

CLEVELAND

The Republican National Committee ought to get three rousing cheers from newspaper men and news commentators. In picking Cleveland for the scene of the Nineteen Thirty-Six Republican National Convention, it has done us a good turn. Cleveland is on the breezy lake, a city with plenty of fine and comfortable hotels, accommodations for everybody. And what's more, it's easy to get to. Just over the hill by plane - three hours from New York; one hour from Chicago. Newspapers and newsreels will be able to send pictures by airmail in ideal time.

Of course the Committee had two prime motives. One, a nice certified check for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars laid down on the line by the Cleveland delegation. That counts for something. But it wasn't the most important reason. The heart of the matter is that Ohio is rated as one of the doubtful states in next year's election. It is estimated that the presidential electoral votes are going to be closer than they have been for years. Consequently, the selection of the biggest

city in that key state for the Convention maybe a wise political move. (Of course this wasn't mentioned in public at the meeting of the committee.)

The G.O.P. leaders had still another reason for taking the convention to the banks of the Cuyahoga River. The last time a Republican candidate was nominated there, he was elected with an enormous plurality. His name, Calvin Coolidge, in case you've forgotten, It was not an exciting affair, that one in Nineteen Twenty-Four. The whole ~~xxx~~ business was a walk-over - there was hardly even a murmur of opposition.

It won't be like that next year, of course. The chances are excellent for real excitement, long squabbles, on the shores of Lake Erie. And, who'll be nominated? Ah, the man who's name nobody knows!

The first reports of the supposed kidnapping of young Caleb J. Milne were treated lightly by the authorities. At least so the story goes. The police were skeptical because the young man though the grandson of an enormously rich, retired manufacturer of Philadelphia was trying to establish himself both as an actor and an author. But further investigation convinced both the New York Police and the Federal Bureau of Investigation that <sup>it was serious indeed - the disappearance</sup> ~~this suspicion did the young man an injustice.~~ The word now is that the G-men are on the job and convinced that young Caleb Milne has been snatched.

The reports that his disappearance was a publicity stunt was largely due to the way his grandfather received the news. Several hours elapsed before Mr. Milne, at his home in Germantown, could bring himself to believe that his grandson had really been abducted. As the day wore on without any news and as further circumstances were unearthed by the G-men and the New York cops, the elderly millionaire was forced to agree that the snatch racket had reared its ugly head again and thrust a hand into his family.

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THELMA

Poor Thelma Todd never acted in any mystery melodrama as sensational as her own death. From the few details that are available she perished under not only tragic but baffling circumstances.

Found dead in a car. Found by her maid. The famous blonde comedienne. At first the police said suicide. But, when the coroner of Los Angeles County arrived upon the scene he immediately pronounced it a homicide case - murder.

The two circumstances connected with this tragedy are as weird and incredible as any gangster film. In the first place the murdered woman was found near a cafe which she operated in Santa Monica. On top of that is recalled the fact that she recently was a target for extortion threats while on a visit to New York. Those threats were made light of for a time and attributed to a desire for publicity. It now turns out that the

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reports were only too true.

That makes a tragic end to a hitherto brilliant success story. Thelma Todd started her career as a school m'am, a school m'am with horn rim spectacles. Few of the pupils ever dreamed that beyond those horn rim spectacles there was real beauty. She discarded those goggles long enough to win a beauty contest in Massachusetts, her home state. The rest of it every movie fan knows.

EUROPE

Exit Sir Samuel Hoare, re-enter Sir John Simon, as British Foreign Secretary. That may be Premier Stanley Baldwin's escape from the hole into which the Hoare-Laval peace proposals have thrust his Cabinet. At least, there were signs of omens pointing in that direction across the sea today.

*In London -*

His Majesty's government almost found themselves in an even tighter spot than they expected, this afternoon. They were all prepared to meet an attack in the House of Commons on Thursday, an attack by the Laborites, who are the forefront of the opposition to that peace plan. But one of the Labor members beat them to it today. He started the good old game of heckling on the floor of the House. "Do the Government still accept responsibility for these shameful proposals?" asked a leader of the opposition party.

