

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Here's a question -- if football players were unionized, what would they demand? What would a pigskin union ask, under threat of strike? The answer is given tonight -- lo and behold they would ask for more education, more math, English, literature and Latin. This was proven today in the case of Young Bussey, the Louisiana State star who has been banished from the team and has quit school.

Bussey today relates it's all because of his union activities.

"I told the boys," he said today, "they needed an organization like the C.I.O." Then he explained the purpose of the proposed football C.I.O. The full backs and quarter backs, kickers and passers -- have to devote too much time to practice. They don't get enough opportunity for recreation -- and study. So unionize for more education is his slogan.

"Them promised to put in billiard tables and checker boards," declares the would-be John Lewis of C.I.O. football.

But apparently the billiard tables and checker boards were not forthcoming. "The main idea," concludes the gridiron labor agitator, "was to be sure to see that the boys received an education."

The athletic authorities have another version of the dismissal of their line plunging, passing, kicking, triple threat. They say they tossed him out because he smoked cigarettes.

GENERAL MOTORS

Here's an exceedingly concrete sign of business revival -- concrete to the amount of a million dollars a week. General Motors is increasing its payroll that much -- by ~~raising~~ wages and putting more men back to work. Chairman of the Board Alfred P. Sloan today announced a ten percent increase for all employees receiving less than three hundred dollars a month. Also -- a summons calling thirty-five thousand men back to work. Meaning -- better business and a General Motors policy of providing "as much work as possible."

AUTOMOBILE

At Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, Mrs. Eva Shuber wanted to surprise her husband. She had never driven a car, so she knew how it would astonish him if she were to jump in the family bus and drive off with a smart exhibition at the wheel. So she thought she'd have some practice.

Mrs. Shuber started the car going and tried to turn around. She drove it for a wild plunge across a lawn, and crashed into one corner of her grandmother's house. Then she back the car, and cut another swath across the lawn and knocked down the water pump in the front yard. She started forward again, and this time went mowing through the flower beds and struck another corner of her grandmother's house. She backed once more and this time hit a wash boiler, which bounced up and banged the car. Then she hit grandma's house a third time. The car glanced off and bounced against a tree; and there it stayed, immoveably wedged - between the house and the tree. By this time the police arrived, and of course found that Mrs. Shuber had no license.

P.S. Was her husband surprised? Yes!

UN-AMERICAN

A couple of purple pages were written today in the records of the committee investigating Un-American activities - purple with splashes of red.

49

A witness testified that Stalin, the Red Dictator, ~~advised~~ ^{advised} ~~secret~~ ^{secret} destroy the American Federation of Labor. He said that the supreme Moscow Comrade ~~commanded the~~ ^{told an} American comrade ~~of~~ ^{that} the Communist Party over here ~~to~~ ^{should} destroy the A.F. of L. Moreover, the Red Dictator told the American Bolsheviks that the revolution was coming to the United States. The Red crisis was not yet at hand, but, was approaching. This, said Stalin, was definitely known to the Communist Internationale, the Comintern. So, let the American Communists be fully prepared to take things over when the American revolution broke out. Such was the testimony, and it certainly was purple - splashed with red.

Some more testimony kept things going in lively fashion, with a tale of how at a Communist gathering; ^{a man's} death ~~was~~ foretold by an investigator of the LaFollette Civil Liberties Committee. The witness related how he was doing under-cover work in a Communist group in Detroit, posing as a Communist and gathering

information. One day, he was invited to what he thought would be a mere gathering of Reds, but he found it was a Communist trial -- they were trying him. They had the goods on him and they forced him to sign a confession admitting that he was a spy in their ranks.

SPY

50

The great spy case in New York soared to new heights today -- heights of espionage and melodrama. There were intimations of *No.* ~~the~~ ^{one} Nazi officials in Berlin, mentions of the Hitler war office. The testimony visioned wholesale Nazi attempts to spy out the deepest military secrets of the United States army and navy. There was a dark touch of the sinister when the confessing witness Rumrich told how he was commissioned to procure secret military information of the disposition of troops along our Atlantic seaboard, particularly American military strength in the vicinity of New York. ~~And that might seem to point to~~ ^{Pointing toward} some idea of a German invasion of the United States.

