

RUSSIA

We've done quite bit of road building in America in the last twenty years. But Soviet Russia is starting a new network of highways that is planned to dwarf even our tremendous system. To this end Dictator Stalin is mobilizing the entire population of the Soviet Union. Every citizen between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, will receive a call to arms. But the arms won't be rifles, heavy cannon and tanks. They'll consist of pick and shovel, ploughs, harrows and steam rollers. Fifty million men and women will be called upon to do their bit and without pay.

This huge undertaking will start late in the spring as soon as the weather permits highway engineering jobs.

During the summer, when the crops have to be planted, the job will be interrupted. But after the heavy work on the farm is finished, the peasants will be back on the road work again.

Roads to a red utopia.

BRAZIL

James MacDonald, the League of Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, has made a suggestion. A proposal that the Jewish people who have had to flee from Germany, be sent to South America to colonize undeveloped lands in Brazil.

There are already sixty thousand Jews in that country, and they are getting along quite well. But the Brazilian rulers are balking against having fifteen thousand more. Their reason is peculiar. The greater part of Brazil's population is ~~illiterate~~ illiterate. Nevertheless, the Brazilians are exceedingly proud of their national traditions and customs. Those Jewish immigrants would be of far higher intellectual and cultural standards. So a sudden importation of many thousands of these highly developed people, would tend to dominate the rest of the country. There's also the consideration that the kind of immigrants needed in Brazil are peasants, sturdy agricultural ~~is~~ pioneers, able to withstand the climate. The Jewish exiles from Germany, whom the High Commissioner would thus colonize, are city folk, most of them brain workers, perhaps not equipped for the hardships of manual toil of pioneers in a country of stupendous tropical jungle.

TREATY

(About the only moralizing one can do over that Naval Treaty in London is that half a loaf is better than no bread.) At least, one supposes that this will be the only consolation that pacifists and champions of a small navy will offer each other. What it amounts to practically, is that (both Uncle Sam and John Bull can go ahead and build as many warships as they feel is necessary. Which means, we assume, that both of them will feel at liberty to increase their navies ad lib with a stern weather eye on the Mikado.)

The feeling in Washington is that the document, which Norman Davis signed on behalf of Uncle Sam, is of doubtful value. In fact, they say, that was determined last January when the Japanese representatives walked out with a loud ^{brony} "Banzai!" The consequence was of course that the only signers were England, France and the U.S.A.

(However, the agreement does provide for one limitation. While it places no bounds to the number of battleships, it does limit their size. They've also promised that certain types of vessels will not carry guns above a certain calibre.)

Italy sat in at the game and drew cards, but so far has

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refused to play them. Dino Grandi, who represents Mussolini in London, is standing pat. As he expressed it, "Italy is ready to sign that Treaty but not while those sanctions are still nominally in force.

So the signing of ~~that~~ Treaty isn't such hot news. But the grapevine telegraph has a story which is hot. It isn't confirmed, but it sounds plausible. The word is that Uncle Sam and John Bull are going to sign a little private treaty of their own. The compact would be for the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack to fly over equal tonnage on the high seas. And that, obviously though it would never be diplomatically admitted, implies a warning to Japan to watch her step.

Chang
Mar 25, 1936
Tira
Hustace
Beck
Mar 25, 1936

HAWAII

At the Waldorf today I encountered five gentlemen from Hawaii. Professor Beck and four members of the University of Hawaii Debating Team. They are on a three month tour of the United States, debating with teams from colleges and universities in forty states -- holding sixty debates in all. The names of the debaters are first, Clarence Chang. Mr. Chang, what is your racial origin?

MR. CHANG:- I am a Chinese of the third generation in Hawaii. So that means I am now as Hawaiian as a pineapple.

L.T.:- The second is Robert Tira. You are a Japanese, are you not?

MR. TIRA:- Yes, of the second generation in Hawaii. And that makes me as Hawaiian as the beach at Waikiki.

L.T.:- The third is Frank Hustace, who looks pure Caucasian.

MR. HUSTACE:- But I am not. I am a mixture of Anglo-Saxon, Hawaiian and Chinese. But I am just as Hawaiian as our volcano Kilauea.

