

L. T. Sunoco, Tuesday, August 14th, 1934.

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the people.

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Let's go, everybody! We're off for India, for
a glimpse of something strange.

In the great Oriental city of Calcutta, there's
fear and trembling among the teeming native population, for
a weird sight is seen in the metropolis of Bengal.

Something strange and sinister has happened to
the sidewalks. The sidewalks are spotted. Innumerable
black patches and blotches have appeared on the stones of the
pavements.

And thousands gaze in fear. Merchants ~~love~~ leave
their shops, the Babu clerks their offices. They stand
staring at the spotty discolorations on the pavements, an
evil sight to see.

For the Hindu wisemen declare the sidewalks have
smallpox. The stones of the streets have caught the dread
malady. And this, the wisemen proclaim, is an evil omen.

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ly refuses to pay the price that Moscow is asking. And so that
railroad line which Russia built and is willing to sell remains
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Japanese fishing fleet off the Siberian Coast. The Japanese
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MANCHURIA

It is becoming more and more evident that the most critical problem in the Orient is -- the Chinese Eastern Railroad. For example, there are those arrests of thirty Soviet Russians at Harbin. The Japanese accuse them of a huge plot of assassination, a conspiracy to kill the Emperor of Manchukuo, the former Henry Pu Yi, and a long list of officials, including many prominent Japanese.

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interests exceedingly and the interpretation of Tokyo now is that the Soviets are making Japan pay more for the fish because Japan won't pay more for the railroad.

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A Nazi newspaper tells how Goering appeared at one function clad in a dazzling uniform of snow white silk. "Around his waist," the Nazi newspaper goes on, "was a black and silver sash from which hung a golden dagger. Across one side of his chest ran a golden sash. The other side of his brassy chest blazed with decorations. He stood out like a silver swan. His smile glittered like gold."

GOERING

Attention today focused on the resplendent figure of the most glitteringly decorated and most gaudily uniformed man in the world -- Goering, Hitler's right-hand man. Sharp words were spoken by Goebbels, Hitler's left hand man, when he declared that Hitler never goes tramping around in a brilliant uniform covered all over with decorations. Everybody knew the shaft was aimed at Goering and his many coats of many colors. The left-hand man takes a crack at the right-hand man.

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~~All of this is more significant because~~ Goebbels,
the little man with the club-foot, becomes a more and more
important figure in Nazi Germany. As Minister of Propaganda
and Public Enlightenment, he is the spark plug and spell-
binder of Hitler's electioneering campaign, now under way.
The German voters are going to put their okay on Hitler's
new acquisitions of power ^{that} ~~ed~~ following ^{ed} ~~ing~~ the death of Von Hinden-
burg. Of course, most everybody will vote "Ja", but it's up
to Goebbels to hammer away on the propaganda that will help
to make it virtually unanimous.

So he's blowing the Hitler trumpet loud and long.
In his latest blast he speaks admiringly of "Der Fuehrer" as:-
"A man who has no family, seeks no fortune, neither drinks
nor smokes and doesn't eat meat."

~~Goebbels~~ ^{Goebbels} is
Despite his tiny stature and his club-foot ~~he is~~
decidedly impressive on the public platform -- his voice is so
huge and booming, his oratory so fiery and furious, his state-
ments so positive and dogmatic.

While the Minister of Propaganda is blasting away
at the electioneering campaign, Hitler, himself, has been

While Austria is pushing her case and claims against attending the Passion Play at Oberammergau, where he appeared with no more ceremony than a casual tourist, no fanfare of trumpets, no rolling of drums, no uniform or decorations --

but probably a heavy bodyguard of Nazi Secret Police,

Nazi refugees from Austria.

There are about fifteen thousand of them in Germany and twelve hundred in the villages of Yugoslavia --- Nazis who escaped after the suppression of the revolt in Austria.

The ones in Germany are an embarrassment to Hitler. They have been fighting for his cause, but at the same time if he shows them too much favor, it would support the charges that the German Nazis were responsible for the Austrian trouble. Right now these exiled Austrian Nazis in Germany have been sent to labor camps, far from the Austrian frontier.

The Yugoslav angle is different. The south Slav government cannot see these exiled Nazis starve, which makes it expensive. There are reports that Hitler has picked in with some money to pay for their board and lodging.

The question is ticklish indeed, and will need plenty

AUSTRIA

While Austria is pushing her case and claims against Germany because of alleged German participation in the Austrian revolt there's talk of an interesting agreement on another subject. And the negotiations certainly will deal with as ticklish a question as has ever been negotiated. It concerns the Nazi refugees from Austria.

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of diplomatic skill when the three countries of Austria, Germany and Yugoslavia get together to work out some arrangement for the disposal of the Austrian Nazi exiles.

