

Carson

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

— in fact
The hottest bit of news today, [^]the hottest since the Tokyo assassinations, is that scoop ~~the~~ Roy Howard landed for the Scripps-Howard papers. As all America knows, Roy is Number One Man of Scripps-Howard and United Press; and has some thousands of reporters working for him. Nevertheless, every now and then he goes out and digs one up himself. Perhaps that's to remind us that before he became the ~~big~~ tycoon of Scripps-Howard and U.P., he was one of the smartest reporters in America.

Today's scoop is an interview with no less a potentate than Josef Stalin. ~~It's~~ ^{Stalin} the first ~~he~~ [^] has given out in two years,

the first since he talked to H.G. Wells in Nineteen Thirty-Four.

I am permitted to tell you about it by the courtesy of the New York World

And it's got some scorching information. The most important of

it all was the Red Dictator's reply to a ^{most pointed} question by Howard.

The gist of the question was: "Will Russia fight Japan if the Japanese attack Mongolia?" The answer came short, sharp, direct, without any Asiatic subtlety. The answer was: "Yes."

Substance

What's more, Stalin declared that Japan had been so warned. He said to Roy Howard: "If Japan attacks the Mongolian Peoples' Republic and seeks to destroy its independence, we shall have to help that republic." Then he added: "And Foreign Commissar Litvinoff's assistant has so notified the Japanese Ambassador in Moscow."

Howard then propounded another pointed question: whether there had been any Japanese activities on the border which the Soviets considered to be "of an aggressive nature". This was the Man of Steel reply: "The Japanese seem to be continuing to concentrate their troops on the frontier of the Mongolian Peoples' Republic." However, he added: "So far there have been no new attempts to create border incidents."

Evidently, Howard's story had hardly been on the street a minute, before the text was cabled to Tokyo, and is now splashed all over the Tokyo papers. The official reaction to Stalin's remarks came from a spokesman in the Mikado's Foreign Office. His remarks were in effect:- "Pooh! Stalin is bluffing."

In the interview, the subject of conversation was Germany. The American publisher asked what the big shots in Moscow thought about the chances of an invasion by Germany, a joint attack on Russia by Hitler and Poland. Editor Howard called Stalin's attention to the recent statement from Warsaw, a statement in which the Polish government said it would not permit Polish soil to be used by foreign troops as a base of operation against a third nation. Stalin's reply to that was interesting. Said he:- "History shows that an aggressor nation always looks for an intermediate state whose frontiers touch on the frontiers of the country it is going to attack" - a country to drive through. Then he pointed out that in Nineteen Fourteen, Germany used Belgium. Again in Nineteen Eighteen, the Germans used Latvia for a drive against Leningrad. Then he added: "I don't know what specific frontiers would be best adapted to German purposes today. But I think they would find a people prepared to lend them a frontier." Later on he made the remark: "There are two focal points of danger - war danger - in the world today: Japan in the Far East, Germany in the West."

And, there's one more point that's particularly interesting to us. Said Editor Howard: "Has the Soviet Union given up its plans of bringing about world revolution?" And now listen to Stalin's answer: "We never had any such plans ~~for~~ or intention." Thus said the ruler of Red Russia. Evidently that astonished Roy Howard just as it astonishes us now. For he replied:- "You appreciate, no doubt, Mr. Stalin, that much of the world has long entertained a different impression?" And the Dictator answered: "Well, Mr. Howard, that is a product of a tragic misunderstanding. No, a comic one. Well, call it tragic comic." Then Stalin added a phrase rather amazing, coming from the lips of the Secretary-General of the Communist Party. The phrase was: "To attempt to export revolution is nonsense. Without desire within a country, there will be no revolution."

Well, there's surely food for sober reflection in that startling story. One thing that seemed to have struck Roy Howard particularly was the informality of Russia's Number One Man.

Stalin, he says, doesn't go in for any dramatics or showmanship. No heel-clicking, no spur rattling. He behaves like a civilian, like an ordinary citizen.

ROOSEVELT

This is March fourth. And memory goes back to that other March 4th, that ushered in a period of excitement beyond precedent - three years ago. Franklin D. Roosevelt's inauguration the emergency measures:- the gold embargo, the order from the White House that revamped our entire monetary structure, the devaluation of the dollar, the confiscation of all the gold in the country.

