

EUROPE

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

It's the same old story tonight of ministers resigning, cabinets toppling in Europe making way for new governments to take power.

We had a forecast the other night of the Spanish political crisis, and now the inevitable has occurred.

The Cortes, the Spanish Congress, cast a vote against the government, and so Prime Minister Ricardo Samper took the customary walk-out. He told President Zamora to find a new Prime Minister, and President Zamora responded, "How about Senor Lerroux?" Meaning that the foremost Spanish idealist becomes the head of the government.

Yes, Lerroux is an idealist, not a practical politician, a man of dreams and moods and effusive emotions. He has occupied the troubled office of Prime Minister once before but he didn't last long, couldn't stand it. He stuck it out for a month and then resigned -- weeping.

"I cannot," he wept, "permit myself to be made one of those carnival rag dolls at which the public throws balls."

But Senor Leroux is up there again a target for Spanish baseballs.

In a Rumanian cabinet downfall we hear the familiar name of Madame Lupescu. Some say it was King Carol's red-headed sweetheart who caused the resignation of the government. Others explain it was because of a foreign minister, Titelescu. While still others say it was both. And thus are combined the names of Lupescu, Titelescu and Taterescu, which certainly makes it sound Rumanian. Foreign Minister Titelescu who is now in Switzerland announced his resignation, because of Madame Lupescu. The moment he stepped out, Prime Minister Taterescu announced that he was in full accord with Titelescu and therefore was resigning with the entire cabinet because of Lupescu.

But after all the shouting its' pretty much the same again. Another Taterescu government.

HUNGARY

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You know what it is to be nervous and jumpy, when any noise ~~the~~ lifts you out of your chair and the most inconspicuous things take on a magnified importance. That's the way it is with the political situation in Europe - nervous and jumpy. People are reading all kinds of deep dark meanings in ~~the~~ words and actions which, from this side of the ocean, seem rather plain and ordinary.

The Prime Minister of Hungary makes a speech. And he utters cordial words of praise for a couple of other European nations. Over here we're used to those speeches of love and friendship, to which we are inclined to exclaim - "soft soap, ^{schoomse} ~~banana oil.~~"

The Hungarian Premier speaks ~~in a tone of brotherly affection for Austria, which is only to be expected, since Austria and Hungary have a close understanding.~~

~~But he went ahead with~~ a glowing tribute in honor of Germany. He showered^s expressions of good-will upon the Nazi Reich. And that's what has the political sharks in Europe making all sorts of deductions.

These are based on recent rumors that Hungary has been cooling off in her recent ardent friendship for Italy, and in consequence

~~Hungary~~ has negotiated a secret treaty with Hitler's Germany. This is interpreted as meaning an entirely new line-up for the nations in Europe, with a German-Hungarian alliance drawing into its diplomatic circle both Poland and Jugoslavia. Of course Poland and Jugoslavia have been closely tied to France ever since the War, but now ~~it~~ are said to be drawing away from France - afraid of ^{the} ~~a~~ new French ~~cooperation~~ cooperation with Italy.

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It seems like a lopsided notion to me - ~~an~~ ^{un}armed Germany and the smaller countries on one side, with two dominant military nations, France and Italy, on the other. But it sounds interesting, ~~is~~ something like a lot of little boys choosing up sides for a game of baseball.

MEDAL

One of the stories in the news today gives us the makings of tremendous thrill and drama. It is the merest and briefest sketch, and one can sit back and let the imagination fill in the details.

In our mind's eye we can see the familiar picture of Alpine climbing, the steep slopes of ^{or granite -} a glacier and the Alpine guide leading his party of climbers, linked to them with long ropes. A climber slips and is headed for a shattering fall down the jagged steep, but the rope holds him, as the guide, hooking his claw-like staff, the Alpine-stock, into the rock, holds firm until the sprawling tumbler can regain his feet.

Or the climber may slip down a ledge, from which he could never escape, save for the guide who, with the sure foot of a mountaineer, rescues him.

There are forty episodes of Alpine heroism, forty lives saved by one particular Austrian guide, who thereupon was given a silver medal for bravery.

I don't know if he thought much of that silver medal, but today the story comes of how that life-saving medal has saved his life.

