

FLIGHT

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

That new stratosphere flight ought to make an interesting show -- for all of us. Those high-climbing adventures are going to give an N.B.C. radio broadcast when they get up there in the outer atmosphere, fifteen miles high.

The big balloon is waiting among the South Dakota hills, and so are the balloonists -- Captain Albert Stevens and Major William Kepner, both of the Army Air Corps. They're out to beat the unofficial altitude record of the Navy ballonist who climbed eleven miles up in the sky.

In Army circles Cap Stevens has all sorts of reputation as a sky photographer. During the World War he was decorated twice for getting photos of enemy positions. He made a twelve thousand mile flight over South American jungles. He has made a four mile parachute jump. And, as for altitudinous photography, he has taken albums of record breaking pictures. He was the first man to take a photograph that actually showed the curvature of the earth, photographic

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proof that the world is round and that Columbus was right.

Now Cap Stevens expects to make some more observations of the curving shape of this globe. Another okay for Columbus. From an altitude of fifteen miles, with proper weather conditions, the balloonists will be able to see an immense stretch of the earth's surface -- they'll have in their field of vision a territory as big as the combined areas of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Delaware and Pennsylvania. More than a birdseye view of this more than cockeyed world.

## STRIKE

The strike situation on the Pacific Coast is approaching a show-down stage. With thousands of truck drivers in San Francisco staging a walk-out in sympathy with the longshoremen, the situation looks serious indeed. Labor unrest is ~~certainly~~ <sup>surging</sup> up and down the <sup>West</sup> Coast.

The President's Mediation Board has succeeded in doing at least one thing. They have persuaded the ship operators and pier owners to arbitrate with representatives of the workers. This the operators and owners have hitherto refused to do. So a really significant forward step seems to have been made — a step toward solution, let's hope.

The strike troubles and the arbitration proceedings are centering more and more about one man. Tall, fiery-eyed, ascetic, yet smiling <sup>the</sup> seventy-four year old prelate -- Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco. He is the outstanding member of the President's Arbitration Board, and they say he has one thing that gives ground for ~~plenty of~~ hope. He has the confidence of both sides. He is well-known to both workers and employers on the Coast. And they trust him as a familiar, friendly figure.



Curiously, this brings a reminiscence of another prelate and another great waterfront strike. Old records tell us how many years ago Cardinal Manning, then in his great fame, settled a turbulent dock strike at Birmingham. There's something about a churchman, of whatever faith, that makes him, through the common denominator of religion, <sup>an effective</sup> ~~an ideal~~ personality to mediate between the workmen that toil and the employers that direct.

## POLO

Polo enthusiasts are hoping that Cecil Smith will be able to play on Saturday, though the doctors say "No." It's his eyes. He has been having sinus trouble, and this has affected his sight so badly that they have been keeping him in a dark room for weeks. He still thinks he'll play in the National Junior Championship, but it doesn't seem likely. He may not be able to play a chukker for some time to come.

Tough luck! Remember how that cowboy came out of the West last year to the first big all star Eastern-Western polo game at the Chicago Century of Progress. The socially elect team of the East was led by Tommy Hitchcock in all his renown; but the less socially elect Western team had Smitty the big lasso man. And they won, or rather he won.

He had never played a chukker or seen a mallet until he was twenty-four years old. He was a Texas cowboy and a whiz as a lariat tosser. Somebody shoved a polo mallet in his hand and that's when he showed that it takes a cow puncher to play the swanky game of the Maharajahs and Right Honorables of India. Let's hope he plays Saturday -- that's what the polo fans are saying tonight.

## HAITI

The Marines are saying "goodbye" to Haiti. Maybe President Roosevelt's visit a couple of days ago to the island republic of the West Indies had something to do with it - anyway those soldiers of the Sea have orders from Washington to bring finally to an end their eventful stay in the Black Republic. It's all over now, boys, and it sure does bring back memories.

Uncle Sam's Leathernecks went into Haiti back in 1915 when things down there were in an intolerable snarl, of bankruptcy and incessant revolutions. And did those gentlemen with necks of leather have trouble. Did they run into scraping and tough going down there in that tropical land of mountains and jungle and black bush-ranging fighters? You can figure out the answer from the Congressional Medals that were handed out to the Marines in Haiti. Take this angle, the -- men who have won two Congressional Medals. Right now there are four of them. And of the doubly decorated four, two won America's highest military honor in Haiti. General Smedley D. Butler got one of his down there, and so did Dan Daly, the



fightin'est Irishman of them all.