Then that sensational legislative program the beginning of all the alphabet agencies, and the breathless alacrity with which Congress complied with every request from the White House. Never were measures whipped through both Houses with such speed as the A.A.A., N.R.A., and T.V.A. Of those three, only one remains, the Tennessee Valley Authority.

In those days, the first relief program, with its appropriation of Four billion, eight hundred and eighty million dollars, seemed stupendous. But we grow blasé even about billions.

But never again will there be an inauguration on March 4th. Henceforth, presidential terms will run from January to January. For the Constitution has been changed that way.

By the way, Mrs. Roosevelt recently declared that her experience in Washington had been most educational. A newspaper man quoted the remark to the President. The President's broad shoulders shook as he replied with a chuckle: "That goes for me too!"

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Some information came out of the Department of Agriculture later. It concerned Rex Tugwell's Resettlement Administration. "You've been hearing about this for months but this is the first real bit of knowledge we get on what has been accomplished. Here it is: - Uncle Sam has acquired seven million acres of abandoned land. In so doing he has bought three acres from five-thousand-five hundred farmers, so fewer than twenty-thousand men are at work, employed by the Resettlement Administration, tilling that abandoned land. In addition to those seven million acres are another 10,000,000 acres which are being tilled by the Resettlement Administration. The total is 17,000,000 acres and 100,000 men are at work on it."

FARM

Well, I see Chester Davis, the A.A.A. tycoon, is losing no time. His men are already on the march, starting up the machinery for their new Triple A. In company with Secretary Wallace they are on their way to Memphis and Chicago. There they'll meet up with the men at the head of the big farm organizations, and try to make the machinery gee and haw with the ideas of the farmers.

Some information came out of the Department of Agriculture today. It concerned Rex Tugwell's Resettlement Administration. We've been hearing about this for months but this is the first real bit of knowledge we get on what has been accomplished. Here it is:- Uncle Sam has acquired seven million acres of exhausted land. In so doing he has bought those acres from five-thousand-five hundred farmers. No fewer than twenty-nine thousand men are now at work, employed by the Resettlement Administration, turning that unproductive land into forests, parts and grazing areas. In addition to those twenty-nine thousand, some twenty-four hundred C.C.C. workers are sharing their work. The word is that the Resettlement Administration is giving relief jobs to one hundred and ten projects in forty states.

~~AVARD~~
Sportsmen's Show

If you are anywhere within miles of New York City -- and that covers a lot of territory, don't miss the Sportsmen's Show, at Grand Central Palace. That huge place, where the National Auto Show is always held, is full of the most fascinating collection of this and ^{and the other} that ever assembled within ~~ix~~ those walls, which have seen so many expositions.

3 There hasn't been a National Sportsmen's Show for twenty odd years, until this one. Many states have special exhibits, and so have some of the provinces of Canada. The place is swarming with leather-faced guides, Indians in full war regalia, sailboats, motor boats, live beaver in the New Brunswick exhibit, live deer, live moose -- a whole family of moose -- porcupine, lynx, fox, live birds of various kinds, pools of sporty fish darting about -- and, I could go on like that for ten minutes.

Right in the center of the floor they have what is supposed to be a lake, but really ^{it's} more like a swimming pool, several feet deep, nearly one hundred feet long -- full of water. In this, log-rolling exhibitions are staged by fellows who spend their lives doing that in the rivers that lead out from the

big timber country. Also, canoe-tilting, and exhibitions of the most expert fly-casting I ever saw.

The State of Maine exhibitors even brought along a Down East fisherman, beard, slicker and rubber boots, who sits there mending his fishing nets.

The guides from New Brunswick were proud of some wonderful live salmon they were bringing down in a tank. But the fish encountered disaster on the way, and when the guides got here their fish were no longer alive. You can imagine their feelings when they discovered they were landing in New York with a lot of dead fish.

BRIDGE

It seems that America isn't the only country that can build great bridges. The people of southern Rhodesia are celebrating the opening of a new one, which takes rank as the third largest single-arch-span in the world. It crosses the Sabi River, ~~that~~ ^a tortuous stream ~~that~~ ^{which} curls through the mountains of ~~that~~ ^{Southern} ~~part of~~ Africa.

The new affair is called the Birchenough Bridge, after Sir Henry Birchenough, President of the great British South Africa Company; ~~He is also Chairman of the Board of the organization that built it.~~ One peculiar thing about it is that ~~it is~~ ^{the bridge is} at least a hundred and fifty miles from anything that even approaches being a city. Its real importance lies in the fact that it saves travelers ~~a matter of~~ five hundred and twenty-six miles.

