

L.J. — *Sumco. Friday, March 6, 1936. G. G. G.*

There were strange parliamentary proceedings in the city of Belgrade today, and the Minister of the United States to Yugoslavia was nearly killed. The story, as it works up to the actual crash of pistol fire, has the appearance of a parody of Parliament.

Of late the opposition parties have been attacking ^{Belgrade} the government more and more bitterly. Today there was an important session with Premier Milan Stoyadinovich reading the budget. Members of the diplomatic corps were there, including the American Minister sitting in the diplomatic box.

The opposition deputies staged a dramatic scene. They refused to take their places on the floor of Parliament. Instead, they gathered in the galleries, heckling and shouting at Premier Stoyadinovich as he read the bristling figures of the budget. The Premier shouted back at them. He said -- if they wanted to make objections, why didn't they take their regular places on the floor of Parliament. He told them to come down and sit where they belonged.

The opposition deputies refused -- all except one,

Arnantovich, by name. He left the gallery, made his appearance on the floor. He stood there shouting abuse as the Premier went on with the budget. Then suddenly the ~~wild and~~ enraged Arnantovich reached into his pocket, pulled out a pistol and began shooting -- shooting wildly. The first bullet hit the wall right above the heads of the diplomats, just missing the American Minister, Charles S. Wilson. The government deputies instantly seized the shooter ~~as~~ he kept pulling the trigger, and the rest of the bullets went into the floor. Deputy Arnantovich was handled roughly for a few minutes, and then turned over to the police. ~~The explanation is that he was drunk.~~ ^{It} ~~Drunk or sober~~

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TPT The incident has a sinister ring. Wild disorders among the Yugoslav lawmakers have been frequent. Eight years ago the leader of the Croatians party, Stefan Radich, was shot dead in Parliament.

ETHIOPIA

The protest that London handed Rome today suggests two significant points:-

One is that war can be so easily started by what is called "an incident". When there's a crisis, nerves are strained and feelings run high --- and that's the time when a comparatively minor mishap may touch off a huge explosion. And those sky bombs raining down on the Red Cross in Ethiopia might provide just such a disastrous incident.

The second point is this - Great Britain is always touchy about injuries to Britons. Let something happen to any of His Majesty's subjects anywhere in the world, and the London government is hot on the job. The British are famous for that. And all peoples admire her for it. It's traditional British policy, the protection of British citizens. So, when Italian fliers in Ethiopia bomb a British Red Cross unit - that's doubly dangerous.

Wouldn't it be irony if something concerning the Red Cross were a cause for war. The Red Cross was never intended for anything like that.

Well, (today the London government instructed Sir Eric Drummond, its Ambassador at Rome, to hand a strong protest to

Mussolini. The protest clarifies the story of the Red Cross bombing, about which we heard several days ago. For one thing, no British subjects were killed.) We had heard that three natives of the British province of Kenya^a had lost their lives. But that wasn't true. The entire personnel of the Red Cross unit escaped injury. - That's the report of the doctor in command of the unit. *P* On the other hand, the report gives a more drastic picture of the bombing than we had before. The doctor in charge declares that not only the Red Cross flag was flying over the field hospital, but a great Red Cross flag was spread on the ground - so that it could be seen clearly from above. He adds that (the bombing planes flew low, and could have had no difficulty in identifying the Red Cross.) The missiles from the sky made direct hits, and destroyed the hospital tents and truck, and killed three Ethiopian patients. One bomb hit the Red Cross flag, spread on the ground.

by the way
The British protest makes no mention of the killing

of Major Gerald Achilles Burgoyne, a prominent Englishman serving with the Red Cross in Ethiopia. London has no

verification of ~~the~~^t story. The precise facts are not known.

Addis Ababa declares that Major ^{Gerald} Burgoyne was with the retreating Ethiopian forces on the northern front, and that he fell a victim to a sky bomb. He was an Irish-English soldier with all sorts of distinctions, an army officer for twenty-five years, a noted fox hunter. He had the ^{stately} ~~sacred~~ title of St. Patrick's Purs^{ui}vant ^{Pur-Sui-vant} for Ireland in the Royal College of Arms. ~~It~~^{which} made him an officer of the British court.

