

CAIRO

An Anti-British riot on the banks of the Nile. This evening two men lie dead in Egypt. In the hospitals are a hundred and seventy-five wounded; some police, some students. Trouble in Cairo, and trouble in a town called Tanta, some fifty odd miles from Egypt's capital. And though bayonets bristle in the streets and heavy reserves of troops are being held in the background, still the mobs around the British Consulate and around Shepard's Hotel mill and mutter: "Down with the Feringhi. Down with the British."

It's all a part of the Italian-Ethiopian crisis.

An out-break of the resentment of the Egyptian Nationalists, they are furious because the cabinet of their country supports the policy of London. There is a party in Egypt called the WAFD. It corresponds closely to Sinn Fein in Ireland. The WAFD wants exactly what Sinn Fein wants, complete and absolute independence of John Bull.

The Cairo Government had has to use strong measure before this to suppress the agitation of the WAFD. The present

trouble was brought about by the importation of heavy reinforcements of Tommy Atkins to the British Nile garrisons, the arrival of hundreds of airplanes, the concentration of many of His Majesty's formidable warships in Egyptian waters - at Alexandria and Port Said. The agitation broke loose in a strike of students at the Cairo University, Alhazar, one of the great institutions of Moslem learning. The strike was nothing but an expression of protest.

That's what happened in Cairo.

Simultaneously at Tanta, in the Delta, a huge protest mass meeting collected around the great Ahmadi Mosque. Excited to fever heat the rioters fired on a truck carrying policemen. And now all the garrisons throughout Egypt are ready to be called at a moment's notice.

With all those Italian divisions - over a hundred thousand strong - on the Egyptian-Libyan border, ~~xx~~ and with Rome out to embarrass the British, trouble in Egypt might play right into Mussolini's hand.

ETHIOPIA

On that Ethiopian business I have some real, sure enough inside information today. The war is going to be over in short order. I am sure this is true because I got it from the astrologists. Who are they? Darned if I know.

The Duce has put out feelers with a view to settling at least one side of the dispute, that is the vehement difference of opinion with Downing Street. The remarkable feature of this is that it's such a contrast to the note of defiance he struck the other day in hitting back at the fifty nations who are trying to boycott him. But though he is talking friendship with John Bull,

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Ethiopian business looks more like the progress of a steam roller than a war. In spite of periodic reports from Addis Ababa, of successful raids by Haile Selassie's men, of Italian defeats with severe loss of life, the warfare on the Ethiopian side has consisted of a systematic series of retreats. The progress of General deBono in the north and General Graziani in the south, though slow, has been irresistible. After taking formal and official possession of the captured ~~a~~ town of Makale, General DeBono sent his advance guard to occupy the zone around Dessa, east of Makale. ~~The Duce's own son in law, Count Galeazzo Ciano, took part in the ceremony of raising the Italian flag over Makale, and taking possession in the name of King Victor Emanuel and the House of Savoy.~~

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So far there's no confirmation from Rome of Addis Ababa's report that an Ethiopian army captured ^{a fleet of} ~~several~~ Italian tanks and inflicted terrific losses on General Graziani's advance guard.

BRITISH ELECTIONS

The election on which the whole world has its eyes today is tomorrow's long awaited affair in Great Britain. Off-hand, you might say, that it doesn't concern us what the voters of England and Scotland think of aging Ramsay MacDonald or Stanley Baldwin or Winston Churchill, or the big shots of the Labor Party. But the outcome of tomorrow's general election will affect us, indirectly. For the campaign is being run on an issue of foreign policy. And political observers say that's a shrewd trick - the Labor Party says it's a dirty trick, on the part of Stanley Baldwin and the Tory Government.

The Prime Minister didn't have to "go to the country", as they call it, not this year. According to the British unwritten Constitution, a general election must be held at least every seven years, if not oftener. So they didn't have to prorogue Parliament and elect a new one until next year. The shrewdness lies in beating the gun, as it were, calling the election now while the good old British public is in a hot state of ferment over Ethiopia. By that trick, say the diplomatic soothsayers, Mr. Baldwin and company have put one over on the Laborites. If

he had waited another year, he would have had a tough fight to beat Labor.

At all events, a Conservative victory is in the bag with a large hand-painted sign for poor Ramsay MacDonald, reading: "This way out." Probably this way up into a peerage.

