

GOOD EVENING E VERYBODY:

If you hear any odd sounds during my broadcast tonight, it's just the World's Fair, for I'm inside that vast ball, the perisphere. Hear the music? That's the symphonic accompaniment of the spectacle inside the perisphere. Let's take a look at the news that's in keeping with this fantasy of American industry and business -- the perispher and the trylon.

For today, business and industry issued a most important announcement. It's a firm, determined answer to a satement in Hitler's speech last Friday, that the entry of America into the great war was because of capitalistic reasons. That's all wrong says business. And says it through the National Association of Manufacturers, an organization representing both large and small concerns which emply sixty percent of the workers in manufacturing industries in the UnitedStates. Their resolution put American manufacturers definitely on record as opposed to war. Here it is, word for word: "The National Association of Manufacturers

unalterably opposed to war!" Then they say that in the words of our first President, they are opposed to any entangling alliances. The devastation of modern war takes a withering toll of human and economic forces, adds the statement. Then it goes on: "No sensible person believes that profit can come out of the wreckage of human lives and economic chaos. Progress comes through peace, not war," it states. "Free nations have everything to lose in war, free institutions are reared through peace and cooperation. Conflicts destroy them. American industry wants peace," - so say the American manufacturers. And they pledge every effort to maintain peace, and the declaration ends with these words: "May the God of nations preserve us from the calamity of war."

Well, conspicuous by its absence out here at the New York World's Fair is the German building. So what's the news from Germany tonight?

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How different this May Day is from the May Days of years ago in Germany. Formerly, it was the date of labor demonstrations - today, one of the most spectacular events was a speech by a man who was explaining Nazi limitation of freedom. Hitler, at an amusement park in Berlin, rattled off the same old denunciations and hate talk, principally against the United States. He declared that the United States has boycotted German goods, which doesn't happen to be strictly true. And then he says: "They would have been better off to take our German exports than the people we threw out of our country." And after that, the Fuehrer spoke some of his philosophy about freedom: "Where the freedom of the individual touches the interests of the community," he said, "there is where the freedom of the individual ceases and the freedom of the people takes the place of the freedom of the individual." And he went on: "Six months manual labor is worth more than a year of intellectual effort."

By the way, Whythe Williams, former European correspondent of the United Press, publishes another sensational report in his newspaper, Greenwich Times. He has learned from a secret source,

says Whythe Williams, that Hitler's generals have made complete plans for an invasion of England. These plans, he declared, were started soon after the Munich agreement, that is, as soon as it became evident that Chamberlain was going to stiffen his resistance to Hitler. The idea is to land German troops on the Southeastern coast of England in the county of Kent, also in another place on the south coast, and further West on the shores of Wales. Whythe Williams adds that Hitler is convinced that he can conquer England in four months, once he has been able to make a landing. Well, so thought Napoleon, but he couldn't make that landing.

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The British government is undertaking a job almost as formidable as our engineers did when they turned this area of dumps and marshlands into this extraordinary New York World's Fair where I'm broadcasting tonight. The English are going to convert one of their Channel islands into an impregnable fortress, an island Gibraltar, to dominate not only the English Channel but the Bay of Biscay; the island they have chosen is Alderney, where the cows come from, one of the smallest dots on the map, just off the coast of France. Already, a large section of land in Alderney is being taken over for a great airplane base. On the north of the island, there's a bay large enough for the biggest warships. And Britain expects to turn Alderney into a Channel Gibraltar within two years. It's three and a half miles long, a mile wide, but that's large enough for plenty of cannon, airplanes and submarines. There must have been considerable cutting of red tape to accomplish all this, for strictly speaking, the Channel islanders are not subject to the British government. They're subject to King George the Sixth as Duke of Normandie, and they've retained a lot of their old Norman customs and privileges and freedom.

EARTHQUAKE

Another earthquake in Japan -- apparently it's a bad one. As yet, we can't tell how serious, because communications are down. It's known that fires are raging in the biggest city of the district, with panic elsewhere. Experts say that the cause of the earthquake was that part of a vast peninsulara sank below the surface of the sea. The shock was of the same kind as that which caused the historic disaster in Nineteen Twenty-three.

Well, that's some of tonight's news of today broadcast from the World of Tomorrow, and it's a brilliant world, this realm of tomorrow, brilliant, strange, futuristic. Flashing colors, shimmering fountains and curious lights. I came out this afternoon for a look around. I sailed out on a Fairway yacht and spent much of my time at the petroleum exhibit. The old ox-cart, the archaic water-wheel, locomotion at the time of the Pharaohs, all shown there -- picturesque history contrasted with the ultra-modernism of the oil industry of today. For there's a full rigged oil well, drilling out here at the Fair -- why, it looks as though they've brought an oil field here to Flushing. And it has its derrick towering into the sky, like the trylon. So far, I've only had time to get an impression of this Fair., but it's far beyond what I had expected - in fact, it's overwhelming. So much so, that I'll have to spend days to find out just what it's all about. I've seen many Fairs and can say that this one equals all of them rolled together.

