

STRIKE

Out on the Pacific coast they are talking about a new kind of gas, fighting gas. They call it nauseating gas. They say its the worst non-fatal vapor ever devised for war, or civil disturbance. It knocks people unconscious. They stay unconscious for a couple of days.

The Governor of California has given the National Guard orders to be ready to use this nauseating gas. The National Guardsmen are all equipped with a special type of gas mask. And the reason - the strike.

Merchandise detained by the Pacific coast longshoremen strike has piled up so high they are going to try to ship it out - east, north, anywhere - over the state owned railway lines, to get it delivered.

This is expected to provoke still farther the violence of those striking dock workers who are in an exceedingly belligerent mood. That's why the governor tells the National Guard to get ready with the nauseating gas.

## BORAH

... but America's Public individualist-Number-One is just as individualistic as ever. Senator Borah, in attacking the New Deal attacks pretty nearly everybody - that is Democrats and Republicans. He is still the same one-man show - and still the same old master of sharp pointed controversy.

... A couple of months ago he announced that he was going to take the stump on a nation-wide tour and preach his attack on bureaucracy. His first address is shrewdly aimed and powerfully thrust. The dig at the New Deal is rather cruel when Borah denounces - "the arbitrary treatment of the little fellows who are in no sense responsible for the Depression." He declares that fear and confusion are retarding recovery.

... Let's look at this public individualist number one, not as he stands in the limelight of politics. Let's take a more intimate glance. They say Bill Borah would have been a scientist if he has not gone to the Senate. He is inclined to the more thoughtful things. His only luxury is a saddle horse which he rides in all kinds of weather, and he wears the big

BORAH -2

black hat of a western sheriff. He carries his tooth brush in his vest pocket. His wife is known as "Little Borah". He keeps her on the lookout for new recipes for onion soup, his favorite dish.

In the campaign of 1924, with the insurgent Senator La Follette running as third candidate, President Coolidge thought he would like to have a Western Progressive running with him as Vice-President. Borah was just ideal. Coolidge went to him and offered him what Cal called:- "a place on the ticket."

Borah looked Cal squarely in the eye and asked, "Which place Mr. President"? Maybe its the onion soup that makes him that way.

Wallace has a face of serious and even melancholy appearance. When he walks along his head is bowed low in profound thought. He is deeply religious. He is so abstemious that he rarely eats meat and practices total abstinence from liquor and tobacco. He indulges in no luxuries. Every day he walks the four miles from his home to his office



WALLACE - 2

and when You know how it is when a patient man gets mad. All the suppressed wrath, all the endured wrongs of a lifetime may flare up in one supreme, supernal outbreak. I suppose you'd call it a supreme outbreak, also a supernal outbreak, when a Secretary of Agriculture hurls a summons right back into the face of a process server. I don't know what the United States District Court should say when one of its sacrosanct summonses gets chucked about in people's faces. Maybe the Court will agree that it is cruel and unusual treatment of a cabinet member when a process server sticks a summons in on him while he's asleep in a Pullman berth. Anyway the Secretary was roused to wrath. A patient man can be a demon when aroused.

Secretary Wallace has a face of serious and even melancholy appearance. When he walks along his head is bowed low in profound thought. He is deeply religious. He is so abstemious that he rarely eats meat and practices total abstinence from liquor and tobacco. He indulges in no luxuries. Every day he walks the four miles from his home to his office



and when he makes an out-of-town trip he trudges to the station with his suitcase in his hand. He is a man of patience, forebearance and Christian humility. He almost never gets mad, yet when he does they say that his eyes practically strike sparks.

The marshal who served the summons on him in the Pullman berth, and the summons came flying back in his face, decalres that he thought fire crackers were exploding in the Secretary's eyes. Fourth of July fire crackers no doubt.

celebrated American pirate. Gosh! He meant John Paul Jones. Gosh, again -- for he called our gen John Paul Jones a pirate. There's a Fourth of July salutation for us Americans, the hair to the British crown dubbing our favorite sea hero a buccaner, sea robber, a bully boy sailing under the jolly Roger, a Captain Kill, a Black Beard, a pirate. So, I'll say gosh for the third time.

Yet, there's an interesting point here. The British commonly classify John Paul Jones as a pirate. Is there any technical, legal justification for this? John Paul Jones was

## PRINCE

Every year has its crop of Fourth of July accidents.

This year's list includes one of the most renowned, distinguished names in all the world -- His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, heir apparent to the crown of Great Britain.

Falling from a horse is just a little tiny fraction of a mishap compared with the calamity that befell the royal prince. He was making a speech at the historic English public school, famous old Rugby; and H.R.H. got all mixed up in a most royal and imperial way. He spoke of Tom Jones, the celebrated American pirate. Ouch! He meant John Paul Jones. Ouch, again -- for he called our own John Paul Jones a pirate. There's a Fourth of July salutation for us Americans, the heir to the British crown dubbing our favorite sea hero a buccaneer, sea robber, a bully boy sailing under the jolly Roger, a Captain Kill, a Black Beard, a pirate. So, I'll say ouch for the third time.