He took part in the fatal Nazi putsch, which resulted in the

murder of Chancellor Dollfuss of Austria. He was tried by court martial and condemned to be hanged. Then the death sentence went to the Austrian ^{President}~~President~~ for his signature. But the President also learned about that silver medal and about the forty lives the condemned man had saved. So the death sentence was cancelled, commuted to fifteen years of imprisonment, which, being political, will probably not last that long. So the story ends - because he saved forty lives, they ^{we}~~have~~ spared his.~~life~~

BUDDHISTS

There are some odd religious goings on over in London - not the Anglican sort with sedate curates or stately archbishops. Instead, there are statues of Buddha, yellow robed monks and the ancient dancers of Ceylon. There's a Buddhist revival in London.

The centre of the exotic proceedings is in the sumptuous drawing room of an aristocratic house in the Regents Park district. The drawing room has been transformed into a Buddhist shrine with great statues of the Smiling Placid Light of the World. Oriental incense yields its overpowering fragrance. Weird music sounds; and in candle light young Singhalese girls dance and dances of Kandy - not chocolate candy, or coconut candy, but the ancient kingdom of Kandy on the island of Ceylon. I've been there and seen the ancient Buddhist shrine, The Temple of the Tooth, built over the giant tooth, said to have been Gantauma Buddhas.

The first European Buddhist conference is meeting in London. All day long worshippers come in a steady stream to that drawing room shrine. There are six thousand English devotees of the ancient oriental cult; and Buddhist pilgrims have come trouping from France, Italy and Germany.

SECRETARY

Now for a ray of sunshine. Who is she? No, not your wife! your secretary! At least that's the word that comes from England, where a man's best friend and severest critic seems to be - his secretary.

A great London financial magnate has just thrown a banquet to announce that he has the best secretary in the world, Miss Myrtle Fuller. She's to him what Robbie has been to General Johnson.

The proceedings climaxed with plans and specifications for the perfect secretary. That's where the sunshine comes in. She should be a ray of sunshine, beaming upon the boss. She should also be like a mother, and a right-hand man. That's quite a combination - a ray of sunshine, mother and right-hand man. And just to make it harder she would also be a demon for speed and an oasis of calm. She should know how to keep some people happy waiting for hours and how to get rid of others immediately, and keep them happy too. It doesn't say anything about letting anybody into see the boss right away. But I don't suppose you can expect any secretary, perfect or otherwise, to do that.

That's the perfect secretary - a ray of sunshine,
especially at night.

SUPREME COURT

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Today was the season's first work day, for the nine lonely men, as the Washington correspondents rhetorically describe the Supreme Court of the United States, gathered in Washington after the summer vacation, the highest court of the land paid its respects to the President, transacted a few formalities, and today began its busy work, for what promises to be one of the most significant sessions the Supreme Court has ever had.

It's a familiar historical truth that our political institutions have been shaped largely and comprehensively by Supreme Court decisions, interpreting, extending and amplifying the clauses of the Constitution. In fact you might argue a plausible case -- that it's 50-50, half Constitution and half Supreme Court decision. *But it would take a Professor Corwin of Princeton to decide that.*

The New Deal with its various alphabetical agencies, has brought a whole series of vivid constitutional problems. The NRA alone has put questions before the courts sufficient for volumes of jurisprudence. And the many constitutional angles of the New Deal have now had time to shake themselves clear for decisions by the Court that outranks all other courts.

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its hard work
So the session that began [^] today will be of an historical importance comparable to those early days when the Supreme Court led by John Marshall exerted so great an influence upon the elementary forms of our government. The nine lonely men in Washington headed by Chief Justice, ~~and~~ ^{the} not so lonely Charles Evans Hughes, will decide during the weeks to come quite a good deal concerning the lives of all of us.

PARLIAMENT

Now Let's speak a few words to the serious gentlemen who get out the Congressional Record, famous as the driest of all publications. Let's talk to them this way:-

"Hay you fellows, why don't you take a tip from London? Have you heard what they are doing in the Parliamentary Gazette? That's the British version of your own Congressional Record.

They're jazzing it up. Making it entertaining. Of course they are still printing the speeches of the M.P.'S just as you fellows in Washington keep on printing the speeches of the Congressmen and Senators.

But they are analyzing those speeches. That sounds dry as dust -- ^{but it isn't!} ~~doesn't it?~~ ~~But it isn't.~~ They are counting words and columns and finding out which M.P. is the wordiest and windiest.

55
And they've discovered that the most talkative, garrulous, and verbose members of Parliament are the Socialists. At the top of the list comes a statesman who talked to the extent of two-hundred-and-fifty-two columns on x large pages, in fine type,

He's a Socialist. The second on the list is a Socialist,

with ~~two hundred and forty eight columns.~~ ^{Likewise} The third,

~~two hundred and forty three columns, is a Socialist. The~~

fourth, fifth, and sixth, ~~were also Socialists.~~ The Socialistic

saviours of the world ~~who~~ ^{nearly} did all the talking. The ~~Conservative~~

~~members~~ ~~the~~ party was way down on the list, just an "also ran."

