## L.T. - SUNOCO - TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1934

## AIRPLANE DISASTER

The investigation of that airplane disaster in the Catskills brings some strange facts to light. The revelations might provide the makings for the most extravangant sort of mystery romance. There was a rumor the big passengers transport had exploded in the air. This was based on the fact that crystals of picric acid, a powerful explosive, were found among the belongings of one of the passengers, a chemical engineer. That is followed by the statement that in this passenger's belongings, among the burned wreckage naval documents have also been found they related to formulaes for a new explosive which is the particular property of the Navy. This is known to Uncle Sam's experts as explosive D.

Although this opens the door to all sorts of speculation the investigators are agreed that there was no explosion in the air. The plane crashed into the mountain, the mountain called "The Last Chance".

## EARTHQUAKE

That earthquake down in Argentina is not as bad as the one that caused so much havor in India, But at the same time it was plenty serious, because an entire town was destroyed, a town of six thousand people. Ninety-five per cent of the houses were utterly wrecked.

It was not merely one earthquake that Argentina had, it was a hundred of them. A hundred shocks since Sunday night. The quakes were felt in three provinces, even on the outskirts of Buenos Aires itself. The governor of one province had to apply to the President for federal help. The Argentinians were fortunate in one thing; that no lives were lost.

Let's talk of one of the most talked-of events on schedule now -- the meeting of Hitler and Mussolini. Of all the ix diplomatic meetings of recentyears, that one is arousing the most curious interest. Think what you like about Fascism and Dictators, these two Fascist dictators are the world's most vivid and striking personalities today, loved, hated, applauded, condemned.

the place where Mussolini and Hitler are to meet at the Villa Pisani, not far from the lagoons and canals of Venice, and on the road to ancient Padua. The name Pisani made me wonder -- it's so famous in the history of Venice, queen of the sea. I made inquiries and it would seem that the Villa Pisani is indeed the historic seatof that old family of Venetian admirals.

It calls to mind one of the singular episodes

siege
of history, the long and arduous \*\*xxxxx\*\* of Venice by the

Genoese, in the old days when Venice and Genoa disputed the

supremacy of the seas. The besieged Venetians were in the depths

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of woe. So they went to a dungeon and made a plea to a prisoner. The prisoner was Vettor Pisani, their former Admiral whom they had cast into chains. They begged him to come to their rescue. He did. He took command of their fleet, and won a victory over the blockading war galleys of the Genoese.

But that sort of thing was rather a commonplace with the great Admiral. Twice in his life he was taken out of his dungeon, put in command of the fleet, and each time he won a victory at sea.

the two Dictators meet in the villa of the family of those

Venetian Admirals. And shades of anoter glory will hover too -
Napoleon, who occupied that same villa as his headquarters during one of those flaming Italian campaigns of his.

What will Il Duce have to say to his German disciple?
Will he try to curb and calm down the wild vagaries of the Hitler regime? Mussolini is known to be exceedingly level headed and he is likely to talk sense to the mystical, erratic Hitler. One

thing is certain -- pains are being taken to reassure other nations, France in particular. It is being made clear that the meeting will result in no Italian-German line-up directed against France.

Meanwhile there is a meeting in Paris that is exceedingly significant to the Hitler-Mussolini confab. The Prime Minister of Yugoslavia is conferring with the heads of the French government, and this is the preliminary to a series of visits which the French Foreign Minister will make to the Foreign Ministers of the Little Entente. While Hitler and Mussolini are taking things over mid memories of Venetian Admirals of Napoleon, France is tightening her alliances.

has every day a more ominous sound. The other day we had the French looking for the collapse of Germany's financial structure; yesterday London's prediction that Berlin would go off the gold standard. Today Amsterdam, the financial capital of Holland, is betting that the mark will be devalued. Many of the operations on the Amsterdam Exchange are obviously based on this belief.

Then, again, I was interested by the observations of

Colonel Frank Knox, publisher of the Chicago Daily News. Colonel Knox har

had been touring Europe; and he draws a gloomy picture of affairs in

Germany. The boycott, he says, has done a great deal of harm. The

scale of living is going down; foodstuffs again are being made of

substitutes, as during the world war.

