

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The holiday spirit seems to be soaring high at Lansing Michigan. Not exactly the cheerful, merry kind of holiday, it's that labor holiday, -- not so gay. Lansing had another one of those holidays today. The building trades called a halt. Bricklayers, plasterers, painters, plumbers and electricians walked out- just for the day. Yesterday's holiday was something like a general strike, called by the C.I.O. Today it wasn't the C.I.O., it was the A. F. of L. and there's a lot difference in those initials. William Green's American Federation of Labor is at bitter odds with John Lewis and his revolting unions, but today the older organization followed the example of the newer. Those building trades unions in Lansing are members of the A. F. Of L. Union leaders declare that the purpose of today's holiday was to pep up enthusiasm for a membership drive by the A.F. of L.

In the steel strike, the police have ordered pickets to be disarmed at Youngstown, Ohio, and Republic Steel plans to open a plant in Michigan, where the company had a vote among the strikers. A majority voted to go back to work.

Meanwhile, there's a loud company protest against the ruling of Postmaster General Farley - not to allow the United States mails to carry parcels of provisions to non-union workers in strike beleaguered factories. Republic Steel threatens legal action against the Post Office Department. The Unions demand a Congressional investigation of the companies.

HARLOW

There's a touch of deepest pity today in ~~the~~ words that come over the wire -- about a girl's hair, the way she brushed it. Few sights in these recent years were so familiar to so many people as the way Jean Harlow wore her hair. A longish bob, and curly. In most ~~by all~~ of her pictures she wore it brushed back over her forehead, showing the fullness of a smooth and ample brow. And, fluffed over her ears -- in curling masses. That was the way Jean Harlow fixed her hair, and the way it is fixed for her today. She lies as she played on the screen -- same ~~style~~ style of hair, but not the same color that made her famous, and was made famous by her. For her last picture she was a platinum blonde no longer, but had reverted to her natural coloring -- what ~~xxx~~ they call a honey blonde. The color of her dress tonight is white, her last dress, her favorite color.

In Hollywood her mother is in a state of collapse. Her last suitor, William Powell, acts like a broken man -- William Powell ~~whos~~ who's famous for acting the polished poise of sophisticated comedy. Poise and sophistication are

gone tonight. And the final touch of pathos -- Jean Harlow's
pet dog refuses to eat.

Such is the heartbreak when death takes youth and
beauty and fame.

SPAIN

The noisy European crisis of last week took another turn for the better today. Germany and Italy have said "Okay" to the new Non-Intervention Agreement suggested by Great Britain and France. They announced today that they are willing to ^{re-}join the Non-Intervention system, from which they withdrew when the Spanish Left Wingers bombed the German battleship DEUTSCHLAND. They'll come back into the fold - if they're guaranteed that their ships won't again be attacked. That's exactly what Paris and London would like to have guaranteed. None of the powers enjoy ~~see~~ seeing international patrol ships bombed by the Spanish factions.

The proposal that gets the Fascist okay today provides for safety zones at sea, ~~with~~ safety zones in which the patrol ships can do their job without danger of attack. The ~~Spanish~~ Spanish Left Wingers are to give a solemn promise that they won't monkey around with Fascist vessels in those zones. Germany and Italy agree that if anything does happen, they won't strike out in retaliation of their own - the way the Germans did when they bombarded Almeria. In case of attack, their ships will defend

themselves with every means at their disposal, after which further action is to be taken by the four Non-Intervention powers jointly: -
~~They'll~~ stand together, protect each other.

Those are the conditions that Germany and Italy accepted today, with the promise that they'll return to the Non-Intervention Committee and cooperate in keeping the Spanish trouble from spreading.

TAUREGS

The French Government has a new problem on its hands. As though there weren't enough in Europe to produce headaches on the banks of the Seine, trouble now looms in Africa. A million fierce tribesmen from the desert are on the march towards the Mediterranean. The Tuaregs, the mysterious "blue men" from the Atlas Mountains, are trekking toward the seaboard.

Once upon a time these blue men were the fiercest ^{of} all the sons of the desert. They're known as "blue men", because they wear robes of cotton dyed with indigo that stains their skins. It was three years ago that these fighting warriors finally succumbed to the perseverance of the French armies in Africa -- and the assaults of the French Foreign Legion. They gave up a war that had lasted for decades, laid down their arms, and agreed to lead a peaceful life. That was in Nineteen Thirty Four. Not only the army but the colonial office breathed a sigh of relief when the Tuaregs were finally suppressed.

