

WAR

Today is an anniversary. Of course every day is an anniversary of something or other, but today has some peculiar points as a time of commemoration. It's the twentieth anniversary of Sarajevo, where the assassination of the Austrian archduke and his wife was the tragical beginning of the events that led to the World War. There will be plenty of twentieth anniversaries of World War beginnings and happenings this year, 1934. The Declarations of War, the Retreat from Mons, the Battle of the Marne. 1914 -- 1934!

But let's look at Sarajevo today. It's still the same sleepy Bosnian town in the Balkans. Hidden away in a lofty valley, approached only by steep mountain passes. Almost a day's ride from any important place. The map of the world has changed since that day twenty years ago, but Sarajevo remains its same somnolent self.

Then let's look at Belgrade then the capital of Serbia, against which the government at Vienna launched its

thunders and ~~his~~ ultimatoms. From Belgrade today comes a statement from a timid and nervous little man, ~~who seldom says anything.~~

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He is a professor in the University of Belgrade. He is one of the ^{three} ~~three~~ remaining ~~xx~~ survivors of the conspirators who plotted the assassination of the archduke. The deed was planned by the Union of Death, a Serbian terrorist organization. The student who actually did the killing ended his days in an Austrian prison. The other members of the Union of Death have passed along in one way or another, all but three, of whom the little professor is the most prominent. What does he say today? ~~on the anniversary of the crime he had helped to ~~plan~~ plot?~~ Is he sorry, repentant? Not at all. Professor Borah Jeftic declares he'd do it all over again -- that any Serbian school boy would have done the same. The assassination of the Austrian archduke was a patriotic Serbian act, he claims.

~~How about the fact that he and his comrades struck the spark that touched off the world ~~explosion~~ explosion?~~ He shakes his head and maintains that even if he and his companions had not done the deed of Sarajevo, ~~it wouldn't have made any difference.~~

Austria would have found some other excuse to attack Serbia and start the World War.

Now let's look at Vienna. There the anniversary today was celebrated by riots, bombings and general disturbances. The opponents of the enemies of the Dolfuss dictatorship are busy in various parts of Austria. Railroad tracks were torn up and dynamiters tried to wreck several printing plants which are favorable to the government.

Today is the anniversary of another event too, and there's a moody coincidence in that. Just put these two things together: It's the twentieth anniversary of the deed that touched off the World War and the fifteenth anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, which ended the World War.

This fifteenth anniversary was celebrated today chiefly in Germany, but not with any gay festivities. Flags were at half mast all over the Reich. It was a day of mourning. For Germany considers the Treaty of Versailles a document of doom.

Then still another anniversary -- over here.

CAROLINA

The bell rang one hundred and fifty-eight times at Charleston, South Carolina, because today is the one hundred and fifty-eighth anniversary ^{of} the most famous military exploit in the history of the Carolinas. We used to call it the attack on Ft. Moultrie, ^{but} the famous name of Ft. Moultrie was all a mistake. Historians have discovered that the fight was ~~really~~ really at Sullivan's Island. So now they call it the Battle of Ft. Sullivan. The red coats in a flotilla of boats tried to land, but the fire of the Colonial marksmen under Colonel Thomson was too deadly. King George's warships bombarded the fort with all their cannon.

Well, there's one thing on which the old history books were right. ~~It wasn't Fort Moultrie, it was Ft. Sullivan.~~ The palmetto logs were there, breastworks of palmetto, ~~logs~~, which resisted the thundering cannonade. ^{These soft logs} ~~They~~ simply absorbed the cannon balls. The news of the thrilling victory had a big influence on the signing of the Declaration of Independence. And today, under the leadership of the Moultrie-Thomson Victory Memorial Association it was celebrated all over the Carolinas. And the big bell in the Charleston Exchange Building rang one hundred and fifty-eight ^{times.}

MILWAUKEE - RELEASE

In Milwaukee ^{right now} they need the President, with his newly acquired powers for ironing out labor troubles. The street car strike in the city of ^{music and} beer started out peacefully enough. But today Milwaukee is almost in a state of siege. After last night's disturbance, in which five thousand people were driven scurrying by tear gas and one policeman was stabbed, street car service is almost at a standstill.

It is to be expected that Washington will take a hand immediately, and that before President Roosevelt leaves on his cruise, he will appoint a Commission to mediate the trouble. It's another big chance for him to use the new authority vested in him by Congress. I wonder whether he will say anything about this in his radio speech tonight. He ~~pretty~~ is pretty sure to talk about labor matters and his policy in the arbitration proceedings which the Administrator ~~is~~ is instigating all over the country.

