

L.I. - Sunoco. Thurs., Aug. 25, 1938.

6
ROOSEVELT.

47

Today, into a stately country house on the Hudson walked a tall, portly man, bald head and genial smile. The house, the President's home at Hyde Park. The man, Postmaster General Sunny Jim Farley. Today, was the first time in a month that Jim, the political strategist, has conferred with his chief, the President, and of course political rumor is buzzing merrily. The most substantial report we hear is that Jim today advised F. D. R. to sally forth into the battle in Maryland. There the New Deal is fighting to keep Senator Tydings out of the nomination. The President has formally declared against the Senator, and now ~~Strategist~~^{ix}-Jim Farley advises him to go campaigning in Maryland and make speeches against Tydings. So says the rumor, which mentions the likelihood of a Presidential address to be delivered in Baltimore. Jim's idea is that the chief of the New Deal should remind the folks in Maryland of the work of social and economic improvement the New Deal has done in the State - and also point out the various votes that Senator Tydings cast against the New Deal.

On another political front, we find the President emphatically supported by nobody less than John Hamilton, the National Chairman of the Republican party. John vigorously backs up F. D. R. in the Presidential contention that Republicans should not go into the Democratic primaries to defeat New Deal candidates for the nomination. "Don't do it," John proclaims to the Republicans. Because, says he, New Deal Democratic ~~and~~ candidates will be easier to defeat in November than conservative Democrats.

Meanwhile, the United States Chamber of Commerce, meeting in Washington, takes a fling at the Wagner Act and demands that changes be made in the Labor Board. The Chamber of Commerce ~~release~~ declares that the Wagner Act and the administration of the act have been:quote "working strongly against economic recovery" unquote.

UN-AMERICAN.

48
(It's only natural that there should be quite a row about the Congressional committee investigating un-American activities. It started out like a hot-shot-attack on the Nazis - but how it changed. Some of the sponsors who promoted the investigation intended it as a blast against Nazi and other Fascist elements in the country, but the inquiry soon turned in the other direction and began pounding the Reds, hammering the Communists day after day. So naturally there is a chorus of protests from the advanced Liberal thinkers who frown on Red baiting as a bad thing, but don't mind baiting the Nazis.)

Of this Chairman Dies of the committee speaks today. "There is a small group", he says "which has been resorting to ridicule and discredit this investigation," and thereupon he announces that he will take to the air to answer this ridicule. In a radio address on Monday night he will defend the way the investigation has been raising Cain with the Communistic Reds.

PILL BOX.

19
Today, on the grounds of the Bureau of Standards in Washington, a military experiment was performed, and maybe the ways of war will be affected by that experiment. A fortification to resist bombing was erected swiftly and efficiently - a concrete pill box, ^a small fort for machine guns. And it was the speed of construction that was to the point.

American and foreign military observers stood watching, while an inventor put a machine to work constructing the pill box. Most of it was done by machinery, the concrete placed and the concrete dried by a mechanical method. The water was sucked out of the soft, wet cement, and it ~~hard~~ hardened quickly - within three or four hours it dried enough to resist the blast of artillery shells and sky bombs. Speed - that's the point of it all. The trouble with the concrete pill box sort of fortification ~~right now is~~ ^{has been} that it stays ^{ed} wet and soft for so long -- mushy and vulnerable.

The inventor claims that his process will enable pill boxes and bomb proof shelters to be built over night and be ready at dawn to ward off bombardment.

HINES.

The mystery of a hidden million was evoked in Court today. Old surmises were ~~revived~~ revived of a million dollars secreted away somewhere. There's one thing the underworld has never been able to figure out - what happened to the huge sums of money that Dutch Schultz took out of the twenty million dollar policy racket? The underworld rumor has been that the Dutchman stored away a ~~sealed~~ ^{cool} million, somewhere. And this rumor was sharply revived at today's proceedings in the trial of Tammany Hall Jimmy Hines.

Defense counsel, Lloyd Stryker, maintained his reputation as a powerful and scathing cross examiner. He made witness Weinberg admit he was a crook and a gangster. Twice before on the witness stand, and twice a perjurer.

The Stryker attack came to a climax with this series of questions and answers - concerning Weinberg's testimony that the policy racket took in forty thousand dollars a day gross.

Question: "What was the net?"

Answer: "About fifty percent. Fifteen to twenty thousand dollars a day."

