

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

I've got a cold tonight. Now that doesn't come under the heading of news, but it's the first real voice-dimming, cold I've had since I've been on the air, and I hope I don't knock the microphone over with a cough. And I'm anxious to see how many sniffles I can avoid in the whirl of the news, gay and serious.

MINE

Three thousand two hundred Hungarian miners tonight are trying to join their companions in that strange death strike at the bottom of a mine. They went on a sympathetic strike today, abandoned their own work in other mines, and demand that they be allowed to join the voluntarily entombed twelve hundred men and share in their doom of death by starvation, thirst and madness. Soldiers with bayonets and machine guns are holding them back, preventing them from thrusting their way into the entrance of the pit.

And the wives and children of the self-condemned men are trying, in tears and hysteria, to join in the strange underground act of self-torture, self destruction. A few of the men below have weakened, and have come to the surface. They were exhausted, raving, at the point of death. But the remainder persist in their wild desperate resolve. Men who were sent down into the pit to negotiate are being held by the suicide strikers.

This terrible drama began three days ago as a simple labor dispute over work and pay. The coal operators refused to meet the miners' demands, so the twelve hundred workmen descended to the bottom of the pit and telephoned to the surface that they ^{were on}

a strike - a hunger strike. And for three days and nights they have been down there, without food and water. Still communicating with the surface by telephone, they have been sending distracted, crazed messages - saying they are hunger striking like Gandhi; saying they would never emerge alive until their demands were met. As time went on they began to rave, with shouting and screaming, some going mad. But still they held stubbornly to their determination of lingering suicide. At times^s they've threatened to cut off the air supply and bring upon themselves a swifter doom - suffocation.

The authorities ~~xx~~ were placed in a perplexing quandary. They wanted to send soldiers into the pit to bring the men out. But the cage that makes the long drop to the dim depths of the underground cavern will accommodate only sixteen. ~~men~~. Only sixteen soldiers at a time could be lowered, sixteen against those twelve hundred maddened suicide strikers. It was ~~p~~ apparent that the soldiers could be sent down safely only when hunger and thirst had reduced the strikers to helplessness, ^{with} ~~when~~ some ~~are~~ in a condition of feeble raving, others dead. All along they tried negotiations over the mine telephone, offered arbitrations, offered concessions, but the death strikers refused everything - save a complete

concession to their demands.

So the picture is one of incredible terror, a twofold picture in that little Hungarian mining village; - on the surface a ^{great} ~~gray~~ host of fellow miners and members of the entombed men's families, hysterically trying to enter the mine, while soldiers held them back with knifelike ~~bayonets~~ and threatening machine guns; and, deep down in the pit of the mine the shrieking raving crowd of suicide strikers.

It provides a drastic contrast to the ways of our own labor disturbances. Over here, the violence is active and aggressive, but in other parts of the world there are fantastic forms of passive resistance. I told ^{some time ago} of a queer episode of labor trouble in Japan, with striking theatre employees locking themselves in the theatre, and stopping efforts to get them out. And then there was that freakish radio strike in Mexico City, with radio artists taking possession of the studio and sticking to the microphone for an unending twenty-four hour a day broadcast, in one long vigil, advertising their wrongs. But this latest suicide strike in a Hungarian mine is the most ~~unearthly~~ unearthly of all.

GERMANY

49

Reports about the German church battle would seem to indicate that Hitler will back down. ~~and~~ . It looks as if he would have to, with concessions to the militant Protestants. ~~in the office~~. It is significant that the terrifically powerful and iron-handed Nazi regime meets its only real, open, outspoken resistance from the forces of religion. It looks like the old story, you can't fool around with religion - not even Hitler.

For the essential philosophy of the Germany church dispute, you can go all the way back to the Hitler beer hall putsch in Munich. In those early days of struggle for power, Hitler was already associating with that Dr. Mueller who now, as the Nazi Reich's Bishop, is the center of the ecclesiastical storm. They say it was the young clergyman who then taught Hitler the ideas and convictions which are now the cause of all of the trouble, persuaded him that the Nazi idea of national unity and racial unity could be made complete only by religious unity - hence the present drive for a unified church under racial lines. That is easily taken to imply a union of the Protestant and the Catholic Churchⁱⁿ in Germany, which some Nazi leaders have been opening^{ing} advocating. ^P You can imagine

how the Catholics regard this suggestion. ~~There is so much dynamite in the idea that it is in the background.~~ The racial scheme has been a real bone of contention, with its demand that the church should become one hundred per cent what the Nazis call Aryan, with an exclusion of people of Semitic descent. And along these lines is the talk of Germanizing Christianity by going back to the old Teutonic religion of Thor and ^Wotan. A division along racial lines certainly does not fit Christianity. The Catholic hierarchy, under the outspoken Cardinal Faulhauber of Munich, ~~has~~ is opposed. And now the German Protestant Church is split wide open, with a large majority of its pastors and parishoners standing up boldly ~~against~~ the all-powerful Hitler. They refuse to let their Church be dominated by the Nazi political authorities.

