

In his palace at Tirana sits King Zog, Monarch of Albania. There's always plenty of trouble in the world, and there's usually trouble-plus -- in Albania. ~~There's~~ ~~rugged land of turbulent mountaineers~~ This time, there's a revolt in Southern Albania, a revolt ^{ution} against King Zog.

Right now fighting is going on between the royal army and the rebels, in the steep valleys, and among the craggy highlands.

Some people over there in the Balkans are blaming Mussolini.

They say Italian agents have been fomenting the disturbance.

That sounds odd because King Zog was put on the throne with

Italian backing. Mussolini has a large interest in that wild

Balkan land, which lies just across the ^{narrow} mouth of the Adriatic, *right*

across from the heel of the Italian boot.

Recently, however, King Zog has been making gestures of friendship toward Jugo-Slavia. Italy has a long standing rivalry with Jugo-Slavia. Hence, the rumor that the Duce's men have incited the revolt which is flaring in Albania.

So King Zog sits in his palace at Tirana. He seldom leaves the palace -- it's too dangerous. As many as eighty blood feuds have been declared against him. Albania is a

ALBANIA - 2

land of mountaineering blood feuds, as relentless as the Sicilian vendetta, as deadly as the family wars on the Afghan frontier, as ferocious as our own old time feuds in the southern mountains.

They say King Zog doesn't dare to get married, because if he marries into one of the mountain clans, all the others will be jealous and insulted, and they will declare each a feud against him. He can't marry into them all, though he is a Mohammedan. A Mohammedan can have only four legal wives. Moreover, many of the clans are Catholic, and the Pope has forbidden them to send any of their daughters to the harem of Moslem King Zog.

So, he sits in his palace with his mother and four sisters -- and a heavy guard. And, all he does is smoke cigarettes. He used to smoke a hundred and fifty a day -- to quiet his nerves. Nerves need quieting in Albania. He smoked so much it turned him yellow. His skin became as yellow as a lemon. He went to Vienna, seeking a cure for that jaundice discoloration. The doctors cut down his nicotine rations, and

ALBANIA - 3

now he smokes a mere fifty cigarettes a day.

Anyway, revolution has broken out in Southern Albania. The soldiers are fighting the rebels, and King Zog lights another cigarette.

GERMANY

After all those grim and startling doings in Germany, here's an international complication that is quite a tempest in a teapot. The Swiss minister to Berlin can't get his morning paper. There may be Storm Trooper riots and a Nazi reign of terror but if the Swiss minister doesn't get his Swiss newspaper under the bottle of ^{Swiss} milk every morning, there is going to be war - a newspaper war.

Since the recent upheaval all Swiss newspapers are banned from Germany. Not a single morning edition or evening extra is allowed across the border from Zurich, Geneva or Lucerne. So the Swiss minister is vowing by all the holes that are holy in Swiss cheese that unless he gets his Swiss headlines he will see to it that the German minister to Switzerland will not get any German special extras, not a single Abendblatt, Zeitung oder Tageblatt. And if that doesn't work he is going to ask the Swiss government to keep all German newspapers out of Switzerland.

TENNIS - 3

The British lion is doing some majestic roaring these days Britannia rules, not only the waves, but also the golf links and now the tennis courts. Sport fans all over are talking about Fred Perry's slashing victory at Wimbledon. With a flashing racquet he blasted the ball to the far corners of the court and took a red hot victory from Crawford of Australia. So England has a tennis champion for the first time since A. W. Gore won at Wimbledon twenty-five years ago.

Perry's explanation of his success is - long trousers. The only comment he makes is that a fellow can do better in long trousers on the tennis courts than he can in shorts. On the other hand our Helen Jacobs lays her success to shorts which she wears. Maybe men are more modest.

Anyway, Fred wears 'em long, Helen wears 'em short, and the judges wear 'em backwards. I don't mean their trousers but their field glasses. That was the prime novelty of the occasion at Wimbledon, when the judges put their field glasses to their eyes with the wrong side forward. The idea was to push things further away. By looking through the glasses the

TENNIS - 2

wrong way they could get the racquet, the ball, and the player's feet in the field of vision at the same time. In that way they could tell better whether a player had his feet on the line when he hit the ball.

So, with men's pants long, ladies panties short and field glasses reversed, John Bull won his first masculine tennis championship in twenty-five long years.

The money does belong to, although it's a pretty good indication of when the money does not belong to. It may belong to Carnera's manager, or to the waitress over in London who has a heart-break judgment for fifteen thousand dollars, or anyone of several other claimants. It maybe anybody's, but it's not Carnera's.

