

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:-

I am rather surprised that right now I'm not in the middle of a snow-bank among these romantic hills of West Virginia. I can certainly appreciate the meaning of that word - snow-bound. These stories around New York of automobiles and trains delayed for hours or even days have a new meaning tonight.

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This noon we started out from Oakhill for Bluefield. There had been a twenty-seven inch fall of snow on Flat Top Mountain. The road over the summit had been closed; scores of cars and trucks marooned out there ever since it started to snow on Sunday, so they had two thousand men, with platoons of snow-plows, at work clearing the road. This morning, after a hard battle, they got it open, and then, at a critical moment, there was a big snow slide, and that dizzy mountain road was jammed,

overwhelmed, buried once more. But the State road men battled their way through and the road was more or less open, - so the report went. Road Commissioner Bailey swore he'd get us through some how.

We started out in one of those new Chrysler Air-Flow Cars that look like a torpedo on wheels. Fine West Virginia roads, they are, normally. But after twenty-seven inches of snow, with mountain drifts sixteen feet high, and then a heavy thaw, it was a case of rivers of slush, running water, snow-banks on all sides, and, to cap the climax, the summit of Flat Top Mountain was shrouded by a great cloud, so that we were driving through a blinding fog. Well, that Air-flow car proved itself to be not only air-flow, but also snow-flow, water-flow, slush-flow and fog-flow.

It wouldn't have been so bad if we hadn't met any cars. But all along the line we met trucks splashing through the melting drifts. Those lads had been snow-bound on that mountain road since Sunday. And now they were sloshing their way out. As one fellow said, with a magnificent Southern drawl. When we asked

him to wait a minute, he said:- "Boy, wait a minute; why I've been waiting for a week".

Of course, every time we passed a truck, that meant a detour into a snow-bank. Then we had to use man-power to get pushed out. The climax came at a hairpin bend with a steep uphill grade. A whole line of trucks stalled. The one in front had run out of gas. He certainly had picked a fine place for that.

We detoured half a mile through snow-banks. And my being here on the air tonight is thanks to the hearty good-will of a dozen or so West Virginians, drivers of the trucks, road workers and neighborhood folk. They were as interesting types as I have seen in a long time, with faces vividly suggestive of the older American, strong faces, weather-beaten, with grim lines. Marooned for days, they were unshaven, with stubby growths of beard, commonly red beards. Many a one looked just as Daniel Boone must have looked, -- the frontiersman type. Give him a long-Tom gun, a coonskin cap, and he would have been Daniel Boone in person. Daniel Boone among the automobiles.

But they got us through by dint of sheer muscle. Every time our Air-flow flowed into a snow-bank, those brawny West Virginians put their hefty shoulders to the task and boosted us out.

I once made a trip by car into forbidden Afghanistan, from Khyber Pass across the Desert of Sand to the remote city of Kabul. That was the most difficult motor trip I ever made, but today's jaunt ran it a close second.

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Any way, here I am in Bluefield, West Virginia, a city of soft coal and railroad yards, on the edge of the broad blue grass acres of Southwest Virginia. A town of thriving industry and of people who combine northern energy with southern hospitality. And, Jim Shott, the editor of the Daily Telegraph, tells me that the Bluefield College football team has a player who scored more points last season than any other pigskin artist in the country, the mighty Pete Young.

But let's take a look at some other parts of the world where the snow isn't so deep.

PANAMA

Uncle Sam's stepping down off the gold standard has brought about a ^{rather} ^{international} amusing situation. When President Roosevelt, not Franklin D., but T. R., took over the Panama Canal, ^{Zone,} we promised to pay an annual rental to the Republic of Panama. Uncle Sam bound himself by the terms of the Treaty to pay two hundred and fifty thousand dollars ^{a year. And --} Yesterday was rent day. ^{ff} The lawyer representing the Republic of Panama went to the Treasury and there was a nice two hundred and fifty thousand dollar check waiting for him. He took one look at it and said: "No thank you". "What do you mean, no thank you?", replied the Treasury. "Just take a look at your lease", retorted Panama's representative. There was much flurrying and looking up of documents and sure enough, the Treaty said: "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold, gold coins".