I have spoken about Smedley Butler on the air from time to time. So let's size up the Marines in Haiti through Dan Daly.

Dan served under Smedley Butler, chasing the Cacos, the black insurgents. Even then he was no spring chicken, but an old-timer with twenty-five years of service in the Marines. He had won his first Congressional Medal way back in the Boxer Rebellion. His hair was gray, his skin like leather. He looked something like Lon Chaney. And was he hard-boiled!

The little detachment of Marines was making a fighting jaunt through the wild-country - and got lost. The Cacos sprung an ambush. It was at night. The Marines were fording a swift mountain stream when they were attacked. There was a wild scene of shooting and fighting in the darkness. They battled their way through. Several of their horses were killed -- horses carrying guns and ammunition.

The Cacos still after them, the Marines knew they were in for another scrap.

Smedley Butler called Sergeant Dan Daly.

"Better set up the machine gun, Sergeant".

"It was lost in the river, sir,"

That was a tough break. The machine gun was on one of the horses that had been killed when fording the river a mile back.

"Too bad," remarked Butler. "I guess we'll have to do without it."

Daly said nothing, and in the darkness he wasn't seen any more for some time. The Marines lay waiting for the attack, while the Cacos kept up a wild random fire from the surrounding jungle.

Dan Daly reappeared. He announced in a hard, matter-of-fact voice:- "I've set up the machine gun Sir!"

And that was the first they knew of one of the bravest deeds in any war. On his own initiative, without any suggestion from his commanding officer, Dan Daly had fought his way through the swarm of Cacos, back to the river. There, with the black insurrectos shooting at him swum back and forth, until



he had found the dead horse with the machine gun. He strapped the gun on his own back, and fought his way along the return trail to his outfit.

He had scarcely returned when the Cacos made their rushing attack. The machine gun sprayed them with a deadly hail, and that decided the fight. No wonder Dan got his second Congressional Medal of Honor. That's one of the hundreds of stories that lie in the background as the Marines say "goodbye" to Haiti - the six hundred of them that on August fifteenth, will tramp aboard American warships and sail for home. Home Boys, Home!

Almost nothing is known. This year it's beginning to look serious, and there are fears that a great plague may be underway. Usually the old Bubonic sickness does not appear until autumn, but this year it's ahead of time. It is already sweeping across Manchukuo, particularly along the border of Mongolia. Because of the heavy summer rains they say. The Bubonic plague commonly follows excesses of wet weather and those Oriental floods.

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Grim news from the Far East, Northern China and Manchukuo. It's not war this time, nor famine. It's pestilence. The plague.

The old breeding ground of deadly epidemics, there in Northeastern Asia. It seems to have been the starting place for many of those plagues that swept and scourged and earth in the old days -- like the Black Plague. The modern explanation for many of those old time wild-fire epidemics is -- Bubonic plague. And that's what's raging right now.

They have it more or less nearly every year along the Northern border of China. Last year a thousand people died. Almost nothing in Asia. This year it's beginning to look serious, and there are fears that a great plague may be underway. Usually the old Bubonic sickness does not appear until autumn, but this year it's ahead of time. It is already sweeping across Manchuko, particularly along the border of Mongolia. Because of the heavy summer rains they say. The Bubonic plague commonly follows excesses of wet weather and those Oriental floods.

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The Japanese health authorities are doing what they can to stop the menace. The way to do it is to eliminate rats, those rodent pests that transmit the germs. They say the only way that the Bubonic plague can be stamped out in the East is to make every house rat-proof. Another thing is to provide a sufficient quantity of serum--enough to make it ~~xxxxxx~~ available to the masses -- those swarming masses of Orinetal peoples. And that'll take a lot of serum.

Super Chief of Police. It places Major Fay in command of the armed forces that keep down internal opposition. It's the same sort of job that makes Goering so powerful in Germany. In fact Fay is to Dolfuss what Goering is to Hitler. Some say he will be the next Austrian dictator. Others add that he already is the power behind the Dolfuss dictatorial throne.

