

Politics in the news again! A contest, perhaps not an actual scrap, but a keen struggle within the inner circles of the Democratic high command. The fight is: Who is to be Democratic leader on the floor of the House of Representatives next season? It's a big job, the third most important in Congress. And there are two contenders. One of them Sam Rayburn of Texas, heretofore Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee, one of the most important committees in Congress. The other, John J. O'Connor, Tammany Democrat of New York. He is Chairman of the Rules Committee, an even more influential body, ~~He is~~ the man who defied Father Coughlin in the last Congress, ^{and} said he would like nothing better than the privilege of kicking the radio priest all the way down Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol building to the White House. Father Coughlin retaliated by trying to beat Johnny O'Connor in his campaign for re-election. But Johnny won.

It's an interesting situation, this. Sam Rayburn has been a staunch, steadfast, rock-ribbed Roosevelt supporter. One of the things he did was to be part author of the Fletcher-

8
Rayburn Bill to regulate the Stock Exchange. O'Connor has been somewhat ~~xxxx~~ of a less ardent Rooseveltian. Nevertheless, on important issues he has always played ball with the administration. ~~He~~ He used to be a professional football player *in fact.* An alumnus of Brown and Harvard law school. His brother, Basil O'Connor, used to be law partner of President Roosevelt himself.

SECURITY

The Social Security Act has already achieved one record. It has given a quarter of a million men a lot of exercise. No fewer than two hundred and fifty thousand mail carriers have been lifting ~~the dogs up and down~~ ^{em up and putting em down:—} delivering some fifty million application forms ^{for} ~~from~~ wage earners.

While the boys in grey were foot-slogging it along under laden pouches, government officials were sending out pleas to the heads of government throughout the forty-eight states of the Union, ^{asking} ~~they asked~~ their cooperation. "Do your ^{they plead,} ~~utmost~~ to persuade your legislatures to pass Unemployment Insurance laws to fit in with the federal statute." And of course they don't fail to use the ~~strong~~ argument furnished them yesterday by the United States Supreme Court, ~~I mean of course~~ that decision which declared ~~that~~ New York's Unemployment Insurance law ~~was not un~~constitutional.

49

LABOR

"The American Federation of Labor has signed its own death warrant."

That's the opinion of one of the foremost union leaders in America. It is the comment of Charles P. Howard, President of the Typographical Union, upon the suspension of John L. Lewis and the ten member unions of the Committee for Industrial Organization.

Mr. Howard, as we had occasion to recall last night, is secretary of the C. I. O. He believes the only way to avoid a suicidal feud in the ranks of labor is to reinstate the C. I. O. unions without quibble. ^{It} However, ~~that~~ die seems to be cast. The ten unions adhering to John L. Lewis are definitely suspended. And the situation, ^{tonight} ~~to say the least,~~ is taut and difficult.

EUROPE

20
I understand one of my radio colleagues is offering a prize for the best letter on the subject, "Why I like to live in the United States." Tonight, it seems to me that one of the best answers to that would be a simple outline of the day's news from Europe. Really, that news could be described in one word - trouble.

General ~~Francisco~~ Franco, ~~the~~ head of the Spanish Fascists, is either an excessively bold man, or, ~~else~~ he is being prompted by some ~~x~~ other Fascist power. ~~Your guess is as good as anybody's.~~ The British government asked ~~General~~ Franco to establish a neutral zone at Barcelona. The Spanish ~~Fascist~~ chief flatly refused. ^{Whereupon} that reply was described in ultra polite terms, by Downing Street, as "unsatisfactory."

Later we learn that London is not confining itself to polite euphemism. Eight British submarines are on their way from Malta to the east coast of Spain. And British admiralty also reports other shifts of its forces in the Mediterranean, which indicate that ~~General~~ John Bull is in no mood to be fooled with.

A Spanish Fascist cruiser has already sunk one foreign merchantman in the Mediterranean, not far from Barcelona. And a Fascist destroyer stopped and seized a freighter flying the Greek flag.

