

P.J. - Sunoco. Shure., March 5, 1936.

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MSO

SPY

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The first hint came when a man named Thompson was arrested on the west coast. He was charged with impersonating a naval officer. ~~Nothing~~ <sup>Nothing</sup> so startling about that. He might have been a petty crook <sup>mooching</sup> ~~padding~~ in the guise of a lieutenant or a captain off a warship. The one thing that caught the eye of the reporters was this:- Thompson was held on a bail of twenty thousand dollars.

~~That's~~ mighty big bail for a small time gyp, <sup>for just impersonating.</sup>

The newspaper men smelled a story and went digging around. They found a man who had lived with Thompson, a room-mate. He said he knew things. The reporters <sup>has just about</sup> ~~tried to~~ persuade him to tell the story - when the G-men stepped in. They slapped him into jail, incommunicado - <sup>just</sup> to keep his mouth shut.

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miss the sinister word - espionage. The Department of Justice men were confronted with the question:- "Is he a spy?" - they answered in this non-committal fashion: "It is impossible to predict what the Department will do before the Grand Jury."

Now the trial is on, and you can't help noticing the witnesses who enter the guarded court-room to testify in the secret proceedings. They are officers from battleships and cruisers and high ranking technicians from the Navy Yard. Everything suggests something important concerning the American Fleet.

So naturally, the spy story grows bigger and more dramatic. The reports from Los Angeles outline a secret agent thriller. Thomson, they say, posed as a naval officer for the purpose of hobnobbing with lieutenants, captains and admirals from the Navy Yard and the warships. He represented himself to them as a visiting officer from another ship. He got into their confidence and wormed important technical and strategic information from them. In this way - navy secrets were stolen and offered to the highest bidder in the international market.

That's the story we get - while the nautical Grand Jury proceedings are going on in Los Angeles.

## FARM

Today's action in the Senate represents a bit of economy. Of course, the lawmakers shelled out a huge lot of money, but it wasn't as much as had been originally intended.

The Rural Electrification Bill, sponsored by Senator Norris of Nebraska, started out with the idea of putting up one billion dollars to bring electricity to the farms of the nation. But the billion is cut down to four hundred and twenty million. That's the figure in the bill which the Senate passed today - to turn on the lights in farm houses.

PUERTO RICO

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When troops are mobilized for action, and the revolutionary leaders are arrested, that's serious news from any country. Today it's news, <sup>that</sup> ~~and it~~ strikes close to home, because it comes from a territory of the United States - Puerto Rico. Just how close it does hit is indicated by the mention of the National Guards, a plot for insurrection - and, Harvard.

( The American authorities at San Juan have taken determined measures. Tonight the National Guards are <sup>ready in their barracks</sup> ~~in readiness~~ <sup>all set</sup> for a flare-up of revolt. And seven leaders of the Nationalist Party are in jail, charged with plotting to overthrow the American administration of the island. Among those arrested is Pedro Campos, ~~wh~~ He's the leader of the anti-American revolutionaries, <sup>Pedro is</sup> and ~~he's~~ a Harvard man. )

Campos was one of those Latin-American students who go to American universities. He attended Harvard, studied in the class-rooms there, <sup>and Campos</sup> took part in the life of the campus, cheered the big red team, and graduated with a Harvard diploma. But that didn't make him friendly toward American rule in Puerto Rico,

just as in the Orient, native students out of western schools are often the most bitter against European or American domination.

Back in Puerto Rico Campos joined the party against the United States. Now, he is leader of the Black Shirts. We heard of those Black Shirts the other night, with the news of the murder of a police officer in an outlying town. We were told it was all a part of a plot for insurrection, a plot by the Black Shirts. They consist of hot headed students and discontented unemployed. They call themselves the "army of liberation". Now their leaders are in jail, including Campos of Harvard.

When we have revolt and insurrection somewhere -- that's news. When the British Empire has the same thing -- that's an old story. Still, it's news that Zanzibar is having a flare-up. ~~It's~~ <sup>Zanzibar -</sup> traditionally one of the world's strangest places, surrounded by all sorts of fantastic legend. On a small island off the East Coast of Africa, it was once a barbaric metropolis. (In more recent times Zanzibar was renowned as one of the few places left on earth that had no extradition laws for criminals. So it was a haunt for outlaw characters from all over.) Today it's a British protectorate, with a population of Arabs and Swahilis. Several hundred white men live there. (It's prime industry is copra, <sup>the</sup> a coconut product. And the cause of the trouble is -- copra.)

