

The dope from the experts this evening is that
Russia is exceedingly anxious ^{to join the family of nations -- that is anxious} to become once more a member

in good standing of the family of nations. Political
observers point to the remarkable coincidence of two facts.
First the publicly expressed desire of the council of the
League of Nations to have the Soviet government as a member.
Second the fact that dictator Stalin has abolished the
Ogpu, the long dreaded secret service of the Soviet.

For these many years people in Russia have
lived in terror of the Ogpu which Russians pronounce
Ogaypayoo. To be denounced by this body was infinitely
worse than being arrested by the Okhrana of Czarist days.
Being denounced by the Ogpu was the equivalent of conviction.
They could even sentence people to death without trial.

But Dictator Stalin is reorganizing the
judicial system of Russia. In the future nobody in Russia
can be condemned without trial by a Judicial Tribunal.

FLYERS

This is not news to us but it may be to the Japanese across the Pacific if any happen to be listening in by short wave, ^{-- and everybody seems to be listening to short wave these days.} It concerns the gallant work of seven soviet flyers who rescued more than a hundred men, women and children from the Arctic ice. Russian newspapers declare that not a word has appeared in the newspapers of Japan. [¶] Moscow professes to see in this a symptom of fear. "It shows the alarm of the Japanese government over the extraordinary progress that has been made by the Soviet in aviation. So the Tokyo press is afraid to let the Japanese public know about this". That's what the official organ of the Communist party says. [¶] And there is a distinct note of defiance in the added statement that while this rescue was achieved by only seven Russians, more pilots, thousands of pilots just as fearless and just as able are available if the need should arise. [¶] Well, the Japanese are doing a lot of flying these days, too.

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Lieutenant

TROTZKY

Look at Trotzky - no place to go. The one time Lord of Terror and Red Master of War will have trouble finding a bit of earth to rest on anywhere on this great round globe. The revelation that while he was allowed to stay in France he was laying plans for a Fourth Internationale will cause doors to be slammed hastily in his face. Capitalist countries don't want him least of all.

Let's be clear about that Fourth Internationale.

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Trotzky broke with Stalin over the question of world revolution. Stalin is out to establish Communism in Russia. Trotzky's doctrine was that the whole world must have a Communist revolution. That's what he is still said to be working for. That's the object of this Fourth Internationale which he intends to take the place of the present Third Internationale which is run by Stalin's associates at Moscow. We've been having a strange story of one fugitive wanderer - Samuel Insull. He has found a place to go. That is, Uncle Sam has found it for him. To what land will the exile

TROTZKY #2

Trotsky drag his footsteps now? He might become a
Buddhist monk in Tibet.

It used to be "Daises won't tell" but now it should be the fish won't tell. That should be the theme song of the great French spy scandal. Those two young Americans, husband and wife, who are under arrest, have told the French police how the spies used to hold their meetings in the aquarium of the Trocadero Museum. There surrounded by the fish they plotted their spy work. The fish looked at them through the glasspartition with a fishy eye.

Another melodramatic highlight came when the young American wife told how she had an important document photographed on fine paper, ~~and~~ rolled inside ~~of~~ a cigarette. When she was arrested she coolly lighted the cigarette and pouf, puff the secret document went up in smoke.

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INDIA

The Right Honorable Winston Spencer Churchill, newspaperman, soldier, statesman, war-time First Lord of the Admiralty, has been a spectacular fellow all his life. For long months he will keep comparatively quiet. But now just as His Majesty's cabinet was feeling particularly fine over the prospect of showing a two hundred million dollar surplus in the budget along comes the Right Honorable Winston and threatens to upset the government applecart.

India has been a stumbling block for Prime Ministers ever since Lord Clive laid the foundation of John Bull's empire in Hindustan. Premier Ramsey MacDonald and his colleagues want to give India a semi-independent government. Churchill and his colleagues of the opposition are dead against letting the former realm of the Moguls break loose. The spectacular accusation made by Mr. Churchill that the Earl of Derby and the secretary of state for India brought pressure to bear on witnesses testifying before a royal commission is real dynamite. And tonight over in London they are talking about investigations, a cabinet crisis; even a vote of censure in the House, which would overthrow the present government.