Colonel Knox prophecied that if Hitler's government fails, Germany's next government will be a military dictatorship.

One symptom of the trend of things in the Frinzian was an attack made by young Nazis on Chancellor Hitler's Labor Minister. This Cabinet Minister was insulted by a detachment of the organization known as the Hitler Youth. In the excitement, one of these young Nazis drew

a revolver and fired. It is not certain whether he fired at the Labor Minister.

# This is interpreted as a symptom of a rift in the Nazi
ranks. Hither's younger followers, the radicals, are impatient with
the slightly more conservative tendencies of their elders. The
Hitlerite Party seems to be slowly separately itself into radicals
and reactionaries.

Meanwhile, the Nazi question was the cause of a bit of fun in the House of Representatives in Washington. It was over that committee which is investigating Nazi propaganda. It turns out that the committee, has spent all its dough and wants more. It asked the House for forty thousand dollars. But the House decided that twenty thousand was enough for the committeemen to spend on finding the Nazi aposts in Uncle Sam's wordfile.

The disappearance of that Japanese consular officer in Nanking is becoming a major episode. Immediately after the squadron of Nipponese warships appeared in the river of the Chinese capital, Tokyo followed it up with an ultimatum. The Chinese government is given forty-eight hours in which to produce the person of the missing Japanese diplomat, unharmed. Otherwise, the warships will land marines.

Historians are recalling that the seizure of Manchuria began in the same way. A Japanese officers was killed at Mukden. Troops were landed. That incident grew into the conquest of Manchuria and the founding of the state of Manchukuo. So the present episode at Nanking, with warships menacing the Chinese capital and now a threat of landing marines, looks singularly ominous.

The handsome professor came off handsomely. Rex
Tugwell, the handsome Braintruster, won a victory in his
appearance before that noisy Senate investigation committee.
The crisis and turning point of the investigational battle
came in a powerful bit of dialogue, worthy of Shakespeare,
...
Eugene O'Neil, or Sophocles -- maybe. Just picture the handsome professor, in the full flower of his good looks up there
testifying. Senator Murphy of Ohio, who, I suppose is also
handsome, was asking him delicate and intimate questions, not
concerning his emotional life, but concerning his farm life.

The complaint about the handsome professor, as an Under-Secretary of Agriculture, was, that he was just a hand-some professor and not a homely farmer. That's why the dialogue was so dramatic.

"Did you ever follow a plow?" demanded Senator Murphy relentlessly.

"Yes sir," responded the handsome professor.

"Did you," the Senator hammered away with an inexorable determination, "did you ever have mud on your boots?"

"Yes sir," cried the handsome professor, in a choking voice.

The Senator's voice sank to a tragic whisper:- "Do you know how hard it is to get a dollar out of the soil?"

"Yes sir," sobbed the hand some professor.

It was a great scene, worthy of Edwin Booth, Salvini, or the sublime Sarah Bernhardt -- and the handsome professor qualified as a dirt farmer at the plow with mud on his overalls.

There seem to be a lot of "hand somes" in that yarn, but why not? A Washington newspaper held a beauty contest of government officials, a poll among movie audiences and shop girls, and Rex Tugwell won the beauty prize. He is tall, has iron grey hair, and looks like a poet. That's what makes him -- the hand some professor -- or rather the hand some farmer.

It is an ominous sign in the steel industry that both sides are openly getting ready for a fight. Grocery stores in the neighborhood of the steel plants report that the wives of the union men are stocking up with supplies. On the other hand, the plants have increased their private police forces and installed flood lights on the roofs.

The indications now are that unless President Roosevelt can effect a settlement, the unions will vote a walkout on Thursday.

That is the program, although in the Pittsburgh district the rank and file of the men would really prefer a compromise rather than plunging into what is sure to be a disastrous fight for all

## DECISION FOLLOW STRIKE

And the United States Circuit Court of Appeals handed down a decision today which is of great importance to both employers and men - important in every industry. The decision concerns the law against injunctions in labor disputes, the law sponsored by Senator Norris and former Congressmen, now Mayor, LaGuardia. It prevents the Federal courts issue injunctions except where either xixi side is able to prove violations or fraud.

