

COWS

Hello, Cowboys!

Looks like we might have cow-boys, lariats, bucking broncos and stampeding steers in the metropolitan district of New York -- not in any rodeo, but the real thing, riding the range.

They have been moving cattle out of the drought-stricken area of the West and now thirty-five hundred steers have come to New Jersey. They will be pastured on green fields only thirty miles from Broadway, and that's within the metropolitan area of New York. And I hear more are coming, to be put all around New York.

They will need cow hands to manage the herds, and so the famous drug-store cow-boys of New Jersey may have to give way to cowboys who know what a cow is.

KIDNAPPING

I wonder what percentage of kidnappings end in the same way as the LaBatt case? Just on snap recollection it seems that a lot of them come to a climax with the kidnap victim showing up alive and well. And the surmise always is that the ransom has been paid.

In any case, John S. LaBatt, the prominent Canadian brewer returned home today, somewhat the worse for wear. The story he tells has not been made public. The police know it and that's about all.

But I don't want to appear to say that the case is over. That might offend the ears of the Canadians. The man-hunt is on more eagerly than ever -- the hunt for the kidnappers. Since no harm can come to the victim now, the Canadian police are driving at their task with full energy. This is the first chance they have had to catch a kidnapper, and they're out more than ever "to get their man." And they are mighty sore at the idea of paying ransom.

STRIKE

The leaders of the textile workers have certainly put a grave element of suspense in their strike plans. They have ordered a walk-out "sometime before September first". But they have refused to name the exact date, which is being kept a dark secret.

The day and ^{hour}~~order~~ will not be revealed until a few hours before the strike is called. This policy is calculated to keep the employers uncertain, undecided and on edge -- wondering just when the strike order will come for five hundred thousand men and women in the Cotton Workers' Union and a quarter of a million more in silk and allied industries. *Almost a theatrical suspense.*

PICKETS

Pickets suggest striked^s and labor troubles; but ~~they~~
~~don't~~^{not} in this case. In the Bronx of New York, the pickets don't
want more pay. They want to pay less. It's a consumer's strike.

The people of the neighborhood are indignant because
the bakers are charging too much for bread, so they proceeded
to put pickets outside of the shops as a public protest.

The bakers went to court about it and tried to get an
injunction to keep the customers from picketing the bakeries
and now the court decision goes this way: "The right of an
individual," decrees the court, "or a group of individuals to
protest in a peaceable manner against injustice or oppression,
actual or fancied, is one to be cherished and not proscribed
in any well-ordered society."

In other words the injunction is refused and the con-
sumers' pickets can go on picketing.

SECURITIES

Here's Wall Street's answer to the new rules issued by the commission regulating the Stock Exchanges. These rules ~~decree~~ ^{set forth} that Stock Exchanges must be registered with the commission and the securities also must be registered.

And now the president of the New York Stock Exchange makes his first public statement on the situation.

"I think these rules are workable," declares Richard Whitney. He calls them "conservative and eminently fair!"

"I see no grounds for criticism," he concludes, "in fact I believe the new rules most constructive."

And that's an emphatic and laudatory O.K. from Wall Street.

HUEY LONG

I have a letter from a well-informed friend, newspaper editor George Maines, who takes me to task for underestimating Huey Long.

"The kingfish," he says, "may play the clown and appear highly ridiculous to the more sophisticated parts of the country, but he is really shrewd, politically minded to the nth power, and knows his local Louisiana cotton-field onions".

Then here ^{is} some acute newspaper comment about the political lay-out in Louisiana, from Columnist Westbrook Pegler. New Orleans which is the red-hot center of opposition to the Kingfish, is famous as a gay and tolerant town. It isn't any chilly stronghold of killjoy Puritanism, so there's no doubt that a corruption hunting, muck-raking investigation could uncover a good deal. But that's true of most cities.

Hence the sharp cleverness of Huey's tactics in attacking New Orleans, fortress of the enemy, with a demand for a civic investigation, a moral crusade.

After all that farcical nonsense about capturing the city with National Guards, Huey's operations in the State Senate seem to be more to the point. Working with his political part-

ner, the Governor, he has jammed twenty-seven bills through the Louisiana House of Representatives, measures designed to give the Kingfish line-up complete control over New Orleans.