Statesmen in several of the capitals of Europe did quite a bit of confabulating today concerning the flareup in the historic Island of Rhodes. The clash between the Italian governing authorities and the Greek population threatens to have all sorts of international repercussions. The trouble arose during an election in a village. The Greeks claim that Italian Carabinieri were trying to compel them to elect a candidate selected by Rome. Rioting and fighting started. They say an Italian airplane dropped bombs on revolting villages killing ten people.

But that turbulent incident has only brought to light today broader aspects of the quarrel. The Italians are reported to have seized the great monastery of the Orthodox Greek Church on the Island of Patmos, that venerable isle where John the Divine retired for his visions of the Apocalypse. The Monastery is a cave on the island, where legend has it the beloved disciple communed and wrote his mighty Revelations. It is the third holiest shrine of the Eastern Church.

There has been latent, smoldering trouble between the Italians and the Greek Orthodox Church ever since the military forces of Rome seized the Dodecanese Islands from the Turks in the Italian Turkish War of 1912. The Archipelago was a part of the ancient Greek world. However Rhodes the principal island of the group, where the Colossus of Rhodes used to stand astride the harbor, has a romantic historic connection with the Latin west. It was the great fortress of the Knight's of St. John and stood a memorable, tremendous siege by the power of the terrifying sultan, Soleyman The Magnificent. The Knights of St. John defended themselves so intrepably that there was an agreement by which they were allowed to retire to the island of Malta which then became their fortress.

The situation is all the more complicated because Moslem Turkey will back up Greece and the Orthodox Greek Church. The islands are right in front of Asia Minor. The Italians have been fortifying them. And the Turks do not relish a western power pointing its guns so close to their own home and territory.

GAS STATIONS

Every now and then I drop in at a meeting of Sunoco dealers to say hello and spin a yarn or two. In fact I'm doing that very thing tonight ^{out here} in Cincinnati. And ^{Messrs. Leister and Pearce and} many a time I have heard officials of the Sun Oil take the platform and point out the importance of the filling station as a place for the dissemination of courtesy and cheery good will.

So I am doubly interested in a pronouncement by Dr. Robert Millikan the great physicist. Dr. Millikan utters a scientific word about the pleasant place where the gas tank stands. He declares that the filling stations of the country have done more to improve the manners and courtesy of the American public than all the colleges rolled into one. The famous scientist holds the filling station up as a model of good manners. And he adds that the filling station keeper has as interesting a job as exists on this earth.

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It would seem as though the great Wirt show were over so far as entertainment value is concerned. The Actors today spent their time trying to prove it was no show at all. The dialogue of the witnesses was confined to denying there was any entertainment at that famous dinner. Even the Communist newspaper man denied calling Roosevelt a Kerensky and right there it seemed to me that the act flopped like Mae West after an eighteen day diet.

The ladies who Dr. Wirt said did so much talking declared the doctor did all the talking. One of them exercised the privilege of a dramatic critic and fell asleep. What kind of a show is it when the actors all get up and say there ain't no lines to speak and the comedians vow "No there ain't no gags"? So the great Wirt extravaganza ends in a chorus of dull denial. Like so many flops it was a show without a last act.

People are remarking this afternoon that it's a rare occasion when the governor of a great state is indicted. It happened once in Illinois and shocked the country. Governor Sulzer of New York was impeached by the State Legislature but not indicted.

There was quite a sensation several months ago when Federal Relief Administrator Hopkins removed Governor Langer from the Administration of relief funds in his state. And now a federal grand jury indicts him on the charge that he made CWA workers, persons getting federal relief, contribute five percent from what they got from Uncle Sam to the support of Mr. Langer's newspaper.

GOLD CODE

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There have been a lot of arguments about the NRA codes especially about the price angle. But in the case of the Gold Code just submitted to Washington, there was no controversy about price whatever. Uncle Sam is the only purchaser of gold and the price of the yellow metal is fixed by law. So let's hear somebody complain of the gold code on the score of price fixing.

The NRA in Canada, by the way, is a reality now. In the Province of Alberta a bill to regulate business has just become the law of the land. It provides for the drawing up of business codes which will regulate industries - wages, conditions of labor, and prices of products.