L.T.:- The fourth is Homer Hayes who tells me he is of Scotch-Irish-English-Hawaiian origin. The second generation Scotch-

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Irish-English on one side; of the one thousandth Hawaiian generation on his mother's side. Homer Hayes is not a Mid-Pacific name, and, he looks as though he might be a direct descendant of the famous queen Liliuokalani

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L.T.:- And two others - Messrs Casstevens and North have just come in. How many debates has your team taken part in so far, Professor Beck, and how have they made out?

PROF. BECK:- Twenty-two so far. They have lost four. One of these to a girls' team at Radford College in Virginia.

The question for debate was: "Resolved, That Trial By Jury Should Be Abolished." These fellows took the affirmative and took it on the chin.

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L. T.:- Fourteen of the debates have been on the question: "Resolved, That Congress Shall

Have the Power to Over-ride Decisions of the United States Supreme Court." They have found that to be the most popular question throughout the nation. Sometimes these fellows take the affirmative, sometimes the negative. They always let their host have first choice as to sides. In spite of that, the team from the University of Hawaii, has won eighty percent of the time. In the South they found that the audiences were pretty much "agin" the Supreme Court. In New England they found that the ~~people in the~~ audience^s were ~~not~~ ardent supporters of the nine venerable judges.

Another question they frequently debate is: "Should the Hawaiian Islands Be Made a State?" On that question, statehood for Hawaii, they have not been defeated. Mr. Homer Hayes ---- -

Excuse your pardon, sir, my
MR. HAYES:- ~~My full~~ name is --- ---

L.T.:- O.K. But if you speak in that language I can't debate with you. At any rate, what are some of your arguments? Why should Hawaii be granted statehood?

MR. HAYES:- Because the Islands are now firmly organized. Because we, the people of Hawaii assume all the burdens of statehood

without having any vote representation in Congress. In fact we pay more Federal taxes for the support of the government of the United States than seventeen of the forty-eight states pay.

Hawaii is not next door to Japan as so many Americans seem to think. It is much farther from Honolulu to Japan than it is from New York to Europe. And these are only a few arguments.

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L.T.:- And they are mighty convincing.. Congratulations on the success of your tour, ~~so far~~. I understand you are travelling under the auspices of that famous fraternity, Tau Kappa Alpha, and that Friday night you are going to debate against St. John's College in Brooklyn. We'll all drink a glass of pineapple juice and wish you luck.

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TOWNSEND

That split in the high command of the Townsend movement seemed this afternoon to be growing wider. The rumor from Washington was that several more tycoons of the organization were about to follow the example of the Secretary-Treasurer, Robert E. Cléments.

The rumpus comes at a dramatic moment. It happens just as a committee of the House was about to start one of their investigation shows into that Two-Hundred-Dollar-a-Month-for-Everybody pension movement. *It gets under way tomorrow morning.*

Of course this news breaks as a severe shock to many millions of people. It also causes a sigh of relief to statesmen and business men who viewed the project with alarm. The organization had attained really formidable proportions. It had got to the point where members of Congress who ^{*the Townsend Plan*} ~~disbelieved~~ were really shaking in their legislative shoes. Severely as they disapproved the idea, the organized pressure on them from constituents was causing many a head to ache.

Of course no one man is unreplaceable in any outfit that includes some twenty million members. And that ^{*is*} ~~was~~ the size claimed for the followers of Dr. Townsend. However, Robert E.

Clements, their Secretary and Treasurer, appears to be quite an exceptional person. At any rate, he showed himself to be remarkably skillful as an organizer. Not very old, either, only forty. Personally, a^a sharp-faced, cold looking individual, he had no personal financial pension motive in working for the Townsend Plan. He owns land, they say, in twenty-seven states. That's quite a bit of real estate. He is the son of a rich cattleman in Amarillo, Texas. But he made a fortune in his own right. He went to Long Beach, California, and struck it rich in the real estate business. His pretty red-headed young wife claims he is only moderately well-to-do. But at any rate he has enough never to need any Two hundred a month in his old age. Dr. Townsend was one of his salesmen at Long Beach. It took him quite a while to sell his boss the \$200 pension plan. But once he was sold on it, ^{with} both fists and both feet, tooth and nail, Clements went in. Now he's out thrown out.

