

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

If you were listening to your radio at four o'clock this afternoon you had a thrill comparable to that of the week of April nineteenth. I mean, of course, the broadcast from Moberly, Missouri, the tense account of the rescue of two of those entombed coal miners, and the finding of the dead bodies of their two comrades.

The coroner of Randolph County over the air broke down as he said: - "My term as coroner has almost expired. And this is the saddest thing I've ever witnessed."

But -- it wasn't all tragedy. The latest bulletin is that not only fifty year old A. W. McCann, but also Demeritt Sexton, one of the owners of the mine is on the way to recovery.

It all recalls the Moose River rescue in April. At Moberly, just as at Moose River, the oldest man of the party, came through the ordeal in by far the best shape. A. W. McCann, middle-aged and the most experienced of the party, was in such condition that the rescue gang was able to bring him to the surface almost as soon as they broke through. Mr. Sexton, on the other hand, seemed to be at the last gasp. Physicians who went down into the mine used a pulmotor and gave him restoratives, but he was not strong enough to be brought to the surface at once. By treating him underground they contrived to give him strength. At this moment they are bringing him up into the open air.

Up in Nova Scotia, you may recall, Doctor Robertson, the distinguished Toronto surgeon, a man in his sixties, was the one who best came through the ordeal of being entombed in a mine. Now in Missouri, the two men who were found dead, Edward Stoner and George Dameron, were the youngest. One of them perished within two hours after the accident. What killed them was white damp, deadly carbon monoxide long a terror of

the black mines. The other two, by dint of their greater experience underground, were able to find a place to which the white damp had not penetrated. There they walled themselves off from the deadly gas. And they've come through.

STRIKE

The stage is being set in Washington for a new show. The scenery is all ready, the cast has been engaged, and even the scenario has been roughly outlined. The principal members of the cast so far are Senator Robert M. LaFollette, son and heir of <sup>of</sup> Fighting Bob, ~~from Wisconsin~~ <sup>from</sup> and Senator Elbert D. Thomas, <sup>of</sup> ~~the Far West.~~ <sup>the Far West.</sup> These togaed magnificos head ~~the~~ the company by virtue of being the new committee of the Senate on civil liberties. As such they have instructions to investigate the conduct of strikes. And their first targets, or perhaps I should say their first victims, will be the private detective agencies which are called in by big corporations whenever they have a strike <sup>on their hands.</sup> ~~to meet~~ <sup>^</sup> The purpose of this inquiry will be to discover whether the charges of the unions are true, that illegal acts, brutal crimes are committed against strikes <sup>^</sup>, that strikebreaking is a nationwide racket, with profits of eighty million dollars a year. The Senators will also try to learn whether it's true that a large portion of the functions of a private detective ~~xxx~~ agency is to furnish industrial spies, men who join unions to act as provocative agents, men who warn employers about the plans of

the union.

The Senators have already subpoenaed not only the officials but the books and papers of the best-known detective agencies and professional strike breakers. Part of the instructions to the Committee are to investigate alleged violations of the right of labor to organize and bargain collectively. What the labor unions complain of was expressed today by J. Warren Madden, Chairman of the National Labor Regulations Board. Said he: "There exist ~~today~~ large ~~enter-~~  
~~prises~~ organizations that do to American workmen ~~ix~~ what even the American government would not be permitted to do."

This investigation promises to provide ~~quite~~ a lengthy  
*and sensational show.*  
~~show~~ <sup>^</sup> It will begin next week, but the first act will last only a few days. The curtain will rise on the second act some time in the fall. *And will end before Christmas.*  
~~But it will be all over before the end of the~~  
*because*  
~~year,~~ <sup>^</sup> the committee is expected to make its report when the next congress convenes in ~~January~~ January. <sup>H</sup> There ought to be  
*considerable*  
~~plenty of~~ <sup>^</sup> excitement at this *affair,*  
~~performance.~~ On the one hand there will be the professional strike breakers, the private detectives,

probably officials of the big industrial corporations, On  
the other side the most colorful figures in ~~the~~ labor union  
ranks will ~~probably also~~ <sup>their</sup> have roles to play.

LANDON

Folks out in Des Moines and environs will have an unusual experience on September first. It is seldom, if ever that anybody has the privilege of seeing two rival presidential candidates in an election meeting amicably to discuss a common purpose. Yes -- Governor Landon has accepted the invitation of President Roosevelt, the invitation to attend a conference of the Governors of the States devastated by the summer drought. Only one of the invited state executives will be absent, Governor Floyd Olson of Minnesota, who is ill at the Mayo Hospital.

But President Roosevelt will take a day off and pay a visit to Governor Olson at the hospital.

