

L.T. Susaco, Tuesday, Aug. 28 - 1934

"Good appetite folks" -- that's a common salutation in the European countries. But in Germany the hearty greeting will be the reverse. "Bad appetite, mein herr."

"I hope you ~~are good and hungry,~~ Fritz."

don't dine well,
"Danke schön! I don't!"
~~"Yes, thanks, I am."~~

A propaganda of hardship is on in Germany. The Nazis know the value of publicity and propaganda, and they are putting on a big campaign to try and offset the food shortage that seems to be coming. Hitler, himself, sounded the keynote in his big speech at Colbenz. "The greater the distress," he shouted, "the greater will be our defiance and determination." The same thought was even more plainly stated by Doctor Schacht, the Minister of Economics, who in a speech at the Leipzig Mercantile Fair put it this way:- "We must be prepared," he warned the ~~great~~ ^{vast} crowd, "to face with great soberness the economic emergency which international policy has forced upon us."

And now, the ingenious Goebels, Minister of Propaganda, is following on with a nation-wide wave of propaganda to prepare the mood of the nation for privations

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to come. It's all carefully timed. The food crisis will not reach the average German home for the next six months.

By that time Goebels expects to sell the people the idea that ^{it} is noble to accept privation cheerfully, and work up a stoical spirit and even make the Germans eager to face distress for the sake of the Fatherland *as they did in the ersatz-days of wartime.*

There's some mighty serious news from Red Russia today -- it's about laughter. Laugh Communist, Laugh! Or in other words -- laugh and the Bolsheviks laugh with you. A congress of Soviet writers, now going on, has decided that their Red Revolutionary literature is too serious and solemn. The Communists are serious people, with souls as long and solemn as a treatise by Karl Marx, *and now they are going in seriously and solemnly for laughs.*

One Soviet writer told how he wrote a funny skit. It was very funny. It had a laugh in every line. He took it to one of the most important of Moscow's editors. The editor read the script, and frowned.

"This is humorous," he growled gloomily. "This will make people laugh," he scowled. "I will not print anything funny," he ~~cried~~ ^{cried} tragically. "It is too early for our proletarian people to laugh. Let our enemies laugh."

I don't suppose the writer laughed at that, because ~~it~~ it's no joke when you can't sell a joke.

But anyway, the Congress of Communist authors has decided --- it's all wrong. They're going to make people laugh, with chuckles and guffaws all the way from Leningrad to

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Vladivostok. And all Russia will be just one grand chorus of giggling Bolsheviki.

Well, it's a fine idea to make people laugh, if you can do it. The Russians may find out, as we Americans know, that it's not so easy to send people into stitches. But they're on the right track, and I'd like to do all I can to help them. I could tell them a funny story that they could use -- it certainly would bring the house down in Moscow. ~~It~~ It's the one that tells how Stalin, the Red Dictator, fell in the river and nearly drowned. But a young fellow came along and ~~saved~~ fished him out. Stalin coughed up a bucketful of water and then said:- "Young man, do you know who I am?".

"No," responded the rescuer.

"Well then, I'll tell you," proclaimed the Red Dictator. "I am Stalin. What can I do to reward you?"

"Well, I'll tell you," his rescuer pleaded, "please don't tell anybody I pulled you out."

somewhat ancient
Yes, that ~~is~~ story should be quite a help to those humorists over in Moscow who are looking for jokes.

Once more that man of mystery appears in the headlines. He talks fourteen languages like a native. He has been called a Greek, a Russian, a Jew. Some say he was born in Constantinople, others in ~~the~~^a Village of Anatolia. Some say his childhood was harsh with Oriental poverty. Others declare that he went to school at England's aristocratic Rugby. He just smiles through his trim white whiskers and let's people guess.

It doesn't seem so astonishing that Sir Basil Zaharoff has ~~been connected with~~^{now been drawn into the investigation of} the manufacture of munitions in the United States. His ~~name~~^{sinister} means munitions of war everywhere. They say that letters of his have been found in the files of armament manufacturers over here, and that these letters will cut a lot of ice with the special Senate Investigating Committee.

Well, one could go on for an hour telling odd and mysterious things about him. He wears the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor of France, but he's not a Frenchman. He was knighted by His Majesty, the King ^{of England,} and has been publicly spoken of as the voice behind the British throne -- though

he's not an Englishman. At the age of seventy he married the
Duchess of Marchina, a relative of Former King Alfonso of Spain.

