

TAXES

Wonder if this first item tonight has anything to do with politics? But that's up to you to figure out. At any rate here it is:- No new taxes, no increase in the tax rate. Such is the word from Washington. The news was released from the White House today. It was the outcome of a special conference between those who have the most to say about taxation. That is, provided Mr. Roosevelt is re-elected. The President called in Secretary of the Treasury, Morgenthau, Senator Harrison of the Finance Committee of the upper chamber and Chairman Doughton of the House Ways and Means Committee. And that decision was the outcome of their deliberation.

Instead of adding taxes it is even probably that some of the existing demands on our pocketbooks may be eliminated. Or is this a way of fishing for votes? At any rate Senator Harrison explained: "The cost of collecting some of these special levies is so high that the revenue they produce is negligible. But the irritation they cause is not negligible." We'll all cheer those sentiments. Chairman Doughton of the Ways and Means Committee said, "Business conditions are improving at such a rate that Uncle Sam's Tax Revenue has been going up by leaps and bounds." That, he said, is why the President and his advisors came to the conclusion at which they arrived.

This does not mean there will be no new tax law passed by the next Congress. But its purpose will be to wipe out inequalities, unfair provisions, items that inflict injuries upon consumers and businessmen. And the Administration leaders go so far as to hope that the nuisance taxes will be dropped, especially those on gasoline, oil and luxuries. There can be no grumoling about that.

~~One of the main reasons for this is~~

~~an upward movement in the stock market in 1934.~~



## COLLEGE

There are too many colleges, too many graduates.

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College education is a fetish in America. It's not an asset but an item to be written off in red ink on the debit side of the ledger of youth. The colleges are dumping youth on the doorstep of the world of work, <sup>dumping them</sup> utterly untrained for the job of life. In other words they're all dressed up and no place to go.

These are not <sup>necessarily</sup> my sentiments. Personally on the subject of college education I have my fingers crossed. But those astonishing statements are made by a man who himself was university trained. He's been spending months making a nationwide survey of the subject. As a result, Isaac F. Marcossan, the celebrated correspondent, investigator and author, comes to those conclusions. In the forthcoming issue of the American Magazine he writes, "The urge for any kind of a white collar job and the failure to find it have done more than anything to put youth in a jam." And he explains, "The gap between education and employment is the pit into which youth has fallen."

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After which we may be prepared for a storm of protest not only from professors and college presidents but from young

people themselves. A lot of them will say, "What are we to do?

So many employers nowadays ask if you have a college education

and give preference to college graduates." Ike Marcossan did

not leave his investigation at criticism pure and simple. He

believes that the problem of fitting young people for jobs and

for life is ideally solved at Antioch College, <sup>out in Ohio.</sup> Students there

alternate their classroom studies with work in factories,

stores, newspaper offices, public utilities, <sup>- and so on -</sup> as regular

employees. And that, he concludes, is the only sensible

system. And I'll wager that as a result of Ike Marcossan's investigation old Antioch will be swamped with applicants this year. And it richly deserves all the good fortune that comes its way.



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Sax Rohmer ought to have been present today at the United States Commissioners Court in New York City. The principal performer in the scene was a young woman who was being arraigned before the commissioner on a charge of smuggling narcotics. She's a beautiful young Eurasian, superbly dressed, mysterious-looking, just the type used as a model by Sax Rohmer and other writers of mystery fiction with an Oriental slant.

The story began some days. ago. Federal Agents on the Mexican border received a tip that dope was being smuggled from Mexico in planes. So last Friday the men patrolling the California frontier stopped an <sup>plane</sup> ~~airship~~ coming in from Mexico. One of the passengers ~~stoppixxxxxxxxx~~ was a most attractive, chic damsel with slanting Mongolian eyes. Except for the <sup>eyes</sup> ~~eyes~~ she looked European. Uncle Sam's men went through her baggage. They found each of her two trunks had false bottoms. In them they found quantities of white bitter crystalline powder. It was heroin, that dreadful drug whose effects are even more

terrible than morphine. The Narcotic Squad found that she had about one hundred thousand dollars worth of the poisonous stuff.

