

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

I wonder what people will think about today's adventure in propneey by Doctor Nicholas Murray Butler? The eminent President of Columbia University takes a chance at the doubtful art of foretelling the future, and has a couple of startling things to say on that familiar subject - American politics. I wonder how many will agree with him. I for one do not.

He predicts the speedy end and extinction of our two great political parties. No more Republicans! No more Democrats!

He declares that as early as Nineteen Forty-Four, the election after next, the issue will be fought out between he candidates of two new parties, parties of a different kind, with other names. That sounds rather familiar. We've all heard plenty of predictions of the disappearance of one or the other of the two parties. I recall all sorts of analysis

following Al Smith's sweeping defeat in Nineteen Twenty-Eight, showing that the Democratic Party was surely doomed to vanish. But democracy is still with us - and how. A lot of people thought the Republican Party was on its way out, when Teddy Roosevelt split it wide open and sunk it on the rocks in Nineteen Twelve. And again of late, after the dizzy F.D.R. success, heads have been shaken woefully over the G. O.P. future.

But Doctor Butler foresees the end of both great parties - and that's a thing the like of which has never happened in American history.

Doctor Butler's prognostication goes on to envisage those two new parties that are to come. One, he says, will be a Liberal-Constitutional group, which he describes in these terms:- "Intent on the accomplishment of needed reforms within the constitution." That sounds as if it might make an appeal to reasonable minded citizens. But what's the other party pictured in the Butlerian prognosis? "It will consist," says the

Doctor - "of all reactionaries and radicals opposed to constitutional procedure." That seems like a fine bundle of discord - all the reactionaries and radicals. Opposites and contradictories, reds and tories, in one camp. It sounds like playing both ends against the middle. I'm afraid, Dr. Butler, that most of us plain Americans are going to have a little trouble in imagining such a queer ^Set-up as your Radical-Reactionary-Unconstitutional-Party of the future.

Anyway, all this to happen by Nineteen Forty-Four. That's only seven years away, so we might as well be getting ready for that hot and heavy election.

But, wait a minute - there's something still nearer, Nineteen Forty, our next national election only three ^{years} ~~days~~ away. Nicholas Murray Butler has something to offer us for that also. In Nineteen Forty, says he, there'll be four parties fighting out the issue, with four major candidates. And he names them. There'll be Democrats and Republicans, there'll be a radical party, created by a fusion of Reds and Pinks. And there'll be that Liberal-Constitutional Alliance - starting out on its new career.

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It's all exceedingly complicated, Doctor, ^{-- also} original
and sparkling. But I'd like to get off a little prophecy of
my own, maybe not so original, not so sparkling. My forecast
is that in Nineteen Forty, the major parties will be - the
Republicans and Democrats, And in Nineteen Forty-Four we'll
have - the Democrats and the Republicans.

I would like to repeat a familiar French saying -
"the more things change, the more they remain the same old thing."

STRIKE

Strike events at Warren, Ohio point a finger at a central dilemma in this whole ^{melancholy} labor war. The union staged a labor holiday, protesting against a court injunction which restricts union picketing at the local Republic Steel plant. Labor holiday -- that's along the line of a general strike. And of all the weapons of industrial struggle, the general strike is one of the most perilous and fraught with disaster. At Warren the C.I.O. called workers out at one factory after another. That involved various companies in a strike about an affair with which they had nothing to do.

Today the labor holiday was off ~~ix~~ and the men returned to work. Or -- many of them didn't return, couldn't. The companies kept their doors shut, didn't ~~re~~ reopen their plants -- a lockout. And one official explained this by saying -- that the contract his company had with the C.I.O. was no good. The company has a contract with the union. Nevertheless, the men walked out -- all because of the labor holiday called by the C.I.O. and that puts the finger on the dilemma:-- ~~and~~ what avail is a contract if it's not kept.?

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Why come to an agreement, if the men go on strike anyway?

Such is the question raised at Warren, Ohio -- as five plants which were closed by the labor holiday, remained closed today. And the returning workers found no jobs awaiting them.

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The question of contracts kept and not kept was debated in Washington today in a hot session when Tom Girdler, Chairman of Republic Steel, appeared before a Senate Committee and had a vigorous tilt with the Senators. The challenge of "liar" was hurled by the Republic Chairman at Philip Murray of the steel union. And Tom Girdler said that Senator Guffey of Pennsylvania didn't know what he was talking about.

