, through the sky - and a call went out to the veteran units that ran the aerial supply line during the Soviet blockade of Berlin. The planes and pilots haven't had much to do of late, but today they were in fast action again - twenty-eight planes carrying twenty-four hundred soldiers, with full equipment - the Airlift on a war maneuver job.



## BERSERK

Ordinarily, a mental patient going berserk, and smashing right and left, would not be headline news. But again it's a case of a war veteran, and it occurs right after the fearful affair at Camden, New Jersey, when a former tank gunner killed thirteen people, coldly and methodically, in twenty minutes.

Today's outbreak occurred at Suffern, New York, and the news wire this afternoon gives the background and details. The man - an advertising executive, Lee Graves, President of a company bearing his own name. During the war he served in a Marine combat unit in the Pacific, and was given a medical discharge. He had been showing signs of mental disturbance, and early today a psychiatrist from the Rockland State Hospital examined Graves, and recommended that he be committed at once.

Instead of acquiescing, Graves jumped into his car, and drove to a diner, where he demanded a glass of beer.

Told it was after hours, he threw a sugar bowl at the counter-man, knocked him down, smashed a customer over the head with a ketchup bottle, and slugged another with a metal chair. Then, in a frenzy, he hurled everything within reach.

A policeman came hurrying up, and the mad man charged him with a chair. The policeman fired a shot into the ceiling -- but it didn't stop Graves. The policeman fired at his legs, and hit him -- but he smashed the <sup>cop</sup>~~policeman~~ down with a blow of the chair. The officer, falling to the floor, shot once more. This time he meant it. Graves fell dead.

## HICCUPS

During my fling with the news, substituting for Lowell Thomas - and boy, am I enjoying it! - I'm getting to know that source of daily wonders - the news wire. Remarkable the stories that flow in, and the queer twists on the human comedy recorded by the mechanical ticker. Here's one from St. Louis, and I don't quite know what to make of it. What do you think?

The story tells of a twenty-three year old clerk named Bob Meier who suffered from a siege of longdistance hiccups. For eight days he was in torment, hiccuping all the time. Medical treatment was of no use, and it seemed that nothing could be ~~ann~~ done about it - until a mysterious stranger appeared at the home of the hiccuping Bob Meier.

The stranger said: "Shh, shh, don't tell anybody I did this." And he proceeded - well, let me tell you.

He had a black bag. From this he took two black candles, and lighted them. Next from the black bag he produced

something white, which the news dispatch describes as "a wet noodle", like a long string of macaroni.

Poor Bob Meier figured he had nothing to lose but his hiccups. He let the stranger drape the wet noodle across his head, so that one end hung between his eyes. All this in the light of the two black candles. Meier, as he went "hic, hic", looked at the noodle cross-eyed, and it was all so darned funny that he burst out laughing. The hiccups stopped at once.

The mysterious stranger said: "It's a sure cure - been in the family for years."

He blew out the black candles, put them back in the black bag, and drove off in a black automobile. But he left the wet noodle with Meier, who today displayed it as evidence. Says he hasn't had a hiccup since the noodle treatment.

Sounds too goofy to be true, but that's the story told by the ex-hiccuper. Too much for my noodle - how about yours, Nelson?

As L.T. says: So Long Till Tomorrow