Sir Samuel Hoare was not on the Treasury bench. It is said that he is ill, and ~~he~~ has plenty of reason to feel indisposed. *Broken nose - and* ~~in the~~

*twisted politics. In*

his place Captain Anthony Eden ducked the attack, refused to answer on technical parliamentary grounds. That gives the Government a couple of days to catch their breath.

Meanwhile, a dark complexioned gentleman with a funny white necktie, was facing the same problem on the banks of the

Seine. The problem is: "When you fall into a hole that you dig yourself, what should you do? Should you try to climb out or drag the hole in after you?"

When he faces his mutinous Cabinet, Premier Laval has ~~ex~~ two alternatives. He can persuade Edouard Herriot, leader of the Radical Socialists, <sup>that</sup> ~~that~~ those peace proposals were the best that could be devised under the circumstances. Or he can say: "If you can think of a better plan, the job is all yours." And he knows that none of his opponents really want his job.

At the same time, the Italian Government is moving shrewdly. Anticipating the defeat of those peace proposals, the Government controlled press is now attacking them, saying that they don't offer Italy enough.

Whatever happens, it looks as though the fat were in the fire again, <sup>with</sup> ~~but~~ nobody over-anxious to put in a hand and pull it out.

Ferson.

Dec. 16,  
1935.



## INTRO TO NEGLEY FARSON

In reading news dispatches from the distant parts of the world I wonder how many of us remember the name of the foreign correspondent? If he is at the top of his profession, his name usually appears in rather heavy black type at the top of the column.

Long before the days of the spectacular Richard Harding Davis, the roving correspondent was a glamorous figure. In the realm of high adventure the ace of aces is the man who covers wars, plagues, political conferences, and so on -- the foreign man for the press. By young men, I believe he is more envied than any other human being - almost!

For many years now one of the foremost men in this field has been a young American named Negley Farson. Cosmopolitan Magazine has started something new, printing non-fiction books, each complete in one issue of the Cosmo. The first of these is called "The Way of the Transgressor." And the transgressor is a correspondent and soldier of fortune -- Negley Farson, with his stories of thrilling experiences on four continents.

Mr. Farson is here tonight, and there's one subject, redhot in the news at the moment, concerning which he can give

us an interesting opinion. One of his assignments was to cover the last London Naval Conference for a syndicate of American newspapers. As one who knows how Naval conferences are conducted, just what do you think about them? Of what importance are they? What do you think of the present one, Mr. Negley Farson?

As a foreign newspaper correspondent I have no use for international conferences. I have watched ten years of them ..... all going through the motions .... all ending with the pious announcement that "agreement has been reached on all major points" ..... all ending in a complete flop. I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT ANY INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE WILL EVER MEET TO AGREE UPON ANYTHING THAT HAS NOT ALREADY BEEN DECIDED UPON BEFOREHAND.

For that reason I see very little hope for these London naval talks. Bigger and better battlefleets seem almost a dead certainty. But..... from the American point of view ..... ships are not what is being discussed in these talks. It is the future of the Pacific .... and the Japanese intention to dominate the Far East.

For something like twenty years the Japanese have been making it plain to us that the WHITE MAN'S BURDEN is ended. And this naval conference will do a lot of good if it makes us come face to face with that fact ..... or is it a fact?

Looked at in that light these harmless London naval squabbles suddenly become dramatic and fiercely interesting. It is my belief having watched and written about the Japanese outward

expansion policy ever since 1929..... that not only do the Japanese intend to keep Manchuria ..... but they intend to take the five ~~north~~ northern provinces of China. And -- they won't stop until they have control of the rich iron mines down on the Yangtse. To ensure that, the Japanese mean strictly business in their demand for ton-for-ton parity with the United States in these London Naval talks. The Japanese admirals have never come to London to return with any paper formula.

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L.T.: Will the British and Americans have any chance of keeping the Japanese from getting the Naval equality they demand?

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FARSON: The only way Britain can help us keep them at 5-5-3 is by agreeing to engage on a Naval building program that will build five ships to every three of the Japanese. I don't think that the British will go that far. The British are worried to their wits' ends over the Japanese trade competition in the Orient. The one thing they want most is a trade agreement with Japan allocating respective spheres of British and Japanese trading interest in the

Far East. Therefore I think these London Naval talks will either end without any agreement at all --- or that there will be some face-saving formula ... for the West, not the Japanese .. of a paper compromise.