The Sabi River, though not a deep one, is unfordable on account of ~~the~~ quicksands. The consequence was that settlers in certain districts were completely isolated from the markets. There they had a rich, fertile, productive region, abounding in good food produce. But to get ~~that produce~~ ^{their crops} to market required a

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BRIDGE- 2

journey of more than six hundred miles over steep, winding, mountain trails, with rumbling oxcarts-cracking the old bull whip. And motor trucks too.

The span of the Birchenough Bridge is one thousand and eighty feet. The only two larger ones are the one at Sydney Harbor and the Bayonne Bridge from Staten Island to New Jersey. The Birchenough Bridge crosses the river at a height of two hundred and eighty feet over the muddy waters of the Sabi.

JAPANESE POSTMASTER

There's many a story about the patience of Orientals. The Japanese, for example. Right now the stoic fortitude of those Far Eastern islanders is a point of world importance. So let's look at the story the news brings us today, -- about the postmaster of Atshushio.

Twenty-five years ago he took charge of the mail at Atshushio, a town of three thousand people. And for twenty-five years the Atshushians have been complaining about him. That's a long time, especially when you consider the offense of which the postmaster was guilty. He has a vivid curiosity about other people's affairs, and he's an inveterate gossip. Being postmaster gave him his great opportunity. All these years he has been steaming open every letter that passed through his hands, and reading the contents -- reading secrets, looking over unpaid bills, chuckling over scandal. And then gossiping about it. And he could do that all the better because he was also the local tavern-keeper. So you can see the plight of the people of Atshushio. Their hidden lives were revealed by the postmaster, as he served cups of saki in his tavern. A prominent citizen couldn't write to a geisha, without having it become public.

JAPANESE POSTMASTER - 2

A house-wife couldn't write expressing her opinion about her neighbour, without everybody knowing it - including the neighbour.

So the people of Atshushio wrote to Tokyo, complaining about the postmaster. For twenty-five years they kept sending complaints. But nothing ever happened. The postmaster went right along reading the mail and gossiping. Today the news tells us that even Oriental patience can become exhausted. After twenty-five years of writing complaints, the people of Atshushio finally took up a collection, and sent a delegate to the Minister of Communication in Tokyo - to present an ultimatum. They couldn't stand it any longer. Something would have to be done. The Ministry ordered an investigation, and now Atshushio has a new postmaster - who neither opens letters nor gossips.

TRIAL

One of the most amusing trials I ever heard of is about to be held in London. It's a court martial. Private Leslie Bursell, of His Majesty's Life Guards, the crack regiment of all the British army, is the defendant. And all because of a mustache.

There is no rule against the wearing of mustaches by those handsome red-coated, six-footers. But Private Bursell's mustache was an exact duplicate of Adolph Hitler's. He not only wore it, but insisted on parading it all over London whenever he had leave. Through Hyde Park, through Green Park, through Regents Park, up and down Piccadilly, Pall Mall, and Knights Bridge. Even along the Embankment Private Bursell flaunted that Hitler lip ornament.

The fact that he would be followed by angry crowds of jeering Cocknies, feazed not the stalwart private Bursell. It only made him more determined. That mustache finally became a public scandal. This reached the ears of the colonel. Said the Colonel: "Hrump, hrump! "I'll give you twenty-eight days to have it off. Harrump." Private Bursell's reply was to produce

a copy of the "Articles of War", thereby proving himself to be what is known in the army as a barrack room lawyer. He pointed out to his infuriated Colonel and Adjutant and Company Commander that such an order was not legal by those "Articles of War". At any rate, so he claimed as he flatly refused to shave off that heavy eyebrow mustache.

The affair of Private Bursell's mustache got such prominence in the London press, that it finally reached the floor of the House of Commons. M.P.'s have been interrogating His Majesty's Secretary of War, demanding to know: "What's the meaning of all this?" Several members of parliament are retired generals and are they hot under the collar. But strange to say, they take the side of Private Bursell against his Colonel. The exact wording of the troublesome British army regulation is: "The hair of the head will be kept short. The chin and underlip will be kept short. Side whiskers of moderate length may be worn." There is no mention of mustaches a la Hitler. So now the question has to be thrashed out by a court martial. So what?

And, SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.