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He began by reading a statement, one paragraph of which reads as follows: "The difficulties in the present dispute arise from the fact that the company will not enter into a contract, oral or written, with an irresponsible party, and the C.I.O. is wholly irresponsible." And the statement goes on with this outright charge: "When the C.I.O. signs a contract, the events of recent months have conclusively

proved that the terms are kept by it only when convenient for the C.I.O. to keep them." That's the kind of blunt speaking that brought on the argument. The term of "liar" was hurled, when Tom Girdler denied that he had left a previous post with a steel company because of a breach of confidence on his part. He denounced the C.I.O. as being Communistic, and declared that a majority of Republic Steel workers were on the side of the company, and didn't want the C.I.O.

At the strike beleaguered city of Johnstown,

Pennsylvania, military rule passes out of the picture.

Governor Earle today called off martial law, and ordered the state soldiers to march out. This becomes effective at seven o'clock tomorrow morning. It was last Saturday that the Pennsylvania Governor put the troops in to keep Republic Steel from opening its plant. Now things have quieted down a lot, not so much danger of a desperate clash between pickets and non-strikers - and so the preservation of peace at the point of the bayonet, comes to an end.

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SPAIN

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The state of affairs in Europe gives us one disquieting picture tonight -- flotillas of warships parading in rival display. French and British battlecraft on one hand, Italian and German on the other. Today France sent eleven vessels of her fleet to manoeuvre off the coast of Italian Sardinia. A day or two ago Great Britain sent a mosquito fleet into the Mediterranean. These moves are to counter-balance large concentrations of German and Italian ships off the coast ^S of left wing Spain. Now, it looks bad when the Nations begin lining up warships against each other, in rival displays.

The tone in Paris tonight is hot. The French are afraid of German action, ~~in~~ in retaliation for torpedoes shot at Hitler's Cruiser LEIPZIG. They are ~~worried~~ worried lest Germany and Italy declare a blockade of the left wing coast. This, in the opinion of the French, would be the equivalent of a declaration of war against the Valencia Government -- a thing which France could not view with indifference. That's the diplomatic phrase we hear from Paris today -- "could not view with indifference."

POLAND

Today the Government of Poland sent a message to the Vatican. The Polish President made an appeal to Pope Pius. This follows a crisis in Warsaw, in which the Ministers of the Government wanted to resign. ~~and it is~~ ^R All because of a singular controversy concerning honors to be paid by King Carol of Rumania at the tomb of Poland's Hero, Marshal Pilsudski.

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King Carol is on his way to visit Warsaw, for conferences with the Polish Government, ~~important political talks.~~ Eastern Europe is beset with disputes and dangers. And the relations between Rumania and Poland are of prime importance. King Carol, as a matter of international courtesy, planned to visit the tomb of Pilsudski, the Dictator. When this was announced, up spoke one of the great personages of Poland, the highest prelate in the land -- the Archbishop ^{of} Krakow. ~~Of high ecclesiastical rank, he is of equally exalted birth,~~ Prince Sapieha, ^{princely} who bears one of the oldest and noblest ^{of} Polish names. The Prince - Archbishop gave the order -- to remove the mortal remains of Marshal Pilsudski. The Dictator had been laid to rest in the Krakow Cathedral -- but only

temporarily. His permanent tomb was to be in a Bell Tower reared in his memory. That monument is still uncompleted, but by the command of the Archbishop the Coffin has been removed from the Cathedral to the Tower.

Why was this done? The Archbishop explains that the crypt in the Cathedral was overcrowded. The Polish Government believes that it was because of the visit of King Carol. If that Monarch paid honor to Pilsudski in the church, it would be a religious ceremony -- and that the Archbishop refuses to allow. Some say -- because King Carol is the head of the Rumanian Orthodox Church. Others say -- it's because of the gay Sovereign's long continued friendship with Madam Lupescu. Any way the Prince - Archbishop frowns on the King -- and one way to avoid receiving him with religious ritual was to move Pilsudski from the Cathedral to his unfinished monument, where no question of religion would be involved.