Meanwhile Europe is wondering "Who torpedoed that Spanish left wing warship, the Cervantes?" The Spanish government has been doing some detective work on that episode, and says the torpedo which sank the "Cervantes" was of neither Spanish nor Italian manufacture, -- and that a German destroyer, the "Leopard", was in the neighborhood. After the explosion, the "Leopard" steamed casually towards the scene of the accident. Its officers made a leisurely examination and then steamed away without making any effort to help or rescue survivors. That's the Madrid story.

Moscow meanwhile announces that the Soviet will take steps to protect its shipping in the Mediterranean. Paris followed suit and uttered a similar warning.

(As for Spain the latest attack by the Rebels on Madrid was fought off principally by a regiment of foreign volunteers, Red

sympathizers from other countries.)

The most sensational report of all was the rumor that the Madrid government had raided both the German and the Italian embassies, invaded them with police and arrested several German and Italian nationalists accused of affording aid and comfort to the Rebels.

However, it is believed none of the Italians or Germans arrested were diplomatic. Neither Germany nor Italy has had any official representatives in Madrid for two months.

NOBEL PRIZE

The Nobel Prize Committee, as we anticipated last week, has made its award. And is Adolph Hitler's face red! Just as everybody anticipated, the Nineteen Thirty-Five Peace prize now goes to the man whom Hitler kept in a concentration camp all these years, frail, sickly, dying by inches, afflicted with tuberculosis, Carl von Ossietzky who regains his liberty just in time to receive the Nobel honor -- last year's prize given out now. And so is the Nineteen Thirty-Six prize which goes to Dr. Carlos Lamas, Foreign Minister of Argentina. This announcement comes at a particularly appropriate time, for Dr. Lamas will preside over the Pan American Peace Conference at Buenos Aires, to which the President Roosevelt is hastening aboard the INDIANAPOLIS. Dr. Lamas when told of the honor said: "It shouldn't be given to me, it should be given to my country, the Argentine republic".

Somebody in Budapest must have been listening to American news broadcasts last night. Meaning, of course, comments about the now famous Magyar duelist, Doctor Franz Sarga -- "~~one~~-against-nine-Sarga,"^{as they call him.} For the saga of Sarga took on a new color today. The diminutive duelist evidently thought that the motto of:- "Pistols for two and coffee for one," was not such a bad idea. So he changed his weapons from sabers to pistols.

And accordingly he went through two of his nine battles. Pistols at fifteen paces. His first enemy was ~~his worst~~^{the one who had insulted him} ~~to~~^{the most.} To borrow the phraseology of the shooting field, Dr. Sarga winged his enemy, shot him in the hand. ~~causing his adversary to miss.~~

But his next encounter might just as well have been fought with sabers at twenty paces. His second enemy had not offended him as much as the first. So ~~he~~^{the dueling doctor} elected to lengthen the distance. ~~Both~~^{And — both} champions ~~drew~~^{fired and} a goose-egg.

There's really one sad note in this story. A great banquet had been prepared. The victor was to have been feasted. Gallons of good Hungarian wine and goulash. But at the last

moment the duelist learned that Budapest's chief-of-police had become worried, not particularly concerned whether any of the duelists might be killed, but annoyed about the excessive publicity. So, at the eleventh hour, they had to call the feast off -- no wine, no goulash.

TARZAN FOLLOW DUEL

~~Now for a juicy little duel item, not from blood-thirsty Europe, but from peaceful little old U.S.A.~~ ^{Here's} a duel without weapons. The moral of it appears to be that famous American fists can do more serious damage than European duelling pistols.

In this ~~American~~ ^{home} story, your commentator is not hampered by the necessity of explaining the identity of the fighters. In one corner an officer of Uncle Sam's navy, Lieutenant-Commander Cameron Winslow, Jr. In the other corner Mr. Johnny Weissmuller, swimming champ, the hero of all the Tarzan pictures, Tarzan himself, no less. And to echo the words of the late unforgettable Joe B-Gee Humphries, we have to announce "The winnah! - Johnny Weissmuller."

The opponent of Dr. ~~Franz~~ Sarga, the diminutive scrapper of Budapest, escaped with a slight bullet wound in the hand. The ~~man~~ ^{Naval officer} who faced Johnny Weissmuller got one blue eye, and a cut over it, which required the services of one surgeon, one needle, and two stitches.