I wonder what they can do about it? I don't suppose the Vienna government wants them back in Austria, although they may be allowed to go home under some compromise agreement,

ZITA

It is timely to observe tonight that the Ex-Empress Zita was a princess of the royal line of Bourbon-Parma. That is one of the ancient princely families that ruled in North Italy under the domination of Austria, in the days before Italy became a united nation. This is pertinent because of the report from abroad that the various members of the Bourbon-Parma family have put up their entire fortune to back the Ex-Empress Zita. That fortune amounts to a hundred million dollars.

Of course, the handsome, dark-haired woman of forty-two has only one idea in the world, one dominant dream -- to put her son, the Arch-Duke Otto on the throne of his imperial Hapsburg ancestors. So relentless, so tireless, so actively determined is she in this maternal ambition that some people are beginning to call her:- "the Iron Woman of Europe." And now she has a hundred million dollars to back her up.

Shrewd observers are trying to explain the peculiar movements of the young Arch-Duke, who disappeared from his home in Belgium, was reported to be on his way to

Italy, to Vienna, to Hungary, here, there and everywhere, and finally turned up in Scandinavia, just touring around. And they say that these Arch-Ducal wanderings are just a blind to throw off suspicion -- while Zita, the Iron Woman of Europe, has been doing the real job of wire-pulling and negotiation.

Over in Italy they are trying to rig up what would certainly be the greatest heat plant in the world. It is intended to provide heat for the whole city of Naples. The gigantic furnace stands nearby, Vesuvius, the fire mountain, just around the curve of the bay.

^a~~the~~ scientific expedition is in the crater of Mount Vesuvius today, making a study of that sulphur^ya pit, where heat, steam, noxious vapors and fire tell of the burning and boiling in the heart of the mountain. They are doping out the possibilities of piping the heat of Vesuvius down to the city. There ^{are} plenty of ^{calories} if they can find a way to handle ^{them}, enough volcanic ^{warmth} ~~heat~~ for the radiators and stoves of half a dozen cities like Naples.

It's a great furnace, all right, but you know a furnace may sometimes explode -- as happened a couple of thousand of years ago, when gay Pompeii became an entombed city, for us children of another era to marvel at. ^T If you want to go into this volcanic subject any deeper you'll have a chance next month. You won't be able to see Vesuvius, but you'll be able

to hear it. The N. B. C. is going to install microphones

in the crater ~~of~~ that most historic of fire mountains, and will

broadcast to the world the ^hmissings, rumblings and deep

detonations of pent-up subterranean fire.

Harry Frank says there's a wave of factory

building going on in Arsenia just now.

MOUNT ARARAT

Harry Franck, the world traveller sends a wireless that he has just scaled one of the most famous mountains in the world, Mount Ararat, in Armenia. Harry said that he found no evidence of Noah having been there. For that matter, will any mountaineer who climbs Ararat even ten years from now find any evidence of Harry Franck having been there?

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IRELAND

That was a strange scene over in Ireland. The old city of Cork has never seen anything stranger.

It came as a climax to that dangerous riot when a mob of farmers attacked the police. The trouble started with the seizing of the farmers' cattle for unpaid taxes.

There was a riot with shooting and bloodshed. They seemed suddenly to realize that twenty-five men had fallen wounded, one killed.

Remorse swept over them all, the rioters and police too. They fell on their knees in the ~~street~~ street, rioters and police, side by side, and prayed.

CUBA

I sure wished I'd had time to stop and to see the
Down in Cuba there's an ABC answer. The ABC, ~~after~~
big double-header at the Yankee Stadium today. I passed the
Cuba's own brand of alphabet soup, is the student organization
that has just been denounced by Colonel Batista, the head of
the Cuban army.

The former sargeant who now is lord of the land, charges
that the semi-Fascist ABC is trying to undermine his army, and
will "cause blood to run again in Cuban streets", as he phrases
it.

The ABC answers in its own newspaper that: "The present
government doesn't know how to govern or doesn't desire to
govern".

Meanwhile that same government is trying to break a
strike of its own mail and telegraph employees.
they only get an even break in New York it will give them a
mighty convincing bulge.

BASEBALL

I sure wished I'd had time to stop and to see the big double-header at the Yankee Stadium today. I passed the stadium and it looked as impressive as a World's Series, just one packed, immense throng, with thousands trying to get in, and no place left in that vast stadium. That's what happens when a crucial series is really crucial.

Those Tigers from Detroit sure did some ripping and tearing and clawing in the most tigerish way -- with the first game turning into a slashing Detroit victory -- nine to five.

Out in Detroit with the score flashing in over the wires, the Michigan fans were tickled a bright Michigan Pink.

Detroit is the city of automobiles, but not a city of penant-winning baseball. They haven't had a baseball flag of victory since the old heroic days of Hughey Jennings. But now the Tigers seem to be on the way to the World's Series. If they only get an even break in New York it will give them a mighty convincing bulge.

