

L. T. - Success - Monday July 30, 1934

How goes it everybody? How goes the world?
Here's some good news! —

Tomorrow morning at eight, they'll write the word "finish" on the San Francisco longshoremen strike. The men will return to work. They're doing this according to the decision of the President's Mediation Board. That original dispute about hiring halls, which caused all the trouble, still remains unsettled. But it will be decided, not by industrial warfare, but by further arbitration. For the immediate present the hiring halls will remain in the control of the employers, until the Mediation Board works out a decision, which both sides have agreed to accept.

Looking back, several reasons are apparent why the general strike failed to win. Firstly, the concerted cry of the Coast newspapers that radicals and Communists were leading the walkout. Secondly, the American Federation of Labor disowned the strike and denounced it. And thirdly, there was General Johnson's speech calling it bloody insurrection, which indicated the attitude of the Administration in Washington.

BRAIN TRUST

There's an intimate connection between your brain and your head. So if a Brain Trust has wonderful brains, it ought also to have wonderful heads. That's what a certain sculptor thinks, a sculptor who is going to make a bust of the Brain Trust -- I mean going to make Δ marble busts of twelve of the leading New Dealers, twelve heads of the heads of the Brain Trust -- sounds like a heady story.

The sculptor is Reuben Nakian, and he tells us how those crammed crania look to a sculptor.

Of course, among the twelve who will be immortalized in marble, General N. R. A. Johnson's is one.

"His head was the answer to my prayer," rhapsodizes the sculptor. "Such rugged power, such splendid furrows."

Yep, the General's face has as many furrows as a plowed field.

Sculptor Nakian declares that Secretary of State Cordell Hull suggests a monk of the Middle Ages, although I don't know how they'll take that monastic praise down in Dayton, Tennessee. Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, he describes as:-
"A man of the soil," which always goes well in the Secretary's

beloved corn-belt. He describes Donald Richberg as:- "An Oriental philosopher."

He doesn't give us any scintillating epithet in description of President Roosevelt, who will naturally have a place among the sculptured New Dealers.

As one who dwells in the same county as the Chief Executive I'll make the suggestion that Sculptor Nakian ^{should} extol the President as the "Sage of Dutchess County." We consider that a more exalted tribute than Roman emperor, or Oriental philosopher.

STRATOSPHERE

Now about the great stratosphere flight -- I mean the next one. Those of us who listened to that breath-taking broadcast and have been reading in the newspapers about that whole desperate flirtation with death, will be inclined to think that right now the boys ought to be collecting their wits, soothing their nerves, getting their equanimity straightened out. But not at all. Major William Kepner, Captain Albert Stevens and Captain Orville Anderson have already announced their plans for another stratosphere flight.

They are going to try for the record again as soon as possible -- probably May or June next year.

I'll bet there's not one of us who hasn't had a tingling sensation when he stopped to think of that one magnificent angle of the week-end stratosphere adventure. Remember how they were twelve miles high. The big gas-bag was torn and tearing some more, ripped, ripping into shreds, going to pieces in the air. The three balloonists had plenty of time to bail out for their parachute jump on the long way earthward. But they

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didn't. They wanted to save their instruments and recordings which had registered ^{scientific} ~~spectrographic~~ data concerning that mysterious stratosphere. So they stuck to their gondola to the last minute, until the whole balloon had disintegrated into bits, and the gondola was falling like a plummet. Then they had to bail out.

Major Kepner, who was in command, was last to go, and took his jump only five hundred feet from the ground. It's a wonder there was time for his parachute to open. But they landed all right, in Rube Jones' Nebraska cornfield. And then they found out that the instruments and recordings, for which they had taken such a desperate risk, were smashed in the fall -- all except the spectograph. Well anyway they saved the spectograph -- and their lives.

And they are getting ready to go again.

FLYING

Aviation in this country is becoming more conservative more careful. I hear this on all sides. This is one of the good results that has come from all the recent aviation hullabaloo.