Though he's neither royal nor a Spaniard.
He is said to have waited for her for fifty years. She died

two years after the wedding. And now Sir Basil Zaharoff, the
man of mystery, seems to be mixed up in our own American Munitions
tangle. And it doesn't seem so surprising.

STRIKE

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There's one angle to the tax controversy in New York, which has nation-wide significance. Mayor La Guardia is trying to put through a general tax on business to finance relief work. One argument against it comes from the employers who point out that in case of a labor dispute, strikers would be provided for, out of the tax collected from business. In other words, employers ~~will~~ be helping to finance strikes among their own employees.

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Of course this is ~~all~~ right along the line of what Federal Relief Administrator Hopkins has told us yesterday, that his bureau will help to feed strikers. He says that it isn't his business to ask why a person is destitute, whether he can't find work or is on strike. It's up to other government agencies to decide whether a walk-out is justified or not.

This is causing a bitter argument, especially in view of the textile strike, called for September 4th. With half a million workers walking out, ^{scores of} thousands will soon be destitute and in need of public relief.

Meanwhile, the National Labor Board has called a meeting

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of the textile bosses and workers for tomorrow or the next day in Washington. A settlement is hoped for, but there's more trouble in the wind ~~with~~ the manufacturers of the Cotton Garment Industry, giving the President a flat turn-down. An executive order from the White House recently ~~ordered~~ ^{decreed} that wages be raised and working hours be ~~shortened~~ ^{shortened}. The manufacturers now declare outright that they will ignore the order.

They won't pay more wages, and they won't cut hours. This is the first time a whole industry has issued a major defiance to an executive decree under the NRA.

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Other strike items show that ten thousand truck-men in New York are threatening to quit, while on the other hand, five thousand striking painters in New York have gone back to work. And we hear more hope ~~ful~~ ^{ful} word of a probable settlement of the Aluminum walk-out.

One interesting bit ~~from~~ ^{of} unemployment relief comes in a decision made by Relief Director Corsi. His nutrition experts pointed out to him that women commonly eat less than men, and so they suggested cutting down the food checks issued to

women.

"Nothing doing," said Mr. Corsi.

I should say that the nutrition experts are probably right in saying that women eat less than men, but Relief Director Corsi is also right. Cutting down on the women would certainly raise one awful hulabaloo.

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PRESIDENT

A military secret has been revealed, a warlike, hidden maneuver that attended the President's review of the cadets at West Point. President Roosevelt's Military Aide is Colonel Edmund Watson, and, a most martial figure is the Colonel. ~~He certainly does look like a thrilling hero of war when he is all fixed up in his dress uniform, epaulets, sword, spurs, and gold braid.~~

On the train the Colonel started to put on his dress uniform. As he was to accompany the President it was necessary for him to look as splendid as Mars, the god of war. He had his epaulets, sword, spurs and gold braid, but where were his suspenders? He knew that he wouldn't have any time to buy a new pair at West Point. . . And he certainly could not appear at that Presidential dress parade without any suspenders. The possibilities are obvious, terrible to think of.

Suppose the Colonel, Military Aide to the President of the United States were to lose his trousers at the dress parade. The very idea was a mental torture to the Colonel.

But he had a brilliant idea. He rang for the porter, the familiar, useful Pullman porter.

"George," said the Colonel, "how do you keep your pants up?"

"Why boss, ~~he~~ wears suspenders."

"Give 'em to me!" commanded the Colonel. ~~He dug~~
~~a liberal tip out of his pocket~~ and George took off his suspenders and handed them over. I don't know about what happened to his trousers but the Colonel's honor was saved.

And, that's how it was that the President's Military Aide cut a dazzling figure at the dress parade, in his own epaulets, sword, spurs, and gold braid -- and the Pullman porter's suspenders.

LINDBERGH

There are plenty of astonishing things in the day's news, but I don't know of anything more oddly unexpected than to find that Lindbergh is training to be a scientist -- in fact described as a brilliant student of biology.

This comes on the impressive authority of Doctor Alexis Carrel, the famous scientist of the Rockefeller Institute. Doctor Carrel is in Paris, and he is telling friends that Lindbergh has been studying biology under his direction.

