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Another transatlantic flight and conother plane is eventhe attentio tonight, and if it is successful it will be the fourteenth disrespectfully time that an airplane has gone whizzing across the Atlantic Ocean.

This latest adventure is
a little bit different. It's a political
botshevik transatlantic flight. The two
aviators, are Hungarians and xxxxx their
idea is to make a flight from the
United States to Budapest just to call
the world's attention to the injustice
done to Hungary at the end of the World
War. In fact, these patriotic flying
men have named their plane JUSTICE TO
HUNGARY.

And the take-off from Harbor

Grace, Newfoundland, this noon, was a

little different. It was done in the

European manner. The International

News Service tells us that two Hungarian

officers who are friends of the fliers

embraced them and kissed them on both

theeks just before they climbed into

their plane.

The two adventurers now on their way across the ocean expect to fly the 33300 miles to Budapest and land there along about noon tomorrow.

They are carrying a radio set and at 7:40 tought a norwegian steamer picked up a message from them. They said they were them. They said they were going strong tall was well,

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- 6-16-31 -5M

The most important International News of the day is that the French are said to be willing to ease their demands on Germany, in the matter of granting a big loan. At least so we are told by the Berlin correspondent of the New York Evening Post who goes on to say that It's likely enough that France is backing down because there was a near panic on the Paris stock exchange today.

They say the French are beginning to see that a breakup in Germany, which is constantly threatening, would be
disastrous to French financial and economic interests. Hence,
the way seems to be opening for Germany and France to get together
and compromise their differences.

Other wise the financial situation in Central Europe is about the same -- not so good.

The United Press sends word that there is a threat of nationwide strikes in Germany. The Communists are urging a general walk-out. If anything like that happens it will be serious indeed. Riots in four cities - Berlin, Leipzig, Karlsruhe and Darmsladt.

Well, people in New York or folks who come to New York from out of town, are still going to pay five cents for riding on the subway and elevated lines.

The Traction Company has been trying to get permission to raise the fare. But the United Press gives the information that today the New York State Court of Appeals gave the ruling that carfare still means a nickel, a half-a-dime, and so we'll still go ahead feeding five cent pieces into the hungry slots of those little machine and travel from Coney Island to Yonkers.

. . . .

One of the important daxxxx developments of the day is a report by the Wickersham committee on the subject of that Mooney and Billings case in California.

The Wickersham committee declares that the processes of law that sent those two men to prison and are keeping them there, were all wrong. "Shocking to one's sense of justice" is one of the quotations which the Associated Press gives from the report of the Committee.

well, Mooney and Billings,
both radical labor leaders, were sent to
prison for a bomb explosion in San
Francisco during the feverish days of
the world war. Ever since there has
been a bitter argument about the
justice of their trial, and now,
Wickersham Committee comes forward and
declares that their trial was not just
and proper.

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Tomorrow will be a great day in an auction room over in London. Prominent in the proceedings will be the name of the Earl of Harewood, who is the husband of Princess Mary, the daughter of the King and Queen.

No, the son-in-law of King George won't be at the auction to buy anything. He's baving auction off one of the most extraordinary pieces of jewelry in the world. It is known as the "CANNING JEWEL"; which has an astonishing bit of his tory. It is said to be the supreme example of Renaissance jewelry, is set with pearls, diamonds and rubies.

It was made by Benvenuto Cellini
the great Fifteen Century master. Well,
as the United Press tells to, tradition
has it that Cellini fash ioned the
superb piece of jewelry for Lorenzo
deMedici, the ruler of Florence. Lorenzo
gave it away as a present taxante and the
one to whom he gave it--well, that's the
extraordinary part of the story. He

sent it to Far-Off India as a gift
to the Mogul Emperor at Delhi. The Empire
EMPERAR of the Moguls in India was at the
height of its glory. The Peacock Throne
was the glory and splendor of the world,
and I suppose it was only fit that the
Mogul Emperor should have among his
fabulous treasures the supreme piece
of jewelry of the Italian Renaissance.

Well, the masterpiece that

Benvenuto Cellini had created remained
in the possession of the potentate of

Delhi until the Indian Mutiny in the
middle of the last century. Whem the
British troops stormed Delhi they found
Benvenuto's old masterpiece in the
treasury of the King of Oudh. It was
seized by the British Indian Government.