If it should turn out that Major Burgoyne was killed in a bombing of the Red Cross, it might create an ugly flare-up between London and Rome. British officialdom right now is indignant and demanding a thorough explanation from the Italian government. Mussolini's men, on their part, reply ~~x~~ with the familiar accusation - that the Red Cross in Ethiopia is being used to shield everything from the camps of Ethiopian commanders ~~to~~ batteries of anti-aircraft guns. The Italians say you can't expect their war fliers to investigate and definitely find out what is being protected by the Red Cross.

Meanwhile, Addis Ababa itself has finally had a look at a modern Italian bomber. A giant Caproni flew right over the Ethiopian capital. And the City was thrown into consternation. Hundreds of rifles blazed upward in a futile attempt to hit the big bird. Addis Ababa expected bombs to come crashing. But the war plane merely flew back and forth, again and again. Obviously, it was photographing. Then the wide wings swept southward, and disappeared. The plane apparently was from the southern Italian army.

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In Europe the political broth is sizzling. Reports indicate more and more that Mussolini is going to accept the League of Nations' invitation to start peace negotiations - though Rome is not expected to answer until pretty close to the deadline, next Tuesday. We've been hearing that if the League puts oil sanctions on Italy, Mussolini would draw out of the Locarno Treaty.

Today word comes from Berlin that big political doings are scheduled for tomorrow - tomorrow at noon. At that

hour the German Reichstag will assemble. It's a special session, hastily summoned. The rumor is that Hitler will make a declaration in the Reichstag, a declaration of what his future policy will be concerning the Locarno Treaty.

If Italy and Germany withdraw from Locarno it will toss continental politics into a worse tangle than ever. For it was at Locarno that Germany and her former enemies got together and agreed to keep the territorial status quo in Europe. Germany pledged herself, with the others, to make no attempt to change things in Europe.

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SPORTSMAN SHOW

There isn't much connection between war and sport -
ordinarily. But here we have a Sportsman^{'s} Show giving us a vivid
reminder of possible naval war in the Mediterranean. Next week
Philadelphia is putting on an extravaganza of sport and motor
boating, and one of ^{the most} ~~those~~ dramatic exhibits will be a swift and
powerful type of sea sled; ~~They are~~ the same kind that Italy
has been building in ^{wave-jumping schools} ~~great numbers~~ for Mediterranean warfare.
With the sea giants of Britain plying through the narrow waters
of ~~that~~ inland sea, Mussolini stands ready with mosquito swarms
of small, swift, ^{slithering,} ~~craft~~ sea sleds of war. They are designed to
lurk among the complex islands and channels of the Mediterranean,
and with high speed attack, ^{dash in} ~~dash in~~ discharging their torpedoes.

These ultra-modern weapons will be seen at the ^{Philadelphia} Motor
Boat and Sportsman Show - not as instruments of battle, though.
They are American adaptations for sport only.

MOVIES

Here's the story of a tough guy. It begins in the most gentle and genteel fashion - in a clergyman's family, the household of the Colonial Bishop of Claremont in South Africa. The tough guy was the Bishop's son. ^HThe Boer War came and he enlisted in the lifeguards - though he was only fourteen. Then he went to Canada, prospecting for silver. He went broke, and ~~he~~ kept [^] ~~to~~ life in his bones by telling lies in a bar-room, relating tall stories and passing the hat. He collected enough to get into a poker game and made a killing. He rose to the post of a railroad chief of police. From that ~~to~~ prizefighting. The old record books show that the tough guy had the distinction of fighting a no-decision bout with the mighty Jack Johnson at Vancouver.

The World War, and the tough guy enlisted. He became a captain and campaigned in Mesopotania. He fought in the capture of Bagdad and was made Provost Marshal of the old town ~~of~~ the "Arabian Nights." He learned Arabic so well, that ~~the~~ he qualified as a professional interpreter.

After the Armistice, ^{he} ~~^~~ returned to prizefighting -

^{the age of} at thirty-three. ^{But -} He found he was all washed up. In his first ~~rough~~ bout he was slashed to bits, cut to ribbons. But an English film producer saw the fight, and decided the beaten-up tough guy looked so tough, he'd make a movie actor for hard-boiled parts. That led to the flicker film, to Hollywood, to renown as Captain Flagg in "What Price Glory?" - and to this year's Hollywood award. ^P Victor McLaglen, of course! - ~~He~~ gets the prize for the best individual ^{male} performance in a picture of Nineteen Thirty-Five. And the top-ranking movie star who a few years ago was a washed out pug, expresses his jubilation this way: "It's like being world's champion for a year."

