

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

The San Francisco strike seems to be complicated by still another element of discord -- a dispute among the longshoremen. Last night the men appeared willing to submit to arbitration by the President's Labor Board. But, now that is confused by a scrap among the longshoremen themselves. One party of strikers willing to have the President's Board settle the strike, the more radical fighting element want a fight to the finish. But at any rate compromise is in the air out there.

Meanwhile, there is some talk of President Roosevelt using his personal influence. A few wise men here and there have been surmising that the big general strike might culminate in a grand scene -- the Cruiser Houston with the President aboard rushing through the Golden Gate. That certainly would be effective drama, with the Chief Executive of the United States landing for personal and Presidential intervention.

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The labor situation in Portland, Oregon, has quieted down. That's because of the presence of Senator Wagner of New York, Labor Expert for the Administration. The dock strikers have decided to hold everything until the Senator has had time to look the situation over.

General Johnson, who is out West, uttered some fiery words before a college group at Berkeley, California. He is used to cracking-down on industrial leaders, but this time he cracked-down, up, and also side-ways, on the general strike question.

"When", he shouted, "the means of food supply -- milk to children, necessities to the whole people -- are threatened, that is bloody insurrection. You just can't do that in this free country. It just won't work."

With the strike situation settled down to something like a state of seige, threatening but quiet, it's a good time to take a little more careful notice of one of the more dominant personalities in the thick of the trouble. He's

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Harry Bridges, the outstanding strike leader. When the San Francisco authorities talk about alien agitators, they're shooting in the direction of Harry Bridges. He's from Australia, the home of Long Shoreman Strikes. He hit San Francisco three years ago and got a job as a longshoreman. There appears to be some mystery in his earlier history. He says he arrived in the United States in 1920 -- a deserting seaman. He took out citizenship papers in New Orleans fourteen years ago, his first papers apparently. The conservatives call him a radical, a communist -- and half-a-citizen. The only information they can get from him is that he did take out those first papers.

He's a thin man of medium height, jet black hair and pale complexion. He has sharp features, large flashing dark eyes, and a shrill voice, which he knows how to use in a soap box speech. Yet they say he's a halting speaker. He gropes for words. He pauses for long moments until he finds the next phrase. But when he finds it it's a telling, picturesque

blaze of words.

His powers of agitational oratory brought him up from a job on the docks to a high place in the union. It also played a potent part in stirring up the longshoremen to *their* walkout. And then it persuaded the other unions to join in that general strike.

His gift of crisp phraseology was illustrated when the Governor of California brought the earlier phase of the strike to a head by ordering soldiers to take control of the waterfront.

"We can't fight the army", snapped Harry Bridges, "but we can call a general strike."

And they did.

~~Yes, and~~ There's ~~marshial~~ ^{military} law in North Dakota--
the National Guard called to arms, soldiers in ~~marshial~~ ^{military} array
in defense of the State Capital. Sounds menacing and alarming,
but hold your hats, folks. The Republic is yet safe. The war-
like preparations in North Dakota are not because of any strike,
outbreak of Communism, or even a rough-house brawl on a street
corner. The complications are entirely legal, intricately
legal, with a few military frills.

It's that puzzling and paradoxical case of Governor
Langer of North Dakota.

The story begins with Governor Langer on the job as
N. R. A. Administrator for his state. It continues with the
Govenor ^raccused of sundry misdemeanors, whereupon General
Johnson ousted him from his N. R. A. job. Then he was indicted
and tried, and the court convicted him of compelling federal
employees to contribute money to his political machine. He
was sentenced to eighteen months ~~in~~ jail, and since then has
been at liberty while the case is being repealed. And he has

continued to rule the state as Governor.

So far, so simple -- but now the complications begin. In the recent primaries, though he stood convicted by the courts, Governor Langer ran for renomination on the Republican ticket. And to the surprise of everybody he won. He won hands down.

The legal snarl got into a still more complicated tangle when the Lieutenant-Governor, demanded that Governor Langer resign. Mr. Langer refused. But now the State Supreme Court of North Dakota has handed down a decision that William Langer, having been convicted of a crime, can no longer hold office as Governor.

And that brings us to the really remarkable set of legal convolutions -- civil law tangled up with martial law.