He is the kind of statesman who would make good feature story material. Tall, gaunt, blue-eyed, square jawed, he has a nose like a hawk and the mouth of a wolf-



## AUSTRIA

We heard last night that Dolfuss the little Austrian dictator had made himself pretty nearly everything in the new Austrian cabinet. Tonight the man to take a look at is a formidable soldier, Major Emil Fay. He is the Vice-Chancellor in the new Dolfuss cabinet. He has also been named Special-Commissar-for-Emergency-Measures-for-the-Defense-of-the-State-against-Its-Enemies. That's a long strung out title, but also formidable. Boiled down it means a Super Chief of Police. It places Major Fay in command of the armed forces that keep down internal opposition. It's the same sort of job that makes Goering so powerful in Germany. In fact Fay is to Dolfuss what Goering is to Hitler. Some say he will be the next Austrian dictator. Others add that he already is the power behind the Dolfuss dictatorial throne.

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trap. He has piercing eyes, ~~and~~ which look the more piercing because of heavy black circles. The little Dolfuss had a brilliant war record, but Major Fey had one even more brilliant.

On his breast is pinned that most extraordinary of war decorations - the Empress Maria Theresa Medal. Wise old Queen Maria Theresa tried to do something about her dumbbell generals and slacking soldiers. Hence the medal, which she decreed should be awarded to any soldier who in war time should carry out a <sup>maneuver</sup> ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ against the orders of his superior, and succeed. If he failed it was something else again. According to military law he would be shot for insubordination.

That's the perilous decoration won by the soldier who is now number two man in Austria, <sup>who</sup> ~~and~~ will certainly bear watching.

## HITLER

There's something shrewd ~~and rational~~ in Hitler's latest explanation of the mutiny of the Storm Troops. It harks back to the old proverb about sowing dragon's teeth -- also Frankenstein, the monster that became a menace to his creator. Hitler says the Storm Troop leaders were so used to plotting that it became just a habit. In the Nazi struggle for power they had become so <sup>addicted</sup> ~~used~~ to conspiracy and revolutionary schemes that they couldn't change their ways. ~~They had become~~ ~~died in the wool conspirators and schemers, and they just kept on~~

Well, who trained them in those devious, violent ways?

Who, but Hitler, himself?

But then, that's always the dilemma of revolutionary leaders. They raise a host of turbulent bad actors, who do the revolutionary fighting, and then the question is how to tame them. Dragon's teeth! Frankenstein!

The Bolsheviks had the same trouble, so did Mussolini. Looks like an inevitable problem for any revolutionary dictatorship that may arise in these troubled times.

Hitler made this explanation in one of the most extraordinary interviews any head of a nation has ever given.



He told it to the correspondent of an Italian newspaper. He gave rather an extraordinary version of his slant on those *ferocious* deeds, done at his command. It was fully noted at the time that those Storm Troop leaders, so mercilessly executed by firing squads, were old ~~time~~ personal friends of his, intimate companions for years, formerly devoted comrades. Yet, he was pitiless with them.

He told the Italian newspaperman that he had spent five hours trying to persuade, trying to win back the loyalty, of one of the Storm Troop leaders. The newspaperman understood this Storm Trooper to be Rhoem, the ring-leader, who of them all had been Hitler's best friend through the struggling years. But, Hitler could not persuade Rhoem.

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It was his own life or theirs, *The Nazi Dictator* ~~he~~ declared. They would have killed him. That was a fixed part of their plan. He says he had no ill-will toward those old comrades of his.

They had simply become so used to plotting and conspiring that they couldn't get over the habit, so he had to eliminate them.

## ENDING

There's one concluding bit of news from Germany, and it certainly is concluding. Hereafter, in the land of the Teutons, every radio broadcast will end the same way.

The order has gone out from Berlin that hereafter every program on the air must sign-off with the Nazi war-cry-- "Heil Hitler". That means, "Hail Hitler", and ever since the Nazis have come into power they've been hearing it on all sides in Germany. It's "Heil Hitler" here and "Heil Hitler" there! -- Now it's to be the sign off for all the broadcasts that are put on the Teuton air.

Well, let's see -- what would an American version of "Heil Hitler" be? I suppose it would be "Heil Columbia".

So, "Heil Columbia", and

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.