

From Japan the word is -- bushido, honor, the honor of the Samurai. That counts for plenty in old Japan where the epithet "honorable" is the standard compliment, <sup>that</sup> ~~which~~ gives a touch of splendor and dignity to even those quaint turns of Japanese school boy English -- "Honorable American preach gospel to honorable Chinaman, while honorable Englishman drink honorable Scotch."

Anyway, it's the honor of the name that has caused the downfall of the Japanese Cabinet. Premier Saito and his Ministers felt themselves humiliated because a Vice Minister of Finance is involved in a financial scandal. So, they've all resigned.

Back of this affair of honor and <sup>U</sup> ~~b~~ashido is the more work-a-day fact that the officer clique of the Army and Navy have been attacking the Cabinet because they want a more militaristic kind of government. They say that the Emperor may ask Saito to go right back to his Prime Minister's desk, form a new cabinet, and throw in a few militaristic leading lights to pacify the Army and Navy. And Makato Saito is likely enough to do this -- out of a sense of duty. In Japan a Prime Minister's life is not an easy one. Saito has been a statesman for a large part of his seventy-six

6

years, and has reached a ripe old age, because of virtue, no doubt, but, also because of the poor marksmanship of his enemies. Perhaps I should say poor bombsmanship -- because he has been a target for bombs. He always rides in a bullet-proof American-made armoured car. He remembers his predecessor who was assassinated in 1932. <sup>¶</sup> They tell how back in 1916 when Saito was Governor-General of Korea, he was a target for a whole flock of bombs. Instead of having the young Korean bomb-throwers stood against the wall and shot he gave them a bit of paternal advice, in the good old fashion of Asiatic philosophy. He explained to them the evil of their ways, and told them to be good boys -- or however you express those pious ~~xxx~~ truths in the terms of Oriental philosophy. Anyway, he let them go. <sup>¶</sup> Makato Saito is of a certain sentimental interest to us Americans. He was Japanese Naval Observer with the Americans at the Battle of Manilla Bay, when Dewey sank the Spanish fleet.

## GERMANY

It is clear tonight that the German reign of terror is at an end. With all the censorship, secrecy, and confusion of wild rumours it was hard to tell whether the killings of the terrifying week end had ended. But now it would appear that things have quieted down - hammered down into quietness by Hitler's ruthless blows.

Let's look at some of the outstanding questions that people have been asking. What kind of plots and conspiracies were there? There seems to have been a whole maze of revolutionary and semi-revolutionary schemes. But plot number one, the most dangerous of all was the plan of the Storm Troop leaders for the violent overthrow of the Hitler dictatorship. Everything else is subordinate to that. It seems that General Von Schleicher, once the head of the German Government, had ideas of using the Storm Trooper Wild-men to further his own plans. They say the Storm Troop radicals were in communication with the officials of various governments. One story is that the French were approached and turned down the whole scheme.

GERMANY - 2

Then there is a question of the legality of those ferocious executions. The doomed victims were given brief, swift courts-martial. In Berlin Hitler and his cabinet had a meeting today. The dope is that they took measures to clothe their actions with full legality.

No complete list of the men executed has been given out, but several more names have been made public. One of the men killed was Edgar Jung, the man who wrote the speech of Von Papen which started the trouble. Also Von Kahr a Catholic leader in Munich and Count Von Gredow, former aide of General Von Schleicher.

It would seem that Hitler struck his savage blows at the three chief sources of opposition, sources that we have heard about all along, the Prussian Junker Conservatives, the Catholic opposition, and the Bolshevik element among the Storm Troopers. - especially the Storm troop rebels.

KAHN

We have seen the strange terrifying course of events that have followed the spectacular meeting of Hitler and Mussolini in Venice. Meanwhile, another stately meeting of the rulers of two nations have been going on with much ceremony and plenty of international significance. I mean the visit that the Shah of Persia has paid to the Dictator of Turkey. At old Constantinople today, a tall, straight, sun-baked man with an eagle-beak nose boarded a steamer, while the bands played and the crowds cheered, and tonight Riza Kahn Pahlavi, Shah of Persia, King of Kings is on his way through the Black Sea to his own kingdom.