Yet, there's an interesting point here. The British commonly classify John Paul Jones as a pirate. Is there any technical, legal justification for this? John Paul Jones was

PRINCE - 2

a Britisher by birth. Was he a naturalized American citizen? Was there any naturalization in the United States during those early years of the Revolutionary War? He sure enough sailed the seas as a privateer. The British considered the Americans all rebels, -- which indeed they were. So what legal status did a rebel privateer have? I wish some learned illuminatus of history and the Law would enlighten us about this. Ouch!



GERMANY

July 5, 1934

GERMANY - 2

A significant word from Germany. We've been supposing that the frightful downfall of the Brown Shirt lords of the Storm Troops might lead to a smoothening down and easing off of the Nazis severities and suppressions. And now, listen to this: Hitler has called a meeting of Storm Troop leaders at Flensburg, on the Danish Frontier. The purpose of the conference is not to devise new ways of attacking the Jews. It's just to the contrary. Hitler and his leaders are confabulating ~~xxxxxxx~~ on curbing and checking anti-Jewish riots. This follows on reports of new anti-Semitic outbreaks in which four people are ~~reported~~ <sup>said to have been</sup> killed. This is what the government at Berlin <sup>now</sup> wants to stop. Hitler, the arch anti-Semite, taking measures to protect the Jews! -- that's news!

Here's another sidelight on Germany's weekend of terror: They say that many of those lightning-swift executions may be laid to a pale, young man, who heads the Nazi secret police. His name is Hemmler. He is described as Goering's man. He is thirty-three, very blond, aloof and exceedingly cool. Yes, cool indeed, they say he holds human life cheaply. Of the reserve and pallid Hemmler, Goering once said:- "He is an instrument that will

GERMANY - 2

When Germany, declaring a war against England, said: "You're not strike lightning-fast at any and all foes of the state."

And he did strike lightning-fast this past weekend.

He struck down the revolting Stern Troop leaders. Holding human life cheaply, he held their lives too cheaply for a moment of hesitation -- or of mercy.

Now, let me remember the steps Cordell Hull, Secretary of State at Washington. He puts his ear in to this effect:

"Look here, Germany, if you're going to pay England interest on her debts, you'd better pay us interest on our debts. We demand the same treatment." and now it's Germany's move.

That bit of dialogue isn't so witty or brilliant or satirizing, but it's about the way the debt situation has been going.



## DEBTS

When Germany, declaring a moratorium said:- "We're not going to make any more payments on our debts" -- England replied:-  
"But-  
^ "We insist on collecting our debts." In answer to this Germany back-paddled a bit and said:- "Okay, John Bull. In the next six months we'll pay you interest on the money we owe you."

Now, into the conversation steps Cordell Hull, Secretary of State at Washington. He puts his oar in to this effect:-  
"Look here, Germany, if you're going to pay England interest on her debts, you'd better pay us interest on our debts. We demand the same treatment." And now it's Germany's move.

That bit of dialogue isn't so witty or brilliant or scintillating, but it's about the way the debt situation has been going.



GENERAL VILLAREAL

3  
1  
This is the story of three Mexican musketeers. They have just got out of a perilous scrape. One was a candidate this past week in the Mexican presidential election.

General Antonio Villareal has been trying to be the president of Mexico ever since the old days of Pancho Villa. He started out on his presidential adventures with two pals, three Mexican musketeers. They fought against Villa Caranza, Obregon, and nearly everybody else.

Always when things got too hot they streaked across the border into the United States. And they they became familiar figures down in our southwest. In any drug store or at any hot dog stand along the border, General Villareal was always willing to tell anyone who would listen to him, how he was destined someday to become president of Mexico.

He was a dashing figure, slender, athletic, with dark bushy hair and a fiery eloquence that would talk a cigar store Indian into joining up with his various revolutions. Once, he talked a California woman, a young music teacher, into putting up money for one of his presidential revolutionary campaigns. He lost the campaign and she lost the money. Fair enough.

At least she seemed to think so. He found himself in jail; she found a way to get him out. She smuggled to him in his dungeon a fine-tooth saw concealed in a cherry pie, Whereupon he sawed his way out.

During the weekend Mexican election the three musketeers were on the presidential job once more, with General Villareal a candidate once more. He lost, but he was used to that. He found himself under arrest, but he was used to that also.

And now word comes along that he has made another escape. The Mexican government suspected him of plotting one more of those every real Villareal revolutions. Perhaps it was unreal this time. Anyway he was imprisoned in a house together with one of his fellow musketeers. They were guarded by a flock of secret service men. But they cut a hole through the wall, and got away. Fast work for a presidential candidate. We don't have presidential candidates like that. The latest report is that the three Mexican musketeers are on their way to their old haven of refuge -- across the border, to the U. S. A., to the land of the Gringos; where all good Mexicans go when they are in trouble.



