

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

From California today come echoes of the political fights of eight years ago. Hoover wins, is the message conveyed by the Republican primary returns in the Golden State.

We've always heard that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. That doesn't seem to apply to the ex-president. In this fashion Mr. Hoover turns out to be the first real stumbling-block in the path of the well oiled political machine of Governor Landon. Quite a respectable victory too for Mr. Hoover's supporters! It amounts to something like a majority of three to two - the figures being a majority of 100,000.

While it is estimated as a definite setback for "Kansas Alf", it doesn't mean that he won't eventually get California's forty-four delegates. Nominally, the conflict was between Landon and Earl Warren, the Republican Chairman of the state. As Mr. Warren is a strong friend and partisan of the ex-president, the race actually became one between the Kansas Governor and Mr. Hoover. As soon as his victory was assured,

Mr. Warren formally released the forty-four delegates pledged to him. In other words, they go to Cleveland uninstructed, free to vote as they decide on the floor of the convention. ~~The actual figures were~~

The South Dakota returns are also interpreted as somewhat of a monkeywrench in the Landon machinery. There the Governor for a while was running neck and neck with Senator Borah. Actually, Landon won, but his majority, fifteen hundred votes, was exceedingly slight. This was quite a disappointment to the managers of the Landon campaign, who had been confident of a comfortable victory.

This South Dakota affair was particularly interesting in a political sense. It was the first out-and-out ballot battle between the Idaho Senator and the Kansas Governor. Furthermore, it took place right in the heart of the agricultural middlewest. That made it a real test of strength. Another important event in this primary campaign was a statement made by Senator Borah in Zanesville, Ohio. Some of his previous utterances have led to the fear that he might bolt the convention if it goes against him.

So it was reassuring to the party leaders to hear him ^{once more} say: "If Mr. Landon or Mr. Knox come to Cleveland with a fair expression from the people that he is their choice, I shall not stand in the way."

Now for a glance at the Democratic picture. In California, President Roosevelt swept the field. Senator McAdoo will head the delegation that goes to Philadelphia. And he will cast all forty-four votes for the President. Upton Sinclair, the Epic flag bearer, ran a bad second. Congressman John Stephen McCroarty, the champion of the Townsend Plan, though Dr. Townsend himself didn't endorse him, did ~~not~~ even poll one-tenth of the votes cast for Mr. Roosevelt. California approves Poet McCroarty as an author of the mission play that many of you may have seen at San Gabriel. But evidently they think poetry is no path to the White House.

In South Dakota and in Alabama, the President had no opposition. But critics of the New Deal are taking heart from the results of the Maryland primaries. The President won, they admit. His majority over Colonel Henry Breckenridge was something

like five and a half to one. But here, as in Pennsylvania,
Colonel Breckenridge was running without any campaign machinery,
and with an amateur organization, *Just as a protest.* So the anti-Roosevelt Democrats
look upon that Maryland affair as a remarkable showing.

~~The final Democratic figures are~~

taxes

President Roosevelt's program is running up against an unexpected snag in Congress. It almost amounts to a rebellion of important Democratic Senators. The cause of the trouble is those processing taxes. As everybody knows, they've been a source of wide discontent ever since they were invented to finance the ill-fated A. A. A.

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The President was counting upon them to provide ^a ~~the~~ revenue of one billion, a hundred and thirty-seven million dollars, ^{the amount} ~~that~~ he asked Congress to provide for the next two years. When the Supreme Court knocked out the Triple A it also knocked a serious hole in the national revenue. The new processing taxes were devised to meet this deficit. But the House threw them out when it passed the tax bill. And now, a canvass of the Democratic members of the Senate Finance Committee shows that eight of them are equally adverse to restoring those unpopular processing taxes. With eight Democrats on the committee definitely against the idea it stands a pretty poor chance of going through. The five Republicans of the committee are unequivocally and unalterably opposed to

the proposition.

The attitude of the people who object to the processing taxes is that they're nothing in the world but a thinly disguised manufacturers' tax.

