Good Evening, Everybody:

Now for one of those pieces of quick work that always give us a thrill.

There was a bad storm as all over Northwestern Europe last night. A gale whipped down the English Channel. Ships were in trouble. In many English towns sign-boards and chimneys crashed down.

the roof of a big chemical factory at Claydon-on-Tyne, and one hundred tons of sulphuric acid got loose. That fiery vitriol went splashing this way and that, and was about to spread all through the neighborhood when the factory employes jumped into action. They hurled into the river of acid huge quantities of other chemicals to neutralize it. There was a fierce hissing and steaming as violent chemical action took place, and acrid fumes arose in clouds. But the acid was neutralized and thoroughly tamed and no further damage was done.

There are two bits of news dispatched tonight about the band industrial condition in England - one item is bad and the other ens good.

They are having labor trouble in the Lancashire cotton mills, and a quarter of a million weavers are out of work today. There has been a dispute between the mill owners and the weavers, and when they couldn't come to an agreement the mill owners shut down their factories. The lock-out will involve many other workmen and the International News Service estimates that half a million people will be out to work in Lancashire until the dispute is settled.

The good news is about the coal mines in Wales. The miners have been out on strike, but they reached an agreement with the mine owners and nearly 150,000 workmen will be back on the job on Monday.

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2 UNITED STATES OF EUROPE, & though we may have to change that name UNITED STATES OF EVERYWHERE. A commission is in session over in Geneva, to see if they can't form a United States of Europe, and

I told your last night that the German and the Italian delegates want to include Soviet Russia and Turkey into the proposed union of European nations. That caused a lively discussion, although nobody had anything much to say against the idea of bringing the terrible Turk and the baleful Bolshevik into the fold. On the contrary, the argument was caused by delegates who wanted to carry the idea a few steps farther.

The representative of Holland proposed that Iceland be included in the United States of Europe, and Arthur Henderson, the British secretary of Foreign Affairs came to bat with the proposal that all the members of the League of Nations should be invited to

join the United States of Europe, no matter whether they were countries in North America, South America, Asia, Africa, or the South Seas.

That made it seem somewhat like a United States of the World, but we might as well make it the UNITED STATES OF EVERYWHERE, because one delegate was heard to mumble ironically in his beard:

HERP, WHY NOT ALSO INVITE THE PEOPLE ON THE PLANET MARS TO JOIN

THIS UNITED STATES OF EUROPE?

Well, it all sounds like pleasing comedy. But it may turn out to be one of the most important political developments of our time.

at this moment I think I

Right here team see a picture of a couple of eyebrows raised in great surprise. Emean see the face of an astonished Frenchman.

They are building an American church in Paris and for the Parisians it is just another indication, how mad those Americans are.

Ze American. Doo la la, he see mad, nec ce pas?

## EARTHQUAKE

Now listen to this next rumble. Old Mother Earth is up to some more weird tricks in the valley of Oaxaca in Nexico. There is a strange trembling and shaking - a series of earthquakes. And from below the ground come subterranean thunderings.

Oaxaca was badly hit by that earthquake they had in Mexico a couple of days ago, and now the tremors are continuing. The strangest of all is that loud rumbling apparently from deep within the earth.

According to the Associated Press the people in the valley are in a state of indescribable panic and many have fled to the hills.

Let's take up the matter of a few shouts of "NO" that are reverberating in Washington.

There is a rumor around that the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, has handed in his resignation. I've lost track of the number of times that it has been reported that Mr. Mellon has chucked up his job. Maybe some of you have chalked down the number.

Anyway, here's one loud No. The International News

Service informs us that the White House emphatically denies that

the Secretary of the Treasury has resigned.

And NO! Former Vice-president Dawes does not intend to retire as Ambassador to Great Britain. It has been rumored from time to time that Mr. Dawes would resign and return home to take charge of the jumbled affairs of the Republican National Committee. The White House says an emphatic "NO" to that report also.

there also

From Washington comes a blast against the Communists. The Fish Committee down there has been investigating the activities of Red radicals in the United States, and its report was issued 6 today .

This report, as sent out by the 8 Associated Press, claims that the 9 Communist party over here is trying to 10 foment a Red revolution and that it just a tool of the Bolshevists gover 12 in Russia. The report recommends that 13 the immigration laws be tightered so 14 that foreign Communists can 15 the country. and also that foreign 16 Communists here should be deported. 17 So far as American Communists are 18 concerned, the Committee thinks that 19 the Communist party should simply be 20 outlawed and not allowed to exist.

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Great Scott! This next one certainly does bring back memories. It's about a champion balloon buster. No, not Frank Luke, that incredible dare-devil from Pheonix, Arizona, who raised the hair on people's heads with his mad exploits. This is about some balloon busting that has just happened.

Imagine a captive balloon hanging up there in the sky.

A swift plane swoops down. There is a rattle of machine gun

fire from the plane and flaming bullets stream into the big gas

bag. An explosion. A burst of flame, and up she goes.

American aviators down at Langley Field, Virginia,
were out to see who could qualify as the champion balloon buster.
One flying man after another brought down his balloon. When it
was all over the honors went to Lieutenant McHenry, and he was
acclaimed the champion balloon buster of the U.S.A.

But to get back to Frank Luke, whom I mentioned before.

During the World War I was in France, in the Toul Sector along

about the time

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Lulso when the was performing his incredible exploits. And I heard many a story about He was the talk of the airports.

