

FLYING -- INTRO

Good luck a fine trip -- you fellows out there high above the ocean. I hope you got to Bagdad. I'm sure we would all like to send our best wishes to those two British aviators, who are trying to fly all the way from Canada to the ancient land of Mesopotamia, to Bagdad, the old city of the Arabian Nights. That's quite a hop, a thrilling nonstopper, they hope. And so do we.

I feel in the mood to get all excited about it, because transoceanic flights are so scarce this summer. Each flying season before, for some years, there were quite a few of those sky thrillers to talk about. But this summer, almost none,

Some skeptics have been asking -- what use are they -- those long cloud journeys across the sea? But I can tell you one purpose they serve. They give a broadcaster of the news many an adventurous tale to tell -- tidings about the dare-devil wayfarers of cloudland.

The long-distance record for sky jaunts across the maps is now held by France. It was made last year when Rossi and Godos went winging for five thousand six hundred and fifty-three miles, all the way from New York to Syria. That's why Leonard Reid and J. R. Ayling went soaring up into the sunlight today. They are out to break that French world record.

They started from Canada -- interior Canada. They took off from a place most unusual for a transoceanic jump -- Ontario, Wasaga Beach, Ontario, a long, long way from the sea.

Their ship is named the "Trail of the Caribou," appropriate enough for Canada, home of the Caribou, but it will be an odd sounding name over there in the sandy neighborhood of the ruins of Babylon, on the road to Bagdad where they have the oxynx instead of the caribou. Anyway, fellows, give our regards to Haroun al Raschid and young King Feisal. Old Haroun al Raschid saw many of those Arabian Night wonders in his time, but your ocean-wandering airplane will make him open his eyes and peer ^{up} from his sarcophagus. No, he never saw an airplane, or a caribou.

YACHT

The challenger is here safe and sound after a good trip across the Atlantic. Her crew handled the tall sails in fine shape, though they are amateurs. Remember how the professional sailors aboard the speedy yacht staged a strike? Her owner wouldn't give in, and put an amateur crew aboard instead. Of course the question still remains -- how will the amateurs get along when the big race is sailed.

Anyway, the trim and speedy British yacht named the Endeavor is here -- and so is her owner, Tom Sopwith, who is taking the place of great old Sir Thomas Lipton as England's champion in the struggle between the yachts.

Tom Sopwith leaped to renown with those swift pursuit planes he built for the royal flying corps during the war.

Remember those Sopwith Pups and Sopwith Camels of World War fame? Before that he was an airplane pilot and a balloonist. Now he has taken to the little ships with the tall masts --.

NEW GUINEA

Good news from New Guinea. If we could only, all of us, be in New Guinea. About two years ago a world traveller named William Thornton Watson came through New York. I had him on the air with me for a few moments, telling about his adventures. Mr. Watson now sends word that there is a big boom on in that wild land of Papua, the vast savage island of New Guinea.

The largest mining company over there is owned and operated by Americans. There are no roads to the gold field, which is in the dim and little known interior.

Eight years ago when Mr. Watson first went there it took his party twelve days to make the trip into the mountains where the present mining is going on and they had to have one hundred and three native carriers to handle their equipment. Now the job is done by airplane, and the time for the trip instead of four days is exactly twenty minutes.

The gold, is carried out by Kanaka runners. The precious yellow metal is sewn in canvas. The boys who carry it to the coast go by the names of Oving and Goob. The two of them

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have brought out about five million dollars in gold in the last twenty-four months.

New Guinea, by the way, is larger than Texas and Pennsylvania combined. It is the largest island in the world, and not more than ten percent of it has been explored. Cannibalism is still the order of the day. Any man who goes inland from the coast, and doesn't keep a sharp lookout, says Mr. Watson, is liable to provide supper for the Melanesian Papuan bushmen. Every few months they catch a gold prospector napping, and then ---. But it's dinner time so let's not go into that.

an alliance, unless grandeur was scheduled to become a king again. So -- still some more rumors that the young man is likely to wear a crown before long.

OTTO

Young Archduke Otto is becoming quite a mystery man these days. There are more and more rumors about where he is and where he's headed for. Once more the report is -- Italy.

This comes along with renewed guesses that there may be a royal wedding between the ancient houses of Hapsburg and Savoy. There is talk of a marriage between the young Hapsburg Pretender to the throne of Austria and Hungary and the Princess Maria, the nineteen-year-old daughter of King Victor Emanuel of Italy. They say that Mussolini would never consent to such an alliance, unless archduke Otto were scheduled to become a king again. So -- still some more rumors that the young man is likely to wear a crown before long.

AUSTRIA

More and more we see the deep affection the Austrians had for their murdered Chancellor -- Dolfuss. After those impressive scenes of nation-wide mourning, the Vienna government now has decreed a life - long pension for the widow, Frau Dolfuss. She is to have that pension for the rest of her life, unless she gets married again -- which is more than unlikely, is she should remarry, one half of the income will be paid to their two children until they are twenty-one years old.

BASQUE

Over in Spain they're threatening to fire one hundred and fifty mayors and fine them seven hundred dollars each. This firing and fining menace is flaming in the Basque province. It's the mayors of the towns who are leading the movement for Basque autonomy. That region of wild Pyrenean mountains and picturesque Pyrenean people is agitating for a large degree of independence from the rest of Spain, regional self-government. They have a strange language of their own. They are supposed to be a remnant of an exceedingly ancient people left stranded in the mountains. In many respects they differ from the Spaniards proper.

The government of Madrid doesn't want to grant the autonomy the Basque are asking for. And now the problem is coming to a head with the threat ~~of~~ to fire and fine the agitating mayors.

The Basques reply with a counter-threat. They declare that, rather than have the mayors lose their jobs and pay those fines, they will declare a Basque republic.

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CONVICT

Here's a fine old story theme -- a fortune for the boy if he will settle down and marry. That's the offer made to Jack Gallagher of Canada. Jack's aunt over in England has sent word that she wants to give him half a million dollars if he will do that traditional conservative thing-- settle down and get married.

Jack has been a bit wild you know. He was convicted of murder in Alberta and sentenced to be hanged. But then the sentence was commuted, called off. Later he was convicted of arson and sentenced to life imprisonment. He had to serve only ten years in a dungeon cell. Now he's out.

Yes, he ought to marry and settle down, so his aunt thinks. And he has sailed to get the half million. As for marrying he hasn't found a wife yet. But he doesn't expect to have much trouble about that--not with five hundred thousand dollars in the bank.

SOUTH AMERICA

South America appears in the news today, in a series of brevities -- abbreviated bits from the land of the Andes and the Amazon, where the condor soars high above the dizzy peaks, and the boa-constrictor and the anaconda coil in the deep dank jungle.

The first is a short item from the lofty capital city of Bogota -- Don Alfonzo Lopez inaugurated as President of the Republic of Columbia. There was a splendid presidential ceremony and a lot of presidential promises, including national reconstruction, labors for prosperity, and a sinking of party differences.

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The News from Chile can be told briefly too. Things are at a standstill in the threatened trouble between Chile and Paraguay. It's quite a sharp dispute, with the Chilean diplomatic representatives recalled from the capital of Paraguay. The log slender South American nation has asked Argentina to look after Chilean interests in Paraguay for the time being. The report is that Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay have ganged up and brought pressure to bear ~~the~~ to keep the war of words from

SOUTH AMERICA

turning into a war of hard knocks.

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Thirty-five words tell the tidings from Brazil. A large party of Germans, Jewish refugees, have sailed from Amsterdam for the country where the mighty Amazon flows. They are going to settle down to agriculture on the great rolling Pampas of Cattle and coffee.

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Then there's word of a new air express route between the American lands of the North and of the South. Already a huge consignment is speeding along the skyway, merchandise from one hundred and fifteen American cities, consigned to thirty countries of Central and South America and the West Indies.

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Yes, those item are short, but here's something that's shorter still -- not the item, but the pants.

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SHORTS

The battle of the shorts promises to be long. It's all snarled up in contradictions.