CONGRESS WOMEN

Tonight in Washington, the wives of the congressmen are throwing a party for the First Lady of the Land. It's run by the wife of Congressman Kenny of New Jersey. The ladies of the senators and ~~the~~ cabinet members will ^{also} be there. The hubbies will tag along.

There's one thing I can tell the collective better-half of Congress. It's about a singer. At the party a young soprano from Ohio, will hit a few high notes - Mary Maddox Diedrick. I heard her sing the other evening. She informed me that she was just a country girl from Ohio, Zanesville. Then she told me something that I will pass along as a warning.

56) Mary Diedrick dusting in the parlor one day, was singing - as girls frequently do while dusting. She was just swishing off the family fruit-bowl, highly decorated. At that moment she pitched her voice upward, and hit an F above high C. She was so astonished that she let the fruit-bowl drop, crash!

Her father was down in the cellar stoking the furnace. When he heard the high F, he was so astonished that he let the coal scuttle drop, crash! It was a crashing day. He sprinted up

the stairs, shouting: "Who sang that high note?"

"That", says Mary Diedrick, "is what made me decide to become a singer."

Which leads to the warning for the ladies in Washington - when the soprano hits a high one tonight, don't let her be holding a fruit-bowl, or she'll drop it. ~~And somebody may drop a coal~~
~~scuttle.~~

LIVERMORE

In a musty California court room, the plot of a touching old-fashioned melodrama was enacted today. It was the kind of melodrama that used to be described as a "three handkerchief play," — you used up 3 handkerchiefs, weeping. The curtain went up on the final act of the shocking, heart-rending Livermore case. The figure in the dock was a mother, accused of an assault with intent to murder her sixteen year old son.

You may recall the beginnings of this affair last November.

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The mother was ~~was~~ Dorothy Livermore Longcope. Formerly she was one of the wife of Jesse Livermore, the most spectacular Wall Street operators ~~of modern times~~. The sixteen year old boy was her son by Livermore. The dreadful event happened at a party in Mrs. Livermore's house. In the middle of high conviviality, the noise of laughter and clinking glasses was interrupted by the sound of a ~~pistol~~ shot. Young Jesse Livermore was found on the floor dangerously wounded. They rushed him to a hospital and for weeks the doctors held out small hope for his recovery.

Those were troubled weeks for his mother, who had held the gun that shot him. But quite recently he left the hospital. Nevertheless, Mrs. Livermore has to stand at the bar

of justice. But in this case justice was tempered with mercy. Young Jesse took the stand and said: "It wasn't mother's fault, it was mine." Then he explained that he had forced the weapon into his mother's hands and that while he was doing that, the gun went off. And the Court freed the Mother.

BAND

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Have you ever wanted to put the ~~g~~ quietus on a saxophone player? One man in Illinois has done it. He is warden of the State Penitentiary at Joliet, and here's how it happened.

Every Sunday afternoon the prison band broadcasts a program from the chapel. The musicians, forty of them, receive no pay. Their only reward was a snack, good things to eat not on the ordinary prison bill of fare.

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Last Sunday something went sour with those musicians. The horn players were over-blowing, the saxophonists were even sadder than saxophonists usually are. The bars just wouldn't hold up. I don't mean the bars of the cells, the bars of the score.

As a rule the worst that music critics can do to a bad performance is to give the players a good roasting in the papers, and let it go at that. But the authorities of the prison had a more effective means of expressing their criticism. They avenged that dent in the prestige of the Joliet jail with a sentence - "No snacks, no good things to eat."

The musicians refused to take their punishment lying down. They grabbed their instruments and played a charivari that made that

afternoon's performance sound beautiful by comparison. It was, from all accounts, a ^{wild}~~gosh-awful~~ hullabaloo of rancid sounds.

Unfortunately for them, the warden had the last word.

The word, or rather the words, were - "solitary confinement for the rest of the week." That silences even a saxophone player.

And ~~it~~ also ^{silences}~~brings~~ me: ~~gracefully into my last words~~

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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