Question: "Please tell me just how much your net

business was."

Answer: "Well, about ten thousand dollars a day."

Weinberg seemed to be scaling the figures down a bit.

Whereupon Stryker drew from him the statement that during one particular period of a hundred and fifty six days, the racketeers took in a million and a half. He brought the figure around to indicate that often Dutch Schultz took a lot out of the till. The policy bank must have still had seven hundred and eighty thousand dollars in its possession.

Question: "Where did that seven hundred and eighty thousand dollars go?"

Answer: "Well, Schultz owed us two hundred and seventy five thousand dollars."

Question: "Where did the five hundred and five thousand dollars go?"

Answer: "Well -" and the witness hesitated.

Here Judge Pecora took part in the questioning, and Weinberg figured that when various sums were taken out, x

three hundred thousand dollars remained in the policy bank.

Question: "Where is that three hundred thousand dollars? You stole it, didn't you?"

Answer: "I gave it to Schultz."

Question: "You stole it, didn't you?"

Answer: "I did not. I gave it to Schultz."

So that was how the Hines lawyer slammed at the witness the accusation that he doublecrossed his own mob in money dealings and cheated them out of three hundred thousand dollars. And certainly the question arises - where did all those fabulous sums of policy money go? That's what revives the underworld rumor - that Dutch Schultz hid away a million.

One curious angle in this racketeering financial record is this. According to the testimony, all those great sums of money were tossed about among gangsters while James J. Hines, New York's most powerful politician, was the political fixer for the mob and a partner in its councils. And he was getting five hundred a week, later a thousand a week, and then was cut to two hundred and fifty. Which would make it seem that big time political fixing in a twenty million dollar racket is

not so fabulously profitable.

"We are not after civilian craft," said a Tokyo spokesman
"that". And in that word "that" lies the message.
He pointed out that Chinese civilian planes might be mistaken
for warcraft and shot down.

Such is the Tokyo comment on forcing down the big
Chinese air transport and machine gunning of the passengers.

A late United Press report says that a high ranking
Chinese General was killed when Japanese war planes raided a
Chinese divisional headquarters on the Yangtze. The name of
the General is not made public.

CHINA.

Japan gave warning today to civil aviation in China.

"We are not after civilian craft," said a Tokyo spokesman

"but". And in that word "but" lies the menace.

He pointed out that Chinese civilian planes might be mistaken

for warcraft and shot down.

Such is the Tokyo comment on forcing down the big Chinese air transport and machine gunning of the passengers.

A late United Press report says that a high ranking Chinese General was killed when Japanese war planes raided a Chinese divisional headquarters on the Yangtse. The name of the General is not made public.

TENNIS.

From Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, the word is -

"They played like men." Who are they? Why, Alice Marble and Sarah Palfrey Fabyan. They beat the English team of Kay Stammers and Margot Lumb today in one of the most devastating displays of Tennis ever seen, socking the ball with such power and blinding speed that the dispatch says - they played like men.

Alice Marble served four times and won three of the games at love. Her driving and volleying ran the English girls right off the Court. Mrs. Fabyan did her shining at the net, flashing from one side to the other, and returning shots with brilliant precision. In the last four games, the English team scored only four points, and Alice Marble ended it all with a four hand blast that knocked Margot Lumb half way around when she tried to return it.

So now the two American Tennis queens go into the finals, which on Saturday will decide the doubles championship.

CAROLE LOMBARD.

It's logical to picture an Income Tax official as a sour personality with an ingrown soul, who delights in inflicting pain and anguish. I've known some pretty nice Income Tax guys myself, ^{--that is} but they must be exceptions - judging by the warped and acidulous nature of the Income Tax man who appears in the news today. Making a statement in Washington, he tries to ~~ruin~~ destroy a lovely dream, and cast the poison of doubt on the noble sentiments of a beautiful girl. Fie on that Income Tax collector.

^Q
~~The~~ lovely lady is Carole Lombard, vivid and sprightly lass of the movies. Carole has lofty sentiments, as is revealed by what she had to say about her Income Tax. Last year she was the highest paid movie star. She earned a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a picture and made three of them in Nineteen Thirty-seven. She gave two radio ~~broadcasts~~ broadcasts at five thousand dollars apiece. Her total net income was four hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. On that she says, she paid Federal and State taxes of eighty-five and a half percent, to a total of three hundred and ninety-seven thousand dollars. That left her sixty-eight thousand dollars, out of which she paid

various business expenses. When it was all done, she had
twenty thousand dollars left - that much out of four hundred and
sixty-five thousand.

