

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Next to being in paradise - I mean in the Shenandoah Valley, where I am today, I would rather have been at Floyd Bennett Field in New York than anywhere else. There was wild wild excitement - pandemonium - as thousands cheered and milled and shoved each other around to get a close-up of the two French fliers and their big plane that came winging from the north and landed -- after a flight across the ocean all the way from Paris.

That was the end of the gallant attempt of Morris Rossie and Paul Codos to make that enormous non-stop sky span from Paris to San Francisco. Their achievement is nevertheless quite impressive. They were in the air for more than thirty-eight and one-half hours, in which time they covered thirty-six hundred miles. They stirred up quite a bit of worry too, because, after they flew down the American coast they reported that they were having motor trouble. Then they wirelessly that they would have to cut their flight

short at New York, and the crowd was waiting for them. They could hardly get out of their plane, the mob was so enthusiastic. The police had to battle a way through for them. And a host of reporters and photographers kept on their trail as they left the flying field and went to apartments reserved for them in Manhattan at the Waldorf where they granted a formal interview to newspaper men. This was the second transatlantic flight of the season, and in several ways it was like the first -- the exploit of Capt. Pond and Caesar Savelli, who tried to fly from New York to Rome. Neither got to their destination. Both had to come down right after spanning the width of the ocean. In each case the reason for the failure was motor trouble.

## TOGO

There's something both magnificent and pathetic in the spectacle of Admiral Togo, the hero of Japan, eighty-seven years old, using his last failing strength to do honor to his Emperor.

I happened to mention the other night that the grand old man whom they call the Nelson of Japan is dying. For a long time he has been ailing. The doctors ordered him to stay in bed. But for the last few days he has disobeyed their orders, practicing what was for him the difficult art of rising from his bed. He wanted to rise to his feet so as to make a bow towards the imperial palace when the Emperor started out to take part in the gala celebration of Togo's victory. But the old Admiral could not make it. The doctors caught him as he tried to rise and made him lie down. To those of us who were youngsters in nineteen hundred and five, Togo's is one of the particularly great names. The overwhelming defeat he inflicted on the Russian Fleet in the Straits of Teushima was Nelsonian in more ways than one. Because for once in his life, the old Nipponese sea dog did a thing that was almost

a sacrilege to a citizen of Japan. He went against the wishes of the /Emperor.

The Mikado had totally different ideas about the handling of the fleet. But Togo had his own way. He fought it out in the narrow neck of water leading to the Sea of Japan, waters with which all Japanese sailors were familiar. Togo proved he was right. In a ferocious attack, he split the Russian fleet into two parts. And he sank or disabled thirty-eight out of forty Russian warships. Togo almost duplicated one action of Nelson's. I mean the time when Nelson, at Copenhagen being told that there were orders from the British Admiralty not to fight, put his telescope to his blind eye, declared he could not see the signals, and went on and fought anyway.

Togo was fifty-nine years old when he won that victory. Since his retirement, he has been living in a little cottage looking out on the sea, near one of the Imperial residences. It was the same house that he built when, as a young naval lieutenant, he took his bride there. Outside of his

accomplishments as an admiral, he is known as the best satsuma biwa player in Japan. The satsuma biwa is a Japanese form of banjo.

Japan wanted to give him a big celebration on his birthday but he refused, saying he would wait until he was ninety.

## ARMS

According to some opinions, the aged Japanese admiral is no more ailing than the poor old Arms Conference at Geneva. It was once hoped that this Conference would push the profession of all admirals into the background. But an important admiral in Uncle Sam's Navy declared that the Geneva Conference "is now on its deathbed."

And it is significant that just as the delegates are gathering in Geneva, the folks back home in many countries are getting ready not to cut down but to increase their armaments. There's Turkey, afraid of Italy. Dictator Kemal's Government at Angora is making plans to build strategic railways as a safeguard in case of a war with Mussolini. And the Turks are strengthening all their fortifications on the Aegean coast.

At the same time, the Duce announced that he is going to build three more large battleships. They will cost about eighty-five million dollars. In other words, Italy is going to build up to full treaty strength.

## GERMANY

And here's another ironic thing to learn while the Arms Conference is going on. There's a tense situation in Germany on the subject of the army. The question apparently is "Shall the army be German or shall it be Hitler's army?" The Chancellor's followers of course want it to be a Hitlerite army. The leaders of the Nazi Storm Troops have demanded commissions in the military forces of the Fatherland. Hitherto they have not got them. The general staff, composed of the Storm Troopers are not qualified for jobs in the regular army.

