

The handsome city on Lake Erie is a highly conventional place this year. First the socialist convention. Then the Republican. Now the Cohorts of the Old Age Pension Plan begin their session tomorrow. Today's news is buzzing with advance dope on what they're going to do.

The most interesting angle concerns the relation of the Townsend Convention to the Third Party movement. Congressman Lemke, the agrarian radical of North Dakota, is running on a third party ticket - with the support of Father Coughlin and his League for Social Justice. It has been surmised that the Lemke third party might also get the endorsement of the Townsendites and the remnants of Huey Long's "Share-the-Wealth" movement. Lemke, supported by Father Coughlin, Dr. Townsend, and the Huey Long element, might make a formidable third party diversion. So, the

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first question about tomorrow's deliberations in Cleveland is - will the Townsend Planners select Candidate Lemke as their nominee? The answer is - no. Who will be their candidate? The answer is - nobody. They won't select a nominee for presidency. They'll confine themselves to the usual Townsend tactics of going after Congress and the Senate - of throwing their support to any congressional candidate, no matter what party he belongs to, so long as he'll support the Old-Age Pension Plan.

A significant indication of the "no candidate" strategy is to be found in the information that Congressman Lemke will address the Townsend Convention - or rather, he won't. The Townsendites draw a fine point of distinction here. Candidate Lemke will speak to the Old Age Pensioners - only after the convention has formally adjourned. It won't be a convention then, but just a gathering of pension believers. In that way the Congressman will have his say, without being on record as having taken part in the official proceedings. Dr. Townsend himself has refused to speak in support of Lemke. In fact he declares that if his disciples at Cleveland do not come out in favor of any

candidate, he'll vote for Landon.

What about Father Coughlin in the doings at Cleveland? He won't be there. He was invited to address the Old Age Pension people, but declined. He was invited to have a conference with Doctor Townsend, but declined that also. There seems to be no high degree of attractive cohesion between Doctor Townsend's Plan and Father Coughlin's Social Justice.

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The paladins of Old Age Pensions seem bent on following their own path in their own fashion - concentrating on Congress, with the idea of putting their plan into law and even of putting it into the Constitution of the United States - Two Hundred a Month for Everybody over Sixty.

Tomorrow will be showdown day in affairs of labor.

(Today the A. F. of L. court-martial, representing sixteen unions, deliberated over the question of punishing the C. I. O. That's the committee ^{on} ~~of~~ industrial democracy, which the insurgent twelve ~~unions~~ under John Lewis have formed. Tomorrow the court-martial will vote what to do about the rebels -- those twelve insurgent unions that represent ~~me~~ a million out of three million union men in the A. F. of L.)

So ~~for~~ the news doesn't indicate what course the A. F. of L. will take -- sternness or compromise. They're ~~are~~ against the compromise proposal suggested by John Lewis himself -- to allow his C. I. O. group to try out ^{the} vertical union idea in certain industries. The A. F. of L. stands strictly for the opposite theory -- the horizontal union.

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If the court-martial decides on sternness -- it will expel the twelve C. I. O. unions under Lewis. If it decides on moderation, it will postpone a decision and thereby grant some more time to work out a compromise. Both proposals are before the court-martial meeting in

Washington, and it will be voted on tomorrow. ^{It} More and more the struggle narrows down to a battle between two men, two Welshmen. John Lewis was born in Wales, and with his shock of grey hair and his fighting face looks every inch a Welshman. A. F. of L. President Green is three-fourths Welsh.

^{It} Lewis' own union is the United Mine Workers. He worked his way up from the black pits. William Green, too, was a coal mine ~~man~~ in his youth. These are points of likeness, but there the similarity stops. Lewis, the beetle-browed battler. Green, the moderate-minded compromiser. Now the compromiser sits at the head of the court-martial ^{and} judging the battle. ^{And} tomorrow will tell us the next turn the struggle will take.

SPY

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From time to time, ever since I've been on the air, I've told stories ^{from} Europe about spies, flamboyant tales of secret agents and their mysterious doings. And the inevitable comment was that Europe was nervous and jumpy, in a mood for spy scares, highly susceptible to the melodrama of espionage. Also, that over here in our own happy land, that sort of secret agent romance was much too gaudy and purple ~~to~~ to carry conviction. Then I recall, not so long ago, having a chat with a former Russian general, who told me of an experience of his in California - an experience that likewise seemed too much like mystery melodrama to carry conviction. General Lodojinski, formerly of the army of the Czar and ~~now~~ Commander-in-Chief of the Starlight Roof of New York's Waldorf - related how on the coast a year ago he chanced to go into a small nondescript shop run by a Japanese. When he saw the face of the oriental behind the counter, he began to think.