FRANCE

Another spectacular trial to be emplazoned in the red headlines on the Kiosks of Paris. The setting is the historic, lovely old town of Aix, the capital of Provence. The principal actors in this drama, three men, scoused of having plotted the assassination of King Alexander of Jugoslavia at Marseilles.

The town of Aix - founded by the Roman Consul C. Sextius, in 123 B.C., a principal seat of culture of southern Europe. And Aix is due to be the scene of some startling revelations. For in the course of this suit the Procurator of the Republic is planning to bring to light the full details of the secret society to which those three defendants belong. They are called the Oustachis. An organization of Croatian terrorists. At any rate, they are so described by the French authorities.

Until October ninth, Nineteen thirty-four, nobody outside of the Balkans had heard of the Oustachis. The bullets pumped into the bodies of the smiling, handsome King Alexander and the genial French Foreign Minister, Louis Barthou, brought them into the --

limelight. When the dead assassin - he was killed by French guards - when the dead assassin was investigated, he was found to have been a member of the Oustachis. His name, ~~was~~ Petrus Kelemen.

The defendants who will go on trial at Aix shortly, are the only three of Kelemen's accomplices upon whom the French have been able to lay their hands. Three others were caught in Italy, but the Duce's government has refused to grant extradition.

However, they are still languishing in an Italian prison. Among them is a ~~defendant~~ gentleman known as Ante Pavelitch, ^{Abntap} ~~and~~

~~Monsieur Pavelitch Ante Pavelitch is~~ credited with being the chief kleagle, the brains and organizer of the Oustachis, the man who planned the assassination of Alexander, though he fired no bullets himself. He was in Marseilles at the time, but ~~he~~ took to his heels, eluded the border patrol, and escaped into Italy.

Italy's refusal to extradite Pavelitch will rob the trial at Aix of that one important feature. Nevertheless, it is expected that the French authorities may be able to prove that the Oustachis were a menace not only in Jugoslavia but all over central Europe. That a great many upheavals, plots, ^{and} rebellions

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were ⁸fermented by those Oustachis. It is said that Pavelitch, though in prison, is still able to issue orders to his fellow mobsters, that at this moment they are particularly, though secretly, active in Hungary. The most sensational version of the story ~~xxxxx~~ has it that they are planning another ^πterrorist^λ coup which will be a fuse to explode the dynamite ever lurking underneath that Balkan situation, another tragedy like the one of Sarajevo in Nineteen fourteen. ^πSo we'll have good reason for reading the news dispatches that will come from Aix ^{ah} Provahos.

When the authorities arrested his pretty, young assassin, the motive became known. She was the daughter of a general whom Marshal Sun had ~~executed~~ ^{executed}. Quite a while had passed since that happened, but the young woman never forgot. Today's murder was the curtain in that drama. So the assassination in a Tientsin temple has no bearing on the crisis at Shanghai, on the growing power of the Communists in the Chinese hinterland, on the

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CHINA

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The assassination of Marshal Sun, one of the first of the notorious Chinese War Lords, sounded at first like a new explosion in that situation so full of fire crackers. Closer investigation, however, robs it of political significance. Though once master of a large and rich portion of his country, absolute ruler of Kiangsu, of Chekiang, Fukien, Anhui and Kiangsi, he retired some five years ago and not without a nice bagful of riches. The once ruthless lord of six provinces, had passed his last few years in a Buddhist monastery. His defeat by the formidable Manchurian Chang-Tso-Lin turned his thoughts to religious meditation. And it was while he was saying his prayers that a young woman, entered the temple. Three short, sharp shots, and the one time lord-of-six-provinces lay dead.

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Quo-min-tang. The
conference of the Kuomintang. ~~The young~~ thing most packed with
suspense in the Far East is the heavy ^{lead-en} ~~laden~~ silence that comes
from the China Seas. Tokyo has suddenly doubled the strictness
of its censorship. Of course that makes ^{all} the more portentous
those reports of mass movement of troops across the Yellow Sea to
the Asiatic mainland. Tokyo seeths with rumors that another one
of those Japanese strokes is impending, a hammer blow at Chinese
armies which are supposed to be mobilizing in the neighborhood of
Shanghai. The demonstrations, the rioting, the reputed stoning
of a Japanese girl, form a sinister background to those nebulous
movements.