So what's this march about? Why are a million Blue Men trekking across the sands of the Sahara? They are being driven by famine! ~~xx~~ That's the explanation in the

current issue of Time,

~~today~~, Drought and famine have killed two hundred thousand of the Tuaregs. Ever since they surrendered to French arms, they have had no rain. Their wells dried up, their date farms withered, their goats and cattle perished. So, on their lean starving camels they're trekking over the mountains to the fertile territory on the Mediterranean littoral. And that's where the French government's problem comes in. There isn't room for a million Tuaregs in the ~~territory~~ territory between the Atlas Mountains and the Mediterranean. The land is fertile enough. But it's all occupied.

So the Colonial Office has hastily dispatched a special administrator to the scene. And to show how serious the job is, they ^{have} picked a former Premier of France, Senator Steeg. *They* ^{have} ~~and~~ rushed him over to Morocco with a two and a quarter million dollar relief fund to help the Tuaregs. ~~With so small a sum to spend he'll have his work cut out for him,~~ The rainy season can't be expected until next January, if then.

GOOSE-STEP

It ^{was} so astonishing to hear that in Germany the goose-step may be abolished, that I went looking for facts about that curious style of marching. You can hardly think of the German army without the goose-step. The Prussians marched to greatness with that stiff ^{kneed} ~~ening~~ fling of the leg. The Kaiser's regiments went boastfully goose-stepping to what they hoped would be a world victory in the World War. Now, the Nazis are talking about abolishing that characteristic gait of German militarism. Who started the goose-step? And how did it happen? Whoever thought of such a peculiar way of marching?

Nobody seems to know the answer. The goose-step appears to be one of those historical mysteries. One version is that the march of the stiff knees was invented by Frederick the Great. That mighty commander made his soldiers keep their knee joints stiff to keep their courage high. The opposite of getting weak-kneed. That was Frederick's theory. ~~That~~, if there's anything to it, ties up with one of the oldest ideas - linking the knees with courage and cowardice, victory or defeat. Shakespeare talks about -

"bending the pregnant hinges of the knee." And in Homer there's
an epithet for the stricken falling warrior ^{when Homer sings: -} "and his knees were
unstrung."

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There's another version about the goose-step, which traces
its origin to - athlete's foot, not quite so glorious as Sheakespeare
and Homer. It is related that, once upon a time, Prussian
regiments were bothered by an outbreak of some foot malady -
supposed to be athlete's foot. So to test whether a soldier was
fit for marching, they had him take steps with stiff knees, throwing
the leg rigidly out and bringing the foot down with a sharp impact.
One Prussian drill master thought this test for athlete's foot
looked smart and snappy, and he made his soldiers do it as a
march ~~step~~. The idea caught on and thereafter Prussian soldiers
on showy parade did the goose-step.

The present agitation against the goose-step began
when a cavalry officer complained that it was harmful for his
men to do the stiff-knee when they were on parade afoot. Anything
intended to make the knee stiff was bad for a horseman, who
needs supple knees. Then infantry officers picked up the idea

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too - they say that for any kind of soldier the goose-step is bad, because the time and effort to learn it might better be devoted to modern military tactics. Instead of cultivating stiff knees for parade, the troops ^{might}~~had better~~ be learning how to handle themselves under fire in this era of machine-guns, artillery, tanks and sky attack.

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(The Russians at the North Pole have ~~been~~ ^{been} us with a stirring adventure story -- the establishment of ^{that} a base at the northernmost point of the world. They have had mishaps and adventures; and there's a thrill in the mere fact that right now four men are in camp at the Pole -- to stay there for a whole year, right through the polar winter. But after all ^{this meteorological} the station at the supreme north is not merely an adventure -- it's purpose is scientific,) to study the weather trends and the topography of ~~the~~ farthest north. And, today ^{we get the first reports} ~~they began to assemble some~~ of the science they ~~have~~ gathering.

