The violence of storm at sea tonight is pictured by radio dispatches from a ship in mid-ocean. She's a commonplace, drab, smokey British freighter - the TWEEDBANK. She sailed from the Cape Verd Islands, off the west coast of Africa - bound for Boston. Today, five hundred miles east of the Virginia Capes, the TWEEDBANK was caught in the mighty blast of the tempest.

A tremendous wave broke upon her and swept two sailors overboard - lost in the boiling turmoil of the sea. Then the skipper was lost, Captain Mackenzie, a victim of the storm. And the radio operator - was marooned.

Just picture a typical freighter. Aft you'll see

the superstructure of the bridge. Forward, maybe about

mid-ships - the radio shack. Imagine the seas breaking over

the deck so wildly and incessantly that communication between

the radio shack and the bridge is cut off. The wireless operator

can't beat his way through the cataracts of water that crash from

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distress signals her marooned in the radio shack.

That's tonight's storm picture of an imperilled

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STORM - 2

ship at sea, calling for help, and help on the way.

There's another similar story in those mid-oceanic waters.

This time six hundred miles east of Cape Hatteras. Another British freighter in the teeth of the gale whipped by the wind, beaten by the waves. Here It's a case of the engine room, the ship leaking. The engine room flooding - while the wireless crackles those tell-tale distress signals.

Yes, a story of storm on the Atlantic -- and tomorrow morning President Roosevelt puts to sea from Charleston, South Carolina.

Will the President encounter the tempest that 's raising havoc on the Atlantic? No! The Weather Bureau reports that the violent disturbances five and six hundred miles off the coast heading northward and in mid-opean -- headed toward Labrador.

A famous English woman explorer, Viola Cressy - Marks, came in today on the speedy Queen wary telling of how it took the Queen of the Atlantic seven days to cross.

Now about the new Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

He takes a post that is not the most important in the government - but one often dignified by distinguished names.

Roosevelt, for example - Theodore Roosevelt and Franklyn D.

Reconvers.

And the job has been vacant since the death of the President's distant cousin, Henry L. Roosevelt, last winter.

Now the new name - Edison, which for more than one generation of Americans has stood as the very sign and symbol of the era of mechanism, electricity, applied science, invention, man controlled power. That seems to harmonize with the mame.

United States fleet, warsnips, the might of mechanism on the sea.

Secretary of the Navy - Charles Edison, the son of that wizard, Edison, who dominated the creation of electric lights, the phonograph, motion pictures, and a whole series of other marvels that make the modern world. & "Like father, like son", is an old adage, according to which we should now find the scientific inclinations of an Edison brought to the navy. Edison the raised his son inventor inventor inventor.

It was, however, an entertaining case winlike

father, unlike son. Young Charlie Edison, upon graduating

from Massachusetts Tech, walked far away from his father's

footsteps, in the opposite direction from science, invention,

and machine age industry. He went to live in Greenwich Village,

this at a time back in Nineteen Thirteen, when the Village stood

for the artists and art, Bohemian life, futuristic painting,

free verse, and ultra-modern music. Charlie Edison himself

went in for verse. He wrote poetry, rhythms and rhymes,

imageries and decorations in verse. He was Charles Edison,

Licenwich

the greatest Village poet.

He was the supporter of an arty art institution

peculiar to those days, Guido Bruno's garret on Washington

Square. A mighty esthete, Guido Bruno, a great bulky fellow

who held poetry readings in his garret and printed the latest

hrain twisters of the ultra, ultra school of modernism. An idealist for beauty, who nevertheless had an astonishing eye for publicity, and a gift for getting along. Guido Brune and Charles Edison made Greenwich Village history with that garret on Washington Square.

this seems far removed from the United States fleet? Yet we have find Charlie Edison's path leading logically to the Navy Department. In time he succeed his father's position in large corporations. He became President of the Thomas A. Edison industries. His Greenwich Village days had given him a taste for liberal ideas, and these led him to x sympathize when the New Deal came along. He joined the governing board of the N.R.A. After that he was New Jersey State Director of the National Emergency Council.

recommended him to the fisherman President. Moreover, it's quite in harmony for the former Greenwich Village poet to have a love for the sea, an abiding pleasure in the broad oceans and the ships that sail them, where a quality fitting for the Navy Department.

So what do we find today in the story of the "unlike father, unlike son?" During the World War, Thomas A. Edison, the wiz ard of invention, was Chairman of the Naval Consulting Board. Today, his son becomes Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

In Washington today a burly man with a shock of wine colored hair, spoke as follows: "I hope", said he, "that Mr. Green will eat or drink something that will give him the courage to see this thing through to its logical conclusion." The speaker was John L. Lewis, head of the C.I.O. group of insurgent miners which is fighting President Green and the American Federation of Labor. The indications are today that Lewis is still hopeful that peace may be arranged on terms that he can accept, and that the expulsion of the C.I.O. unions from the A.F. of L. will be called off. He hopes that President Green will eat something or drink something that will change his mind.

A.F. of L. president just as he was sitting down at a dining room table in a hotel in Tampa, Florida. Before he had eaten anything or drunk anything, he said. "That's the same old stuff." It isn't indicated whether the meal time edibles and beverages have made him change his mind.

In any case, the Tampa Convention keeps moving toward

what seems to be the probable conclusion - that the expulsion of the Lewis unions will be ratified and made final. Still, today, eight resolutions were offered in favor of the insurgents, one A.F. of L. union after another calling upon the Federation to bring them back into the fold. On the other hand, the question has gone to the Resolutions Committee, which is known to be hostile to Lewis. who claims the Committee Not only that, John Frey, head of the is packed against him. powerful metal trades, calls upon the A.F. of L. not only to expel the insurgents for good, but calls upon the Federation to boycott all products turned out by workmen of the insurgent groups - such as the coal produced by the federation of miners of which John L. Lewis is the head.