Speaking of Governors -----

NICE

Now and then I come a cropper over

~~There are certain celebrated names with which I~~

~~some one's name.~~

~~always have troubles.~~ For instance, the patronymic of the

rubicund genial gentleman who is Governor of the good old

free state of Maryland. It seems that the other evening I

took liberties with his name and called him Governor "Niece".

A neighbor of his was kind enough to write me that his name is

nice enough as it is. And that's exactly what it is -- Nice.



## BLACK LEGION

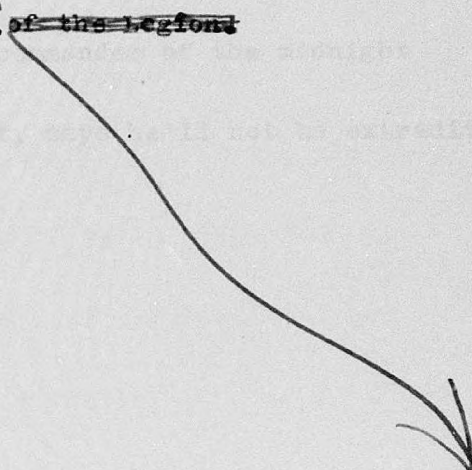
The Black Legion melodrama is with us again. And with an added element of mystery. Ever since we last mentioned that grim hooded order a grand jury has been sitting in Detroit, taking evidence, hearing witnesses, but doing it all with the utmost quietness and secrecy. Today the Grand Jury its silence in somewhat cryptic fashion.

Handed down indictments, truebills against twenty-two men supposed to be officers of that night-riding, flogging, killing gang. They are charged, curiously enough, with criminal syndicalism.

Now here's the mystery:--Nobody but the Judge of the Circuit Court, and the twenty policemen who are making the arrests know the names on that indicted list. The Judge promptly issued warrants and those twenty cops promptly started out in radio cars to look for the suspects. Some are already under arrest, in prison on other charges. The others still at large, are the men for whom the officers are looking--hence the necessary secrecy.

Meanwhile Judge Moynihan of the Michigan Circuit Court

imposed sentence on two convicted men, Frederick Gulley and Thomas Cox. For not less than three and not more than five years they'll be <sup>allowed to</sup> meditating ~~ing~~ in the penitentiary <sup>— ponder over</sup> the part they played in the flogging of a Black Legionary named Robert Penlan. One dark night they snatched him from his home and carried him away, thrashing him brutally for the offense of refusing to attend <sup>one of the hooded</sup> ~~the~~ meetings. ~~of the Legion~~



ADD BLACK LEGION

By the laws of Michigan the crime of criminal syndicalism carries with it a penalty of imprisonment for not more than ten years plus a fine of five thousand dollars.

The bars of secrecy have just been let down to the extent that we now know the name of one of the indicted men. He is Virgil Effinger of Lima, Ohio: -- described as Black Legionnaire Number One, supreme commander of the midnight conspirators. Effinger denies it, says he'll not be extradited to Michigan, not if he knows it.

## MEXICO

A seemingly quite simple event in Mexico has far more behind it than meets the eye. That's what observers say who really know the country. The resignation of Emiliano Portes Gil, the Number Two man of Mexico's popular front government, has created a regular tornado of gossip.

Early in Nineteen Thirty-Five ex-President Calles, socalled "Iron Man," then dictator, stepped down, resigned in favor of his protege, Lazaro Cardenas. But it was not long before Calles regretted his action. He had expected his successor to carry on his own policies, instead of which Cardenas began to lean strongly to the left. As Calles had become a rich man, a big landed proprietor, a multi-millionaire, he looked with horror and alarm upon the tendencies of the new government.

At that juncture it was Portes Gil, they say, who stiffened the spine of Cardenas. He said to his chief, "Defy Calles!" To which Cardenas replied, "But Don Emiliano, this means revolution, probably Civil War. Can we get away with it?"

The answer of Portes Gil, with a confident smile, on his dark Indian face, was to lay down a sheaf of telegrams. He had wired the Governor of every state asking them what they'd do in the event of a break between Cardenas and Calles. Almost every Governor replied that they were for Cardenas. The outcome was that Cardenas with Portes Gil behind him call the bluff of Calles.

This unwritten episode in Mexico's history is cited as an illustration of the fine Indian cunning of Portes Gil.

Down in Mexico they have a word *madrugar*, obscure Mexican slang, meaning "before dawn." But the Mexicans use it to express the skill of an Indian in forestalling his enemy before the enemy can get into action. And, they say, when it comes to the fine art of *madrugar* nobody can approach Portes Gil.

So his mysterious resignation is a blow to the Cardenas government. Without him the Cardenas government becomes decidedly

weaker. *H* Ex-dictator Calles is still in exile. So long as he knew that he would have both Cardenas and Portes Gil to fight if he returned, he stayed away. But now in Washington and in Mexico City they're wondering what will be the effect of the resignation of this man, former Provisional President, former Attorney General, former Foreign Minister and a past master of the art of *madrugar*. *Will it mean another Mexican Revolution?*

## SPAIN

Not much about Spain tonight. The big news is from Rome. Just as intervention by Mussolini seemed inevitable, lo and behold, he accepts the neutrality proposals of the French. The supposition is that both sides have made concessions. Encouraging news.