Over the week-end I went South to North Carolina, to Asheville, Lake Junaluska, the Blue Ridge Mountains and the Great Smokies. And then I wanted to fly from there to western Pennsylvania where my K.D.K.A. colleagues had arranged for me to play some part in Leo Altmayer's Good Samaritan Day Celebration. Pilot Harvey Amos, started off with me from Charlotte, North Carolina. Half an hour later to the North and West the sky piled up with heavy black clouds. We flew under them, over them and through them, in and out of rain storms and over ranges of mountains. Then we slid down a great cloud canyon, went roaring between two ranges of mountains and landed on the narrow flying field at Bluefields, West Virginia. To the North the neavens were so black that Brother Amos said we might as well call it a day. So I didn't get to western Pennsylvania.

Harvey Amos, of Bluefields has been a careful flyer for some time now. And no wonder. One day he came down through a driving rain, and failed to see some high tension wires. He hit them. They were carrying eighty eight thousand volts. In the twinkling of an eye one wing was burned off, the plane flipped upside down, and landed in a river with Amos in the cockpit, unconscious. Some people happened to see the accident and pulled him out. He was unconscious for six hours.

Now he's a careful pilot with courage enough to park you somewhere if the weather gets too tough.

DILLINGER

The Dillingers are on the stage, four members of the family made famous by the former Public Enemy Number One. Headed by the father of the killer they have made their appearance in vaudeville. And the report of the first performance tells how the audience at Indianapolis listened in dead silence.

The gist of the entertainment was that the family is certain that the body they buried last Wednesday was really that of John Dillinger.

In this the vaudeville wiseacres were trying to capitalize upon any doubt of whether the man that was killed was really Dillinger. I suppose there's some tendency not to believe it. From the beginning of history mankind has shown a strange disposition to doubt the death of famous or notorious characters. And there are endless stories of impostors and pretenders who have arisen in consequence.

But anyway there were no curtain calls, no encores when Dillinger's father finished his vaudeville act.

AUSTRIA

This cabinet shake-up in Austria seems to have been a ticklish sort of a business. The Heimwehr, the military force of Fascism of the Italian brand, played the chief part in crushing the Nazi rebellion. And they demanded that their leader, Prince Von Starhemberg should remain on as Chancellor and ruler of the state. But President Miklas thought otherwise. Ordinarily the Austrian president is pretty much of a figure-head, but with things in such a state of chaos, he has been exerting considerable authority. He didn't want the present government to be one hundred percent Fascist, with the Heimwehr controlling everything. He insisted that other elements of the population should be included in the government. And on top of it all we again hear the name of Mussolini. It is reported that President Miklas was acting on the advice of the Duce's envoys in Vienna.

Anyway he declared that the Chancellor's job must go to Dr. Schuschnigg, who is a dominant leader in still another semimilitary organization -- the Catholic Storm Troops.

The dispute was so sharp that the proceedings of selecting the new cabinet were held in a room with a strong

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guard of police. It was feared that the Heimwehr might become obstreperous. They say that in the crisis, the Prince himself, turned out to be moderate -- wise in conciliation. He's a close friend of Dr. Schuschnigg, and settled the matter by declaring for the doctor as the head of the new government, with himself in second place. That, of course, satisfied everybody, including the Heimwehr.

Curiously enough, I can't seem to find any record of the new Austrian Chancellor's exact age. From his pictures though, he would seem to be in the neighborhood of forty. He looks stalwart and vigorous. He's a veteran of politics, a leader of the Catholic party, and was an intimate friend of the murdered Dolfuss. All along he has been a bitter enemy of the Nazis. Yet, in a recent speech, he declared himself this way:

"Austria is our fatherland", he said, "but our folk are German folk, and the mission of an educated Austrian is to be first, a good German."

Some may see a contradiction in this, but the Doctor's idea would seem to be that there is a Germany broader and of larger scope than Hitler's realm.

Most significant of all is the loud fact that the new Chancellor Schuschnigg is a monarchist, and so outspoken in his dynastic belief, that he is listed as a monarchist in the international "Who's Who". That re-enforces the opinion in many quarters that Austria is on its way to having a king again -- with more and more attention drawn to the young heir of the Hapsburgs, the young Archduke Otto, who is studying medicine in Belgium. It's even reported that his cause is being regarded favorably by Italy, France and Austria's small neighbors, who are allied with France.

It isn't hard to see the strategy of statecraft in all this. Austria has always been drawn toward Germany. And that has alarmed the rest of Europe. The Hapsburgs used to rule both Austria and Hungary, and the Archduke Otto is a claimant to both the Austrian and Hungarian crowns. If he became the crowned monarch at Vienna, it would tend to make the Austrians look eastward to Hungary, instead of northward to Germany.