STRIKE

At first it was surprising to hear that a walkout is impending in the textile industry next Monday. We thought that General Johnson had successfully disposed of the textile labor troubles. He did in one ^{branch} ~~branch~~ of textiles. ^{But} ~~It~~ turns out that this threatened strike is among the woolen and worsted workers. They want the nineteen twenty-nine wage scale restored. Also a thirty hour week.

Apparently, they are in earnest. They say positively that seventy-five thousand men will be out next Monday if they don't get what they want.

Pretty hot weather for a strike. At any rate, the boys and girls will take their lay-off at a time when it's more comfortable to be at home than working in a hot factory. ~~But~~ On the other hand you ^{do} need ~~that~~ weekly pay envelope in hot weather as well as in cold, not to buy coal but to buy ice.

LANGER

There must be a good deal of similarity between Governor William Langer of North Dakota and Jimmy Walker, the one time playboy of New York City. Jimmy left these shores under a cloud, but people continued to like him.

Uncle Sam says Governor Langer is a rogue. He has been convicted of defrauding Federal Relief workers. But what do the voters say? Their reply is "Baloney - we like him."

In the Republican primaries out there Governor Langer today leads both the other candidates who are opposing him. Jury or no jury, convict^{ion} or no convict^{ion}, Bill Langer is a popular man among the North Dakotans.

The results of this election bring up a nice legal point. A man who is convicted of a felony loses his civil rights. And holding office is decidedly a civil right. Of course, Governor Langer is appealing from the verdict convicting him and might win in the higher courts. If the appeal succeeds, he will still have to stand another trial. Suppose he were convicted again. And ~~suppose~~ suppose he were elected. Altogether, it makes for a rather muddled situation in North Dakota.

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LAMONT

The house of Morgan stands for everything that is conservative. Thomas W. Lamont ^{has} gained renown as a Morgan partner. And now his son young Corliss Lamont, gets himself arrested as a Communist. Sounds funny! It is funny!

Rich young Communist Lamont went to more pains to get himself into jail than criminals take to get out. There's been a strike, not an important one, in a furniture factory over in ^{new} Jersey, ~~City~~. And Mayor Hague of Jersey City some time since decided that there was to be no more picketing in case of strikes. There is a court injunction against the picketing of this not so important furniture factory.

Rich young Communist Lamont got himself a nice strike placard and started parading up and down in front of that furniture ~~factory~~ ^{plant}. Not a soul paid any attention to him. So, to make things sure, he went to Police Headquarters and said: "Look here, I'm picketing." To which the police replied: "Okay, you're pinched."

Then they added: "If you insist on being pinched, you're going to be treated just like everybody else." They took away his eyeglasses, his belt, his necktie, so that he shouldn't hang himself in his cell. They fingerprinted him, they mugged him, they did

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everything that is done to Tom Smith, Dick Jones and Harry Robinson. The judge slapped a fifteen hundred dollar bail on him, the same bail that would be demanded in the case of a pickpocket or third degree assault. He spent four hours in the calaboose and wasn't released until he cashed his personal check for fifteen hundred dollars, and put up bail.

The Lamont family presents a political picture of many colors. The elder Lamont is presumably a conservative. His son is a Communist. The son's pretty young wife is not a Communist but a Socialist. As a rule there are ~~k~~ no more deadly enemies than the Socialists and the Communists. That must make marriage interesting.

Young Communist Lamont first got into the news when he went to bat for the scrubwomen of Harvard University whose wages had been cut. Young Mrs. Socialist ~~Socialist~~ Lamont was a leader in the movement to boycott Japanese goods. That made it nice for her Conservative father-in-law, who at that time was busy trying to float Japanese bonds.

A fine situation for a comic playwright to go to work on.

A spectacular figure is about to vanish from these shores. Charles Ponzi, once known as "Get-rich-quick Ponzi", has had a message from Uncle Sam which means: "Good-bye, Ponzi". The wildcat financier who in his heyday stole millions from the gullible citizenry, must leave the country by July tenth. Uncle Sam's midsummer gift to Mussolini, I suppose.

Ponzi's method was nice and simple. He used to advertise: "Send me your money and I'll return it to you in forty-five days with fifty per cent profit." That seemed too good to resist. Thousands responded. For a while Ponzi was able to make good. To the first five hundred customers he was able to pay dividends out of the money sent in by the next thousand, and so on ^{add} ad infinitum. It might have been ad infinitum - he might still be at it. But Uncle Sam intervened. And Ponzi went to jail for eleven years.