"It seems to me that I know you?" said the Russian General.

"No, you are mistaken," responded the Japanese with an expressionless face.

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The Russian persisted. He recalled having met this small, slight Asiatic several years before in the Far East - met him, not as a petty California shopkeeper, but as a captain in the Imperial Japanese Navy.

"Are you not Captain so-and-so, whom I knew in Shanghai?" the Russian demanded.

"No, you are mistaken," responded the Japanese with bland, blank insistence.

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General Lodojinski told me, ~~as we sat across the table at the Waldorf~~, how he kept thinking about the incident, puzzled. Later he went back to have another look at the strangely reminiscent Japanese, ~~and~~ ^{and} found the shop closed -- the bird had flown. The humble shopkeeper was indeed the captain of the Japanese Navy whose acquaintance he had made in Shanghai. And the answer was - espionage, the Japanese Naval Intelligence at work on the American Pacific Coast.

Yes, I then thought that such spy stuff was too melodramatic for our own quiet, matter of fact, United States. However, a few weeks ago, the news broke of that amazing spy story in California. ~~Remember, how~~ a former American sailor named

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Thompson ~~was~~ sent to prison for having sold American naval secrets to a master spy, an officer of the Imperial Navy of Japan?

And now what have we today? Something still more startling - a former lieutenant-commander of the United States Navy arrested as a spy, accused of selling navy secrets to Japan.

^{TP} ~~General~~ John Farnsworth was a brilliant officer. At Annapolis he had a distinguished career in aviation, gunnery and naval tactics. But in Nineteen Twenty-Seven, he was court-martialled and dismissed from the navy for what the verdict called "Scandalous conduct, tending to impair the morale of the service." His offense is described as having been "money dealings with sailors, ~~and~~ also perjury."

Now the story is told how a year ago former Lieutenant-
~~Colonel~~ ^{Commander} Farnsworth seemed to be strangely interested in matters pertaining to the fleet, Naval Intelligence officers noticed this, and put him on the suspect list. ^{so the story goes} Two months ago he went to the house of a high officer at Annapolis and tried to get hold of secret naval documents, while the officer was not at home. That put the G-men on his ~~ixix~~ trail.

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Today the former brilliant Lieutenant-Commander was arraigned on charges of having sold to a Japanese naval officer a secret navy publication called "The Service of information and security." He pleaded ~~innocent~~ not guilty. He explained that he was trying to get into the aviation service of an oriental power, Chinese or Japanese, he doesn't know which, and ~~he turned over~~ ^{was seeking} ~~any documents~~ to prove to the oriental power that he had been a naval officer.

The Japanese Embassy ^{in Washington} declares it knows nothing about Farnsworth except that a man calling himself ^{by that name} ~~Farnsworth~~ came to the Embassy and tried to talk them out of some money.

This charge of selling navy secrets to ^a ~~the~~ Japanese spy and that Pacific coast charge of selling navy secrets to a Japanese ~~officer~~ ^{spy} - are they connected? Is the Japanese mentioned in each case the same man? Did the same secret agent from Tokyo deal with the former sailor and with the former Lieutenant-Commander? That was suspected at first. Today it was denied by J. Edgar Hoover, Chief of the G-Men. He says they are separate cases.

FRANCE

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(July Fourteenth ~~went off~~ in France, today, ~~with rather less~~ ^{and plenty of} trouble, ~~than might have been expected.~~ Of course there were disturbances ~~to~~ ⁱⁿ celebrate ~~the~~ ^{fall of} the Bastille, ~~but anything~~ ^{as was} short of a revolution might have been ~~anticipated~~ ^{all} - with the red radical unrest that is sweeping French labor. There was a giant military parade of the grim mechanized battalions of France. Hundreds of thousands of communists giving their salute of up-raised fists, were held in check along the streets by massed battalions of police. They tried to form processions of their own to follow the military parade; the Right Wing Nationalists tried to do the same thing.) But in each case the gendarmes dispersed the crowds. Later on wild scenes were witnessed along the Champs Elysees, as the Right Wing Nationalists ~~tried to~~ put on a demonstration. They fought with the gendarmes, but finally were chased away.