Soviet Moscow has a wireless telling of the first soundings ever taken at the North Pole. What's beneath the ice? Open water, it is known. And what's the water like? And the bottom of the sea -- there ~~xxx~~ at the tip-top of the world? The Soviet scientists found it a tough job, boring through the ice and lowering their sounding instruments. It took them a whole day of hard labor to do it. But they did -- and what did they discover? They determined the depth. They found that at the North Pole the ocean is ^{14,075} ~~2475~~ feet deep. That confirms

the contention of Sir Hubert Wilkins -- that there's deep water under the North Polar Ice Cap -- open water through which a submarine can navigate under the ice.

What's on the ocean floor at this point, ^{farthest}~~farthest~~ north? The Soviet scientists found -- ooze. That's not surprising. Everywhere apparently at great oceanic depths, the bottom of the sea consists of a soft, slimy mud. Blue ooze is the most common, but at the North Pole the color is described as greenish-gray.

These first scientific studies at the top of the North reveal some curious facts about the temperature of the water -- a warm current at the North Pole. Between 650 and 1900 feet the sounding thermometer registered an upward climb of the mercury, the water much less chilly there. A depth of twelve hundred feet with a temperature of thirty-three degrees Fahrenheit, one degree above freezing. Those North Pole scientists can't tell us anything about the temperature of the water ~~on~~ ^{of the sea,} the bottom ^{not} at those great polar depths. Because ~~ix~~ when the instruments were lowered below six thousand feet they burst under the pressure of the deep water.

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Wilkins

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We
~~You~~ can mark ~~today~~ *this* down as a banner day in the romance

of science -- when the world gets its first reports of scientific
study from the base camp at the North Pole.

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ECLIPSE

Since the days of the Caldeean star gazers of old, and long before that - eclipses have stirred the imagination of mankind, the blotting out of the moon or the sun. But certainly no eclipse has ever attracted so much attention as the one today, - the largest eclipse in 12 centuries.-- the darkening of the sun was made a radio feature of major proportions. The ether waves turned it into a show for all the world.

From Canton Island in mid-Pacific, where scientific observations are being made, the NBC radio announcer George Hicks gave a play by play account of the strangeness of the light of day. "We see the diamond ring," he said, "that famous circle around the moon. We see the sun streamers breaking through the mountains of the moon, and the magnificence of the Corona which extends in great streamers away from the sun. The sky is dark blue. The clouds have changed suddenly from white to dark lavender." So spoke George, overcome by the poetry of Eclipse in the South Seas.

And so Nature's own drama was turned into a radio show - a show that's not over yet. Yes, the eclipse is past - but what about the scientific observations? These are always the

larger aspect of any astronomical phenomenon. Tonight, from seven fifteen to seven thirty, London by radio will interview Canton Island, in the dim spaces of the Pacific. I've been talking to Douglas Williams, New York representative of the LONDON DAILY EXPRESS. He has been busy all day arranging this radio interview, which is sponsored by the DAILY EXPRESS, the British Broadcasting Company, and N.B.C. And he tells me how at the British metropolis, Professor Alfred Fowler, one of the most eminent of astronomers, fellow of the Royal Society and former President of the Royal Astronomical Society, will ask, in effect: "What did you fellows find out today? What do your observations reveal?" And that question will be answered by a party of American scientists on Canton Island who have been observing the eclipse with the latest refinements of astronomy. They may be able to tell, for example, something about why the moon is not behaving, why the satellite never quite acts according to calculation, is always two seconds off - two whole seconds.

ROYALTY

I have here a news dispatch and two printed articles, which are all tied up together in a ~~live and~~ amusing fashion. The news dispatch concerns both of those royal events, the Coronation of George the Sixth and the marriage of the Duke of Windsor. One of the articles is about the Coronation, while the other discusses the Windsor wedding. All three are Irish, so no wonder they're amusing.

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The news is from Dublin, and it tells about motion pictures, newsreels. Ireland is often just the opposite of England, and it certainly is in this case. 'The Irish have a way of being contrary. It's no secret how hot the English went for the newsreel pictures of the Coronation.. But, as for the movies of the wedding of Edward and Wally - that's different. You've heard in the past few days, how an unofficial British censorship has banned the wedding pictures in England. The newsreel companies are not showing them - forbidden. Now, in Ireland, the Coronation pictures were forbidden, were not shown in the Free State. So what do we hear today? What about the Windsor wedding pictures?

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You guessed it - they're being shown enthusiastically and at length everywhere in Ireland. What England embraces, Ireland kicks out. What the English kick out, the Irish take with loving arms.

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