So Judge Schmuck directed the light of his towering legal mind upon the mentality and financial aptitude of box fighters.

"You fighters," proclaimed Judge Schmuck, "have no brains." "Most of you are of so low mentality, that you don't know money when you see it."

CARNERA

And now the judgement of Judge Schmuck. He was handing down a decision concerning prizefighters. Not their in-fighting, their haymakers, or their foot work -- but their brains, if any.

Judge Schmuck was hearing a case to decide who owns the eighty-eight thousand dollars that was Carners's cut in the Baer fight. From the evidence, it was hard to tell whom the money does belong to, although there's a pretty good indication of whom the money does not belong to. It may belong to Carnera's manager, or to the waitress over in London who has a heart-break judgement for fifteen thousand dollars, or anyone of several other claimants. It maybe anybody's, but it's not Carnera's.

So Judge Schmuck directed the light of his towering legal mind upon the mentality and financial aptitude of box fighters.

"You fighters," proclaimed Judge Schmuck, "have no brains." "Most of you are of so low mentality, that you don't know money when you see it."

Sure, Judge, they see money and don't know it,
but there are some of us who would know, only we never see any.

Anyway, Judge Schmuck says fighters have no brains,
and that certainly must irk the big punch comedial, Maxie Baer.
He's a smart guy. He says brains are his middle name, also
his initials, likewise, his monogram. As for Primo -- he just
shrugga his shoulders. He admits it.

"Sure Judge I no gotta da mon, -- no gotta da
brains".

STRIKE

Let's hope that we've seen the climax, and, the beginning-of-the-end of that disasterous strike on the Pacific Coast.

It certainly would seem to be a climax when violence flared to a regular pitched battle, with gun fire, hand to hand fighting, and clouds of that new terrifying gas, nauseating gas.

Two people killed, seventy injured, and tonight four thousand soldiers are patrolling the Embarcadero, the San Francisco waterfront.

The hope for an ending lies in the power of the President's Arbitration Board. If the employers and the striking longshoremen don't get together by midnight tonight, the Arbitration Board will put into effect the powers granted to it by Congress. Without either the employers or strikers participating, the Board will draw up terms for a settlement.

This will be a significant chance to see what the government machinery ^{of labor arbitration} can actually accomplish.

The strike has been going on with increasing violence for two months. On May ninth, ten thousand dock workers, walked out, demanding ^{ing} union recognition, shorter hours, and

better pay. Later they dropped the demands for hours and pay, and concentrated on the right to control the hiring of halls on the water front. These are halls where longshoremen meet, and from which they proceed in gangs to jobs on the docks.

What the men wanted was to control this mechanism of hiring workers. The employers refused to agree. They wanted to ~~the~~ select their own gangs, and ~~not~~ not allow the workers to have the selection. And so the strike went on and increased.

Fifteen thousand marine workers joined in a sympathy strike.

Already six men have been killed and millions of dollars worth of foodstuffs and other perishable goods have spoiled. It's high time for a settlement by the Arbitration Board -- or anybody.

But, this is the last drought that Imperial Valley will have to suffer. Next February Boulder Dam will be in operation, with floods of water to irrigate the parched lands, and among the first to benefit will be the Imperial Valley of California, the land of winter vegetables, one of the hottest spots on earth, down there below the level of the sea.

DROUGHT FOLLOW STRIKE

That dock strike, of course, has been a hard blow for the farmers on the West coast. They are losing hundreds of thousands of dollars, while their crops and produce lie rotting on the piers, waiting to be shipped.

But this has not yet affected the farmers in the Imperial Valley of extreme Southern California. They grow winter vegetables in that blistering hot valley. Their crops won't be ready for shipment for months yet.

Still they too have plenty to worry about -- drought. They say it's the worst drought in the history of California. Water is desperately short. The mighty Colorado River is low. So water is being rationed out for the irrigation systems. The word has gone out that no lawns shall be watered.

But, this is the last drought that Imperial Valley will have to suffer. Next February Boulder Dam will be in operation, with floods of water to irrigate the parched lands. and among the first to benefit will be the Imperial Valley of California, the land of winter vegetables, one of the hottest spots on earth, down there below the level of the sea.

FARLEY

A couple of weeks ago President Roosevelt made a ringing ~~speech~~ declaration of non-partisanship at Yale. He discussed the unimportance of party politics in the New Deal. He said ability counted in Washington now-a-days. And he couldn't tell what party half the officials belonged to -- if any. That's the Presidential philosophy of non-partisanship. But Postmaster Jim Farley's non-partisan enthusiasm seems to be ^a ~~sh~~shade different.