The most significant thing ^{about} ~~of~~ July Fourteenth in France today was not rioting, but a speech. It was made before a huge throng of radicals by Socialist Premier Blum, who talked surrounded by Communist banners and Red flags. He warned

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conservative elements not to suppose that his government would yield to attacks from the right. He threatened that if pressure against his Socialist Cabinet became dangerous - his radical supporters would rise with violence. It sounded like a distinct menace ~~for~~^{of} red uprising, to protect the radical government.

DARDANELLES

Let's remember how Leander swam ^{the} Hellespont to visit beautiful Hero, until one night tragic Leander was drowned.

The romantic Lord Byron also swam the Hellespont in what was considered a century or more ago a great exploit in swimming.

Followed by Dick Halliburton in what was not considered
Well, the Hellespont is a good deal in the news today under its modern name - the Dardanelles, a bitter name to the British, who tried in vain to conquer ^{the Straits} during the World War.

We hear today that Great Britain has made concessions regarding the Dardanelles, concessions ~~at~~ ⁱⁿ that parley ^{at} Switzerland which is considering the refortification of the narrow straits. They were demilitarized by the Peace Treaties, but now the Turks demand the right to fortify them again. ^{TR} The other powers concede that and are merely discussing the terms of how it should be done.

There's been a deadlock over Russia's demand to have a free way for her warships during peace time. The Turks backed that up, but the British opposed. Today the British yielded, and said - "All right, we'll concede ^{the point} ~~that~~ let Russian warships have free passage ~~at~~ through the Dardanelles in peace time."

a great exploit in swimming! even by Dick.

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That was only concession Number One for London.

Britain has been insisting on having the right to send her own warships through the straits in wartime. *But today they dropped that* ~~But they are still~~ *However,* ~~trying to establish certain exceptions to that rule.~~ They are trying to work out an agreement whereby fleets of battle will be allowed to navigate the Hellespont in times of conflict - for the express purpose of enforcing those mutual aid pacts, those agreements under the rules of the League of Nations, binding various countries to protect each other in case of aggression against them.

Utah is in the Dust Bowl, and Utah saw some new dust today -- on the ^{se}salt flats at Bonneville. Captain Eyston said watch my dust, and it was something to watch.

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He's the Britisher who has been breaking ^{those} assorted speed records out there. In his latest exploit he's been going after the two-day drive, the forty-eight hour whirl. ~~And~~ finished it this afternoon. Did he break the record?

He did -- with an average speed of a hundred and thirty-five miles an hour for forty-eight hours, two days -- ever since day before yesterday. *He's now broken 20 records in that 2-day drive -- minor ones.*

So the Dust Bowl saw some new dust, not blown by the wind -- but by the "Speed of the Wind" which is the name of the record-breaking auto.

SKIPPER ENDING

I had a talk with a commodore of a yacht club this afternoon. He's about four feet tall, rather small for his age. He wears short pants, and goes to bed when his mother tells him. The yachting commodore is fourteen. That's the astonishing bit of sea-faring news tonight -- the election of the youngest commodore in yachting history, a mere lad of fourteen.

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The story goes back two years, when Oliver Tweedy was twelve. He found an old sailboat, abandoned, half-covered with sand, under water when the tide was high. The commodore told me with some expression of wonder in eyes of fourteen that the craft had been navigated by two sailing enthusiasts. But both had got married, after which they had left their boat lie there on the beach. Matrimony had conquered navigation -- ~~that~~ difficult to understand at fourteen.

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The lad acquired the derelict sloop, and spent a whole season rebuilding it. He named it "The Pick-Up," and sailed it -- with a crew of one. The crew was his sister, Cleo, a year older than he. Last summer "The Pick-Up", with its kid brother and kid sister act, competed in the races. Matched against expensive craft, the "Pick-Up" won four out of five. This summer Skipper Oliver and crew Cleo, now fourteen and fifteen

have already sailed "The Pick-Up" in six ~~yacht~~ regatta races,
and have won six straight.

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So now -- the ~~Garden City Hotel and the~~ Long Island yachtsmen will
gather at
the Garden City Hotel, and the fourteen year-old skipper will
get a stately diploma, certifying that he has been elected
commodore of the Bayville Yacht Club. He succeeds a seventy-year
old yachting veteran, Zeb Wilson, who has been sailing for fifty
years. Fourteen to seventy, A to Z, Alpha to Omega. The boy
commodore's certificate carries with it an Omega nautical
time-piece. Alpha to Omega is right.

59 1/4
And as I have reached the Omega of this broadcast:-

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.