The Governor still refuses to resign. He'll go to war before he does. He has declared martial law. He has placed several troops of soldiers on guard around the State Capitol Building, to keep anybody from ~~the~~ serving the court decision on him.

What's the answer? Well, the civil authorities could appeal to Washington, and then the President might order the regular army into North Dakota as the final move in the game. That, of course, would be check-mate. But, before it happens, the North Dakota puzzle is likely to go on up into the federal courts for some more legal massaging.

One potent factor in the affair is Bill Langer's political strength with the North Dakotans. In 1928, as a Republican Attorney General, he campaigned for Al. Smith. In 1932, again as a Republican he ran for Governor. The Democrats swept the state heavily for Roosevelt, but Bill Langer was elected. Of the forty-two states that President Roosevelt carried by a wide margin, North Dakota was the only one that elected a Republican Governor. On top of that, as we have all ready seen, the voters swept him back into the Republican nomination, although the courts had convicted him of political corruption. That's political strength -- on top of which they now have martial law.

NORMAN

There is a good deal of speculation in financial and diplomatic circles, just because two men happen to be passengers on the same ship. One is George L. Harrison, Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, who is now on the high seas returning home from Europe. He has been attending that Conference on International Bankers at Geneva.

On the same boat, streaming westward, is Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, renowned as a financial potentate of some mystery. According to rumors, the two shipmates are discussing some major move of international finance. It is understood that the head of the New York Federal Reserve Bank was to have met the head of the Bank of England as his financial fortress on Threadneedle Street. But time was short, so they took passage on the same boat.

It is also the newest kind of news that Montagu Norman is not Mr. Skinner, this time. In his executive journeyings, the head of the Bank of England nearly always travels incognito - under the name of Skinner, though that is

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not such a cheery name for a banker. The story goes that his passage is always arranged for by a clerk, a Mr. Skinner, who books it under his own name. This same clerk also books passage for other officials of the Bank of England, who frequently travel incognito. So at almost any time, on any of the seven seas, you may find Banker Skinner traveling somewhere.

So much for Montagu Norman - say, but that name of Norman certainly is in the news just now. This next bit is also about a man named Norman. Doubly named, twice named Norman. He is the New York jeweler who has defied the N.R.A., Mr. Norman C. Norman. He was billed a hundred dollars as an assessment to maintain the code authority. He won't pay it. He never signed the Jeweler's Code and adds: "I wouldn't permit the bird to be hung on my wall." He would like to see the Blue Eagle hanged, but not hung on his wall.

"Let them send me to jail", proclaims Norman C. Norman. "I still won't pay it." I don't want the President for my partner he declares. Maybe he thinks he can find a smarter partner.

I am told that, though there has been plenty of opposition to the N. R. A., this is the first time anyone has refused to pay a Code Authority assessment. I suppose a lot of us did not know that business firms under the N.R.A. had to kick in to pay the expenses of the Code. Anyway, a refusal to pay is certainly a sharp and direct way of expressing opposition.

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Well, they're on their vacation now, and have stringent orders not to wear those brown shirts made symbolic by the Nazis. Yet those symbolical brown shirts are still to be seen. In various parts of Germany, especially in the rural districts, the Storm Troopers are still wearing them. In Berlin, which is exceedingly well-policed, not a single brown shirt is to be seen, but it's different in the German tall timbers, amid the Teutonic cows and chickens.

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This is an interesting time in Germany -- if only because the Storm Troopers are on that summer vacation. But how much of a vacation are they taking?

Remember how Hitler's men explained that the Brown Shirts were to get a rest, so they could be a little more with their families and enjoy family life? Then the word came that the order demobilizing the Storm Troops for a month, was one of the immediate causes of the flare up in Germany.

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There are also reports of an unusual number of fires in Germany since that week-end reign of terror. Airplane factories have

suffered particularly from an epidemic of serious blazes. And in two cases explosives were discovered.

Naturally authorities think that incendiaries have been at work. And foul play is suspected in an airplane disaster. Two planes collided in mid-air with the loss of seven lives. There were rumors that the mechanism had been tampered with.

All this revives rumors of seditious plots --perhaps revenge of the discredited Storm Troopers.

