## L.T. - SUNOCO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 16th, 1934.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

If a certain young man in Colorado is able to hear this broadcast, here's something to make him jump. The story concerning him sounds like one of the fables of the galaxy old gold rush days. But I learn on sound authority that it is true.

This young man was grub-staked by the owner of a restaurant in Durango, Colorado. So he went prospecting in the hills. Two weeks later he returned with a large chunk of rock with a yellow streak running through it. He showed it to the restaurant owner who grub-staked him. And the restaurant owner showed it to an old prospector, who sniffed scornfully and said: "Just fool's gold, iron pyrites."

The young man, hopelessly discouraged, left his pack and tools in the restaurant and disappeared. A week later a mining engineer happened in and he took a look at that rock. The mining engineer didn't agree with the old prospector. So they sent that sample to an assay office. The Assay office report was that it ran some five thousand dollars gold to the ton.

And now all Durango is looking for that young man. He is the only person who knows where he found that rock. As for the old prospector, he has to cook his own meals at home. The restaurant man won't have him around the place. If the young man or any of his friends are listening in, they'd better tell him to beat it quick, to the place where he found that bit of rock and stake out all the claims he can.

Which reminds me that I myself own some land near
Durango, Colorado. I've been trying to sell it or give it away
for years. Now wouldn't it be a good joke if that young man
turned up and told 'em he'd found the gold on the Thomas Ranch!
That would be tough.

While the California Court was meting out Jersey Justice to the kidnappers of William Gettle, three men in Arkansas were pleading guilty to the kidnapping of a sixteen year old lad. They had held this boy virtually a slave on their farm. They got off with three years.

All records, not merely for the United States but for any country, were broken by the speed with which Gettle's abductors were sentenced to life imprisonment. Twenty-four hours after they were arrested, they were on their way to San Quentin. That beats even the speed with which John Bull disposes of his criminals.

And right here, a bit of news from England is worth considering. The British Court of Appeals revoked the sentences on two men
found guilty of murder. That really is news. The English established
their Court of Appeals in nineteen hundred and eight. And in these
twenty-six years this is the third time that the criminal appeals
court has set aside a death sentence.

The victory of Senator Reed over Governor Pinchot in the Pennsylvania primaries opens up a diverting question. As everybody knows, Mr. Reed has been called a Mellon man. And Governor Pinchot of course ran as a Roosevelt Republican, which is a slightly complicated term. Now the question is, was this defeat of Governor Pinchot a kick-back from the Administration's attempt to indict Ex-Secretary Mellon on the charge of evading his income tax? I was talking to one of the leading editorial writers of the country at the Willard Hotel, a moment ago, James T. Williams of the Hearst papers, and he seemed to think so.

Washington, that's news. But this time he's agreeing with the President. The President, when he asked Congress for another billion, three hundred million, said he was sure this would be the last heavy emergency appropriation he would ask for. In other words, the President, from his vantage point, sees that the emergency is at an end.

pat when he says: "The crisis is a thing of the past," adding,
"People at large are fed up with depression talk." In Detroit
this week, at the Book-Cadillac, Ed Schipper, the auto publicity
man, told me Ford is turning out five thousand cars a day. So
no wonder he thinks the depression is over.

But the veteran car maker had to have one fling at Washington. When he was asked his opinion on Mr. Roosevelt's Recovery Program, he replied: "I don't want to talk about that." As for the N.R.A., he said:- "Oh, I've put that entirely out of my mind."

We've been hearing complaints against the N.R.A. from a variety of trades -- including the barbers. Some of the hair-trimmers and whisker-shavers talk as if they wanted to take a pair of clippers to the feathers of the Blue Eagle. General Johnson hasn't said anything about it yet. But, at any time he may crack down and speak up and tell the barbers to go was to a certain unchartered island in the Pacific Ocean.

That unchartered island needs a few barbers judging from the story of a young American singer who tried his voice on the South Americans, who didn't like it. Whereupon the American singer signed as a sailor on a freighter, bound from Valparaiso to Europe. The boat ran into a violent storm and took refuge at an unchartered island. It was inhabited by a tribe of Indians who saix knew only two words in Spanish — tobacco and rum.