The British Government recently passed a law to guard the quality of the copra crop. (The law forbade the natives to adulterate their coconut merchandise.) And this the natives couldn't understand. They saw no reason why they shouldn't pad their copra <sup>out</sup> with a cheap filler, and thereby have more to sell, and get more money. That was a traditional

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skin-game of their's in bizarre Zanzibar.

The discontent against the new law flared into violence a couple of weeks ago. There was a wild riot in Zanzibar. The post-office was stormed and looted. All government buildings had to be guarded and barricaded. The situation was so serious that all Europeans, whether British subjects or not, were sworn in as special constables, given rifles and ammunition, and sent out on patrol parties.

That prepares the way for this evening's news -- that one party out on patrol was set upon by howling Arabs, who surged to the attack with great double-edged swords. It was rifle against sword, but few against many. The patrol party was barely able to fight its way out. Two Englishmen were killed by the slashing blades. One, a son of Sir Humphrey Rolleston, a British physician of renown, Sir Humphrey was physician-extraordinary to the late King George. Now his son has perished under slashing swords at far off Zanzibar. That's the sort of thing to compel notice in England and bring about strong action to quiet that East African city of fantasy.



JAPAN

Here's an international question of vital importance to the world -- and, with it, is a lively anecdote to help us in figuring an answer.

The question is -- what about the new Japanese Prime Minister? (That's something which has been hanging in critical suspense for days -- ever since the young military fanatics staged their outbreak of assassination and revolt.

Today the decision is announced. The new Prime Minister is named. And he is Koki Hirota. But what does his appointment signify?)

Well, years ago there was an American army captain in Japan, military attache to the American legation. He needed someone to interpret for him, so a young Japanese was called in -- a student from a school that taught English. He took the job, interpreting for the American officer. The name of the captain was John J. Pershing, later to become American Commander-in-Chief in the World War. The young interpreter was Koki Hirota, today made Prime Minister of Japan.

That was an interesting contact of years ago. How did it work out? Captain Pershing kept young Hirota in his employ for a couple of days, and then threw up his hands. "He's hopeless," Pershing exclaimed in despair, "he doesn't know any more English than Buddha." Any traveller will sympathize with Captain Pershing, when he employed one of those interpreters who talk to you in supposed-to-be-English, of which you can't understand a word. They might as well be conversing in their native Siamese Japanese, or Gabarese. Anyway, the future Commander of the A. E. F. fired the future Premier of Japan.

Years later when Hirota was a Minister of the government he said to the American Ambassador:- "Please tell General Pershing that my English is still as bad as it was when I was his interpreter." But that wasn't true -- which is straight to the point. The young interpreter with the incomprehensible English was determined to master the speech <sup>and the</sup> ways of the West. Today his English is <sup>impeccable.</sup> ~~excellent.~~

Americans will <sup>recall him when he was attached to the</sup> ~~know of him as~~ Japanese ~~Ambassador~~

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~~to~~ Washington right after the war. Later he became Ambassador to Moscow. Recently he has been foreign Minister. It all builds up to the fact that Hirota is not an exclusive Japanese with a limited Far Eastern viewpoint. He is a man of international contacts, who understands the reactions of foreign nations.

On the other hand <sup>(</sup> he is an imperialist, an apostle of Japanese expansion. He is friendly with the generals, on excellent terms with the military element. He sympathizes with their interests. But his international background makes him opposed to strong-arm methods, violent hasty aggression.)

So, the answer to our original question goes this way -- (the Son of Heaven takes a middle course -- by appointing neither an opponent of militarists, nor a fiery general.) The new Premier is an attempt to pacify both camps. The international meaning is -- comparative moderation in Tokyo.

## ETHIOPIA

( Last Tuesday the League of Nations issued its ultimatum to Rome - peace or oil sanctions. "Get a settlement in East Africa started, or we'll embargo oil." And the week of grace expires next Tuesday. Here it is Thursday, and what do we find?