## FLOWERS

The flowers have won -- down in Argentina. The flowers have carried off the palm of victory. Don Tomas was an enemy of the flowers. He fought against blooms and blossoms. He waged war against the roses, was at strike with lilies, struggled with a mortal hate against violets, dahlias and chrysanthemums. He swore a deadly vendetta against the flowers. But the flowers have won.

Tall, gaunt and stately, like a hidalgo of old, Don Tomas did not believe in saying it with flowers. He said it with words. He was a professional deliverer of eulogies. He was the last speaker of beautiful words for the dead in the Argentine. The modern idea is that flowers at a funeral are enough. The older Argentine idea was that the deceased should have words of great praise spoken in their memory. Hence, the "official and professional eulogist", of whom Don Tomas was a Ciceronian example -- the last of his tribe.

He stationed himself at the Chacarito Cemetery, and whenever a funeral entered, in solemn, hispanic dignity he approached. Tenderly he spoke words of sympathy. Benevolently



FLOWERS - 2

he offered to make a speech at the grave, a solemn and befitting eulogy. All he needed to know was the name and profession of the dear one. With these he was able to make an oration of praise, by the hour. He could tell of the virtues of the deceased, the grief of the family, the misfortune of the community -- all in the most high-flown Spanish, and embellished with Greek and Latin quotations. And the cost was little, Senor. A mere pittance -- one dollar for each ten minutes. Six pesos for an hour; and for a eulogy of six hours there might be some slight reduction, Senor.

Of late years, things did not go so well with Don Tomas, the last of the eulogists of the Argentine. People got new ideas. They came to think that flowers were enough, flowers, wreaths, floral pieces. They no longer thought it necessary that great words of praise should be spoken. They said it with flowers, which made business bad for Don Tomas.

That is why Don Tomas was an enemy of flowers, fought against blooms and blossoms, waged war against the roses, was at strife with lilies, struggled with a mortal hate against violets, dahlias and chrysanthemums.

Ah, but he fought a losing battle. A Don Quixote tilting against the flowers. Funerals came with heaped up flowers, and in vain did Don Tomas offer to pronounce his eulogies in the most high flown Spanish with Greek and Latin phrases. It got so bad that he scarcely delivered one eulogy a month. The flowers, the hated, leathed and despised flowers were winning.

Now the battle is over. Don Tomas has died and been buried. There was no eulogy at his grave. His coffin was banked, with heaps of flowers.

Well, Tomas is Spanish for Thomas. And I'm a sort of professional eulogist myself. Only I have no quarrel with the flowers.

church were gathered - not "by the river", but on a pier jutting out into the bay, watching and praying, with many a loud "Thasanna", "glory be," and many a lusty "amen" -- "amen Brother" as the spirit moved them.

"We're saved," they shouted in a resonant Spiritual. Yes, they were saved. They were saved.

Just as a fat rooster was being immersed, and being



## RESCUE

And now the story of the prizefighter and the colored baptising. Everybody got baptized, whether they wanted to or not.

Mike Ballerino is one of the toughest lightweights in the ring. He was a champion too, title-holder in the junior lightweight division. He's a slugging, rip-snorting, bonebusting battler, the hero of a hundred slamming and banging slam-bang battles. But, he never thought he's be the hero at a colored baptising.

The Grand Street colored Holy Mission was having a grand hallelujah -- baptism by emersion. The brethren and sistern were being ducked in Newark Bay. They were getting religion, they were being saved. The other members of the church were gathered - not "by the river", but on a pier jutting out into the bay, watching and praying, with many a loud "hosanna", "glory be," and many a lusty "amen" -- "Amen Brother" as the spirit moved them.

"We're saved," they chanted in a resonant Spiritual. Yes, they were saved. They needed saving.

Just as a fat mammy was being immersed, and being



RESCUE - 2

saved, just as a loud hallelujah rose from the brethern and sistern on the pier -- the pier collapsed. There was a wild yell, and it wasn't any hallelujah, as the deacons, the deaconesses, the ladies auxiliary, the Sunday School, in other words the entire Grand Street Colored Holy Mission was dumped head first into the water. That was some immersion. And that's when they needed to be saved. And they were -- by Mike Ballerino.

Mike, the prize fighter, was swimming nearby when he saw the Grand Street Colored Holy Mission precipitated into Newark Bay. Mike didn't pay much attention to the brethern and sistern, It was the children that took his attention, a whole batch of colored children, floundering in the water, yelling gasping, sinking. Those God's chillun didn't have water wings.

Mike struck out to the rescue with limbs toughened by long years of punching, left-jabbing, and right-hooking. He grabbed two of the colored kids and beat his way to shore. Then he splashed in once more and returned with two more. He made a third trip and fished out another. Meanwhile, members

RESCUE - 3

of the United States Volunteer Corps came hurrying from nearby and completed the rescue job.

Everybody was saved; and then they proceeded to get saved some more, as, nothing daunted, the Grand Street Colored Holy Mission of Jersey City went right on with the baptizing, while Mike Ballerino took a rest for himself, and shouted "Amen!" And,

SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.