CHINA

The only opposition to the progress of the Japanese steam-roller in China, <sup>today</sup> was vocal. The cry of, "Down with Japanese imperialism", resounded from those thousands of students ~~who~~ tried to storm the gates of the once sacred city of Peiping. Even streams of water from a fire hose were not enough to quench their patriotic fervor, <sup>even</sup> nor <sup>^</sup> the swords of the police. It took volleys from the rifles of the troops to disperse the huge protesting multitude.

At that, <sup>students</sup> ~~they~~ were successful. ~~They~~ forced the postponement of the formal inauguration of the new so-called "Autonomous Government" in the Provinces of Hopeh and Chahar. Of course, it is only a postponement, just a delay of the inevitable.

Military observers have pointed out that the Mikado's army, by its latest seizures of Tangku and Kalgan, has now complete control over the approach from the sea to the entire area from Tientsin to Peiping. What's more, it won't be long before the river above Tangku will be frozen over. That not only closes it to navigation, but makes it easy to cross. <sup>and -</sup> <sup>^</sup> The Japanese war lords not only have the entire seaboard, but two hundred miles of railway line all the way to Tientsin.

LI *tel*  
MEXICO

Only a short while ago, General Plutarco Elias Calles was the supreme overlord of Mexico. Tonight he is virtually the prisoner of the man whom he raised to the presidency. The ex-dictator's house in Mexico City is surrounded by Federal guards. President Cardenas is taking no chances.

It has been known for months in the federal district of the City of Mexico that revolutionary juntas in Los Angeles, New Orleans, San Antonio and even New York, were plotting against the Cardenas regime. Hence the dismissal of two generals and the kicking out of five senators, all of whom were known to be friendly to Calles.

It looks as though the former dictator who has been in the U.S.A. on a trip did a fool-hardy thing when a few hours ago he brashly and openly landed at the Mexico City airport. It was for their hardihood in going to meet him that these five senators were arrested.

Calles announced that he had returned from Los Angeles for the purpose of facing his opponents.

"I am prepared", he said, "to assume full responsibilities

for everything done by my party since Nineteen twenty-four."

To which the Government replies: "Are you quite sure you haven't come to make trouble?" Hence the guard around the Calles mansion.

Some observers declare that the former dictator has no intention of joining forces with the elements that are conspiring against the Cardenas government. Those conspirators, it is said, are far too radical for Calles, who is a banker and one of the richest men in the Republic.

There are two things that trouble Calles. One is the fact that Cardenas, whom he put on the throne, repudiated him. But what worries him even more is that the Cardenas government is swinging so far over to the left. Calles, like the late Porfirio Diaz, represents the capitalists. Cardenas and his Cabinet are a workingman's government.



S.V.P.

When Paris starts something new by way of telephone service, one must refuse to be surprised at anything. The <sup>phone</sup> service in Paris has been a standard American joke for more than twenty-five years. Nevertheless, the City of Light has ~~not~~<sup>W</sup> really initiated something. ~~It is~~ an information service. Not merely to give you the numbers you can't find in the book, but to answer any question that may occur to you.

For instance, if you want to know what time the NORMANDIE sails, where to buy oysters after midnight, what to do for ~~chills~~<sup>blaise</sup>, ~~blanes~~, how to do Johnny's algebra problem, or why it's so difficult to get a descent glass of ~~xxx~~ sherry in Paris, just dial S.V.P. The letters stand for "S'il Vous Plait" - "Please" to you. And that really is a new idea.

Of course there's a string to it. As the good old song goes - "The French they are a thrifty race, Parlez vous." You have to pay for the answer to any question according to the difficulty in finding the answer. The minimum rate is One Franc, Seven Cents. If you just want to know the correct time or when the boat train leaves, or how long it takes for a taxi to go to the nearest American

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bar, you pay that minimum rate. But if you want S.V.P. to do the children's homework or to tell you how many alphabet agencies there are in Washington, or something really complicated, that runs into money.

S.V.P. will do other things besides answer questions.

It will send a messenger round the corner to buy you a mustard plaster, two tickets for the opera, or mind the baby while you go to the movies. The cost of all that is tacked on to your monthly phone bill. Quite a nifty idea.

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vous plait, and s-l-u-t-m.