Well, the sound of peace was heard today. Maybe just words, but they were spoken in an encouraging tone.

And today the King of Kings said "Yes." Haile Selassie, without reservation, accepts the invitation to start peace negotiations.

From Rome too we hear the word "Yes", "Si Signor", but it's not official. A high personality declares that Mussolini is going to accept the invitation, with reservations. He says the Duce is willing to talk peace, but only on a basis that the territories the Italians now occupy in Ethiopia are to be held by Italy. They are not to be under discussion. And secondly Mussolini will not stop the advance of his armies while the peace talk is in progress.

That would halt the Italians until the rainy season. It would give the Ethiopians a chance to delay and string things along, while mustering new armies.

Anyway, the word is peace - and it is emphasized by the Vatican, a strong editorial in the Pope's own newspaper - calling for a quick African settlement.

Meanwhile, another ambulance is reported bombed, with the killing of three natives who were British citizens. The Italians respond by saying that they dropped bombs only after they had been fired on from the ground. They add that ammunition blew up when the bomb was hit.

To these larger phrases, let's add an oddity in the world crisis - a curious thing that happens because of sanctions. Marble is one of Italy's most valuable commodities. The historic quarries of Carrara provide stuff for the sculptors of the world to shape into forms of art. The sanctions forbid the importation into League countries of Italian marble. Nevertheless,

*it's because*

of those same sanctions that a cargo of the white stone from

Cararra now reaches England. Fifty years ago, a shipload of marble set sail from Italy for England - an ill-fated voyage.

Off the south English coast, the Italian sailing ship was caught in a storm, smashed on the reefs and sank, with all hands. Since then, various attempts have been made to salvage the two hundred tons of perfect Cararra marble. But it was always too expensive to drag the stone up from the bottom of the sea. Now, however, they are doing it. Why? Because the sanctions have created a shortage of marble in England. English sculptors need it, and the price has gone up. So now the divers have descended to the ocean floor, and already a hundred tons have been brought to the surface, and taken ashore.

But for the sanctions, that white cargo would have stayed at the bottom of the sea.

## BASEBALL

Spring training time in baseball, and across the wires flit reports from the camps in the south, where pitchers are limbering up their elbows and hitters are ironing out their charley horses.

but the baseball question that has the snappiest angle is the one ~~of~~ the New York Giants are facing. Manager Bill Terry believes he has the key to his problem at second base. Key is right - Phi Beta Kappa key.

There's one big gap in the Giant's line-up at the training camp this year - a gaping hole in the infield - at second



base. Terry expects to plug it up with a minor Leaguer, who has never played as a regular on a major league team. That sounds risky, doesn't it? A busher at second, for a ranking pennant <sup>contender.</sup> ~~lieutenant.~~ Burgess Whitehead has never been any higher in the major leagues than ~~as a~~ <sup>te</sup> substitute for Frank Frisch on the St. Louis Cardinals. But Terry thought so highly of the boy from North Carolina that he traded one of his star pitchers, Parmelee, for him. That's quite a distinction, <sup>And</sup> added to <sup>it is</sup> the second baseman's learned dignity <sup>as</sup> ~~of being~~ the only Phi Beta Kappa man in the big leagues.

In fact, he is in baseball because of that Phi Beta Kappa key. He had his try-out as a player on a team in Columbus, Ohio, a couple of years ago, but didn't do so well. They handed him his release - fired. "You'd better try something else, not baseball". Burgess went to the business office to collect <sup>the</sup> salary due him, when the president of the club noticed the Phi ~~Beta~~ Beta Kappa key dangling on the watch chain of the second baseman. "Hey, wait a minute," said the President. He himself was a college man. Back at the old Alma Mater he had worked hard for academic

distinctions, but he had never been able to win the scholastic honor of Phi Beta Kappa. So he was impressed with the erudite second baseman. Book learning won't <sup>help you make</sup> ~~execute~~ a snappy double play, but brains are an asset, even at second base. So he gave Burgess another chance, and this time the rookie made good.

Maybe Bill Terry thinks the same way about it, figuring that a bit of Greek syntax <sup>combined with quadratic equations</sup> ~~and spherical trigonometry~~ may help when a ball is slash<sup>ed</sup> ~~ed~~ down the middle of the infield.