Is Carole Lombard distressed by that? Not at all.

"I'm pretty happy about the whole thing". She says, twenty thousand
a year is enough for me, and as for giving the Government most
of my income, I think that's fine." And then she asks the
inspiring question, "Why not give what I don't need to the
Government for the improvement of the country? There's no better
place to spend it."

Noble Carole, wonderful girl she should be an inspiration
to us all.

But wait a minute. Here's ^a ~~man~~ sourpuss of an
_A
Income Tax official in Washington. He would have to say something
skeptical and sour about the beautiful thoughts of the beautiful
girl. Having read Carole's declaration of magnificent idealism
also the tax figures she gave, he sat down and started to figure
things out. That's the way with those prosy, literal minded
tax fellows, always figuring. And now he makes public the result

of his calculations. He says that if Carole paid three hundred and ninety seven thousand dollars in taxes, either she was just being charitable and flinging cash at Uncle Sam or her press agent got mixed up with the complications of surtaxes. He figures that Carole's Federal tax couldn't possibly come to more than two hundred and eighty thousand dollars, no matter how it was figured. And her California State tax shouldn't amount to more than fifty thousand. Deduct these sums from her income of ~~xxx~~ ~~xxx~~ four hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars, and she'd have a hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars left. And that's a long way from her calculation that her final net for the year was twenty thousand dollars.

Well, all we can say is that we like Carole Lombard, *and* ~~and we don't like that income tax man.~~ a beautiful girl has a right to express beautiful, *philanthropic* sentiments, even if they aren't exactly true.

HUGGING.

In a Brooklyn Police Court today, the following indictment was charged against a lady. "Causing a traffic tieup, by hugging a policeman," that was the ~~main~~ accusation. Well, it's an old story that the fair sex loves a uniform. That's all very well, but things can be overdone.

7
Today, at one of the busiest street intersections in Brooklyn, patrolman John Rom was directing traffic - swarming lines of automobiles coming from various directions, and they needed all his skill and constant attention. Suddenly, a thirty nine year old blonde made a dash at the cop, flung her arms about him, kissed him, and shouted, "I love you, I love you." He tried to get out of her arms, but the embrace of the blonde was powerful - and traffic was running loose in all directions. By the time the indignant officer got free of the lady, he had to call several other cops in ~~the neighborhood~~ to unsnarl the jam of automobiles. And all the while the blonde was sighing: "I love you, I love you."

He arrested her, which may seem ungallant, but the traffic did get into an awful snarl.

Before the Court, the blonde made the following defense: "When I see a man in uniform", said she, "I get the yen to hug and kiss him." ^{*Moral:—*} It's all right to love a uniform girls, but don't embrace traffic cops on busy Brooklyn Street corners.

Occasionally, there's a tangle in Court when they insist on their heavenly monickers being put on record, to the astonishment and bewilderment of Judges and other legal functionaries.

Along this line of humor, the funniest instance occurred today. Jeannette Bourne, forty years old Regress of the British West Indies, is an angel who finds her beatitude in the heaven of Father Divine. No one can excel her fervor, as she utters - "Peace, it's wonderful." And of course she has adopted a heavenly name.

Today in Court to become an American citizen, and she was asked the routine question - "What's your name?"

To which she answered: "My name is Love Nat."

"What?" demanded the astounded Judge.

NAME.

8
There's occasional comedy in the news about the names that Father Divine's angels give themselves. The dusky devotees of the little Negro cult leader, whom they worship as God, take unto themselves all sorts of celestial appellations - such as Heavenly-Peace, Happiness-Humility, etcetra.

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8 1/2
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To which she answered: "My name is Love Nut."

"What?" demanded the astounded Judge.

XXXXX
Love

NAME - 2.

"Love Nut," she repeated, "I'm one of Father Divine's children."

9 She insisted that she be made an American citizen under that nutty cognomen.

Did the Judge utter "Peace, it's wonderful"? He did not. His honor said: "I think ~~you~~ you're crazy. Citizenship denied."

9 1/4 So Love Nut will have to go on being an angel of British citizenship. ~~+~~ s-l-u-t-m.