## PULITZER AWARDS

As a rule, there's nothing that aroused more squabbling than the awarding of prizes to writing folks. The committee in New York has just announced its decision concerning the prizes awarded in the will of millionaire Joe Pulitzer. Probably there will be less dissent than usual this year - at least, over part of the awards. One of the winners is Robert Sherwood, whose play "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" gets a thousand for being the best American play of the year. And another thousand of Pulitzer's money goes to Carl Van Doren for his biography of Benjamin Franklin, which so many Franklin enthusiasts have been talking about.

"The most distinguished book of the year," says the Committee, "is THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN MAGAZINES," by Frank Luther Mott. He gets a thousand. And Mary Kinman Rawlings is listed as the writer of the most distinguished novel, "THE YEARLING" and a thousand falls into her lap. The most distinguished meritorious public service by an American newspaper - well, that is credited to the Daily News of Miami, Florida, for bringing about the recall of the City Commissioner of Miami, Louis Lochner, foreign correspondent of the Associated Press, gets 500 for distinguished service as a foreign

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## PENDERGAST

There was drama today in the life of Tom Pendergast, the Democratic Duce of Kansas City. The Missouri boss had a date with Uncle Sam, a date to appear in the Federal Court in Kansas City to say whether he was guilty or not guilty. "Innocent" said Pendergast, but it'll be six weeks before he can be tried. Meanwhile, one of his pals - former State Insurance Commissioner, Emmett O'Malley - stood up in court and also pleaded innocent. Well, that was drama of a fairly mild form. What was to come provided a shock, not only in Kansas City but all over the country. A motor car was found on the Fairfax Bridge over the Missouri River. It had been standing there since early this morning, but it was only several hours later that the day watchman on the Bridge noticed it was empty, abandoned. On investigation, it was found to have been the car of Edward Schneider, another of Boss Pendergast's closest associates. In fact, Schneider was Secretary and Treasury of Pendergast's Ready-Made Concrete Company, and he had been described in accusations as a strawman, a figurehead, through whom Pendergast is charged with having disguised his interests in many businesses. And in that automobile was a note to Mrs. Schneider, a letter of farewell, and a letter to a close

friend and some cancelled checks. Said the letter to his wife: "This ordeal for the past month is too much -- I'm getting worse all the time." And then he went on: "I still say, I done what I thought was doing no harm to anyone." And in continued: "I love you and Helen too much to have you go through what has happened to me -- so please feel that I'M resting." The obvious inference which the police were required to draw from that was that Schneider had committed suicide: but aside from the noties in the cap, there was no other evidence to that effect. Well, the Deistrict Attorney of Kansas City - he seemed skeptical when asked about it -- he said he would insist upon an investigation to find out whether the disappearance of Schneider was a suicide or a hoax, foul play. The FBI is going to condut the investigation - the Kansas City police have dragged the river but they found no sign of any body.

Among the various things that Frank Buck has brought back alive is a group of sattermen - he's brought them out here to this Fair. Frank is running Jungle Land at the Fair - it's a phantasmagoria of wild animals, and just to heighten the jungle atmosphere, he has imported a party of sattermen? from Malaya - they're Malayan chefs. They travel from one canton to another, with their kitchens slung on bamboo poles, and they regale the natives with bits of lamb or beef, spitted on bamboo sticks, roasted on charcoal and dipped in complicated sauces and spice. The general idea is something like Arabian chabob of which I ate too much in Arabia. And that's the satter-delicacy that Frank Buck says can be prepared only by a Hagia, pious Moslem who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. Frank persuaded his sattermen to make the pilgrimage to New York, here to the Fair, introducing holy hagia cooking to America.

PANDA

The crew of an airplane bound from Chicago to Pittsburgh had an exciting time today. One of the passengers was riding in the baggage compartment - that passenger was a giant Panda, and it evidently wasn't accustomed to aviation, and it was a lady Panda - that is, if they're sure about it this time. And if it was, well, it gave the crew of that plane to cause to remember Kipling's famous line about the female of the species being more deadly than the male. For Miss Panda was chained in the baggage compartment of that plane, hurdling through the sky, and in order not to frighten her, they'd given her a rather long chain. Well, H.M. Tomlinson, one of the veteran fliers of the country, chief test pilot for TWA happened to be on board and he was stepping through the baggage compartment of the plane, and Miss Panda uttered a loud "Whoof." And she grabbed Tomlinson's pants and she chased him back into the cabin. Said pretty Panda to herself: "Well, this is a cinch," and at the end of her long chain, she sauntered right out on into the control cabin and then she went for Captain Don Terry, the number one pilot of the plane. And Terry hurriedly turned the controls over to an assistant - the assistant pilot - and he tried to tackle Miss Panda. But the

petulant Panda forgot all about Terry and jumped around him and started biting the assistant pilot while he was trying to bring down the plane to a landing. Meanwhile, the passengers, they had no idea what was going on in that control room -- the sound proof door kept out all the noise. And it wasn't until the plane landed, that somebody told Dr. Best of West China, who was bringing the plane - er, the panda here to New York what had happened - and his solution was: "Does anybody have any fresh bamboo?" It seems that pandas won't chew on airplane pilots if they've got any fresh bamboo to chew on. And that's tonight's panda story which isn't quite as good as that one we had a week ago.

The philosopher, Pythagoras, dreamed of the music of the spheres. Well, here in the background, while I'm talking tonight, is the music of the perisphere in the World of Tomorrow. And now, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW!