

I suppose the proper salutation today should be, "Bono besero cui". *How come? Well,* that's Esperanto for, "Good Evening Everybody". Why the Esperanto all of a sudden? ~~Why?~~ Because the twenty-sixth annual congress of the enthusiasts of the universal language began at Stockholm today. And if that isn't reason enough -- ~~well,~~ maybe some of us get tired hearing English all the time, and hope somebody ~~would~~ ^{would} start talking in Sanskrit, Patagonian or Eskimo.

So why not a word or two in Esperanto, like "financo" for finance, or "omaroa" for lobster. Two aptly mated words by the way -- finance and lobster -- as for instance "financo" is no place for an "omaroa".

Anyway the Esperantists are gathered in Stockholm tonight, ~~in their~~ ^{of} full enthusiasm, if not Swedish punch. They tell how the universal language is being taken up by various peoples -- including the Arabs. Maybe some mad mullah will start reciting the Koran in Esperanto -- and that ~~would~~ ^{would} start a holy war.

But it's the universal language -- universally not

spoken. It would be impossible for everybody in the world to avoid speaking English -- or French, Chinese or Hindustani. But everybody on this globe ~~of~~ ours can refrain from talking Esperanto. That's what makes it universal.

Nobody has to say "regeco", meaning king, ^{in telling} ~~They would~~

~~say~~ that there's more likelihood than ever of a king on the throne in Austria. Also -- that the young Archduke Otto is travelling somewhere in ~~an~~ Hungarian automobile with an unidentified Hungarian friend, and the rumours are that he may soon turn up in Vienna.

But, on the other hand, this Esperanto is sometimes mighty clear and simple. Take the word "politico". You take that to mean politics, and it does. And ~~by the way,~~ here's some hot stuff about politics.

REPUBLICANS

The first Republican presidential boom for 1936 has gotten under way. It was launched at a Republican Committee meeting at Ogdensburg, New York. Representative Francis D. Culkin spoke the ringing words. Talking about 1936, he got off some sonorous campaign oratory as follows: ^{Said he:-} "As we look toward that year", he waxed eloquently, "Bertrand M. Snell, the minority leader of the House, looms as the party candidate for President. His vigor, industry, training and high ability fit him for this post more completely than any other figure on the political horizon."

~~So here we have the first presidential boom for a candidate to run against Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1936.~~ ^{Well,} Representative Snell is sixty-three, and has served in the House of Representatives for twenty years. By profession he is a banker -- also a cheese manufacturer. He restricts his cheesy operations to his Gorgonzola factory, and gives Congress some mighty efficient and well-considered activity.

This is the first of the presidential booms for 1936. It won't be the last. A year from now the booms will be booming

all over the place, and they're all likely to be Republican.

On the Democratic side, ~~you~~^{we} won't hear so much as a tiny little

"pop" with almost nobody doubting that Franklin D. Roosevelt

will be the party candidate.

But then you know the story of

Philosophy, who while gazing at the

the juxtaposition -- the

of water and irrigation pro-

jects for the future, when they need water so desperately in

the West right now, AND the President is promising to do all

at this moment -- right now.

We can get a pretty good idea of the favor

is raising by listening to a few things that are being

of the needs of the leather industry. They point out that

the market for hides is dropping and is danger of a collapse,

of the emergency possibility of hides being thrown on the

of the governmental measures of drought relief. The

administration is buying hundreds of thousands of cattle, which

DROUGHT

The President has been having one difficult point of logic to expound. He has been talking about the future -- when present troubles are so grave. Mr. Roosevelt can justly point to the short-sighted fallacy of thinking only about today, when tomorrow is sure to come. But then you know the story of Thales of Miletus, the Philosopher, who while gazing at the stars fell into a ditch.

There's a bit of irony in the juxtaposition -- the Chief Executive telling glowingly of water and irrigation projects for the future, when they need water so desperately in the West right now. And the President is promising to do all he can at this moment -- right now.

We can get a pretty good idea of the havoc that drought is raising by listening to a few things that are being said by the heads of the leather industry. They point out that the market for hides is dropping and in danger of a collapse, because of the enormous quantity of hides being thrown on the market by the governmental measures of drought relief. The administration is buying hundreds of thousands of cattle, which

DROUGHT - 2

the farmers cannot feed--the drought has destroyed the corn crop to a disastrous extent. Vast numbers of cattle are being turned over to the packing plants to be converted into canned beef, which the government will distribute as food for the unemployment relief. The arrangement is that the government gets the beef and the packing houses, in return for their services, get the by-products.

These by-products are primarily hides. Hence, the threat of a flood on the market. And that's alarming the leather and hide industry.

Meanwhile, the drought is becoming more intense. The Mid-Western farmers have been vainly hoping for a real, drenching down-pour of rain as a last-minute salvation. But there is no water, only dust. The rivers are so low that they are places for winds to blow up dust storms. And Kansas is described as "one huge heat blister".

REPEAL

Another state goes for repeal. What kind of repeal? Prohibition repeal. You say that was over a long time ago? Sure it was. But just the same here's Montana holding its convention to act on the subject of prohibition repeal, and the convention voted wet by a vote of forty-five to four.

That makes Montana the thirty-eighth state to ratify.

Sounds like ancient history all right. The answer is that when the repeal question was up the Montana Legislature ordered the ratifying convention to be held in August of 1934. Meanwhile, repeal has been put through by the other states, but now Montana has to go through with the legal formalities. It didn't make any difference either way but the law is sacred, and has to be obeyed, especially in cases where it doesn't mean anything.

By the way, how do you say repeal in Esperanto?--

Oh, well
~~not that~~ such an obsolete word ^{*doesn't*} matters.

I suppose when the world becomes a Utopia and everybody talks Esperanto, they won't have any "foruzo de malpromono". You don't know what that means? Well, leave it to an Esperanto expert like me. ^{Brooklyn cheers!} I just looked it up on a list of words I've got here. It means embezzlement. And the place is Chicago. Yes, you guessed it -- the Insull affair.

The accusation now being tried is that four thousand shares of stock were taken from the treasury of one of the Insull companies. The man accused of this embezzlement is Marshall E. Sampsell, former president of the Central Illinois Public Service Company. He is the first of the prominent Insull executives to face charges growing out of the collapse of the great Mid-Western utilities empire. This individual case, of course, is only one of a whole complicated series. Its principal interest just now is the significant bearing it has on the fate of Samuel Insull, ^{who is in that} ~~himself, now in~~ Chicago jail. The former financial lord of Chicago sits watching the trial of his subordinate, while he waits for his own trial.

There's one man on this broad earth who, I'll bet, would certainly like to hear a few words of Esperanto, or almost any other language from ^{Hatentot} ~~Latin~~ to Ionian Greek. Admiral Byrd's Antarctic retirement to ^{silence} ~~solace~~ and solitude must be a great deal more than he had bargained for.

It is only now that a rescue expedition has been able to start once more, try to beat its way to that remote ice-bound hut where ^{ing} ~~he~~ ^{the Commander} is keeping his hermit vigil. And what's more, the relief party is in difficulty, waging a doubtful battle against the Antarctic ice.

Remember how a couple of weeks ago they started out from the base at Little America and tried to reach Dick Byrd, who is suffering from a bad arm. They covered only half of the twenty -three miles -- then were beaten back by a howling Polar blizzard. They had to sit and wait for the storm to subside again, before they could try once more. Now, the raging wind and ^{ing} ~~driven~~ snow have died down. And once more they ^{are pushing} ~~are driving for~~ forward again, slowly, painfully, through the dim Antarctic dawn. They are having a hard time of it. One of their sledges, the important one carrying food, fell into a crevasse, and they had

to take a whole afternoon digging it out.

The trail to Dick Byrd's place of seclusion is lost. They had marked it with flags stuck in the ice.

But the wild blizzard blew away the flags and obliterated the trail. And the relief party is feeling its way along, reconnoitering in all directions.

Dick Byrd has had many an eventful time in all those ~~perilous~~ travels and explorations of his. But strangest of all is this present expedition -- or ekspedico, as they say in Esperanto.

Here's a word that sounds like Esperanto, "Zuchinni".

Or it might be an Italian name, [^]which it is. Anyway, Bernard Zuchinni, who is seven years old was bouncing a ball against a wall in North Bergen, New Jersey. Then he knocked the ball in a narrow space between two buildings. Bernard crawled in to get it. Having crawled in, he couldn't get out. His head and shoulders were wedged. They tried to pull him out, but that didn't work, either.

The police force had to squeeze the houses apart to get the boy free. With powerful jacks they sprung one wall a fraction of an inch, and at last he was loose. He wasn't damaged particularly.

When all the excitement was over the police suddenly observed that Bernard had brought the ball out with him. And, ~~now~~ ^{he was} ~~he was starting to~~ bounce ^{ing} it against that same wall again. The Jersey cops settled ~~was~~ ^{this} by confiscating the ball, and losing it somewhere.

FASHIONS

From puritan New England comes the word:- "We're not interested in the shorts controversy. We've yet to see any lady golf players appearing on the links in shorts. New England propriety still reigns supreme.

But in New York the debate is on. Members of the Woman's Metropolitan Golf Association are explaining why they ~~association~~ made that decision -- the decision that short pants for girls would be forbidden in official tournaments. The explanation is that there may be some reason for shorts in tennis where the lasses have to do a lot of leaping around; But, golf is something else again. You don't have to leap after a golf ball. All you do is stand in a more or less stately posture, which can be achieved adequately in skirts.

A few more or less ^{innocent} ~~amused~~ bystanders remark that the form divine is wonderful to behold, but it's not so ~~wonderful~~ ^{divine} when seen in pants. It frequently looks like something to be loaded in ^{to} a boxcar. But, as we've all been saying, there's no accounting for fashions -- or fasono as we say in Esperanto. But wait till we get the latest fasono

FASHIONS

56

from Paris. The ^{newest} ~~latest~~ Parisian ^{fashion} ~~invention~~ is a glass evening gown. It's made of real glass with a glistening surface.

Suppose a girl in a glass dress forgot to pull the shades down. She would have to run so fast she might fall down and cut herself. In other words, ladies in glass dresses should go calling in the dark.

Students of ancient history will be interested to know that the Algerian town where the Anti-Jewish riots have been going on, is really the famous city of Cirta, ~~so famous~~ ^{renowned} in Roman history. It was the royal capitol of the Numidian kings.

Remember how one of those North African tribal chieftans helped Scipio defeat Hannibal, and the Romans made him a great monarch? Well, ancient Cirta was destroyed and then was rebuilt by Constantine-the-Great, after whom it was then renamed. And today it is known as Constantine.

Now for the immediate causes that have led to that savage antiJewish rioting. They say that a drunken Jewish soldier, walked into an Arab mosque and interrupted the Mohammedan prayers. He called out and shouted some remarks that enraged the Moslems. And the next thing you know, the Mohammedan mob was raging toward the Jewish quarter, and soon ~~the~~ ^{that} Jewish section was in flames, with both sides fighting with knives and clubs.

Wiser heads tried to make peace and they called a conference, but that peace conference had scarcely gotten together

when they started a riot among themselves and the battle was on again.

The French have sent troops, including a battalion of black Senegalese. These have put down the disturbances, but the situation is still hot and threatening, with the dangerous possibility of the anti-Jewish trouble spreading to the other towns of the surrounding region.

On an ankre of the cruiser they found a geometrical figure -- the swastika, the symbol of Hitlerism. What was the big idea? The English going to Senegal? The smart got around. And now it develops that the swastika, in addition to being Hitler's emblem, is also the trade-mark of a firm of British shipbuilders. They adopted it twenty years ago, before anybody ever heard of Hitler, because the swastika is an ancient symbol of "well-being". That's why the Hitler sign was stamped on that British-made ankre.

There has been some discussion of whether the ship building trademark should be changed, but the British newspapers are arguing against any such proposal. They point out that the

ANCHORS

swastika Yes, this Esperanto does sound easy. Here's the word "ankro" -- anchor, of course, what they use to keep ships from going places.

We have the story of how an ankro started a bit of excitement over in Europe. It looked like a scandal in the British Navy. His Majesty's Ship "Orion" paid a visit to the Lithuanian port of Memel, and there some local German agitators made a great discovery. On an ankro of the cruiser they found engraved a significant geometrical figure -- the swastika, the symbol of Hitlerism. What was the big idea? Was England going Nazi. The rumor got around. And now it develops that the swastika, in addition to being Hitler's emblem, is also the trade-mark of a firm of British shipbuilders. They adopted it twenty years ago, before anybody ever heard of Hitler, because the swastika is an ancient symbol of "well-being". That's why the Hitler sign was stamped on that British-made ankro.

There has been some discussion of whether the ship building trademark should be changed, but the British newspapers are arguing against any such proposal. They point out that the

swastika has the most ancient and honorable origin. It was used by the pottery makers of Mesopotamia. It is found in the relics of ancient Troy.

It is an old old variation on that universal symbol -- the cross.

Belmonte, the greatest torero of them all, was fighting in the Madrid ring. He came to desperately close grips with the bull and stabbed his sword between the shoulder blades, just as the maddest animal made a whirling lunge with its horns. In the wild moment of its sweeping tocs, the bull hurled the sword free and sent it flying into the grandstand. It hit a man in the tenth row. The blade struck him, with the driving point squarely in the chest. The man was mortally hurt. He staggered to his feet, drew out the sword, and in a brave gesture tried to throw it back to Belmonte. But the sword fell short and landed across the knees of a newspaper reporter sitting in a ring-side seat; the blade setting the reporter's legs to the bone.

Another episode of fantastic death in the bullring.

BULLFIGHT

There seems to be a rich crop of bullfighting stories these days. We had one last night, and I surely wouldn't inflict another one of you again tonight not ~~xx~~ even in Espernato -- if this one wasn't so extraordinary.

Belmote, the greatest toreador of them all, was fighting in the Madrid ring. He came to desperately close grips with the bull and stabbed his sword between the shoulder blades, just as the maddened animal made a whirling lunge with its horns. In the wild momentum of its sweeping toss, the bull hurled the sword free and sent it flying into the grandstand. It hit a man in the tenth row. The blade struck him, with the driving point squarely in the chest. The man was mortally hurt. He staggered to his feet, drew out the sword, and in a brave gesture tried to throw it back to Belmonte. But the sword fell short and landed across the knees of a newspaper reporter sitting in a ringside seat; the blade cutting the reporter's legs to the bone.

Another episode of fantastic death in the bullring.

And now the word is "gisrevido". It takes
four words to say that in English, and the four words are:-

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW