

2.7 - ~~Junco~~. Friday, July 5, 1935.

Checked
M.S.C.

Automobiles seem to be the bane of ^{the} exiled royal families of Spain. Ex-King Alfonso was in a smash today. He was driving from Rome to Leghorne. The car turned over. The former monarch was severely ~~hit~~ bruised. His aide-de-camp got a broken collar bone.

It's the second royal Spanish ~~hit~~ automobile accident in a year. Last August Alfonso's son, Prince Gonzalo was in one, and it was fatal. Fatal -- because the Prince was a sufferer of hemophilia, the bleeding malady.

Let's cut back to that Saar Valley election so much in the news several months ago. It was supervised by Geoffrey Knox, who governed the Saar in the name of the League of Nations. The King must have liked his work because he knighted him Sir Geoffrey. That indication of approval is amplified today with the announcement that Sir Geoffrey has been appointed British Minister to Budapest. ^π With both Austria and Hungary talking Hapsburg restoration, which has all sorts of international complications, the Budapest post is an important one. Sir Geoffrey is a renowned gourmet, who in the Saar had fresh food sent to him by plane from Paris every day. Budapest is a good deal further from the capital of gastronomy, so maybe Sir Geoffrey may have to get along on goulash.

GERMANY

And now the glee club will arise and sing:-
"Old Heidelberg," -- with a verse:- "You'd Better Not Talk
While Hitler's Talking;" and a chorus:- "When Hitler eats
asparagus, dun't esk."

The Sangerbund having finished the collegiate
song exercises, we'll go ahead with the story of how the
Saxo-Borussian student corps of Heidelberg marched into a
restaurant for sausage and beer. The loud speaker was turned on
and Reichsfeuhrer Hitler was doing the talking. Instead of going
shush, shush and tip-toeing in, the Saxo-Borussian student
corps tramped in noisily and shouted:- "Sausage, sausage, beer,
beer!" They got a swift reprimand for making noises while Hitler
was talking.

That was bad enough but the Saxo-Borussian
student corps went on to make it worse. They staged an
academic critical discussion, not about the Hitler method
of government, but the Hitler method of eating asparagus.
Just a few remarks about the way he handles the elongated
vegetable at the dinner table. If you know the etiquette

about eating asparagus you are familiar with the fact that there's a right way and a wrong way. Anybody conversant with proper asparagus table manners will be able to tell just how the Reichsfuehrer went wrong, anybody but me. Anyhow because of these radio and asparagus episodes the entire Saxo-Borussian student corps has been suspended for four whole terms by Government order.

Here's a dispatch that looks stale at first glance. The date contains the month of July and the figure "4", which might make it seem to be some more about the Fourth of July, ^{some more about the} ~~fact~~ fact that there weren't so many accidents, ^{as usual} yesterday, ~~as usual~~, fewer unpatriotic fire-crackers that injured celebrating patriots. ^{But that's not it.} There's a one in front of the ~~four~~ four, which makes it a national holiday just the same. July Fourteenth -- the Fall of the Bastille. There maybe some deep significance in the difference between four and fourteen, a difference between the events that are commemorated. ^{In the long ago} Americans signed a legal document, while the Frenchment tore down the jail.

Anyway, the Fourteenth of July is just as glorious in France as the Fourth is here, and a lot more troublesome. The French don't go in for fireworks so much, but if they did they'd be throwing cannon-crackers and shooting sky-rockets at each other. But, this year they're going to try to make it a safe and sane Fourteenth of July, with as few fights, shootings, riots, and mob outbreaks as possible. The memory of the Stavisky riots two years ago are still fresh. They were fresh last Fourteenth of July, when there was quite a bit of commotion

along the boulevards. But today Premier Laval announces a bit of imposing strategy that sounds worthy of Napoleon. It also sounds like Mulrooney; ~~I don't mean that Mulrooney is a Corsican, as Napoleon was. I ~~am~~ merely want to refer back to~~ Police-Commissioner Mulrooney's way of avoiding battles in New York.

Marching Communists and marching Socialists used to meet and clash and batter each other, because they couldn't agree upon the hair-line refinements of saving the world according to the gospel of Marx. Commissioner Mulrooney didn't forbid them to parade. But he laid out lines of march for the ^W_A so that the rival parades wouldn't meet. Never meeting, they couldn't fight.

The Laval idea is an elaboration of that strategy. The Premier announces that on Sunday after next, July Fourteenth, every available gendarme, soldier and Guard Republicaine will be stationed to form one long line, cutting Paris in two. Paris will be divided into two cities, east and west. The west section will be turned over to the Right Wing factions, the Nationalists, Royalists, and Fascists. There they can parade and dance, sing and shout, cheer for the king and yell for a dictator. The

east side of the city will be given over to the Reds, so they can spout socialist philosophy until their lungs give out, wave red flags, yodel the Internationale and shout for the Soviets.

So Right and Left will make as much noise as they please. **But**, with the military picket line between them, they won't be able to get together and exchange rights and lefts. Paris will be --- east is east and west is west, red is red and white is white, and never the twain shall meet on Bastille Day.

BANDITS

Japan is still ~~passing~~^{pressing} against China. ~~Kellogg~~
~~Treaty or no Kellogg Treaty.~~ The Mikado's generals are still making their complaints about the raids of Chinese bandits and pirates. It's the same old story of lawless disturbances in the former Flowery Kingdom.

Recently there have been conferences by Chinese civilian leaders and army authorities with American and British officials stationed in China. ~~They have been trying to find ways to prevent further incidents like the tragedy of Mr. and Mrs. Stam.~~ They have been gathering information, questioning natives and white men who have been in contact with Chinese bandits and pirates, asking their opinion and listening to their stories.

This has focussed attention on one white man on the China Coast who probably knows more about native bandits and pirates than the Chinese officials themselves. He's a Swedish sea captain who for twenty years has been operating coastwise vessels from Vladivostok to Canton. They call him China Nyberg.

China Nyberg tells one reason why it is so difficult to catch bandit leaders. No member of an outlaw company will ever tell the name of his commander to anyone. They are sworn

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to absolute secrecy, and never mention the bandit captains name, not even in casual gossip. And then there's the almost incredible courage of fatalism which the bandits frequently display. China Nyberg explains that they're not afraid of death, because in a religious sense they believe themselves to be already dead. Every Chinaman who turns bandit or pirate, declares China Nyberg, first of all addresses his own God and says:-

"I shall do no wrong, because from now on I am dead, my soul is dead."

They carry fatalism to a weird extreme. They are fantastic in their belief that everything that happens is predestined by supernatural powers. China Nyberg tells how once a gang of river pirates captured his ship. There was no particular disturbance, save that one pirate saw three men in the cabin. Coolly and wantonly he opened fire on them with his rifle, and killed one. China Nyberg remonstrated with the pirate and asked why he did it. The pirate answered:- "It was not I who did it. I wasn't aiming at the man who was killed. That man's God was angry with him. That's why the bullet struck him."

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And that's an example of the ~~most~~ mad ideas and the mental state which sometimes makes Oriental affairs so difficult to handle.

TENNIS

Pride stalked in the British Parliament today - not because of empire but because of tennis. One dignified M. P. held his head high, not because of any ringing speech he made but because of the way his son forehanded and backhanded his way to the title at the Wimbledon net. Meaning - that Fred Perry is a son of a member of the House of Commons. Also, that Fred Perry won an easy game from Baron Gottfried Von Cramm of Germany:- Six - two, six - four, six - four, that tells the story.

It was a blazing hot day in England, a wilting day on the courts - but Fred Perry trains like a prize fighter for every important match. That's how in 1931, when he was twenty he jumped into fame by defeating Sidney Wood in the Davis Cup Matches. And that's how he won the Men's All England title.

With England beating Germany today for the king's crown, America will beat America tomorrow for the queen's crown - when the two Helens, Moody formerly Willis, and Jacobs still Jacobs, will bat it out with slashing rackets.

LABOR

Among the several meanings to be seen in the signing of the Presidential signature today is one that can be described by a number and a letter -- 7A. Referring -- to that much disputed labor clause in the old N. R. A. When the Blue Eagle lost its claws and also its clauses, 7A went into the ashcan with the rest. But now its main provision goes back in force in the shape of the Wagner Labor Bill. ¶ This provides, just as 7A did, that the workers of the nation shall have the right of collective bargaining. Also -- that a majority of any group of workers shall decide what organization is to represent them. The union that has the okay of the majority will represent the whole group, minority included. That's one aspect of the matter as President Roosevelt took pen in hand at the White House today and signed the Wagner Bill. ¶ Another phase is -- the creation of a National Labor Relations Board to stand between employer and employees -- an arbitrating, ~~board~~ peace-making arm of the government in labor affairs. The board will have three members, these to be appointed by the President, and

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to be approved by the Senate. Union leaders have been saying that this National Labor Board would really constitute a supreme court for labor.

That phraseology has a large sound, but it may very well be that a transformation of labor affairs is in the making, a new and significant function of the government in the ~~relations~~ ^{relations} of those that give wages and those that get wages. Of course, a mention of a supreme court of labor inspires a quick repetition of the ^{el} words "supreme court." ^{That is,} ~~what~~ will the nine highest justices have to say? They've been jumping on some things so hard that if the government decides to light a cigarette or have a shave, we are tempted to wonder how the Supreme Court will like it. The only comment to make at this time, in this place, on this subject, and in this hot weather, is that the Administration lawyers say ^{oke---} ~~not~~ elm, oke. They don't believe that the new labor law will get into any trouble with the nine guardians of the Constitution.

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The Wagner Bill was shoved through Congress with powerful shoulders behind it, the brawny shoulders of the American Federation of Labor, and the pushing vigor of the

Roosevelt Administration. So there's an edge of political meaning -- that the New Deal will go into next year's Presidential campaign flying a banner of friendliness to labor.

WRECK

In North Dakota the sky opened and torrents of water flooded and splashed out of the black rain clouds. Riverlets turned into creeks, creeks into surging rivers. The land drenched - the usual water scene of a cloudburst.

And something not so usual - railroad tracks washed out and a fast express train rushing down the line. The Empire Builder, one of the crack trains on the Great Northern. What's the ending? Happy? Yes, as endings go. Was a wreck averted? Not at all. The Empire Builder, pride of the Great Northern came rushing and roaring, hit the wash-out and ran off the tracks, plunging, crashing, smashing! The happy ending is this - that nobody was killed. Some twenty injured but no fatalities. Almost a miracle.

RAILROAD STATION

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Somebody swiped the railroad station at Fotovitsa, Bulgaria. The villagers of Fotovitsa recently decided that their town was important enough to have a railroad station. So they built one of wood, with the sign-- "Fotovitsa". Then they got ready to inaugurate it with a festival. Early in the morning the procession started to dedicate the station. When they got there they couldn't find it. It was gone. An alarm was sent far and wide -- who swiped the Fotovitsa railroad station? They^X they found out. Neighbouring villagers, jealous of Fotovitsa's new railway glory, had swiped the station at night, carted it away and set it up in their own town, changing the name from Fotovitsa to some other kind of Vitsa.

WIVES

This is a story of Ivan the Terrible -- or, the Timid Bridegroom. Over in the kingdom of Yugoslavia, a young woman confided to a girl cousin that she was going to be married. But, her bridegroom was so shy and timid that he wanted to keep it a secret. The girl cousin was curious. She watched and got a glimpse of the wedding party after the ceremony, and recognized the bridegroom, as her own husband. He had married her in that same secret way -- he was so shy and timid.

And that was only a small beginning. A total of fifty^f_x women came forward and claimed that same multiple husband as their own. He had been the bashful bridegroom of all of them.

And thus comes to light the story of the most married man in the world. A traveling salesman? Sure? A Serbian traveling salesman named Ivan Torlesco. They call him Ivan the Terrible, breaker of womens' hearts. They also call him the flying Don Juan, because he travelled from Wife to wife by plane. He supported all fifty of them, though it was expensive. He had a time table worked out according to which he spent a week a year

with each of them, explaining to each that his duties as a traveling salesman kept him away so much of the time.

He's in jail now, and begs to stay there. He wants to be sent to prison rather than face those fifty wives. But the authorities in Belgrade say that the severest punishment would be to turn him loose, turn him over to his wives. And this they are likely to do. It should be worth seeing. Ivan the Terrible, or the Timid Bridegroom, confronting his fifty wives, and trying to say to them,

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.