HINDENBURG

You've probably seen the Hindenburg, the world's mightiest airship in the newsreels. If so, you can picture her as she is at this moment soaring high over Western Europe ~~in~~ on her way to America.

"All aboard for Lakehurst, New Jersey," was the cry at Freidrichshafen late this afternoon. Of course it was night time in Germany, stars shining brightly in a clear sky while thousands of enthusiastic Germans cheered the beginning of a new era in trans-Atlantic travel. That's what they believe.

The directors of the Zeppelin company and the celebrated Hugo Eckener are predicting that the success of this voyage will mean the possibility of a schedule, New York to London overnight -- soon.

There are a hundred people in the air tonight aboard this new luxurious aerial giant. Fifty of them are passengers. All, save the newspaper men have paid five hundred dollars a piece for the passage. Even the journalists are paying part fare, about the equivalent of steamer tickets.

This time it's a test trip for the Hindenburg. Her

crusing speed is eighty miles an hour. That may bring her into Lakehurst late Saturday.

Regular traffic across the ocean by huge dirigibles is now no idle dream. The smaller ships, the Graf Zeppelin has made a hundred and seven sky voyages from Europe to Africa to South America, regular as clockwork, carrying twelve thousand passengers and many thousands of pounds of freight and mail.

An unusual feature of this giant new zep is her power plant. She's the first oil burning sky sailing cigar: four Diesel engines of eleven hundred horsepower each. With their sixteen cylinders apiece they're the lightest motors ever built in ratio to the power they deliver.

Somewhere in the air tonight - sailing West - the ~~greatest~~ greatest of all ships of the air.

ETHIOPIA

The tumult and the shouting dies over the conquest of Ethiopia. The King of Kings departs, the captains have almost finished their job. And now the diplomats take the field.

Today's attitude of the European governments is one of those ironic comic poses such as you find only in the field of high diplomacy. With one voice Great Britain and France say: "Again we ~~px~~ protest against your annexation of Ethiopia." With their next breath they say: "We shall want you to respect our ~~px~~ spheres of influences." That means, for John Bull's part, "Don't monkey with our rights around Lake Tana." And France demands, "Don't forget we built and own that railway from Djibouti to Addis Ababa, the Red Sea to the heart of the Ethiopian Plateau."

Mussolini, now that he has Ethiopia in the palm of his hand, replies with a gesture which says in effect: "We've won, so we can afford to be generous." In other words, he assures both London and Paris that their spheres of influence will be respected.

At the same time, he bluntly repeated the ringing

declaration he made yesterday from the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia:- "Ethiopia is now Italian." Followed by the solemn warning: "We shall defend it with our arms against anyone who tries to take an inch of it"!

It is generally believed that the formal proclamation that Italy has annexed Ethiopia will be made on Saturday.

Of course the futile protests of Great Britain and France are merely for the purpose of saving face. Their demands that their spheres of influence should be respected are equivalent to recognizing the conquest of Ethiopia as an accomplished fact. And, in diplomacy an accomplished fact -- a fait accompli - is more than nine points of the law.

They also came forward with the demand that Ethiopians should not be pressed into the Italian army. There was considerable irony in the Duce's reply. He gravely assured the Powers that the Ethiopians would not be armed. It stands to reason that no conqueror is going to put weapons into the hands of natives right away -- before he is sure that they are completely and finally subjugated. While the Italians have

Ethiopia in their hands, they are still quite a distance from having all the diffuse and warlike tribes subdued and pacified. Later he's sure to arm them, drill them - and maybe use them in Europe -- a la Senegalese.

There's still considerable marching, and possibly fighting to be done in the wild mountains of what was once Haile Selassie's realm. General Graziani's armies are approaching Harar and Jijiga, the only two important cities still to be occupied. And one can still hear the ping ping of rifle fire in and around Addis. But Marshal Badoglio reports that the sole cause of this is suppressing isolated gangs of bandits.