And therein they are supported by President von Hindenburg himself. It is only natural that the aged Field Marshall should sympathize with the general staff. "Before you become regular officers, say the general staff and the Field Marshall, you must be trained. Heraus mit em," And that is just about what our West Point would say to the Kansas National Guard.

Around me tonight, here in the Valley of the Shenandoah, I somehow feel the presence of those great Confederate generals, Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee. I wonder what

they think of all this world-wide war talk in South America, the Far East, Europe and everywhere? Cavalry soldiers the world over are still studying the tactics and strategy of that genius - Stonewall Jackson. I have often met British, Turkish and Japanese officers who knew all about that sensational campaign when Stonewall Jackson swept north up the Shenandoah from Staunton.



## DEBTS

Another comedy is about to take place at Geneva - a meeting between the representatives of John Bull, France and Uncle Sam about those everlasting war debts. Incidentally, our Washington State Department made the customary gesture of reminding the British government that John Bull's next installment is due on June fifteenth. The installment of eighty-five million, six hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars and no cents, however, that appears to be rightly described as a gesture, judging from all I've heard from Europe, your Honorable Uncle Samuel will on this occasion not even receive the so-called token payments that he has been getting from London.

, Of course there are two sides to any question, especially any question of debts. Both Paris and London have hinted that they have some new ideas on the debt question. Of course that has been hinted before. But the ideas hitherto have turned out to be the same old one, the complaint, "We can't afford to pay."

## TRUCKS

The NRA is busy lining up - the trucks that rumble along the labyrinth of highways. There are three hundred truck operators in the business who control and run half a million trucks. All these trucks are being registered. This has been announced by the American Truck Association, a federation of one hundred and eight local truck associations, which represents thousands of operators all over the country. The Association calls upon the trucking industry to set its house in order through a rigorous system of checks and controls.

The new NRA trucking code provides for reasonable profits for the operators and proper scales of wages and working hours for the employees. One problem is the control of fly-by-night operators who undercut prices and reduce standards throughout the trucking industry.

## PROSPERITY

In the course of traveling around the country in the past few weeks I have had occasion to remark from time to time about the way that things are picking up in the various localities. I suppose sometimes it may have seemed that I was too enthusiastic about the signs of returning prosperity. However, here are a batch of news items which certainly do indicate that in talking optimism time after time on these travels of mine, I haven't been so far wrong.

First let's take a few figures that have a reminiscent air. We talked a lot about the depression. But what really was the depression, analyzed in terms of dollars and cents? In New York Dr. Daniel Starch, a research expert, tells us what the depression cost the United States. It cost Uncle Sam two hundred and fifty billions of dollars -- eight times the cost of the World War.

Money lost by reason of unemployment and reduced wages comes to one hundred and twenty billion~~x~~ dollars. Losses from declining values of stocks and bonds come to about the same figure. One hundred twenty billion. On top of this the recovery program put on by the Administration comes to about

ten billion dollars.

That's what the depression cost. Now let's look at the recovery as analyzed by no less an authority than the Economic Session of the League of Nations at Geneva. The latest tabulations show Canada and the United States are now leading in a worldwide recovery. For the first three months of this year Canada's industrial activities increased forty per cent. In the United States industrial activity took a jump of thirty per cent.

All over the world unemployment has decreased - except in France. There the unemployment figures are as bad as ever. Remember the early days of the depression when in France things went right on flourishing? Well, France was the last nation to experience the slump. And now she's the last to pull out of it.

Then let's go to a graphic and significant barometer in the Middlewest, the second season of the Chicago Century of Progress Fair. It opened Saturday. The figures for the first two days show that two hundred and thirty-five thousand visitors romped into the Fair grounds. Last year the first two days drew one hundred and seventy-two thousand. And not only are there many more visitors this

year, but they have more money to spend per capita - and are spending it.

It's the same story right on down to prize-fighting. Take the big championship bout in New York tonight. I don't know whether Jewish Lightweight champion Barney Ross will beat Irish welterweight champion Jimmy McLarnin or not. But let's look at the financial side. For the past several years the big money, so long associated with spectacular boxing bouts, has been sadly absent. But tonight's battle jumps into the big money again. The sale of tickets thus far shows that the gate will run to over two hundred thousand dollars. Those old time million dollar fights were always heavyweight affairs. A gate of two hundred thousand dollars for lightweights harks back to the halcyon days when the country thought a wild boom was the normal course of things.

