

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Suppose we take today as a barometer of the state of affairs in various nations -- today the first of May, always troublesome May Day. Suppose we look over the list of nations and see how they celebrated May Day. Maybe we can figure that the ones with the most trouble are also the most unstable politically. And vice versa.

Well, here's what we find -- that the loudest reports come from the Latin American countries. Riots in Chile, outbreaks so violent that the Chilean government clamped down a censorship on news. From Argentina much the same story. The Argentine government has established a virtual state of siege, with the army in control. Havana witnessed a wild day of fighting, with a carnival of shooting. One man killed and many wounded.

Well, we know that political conditions in Latin America are in a chronic state of maladjustment, and that right now there are threats of revolution in various places to the south of us. The May Day barometer seems to work here.

What does May Day tell us about France? It's a story

of rowdy demonstrations and outbreaks of fighting, all the way from Le Havre to Marseilles. The police have been clamping the lid down with a strong hand. It's a reflection of the notoriously precarious state of affairs in France. We've been watching Spain and the troubles the Spanish Republic has been having ever since King Alphonso was chased out. The May Day news from Spain tonight is an enigma, a blank, no news. Does it mean that the government has squelched with an iron hand the many disturbances that were threatened? Or does it mean perhaps a censorship? For example there's a forty eight hour strike on in Catalonia.

of rowdy demonstrations ever heard of. Apparently not. There were parades and demonstrations aplenty but they seem all to have been just so much showmanship. Thousands of police mobilized. What they did was mostly looking.

The keynote for the American May Day is sounded in an incident reported from New York. In Union Square this morning three men in overalls were seen carrying a red flag. They were stopped and questioned by cops four or five times as they crossed the square, but each time they were allowed to go their

ADD MAY DAY

May. It is We are all pretty familiar with the state of affairs in Germany, the iron control of Hitler's Nazis. We have been suspecting a great deal of discontent under that iron hand. Well, sure enough, Hitler's big May Day celebration was interrupted by one flaring incident. Flaring is right -- the flare of flames. In Augsburg, the great Singer Hall went up in fire and smoke. And they say Anti-Nazis, communists, set it secretly afire.

Russia no disturbances. Only revolutionary songs, and the waving of the crimson flag of communism.

How about our own country? Is there a secret fire of revolt smoldering over here? No, apparently not. There were parades and demonstrations aplenty. But they seem all to have been just so much showmanship. Thousands of police mobilized. What they did was mostly loafing.

The keynote for the American May Day is sounded in an incident reported from New York. In Union Square this morning three men in overalls were seen carrying a red flag. They were stopped and questioned by cops four or five times as they crossed the Square, but each time they were allowed to go their

way. It seemed odd to an investigating newspaper reporter.

He went up to the three men with the red flag and asked:

"Are you Communists?"

"Naw" they drawled. "We're Edison men. We've got a job on a manhole up the block."

And the red flag was just a warning of an open manhole!

And look that gift horse in the mouth, because, while the notion of the American Government will make the islands free, it will deny free entrance of Philippine products into the United States. And they keep us as customers.

Of course there will still be some more maneuvering. A Philippine constitutional convention will draft a Constitution, and this will be submitted to a popular vote.

Well, perhaps those American statesmen who opposed the acquisition of the Philippines years ago were right. Yes, maybe Bryan was right and if so, why then Aguinaldo was right. And now let's look at this coincidence:

PHILIPPINES.

That was swift action at Manila. It took just thirty minutes for the Legislature of the Philippines to accept Uncle Sam's gift of independence after a ten-year period of transition. And loud were the cheers that rang as the vote was taken. It had been supposed that the Philippine law makers might look that gift horse in the mouth, because, while the action of the American Government will make the islands free, it will deny free entrance of Philippine products into the United States. And they need us as customers.

Of course there will still be some more manœuvering. A Philippine constitutional convention will draft a Constitution, and this will be submitted to a popular vote.

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PHILIPPINES #2

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The action of the Philippine Legislature was taken on the anniversary of the battle of Manila Bay, just thirty-six years to the day, after that famous naval engagement that tore the islands from the grasp of Spain.

What a sensation it was back in '98 -- Dewey, Carvera, the Spanish fleet making a dash out of the blockaded harbor, while the American ships of war out-maneuvered, out-fought, out-gunned them, trapped and sank the proud fleet of Spain. That day of gunfire on the sea threw the Philippines into our possession, and its thirty-sixth anniversary witnesses the Legislature of the islands accepting the offer of freedom that we have made them.