The fight has become a personal duel between that same Reichsbishop Mueller, who taught religious ideas to Hitler in the early days, and Bishop Meiser of Bavaria, who is under arrest in his own home, while thousands of communicants have been crowding into his ~~courtyard~~ ^{front} to listen to his sermons.

Reichsbishop Mueller is quite a military personality; ~~he~~ having been an army chaplain in the German trenches during the

World War. And there is a war slant on the other side too. Bishop Meiser got into ^{the present fight} ~~the scene~~ to defend one of his clergymen who attacked the idea of a Nazi church. And this clergyman also had very much of a war record. In those old days of world conflict he was - Niemoeller of the U-boats. He was a commander of one of those dreaded sea raiders who fought the perilous battle below the sea.

These are the principal protagonists of the great religious struggle that is agitating Germany, and we can watch our newspapers for a show-down soon - with the probability that Hitler will have to take a fairly long backward step.

And while France is still agitated over the assassination of King Alexander, she has still another occasion to mourn. In Paris tonight people are remembering the accomplishments of one of the great French Presidents, Poincaré, who presided over the destinies of his imperiled country during the dark days of the World War. ~~He~~ ^{has died.} He was a man of enormous ~~intellectual~~ intellectual gifts. He was famous for his prodigious memory. He could merely glance over a long government report and immediately deliver a comprehensive oration covering the whole subject. No wonder his mind was spacious and powerful - he was a brother of Poincaré, the great mathematician.

The ^{present} court proceedings in the Lindbergh trial have been foreshadowed all along. Hauptmann, in fighting extradition to New Jersey can only make the defence he has been sticking to so stubbornly. His defence against extradition, of course, must be pretty much the same defence he will make to the murder charge to New Jersey, if he is extradited. It's a case of alibi. Hauptmann asserts that he was in New York City at the time the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped. And his wife bears witness to the alibi.

One score against him all along has been the obvious fact that he lied to the police. He explained the small amount of ransom money found on him, and traced to him at first, by saying that he had saved several hundred dollars. Then, when the hidden mass of ransom bank notes were found in his garage, he changed ^{his} ~~to~~ explanation -- telling the story of how those thousands of dollars were given to him by the man named Fishē.

The facts ~~that will be~~ ^{as} developed in the ~~extradition~~ ^{court}

proceedings on the calender today will be pretty much the same as are already familiar -- unless surprises are sprung.

STOLL

And with the greatest of all kidnapping cases in the courts -
the Stoll family in Louisville, Kentucky, ~~are~~^{is} still waiting for the
return of the kidnapped Mrs. Stoll. *No word.*

CHINATOWN

Today in New York's Chinatown the question kept growing bigger:- "Are the Tongs on the warpath?" In Chinatown, where the lights are low, slithering figures in silk pajamas move quietly in their passed shoes - and don't talk. And Chinatown is more hushed than ever tonight after the strange tragedy at the Dock Chong Noodle Company.

It happened in a basement office, which the Dock Chong Noodle Company shares with the Far East Chow Mein Company. The first sign was the screaming wail of a baby. The baby's name is John Mon, It's father was William Y. Mon, proprietor of the noodle and chow mein companies. Mrs. Mon is an Italian woman.

When the baby cried, Mon Ket, a cousin of the family, heard him and went slip-shoeing into the office. There he found William Y. Mon slumped over his desk. Somebody had pumped four bullets into him. Beside the desk the baby cried lustily in its perambulator.

Just another mysterious murder in Chinatown, where the slinking figures never tell and where the shadows comes and go. But it was more than that. William

Y. Mon was not only a wealthy noodle and chow mein merchant, but he was also President of the Tung On Tong. It is always a serious matter when anything occurs concerning those Chinese brotherhoods called Tongs, and triply sinister when a Tong leader is slain.

Of course the Tung On Tong is not so large and powerful as the Hip Sing Tong or the On Leong Tong, so famous in the bloody annals of New York's Chinatown. But just the same, the New York police pinched their lips grimly at the mention of any tong.

The cops who patrol the beat in Chinatown remember another similarly mysterious killing sixteen years ago when Tom Lee, President of the On Leong Tongs was shot^{dead} as he stood on the balcony of a restaurant in Pell Street. And immediately afterward Mock Duck, famous leader of the Hip Sing Tong, was shot down in that same narrow winding street - only he recovered. It was all a part of one of the most ferocious of tong wars.