^{That's an unexpected complication.}
~~There's a pretty situation for you.~~ Probably it will have to be aired out in the courts, for the Treaty specifies that in case of any dispute an international court must decide. So that puts it up to the World Court at The Hague. ~~Laugh that~~
~~one off.~~

LABOR

We are sure to hear a lot of discussions in the next few weeks about the latest measure proposed by Senator Wagner of New York, Chairman of the National Labor Board. The New York Senator is the spokesman in the Senate for a considerable body of President Roosevelt's social program. The latest measure he has offered concerns the company union. This, of course, has been one of the principal bones of contention between employers and employees. ^HThe workers say the Company union is really no union at all. The employers say they do not want delegates from a union, ^{that is} outsiders, telling them how to run their businesses. Senator Wagner clearly takes the side of the unions in this, his latest measure. And that means it represents the ideas of the President. ^{By} ~~is~~ forbidding any employer from taking any part in or attempting to influence any organization of the workers, this Administration Bill does away with the company union idea. This is a matter of vast importance all over the country. It is ^{certain} ~~certain~~ that this act will not go through without bitter opposition from many employers.

MINERS DELEGATION:

This morning I stopped at the picturesque West Virginia town of Oak Hill and a big mining camp nearby called Minden, where I had heard that a delegation of miners wanted to see me. I supposed they had a good tall story.

But when I met them they simply said they were an official delegation representing the United Mine Workers, sent to welcome me to these parts. They came from United Mine Workers Local Number five-nine-four-nine, in the New River Field. When I found they didn't have a tall story to tell I asked them a few questions about their work.

Both men, Ed Smith and W. M. Beckelheimer, are coal-loaders. They said they and their companions of the United Mine Workers were working up to the limit allowed by the Code, and had been for a long time, eight hours a day, five days a week. (They told me that for this loaders earned from three dollars and fifty cents a day on up to six and seven, machine

men, who cut the coal a little more; they rent houses in which they and their families live, for from four dollars to fifteen dollars a month. They get coal provided, enough for their houses, at two dollars a month, hospital services for themselves and families, ~~for everything excepting maternity cases,~~ at a cost of about one dollar and fifty cents a month. They said their schools were good.

I invited them to come across the mountains to Bluefield to night and tell ~~us~~^{us} something about ~~their work,~~^{coal mining} through this mike. I think Ed Smith started, but the road was officially closed, and he may still be out there in a snow drift, somewhere.

So, I ~~will~~^{will} tell one or two things that he might have said. The miners, according to Ed would like to have a thirty hour ~~a~~ week, instead of the present forty hour one. In the mines they are most anxious of all to have good ventilation. Ed said they had it where he was. And they wanted sanitary camps to live in. He said that he and his companions had had that too.

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Both of these men have worked in the coal mines most of their lives. Ed Smith declared there was a fascination about it, once you got into ~~it~~ it became a habit, and you just naturally stayed a coal miner. ~~forever~~

ATHENAEUM

Now, dust off your high hats boys and try and get in. Here's a club you've got to be born into. And some of us have trouble getting ourselves born the right way.

At any rate an interesting anniversary celebration is going on in Philadelphia. This is the one hundred and twentieth birthday of the Athenaeum, probably the tightest, highest-hatted, most exclusive club in the world. You cannot be elected to the Athenaeum no matter how much money you have nor how many friends. In order to be a member, one must also be a stockholder and nobody ever sells his stock. It passes from father to son or uncle to nephew and so forth. Only one man has ever been admitted to honorary membership. In eighteen twenty-five the Athenaeum elected the Marquis de LaFayette.

As for me I guess I'll apply for membership in the Hogan's Alley Social and Benevolent Association. And maybe I'd get black-balled there.

When a heavyweight championship bout draws a gate of only ten thousand customers and forty thousand dollars it's enough to make the shade of Tex Richard shake his ghostly head. Apparently Carnera, gargantuan gondoleer is a long long way from having the drawing power of Jack Dempsey or even Gene Tunney or Jack Sharkey. At any rate, the man mountain, the vast Venetian, with an advantage of eight-six pounds was not able to knock out the veteran Tommy Loughran. On the other hand some experts say that Primo actually outboxed the master boxer whom they call the phantom of Philly.

It wasn't the Battle of the Century. It was just the Battle of Last Night.

