CUBA

Good Evening, Everybody:

From along the South Jersey Coast come tales of conspiracy and revolution. No, South Jersey isn't plotting any revolution for itself. It seems that Cuban conspirators are using the bays and inlets of South Jersey as a base for operations against the Cuban government in Havana.

Thirty-eight Cubans have been arrested on the Jersey

Cost by United States government authorities. The officers who made the arrest declare that the thirty-eight Cubans slipped down from New York to the neighborhood of Atlantic City. There they intended to hire boats to take them to a ship said to be awaiting the plotters at sea. They were aboerd a smell schooner and were slipping out of an inlet when the coast guard and members of the depart ${ }^{t}$ nt of justice nabbed them.

The prisoners told a story of how they had been out looking for the ship that was to take them to Cuba. They hadn't been able to find the ship and after drifting around for two days with little food or water, they put
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back to the Jersey coast, planning to try it again.

The Associated Press describes the cubans as mere ypringetera just boys. But they were all to return to the ir native country to fight President Machado and his cohorts.

A bit of an international storm has been aroused by the order of the German government barring certain c lasses of Amer i can imports to come into the country. Theraythorities, so the United Press recount, have ordered that a permit should not be issued for importing American automobiles, wool and chemicals. There was an immediate avalanche of protests from firms dealing in American goo ods. The Berlin correspondents of the Evening Sun cables that later indications ware that the German government call off that prohibition of American imports and allow goods from the United States of Pass through.

Meanwhile Chancellor Bruening of Germany is being received with all honors in Rome. He's on a visit to the Eternal City to talk over matters with Mussolini. The United Press that the conferences between the German Chancellor and the Italian Ministers are bubbling over with cordiality.
 against the sale of that cotton by the American Government to Germany--in fact several protests. One complaint comes from France. The French don't like the idea of Uncle Sam selling Germany 600,000 bales the Farm Board has accumulated. They say doing business like that $t$ ends to dis -ar ganize markets. The think it's a kind of dumping, maybe something on the order of the dumping of merchandise of which Soviet Russia is accused.

And then another protest comes from the cotton-growing states of the South. They object to the sale of all that cotton to Germany. They think that if the German market is glutted with Farm Bard cotton why that will hurt the market for the cot ton crop which is being picked in the south along about now.

The Hashington or pond the Now York Evening Post is of

I have a report here that tells of some sensational doings that are being planned in Central Europe. It's * a quotation from the French Socialist newspaper Populaire to the effect that the Royalist party in Hungary has laid definite plans to proclaim archduke Otto, King of Hungary, and to crown him with the ancient ceremonies of the kingdom.

Archduke Otto, of course, is the son of the last Hapsburg emperor, Charles, who was driven from his throne at the of ald Frank Joseph. from the French Socialist newspaper is printed in the Literary Digest, wee and the gorges on to say that a declaration has already been prepared which otto is to give upon seizing the Hungarian crown. This declaration is supposed to have been written for the young prince by count Apponyi, one of the important leaders of Hungary.

The Associated Press gives the

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Page $\qquad$ information that if this Royalist project goes through, why, Admiral Horthy, the present ruler of Hungary, will be
made perpetual vicerroy for the kingdom. The story goes on that otto, if he becomes king, will lay claim to a large slice of territory that used to belong to Hungary, but is now the property of Yugo-SI avi.

Whether these big projects will go through or not is, of course, doubtful, but at any rate they seem to be part of a definite plan which the Hungarian Royal istthan cooked up.

These are important bits of political information, but the Digest goes on to give us a figure that stands in the background, a fascinating personality. We see a woman dressed in black with a sad, sweet face and a queenly dignity every inch queen in fact. She is the Empress Zita, and the last woman to x sit on the throne of the AustroHungarian monarchy. She is the mother of Archduke otto, the pretender to the

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crown of Hungary. She is the powerful figure in the background, the dauntless, determined moving spirit in the effort to make her son the king, as his forefathers were.

The Literary Digest goes to the Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung for a pen picture of the ex-Empress Zita. We are told that if it were not for her otto would have a chance of ever becoming king of Hungary. Shen she married the man who was to become the last emperor of Austria, she was a timid speechless girl. \& They called her a little peasant girl. Yet today she is the leader of a great cause. She dresses in black almost like a nun. She has never ceased to mourn the death of her husband. How does she work in pulling the strings that govern nations and empires? We are told that she goes about it cautiously sweetly, pleadingly, insistently, toiling in behalf of her son.

She has a voice that an actress might envy, and as for gestures, no

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queen on the stage can act so eloquently, with such a royal dignity as this woman who was formerly a queen. A Hollywood moving picture star might learn from Zit how to dazzle people and dazzle the world, and yet she never deviates an inch from propriety and dignity.

She knows how to do the sensational thing without making it seem sensational. She knows how to keep herself and her son always in the news of the world, without seeming to step forward. She is a master of the art of publicity and she publicises ever.

Over in France a man bought a can of asparagus. He opened it and found inside not only asparagus, but also a note, a brief letter which he read with considerable interest. And now that letter is making something of a political stir in France.

Here's the way that letter in the asparagus read: "These asparagite were grown, and packed in this Gan by me, a farmer at the town of Guernes. I received six francs for the can. Will the person who buys it be good enough to let me know the price he had to pay for aspagne" The note was signed by the farmer in question.

He was putting across a neat little trick. Just like most other farmers he was indignant about the small price which he received for his produce in comparison with the large price the public had to pay. And so he was determined to find out just how much that can of asparagus for which he had received six francs, was going

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to cost the ultimate consumer. It was a dramatic little stunt quite in character with the dramatic instincts of the French people.