Another diplomatic irony is the Duce's new-found enthusiasm for the League of Nations. In a newspaper interview he declares the League must be preserved, reformed and made more workable. This from the Dictator who has recently been denouncing Geneva so fiercely and on whose head Geneva heaped the punishment of Sanctions. Mussolini's sudden love for the League is no doubt to be found in the theory -- that Geneva can do him no more harm, while in the future it might be conveniently used against somebody else. Also, the spectacle of the Duce as the

friend of the League of Nations is likely to soothe ~~the~~ and please the statesmen of Geneva and their followers.

It's quite a change from being Governor of Rome, the Eternal City, to being ruler of Addis Ababa. But that's the honor that has fallen to Major Giuseppe (jewseppy) Bottai. Yesterday he was the first Italian soldier to enter the conquered capital. Now he becomes its ruler. Politically, it may be recognized as a considerable distinction. But after you've been ruling over the ancient city of the Caesars, with its palaces, museums, cathedrals, lovely churches and temples on the Seven Hills, to drop down to being boss of a ruined collection of mud huts atop an Ethiopian plateau - well, to say the least, it's a transition. At the same time, of course, the Governor of Rome today lives not only in the shadow of the Seven Hills, but in the shadow of Mussolini. On his Abyssinian plateau, Governor Bottai will be the Number One man.

Though most of us never heard of Bottai until now we learn that he's the No. Two big-shot in the inner councils of Fascismo, an ~~ik~~ intelligent, highly educated, knowledgeable young man. He's not quite forty - one, but he has had a lively and distinguished career, as a newspaper man,

author, economist, professor. He became a deputy in the Italian Parliament at the green age of twenty-five. In fact, he was the youngest member of Parliament in the history of Italy. The greybeards protested, called him a young upstart. But they couldn't shake him. In the historic march of the Black Shirts on Rome, Major Bottai walked at the head of eight thousand men from the Abruzzi. While he was still a deputy, he was made Director for Corporative Studies at the august University of Pisa (Peesa).

Though he has kept out of the limelight up to now, he has wielded powerful influence. He was editor of the *Gornala* GIORNALE DI ROMA. He became Under-Secretary of State when he was only thirty-one. Three years later he was appointed Minister of Corporations. That's a key job in the Fascist polity. And when he was barely thirty-seven, Mussolini put him on the Grand Fascist Council. That made him in effect a member of the Cabinet.

As Governor of Addis Ababa, he has a tough job ahead of him. But evidently he has the experience and equipment to do it. There'll be plenty of scope for his brilliant accomplishments, as an economist and an administrator, in rebuilding that squalid

place of African mud huts. What is more, he has the front that people expect of a governor. Tall, handsome, with an imperialistic tilt to the eyebrows in his keen, intelligent face, he carries an air of authority ^{wherever} ~~wherever~~ he goes.

PIGEONS

For hundreds of years men have been using ^{homing}~~carrier~~ pigeons to carry messages. But not even in Asia, where the practice was invented, have these interesting fowl been used so ⁱⁿ~~ing~~elously as by a family now living in Portland, Oregon. The family owns a bird called "Blue Boy". And it is Blue Boy's function to compete with the Telegraph Company, messenger service, and the Telephone Company. Here's how it's done:--

When the nineteen year old son of the family goes to work in the morning, he takes Blue Boy ^{along}~~with him~~ in a basket. As soon as he gets on the job, he releases Blue Boy, who carries back to papa the family street car pass. Blue Boy makes the trip in four minutes. Then papa rides downtown on the family pass, again carrying Blue Boy with him. After papa has reached his shop, he sends Blue Boy back, again with the pass, so that mama can use it at noon to bring her menfolk hot luncheons.

Blue Boy also enables the family to do without a phone in the house. Whenever any one of them goes anywhere, he or she takes Blue Boy along. Instead of telephoning that they'll be late for dinner, they write a note and let Blue Boy do his stuff. He never gets a wrong number, and you don't have to put a nickel into him to make him carry on. *And if Blue Boy were here now he could carry my message - s-l-u-t-m.*