FRANCE

Premier Doumergue is having more luck with his Parliament than most of his numerous predecessors. He has just scored a notable success. He has made the Senators and Deputies see that the present isolation of France is not so good. Let's take a look at the background. When most other nations went off the gold standard it was found that the high French tariff did not keep their imports out. The rate of exchange counteracted the tariff. So France said to Uncle Sam: "You may sell us only so much" - a quota. She said the same to England and to several other countries, to which the other countries replied: "Oh, is that so? How would you like a dose of your own medicine?" We'll put you on the quota basis too.

The outcome was that LaBelle France, or Marianne, as she is called, found herself playing a lone hand, and Marianne like company. So one of the first things the new Premier said to his Parliament was: "Give me a free hand in dealing with other countries. Let me handle the tariff rates so that I can make the best possible deal for France". And the Parliament, with an amiability unusual in French Parliaments, replied: "Maisoui! Okay, Boss". And that is just the

sort of power that President Roosevelt wants from our Congress.

He wants to be able to negotiate for Uncle Sam on the same footing
as those wily Europeans.

MANCHUKUO

One remarkable fact in connection with the coronation of the new Emperor of Manchukuo has escaped observation. For the first time in history, the Dragon Throne is shared by the daughter of a commoner. Mrs. Elizabeth Pu Yi, who has become the Empress Peng Chi, is the daughter of a Manchu merchant.

I ~~must say~~ ^{It} The Emperor Kang Teh was a good picker when he married that merchant's daughter. His Empress is exceedingly easy to look at. Incidentally, he picked her from the catalogue of a marriage broker. Her Majesty Peng Chi was named Jung Yuang before she became Elizabeth Pu Yi. She chose the name Elizabeth herself. She was educated by two Congregational Missionaries, the daughters of a Philadelphia Clergyman. ^{It} All this explains the sensational manner in which she broke all the precedents of the Manchu Court by stepping up beside her husband when he mounted the throne. Such a thing was never known before. But instead of shocking her subjects, this bold Western departure from custom was greeted with cheers. ^{It} It has been one of the most sacred rules not only of Manchu Court Life, but a Chinese social custom, that the wife shall remain in the background and

never appear in public.

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This goes to show that the new Emperor and Empress are a well mated couple. It is well known that they are quite genuinely fond of each other. ~~and I must say that after seeing her photograph I don't blame him.~~ ^P I wonder what the Manchus will say to another breach of precedent. Hitherto it has been the law that a Manchu ruler must have at least two wives. But evidently the teaching of those two daughters of the Philadelphia clergyman have ~~stuck~~ stuck in her mind for on this subject Elizabeth said:- "Nothing doing." To which his Majesty Kang Teh replied:- "Just as you say my love."

The Emperor's first official step is quite in line with his upbringing. He followed the example of European royalty by sending out and buying several huge fat scrap-books. And the first Imperial message to the Manchu envoys is a request for all the newspaper clippings on his coronation.

KING

Maybe we'll be hearing of a new king, King Samuel Insull. They used to call him the King of Middlewestern Utilities. Indeed, when he was building opera houses and throwing money around, he was almost King of Chicago, that is, next to Big Bill Thompson. Probably that is why Sam is believed to be the rich American who has offered the Republic of Andorra a huge sum of money to become its monarch. That's the way the story goes. But there may be a few holes in it.

In the first place, the Republic of Andorra cherishes its independence, its republicanism. When the Council of Ministers admitted that it had received such an offer from: "A wealthy American", they did not say what reply they had made.

The second flaw in the story is that if they said "yes", the French Government would probably say "no!"

ENDING

All over West Virginia, you see old-fashioned rail fences, zig-zag rail fences of the Abe Lincoln variety. Why all those miles of rail fences? A West Virginia friend of mine is sitting beside me, so I'll just ask him about it.

General Henderson, why all these rail fences?

FOR THE GENERAL:

"Why, that's because down here in the mountains of West Virginia, we got lots of trees -- and lots of time".

L. T.:-

Oh, yeah! You've got lots of time. But as for me, I've got barely enough time to say,

"SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY".

Pres Atkins.
Editor, "Coalfield
Progress" —
Norton, Virginia.
Mar. 5, 1934.

LT —
Blue
Ridge
Mountain,
Virginia.