The most inquisitive M.P. was a statesman who asked

four-hundred-and forty-eight questions in one session. He

asked questions about everything. His name is Mander. I'll bet

(demander)
his initial is D -- D.Mander.

LABOR

The capital and labor situation tonight looks like a set of manoeuvres and counter-maneuvres, strategic moves based on President Roosevelt's dramatic call for a truce between the employers and the workers.

The National Manufacturers Association, which represents most of the big industries of the nation, has hopped aboard the presidential truce wagon in a hurry. The manufacturers have issued a statement okaying the President's proposal. That okay takes the form of a challenge to labor.

"We want to put the President's truce into effect at once," announce the manufacturers, and then they add: "Will labor do the same?"

This aggressive strategy seems to have swept the labor leaders into a corner. President Green of the American Federation, is in San Francisco, where the unions ~~of the Federation~~ are holding a big pow-wow this week. The reply which President Green and his associates make is cautious and defensive - something like a man who, in the face of a direct attack, blocks and backs away.

The union commanders say they like some of the President's proposals, and then ~~they~~ add a conditional clause. They declare they will reject the presidential industrial truce, unless industry meets their demands for collective bargaining. ~~ix~~

It would seem as if President Roosevelt's radio address night before last and the latest move by the employer group were putting the union chiefs in a perplexing position. They are fighting to make good their demands, especially as it concerns collective bargaining, unionization. But a truce more or less involves a condition of status quo - let things stay as they are for a breathing spell, ~~let all demands right of ride for a while, so that we can have an interval of peace.~~ ^{But} ~~And~~ the union leaders don't want to let ^{their} demand for full ~~unionization~~ unionization wait. ~~any period of truce.~~

7/12
Meanwhile, the President is beginning his conferences with the ^{leaders} ~~mediators~~ of business and labor. It is explained that Mr. Roosevelt does not intend to try for drastic, absolute results, such as a definite decision on collective bargaining or any positive agreement to outlaw strikes. Instead, he is seeking to establish greater efforts for conciliation, a will to compromise, a spirit of peace. He wants

capital and labor to come to a sincere agreement to do more and more to achieve arbitration. In other words, ~~the President's idea is not so much a hard and fast ~~righting~~ writing down of peace terms, but rather a stronger emphasis on industrial good will.~~

COOLIDGE

We have tonight what sounds like a message from the grave -- a last declaration of ex-President Coolidge, just before he died. The Saturday Evening Post is publishing it. Calvin Coolidge wrote the declaration in his last days, as an expression of final political faith -- faith in the Republican party.

He declared that the Republican party would live, because it guaranteed the requirements of good government. And he added: "Parties disintegrate only when their power *for* ~~to~~ public service is gone. Nothing indicates that the Republican party is approaching that stage." *He wrote.*

8 It fits the picture of Calvin Coolidge, a man of quiet undoubting faith. He might be ~~xw~~ skeptical about details but could never doubt the basic principles of his private life or his public life.

HAPPINESS

Happy News! The Devil is being chased out of New York, and that should be happy news. In the dusky Harlem section of Manhattan a roaring revival is on, and leading the halleluans is Elder Solomon Light-foot Michaux, the renowned Negro pastor from Washington, with his gospel of happy~~ness~~ news.

8 1/2

The Elder is one of the best known preachers in the country, a Billy Sunday of the colored folks along the Potomac. He runs his Happy News revivals along the most modern lines. When he opened his church in Washington, he planted men and women here and there in the congregation to act as stooges, and answer him by cue -- just as in vaudeville. That ~~x~~ made the dialogue snappy and put some pep in the happy news. The Elder gathered a choir of two hundred and one of the most eloquent jazz bands that ever jazzed away in church -- although that's not saying so much. And the way those Happy News revivals could ring out the spirituals made them famous far and wide.

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When the Elder holds a big baptism on the Potomac, the Happy News ceremonies draw as many excursion boats on the river as the ~~America~~ Cup races do off Newport. And now the Happy News has come to New York, and ~~the~~ ^{de} devil's on ~~the~~ ^{de} run.

And I'm on the run, which may be happy news to you -- and SO LONG
UNTIL TOMORROW.

9 1/2