Shah Riza Kahn Pahlavi is absolutely unique in one thing. He is the only monarch of a nation in the world today who can neither read nor write. He plays his harp of statesmanship by ear.

Well, he may be as innocent as a babe of those highly decorative flourishes that constitute the Persian alphabet, - he may know neither reading nor writing, but he knows his

onions, that King of Kings.

He was once a stable boy on the shores of the Caspian Sea. He joined up with a Russian cavalry regiment and learned about military matters from the Cossacks. A Persian newspaper publisher decided to run the Persian government. He hired the young Cossack to gather a band of three thousand horsemen from among the Cossack tribes on the Caspian, and staged a coup d'etat. The scheme succeeded perfectly. Then, young Riza Kahn decided that he himself would like to be Minister of War. That was easy but then he found out that as a Minister of War his name was "mud" unless he could pay the army. So he also made himself Minister of Finance. Having got that far he thought he might as well become Prime Minister and did so. But Prime Minister is small potatoes beside a king, so he just ousted the monarch who then occupied the Persian throne and the ex-stable boy had himself elected Shah of Persia.

He sits on a peacock throne and wears a gorgeous Oriental crown. He also has the most expensive car in the

KAHN - 3

world, made in the U.S.A. It is upholstered in champagne colored silk, has a gold plate body and on each door is a golden bas relief of the Persian crown emblazoned with green jewels. I saw some of those cars recently at Elmira, New York, where the LaFrance Fire Engine Company is making high speed armoured cars for the Shah of Persia. Yes, he has come out of the stable now.

It's too bad that the poor fellow is illiterate. It must be a terrible handicap in life not to know how to read and write. He was a stable boy and now he sits on the throne of Cyrus, Darius and Xerxes. If that boy knew how to spell cat, catastrophe, or cat's pajamas in Persian, he really might have got some place.

Far eastern experts say that Raza Kahn's confabulation with Kemal Pasha was on one of the most ticklish subjects of international affairs, oil, Mesopotamian oil. The old dispute about those oil fields that lie around the border of Turkey, Persia and Irak. Irak is under the domination of the British and that brings the British Lion and also the British

KAHN - 4

pipe line into the picture, which makes the picture more exciting. The well known name Anglo Persian Oil, has an important meaning in all of this. They say that the Shah of Persia and the Dictator of Turkey have come to an agreement on the subject of this oil question.

No wonder the two potentates lavished on each other a truly Oriental hospitality. Shah Riza Kahn Pahlavi made a gift of his host of 300 bottles of the wine of Shiraz. That was Omar Khayyam's wine of which he had a jugful and a book of poems and a gal in the wilderness and no wonder the desert blossomed like a rose. It was about this same wine of Shiraz that Omar asked his celebrated question, "I wonder what the vintners buy half so precious as the stuff they sell". Well that stuff is still precious. The wine of Shiraz will stand you fifteen bucks a bottle in Persia right now and that's stiff enough for a New York night club, let alone a bazaar cafe in Teheran, Ispahan or Shiraz.

That was a magnificent gift to Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha who by the way is known to like his tippie. In return



Dictator Kemal the guzzling Ghazi, threw a party for the Persian Shah at which the diners sat on the biggest silk carpet in the world. They drank that wine of Shiraz and then Mustapa Kemal served large quantities of the cognac of Paris, also the Arak of Irak. Then they made speeches -- about oil, which is a different kind of liquid altogether but can produce a headache just as bad.

Kennedy.

July 3,  
1934.

INTRODUCTION Joseph P. Kennedy

The eyes of the business world are focussed on the new commission to regulate the securities exchanges of the nation. The appointment of this commission is one of the most important of President Roosevelt's recent acts. He named as chairman, Joseph P. Kennedy of New York. Before we go on to the latest word about the Stock Exchange commission let's take a look at the chairman.