A vote of 60 to 36 put across what his opponent's call an absolute dictatorship of state and city.

It was an uproarious legislative proceeding with the hurling of incessant epithets. One law-maker from New Orleans, vehemently denounced -- "Huey and his henchmen." Thereupon, one of Huey's supporters, a former football player leaped to his feet indignantly and roared: "I ain't no henchman."

After all the short and ugly words that had been hurled, he must have thought that "henchman" was, as you would tell a little boy, a bad word.

AIRPLANES

New traffic regulations for the highways of the sky!

"There will be upper airways and lower airways," declare the experts at a meeting of airline operators ^{and} ~~in~~ the Bureau of Air Commerce in Washington.

They started the two-level system by passing a regulation that hereafter all single motored planes are forbidden to fly in the upper airways. A plane with only one motor must stick to the lower level, confine itself to daylight flying and always keep within sight of the ground.

The upper airways are for speed and for multi-motored planes. Only planes that have more than one motor will be permitted to fly above the clouds -- along the upper airways.

Well, that two-way system for the sky is pretty much as things would be down here on the earth, if we had two systems of highways, one for stream-line speed and ~~Blue Sunoco~~ quick pick-up -- that ^{is} ~~is~~ for cars using Blue Sunoco, and the other for cars using something else.

PRISON

Tonight men are looking at prison walls on America's Devils Island. Uncle Sam's new island prison has received the first batch of inmates. -- Men have been secretly moved from prisons all over the country, forty-seven of them transferred to the grim fortress-like penitentiary on Alcatraz Island. The Attorney General explains that they are incorrigibles.

The new marine prison is designed to confine federal convicts who refuse to conform to prison discipline, try to keep in contact with confederates outside and are potential jail-breakers.

They call it "America's Devils Island", though that's a little extreme. It's a forbidding prison, but Alcatraz is rather pleasantly situated right in the middle of San Francisco Bay, looking out toward the Golden Gate.

And then a girl recently made the swim to the ^{is}land. And another swam there and back. I wonder if they'll put convicts there who can't swim.

STAMPS

The man who collected stamps, his wife, and the man who collected the stamp collector's wife are in and can't get out. No bail. That's the latest. # I don't know anything about stamp collecting,

except that it must be wonderful. I don't even know the names of any of those priceless stamps, but they certainly must be fascinating. I've been able to figure that out from the case of the stamp collector in Hoboken, whose philatelic enthusiasm was so great that he sold his wife for the price of a batch of those precious bits of paper that originally cost a couple of cents each.

3
The passionate philatelist was so absorbed in collecting stamps that he lost his wife's love. Having found that out he figured it was just a way to collect some more stamps. He got seven hundred dollars for her, the price of just the stamps he needed to round out his collection, and was so delighted that he threw his ten-year-old son into the bargain, along with his wife.

~~Yes, stamp collecting must be wonderful, more wonderful than marriage apparently.~~ The three persons to the strange transaction are in jail now on a public morality charge. And they can't put up any bail. The man who bought the wife paid all the money ^{he} had had for her. The stamp

collector got the money, spent it all buying stamps. And the wife never had any money -- which makes it unanimous.

Yes, stamp collecting must be wonderful, more wonderful than marriage apparently.

SOAP BOX

Tomorrow the big soap box centest begins at Dayton, Ohio -- not soap box oratory, but soap box automobiling. The racing cars are built of wooden boxes on four wheels, and they coast down a long hill. This year in forty cities, newspapers have sponsored elimination soap box races and have entered their various champions in the freak event.

Well, Dayton whic produced the inventors of flying now goes in for soap box races. The wild excitement of the race will be put on the air by the N. B. C. with Graham MacNamee, master of wild excitement at his most hair tearing excitable.

I wish I could be there to see the soap box extravaganza but I'm going to a county fair in Vermont, where the excitement may be even wilder. Among the beauties of the Green mountains up near the Canadian border at Barton, where the Orleans County Fair is a classic of the great old Yankee State of Vermont.

HITLER

Over in Germany they are using Von Hindenburg strongly in the big election scheduled for this week end. The old Field-Marshal reposes under the stately monument at the battlefield of Tannenberg, but his voice is being heard from one end of Germany to the other.