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Uncle Sam's men took the girl to a suite in a hotel and put her ~~back~~<sup>through</sup> the question<sup>ardial.</sup> What they learned was nothing more or less than they had suspected. She admitted, they said, to being the messenger of a huge dope-smuggling ring with ramifications all over the world. As for herself she gave her name as Maria Wendt and described herself as the daughter of a Dutch father and a Chinese mother, born in Borneo. After the inquisition by the Narcotic Agents had broken her down she promised to tell everything, the innermost details of the conspiracy and the ~~names~~<sup>names</sup> of the much desired higher-ups, the heads of the ring. But before doing that she said plaintively:- "Look, I'm so tired and ~~xx~~ dusty after all this traveling, won't you do me a favour? Won't you let me take a bath?" The Federal men looked at each other, nodded and said, "Okay, sister, hop to it." For a while they heard the noise of running water and of splashing. Then the shower was ~~x~~ turned on full. After a few mintues they observed that the shower



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was running an extraordinarily long while. Breaking down the door they found nobody. The girl had fooled them, taken advantage of the noise made by the showerbath, and made her escape through the window.

Then followed a long chase across the continent. The New York branch of the Narcotic Squad was warned to watch all outgoing steamers. After the Queen Mary sailed yesterday they learned that an Oriental girl was aboard her. So they wirelessly the captain of the liner, asking him to slow down while they made a search. In a fast cutter they overtook the Queen Mary in the lower harbour of New York. But the Oriental they found aboard her was a young Chinese girl with undisputable credentials.

After that, an agent was detailed to stand beside the gangplank of the North German Lloyd liner, Deutschland. Woman after woman passed up that gangplank but none answered the description of the missing Eurasian. Finally his eyes lit upon a ~~dim~~ diminutive girl barely five feet one inch tall, weighing just eighty-seven pounds. The detective took

her aside. She protested her complete innocence, said her name was Mayline Young. That was the name under which she had booked her passage. But the Federal man became convinced that he had found his quarry. After a while she gave up all pretense. So, they are convinced, Uncle Sam has laid by the heels one of the messengers of that <sup>world</sup> ~~world~~ smuggling conspiracy. *They've caught the Eurasian beauty* But, they have still to get the doctor Fu Manchou of the ~~same~~ *international dope ring.*



## SWINDLER

As a man soweth so also shall he reap. That's what we learn from Saint Paul. The truth of that axiom has never been questioned. So a story that comes from England is all the more strange. It's the story of a man who spent his entire life sowing nothing but tares and reaping harvests of gold. It's an immoral story in ~~fact~~ the most profound sense and I'm telling it not as an example to follow but as a curiosity.

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For many years a gentleman known as Major Robert Thynne was highly esteemed by all his neighbors and associates. He was known as a scientist though there was always an element of mystery behind his scientific researches. As his title indicates, he was supposed to have been in the army, also to have been employed in the Secret Service of his country. The other facets of his mask presented him as a well-to-do manufacturer and a discoverer of a highly valuable medical cure. He lived in the greatest luxury. Every time he paid a bill he did so from a wallet filled with fifty-pound Bank of England notes. At various times he emerged as a soap manufacturer, a club proprietor, a man of importance in the amusement world.

The other day this Major Robert Thynne died. He was buried in the circumstances of greatest secrecy. The undertaker was sworn to silence. The only attendants at his funeral were two young women and two policemen. In his obituary notices the London newspapers described him as a great scientist.

Not until days after he'd been cremated did the truth come to light. This Major Robert Thynne was actually a bogus company promoter named Robert Thomson Tinn. For years Scotland Yard has been looking for him as an embezzler. But his alias as Major Robert Thynne, the great scientist, had bamboozled even the keenest agents of Scotland Yard.