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Can it be that Hollywood is going hard and cynical? Lacking in sweetness and light? It looks that way, because of the two prizes, male and female, one goes to the tough guy and the other to the bad girl. What about her? She's had some bad breaks. Maybe that's what makes her bad. Maybe she's more to be pitied than censured. She studied classic and interpretative dancing in New England, when somebody offered her a part in a summer production, where she could display her artistic talents

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as a coming Pavlova or Isadora Duncan. When she reported to the theatrical troop, with her aesthetic costumes and all - she found that somebody had kidded her unmercifully. So she got a job as an usher, and then a waitress. She went to Hollywood, had a test, and failed miserably, a complete flop. Yes, that's the sort of thing that makes a bad girl bad. She was ready to chuck everything, when George Arliss thought she was just the type for a part ~~in~~ in his picture, "The Man Who Played God". From then on, success for the bad girl, until now Bette Davis wins the Nineteen Thirty-Five Hollywood honor for her part in "Of Human Bondage."

So the movie metropolis crowns the tough guy and the bad girl. And also a bad picture of a tough flight - Wings Over Mt. Everest, marvelous picture - bad narration, by me.

STRIKE

If anybody sounds breathless on an N. B. C. program tonight, it isn't because he has had to climb up the stairs. The elevator strike has not spread to Radio City - or anywhere in Rockefeller Center - although more buildings in various parts of New York were tied up today. Some of them are swanky midtown apartments and hotels, although most of the giant hotels like the Waldorf, the Biltmore, the Gotham, Sherry Netherlands, and so on, are not affected.

Union leader Bambrick repeats that skyscrapers in the Grand Central district will be next to have their elevator men drawn ~~xx~~ out. But that hadn't materialized at last reports.

This, the sixth day for the building service strike, was decorated with the rumor that the walkout ~~xx~~ had been settled with all its possibilities of nationwide trouble. But it wasn't true. Very likely the false rumor was started by the fact that one big realty corporation made peace with the Union. This Company, which controls forty-five buildings, agreed to pay Two Dollars a week more. Whereupon thirty-five hundred men went back to their jobs.

PRISON

We all know that crime should be followed by punishment. The pages of history are full of stories of retribution-- as the ancient legend of Tantalus. He offended the gods. His punishment was -- eternal thirst, and he was tantalized. He stood in water up to his chin, ^{and} when he tried to drink it, the water receded. Luscious fruits hung before him and tantalized him. But when he reached for them they moved away and alluded his grasp. That was as stupendous a punishment as the mind of classical antiquity could imagine. ¶ But the authorities in the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia were able to imagine something still more drastic -- a modern version of the legend of Tantalus. ¶ Five days ago there was a riot in the prison -- a riot against the prison food. It was started by ten ring leaders who vowed they'd never eat another bite of the penitentiary fare. The trouble was suppressed. The ten leaders were isolated in a punishment cell block. They kept their vow not to eat the prison food -- a hunger strike. For five days they didn't touch a bite. They gritted their teeth, and kept on starving.

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The prison authorities were in a quandary. It would be awkward to have the ten men die of hunger. So they tried a strategem -- a strategem consisting of great platters of sizzling sirloin steaks, baked potatoes, and smothering^{ing} heaps of onions. These were taken into the cell block where the ten hunger strikers were keeping their fast. The aroma drifted through the cells, steak, potatoes and onions -- especially the savory perfume of fried onions. The nostrils of the hunger strikers were assailed. Their mouths watered. ^{It was} The story of Tantalus brought down to date. They stood it as long as they could; and then ~~they~~ broke down -- ~~it was~~ too tantalizing.

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"We'll eat," they shouted. "Bring on the grub."

And the grub was brought on -- but that's the irony of it. Before the ten convicts was placed the same old prison food -- oatmeal, coffee and bread. *And they ate it!*

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They must be hard men, those prison authorities. Out-tantalizing Tantalus. *And so long until Monday.*