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After the feat of Miss Batten of New Zealand, our own ^{own} Amelia Earhart will have to look to her laurels. Not the least remarkable feature of Miss Batten's feat in having been the first woman ^{east to west} to fly solo across the Atlantic, was the conditions under which she did it. They were most discouraging when she took off from Dakar on the coast of Senegal. Visibility was low and it looked like the most risky kind of a stunt. But the girl from New Zealand did it with ease and without mishap. It was half past one this morning, Eastern Standard Time, when she took ~~from~~ off from the West coast of Africa and at a quarter to four ^{this afternoon} her plane came to earth at the now historic airport at Natal, in Brazil, the goal of several pioneer flights. In other words it took young Miss Batten just fourteen ^{and a quarter hours} ~~hours and a quarter~~ to fly across the South Atlantic, a distance of more than seventeen hundred miles.

(NOTE: ~~According to the map it is 1715 from Dakar to Pernambuco, which is barely one degree east of Natal.~~

ROOSEVELT

The pact with Canada, the reciprocal trade agreement, is now, almost an accomplished fact. This developed today at President Roosevelt's press conference. The President announced that he had signed the document authorizing the signature of the treaty.

This is not one of those treaties that has to pass the gauntlet of a debate in the Senate. One of the special powers given to Mr. Roosevelt last year was that of negotiating these trade treaties with the various foreign nations. But the first step in the formalities, on the United States side of the line, was the document that the President signed today. This authorizes the next official act, the signing by Secretary Hull. And, Prime Minister MacKenzie King will sign for Canada.

Enthusiasm over this event is already keen north of the border. Canadians expect they will benefit in many ways, in large sales to Uncle Sam - dairy products, wood pulp, lumber, and so on. The Toronto Star headlines wheat. We pay our farmers to reduce the wheat crop. Then buy from Canada? What kind of New Deal economics is that?

~~tomorrow, after the visit of Prime Minister King to Washington.~~

Aside from that, the most important statement made by the President at his press conference was a plea for lower interest rates. He thinks ^{it's} ~~that is~~ a move necessary to loosen up the huge reserves of money in all the banks of the United States. He thinks six per cent ~~x~~ is too much for a man to pay on a mortgage if his collateral is good. There are parts of the country, particularly in the south and west, where six per cent would have been ^{But} ludicrously low. [^] Those old pirate rates, as Mr. Roosevelt described them, ^{now} ~~are~~ largely in the discard. At any rate, he believes so.

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GILLIS

I thought we were all done with elections for one year. But there's still another ~~one~~ pending, and it's worth mentioning. Though it's only a local affair. It involves a small town celebrity so colorful that he actually made himself a national figure. We've had several occasions in times past to mention the gentleman who goes by the characteristic sobriquet of "Bossy Gillis." Bossy has been nominated once more for Mayor of Newburyport, Massachusetts.

The latest about Bossy is that he is a changed ^{and chastened} man. ~~He~~
In fact he
seems to be trying to prove there is no truth in the proverb that the Ethiopian cannot change his skin or the leopard his spots.

Bossy is wearing a new mask. He entered politics several years ago as a swashbuckling, two-fisted ^{thub-tumping he-man -- a} ~~he-man~~ brass-knuckles-rattling politician of the firebrand school. He used to be a sailor before the mast, and leaped into the political arena full of the knock-'em-down and drag-'em-out traditions of the sea. He soon earned himself national notoriety, partly by virtue of a term in jail, partly with his fists, and partly through the sanguinary

explosive method of his oratory. In the most spectacular of his campaigns he published and edited his own newspaper. It was called, ~~was~~ appropriately "The Asbestos". He was in turn a Democrat, a Republican and a non-partisan.

However much his tactics may have ^{made} ~~had~~ the judicious grieve, they were fairly effective. Out of four campaigns, he was elected twice, giving him a betting average of five hundred; not so bad.

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But today, as I have observed, we see a different Bossy. Not quite so bossy as before. His platform in the primaries just finished was a good one. "Cut the taxes!" No candidate was ever hated for that slogan. So there's nothing new about that. The novelty was in the method he used. He ran his campaign on the good old motto that "silence is golden." Evidently a lot of ~~new~~ Newburyporters liked it, because he road in far ahead of his four opponents. He broke his silence with just one characteristic remark. Says he: "My motives are entirely selfish." Then he explained: "If taxes are reduced, I'll benefit more than almost anybody else. I am one of the city's largest taxpayers."

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Bossy must have done well by politics - or something. And - s - e - l - u - t - m -