As we rush to press, there appears to be a certain discrepancy about the actual inflicter of that blue eye upon the

countenance of a U. S. naval commander. By common report, the decision is awarded to Johnny Tarzan Weissmuller. But the proprietor of the establishment in which the fight took place, declares that it was a member of the New York Stock Exchange who assaulted the sea fighter. There are also rumors that the writer of a Broadway column in one of the New York papers, also drew cards in the free-for-all. As we gallup to press, I am unable to say which columnist it was, but surely not Walter Winchell. For Walter last night was at home with lumbago.

"Why did they fight?" There seem to be five versions. The best I can do is refer you to the famous but excessively bad poem of Robert Southey, entitled "The Battle of Blenheim -

"What good came of it at last?"

Quoth little Peterkin?

"Why, that I cannot tell", said he:

"But 'twas a famous victoree."

WEATHER

How are your snow-shoes? Did you wax your skis? I understand that some new sort of ski doesn't need to be waxed. At any rate, the time approaches for the annual arguments about the merits of Norwegian versus Austrian wax - or just parafine.

Last night's snow around New York didn't bring out the down-hill snow birds. But the wires tell us that parts of New England, Illinois, Indiana, southern Wisconsin, Iowa, and Michigan, are under a heavy white blanket. And the weather man tells us more snow is about to fall on New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and West Virginia and Ohio.

In fact, the weather sharks tell us the next few months are going to provide premature halcyon days for us winter sports fanatics.

RUSSIA

Did you ever watch a lobster in the process of being boiled? If so, you've noticed that it turns from a mottled sort of black to red. If you were in Moscow today, you would observe a process just the opposite. Red Russia is about to become Pink Russia! The comrades are going through all the gestures and rituals of democracy. If you were in Moscow today you would behold an extraordinary spectacle. On any old day, Moscow is far from ordinary, but today its color is enhanced by the presence of two thousand delegates from all corners of the Soviet Union. Some of them have traveled by reindeer, some on Yaks, some on Mongolian ponies, reaching rail-head or airport.

They've all come to Moscow to rewrite the Russian Constitution. Perhaps the most important gathering of its kind since fifty-five gentlemen assembled in Philadelphia, in 1789. Those fifty-five Americans drew up a document for our forefathers which the Prime Minister of England - Gladstone - described as "the greatest instrument of government ever struck off at a given time by the brain or hand of man."

(The report from Moscow is that the new Russian Constitution will incorporate many features of the American Bill of Rights, those vital amendments to our constitution.)

Russia, the iron-bound dictatorship, going Democratic! And, apparently Democratic in earnest. They're to have a legislature, parliamentary free speech, freedom of religious worship will be guaranteed. Also, all Russians will be confirmed in the ownership of their personal property. Whether that extends to real property -- land -- seems doubtful. For the first cardinal principle of the Marxian doctrine is that all land belongs to the state. So it remains to be seen whether a man whose family have lived on a certain farm, let us say, for hundreds of years, will be considered the owner of that farm in the new Soviet Union.

The two thousand delegates from all quarters of the Soviet Union, from frozen Archangel on the White Sea, from the sands of Tartary, from the shores of Lake Baikal, from remote Kamchatka, from the Caucasus Crimea, and from glamorous Samarkland, will act as a convention to write Russia's Constitution. There's a thought! Fifty-five men wrote ours and had a tough

time doing it. Multiply those fifty-five by forty - oh -
what a constitutional convention that'll be!

However, reading between the lines of the news, one gathers the idea that all the really important points in the Russian document have already been formulated by the heads of the Bolshevik Party. All that really remains for those two thousand to do, is to say "Tak", which, roughly speaking, means "okay".

ANTHEM FOLLOW RUSSIA

This isn't the only change that is going to overtake the U. S. S. R. They're even going to turn down the national anthem. For years now the No. 1 patriotic song of the Russians has been the solemn unmelodious "Internationale", "Arise ye prisoners of starvation!" is its chatty introduction. Today, the word from Moscow is that even that sombre anthem is headed for the wastepaper basket.

It is characteristic of the new ideas that the Bolshevist Commissars are imposing on Russia, that the song all comrades are now being encouraged to sing is the Muscovite version of our ditty: "For We Are Jolly Good Fellows!"

Can you beat that? And-----SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.