GOERING.

It is remarkable that the Nazis in Berlin should have chosen May Day to have a Cabinet change. ^{Of course} It may not be ^{a matter} of first consequence that Hitler's right-hand man, General Hermann Goering, has given up his job as Minister of the Interior of the State of Prussia. ^{While} He gives up control of the police in Prussia, ^{he} He still remains, ~~however,~~ Prime Minister of Prussia. The Cabinet declares that this change is made at General Goering's own suggestion. On the other hand, it leads inevitably to considerable speculation. Is Goering slipping?

Some amusing tales are being circulated about Prussia's Iron Man. One of the principal weaknesses of General Hermann Goering is his fondness for brilliant and fantastic uniforms.

The malicious wags in Berlin declare that he invents a new one every week.

They tell of one occasion, a performance of the Wagner opera Lohengrin at the State Opera House in Berlin. Chancellor Hitler, as usual, was one of the most absorbed listeners. After the first act, he sent word backstage that he would like to congratulate the tenor who sang the role of Lohengrin. The tenor

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GOERING #2

The tenor, at the first opportunity, went to Hitler's box, all dressed up in the brilliant golden armour and golden helmet of the Knight of the Holy Grail. Hitler, who had not expected the tenor until after the performance, turned around and saw this warlike figure in shining armour at the back of the box. Not recognizing the tenor, Hitler remarked, "Oh, come now Hermann, that's going too far."

If that story isn't true, it ought to be.

LAMA.

not counted

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So now Uncle Sam has got himself mentioned in the Asian proceedings of the Lamas on the Roof of the World! The Panchen Lama whom I described last night as making a bid for the monastic crown of Tibet, is presiding at a great gathering of Buddhists in the Chinese city of Hangehow. He's doing the presiding clad in weird, magnificent robes of the ^{old} Orient -- ~~and~~ ^{plus a modern} wrist watch. And he has drawn Uncle Sam into the Lamaistic picture. He calls upon the United States to help preserve the peace in the Far East. Those sound like the words of almost any high-powered Far Eastern politician, which is exactly what the mystical potentate is said to be.

JAPAN.

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President Roosevelt appears to be imitating Henry the Eighth of England. Not in respect of his many wives. Don't misunderstand me. Not at all. I mean the policy of preserving the balance of power in the Far East. It was a favorite game of King Henry the Eighth to play one foreign power against another, a game that has been played instinctively by the British Government ever since. Incidentally, the most skillful hand at this policy was wise old Richelieu, the Cardinal in the Red Robe, who did so much to make France the power she subsequently became.

That appears to be the type of diplomacy that President Roosevelt is following in Asia. First of all, he instructs Secretary of State Hull to send a firm note to Japan. In this note Uncle Sam tells the Mikado that the Japanese Monroe Doctrine, which his foreign office formulated for Asia, was trampling on American rights. In other words, Japan cannot dictate Uncle Sam's policy with regard to China. It was an even stronger statement than John Bull made.

JAPAN #2

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The ink was not dry on this communication before the President sent for the Soviet Ambassador in Washington, Comrade Troyanovsky. The moment the Mikado's men see any other power getting too chatty with Russia, they draw in their horns. This action of the President worked like a charm. Tokyo backs down. Of course, not in so many words, but with diplomatic explanations to save its face, a most important thing in Asia.

Of course, it was diplomatically announced that Ambassador Troyanovsky's visit to the White House had to do with the question of the Russian debts. But Japan knows what such diplomatic announcements mean. She has made enough of them herself.

On the face of things, it looks as though the situation had been cleared up in the Far East, the situation threatened by the extraordinary statement issued by the Tokyo Foreign Office last week. But there is no telling how long it will remain cleared up. *and the lovely land of Cherry Blossoms* All eyes are on Tokyo, today. Nobody really knows which way the Japanese cat will jump.

ATLANTIC CITY

How old do you suppose Atlantic City is?

I wonder if you will be as astonished as I was today?

I met the man who founded Atlantic City. And

he did it when he was only forty years old. Now he is ninety.

His name is Colonel Maximillian Brookman.

He and 7 other men and one woman were there

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at the birth, ^{49 yrs. ago.} The place was just barren sand dunes. They named it Chelsea. The last of the other eight died twelve years ago. I saw him today, and the Colonel is as lively as ever, yes, still spry enough to step high in the gay and modern seaside metropolis of Atlantic City, which is now known the world over, and which by the way is getting set for a record season.