MONASTERY

There was an explosion, a blast of flame, ^{and} over in Greece an age old historic edifice was destroyed by fire. It was the ^{Meg-ase-pel-aon} monastery of Megaspelaeon, otherwise called the Great Grotto, an old and time-worn shrine which reared steeply on a towering cliff along the northern shore of the Aegean Sea. It was a great storehouse of ancient manuscripts and works of art, illuminated parchments come down from the dim past and priceless Byzantine icons. An invaluable treasure ~~was~~ destroyed!

The monastery of Megaspelaeon was one of the ~~most~~ historic places of the world, and the strange manner of its destruction takes us deep back into its history. The story goes that in 362 A.D., two monks had a vision ^{that} an ancient and most-holy icon was hidden somewhere in the mountains. This vision led them to a cave. And in the cave they found the icon which, according to their vision, had been made by the hands of St. Luke, the Evangelist. So as a shrine for the icon, the monastery was erected just above the caves. The buildings ^{now} ~~was~~ destroyed were ^{reared} ~~was~~ ^{Byzantine} by the Emperor Andronicus Palleolōgos in 1285.

A hundred and fifteen years ago, the sacred fortress was a center of great patriotism. Today the Greeks still speak

of it as the birthplace of their War of Independence against Turkey. The monastery was besieged by the Turks. The black gowned monks fought like lions to defend the holy icon of St. Luke from the hands of the infidel. They stored great quantities of gunpowder in the crevices of the Grotto. And when times of peace came some of that gun-powder seems to have been forgotten. And this ^{brings us} ~~takes us~~ [^] ~~right down~~ [^] to the present disaster.

It would appear that one of the monks was smoking a cigarette and dropped it into a crevice. In this crevice was [^] ~~the~~ remaining quantity of that old gunpowder. There was a terrific explosion, followed by the destructive blaze. Eight monks were severely injured.

This was not the first fire to rage in the monastery of Megaspelāeon. Three times before the edifice was ravaged by flames with great destruction, but each time the icon of St. Luke was saved. And so it is once again. The monastery ^{is in ruins,} ~~was destroyed,~~ but the ancient icon was rescued from the flames.

TWINS

Our parents and grandparents used to say that ~~the~~^{the} "bringing-up" has a lot to do with the child. And now modern science has gone to a lot of trouble to find out the same thing. ~~It shows what the new scientific training of children can do, which is pretty much what the old unscientific training of children used to do.~~ Two twin baby boys were taken in hand by a group of scientific investigators, who gave one of them a lot of modern training and left the other one to his own devices - he just grewed. The idea was to determine whether intensive training will raise the mental level of the individual. As a scientific experiment it is all over now, and the experts are checking and interpreting the observations they make. They will come to some definite conclusion - maybe in about ten years. ^{TP} Meanwhile, the two kids are back home, and they're a lot different. Their father, who is a ground keeper at the Yankee Stadium, puts it this way:

"Johnny is a gentleman and Jimmy is a mug."

And you can guess which one is Johnny and which one is Jimmy, the trained or the untrained one.

The ground keeper at the Yankee Stadium continues:

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"Johnny sits at the table like a Park Avenue fellow, but Jimmy is Tenth Avenue, the way he eats his grub." And once again you can guess which is which.

Park Avenue Johnny wanted a searchlight so he said:
"Allow me, may I take it?"

Tenth Avenue Jimmy came up and grabbed the searchlight.

Somehow, you can't help taking a shine to Jimmy, who seems to get what he wants because of the lack of training. Well, some of us will prefer a Tenth Avenue roughneck to a Park Avenue Snob.

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That's the story of the twins. Now for the sextuplets. In other words, Roumania versus Canada. Roumania wins.

Canada had those five babies - at least a Canadian Mother had -- five at a time. Now in Roumania there are six - six at a time.

Only twice in the last five hundred years does medical history record six babies at one birth - three simultaneous sets of twins.

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When the Canadian father heard that he had become a father five times, on that occasion, he said: "I ought to be in jail!" I wonder what the Roumanian father is saying?

Here's a new way to count:- one, twins, triplets, quadupletes, quintupletes, sextuplets --- and, and, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.