The law had been attacked on the ground that it was unconstitutional. But the decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals says: "The law is constitutional."

Mr. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, has been making a survey of the regions stricken by the drought. The Agricultural Adjustment Administration has been obliged to add thirty-seven new counties in six different states to the list of those afflicted by the long dry spell.

As for Mr. Hopkins, the Federal Relief Administrator, in he is beginning to work on plans to move five thousand families from South Dakota, where these dry spells are frequent, to more fertile parts of the country. Five thousand families! That's quite an exodus warthy of the Bible.

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A curious incident is reported from FortWilliam,

The train service along the line of the Canadian National Railway to Fort William from Winnepeg was held up for two hours.

When they came to investigate, they discovered that the cause of the delay was an army of caterpillars, millions of them! They swarmed over the rails and made it impossible for the wheels of the train to get a grip on the rails.

I wonder whether any tall story teller can make that into a real who pres?
Nobody has sent me a good tall story for a long while.

Well, the College of Surgeons soon found out what the physicians think of scheme for national health insurance.

The physicians reply with a loud and vociferous "No!"

It so happens that while the College of Surgeons were meeting in Shicage, the American Medical Association is holding a convention in Cleveland. And are the physicians sore! In fact, one of them introduced a resolution condemning the surgeons.

"Group medicine" has already been practiced in many parts of the country and in many forms. But it will be a long, long time before the main body of the medical profession agrees to anything like the national health EXEMBER clinic proposed by the surgeons.

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The seems to be news - a crook is crooked.

or, maybe it's news because somebody was surprised

to find that crooks are crooked. - and a prison guard

at that - not erooked, surprised. At the Illinois

State penitentiary one of the guards asked the warden if he might resign.

what's the matter?" asked the warden. "Don't you like the job?" And the keeper replied:- "warden, they're nothing but a bunch of crooks around here. In the last month I have lost a gold watch and eighteen dollars, on one day; and fourteen another day. I am not going to go on working with a lot of disherest man." Well, I wonder who let those pickpockets into the Illinois State Penitentiary?

And who's letting them stay there? The parole board must be laying down on the job!

Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, President of Vassar, in has broken one of the rules of the college presidents union. I mean the rule that commencement addresses should be dull and monotonous. Dr. MacCracken sent the graduating young ladies of Vassar on their way into the world with a really hot idea. Said he:-

"My idea of a perfect world is one in which all the
work should be done by people between the ages of forty-five
and sixty." Then the doctor went on to paint a beautiful
rainbow:- "The first forty-five years of your life," he explained,
"should be passed in education, travel and a creative life. Then,
after you get tired of playing, work will be welcome."

There is something attractive about the doctor's irridescent rainbow. The trouble is that if the system of no work until forty-five goes into effect, it won't happen until I'm about forty-five years old myself, so I'll have to go tax to work all over again.

Dr. MacCracken had another idea not so rainbowish.

He says:-

"War should not be fought by the young. Only
people over forty-five years old should go to war. They
haven't so much longer to live anyway. And furthermore,
they're the ones who make wars." And that would let me in
for trouble also -- for a war.

I guess I'd better be careful to not split an infinitive, or I might cause a few Princetonian professors to indignantly frown at me. They're clamping on the rules of correct English down at old Nassau. They're going to carefully see to it that the students talk correctly and eloquently and avoid all such solecisms as the split infinitive.

Every freshman will be given an examination in correct English before he can become a Sophomore. If he flunks the examination, he will have to then take an eight weeks' course in grammar, syntax, and the other elegancies of language. The students are already beginning to facetiously call it the illiteracy test.

People sometimes wonder why the split infinitive is incorrect. It's clumsy. Right now I am trying to clearly and vividly give an illustration of that. I have split every infinitive I've come to, in the past minute and hasn't it sounded clumsy? I'll leave it to you.

Take the word "say." The infinitive is "to say."

Split the infinitive and you might have this bit of

awkwardness:- "to correctly and grammatically say --"

The correct form, much more pleasing to the ear, would be

included in a xxx sentence like this: -

"It is now time for me to say correctly and grammatically -

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.