All of this might be quite imposing in menace and evil, if it were not for the frequent flash of the absurdity, such ^{turns} ~~terms~~ of grotesque nonsense as hardly befit the melodrama of an espionage menace to the safety of our country.

51

Rumrich, the witness, told how as a spy he was cautioned to the darkest secrecy. "Don't even tell your wife of your activity," he was commanded by his secret agent chief. That, of course, is in the orthodox ^{manner} ~~language~~ of espionage mystery.

SPY

On once occasion, they were leaving a beer place and, as they spy chief got up, a pistol fell out of his pocket. He stooped and picked it up. It seems a curious kind of secrecy when spies go around dropping pistols.

On another occasion, Rumrich, the witness, found his secret agent boss very drunk. And he told Rumrich that he was going to pay somebody two thousand dollars for secret information about a military gyroscope. Rumrich, who had been having trouble getting fifty bucks, expressed some doubt about the two thousand. Whereupon the drunken master spy pulled out two thousand dollar bills and waved them gayly. That too seems hardly the darkest of secrecy - pie-eyed spies going around waving thousand dollar bills.

This, and more like it, led to the towering pinnacle of today's melodrama -- a plot to kidnap Colonel Emlin, Commander of Fort Totten. The Colonel, it appears, had some secret mobilization plans, and the spies hatched a scheme for dosing him with some kind of narcotic gas. That presumably would render the Colonel unconscious and they'd kidnap him, mobilization plans and all. However, the sinister plot never worked out -- presumably because of all the complications of dropping pistols, getting drunk, waving thousand dollar bills. It all sounds stupid.

VON PAPEN

Memories of World War espionage in America are evoked by a resignation in Germany today. Franz Von Papen has retired from the German diplomatic service - which they say brings to a final end a strange government career.

Von Papen, the Kaiser's military attache in Washington during ~~the~~ World War days, involved in German espionage and sabbotage ~~subplots~~ plots over here, sent back to Germany, ^{then} a period of obscurity; then a climb to political power in the regime of German President von Hindenburg; Chancellor for a while; then ~~the~~ go-between in Hitler's appointment to the chancellorship; High in the Nazi government, but never a Nazi; ⁱⁿ ~~perilled~~ ^{of} his life at the time of the Hitler blood purge; then, German representative in Austria. Obscurity of late; now - final retirement from ~~the~~ government service.

3
Von Papen finale

Tonight the British certainly are confronted with a bewildering and bedevilling problem. Knowing Jerusalem, after many a ramble through the Holy City in World War days when Allenby conquered Palestine from the Turk, I can visualize the situation there tonight:- the old, historic and sacred part of Jerusalem, surrounded by its ancient walls. The New City that surrounds the Old, the populous areas built up -- especially since the World War.

There could be no more startling word of the Arab revolution in Palestine than today's headlines -- seige of Jerusalem, seige of the Holy City. Recalling so many similar chapters of the past?-- that most famous seige -- when the Roman Legions of Titus captured the Holy City and left not one stone upon another. The last seige of Jerusalem was eight hundred years ago when the Great Saladin conquered the city from the Crusaders.

There was no seige when Viscount Allenby took the hallowed place in his World War conquest. The Turks fled by night and Jerusalem surrendered peacefully -- some of it rather comic, as I myself have told, far and wide. The funny story about the cook getting the keys from the Arab mayor.

Anyway, (there's another seige of Jerusalem tonight. With Arab rebels seizing the old walled town and holding it against the British in the New City.) As a military problem for His Majesty's armed forces it is zero. But as a political problem it's enormous.)

The news dispatch tells that British lookouts on taller buildings of the New City overlook the Mosque area within the walls, the sacred Mohammedan section, where the Arab insurgents have thier headquarters. The news dispatch also relates that the British troops are not likely to fire on the Rebels in the Mosque area. And I shouldn't think they would -- for there stands the Mosque of Omar, the third holiest Mohammedan sanctuary in the world.