So maybe I haven't been seeing things in too rosy a light when I reported the many signs of prosperity that I have been seeing on tour. And with that in mind I'll include a few things I've been observing over the weekend. Bill German, well known figure in the world of coal, drove me across the mountains from Mullins to

Pocohantas on Sunday. He said things in their region were okay, much improved. And tonight I am broadcasting from Natural Bridge, Virginia, in the Valley of the Shenandoah, one of the Seven Wonders of the Western World. Life seems peaceful and happy down here. If the Virginians of the Shenandoah Valley have anything to feel depressed about you'd never know it. They live in one of the richest and loveliest valleys on earth. The people smile - and the landscape smiles. If you feel unhappy come to the Shenandoah. If you are already happy, well then you'll feel doubly at home in this happy valley.

## CUBA

It is no joke these days being an American in Cuba. Last week somebody threw a bomb at the office of a newspaper owned by Americans and another one at the offices of the Associated Press in Havana. And on top of it all was the attempted assassination of His Excellency, the American Ambassador, Mr. Jefferson Caffery. If there are any more incidents like this, we'll get the idea that there are some people down Cuba who don't like us. As a matter of fact, the tide of feeling has been rising against us throughout the Pearl of the Antilles for several weeks. There is exceedingly hot propaganda claiming that the Colossus of the North is dictating who shall and who shall not be president of Cuba. They say they want to choose their own President. General Machado has declared openly that he got out upon the advice of the former American Ambassador, Mr. Sumner Wells. And they say also that it was Ambassador Wells who put out Dr. Grau San Martin, Machado's successor, and put Colonel Mendieta in.

Another incident occurred which shows the hot tamales of Cuban temperament. When San Martin resigned he went to Mexico. At the end of four months' exile, he returned to Havana and was greeted by a huge cheering throng, one of the biggest crowds ever seen in that city. The reception was so overwhelming that Dr. San Martin fainted.

The attempt on the life of Ambassador Caffery was no mere act of lawlessness. It was a deliberate bit of political demonstration. When Ambassador Wells was recalled, President Roosevelt sent Jefferson Caffery, upto that time Assistant Secretary of State, down to Havana as his personal representative. That meant that he was to observe and report. Cubans complained that he did more than observe and report; that he put an active Ynakee finger in the pie and was responsible for the eventual selection of Colonel Carlos Mendieta.



## HOBO

Here's a case where love came to grief - all on account of four dollars - and the sentimental disaster happened to a hobo.

Dan O'Brien, king of the hoboes, set out to get married. Dan is seventy-five years old. He selected a maiden of forty-eight. He proposed to her twice, and she accepted him both times. So he thought they might as well get married. The leading spirits of the hoboes union were gathered at New York City Hall to celebrate the nuptials of the King of the Hoboes. Dan and his bride went to the License Bureau.

"What does it cost, if anything?" demanded the King of the hoboes.

"Two dollars for the license", replied the clerk. "And then two dollars for the ceremony."

"Four dollars to get married?" roared Dan. "It's a racket! It's exorbitant and extravagant! It's a racket!"

Then the King of the Hoboes went on to explain that he had expected to be married by Mayor La Guardia. The Mayor, he said, was a friend of his and would marry him for nothing. That didn't do any good because they told him that the Mayor was away for the day. So the price of marriage still remained four Dollars.

So Dan renewed his shouts: "It's a racket!" And then he said:  
"This is the fourth time I'm getting married and you want to charge  
me four dollars?"

Mebbe the Hobo king thinks it's a racket. But there's a  
full moon tonight above the Valley of the Shenandoah. And at this  
season of the year the historic arch of the Natural Bridge looks  
down on many honeymoon couples who would pay a lot more than four  
dollars for their bliss. In fact the story from New York says that  
the Hobo king's bride-to-be looked wistful and seemed inclined to  
favor the racket. Maybe she was of the opinion that marriage was  
worth four dollars. But Dan, who had been married three times  
before, knew better. He took her by the arm and led her away,  
with one last lion like roar: "It's a racket." And so long until  
tomorrow.