While other men specialized in bringing down German planes, Luke was mad 6 about those big German sausage balloons. They were his meat. He shot them down one after another, even two and three at a time. In a brief career of sensational weeks, made a record as a balloon buster that was never approached. 11 Then one day he didn't come back. He 12 had tried one balloon too many.

I'll bet the shade of Frank Luke was hovering somewhere near when they held that balloon busting competition today down at Langley Fieldstoday

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I don't know when er to this
next report will ever materialize, but
if it does it will be a sight worth
seeing, and We North Americans will have a
chance to see a great formation of
airplanes arriving from across the seas.
Atlantic. South Americans witnessed Sucha
that impressive and spectacle, and they
are still celebrating cown there.

that the Italians, having successfully accomplished their great squadron flight across the South Atlantic, are going to tack the North Atlantic next.

Balbo, the Italian Minister of Aviation, who led the air voyage of the giant bombers from Rome to Rio, stated the other day that the Italian Government was planning an even more spectacular flight. And now \*\* an International News Service dispatch states that officials at Rome confirm this and add that Balbo will lead a great formation itself across the North Atlantic.

121:30-5M

Well Jiminy Christmas! That fellow certainly ought to have known better. He ought toknow plenty about counting ten by now. No, not fourteen or eight - just ten. Who? Why Jack Dempsey. Many a time Jack heard ten counted over the man he had just knocked cold. He also heard fourteen counted on one famous occasion, when Tunney was given the long count out in Chicago. But here's Jack himself counting - eight.

He was a Referee in a boxing bout last night between Max Baer and Tom Heeney. Heeney was having the best of it when Baer slammed him through the ropes. Then when Heeney got back into the ring, he remained on one knee, taking the benefit of the count for a rest. Referee Dempsey was counting, and the time keeper outside of the ring was counting. Only the two counts were different and Dempsey was wrong. The time keeper got to ten when Dempsey had only arrived at eight, and Heeney was listening to Dempsey. He got up,

Dempsey thought it was 0. K., but the time keeper said that Heeney was out, knocked out. And the time keeper's decision was what counted.

And so now in the career of Jack Dempsey the freak count of eight will go along with that other freak count of fourteen.

121-30-5M

Let's interrupt this with a prosperity note for a moment. Out in Chicago there has been a twenty percent increase, during the past few weeks, in the number of engagements -- that is, in the number of young people who have decided to get married. One says: "Will you be mine? And the other says: "Sure mike, name the day."

Result? The Associated Press says there has been an increase in the sales of washing machines. Immediately following the boom in engagements a big washing machine manufacturer at Newton, Iowa, called back to work between seven and eight hundred men.

You take out your marriage license, the parson ties the knot, then you take off your trousseau, put on the old Mother Hubbard, and start to operate the old washing machine.

It's just loves old sweet song.

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I think the best way to tell this next piece of news is to start it with a bit of poetry:

"Under the spreading chestnut treem The village smithy stands. The smith a mighty man is he, With large and sinewy hands" --but a horse stepped on his foot. Of course that part about his foot wasn't

Anyway, you should have heard the 11 blacksmith's poetic remarks when his big toe got bruised and lacerated in such unseemly fashion.

written by Longfellow.

The blacksmith is Bill O'Brien. 15 In a way he ish the village blacksmith. because he's from Pittsburgh.

According to the Associated Press. he has gone to court about the way that horse stepped on his foot. No, he isn't suing the owner of the horse. at alt. He's suing somebody else. He explains that the reason why the horse stepped on his foot was because somebody hit the horse with a brick. And he says the brick was tossed through the smithy window by a

worker who was employed by a contractor to tear down a building. The blacksmith is suing the contractor.

The blacksmith says that he still has large and sinewy hands, but his foot is something awful!

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11.30-SM

I ran across an odd question today - WHAT IS A
THERBLIG? It was asked at the head of an article in the current
issue of the Literary Digest, and the article goes on to say that
most people have Therbligs. Brick-layers have them. Stenographers
have them. And I suppose even a radio news gatherer has Therbligs.

Anyway, that Digest article concerns one of the important new gadgets that are making industry more efficient.

Suppose you are doing a daily task. Well, the scientific efficiency experts will analyze the movements you make and try to cut out lost motion.

The way they do this is with a specially constructed motion picture machine which reduces the actions of a working man to slow movies. They divide your movements into small parts, and these are called "THERBLIGS". So there you have it. Those are the Therbligs.

Maybe you have a trick of twisting your head needlessly
as you swing a hammer. That's a Therblig. Maybe you move your
arms too much when you are rattling away on the typewriter. That's

a THERBLIG. If you are a captain of industry maybe you tap the desk with a pencil when you are in conference. That's a THERBLIG.

And the way to be most efficient is to cut out all USELESS therbligs. In fact if you have too many you will wind up with Saint Vitus Dance or the Heebie Jeebies.

We've got to watch our hats and coats and our vitamins and our blood pressure. And now we've got to watch our therbligs.

I suppose I'll have to keep an eye on mine, although of course

there is no excuse for making unnecessary movements, no occasion for having Therbitgs, in front of a microphone.

Why make grand oratorical Therbligs when there isn't anyone around to see them?

Well, tomorrow's my day off. So I'm off to the country now to give my Therbligs a rest. But Monday I'll be back on the job with a lot more news-and a few less Therbligs, I hope.

Meanwhile, so long until Monday, and watch your Therbligs.