One of his stunts was to convert a steam yacht into a traveling factory. In this factory he proposed to manufacture shoes, bags, bookbindings and all sorts of other things from sharks to be captured on this steam yacht. Out of this little venture he took half a million dollars in cash from gullible investors. But that was only one of his slantendicular financial exploits. Let me add again, I am not telling this picaresque little yarn as an encouragement to evil doers.



SPAIN

54 (As to the latest events in Spain's civil war, the most sensational was the sinking of the great battleship JADME PRIMERO by rebel airplanes in the Harbour of Malaga. This is a loss not yet acknowledged by the government.) It was announced by the rebel's radio station at Seville. The same fleet of planes is also said to have inflicted severe damage on the fortifications of Malaga. We also learn that General Mola, Commander-in-Chief of the rebel forces in the north, flew to Seville for a conference with General Franco, the Spanish Nazi generalissimo.

Reports continue to come over of planes exported from neutral countries, including Great Britain, to both government and rebel forces. That neutrality agreement hasn't been signed yet, consequently both British and French statesmen are becoming exceedingly restive over the situation.

(The Fascists exacted a deadly revenge for the execution of those two Fascist generals at Barcelona yesterday. Forty prisoners, officers and men of the government's air force, were led before a firing squad and shot. This we learn <sup>direct</sup> from the Fascist radio station at Seville.)

Uncle Sam suffered an anti-climax in the Olympic rowing today. It followed on the heels of yesterday's triumph when the boys from Washington University beat the Leander team

from England, the cream of British oarsmanship, *— and smashed another record.*

*The Huskies are resting up for the finals. In the meantime in the* four-oared shell race today America finished second. A power-

ful crew from France *sweeping ahead* ~~had outdistanced them~~ by a length and three-

quarters. And in the ~~six~~ pair-oared shell event it was

Argentina who set our rowers back.

But that's enough for the sad side of the picture.

In the swimming it was a different story. Three Americans qualified for the semi-finals in the fifteen hundred meter free

style. *That widely acclaimed swimmer* ~~The now famous~~ Jack Medica from Seattle finished

neck and neck with one of the Japanese stars. Then Ralph

Flannigan was *snooped out* ~~by another~~ *water* ace from Nippon.

Nevertheless he came in second *which* ~~with~~ qualifies him. The third

American entry, James Christy won his race in the fourth trial.

*Then* ~~So altogether our side didn't do so badly in the water~~ The

mermaids contributed their bit. The sumptuous blonde,

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Mrs. Dorothy Poynton Hill from Los Angeles, was first in the platform diving and another Californian, Velma Dunn was second.

Our basektball team also added a few more points to our score. ~~They qualified for the finals~~ by trouncing Mexico twenty-five to ten. *The finals will be next.*

## BASEBALL

That must have been a freak baseball game they played in Berlin last night. From all accounts, it resembled hide and go seek, more than it resembled a ball game. The lighting was so poor, most of the time the ball was invisible, just as invisible to batters and fielders as to spectators. Almost the only time they saw the old onion was when someone hit a pop-fly. As a consequence the batters who hit pop-flies got more applause from the Europeans than those who whanged out decent base hits.

At any rate, it was the best attended ball game in history. One hundred thousand were in the stadium, almost twice as many as ~~xxx~~ you will find at any World Series game,- and they couldn't see the ball.

Not the least diverting part of the performance was afforded by the explanations. They had three announcers, a German, a Frenchman and an Englishman. When the Englishman got through with his idea of baseball, the German took up the tale, followed by the Frenchman. The Englishman was funny enough. But the German was all tied in knots by the fact that there is no equivalent in his language for the simple word base.



Second base, for instance, he described as second location.

The Frenchman described the pitcher's functions as "tossing the sphere against the baton of the striker - nes ce pas?"

The Englishman appears to have got his knowledge of our baseball by reading about lacrosse and cricket. His term for the bases was "four places ~~xx~~ of refuge." Now what do you think of that? Right jolly - what? Righto and now I think I'll toddle along to my place of refuge - the old home plate, and --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.