Then it was bought by the Earl of Canning,
and from him it has descended to the
son-in-law of King George, the present Canl Harman.

well, half the splendor of the world seems to lie dreaming of that exquisite work of Benvenuto Cellini, which will sold in an auction room in London tomorrow.

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And now comes an even stranger tale, the tragical story of a glorious dream that has turned to dust. It comes from the craggy northland of Sweden. It tells of a whole colony of people who in the course of a strange history came several years ago to what they thought was the fulfillment of heart's desire. But, today the paradise that they foresaw has fallen in broken bits about them.

Let's take the story from the beginning as given in today's New York Sun.

one hundred and fifty years ago, in the year 1781, a rich Swedish land owner named Magnus Stenbock, fot into a big gambling game. He lost, lost heavily, and hadn't the money to pay. But he had a great estate with many peasants living on it, and the Swedish peasants in those days were serfs - almost slaves.

Russia was then in her great period of imperial expansion. She had

vast xxxxxxxxx territories but not enough people. Catherine the Great was looking for colonies of immigrants to come in and settle the waste spaces, and she was willing to buy slave peasants and settle them in Russia.

And so Magnus Stenbock, in order 8 to pay his gambling debts, sold three 9 hundred of his serfs to the Empress 10 Catherine, of Russia, and the Empress 11 settled them in a colony on the broad 12 deep fields of the Ukraine, and there 13 that small community of Swedes lived for 14 a hundred and fifty years surrounded by 15 xxx millions of the Mascowites. They 16 kept to their old Swedish ways, talked 17 their old language, worshipped according 18 to their old religion. They never became Russianized. They remained 20 Swedes, and they were happy too, although a strange people in a strange land. = that 22 is, until the Bolsheviks came. Those 23 old-fash ioned Swedes could not abide by 24 the new Red revolutionary doctrines. They 25 hated Communism. They loved their land

land wanted to keep it, and above all 2 things they were intensely religious, 3 and were enraged by the propaganda which 4 the Soviets carried on against God and sreligion.

Well, for a hundred and fifty 8 7 years they had kept a traditional memory of Sweden. Although they had been 9 away for generations it was still their 10 home land. They thought of it as a 11 paradise, radiant and fair.

And now when the rule of the 12 13 Soviets turned their lives in Russia to 14 wretchedness and anger, why the thought 15 of Sweden became more beautiful than 16 ever.

And that colony of Swedes in 18 the Ukraine formed the project of going 19 back to Sweden. They communicated with 20 the Swedish government. The authorities of Stockholm agreed to help them, and gave \$100,000, with which to buy 23 from the Soviet authorities the right to go back to Sweden.

The great day of departure came.

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1 It was in 1929. Thirteen hundred of those Swedes started in boats down the Dneiper River. When the Black Sea was Ireached a Turkish steamer chartered by 5 the Swedish Government, picked them up. e Their trip was a hard one and they were in bad shape to start with. Of sthe 1300 who started only 900 arrived 9 in Sweden - to them the land of dreams. 10 paradise. They were received with a niglorious ceremony. The imagination of 12 the Swedish people was touched by the 13 return of these long separated 14 countrymen of theirs. The exiles who 15 returned home were buried with flowers 16 as they passed through the streets of The exilence in teams of Rappiness.

17 Stockholm. RThe Swedish government adopted 18 a plan to provide them with a large 19 tract of farm land so that they could 20 live in a village of their own and 21 remain a united community. 22

But soon the gorgeous dream

23 began to grow pale. Sweden is 
24 country. It has little available farm

25 land. The government found itself unable

1 to get enough in a single tract for the 2 new colony. And so the returned exiles were given farms here and there, all over Sweden - they were split up. And 5 that made them unhappy. They missed 6 each other's company. They found 7 themselves very different from the Swedes 8 around them. Yes, those exiles were Swedes all right, but in their village of the Ukraine xxx time had stood still 11 those hundred and fifty years. They were still Swedes of 1781, and the hundred and fifty years that/www elapsed 14 Sweden has changed. It has become modern. It is a different country from what those Swedes of the Ukraine thought it would be.

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They tried to work their farms, but couldn't. They had imagined that the land in Sweden would be just the same as it had been in the Ukraine, deep black soil of limitless depths, rich, those immensely fertile acres that make the Russian wheat crop so great. They were bitterly disappointed to find that

the \*xxx landx in Sweden was something else again, thin, rocky, sterile. They couldn't make a go of it. To cultivate that kind of stony land after the rich Russian soil that they had left pethat just broke their spirits. They began to drift into the cities, especially into Stockhoim. They were destitute beggars who had to be taken care of by the charity authorities.