Imagine the industrial war - if the men of the A.F. of L. unions refuse to handle products handled by the ten million men of the insurgent factions.

Here's something with a lot of date lines -- Toledo,

Madison, Wisconsin; Trenton, New Jersey; Columbus, Ohio;

Boston; Philadelphia; New York. That only begins the list of

Cate lines for the same story. The tale is - auto shows. They're

on everywhere. New York's glowing exhibit was like a spark

off

that set a whole train of automobile shows all over the country—

that set a whole train of automobile shows all over the country—
they each taking of the now date.

The \*\* Philadelphia exposition of motor progress is

this year, with the latest smartness in snappy pink things that

roll on wheels.

The N. Y show has once more smashed all records for crawle, with the same report from the big private shows in the hotels—the Parks Lane, Commodore, Frosevell, Waldorf, astor and so on.

There's irony in the Spanish war news tonight, and
the word that mocks is -- philosophy. The report is that the
Fascists after desperate fighting have captured the Philosophy
Building. They've been storming into the University section
of Northwestern Madrid, battling their way against desperate
resistance. And you can see the war shades of sage philosophers
weeping as they hear the war news that the Madrid Philosophic
Center has been captured.

All along the battle front skirting the south, the west and the northwest of the city the blast of war raged violently today, Cannon blasting buildings. They're shelling the big telephone building. And -- aeroplanes raining bombs on houses and streets of the battle area.

The Left Wing command admits that the situation is more serious for the defense. They're planning a mass counter attack. They say they have seventy thousand men in Madrid to hurl at the rebel lines.

A tale of made death and destruction, the insame folly of mankind -- pointed mockingly with the storming of the shrine of philospphy.

There's nothing new about this next -- the idea of an alliance between Germany and Japan, both ready to fall on Soviet Russia in case of trouble. The only novelty tonight is the official character given the report. It's the Soviet Foreign Office that speaks out and says -- Germany has formed an alliance with Japan.against the Soviets. Official Moscow declares that the Soviet news agency, Tass, has learned positively that Berlin and Tokyo have signed an agreement for joint military action in case either gets into a war with Russia.

What does Berlin say about this? Berlin denies it.

However, the denial given out today does not emanate from the

Nazi Government. It's unofficial.

The world at large will be inclined to surmise that a German-Japanese alliance is such a logical thing that it's either in existence or will be, now or soon -- probably now.

In Berlin a pale, ailing little man long in a Nazi concentration camp has been released. He's in a hospital now.

In Oslo, Norway, two prominent dignitaries have resigned from the Nobel Prize Committee; stepping out because of the question of awarding the Nobel Peace Prize this year.

Both these events, in Germany and in Norway, are parts of the same story, features of an international agitation.

Carl von Ossietzky is a world number one militant pacifist.

He was in trouble in Germany before the Nazis were ever heard of.

During the World War he served the whole stretch, the entire four years, in the armies of the Kaiser. He came out of the ordeal of battle a relentless enemy of war. Under the early Socialist government of Germany, he was arrested and fined for attacking the first revival of militarism. In Nineteen Twenty-Nine,

several years before Hitler took control, he was sentenced to jail for an expose of the way Germany was rearming. Therefore, he so a veteran militare pacifist, used to being in trouble, When Hitler became master of Germany, and the new militarism became the reigning creed, he refused to flee, refused to leave Germany - so his inevitable destiny was a Nazi concentration camp. And he has been a prisoner ever since - until now. Recently, he has been in a hospital, ill. They say the Nazis don't want him to die on their hands, because of the impression it would create. So today we hear that the implacable pacifist has been released from custody.

agitation to have von Ossietzky, the Nazi prisoner, awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Anti-Nazi elements all over Europe have been active in pushing the propaganda. Two years ago his name was entered, but Arthur Henderson of Great Britain got the prize.

Last year his name was entered again, but this time no prize was awarded. Now once more - the third time, the report is

looks like a slap at Nazi Germany. Lence
the Norwegian Foreign

Minister and the former Prime Minister of Norway, have resigned
from the Nobel Committee. They are not protesting, it is said,
against the award. They feel that their official positions
in the Norwegian government make it inexpedient for them to take
part in an action that might arouse the anger of Germany.

J. Pierpont Morgan, the elder, had a characteristic way with reporters. That colossus of finance was gruff and growly with newspaper men who questioned him. He scowled frequently. He was stoney, formidable, forbidding. And he wouldn't tell them anything. The money titan had nothing to say; was taciturn, uncommunicative—with the press.

J. Pierpont Morgan, the younger, is different.

Landing in New York today from Europe he confronted the ship

news-men with a smile. He was genial. He puffed placidly

on his pipe. He beamed on them. But did he tell them any
thing? Did the head of the House of Morgan make a statement

to the press with opinions and observations, facts and fancies?

You can judge from the interview.

"I'm not going to say anything about anything," was his first statement. #Tone reporter asked:- "I thought you might like to say something about the election results."

"You didn't think any such thing," replied J. P.

Morgan.

And the interview continued the this question and

answer: like this :-

"Would you like to see the budget balanced?"
"Would you?"

"I suppose you're glad to get back to your office?"
"You assume that."

"What do you think about Mrs. Simpson and the King of England?"

"I don't think."

The final question and answer went this way:

"Mr. Morgan, you've made it pretty tough for us to

get a story."

"That's what I intended to do."

So that's today's illuminating interview of J. P.

Morgan. He didn't say anything about anything -- which leaves me nothing to say about nothing. And

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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