Down in Western Oklahoma big things are on among
There's talk of another presidential vacation, not
the Indians of the reservation where the old Cheyennes lived
this year but next, a presidential touring of Alaska next sum-
mer. It's a spectacular redskin dance, and the
mer.
reason is -- rain.

Well the President is in for a heavy Fall and winter
A few days ago the people were calling the President
of work. Drought, unemployment relief, the coming Congressional
the Rain Maker, because moisture fell from the sky right after
elections and the meeting of the new Congress, will give him
his tour through the West. But the Indians of Oklahoma know
plenty to do. And he'll need a vacation by the time summer
batter. They know what has really brought the rain.
rolls around again.

In the driest drought section of Oklahoma a refresh-
ing wet drizzle has been falling. The Indians of those parts,
point to an Alaskan trip for Mr. Roosevelt next summer. It
of the Cheyenne Tribe, nod their heads and grunt sagely: "Ugh,
will be significantly connected with the surveys the Army and
ugh. Indian dance here; big dance. Indian dance make rain."
Navy experts are making. They are studying the problem of *national*
Ugh, ugh."
defense, in ~~the Alaskan territory.~~

The Supposition is that if the next Naval Conference fails,
answered their spectacular animal dance last week. They put on
Uncle Sam will fortify Alaska in a big way, as the westernmost
that big aboriginal ball to persuade the rain-god that he ought
stronghold of defense on this continent.
to do something.

And the pluvial deity has answered with clouds and
showers. So today the Cheyennes are putting on another dance --
of thanksgiving to the rain-god -- the Redskin Jupiter Pluvius.

RAIN

Down in Western Oklahoma big doings are on among the Indians of the reservation where the old Cheyennes lived their tribal life. It's a spectacular redskin dance, and the reason is -- rain.

A few days ago the people were calling the President, the Rain Maker, because moisture fell from the sky right after his tour through the West. But the Indians of Oklahoma know better. They know what has really brought the rain.

In the driest drought section of Oklahoma a refreshing wet drizzle has been falling. The Indians of those parts, of the Cheyenne Tribe, nod their heads and grunt sagely:- "Ugh, ugh. Indian dance heap big dance. Indian dance make rain." Ugh, ugh."

Yes, the Cheyennes believe that the rain-god has answered their spectacular animal dance last week. They put on that big aboriginal ball to persuade the rain-god that he ought to do something.

And the pluvial deity has answered with clouds and showers. So today the Cheyennes are putting on another dance -- of thanksgiving to the rain-god -- the Redskin Jupiter Pluvius.

PRETZELS

The government, in its solicitude for the forgotten man has finally gotten around to the forgotten pretzel benders. Meaning, that the NRA is putting into effect Code number 503, which is Blue Eagle for pretzels.

The new salty and twisted code is strong for fair pretzel practices. I suppose it deals with such complicated mathematics as how many twists a pretzel must have to be a suitable accompaniment to a glass of ~~beer~~ foamy suds.

It provides a minimum wage of thirty-two and a half cents an hour for what they call "hand twisters", in other words, pretzel benders. Are you are a pretzel bender? And if not why not?

There's a long literature on the subject of escape, prison breaks, men getting loose from every kind of confinement. You'll find marvels of ingenuity, terrors of desperation. But you'll find nothing more singular than the escape story that comes from St. Louis.

Armed gangsters in a daring hold-up, released two prisoners, one charged with murder, and the other with automobile stealing. But the two prisoners were in a hospital, they had been shot and were gravely wounded. Their pals got in by posing as policemen.

The two prisoners they had ~~to~~ come to ^{release} ~~take with them~~ couldn't get up, they were too full of bullets to walk. So the gangsters forced a nurse to help them as they dragged themselves along with lagging steps. They got the two men into an automobile bristling with fire-arms and went speeding away.

The doctors have their doubts whether the two escapers will survive the ordeal ^{and} ~~of~~ shaking up ~~and~~ of the escape. And, anyway, the police say they are in such bad condition, it will be easy to get them again.

Now where's my hat? It's ^{just a}~~only a common~~ straw Kelly, but

59 I wish it were one of those stately and aristocratic headpieces, tall, glossy, and silk. Because I ^{'m going to say:-}~~want to insist on saying~~

"Where's my plug hat?"

I'd just like to spite that judge on Long Island who put his judicial taboo on the expression: "plug hat" -- because it's undignified. I suppose according to that judge I ought to exclaim: "Where's my topper old chap?" as they say in dear old London.

1/2 "Plug hat" is a good old Americanism. Out West where I came from, they didn't know that majestic article of apparel by any other name. So I'll say: "Where's my plug hat", and ~~if I~~ ~~grab my straw bonnet, and add~~ -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.