First the Women's Metropolitan Golf Association of New York put a taboo on shorts. But the New York, Park Department said: "Go ahead girls. So far as the public courses go, you can wear 'em short if you want to."

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In Boston it's the other way around. The Massachusetts Women's Golf Association said that shorts were Ok, although the Massachusetts girls were not wearing them. But the Boston Park Commission took an opposite stand and decreed that no ladies' shorts would be permitted on the Boston links.

So the New York Association is ~~against~~ agin the New York Park Commission, and the Boston Association is agin the Boston Park Commission. Also the Boston Association is agin the New York Association, and the Boston Park Commission is agin the New York Park Commission. Everybody is agin everybody else, which should make ^{things} ~~things~~ nice and friendly.

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Anyway the women's championship affair is on
in New York, with the ladies modestly clad in skirts.

The girl golfer who won the first round, made a
scintillatingly brilliant score, and she did it in
particularly long and flowing skirts.

So apparently, shorts or shortless, skirts or skirtless.
It makes no difference to the golf ball, which of
course has no eyes and can't see.

And now from shorts to skirts.

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SHIRTS -FOLLOW SHORTS

Keep your shirt on while we review the situation pertaining to that useful article of clothing known as a shirt. This isn't a fashion note, or a business item from the textile industry. It's political.

The fashion for political shirts, started by the Black-Shirts of Italy, has spread in this country more than most of us imagine. There's a whole multi-colored array of shirts over here.

The khaki shirts were organized by Art. J. Smith after he had been one of the prominent figures in the famous Bonus March. Khaki-Shirt Smith is now in Jail.

The White Shirts want to repudiate the public debt. They want to wipe the debit side of Uncle Sam's ledger as white as the shirts they wear.

The American Black Shirts stand for the supremacy of the white race. It seems to be a contradiction of colors.

The Brown Shirts are worn by "The friends of

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New Germany" just a straight away importation of
Hitlers Storm Troop Uniform.

The Blue Shirts are a Fascist outfit who more or
less imitate the Mussolini pattern.

More prominent in the news than any other right
now , are the Silver Shirts, and here we have a real
bit of melodramatics. Sounds like real riot and revolution,
or maybe just an nightmare or a pipe-dream.

A man joined the Silver Shirts out on the Pacific
Coast. It is pretty much of a coast organization. This
man was really an agent out to get information for the
United States Marine Corps. He seems to have got plenty
of information about the silvery activities of the
Silver Shirts. At least that's the story he tells to
the Congressional Committee that's investigating Nazi
organizations. The secret agent for the Marine Corps
testifies that he saw the Silver Shirts drilling with
rifles with thousands of rounds of ammunition. They

offered to pay him to steal war materials from government arsenals. And he adds that William Dudley Pelley, the leader of the Silver Shirts told him the aim of the organization was to change the American form of government, -- by force if necessary.

Then there was another witness who told the investigating committee that the Silver Shirts had planned to capture the city of San Diego as the first act of their revolution, if they had to start one.

Of course, we know that some of these revolutionary movements in Europe begin with a ridiculous, comic look -- and then turn into something mighty serious. But, on the other hand, our fancy shirt outfits over here seem so exceedingly ridiculous, so excessively comic, with their wild and wonderful plans, that I guess we don't have to worry.

ENDING UNTIL TOMORROW.

TRAVELER

Word comes that the woman champion traveler of the world is sailing down the St. Lawrence River, taking a look at a few Canadian villages. She's seventy-three. And she's out to set the record of having travelled a million miles. She has been to just about every country in the world so now she's getting in her milage by visiting Canadian towns, just any town.

But the champion woman traveler hasn't been to Europe lately. Two years ago she crossed Europe off her list and vowed she would never go there again until the war debts were paid.

Mrs. Ella Munson of New York has already traveled seven hundred and fifty thousand miles -- only a quarter of a million more to go, at seventy-three.

I haven't that far to go tonight. I'm in Detroit and my next stop is New York -- by way of Canada too. -- And,

SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.