After he got out, he announced that he was through with frenzied finance. Henceforth it was the straight and narrow path for him. And apparently he was in earnest because he took a job in a grocery store. But the Labor Department decided that it would take no chances. So Ponzi is an undesirable alien and must go back to Sunny It.'

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GERMANY

Every day for the last couple of weeks I have talked about happenings in Germany. I promised myself last night to give Germany a rest, and lay off the Nazis for a day or so. But it simply cannot be done. Things insist on happening in the land of the Teutons.

The latest prank of the Nazi Storm Troopers was to arrest one Edgar Yung, who, it turns out, is the writer who wrote that history-making speech of Vice Chancellor Von Papen. It was that speech denouncing the Nazis which started the recent ructions.

The arrest was an interesting incident, because of a clever device pulled off by the arrested man. The Storm Troopers refused to let him communicate with his friends. So he asked permission to go to the washroom. On the wall of the washroom he wrote the words, "Secret police." So when his friends came to visit him and he was absent, they investigated and found the words written on the wall. And the whole affair became public.

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Meanwhile, it becomes evident that Hitler himself, the Leader, is turning more and more to the right, as they say in European politics. He distinctly rebuked his hot head followers

when he commanded them to let the Steel Helmet League alone. He told his Storm Troopers emphatically to cut out their attacks on the Steel Helmets.

There are further rumors that the Brown Shirt Storm Troops are about to be dissolved. But that is highly questionable. The Brown Shirts are, when all is said and done, the mainstay of Hitler's power. And it is worth observing that in Italy, though Mussolini himself long ago put the damper on the hot heads among his Black Shirts, he still keeps the Black Shirts in reserve.

WATER

The flowers that ~~blomed~~ in the spring tra la are out of luck in Merry England. That drought has continued and continued until the water shortage has become critical. And now the government has been obliged to enforce those long threatened restrictions. Anybody caught watering his lawn in dear old London today will be arrested. That is a tragedy for gardeners, ~~profis~~ professional and amateur. London is a city of gardens. For ^{though} ~~all that~~ it is still the largest city in the world, it has an abundance of growing flowers and leafy plants. Not only surrounding the big houses of the prosperous but even among the poorer dwellers there are beds of peonys and crysanthemums. *And how an Englishman loves his roses!* It is a sad thing to see a garden going to pot for lack of water. But it would be a sadder thing still not to have any to drink.

ROCKET

I wish I were talking on a super-radio that would carry all the way to Paradise, to that corner of Paradise where men who have dreamed of the marvels of science gather and talk over heavenly experiments, and celestial inventions. ~~As~~ I'd have them page an old Frenchman with a grey beard -- Jules Verne.

And I'd say:-

"This is the earth speaking. I want to tell Monsieur Jules Verne about some Germans down here who are building a giant transatlantic rocket. In this glorified sky rocket they expect to be shot from Germany, with a whiz and a bang, and to streak across to America in five hours. What do you think about that, my dear Jules Verne?"

And I can hear Jules Verne say:

"Ah, these Germans, they have so little imagination. What is a rocket that crosses the ocean? Poof! It's nothing."

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"Quite right, my dear Jules Verne. But I began with the Germans, merely to lead on to a Frenchman. He too is planning a journey in a rocket -- a journey to the moon."

"Mai oui!" exclaims Jules Verne, "that is something!

It is my own idea. Do you remember my book, A TRIP TO THE MOON?

I told how two men in a giant shell are shot from a gun and travel all the way to the moon. But tell me about the rocket?"

Jules Verne, here goes.
All right, A French ~~scientist~~ ^{scientist}, Professor Isidore Bay,

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has submitted to the Astronomical Society of Lyons a plan for constructing a rocket for a trip to the moon. With that as a beginning he proposes a trip to Mars and Venus.

The French professor declares that there is no known explosive powerful enough to propel a rocket off into inter-planetary space. It will take radium to do it. The rocket will travel seven-and-a-half miles a second. It will take two-and-a-half pounds of radium. That doesn't sound like so much, but it's six million dollars worth, and it's one-seventh of the total supply of radium on earth.

My ~~suggestion~~ ^{suggestion} is -- why not try Blue Sunoco?

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By the way, my dear ~~ix~~ Jules Verne, did you ever hear of Blue Sunoco? It's a miracle of smoothness and power, such as you never dreamed of in all your visions of scientific marvels.

And I can hear Jules Verne reply:

"Ah, zee Blue Sunoco. Even I, with all my genius, could not dream of a motor fuel so perfect."

So now I'll say to Jules Verne and his fellow celestial scientific dreamers, and also to you folks down here on this petty little planet, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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