From Berlin the news is not so reassuring. Hitler protesting, threatening. This wrath is leveled at Moscow. Berlin objects violently to what it describes as slanderous and provocative news broadcasts from the Soviet government radio stations.

TREASURE

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From Providence, Rhode Island the schooner "Nellie L. Carmenter," under full sail, has just headed for a point "somewhere off the Delaware Capes." The "Nellie ship carries complete salvage equipment.

It seems that in Seventeen Ninety-Eight a British sloop was wrecked on the coast not far from the mouth of the Chesapeake. That sloop was supposed to have carried two million pounds in gold, or let us say ten million dollars, probably a good deal more if you figure the present price of gold. And Nellie and her crew want that two million.

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And then, there's the good ship "Constellation" a four master, under full sail tonight, bound for the waters "somewhere" off the south Jersey coast. The feature that makes this cruise of the Constellation worth mentioning is the air of secrecy that surrounded her departure. The "Constellation" is one of the last big sailing vessels of the Atlantic Coast. Recently she has been what is termed a "whoopee" ship. But tonight she is at sea with a crew of twenty-two men, three



officers and one woman. And the purpose of her voyage has a real story-book atmosphere. She's off in search of sunken treasure -- a million upon million of dollars in silver bullion, on the floor of the ~~Atlantic~~ Atlantic, some sixty hours away.

One account has it that her master Alvan Loesche is looking for a ship that sank off the Jersey shore back in the days of the American Revolution:- A British ship that foundered near Cape Charles a hundred and sixty years ago, carrying the payroll for King George's Hessians. Another version is that these treasure hunters are seeking a vessel once belonging to the Confederate States, a ship that was sunk in the Civil War, bringing money from England to pay for southern cotton. Still another rumor is that the object of the search is a ~~smuggler's~~ smuggler's sloop, aboard which was a chest full of diamonds and other priceless stones. And a fourth story says they are hoping to salvage the Ward liner Merida which went down with over twenty million dollars ~~in~~ worth of jewels, Spanish silver and mahogany on board.

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The Master of the "Constellation" sailed with sealed orders - sealed lips I mean. He just wouldn't ~~xx~~ answer any questions. At any rate it's ~~xxx~~ known that he carries provisions for two months, also ~~xx~~ two deep-sea diving outfits, expert divers, huge tanks of compressed air and oxygen - and some writers and cameramen to make our eyes pop out with their word and screen pictures when they find those millions for which they are going fishing.

Wonder if the Nellie L. Carpenter and the Constellation are after the same treasure? What a race! What a treasure hunt that would be!

SEA SERPENT

You don't need to look at the calendar these days to tell what month it is. I always know when it's August because of the volume of sea serpent yarns that flood my desk. After all the excitement over the famous Loch Ness monster in Scotland had died down these phantasmagorical legends subsided for a while. But this year they're fairly booming. One of them comes from Newfoundland. ~~Off~~ Off Long Point, at the tip of the Portauport Peninsula, the fishermen have been seeing not one but several. A representative of the Natural Resources Department of the Newfoundland government went to investigate. And the fishermen told that government official, "We ~~are~~ were frightened out of our wits. It was at least one hundred and fifty feet long and moved with a tremendous flapping and

snorting." *Capt. Bob Bartlett is on his way south from the Arctic right now — and somewhere off Newfoundland, bound for his mother's home at Brigus. Maybe Bob can catch that 150 foot sea serpent! That's one of the latest crop. Another comes from*

France. Right near Cherbourg where the ocean liners call, a most curious ~~being was~~ *monster of the deep has been* caught in a net. ~~It had a~~ *and* head like a

camel, ~~and~~ *and* a body shaped like a whale, ~~but was~~ *and* all covered with soft fur. ~~There was~~ *And —* no fooling about ~~this beast.~~ *it.* It actually

has been caught and brought to land. And nobody seems to know what it is. Too bad Barnum isn't alive. Some French scientists has just taken a look at the thing and they pronounce it a cetacean, second cousin to a whale and first cousin to a porpoise. And it's coat of hair ought to make it a nephew or something to a polar bear.

A similar yarn comes from the usually god-fearing land of Nova Scotia; another amorphous animal of the deep caught. Twenty-two feet long, weighing about four tons. The thing had white flesh and a huge head like a whale's, with no teeth. Sounds like a limerick. In fact the liver alone weighs half a ton. How would you like to have that liver with onions? And that I hope will be about all on the subject of sea serpents for this year -- at any rate it is for this week - and,

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.