CRIME.

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The crime trail in the Middle West is certainly leading to some devious ramifications. The Bremer kidnaping case seems more and more to tie up to the Dillinger mob. The police have arrested a Chicago politician, former member of the state Legislature, who is said to admit that he received fifty three thousand dollars of the Bremer kidnaping money. He handled it for the kidnapers. Along with this, it is revealed that the police are hunting two former convicts from Oklahoma, who were with Dillinger in that battle in the Wisconsin woods. They are said to be the men who actually snatched Bremer, the St. Paul banker.

Another strand of the criminal web leads to a swindler who is said to have originated the plan to kidnap Bremer. The story goes that this crook was engaged in the con game, trimming a St. Paul contractor to the tune of two hundred thousand dollars. In the middle of this crooked conniving he learned about Bremer and Bremer's wealth, and the possibility of making ^a big haul by _r kidnaping him.

CRIME #2

By the time the Government agents get through unraveling all the complexities of the crime trail they may find that a whole series of sensational criminal affairs in the Middle West may be traced to one organization of crooks, an organization of which Dillinger is the most prominent member. It will be quite in accordance with crime history to find that Dillinger himself is by no means the directing mind of his outfit, but is merely the most flaunting and sensational. Meanwhile, those cops who were held up at a filling station in Chicago insist that Dillinger was one of the gang that barged in with machine guns.

CRICKETS.

And now I can't help harking back to one of the most singular stories of our history. It is called to mind by the news of the plague of crickets that is devastating southern Idaho. I'll warrant the ranchers in Idaho are praying for the same miracle that occurred in Utah almost a hundred years ago.

In eighteen forty-eight, the colony of Mormons, under the leadership of Brigham Young, had barely become established around the shores of the great Salt Lake. (The state to which the Mormons had fled, wasn't called Utah then. It was called Deseret. It was so called because when Brigham and his devoted followers arrived there in eighteen forty-seven, the country was mostly sand and sage brush.) But they grubbed up the sage brush and they irrigated the sand and they planted seed, and within a year of their arrival Brigham and his bishops and his counsellors were celebrating the sprouting of the first crop. It meant the difference between life and starvation to them.

CRICKETS #2

In the midst of these rejoicings, there arrived, from nowhere in particular, a huge cloud of crickets like the plagues of locusts in the Bible. They ate their way through everything. It looked like disaster for the prophet Seer and Revelator and his Latter Day Saints.

The Mormons tried to fight the crickets with flails and with fire, but to no avail. Suddenly, as if in answer to their prayers, thousands of sea gulls arrived from the direction of California. The gulls swooped down on the crickets and in less than two days devoured that entire insect army. The gulls saved all the Mormons and their many wives from destruction.

And today at the corner of Brigham and Main streets in Salt Lake City you see that striking monument to the sea gull.

FLEAS.

Well, talk about traveling in style, deluxe, first-class accommodations -- at least for fleas. If I were a flea I couldn't ask for anything better. Four hundred and seventy-six fleas are sailing from Boston to Copenhagen, Denmark. They are not mere jumping, biting fleas, they are trained fleas. They dance and out capers. They are travelling on a liner. They are also travelling on a dog. Their cabin is the back of a terrier. No, you're wrong. That dog isn't scratching. He has four hundred and seventy-six fleas on ~~the~~^{his} back, but he doesn't make a wiggle of ^a hind paw. That's because his skin has been rubbed with a special preparation, a food preparation for the fleas, their breakfast, dinner and supper. So they won't have to dine on the dog. That's okay with Fido. Anyway, when a dog doesn't scratch fleas that's news.

THE PERFECT WIFE - ENDING

I picked up a copy of that historic publication - the Old Farmers Almanac. You'd think it a mere relic of the antique horse and buggy days. But in fact, after a hundred and fifty years of existence, the Old Farmers Almanac is still going strong. It's now run by Colonel Carroll Swan, one of the leading spirits of the American Legion.

In that Farmers Almanac I found a bit of triply distilled wisdom. It is about the ladies and it tells us that a good wife should be like three things, and also, she should not be like those three things. First, she should be like a snail to carry all she has upon her back. Second, she should be like an echo, to speak when she is spoken to, but she should not be like an echo, always have the last word. Third, she should be like a town clock, always keep time and regularity; but she should not be like a town clock, to speak^aloud that all the town may hear her.

After that, there's nothing more to be said, and
SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.