So that's what has made the Warsaw Government so indignant that the Ministers want to resign in protest and that's what caused the Polish President to appeal to the Vatican today --

asking Pope Pius to order the Prince Archbishop of Krakow to restore the mortal remains of Marshal Pilsudski to the Cathedral for the visit of King Carol.

SOLDIER

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Today, in France, a man long believed to be dead, has been restored to the roster of the living. I've come across many a strange story of vanished persons who later reappeared, but this one is surely ~~that~~ ^{the} most melodramatic. It goes back to one of the most terrifying episodes of the World War - a grim affair that got no space in the news at the time. In Nineteen Seventeen, mighty few people were aware that there was revolt and mutiny in the French Army - the Poilus desperately weary of the war. The army sedition was suppressed with savage severity, Hundreds of the discontented soldiers were selected at random - and shot, and among these was a man named ^{George} Guilbaut. With a group of ill-fated comrades, he stood before the firing squad, and when the shots rang out he fell - but only wounded. He kept still, ~~he~~ played dead. The bodies were being buried, and he was about to be buried alive.

But at that moment there was a roar overhead, a roar of motors. And a crashing on the ground, the explosion of sky bombs. And German planes swooped low, strafing with machine guns. Terrified by the air-raid, the burial party scattered, and Guilbaut crawled away. He had not gone far when new terror

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seized him. Men came to him and grasped him. But they were a hospital party - and merely thought he had been wounded in the air raid.

He didn't dare ~~to~~ say who he was. He pretended he had lost his memory, amnesia. And he went down on the list as one of those cases in which recollection of the past had been blotted out. His nurse, a kindly young woman, pitied him, for his shell shock, the blight of war on his mind - as she thought. He kept his secret while she nursed him, and he kept his secret - after they were married.

Today they have three sons and two daughters. And now at last Guilbaut has revealed his secret. He has applied to the French Military Court to revoke the sentence of death and restore him to his true identity.

ELECTRICITY

Here's a story to remember. Let's watch for it to appear in the news again, and see if anything comes of it.

There are organizations in this land, which award medals for bravery. So let's see if any of them will grant ^t recognition to the heroine of this bit of news today.

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It's a tale of deadly peril amid the trappings of science. The ex-ray room in a hospital. Bellevue, in New York.- A man patient lying on the table, and an ex-ray expert moving and adjusting the ex-ray machine, Frank Brown, who knows plenty about the perils of those technical gadgets. He shut off the current in the machine, but there must have been a short circuit. And he got one hand tangled up with seventy-five thousand volts of electricity. He couldn't speak, he couldn't move, as that bolt of lightning went through his body. He was collapsing, but his hand was held fast - clutched in the grip of seventy-five thousand volts. The male patient saw the weird sigh^t of terror. He leaped off the table in wild fright and dashed out of the room.

But it was a different story with the girl nurse. Grace Fusco is her name. She didn't think. Perhaps she should

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have known better. She acted with the mere impulse of courage. She ran to Brown, the stricken Ex-Ray man, and tried to tear him away from the Electricity. She seized him by the shoulders, and the seventy-five thousand volts hit her. The charge knocked her backward against the wall.

She was dazed, half stunned, but that same impulse drove her again. She leaped again to the man held in the fiery grip of the current. Again she tried to drag him away, and as her hands touched him - this time a terrific voltage knocked her sprawling on the floor.

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But still there was only one thought for the girl nurse. For a third time she struggled to her feet, staggered to the man who was being electrocuted - and once more a shock flung her down, half ~~un~~ conscious, almost knocked out.

There's no telling how long Grace Fusco might have kept this up, but now another Ex-Ray man came dashing in, attracted by her screams and the thudding falls of her body. This Technician did the scientific thing - not so heroic as the wild courage of the girl, but more effective. He jumped to the master switch and shut off all the electricity in the Ex-Ray room. The brave girl nurse

hadn't thought of that.

With the seventy-five thousand volts cut off, the half electrocuted Ex-Ray man slumped into unconsciousness.

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Tonight he is suffering from burns and shock, but the Doctors

say he'll recover. The girl nurse is O.K. The seventy-five

thousand volts would have killed the two of them - if the

current hadn't been of a low amperage. That's what spared the

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lives of the victim and the heroine.

And a-l-u-t-m.