Last Fall when ^{the Teutons} ~~Germany~~ voted ^{to} ~~the~~ support ^{Hitler} in withdrawing from the League of Nations, Von Hindenburg made a forceful speech calling upon the voters to back up Der Fuhrer in his drastic step. At that time a phonograph record of the speech was duly recorded.

So now Doctor Goebbles, the resourceful Minister of Propaganda has hauled ^{that phonographic disc} ~~the records~~ out of the files and has done a neat job of editing ~~the~~ to fit the present occasion. He has cut out portions that deal with last Fall's events, and kept in those parts that sound favorable now. A new record has been made and is being run ^{over and over on} ~~off over~~ the German radio -- a voice from the dead.

Of course the Nazis are plugging that last will and testament of the old Field -Marshall. They are making so much

use of it as a campaign document to support Hitler in the election that some skepticism is being expressed outside of Germany, especially in England and France.

They are pointing out that the last will and testament was not made public right after Hindenburg's death, but was held up until this week -- time for the climax of the electioneering campaign. The claim is made outright in the English and French newspapers that either the will is entirely a fake, or it was written, not by Von Hindenburg, but by somebody else for him, and signed by the aged president without his knowing what it contained.

There were jokes in Germany about the facility with which the old President signed documents that he didn't read.

The rumours have been so insistent as to evoke an official reply in Berlin. And the reply is impressive. It's a statement signed by Colonel Von Papen, Von Hindenburg's close friend, which denies the charges and guarantees Von Hindenburg's will and testament as authentic.

MEXICO

In Mexico there's a blaze of strike violence.

Along the coast of the province of Vera Cruz there are several fisheries owned by Koreans, in which Mexicans are employed. Far Eastern Koreans as fishing magnates in Mexico, that's odd and colorful. It was quiet and peaceable also, until the Mexican fishermen went on strike against their ^{Korean} bosses. Then it turned into trouble and violence. Five men have been killed in the fighting.

5
In the Far East, in China, it's the melancholy word of rice riots. The Chinese drought has been followed by famine and the starving peasants are on the rampage seizing what supplies of rice they can find.

MANCHUKUO

A report from the Far East tells of the mysterious disappearance of a secretary to a Soviet Consulate in Manchukuo. Four days ago he started home with several other Soviet officials parted with them, continued his way -- and has not been seen since. The Japanese declare that they are doing their best to find him.

The mystery of the missing Soviet attache doesn't seem very important until we are told who he is. Remember that bit of Far Eastern excitement some weeks ago -- about an attempt to steal some Soviet documents? The Russians were giving a diplomatic banquet in Manchukuo, and one of the guests, a Japanese captain tried to filch those documents. The Japanese denied the story up and down.

Now the missing secretary of the Red legation was intimately connected with the affair. He was the one who, according to the Russian story, caught the Japanese captain sneaking away with the documents.

His disappearance provokes all sorts of dark and devious Oriental surmises.

8
Disaster in India -- today the count is one hundred and seventy people lost when that ferry-boat overturned in the Gandak River, a tributary of the holy Ganges.

The story, as the details come in, is one of terror. A herd of bullocks were on the ferry-boat, the grotesque hump-backed cattle of India. They stampeded. The boat began to rock in the brown muddy water. The frightened animals jumped lurching and lowing over the side. And the boat rocked still more dangerously from one beam to the other. The terrified passengers, swarthy Hindoos, turbaned Mohammedans, were crowded to one side, jammed, packed against one rail. And the boat turned over.

8/2
Tonight bodies are floating down the Gandak and on into Mother Ganges, the holy river, the river that purifies.

END

The end of the world is again at hand. It's been prophesied so often that if it happened every time it was foretold, the world would have as many ends as a regiment of horses travelling north.

The latest prediction of doom again comes from that great doom predictor, Zionist Voliva, who at a prayer meeting last night foretold the end of the world and specified the day as "anytime after six A. M. September tenth." Strictly speaking -- that means anytime, so long as the direful event doesn't happen before six A. M. September tenth. Wouldn't it be funny if the prophet turned out to be wrong and the end of the world did come before then. His prediction would fall flat but then Voliva claims the world is flat.

Voliva has made his prophecy. I'll make mine. I don't know about the end of the world, but I do know about the end of this broadcast. Right now, and

SOLONG UNTIL TOMDAY.