"You know his extreme modesty," Doctor Carrel is quoted as saying, "and what I am revealing to you about him, nobody in America suspects. He follows my courses assiduously, and has become my best assistant in biology. The name he will leave in science," the eminent biologist continues, "will be as illustrious as that in aviation."

The Rockefeller Institute refuses to make any comment on this rather startling statement, but it is revealed that some time ago a scientific publication printed an article on "A Method for Washing Corpuscles in Suspension", and the article was signed C. A. Lindbergh.

Isn't that astonishing -- Lindbergh a biologist?

The Lone Eagle of the Atlantic. But then his secrecy is proverbial. He might easily become a scientist or a landscape artist without anybody knowing.

There would be a good story plot in the romance of ^Q~~the~~
loving couple, who in order to get married, have to surmount
enormous obstacles. And then, having conquered all those
obstacles by the most arduous efforts, they find that they
don't like each other ~~any more~~ ^{any more} and don't want to get married.

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Seems as though there might be some sort of irony like
that in the renowned romance between King Carol of Rumania
and the red-headed enchantress, Madame Lupescu. There has been
bitter opposition in Rumania to King Carol's long drawn out
affair of the heart, which caused him to break with the Queen.
The most antagonistic stand was taken by the Iron Guard,
Rumania's Agrarian Party.

Madame Lupescu is a Jewess. The Iron Guard is anti-
Semitic. The news during the past year has brought accounts
of their denunciations and their threats against the King, and
the King's lady-love. Of recent days however, it looked as if
the ~~lady~~ ^{fiery red-head} Lupescu had won out. Nearly all of the Rumanian
statesmen were won over to her side, and even the Iron Guard
agreed, and went so far as to propose an amendment to the
constitution permitting the King to contract a morganatic

marriage with his charmer of the flaming tresses. There was a little surprise, when the King, himself, objected to this constitutional amendment. But people merely winked and smiled. They said he was just being a bit cautious. He was eager to marry La Lupescu, but ~~she~~ didn't want to rush matters.

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Now however, the romantic plot is turned topsy turvy by the rumour that they have parted. It's certain that Madame Lupescu has left her bungalow near the royal castle. She took the train for Vienna, stopped there briefly, and hurried on to Paris.

Of course, she may be merely on a visit to her beautiful twenty-year old cousin, ~~who is~~ now the bride of the seventy year old Doctor Voronoff, who some years ago made quite a stir with his rejuvenation operations, monkey glands. Maybe the Doctor was proving the value of his own medicine when he married the twenty-year old beauty. Madame Lupescu, herself, is said to have arranged the wedding of age and youth.

Yes, maybe she's just on a visit to the old-young couple, to see how they are getting on. But insistent rumours

have it that it is really a break-up of the royal romance.

They fought against the whole world to be together.

And now, allowed to be together -- they part. Somehow it

sounds like what the philosopher Nietzsche called "Human, All Too

Human."

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Let's phrase this ^{next} romantic announcement as follows:- Mary Magdalene has got married. Yes, Mary Magdalene of the Passion Play at Oberammagau. She's pretty Klara Mayr, twenty-five years old. The bridegroom is the son of Anton Lang, famous for his impersonation of the Savior. There was a celebration ^{fit for} ~~for~~ the wedding of a king, in the little Bavarian village of Oberammagau. For the actors in the Passion Play are the nobility of the town, and the family of Anton Lang, the noblest of all. And, they're coming to America, Mary Magdalene and her bridegroom. For young Anton Lang has been engaged to teach German in one of our own universities.

LONDON

At this moment there is complete silence in London. The streets of the British metropolis are as quiet as a rustic lane in Sussex. Automobiles run along without any screeching of brakes, back-fire of open exhausts, clashing of gears, or tooting of horns. This is the result of London's new anti-noise law, which went into effect tonight.

It forbids all of those noisy automobile practices which so often make a European city a bedlam of clanging and honking. The law is drastically severe. For blowing of horns, it imposes a fine of ten dollars a toot, or hoot, as they say in England. And a demon horn honker could run up quite a tidy bill at that rate, if he went tooting all the way from Billingsgate to Tooting. So no wonder London is quiet tonight.

I suppose I had better be quiet too. Time's up and even the N.B.C. might fine me ten dollars a toot, so with one last hoot -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.