Well, the who opened the can of asparagus and received the note, promptly sat down and wrote a reply. Here's what he told the farmer of Guernes: "I purchased your of asparagus at the Routo market for eleven francs, and $I$ had trouble in getting it that cheaply. The salesman were making xx\&x other people pay twelve francs for similar cans of asparagus." When the farmer at Guernes got the reply he rose on his hind legs. That agriculturist had vivid proof that the middlemen were taking just about a hundred per cent profit on his asparagus. and now he is bombarding the government and the newspapers with protests. Quite a stir has been created. The New York Evening Post tells us that the matter has been put up to Andre Tardieu, the Minister of Agriculture who is called upon to do something about that matter of the letter concealed in the can of asparagus.

The aviation situation is about the same tonight. The Iindberghs are still un there at Aklavik where the malamute and husky dogs bay at the Midnight sun. They are being held up by back weather, and will wait until blue skies appear again before hoping across Alaska.

They've been delayed for to days now and the

Associated Press says that the Colonel is uneasy, restless and anxious to push on.

And then a few thousand miles to the south of us
there's the $D O-X$ making what the International News Service calls railrosd-schedule-nrogress on her way un the coast of South America for her visit to the United States.

Yes, and Porker Creamer, the flying man who is charting en air mail route across the north Atlantic, has left Greenland for Iceland. Shorty framer is going about his job in a methodical way.

In Japan, Pangborn and Herndon who are planning a Tokio to seattle flight, have run into a bit of trouble with the Japanese authorities. They

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landed in Japan without a permit. They flew over Japanese fortifications and they had a camera along. The Associated Press gives the detail that the Japanese were a bit excited recently about the fact that a couple of planes from American warships flew over Japan. The idea is that somebody is liable to take pictures of the Japanese military constructions, and so the Japanese have taken exception to Pangborn and Herndon's camera, but the report is that they are not likely to do anything much about it.

Somebody had a medal pinned on him out in Chicago today, two medals in fact. It was a double header. And the man who was solemnly decorated is Jimmy Archer, the old-time catcher of the Chicago Cubs.

Old-tinfe Baseball fans won't have to be told anything about Jimmy Archer. He succeeded Johnny King, as the catcher in the old "TINKER TO EVERS TO CHANCE" days.

Well, Jimmy Archer is getting along in years. He is not in baseball any more. No, he's doing something else again.

He wasn't decorated for any baseball exploit, for lining out a two-bagger or catching a $r$ unner of $f$ second with a fast throw. He got those two medals for $1 i f e-s a v i n g$.

President C. W. Berquist of the National Safety Council walked up to Jimmy Archer this afternoon and pinned on him the President's medal for lifesaving, and also the official bar,

1 which is xe only awarded when the hero has saved two lives at the same time-a double-header.

But Jimmy Archer isn't professional $\mathrm{a}_{1}$ lifesaver. either. He's a hog-buyer. After he retired from baseball he went to work in the Chicago Stockyards as an of ficial supervisor of the buying of hogs. And hew does that make him a I ife-saving hero? Well, your here's the way twas.

Two farmers drove into the stockyards with a truckload of porkers. It was raining cats and dogs and the two farmers in the driver's seat closed wont moves in as well as to avoid the downpour. It was the old story of accumulated gases. When the two farmers stepped out of the truck at the stockyards they both collapsed. They might have died right there if somebody hadn't been nearby who knew what to do and that somebody was Jimmy Archer, old-time catcher of the Chic ago Cubs. Some time or other be learned a 25 bit about the life-saver's art. He knew
what they cal I "prone pressure resuscitation". He used to be a cracker-jack at inside baseball, but now he proved to be equally a cracker-jack at "prone pressure resuscitation". He went to work on those two farmers and Jimmy Archer never put a ball on a runner sliding home any harder than he clamped two brawny hands to those asphyxiated men. And he brought them around in good shape--two lives saved--a double-header.

And that's why an old-time baseball hero was doubly decorated for lifesaving in Chic ago this afternoon.

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By golly, but it's warm here tonight. In dact,it's been sweltering hot all day., Andingt, so the newspapers tell us, is the way it's been all or er the country.

Well, just in honor of the
hot weather I suppose we might as well have a bit of news which tells us why
it'sea so hot in cities.
Louis Sherwin, the roving reporter of the New York yen ing Post, gives us an interview wi th, er. Kimball. the weather expert whom they call the patron saint of aviators. He ${ }^{\text {I }}$ s the man who tells the boys how the weather's going to be when they start flying somewhere. Dr. Kimball in talking about the heat, doesn't say it's the humidity. No, he says it!'s the smoke. Louis Sherwin quotes the doctor as declaring that over New York and most other big cities hangs a blanket of smoke. It's up there about five hundred feet from the ground, and it extends on for maybe two thousand
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feet more. It's caused by the burning of soft coal. It accumulates during the dey with smoke particles filling the atmosphere. And then at night, unless there's a strong wind to blow it away, it just stays there and acts like a blanket.

It traps the heat, just like a blanket. It holds the hot
weather right down on the ground so that instead of cool nights which we are supposed to have we have hot nights instead.

Thanks to that curtain of smoke which hangs up there in the atmosphere, we sleep under one huge blanket, and naturally we swleter. Of course, you folks who live in the country don't have any such blanket up in the air and I suppose it's a lot cooler for you. But with us in the cities it's just plain hot. In fact it's hotter then blazes. In fact, it's so blazing Ex hot that I feel capable of stuttering just four words more, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