~~Will they be enacted over again now?~~

Will the same scenes be enacted over again now? The family of the rich noodle and chow mein merchant deny that he was killed because he was President of the Tung on Tong. But they can't tell any other reason why. Perhaps they don't know. ~~Perhaps they~~

~~don't know.~~ Perhaps they won't say. Anyway, a new mystery of
Chinatown loomed today ~~with~~ ^{at} the wailing cry of a baby *in dreamy*
Chinatown.

I suppose it was just vandalish boys who threw the statue of Alexander Hamilton over the New Jersey Palisades and smashed it. But an imaginative soul might surmise that it was the doing of some political fanatic, since Alexander Hamilton stands vividly and historically for the traditional ~~economic~~ ideas of ^{the} American ~~business~~ ^{economic system.}

The monument was erected at ~~that place~~ ^{the} on top of the Palisades ^{near} where Hamilton fought his disastrous duel with Aaron Burr. ~~In fact,~~ It stood on the ^{rock on which} ~~space of ground where~~ the great Federalist ^{rested his head as he} lay dying from Burr's bullets.

It is surprising how ^{shabbily} ~~shadowy~~ the mementoes of Alexander Hamilton have fared at the place where he was killed. Before the monument was finally hurled down the Palisades and smashed, it ~~so~~ frequently had been vandalized by mischievous boys, who pryed it loose, pushed it around, made it face the other way -- toward New York. And once before the Hamilton monument at that same place had been smashed -- back in 1819, in a curious episode.

^{It was set up} Fifteen years after the Burr-Hamilton duel. *

~~monument was erected on the site, a monument to Hamilton.~~ An agitation against duelling was under way, with considerable excitement. The anti-duelling faction thought the monument was an insult to their cause. So they raided it and smashed it.

It seems ironical -- Hamilton dying in a duel, ^{he didn't want to fight} and his monument smashed by anti-duelists.

SISSIES

Among the week-end football games was one that had a considerable bearing on that California argument about sissies. First the student newspaper of the University of California came out with an editorial roasting the ^{Trojan} football team, calling the lofty, lordly athletes just a bunch of sissies. The editor of the "Daily Trojan" explained the football ^{men-of-Troy} ~~Trojans~~ this way: "Unfortunately," he laments, "our football men are a lot of Hollywood-struck boys.

~~ix~~ Many of them are simply toys of some henna-haired film beauty," *maybe some modern Helen of Troy for the pigskin Trojans* And he pointed out that many of the gridiron warriors work in Hollywood as movie extras, and about the only exercise they were getting was smearing grease paint on their faces.

The reply of the football team was that they wouldn't say it with words -- they'd do it with deeds. Of course they had already taken a bad beating from Washington State, ~~for~~ a sensational up-set -- but just watch them in the forthcoming game against ~~the~~ ^{they said.} the Pittsburgh Panthers, Sissies eh? Hollywood-struck boys? Toys of henna-haired film beauties? Grease paint smearers? They'd answer all that when they met Pittsburgh and crushed the Panthers into the gridiron dust.

So they were out to prove that they weren't sissies in the big ~~game~~ week-end battle. And what happened? They took a terrible shellacking -- 20 to 6. I didn't see it, so I can only quote Stanley Woodward in the New York Herald Tribune. Stan paints the picture in the following words: "The lordly Trojans puffing and blowing, missing tackles, and committing all varieties of malfeasance and misfeasance -- the sight was heart-rending." Maybe it's too much Hollywood, too many henna-haired beauties, too much grease paint.

I didn't see the Army-Drake game, and I'll tell you some fellows that aren't sissies -- the Army. The West Pointers showed themselves just about one of the most slashing, smashing, crashing football bands that I have ever seen.

So who's a sissy? why George Bernard Shaw. They say that the old war horse of literature is growing as vain as a pampered beauty, vain of his flowing white hair, vain of his pink complexion, vain of his luxuriant white whiskers.

G.B.S., in his seventy-eight years, is afraid of becoming bald-headed. He goes to a beauty parlor once a week. "I do it",

he explains, "because it is the only place in the world where they know how to wash one's hair and if I didn't go regularly I might become bald and that wouldn't do at all."

He gets a massage and I suppose a facial pack, or as the veteran of a hundred literary battles explains: "they titivate me up a trifle as well. In any case, ^{says the coquette to G.B.S} one must remember the proverb -- one must suffer to be beautiful."

Shaw the sissy, and I suppose we'll all be sissified next.

END

Well, I seem to have got through this husky broadcast without
a cough or a sneeze and I think I can keep up the record ^{now} long
enough to say, *who's a sissy? and*

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

9/2