Joseph P. Kennedy has been very close to the President, yet he has kept back in the background, so much so that during the campaign he was known as one of the "Silent Six". He is a banker and a millionaire. He started as a candy vendor on a Boston excursion steamer and saved enough money to go to Harvard where he specialized in Banking and playing first base. At twenty-five he became the youngest bank president in America, improved as a banker and slipped as a first baseman. However he still remained faithful to baseball tradition, and so did his wife, who is the daughter of former Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston. They have nine children,

INTRODUCTION Joseph P. Kennedy

-- a full team. The new head of the Stock Exchange Commission is a red-headed, hard-hitting Irishman, out of the realms of big business.

And now let's go on to a few financial angles of Stock Exchange regulation. I am not so much of a banker or such a good first baseman. So let's let Joseph B. Kennedy do the talking for a minute, from down in Washington. Are you there Mr. Kennedy?

CANADA

In Canada the Parliament was still in session today, and all because a woman insisted on having the last word. The Canadian law makers would have all been home by now but for the fact that the only lady legislator among them got up and demanded: "What about those riots in the Portsmouth Prison?" She insisted ~~and~~ there was too much military <sup>rule</sup> in the big Canadian callaboose, ~~and~~ ~~declared that was the reason for the troubles,~~ So she demanded an investigation.

The gentlemen wanted to call it a day, but the lady said "no", as ladies have sometimes been known to say. She wouldn't change her mind. As ladies have sometimes been known to do. The Canadian rule is that an adjournment motion must be carried unanimously. So they had to discuss that prison riot, whether they wanted to or not.

This ~~had~~ brought a bit of limelight <sup>to</sup> ~~on~~ Miss Agnes McFail, Canadian M. P. She is forty-four, a farmer's daughter, and a school teacher. She's been in Parliament for fifteen years, the only woman, the only skirt among the bigwigs.

It looks as though Canada were in for a political over-turn.

Recent elections indicate that when the new Parliament is chosen

the Liberals will be back in power. And Canada will have a new

Prime Minister, probably Mitchell Hepburn, a farmer. He's been

promising a New Deal with no fancy frills. To us Americans,

a New Deal without any fancy frills would be like love without

moonlight. We got the New Deal plus the fanciest frills that ever frilled.

If a Hollander goes to the ladies room, I mean the ladies beach,

he's in Dutch. Those seaside summer residences are against the law.

In order to hold hands in Holland, you've got to reach from one

beach to another, and some don't come that long. Lovebirds couples

who want to do any necking, would have to have necks as long as

strawfs. Holland, the land of tulips -- that never meet.

and you're in Dutch in a Dutch park. They have laws against

st walking on the grass, also against sitting on the grass.

If two people of opposite gender, and similar inclinations, sit

on the grass and can't produce a marriage certificate, they're taken

to jail and into separate cells. However, you are allowed to sit

on the grass with your grandmother or your Aunt Wilhelmina,

HOLLAND

but, y If you decide to take your best girl to the beach, or if you decide to have your best boy take you to the beach, don't go to Holland. <sup>Go to Martha's Vineyard,</sup> Coney Island, <sup>Asbury Park,</sup> Wakaiki, San Remo, the Lido, <sup>Jones Beach,</sup> but not the Zuyder Zee. In Holland a beach party is on the beach alright, but ~~if~~ it's anything but a party. Men and women, boys and girls, have separate beaches. There is a section of seashore for men only, and one for women only. If a Hollander goes to the ladies room, I mean the ladies beach, he's in Dutch. Those seaside summer romances are against the law. In order to hold hands in Holland, you've got to reach from one beach to another, and arms don't come that long. Lovelorn couples who want to do any necking, would have to have necks as long as giraffes. Holland, the land of tulips -- that never meet.

<sup>9</sup> <sup>st</sup> Yes, And you're in Dutch in a Dutch park. They have laws against ~~at~~ walking on the grass, also against sitting on the grass. If two people of opposite gender, and similar inclinations, sit on the grass and can't produce a marriage certificate, they're taken to jail and <sup>put</sup> into separate cells. However, you are allowed to sit on the grass with your grandmother or your Aunt Wilhelm<sup>i</sup>na,

HOLLAND - 2

but, you've got to have documents with you to prove the blood relationship. You've got to prove the dizzy blend is your Aunt Wilhelmina. Second cousins won't do.

In other words, virtue is triumphant and everything is pure in Hollywood -- I mean Holland. And,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.