Secretary of the Interior, Ickes, wanted an expert to direct the Bureau of Mines. He selected Professor John Wellington Finch, Dean of the University of Idaho School of Mines. Secretary Ickes told the professor that President Roosevelt had approved of the appointment. So Professor Finch showed up yesterday to take the oath of office. Instead of taking the oath, he took the next train back to Idaho.

5
It seems that the commission appointing him to the job had been left unsigned by the President. There was a notation on the document, that read ~~something~~ like this:- "Held up temporarily on account of political objections by P. M. G."

What these "political objections" were is probably explained by the revelation that Professor Finch was a strong and outspoken supporter of Hoover in 1928.

So, it
~~say~~

would seem that the enthusiastic non-partisanship *of the*

P.M.V. goes something like this:- "I don't care what party a man belongs to, so long as he's a Democrat."

But, why complain about Postmaster Jim? His particular brand of Democratic, Anti-Republican non-partisanship has been the regular thing in American public life ever since Hector's grandfather was a pup.

three
The poll gives the President every state in the union, except Vermont and Dutchess County. They had an election in Mr. Roosevelt's native land of Dutchess, and the Republicans won hands down.

DIGEST

The Literary Digest poll on the New Deal is over.

The Digest polls have predicted presidents and prophesied about prohibition with an uncanny accuracy. And now, we'll have a chance to see how accurately the ^{big} straw vote is on the subject of the New Deal. The fall elections will give us a check on that.

The poll began with the New Deal in the lead, it continued the same way, and that's the way it ends. The final returns, with a total of a million votes, show the President and his policies, a five to ^{three} ~~one~~ favorite. The

The poll gives the President every state in the union, except Vermont ^{and, Dutchess County.} They had an election in Mr. Roosevelt's native land of Dutchess, and the Republicans won hands down.

"EMPEROR" NORTON

Here's about an emperor, His Majesty, Norton-the-First,
Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico.

No, I'm not dizzy. The emperor was!

Out in California they are planning a monument to
His Majesty, Norton-the-First. Last week with all solemnity
they gave him a second funeral, from the Masonic Cemetery, where
he had been buried for many a long year, to the Woodlawn Memorial
Park.

57

He was the most unique of monarchs. He was an English
Jew who came to California from South Africa during the gold
rush of '49. At first, Josuah Norton had no imperial dreams,
not even gold-camp-dreams-of-gold. He built his ambition on
rice. For in California-of-the-gold-camps, John Chinaman,
the celestail cook, the Far-Eastern washy-washy-man, was a
familiar friendly figure. The old wild West was full of
the "Heathen Chinees." And the "Heathen Chinees" needed rice.
So Josuah Norton schemed a monopoly of rice. He had the rice
market cornered, when, two big boat-loads of rice arrived unexpect-
edly at San Francisco from the Orient. That busted the corner on
rice. It also busted Josuah Norton -- busted him financially,

8 1/2

busted him a bit mentally. He was never quite the same in the head afterwards.

He disappeared. No more was seen of him in the California gold camps for years. When he returned he was a different man -- he was an emperor. He wore a shabby naval uniform of faded blue. A tarnished sabre in a rusty scabbard dangled at his side. He was always accompanied by two huge ferocious dogs, guardians of his throne. He announced that the California Legislature had made him Emperor of California. But, he didn't want to frighten the government at Washington. He didn't want them to think he was having California secede from the United States. He was too smart for that. He declared himself Emperor of the whole United States. He also like the Mexicans. So he declared a protectorate over Mexico.

Those were the expansive days of the old wild West, full of generosity, lawlessness, shooting and good humor. The gold-miners were amused by the Emperor-Norton-the-First. They liked him, humoured him, entertained him, paid mock homage to him. He and his two huge dogs dined free at the restaurants. Banks even

58

8 1/2

cashed his checks, which he shrewdly kept quite small. Maybe he wasn't so cookoo after all. He made visits to the California Legislature and was allowed to sit among the lawmakers in the front row. There he solemnly proclaimed his royal edicts, which were duly printed in the newspapers among other legislative transactions. One of his edicts, prophetically enough, commanded the building of a bridge which sixty-three years later was actually built and dedicated by President Hoover.

For the rest of his days His Majesty Norton-the-First, Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico, was treated with good humoured honor. Public sentiment wouldn't tolerate any disrespect toward him. And when he died his loyal subjects raised ^{ten} ~~three~~ thousand dollars and gave him an imperial funeral.

And he still lives on, a dim droll legend of a dim bygone time. And now in California they are going to build a monument to him. Splendid. Whimsical, droll.

So, long live the memory of Norton-the-First, Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico! -- and

SO, LONG UNTIL MONDAY.