FARLEY

Postmaster General Jim Farley is learning what it means to be a prophet without honor in his own home town. The postmaster's job is about to fall vacant in Mr. Farley's own village in Rockland County, New York. He had his own candidate for the post. But the Democratic Village Committee had other ideas. They named a candidate of their own selection. In fact they declined even to vote on Big Jim Farley's man. I suppose the home town folks are saying to Mr. Farley, "Look here, Jim, you may be able to give orders to the folks in Washington. But you can't fool us. We knew you when." Sounds like Rockland County, or Dutchess County - or any county for that matter.

Here's another new record. Harold Hoffman of New Jersey, the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, is running for the Republican nomination for Governor. He will be the youngest candidate ever to run for that office. Not that he needs the job, because only two weeks ago he was reelected for another four year term as Commissioner of Motor Vehicles. Harold is another newspaper man who has successfully turned from news to making news.

As P. G. McIntyre would ~~put~~ ^{put it,} another boy who has made good in the big city -- in the big city of Trenton.

Of late years we've been hearing opinions from several medical men that it is possible for human life to last longer. An eminent American surgeon declared that it won't be long before a man or woman of eighty years will be considered just middle aged.

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Some folks seem to do quite well without any medical treatment. For example in Port of Spain, Trinidad off the coast of South America, a young gentleman celebrated his hundredth birthday by swimming thirty five yards under water. His recipe for long life is to drink plenty of rum and smoke a pipe. In Georgia a woman of Irish birth has just died at the age of a hundred and twenty-three. She was born in Dublin in eighteen eleven, two years after the birth of Abraham Lincoln. Her formula is "I've smoked a pipe for a hundred and twelve years." Out in Sioux City, Iowa, another lady died at the age of a hundred and four. She attributed her health and long life to "The will of God". That's reasonable.

Then there is our young friend the hundred and forty nine year old Turk, Zaro Agha. Zaro became indignant because doubts were expressed that he really was a hundred and forty nine. So he has gone to a clinic in Turkey where he will be under observation for a month. He wants it to be scientifically established that he actually is a lad of a hundred and forty nine before he marries his thirteenth wife a young lady of forty. The doctors point out that these centenarians were usually born in places where there are no official birth certificates. In other words, they think these elderly folks are not only full of years but are full of prunes ^{and} ~~with~~ vivid imaginations.

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It's no wonder that the human race is superstitious and that people believe in signs of bad luck and good - when a coincidence can be fantastically strange. It's enough to make anybody stop and wonder when we read of a man in Washington who while playing cards on Thursday night drew the ace of spades in three successive hands - - - that old hard luck card the Ace of Spades, so sinister in fortune telling. Three days later, an automobile accident - - and he was killed. A weird melodramatic freak of coincidence!

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Many a story has a beautiful beginning like this ^{next} one. But all too often the end is just hard hearted. Now wouldn't you call it a beautiful beginning when a police sergeant, who had been a choir boy, hears the refrain of an old well remembered hymn? Sergeant Harry Schuler of the Chicago police was in a restaurant when he heard a ^dishwasher in the kitchen singing, ^{with} ~~with~~ full throated fervor, that fine old hymn: "Shall We Gather At the River, the Beautiful, Beautiful River?"

There was a world of sentiment in the sounds as the dishwasher carolled the refrain of that "beautiful river". The police sergeant who had been a choir boy, knew his hymn book, and, he was familiar with the way a minister leads the singing. That dishwasher must have been a pastor at one time, he reflected.

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Here's where the hard hearted part comes in. The sergeant took a careful look at a police circular he carried. * list of men wanted. Then he went out into the kitchen and arrested Carl Anderson, formerally a clergyman

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of Washington, who was wanted on a charge of deserting his wife and child. Yes, that's a hard hearted ending. But, let's be idealistic and hope it may resolve into a beautiful ending. Let's suppose that as a result of the hymn singing in the kitchen the former minister will be reunited with his wife and child and that they will be happy for ever and ever.

That thought to be an end beautiful enough for any story, and for a broadcast too-- so,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.