The young American singer noticed the native barber giving his customers a haircut - and that was something to see.

The barbarian barber used his teeth for scissors. He chewed off the hair to the proper length, whereupon the young American

singer let out a high note, got a pair of scissors and went into action. He showed the barber how to give the Indians a few real haircuts. And did that make a tonsorial hit? The grateful natives gave him a huge stack of valuable furs and pelts, in return for which he gave them the pair of scissors.

I'll bet every steel company in the world, every maker of locomotives and railroad euipment, is excited over this bit of news from Russia, the news that the Soviet Government is going to rebuild all its railroads. Moscow must be really in earnest about Comrade Stalin himself, the Soviet Dictator, has appointed a committee of three hundred Communists to discover what must be done to bring Russia's transportation system down to date. And maybe this will interest Japan, because the principal weakness of the Soviet forces, if it came to hostilities in the Far East, is the antiuxantin antiquity of that single track railroad across Siberia. But for the steel and rolling stock makers there's a fly in the ointment. In order to sell Russia what she needs, they will have to extend credit.

The Council of the League of Nations has gathered in Geneva once more. And it has some fresh news to discuss. I mean the latest report that Bolivian airplanes once more have been bombing Paraguayan towns. And for us it is interesting to learn that the Bolivians have been doing it with planes made in the United States and bombs manufactured in munitions factories in Pennsylvania and elsewhere.

That will arouse the particular curiosity of the Senate Committee which is going to investigate the makers of munitions.

Senator Vandenburg is anxious to know whether American munitions companies have been using propaganda to prolong thise useless war ocer the Chaco just for the sake of the munitions they can sell.

We have it on the word of the League of Nations that it is a useless contest, because neither side can win. And the results so far have certainly borne out this opinion.

Saito. May 16,1934.

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## NOTES ON INTRODUCTION TO SAITO

Let's go along to what is perhaps the most controversial subject in the world today - that exciting point of Far Eastern diplomacy which is popularly called the Japanese Monroe Doctrine. It's always interesting to go to headquarters on one side or another to get authoritative opinion on such matters of worldwide importance.

And who could speak with more authority in this country on his own nation's view of the situation than the Japanese Ambassador to the United States.

As I am broadcasting in Washington tonight, I asked His Excellency, Hiroshi Saito, to join me at the microphone and tell us about that so-called Monroe Doctrine of Eastern Asia. But before I introduce the Japanese Ambassador, let me tell you something about him as he sits here beside me. He is by no means a diplomatic sphinx, cold, aloof and reserved. On the contrary he is genial, simple spoken and friendly, with that exquisite quality of courtesy that you associate with Japan. He is forty-eight, admits that he's lazy, and likes to read poetry. People talk about his excellent English. What strikes me is his excellent American. He has a command of our slang, well almost equal to General Crack-em-Down

Johnson.

At any rate, for a few moments we are going to hear from the representative of the Mikado and the Empire of Japan.

I am now going to turn the microphone over to His Excellency,

Hiroshi Saito, Japanese Ambassador to Washington.

H.S.:- Oh come now, Mr. Thomas. Your statement that I am a wiz at your American slang puts me on the spot.

L.T.:- Well, you are pretty good at it, Your Excellency.

But, in terms of slang or in any language you prefer, will you give
us your reaction to what some people are calling "the Asiatic Monroe

Doctrine?"

H.S.:- I think the phrase "Asiatic Monroe Doctrine" is a misnomer. As Mr. Hirota, the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs, has said, "There has never been a man named Monroe in Japan."

His idea was clearly propounded in the memorandum he handed to the representatives of the United States and the British Governments the other day.

It is essentially this: that Japan sincerely desires the preservation of territorial integrity of China and her unification and prosperity; that Japan has no intention to trespass upon the rights of other Powers in China; that Japan is observing scrupulously all existing treaties and agreements concerning that

country; but that Japan cannot remain indifferent to any one taking action under any pretext, which is prejudial to the maintenance of law and order in East Asia.