And, most, just as when in Russia
they had longed for Sweden, so now in
Sweden they began to long for Russia.

They were consumed with yearning for their
old village and their old deep rich
fields on the banks of the Dneiper. And
now they have begun to go back. They
have procured permission from the Soviet
authorities to return. The Swedish
government is paying their passage money.
A batch of 139 are ready to start now.

Soon these will make the long journey
to the Ukraine and the others will follow.

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not about pennies. It's about population.

The latest British census shows that the population of Scotland is declining. Ten years ago that Braw Caledonian land contained four million eight hundred eighty-two thousand, nine hundred forty-seven people. Today that number is nearly forty thousand less. And the New York Sun tells us that that isn't all of the story either.

If you took away the Irish that have immigrated to Scotland, why, the decline of the Scotch population would be even sharper. There are four hundred thousand Irishmen in Glasgow alone.

Of course, the English are making jokes about it - they always make jokes about the Scots. They are reviving the old wheeze: the Scots have to London and are running the British Government. And of course, the fact is that there are an amazing number of Scotsmen among the ruling officials of England - including the Prime Minister,

Ramsay MacDonald.

But seriously, if the present decline in population continues, why eventually the old land of Scotland will be nothing more than bare uninhabited hills with the lingering echo Aa Bag pipe here and there.

6-16-31 - 5M

But it's different in Italy. The Italian Government reports that the birth rate during the past two years has increased 9%.

The new Literary Digest, the one that will come to you tomorrow, gives a vivid account of the Italian drive for larger population.

The Literary Digest quotes the United Press as saying that in the last ten years the population of Italy has increased over 6% and that today Italy has a larger population than any other European power except Germany and Russia. In the figures for population—increase, Italy is first—Germany is second and Germany is a bad second. The margin of births over deaths is twice as great in Italy as in Germany.

achieve was clearly put by Mussolini.
The Literary Digest \*\*\*\* tells us that the Duce was addressing a gathering of women and here's what he said:

"Ladies, Italy should enter the

6-16-31 5M

population of not less than sixty million"

In other words he nut the

In other words he put the proposition up to the ladies, which seems to be the sensible thing to do whom the proposition seems to belong.

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6-16-31 -5M

second half of this century with a population of not less than sixty million".

In other words he put the

proposition up to the ladies, which seems to be the sensible thing to do where the proposition seems to belong.

I wonder whether or not this next bit of news is just an African Tall Story.

The Associated Press sends along a report from Rhodesia, which tells of a rancher who was attacked by a lion.

The lion sprang at him, but the rancher thrust his hand into the beast's mouth and clutched it by the tongue. And there he was fighting with the maddened lion and hanging on to its tongue until a neighbor with a rifle came and killed the animal. They say the rancher was badly mauled by the lion's claws but he will recover.

The reporters took the tale to an expert at the Bronx Zoo. The expert says the story is very tall indeed. He explains that a lion's tongue is so constructed and so slippery that a man's hand couldn't possible get a good grip of it.

Well, maybe so, but I know from experience that a lot of these stories that seem to come right out of the

6-16-31 - 5M

Tall Story Club are really true. I once lived for a month, with a Scotsman out on Singapore Island who had gotten into a tangle with a panther and he saved his life by ramming his fist and forearm down that panther's throat.

That has a tall sound, too, but it was perfectly true.

So maybe this African lion yarn isn't so tall - after all.

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Well, it's getting to be time for me to make myself scarce--just about as scarce as a hen's teeth.

And I'll just barely have a chance to tell you what would be a story of hen's teeth, if hens had anyteeth.

At Albany a man is suing in Court, demanding doctor's bills and damages because he was bitten by a hen.

He was working at a summer camp in Sullivan County, when a chicken just walked up and bit him, Yes, he says it was a real savage bite, such as you'd be more likely to expect from an Abyssinian crocodile, or a Bengal tiger, than a common New York State chicken. But, at any rate, the chicken bit the man, bit him in the finger. His finger swelled up and it caused quite a bit of bother.

So it shows that a hen can bite even though a hen's teeth may be mighty scarce. And now as I said before, it is time for me to make myself scarce.

And so long until tomorrow.

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6-16-31 - 5M