Infidel shells and bullets hitting the Mosque of Omar would simply madden the multi-millions of Islam -- those myriads of Mohammedans within the British empire. So my guess is that the British won't do any shooting at all within the Old City -- the vicinities of the Wailing Wall and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the innumerable shrines and sacred places.

How then will they attack the Arab garrison? That's the problem which must be twisting British brains into knots tonight. Since they control the surrounding New City they can easily cut

off the food supply -- and more easily still, the water supply. Decent drinking water for Jerusalem has been a problem for centuries. Allenby, the British conqueror helped the situation greatly by constructing a new water line from the ancient walls of Soloman -- all of which can be shut off in a minute. But a moder seige of Jerusalem, a modern conquest of the old walled city of the Holy places, by hunger and thirst -- that's something to make His Majesty's officials think twice. That would the ^{be} drowning scandalof the whole scandalous history of recent years in Palestine. The Romans starved it into hideous cannibal downfall two thousand years ago -- and burned the temple. Can that happen again today? Crown of thorns for the British?

POPE

In New Orleans today, tens of thousands listened in reverent silence to a radio broadcast. It was the voice of Pope Pius the Eleventh that came from the loud-speaker - the Pontiff addressing the Eucharistic Congress at New Orleans. He spoke in stately accents of Latin and referred to the troubles of the world in these measured phrases: "Many things give cause for fear and anxiety," said Pope Pius. "In particular, we see many men who hold as valueless and reject and spurn those divine precepts of the Gospel which alone can bring salvation to the human race."

LINER

The news this evening gives us a cue to tell a medieval legend. A striking event in New York harbor today recalls the quaint old ~~legend~~^{legend} of St. Christopher. This relates that there was a ~~great~~ giant who determined he would serve the greatest potentate. So he sought the mightiest king, and served him for many a year. Then one day he saw the king make the sign of the cross, and the giant asked him why he did it.

"Because I fear Satan," replied the king.

Then, thought the giant, Satan must be greater than he - "so I will serve Satan." He sought and found the evil one and served him for many a year. Then one day he and Satan came upon a wayside crucifix. At the sight of the cross, the diabolical one ~~shuddered and~~ trembled.

"Why do you tremble?" asked the giant.

And Satan replied: "Because I fear God."

Then, reasoned the giant, God must be greater than he. So he sought for God all over the world to serve Him, but never could find Him - until one day he came upon a pious hermit. And the hermit instructed him, saying: "Yonder is a great turbulent

river. Each year many people are lost trying to ~~cross~~ ^{cross. You} ~~cross~~ ^{over.} ~~You~~ ^{across} so lofty in stature, you can carry travelers ^{over.} ~~across~~ Do that, and you will find God."

So for many a year the giant carried travelers across the perilous ford, and saved many a life. Then one day a child came, whom the giant took upon his shoulders. But the burden of the child grew so great the giant's mighty knees were bended.

"Who are you?" he cried, "that seem as heavy as the whole world?"

And the child replied: "I am He who made the world."

So the giant found God and forever afterwards was called Christopher - the one who carried Christ. And he became the patron saint of travelers.

Now, what's the news that brings this old medieval legend to mind? A strike of tugboat men in New York, all the tugboats of the harbor tied up. And that mighty British liner, the QUEEN MARY - needing tugboats to dock her, needing twelve. Today she steamed in, ^{and docked} ~~unaided~~, under her own power and piloting. A memorable feat of seamanship performed by Captain Robert Irving.

He attributes it all to the grace of St.Christopher.

Confronted with the ticklish problem of docking the QUEEN MARY without the aid of tugs, Captain Irving thought of a medal a woman passenger had given him on his last trip across, a medal of St.Christopher, ^{the} patron of travelers. "I spun that medal around," the skipper told the newspaper men today. "Spun it around and said, 'Well St.Chris, what about it.' And St.Chris said, 'Go to it.' And so, on Christopher's advice, I did." Yes, he did ^{it} - for a maritime exploit that will rank high in the lore of seafaring men. *† s-l-u-t-m.*

59

59 1/4