You can, I believe, sympathize with us when you think of your own experiences in the Caribbean regions. One of your eminent publicists (Philip Marshal Brown) said in relation to your Caribbean policy: "Our motives in that part of the world are really calculated to bring about a higher state of security and world order, a better condition of affairs in those republics themselves and a condition of affairs acceptable to the rest of the world as well as to ourselves." Japan's motives in Eastern Asia are exactly the same.

## TIBERIAS

Therenhas been another flood, a second one at Tiberias, the old city on the Sea of Galilee. This one was more dramatic than the cloudburst which spread desolation on Monday. Crowds of mourners were at funerals, Christian, Jewish and Mohammedan, bewailing the victims of Monday's disaster - and just as they were returning to their homes, once more the skies opened in a terrific cloudburst. Flood waters rushed from the Lake and surged down the narrow streets. And the mourners returning from the funerals had to battle for their lives. This time, luckily, there were no casualties.

of Tiberias, founded by the proud Herod and named by him after his purple clad imperial master, Tiberias of Rome. It is one of the prominent places in the New Testament - for, as you know, the Lord walked on the waters of the Sea of Tiberias, commonly known as the Sea of Galilee. So in every part of the world where the Bible is known and loved, echoes resound today from the Sea of Galilee that has made a desolation of Tiberias.

There is heavy mourning today in the seaport of NewBedford.

Five of the men who lost their lives when the Olympic sank the

Nantucket Lightship came from that old Massachusetts whaling port.

In the palmy days of American whalers, many a gallant ship went out from old New Bedford. In fact it was the principal rival of Nantucket Island for the capital of the whaling industry.

operator of the Nantucket Lightship, who was rescued, predicted this disaster as recently as a month ago, when he was home on leave. He was telling friends of several narrow escapes that the lightship had had from being smashed into by other great liners. In fact the lightship's operato drew such a picture that his wife and his mother implored him to give up his job. And it is typical of the spirit of the men in this hazardous government service that operator Perry refused with a loud laugh.

Incidentally, this disaster has just brought to light the fact that one liner actually did sideswipe the lightship only four months ago, and that was the famous American slip, the Washington, under the command of Captain George Fried. The

Washington carried away the Davit, one of the lightship's boats, as well as the radio antenna.

And here's a tribute from abroad to the valor of the men in the lightship service. The commander of a British vessel says:
"Those men ought to have the Naval Cross."

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while America was bamenting the death of those seven stout lads, a curious ship fatality occurred in the Baltic regions of Europe. It happened to a small passenger ship plying one of the lakes of Finland. She struck a rock and went to the bottom, a total loss. The sensational part of this disaster is that it was all against the unwritten tradition of the sea. Everyone of the crew of nineteen was rescued, and EXEKENDE everyone of the twenty-one passengers was drowned. Strange, that.

There was a gala ceremony among the swells at Newport,

Rhode Island. And Mrs. Vanderbilt cracked her over the nose with
a bottle of champagne - I mean cracked the yacht. They baptised
the Rainbow, Harold Vanderbilt's sloop which will carry the
American flag in the great cup races.

It was an occasion of great suspense I am told, because of the old tradition that if a ship has any difficulty in getting launched, it's a bad omen. Well, there was a hitch, a slight delay when a cable device acted up a bit. But that didn't count because it was counterbalanced by a good omen. The assembled yachtsmen noticed that one of the tugboats at the launching was named Reliance. That took memories back to the famous Reliance which beat the late Sir Thomas Lipton's speed boat in the races of 1993.

This year our British cousins are bursting with pride over their all-steel challenger the Endeavour. The Endeavour has a mander wonderful mast they say. A steel tube with electric cables in it - something brand new. But the Rainbow has a novelty too - a one hundred and sixty-five foot mast of duralumin. The Endeavour will endeavor to outrace the rainbow and snatch away that pot of gold.

I wonder if His Excellency, the Ambassador from Japan, will agree with the following? It concerns American slang, on which he is said to be an authority.

Says the College Widow, if you want to know how to tell a <u>Professor</u> from a <u>student</u> just ask him what "<u>it</u>" is. If he says <u>it</u> is a pronoun, he's a professor.

Well, I know absolutely nothing about the lovely ladies who have it. But, I do know something about it's. It's time to say:-

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.