Meanwhile of course, we see the Italian army still massed on the Austrian frontier, and next door the army of

Yugoslavia too -- although the Nazi rebellion is over. In Berlin, Hitler's men are worried because the Austrians have still failed to put their O.K. on Colonel Von Papen as peace-making German ambassador to Vienna. The Austrians don't seem inclined to be friendly with Nazi Germany. They are in vengeful mood and it promises to go hard with the Nazi terrorist on trial for the killing of Chancellor Dolfuss. Moreover, there are rumours that Mussolini, continuing to play a strong hand, will demand of Hitler that the German Nazi Storm Troopers shall be abolished altogether -- on the grounds that they are a menace to the peace of Europe. And the Germans are denouncing Italy with the Italians replying.

GANDHI

One of the strange social phenomena of our time is the decline and ~~struck~~ downfall of Mahatma Gandhi. At least, ~~it is~~ *it must be judging from the latest* in decline and downfall, ~~according to~~ word from India. For the course of a single year, the great Indian Nationalist leader has become so unpopular with his own countrymen, that the British authorities are worried about his life. That's odd too, the British worried about ~~his life~~ the life of Gandhi. But they say that the Indian police are constantly discovering plots against him. His fellow nationalists are calling him a traitor.

Authorities on India declare that Gandhi's decline began last year, when he left prison. He had ^{commenced} ~~begun~~ what he called a fast unto death, but the British turned him loose and he stopped his fast. Then he declared that according to his conscience, he didn't have to carry on his campaign against the British until the end of his sentence. He had been released before his sentence expired. So he announced that he would abandon politics between the time of his release and the time when his sentence was up.

Meanwhile, seventy thousand of his followers were left languishing in prison. Hence, the Indian Nationalists thought

Gandhi was a deserter from the cause.

A year ago he was worshipped by two hundred and seventy million Hindus as a Mahatma, a ~~xxx~~ saint. The Indian Nationalists thought him a mystical saviour. Now his former followers call him a traitor and the British have to defend him against

them. *Such is life -- in India -- and elsewhere.*

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CHINA

Here's a Chinese puzzle. It's a Chinese budget.

Figures just given out by the Nationalist Government at Nanking indicate that a third of the income of the Chinese Republic will have to be handed out as ^{interest} payments on the national debt. The

Chinese Government's income for the year comes to two hundred and eighteen million dollars. Of this seventy million is

marked down for ^{interest} ~~interest~~ payments.

This reveals a really staggering debt burden and emphasises the trouble that Republican China has been having.

ENDING

Now we come to a really ticklish subject -- boredom. You know how it is when somebody talks on and on, and you're bored. Maybe it's a political speech, maybe it's a sermon in church, maybe it's a lecture on sociology, maybe it's a would-be facetious after-dinner speech -- yes, I know, go on and say it:- Maybe it's somebody on the radio talking about the news of the day. I knew I couldn't get away from that angle, so strike if you must this old gray head.

From the British House of Lords we learn that even dukes can be boring. A Marquis can windily weary you to death. In fact, a Britisher will tell you that anybody can be a bore, except His Majesty, the King.

In the House of Peers, Lord Kilmaine arose and presented a resolution against long speeches. He pointed out that extended preambles, delayed climaxes and eternal perorations are so long drawn out in the House of Peers that Their Lordships have found a clever way to dodge the oratory. They sneak out into the library and read Punch, until somebody

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

punches a bell signalling that the speaker has stopped. Then they adjust their eyeglasses and return.

Lord Kilmaine went on to explain why girls leave home, likewise boys, also why husbands leave wives and wives leave husbands. Also why people tune out a speaker on the radio. It's because they're bored.

His Lordship then made a ringing declaration:-

"I have listened," he proclaimed, to sermons so long that their only effect was to make me want to go out and break all of the Ten Commandments, one right after the other."

Then he said more about long speeches, contributed some further comment about how wearisome they were, and indulged in some additional reflections about boredom.

At this point another noble Peer interrupted and pointed toward a whole string of Lords on their way to the library. Thereby, proving that a speech about boredom can be a bore as no doubt this one is by now -- so now let's be bored by somebody else, and,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.