

I suppose I ought to utter some salutations in a ~~few~~^{tonight.} few Asiatic languages, like Banzai or Salaam Aleikum, ~~about as far as I can get.~~ Because the news has something of an Asiatic slant -- yes, slant eyes and high cheek bones, if ~~the~~ news of the day can be said to have either eyes or cheek bones.

Anyway, here's a thoroughly Oriental picture of foreign warships steaming through the China Sea. Ships under the flags of three powers:- the American gunboat, "Sacramento," a British destroyer and a Japanese fighting craft.

Yes, with clouds of spray they're rushing through the China Sea and then up the Min River, past those spectacular pillars of granite called "The Bridge of the Thousand Ages," to the great city of Foochow.

NAVY

Let's look at some of the facts. The Japanese are using it -- trying to show how Uncle Sam is all wrong. It's Communist ~~are~~ threatening the city -- five thousand of them. Well, Foochow is a large and imposing prize for a Communist State Government proposes that the powers should cut their army, or any other army. It's one of the biggest of China's teeming cities, formerly a great mart of the tea trade, now an industrial center of paper manufacturing and soap.

Just a few weeks ago the Nanking Government announced the end of a successful campaign against the Communists in the province of Fukien, with the ^{red} ~~Communist~~ organization in those parts stamped out. Well, Foochow is the capital of Fukien, so maybe the Nanking authorities were a bit optimistic.

And now another slant eyed slant -- concerning that tricky and ticklish problem of the world's fighting fleets.

Two years ago at the Geneva Disarmament Conference the Japanese representatives proposed that Uncle Sam should whittle his fleet to the extent of thirty-four percent, Japan nine percent. That sounded lopsided to our ears. Recent ideas hinted at it Tokyo are even more lopsided. One version is that Japan will enter the 1935 Naval Conference with a suggestion of that same old nine percent cut for Japan, with a forty-four per-

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NAVY

Let's look at some of the logic the Japanese are using in trying to show how Uncle Sam is all wrong. It concerns naval matters of course, and here's the way it goes. The United States Government proposes that the powers should cut their navies by twenty percent. But the men of Nippon point out that in the past few years the United States has built only a few new warships, while Japan has built many.

But how does this effect the percentage of naval reduction? "Plenty," reply the statesmen of the Island Empire. They argue that with a twenty percent cut all around, the United States would be junking old ships, while Japan would be sacrificing brand new, up-to-the-minute war vessels.

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cent reduction for the United States. So today they're using big type in Tokyo, expounding the opinions of the Japanese naval experts:- "Honorable Uncle Sam speaks incorrectly, his honorable proposals are not righteously just. They are even honorably all wet."

When the Japanese took over Manchuria, they grabbed the Russian owned railway. Whereupon the Soviets offered to sell it to Japan. The Japanese were willing. But what price? Moscow demanded two hundred and fifty million gold rubles. Tokyo offered fifty million yen, not nearly so much. Then the Mikado's men thought of an Oriental way to solve the difficulty. They suggested that Moscow devalue the ruble until the two hundred and fifty million rubles the Russians demanded, would be equal to the fifty million yen the Japanese were offering. Bright idea! The Soviets thought it too bright. So the wrangling has been going on until now it seems to have reached a dead end, with the Japanese foreign minister banging the table, and walking out.

JAPAN

We haven't heard anything lately about the argument between Japan and Russia over the Chinese-Eastern Railway. But now it's in a worse tangle than ever. The Japanese foreign minister banged the table with his fist and said: "This is the last offer."

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While the far eastern diplomats are busy about that railway, the far eastern bandits are even busier with their own brigandish affairs. The report from Mukden is that bandits are on the rampage in Manchuko, snatching persons, collecting ransom money. The figures give thirty-seven hundred cases of banditry in the Fengtien province, alone, in one month. Two thousand persons ~~are~~ reported kidnaped, three hundred released. Seven hundred bandits are said to have been killed.

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A few weeks ago I read a paragraph out of a letter from my sister, who has been traveling around Manchuko. She told how on each side of the railroad tracks for hundreds of miles, the grass has been cut down -- so that the tall Manchurian grass wouldn't afford cover and a hiding place for bandits. This odd detail ^{has} ~~is~~ a significant companion piece in today's reports from Mukden -- which explains that the epidemic of banditry right now is in part because of the tall grass of the millet fields. That favorite Far-eastern cereal, millet, ^{has} ~~is~~ grown unusually high in the province of Fengtien

ASIA

In Central Asia there was a missionary. He started this year, and the bandits have found that it makes a fine screen for their activities. In addition to that there have been several destructive floods which are driving the peasants to become brigands and causing a general spirit of unrest, through now, amid wild ructions that are raging in the heart of Central Asia.

I suppose it may be an affair of international importance that Chinese Troops have demolished the kingdom of Islamistan, and have recovered the old province of Sinkiang for China. But to the mere layman, even as you and I, the most interesting part of it concerns His Majesty, King Khalid.

From Piccadilly pickles to the Koran of the prophet, from a missionary's Bible to the voluminous diaries of an Asiatic king, that's climbing high up a fantastic ladder of success. I told the story some time ago of how that son of a Piccadilly pickle maker has assumed a great sway among the Mohammedan peoples that live in the westernmost wilds of China. He went out there as Missionary Spalding. But the truth of Allah overcame him. And presently he became the worthy Madam, Khalid.

ASIA

In Central Asia there was a missionary. He didn't convert the heathen, the heathen converted him. He became a Mohammedan. He is the son of an English pickle manufacturer, but he became a king not many weeks ago. But he is off his throne now, amid wild ructions that are raging in the heart of Central Asia.

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meaning Child of God. He headed a revolt of the Mohammedans of the Chinese Wild West against the Nanking government and declared the country independent. He gave it its new name -- Islamestan and took the throne.

Now after the Chinese armies have beaten and put to flight, his hordes of nomad tribesmen, this curious monarch is getting away as fast as he can -- on the high road to India they say. Perhaps his downfall will make a complete cycle. He may return to his missionary Bible -- or he may go back to his pickles.

~~The King has run away. But --~~

QUEEN

long live the Queen; and long live her rats and mice, cockroaches and caterpillars. The queen is Mrs. Christie, a sixty year old English lady. She is the Monarch of Brownsea Island, a tiny speck of land off the coast of England. Her subjects are those same rats and mice, cockroaches and caterpillars.

The Queen of Brownsea loves all living things. She has found it impossible to reside in England because every time she hears ~~xxxx~~ about somebody catching a mouse, she nearly has a nervous breakdown. She began with a home for rabbits, millions of rabbits. And, as rabbits will they're multiplying every minute.

But that didn't satisfy her, so she decided to establish another sanctuary where all those creatures that the rest of mankind calls vermin, may have a refuge. She bought the island of Brownsea, paid half a million pounds for it, and there she rules with her crawling, slithering subjects.

If the spiders want to drop from the ceiling into the

QUEEN

REDACTED

soup, it's all right with the queen. The flies can swarm in the castle halls to their heart's content, and woe unto the servant who tries to discipline them with a swatter. ~~The nobility of the island are the creatures that civilized man has made outcasts.~~

The Queen spends all her time with ^{her creepy subjects.} ~~them~~ She sleeps

by day, when they sleep. At night she walks by light of a candle through the castle, through the fields and woods, happy among her friends whom the rest of mankind would shrink away from.

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HINDENBURG

Now the solemn and somber funeral of Field Marshall President Von Hindenburg;-- yes and another stately ceremony of the last rites of another hero, a French hero.

First let's observe that the Germans are preparing to entomb their old war leader on Tuesday. Among the mourners will be the former Crown-Prince of Germany, whom the Kaiser, from his exile has designated to be the representative of the imperial family of Hohenzollern. The former Kaiser by the way, signed his message of condolence in this significant way -- "Wilhelm, I.R." The initials I. R. standing for Emperor Rex, Latin for Emperor-King. Another indication of the fact that the one time Kaiser has never recognized his own abdication, which he claims was forced on him.

Another message of condolence was sent by President Le Brun of France. The French President's dispatch was from the old city of Nancy, where he was attending -- that other funeral ceremony. For the French too, are in sorrow mourning for one of their most spectacular heroes, Marshall Lyautey, Pro-Consul of the French Colonial Empire. For a long time he fought

adventured and commanded in the wildest corners of the French Republic's far-flung colonial possessions -- until he came to stand a symbol of French empire in Africa and Southern Asia. He was the conquerer of the spectacular desert fighter Abd-el-krim.

And it was Marshal Lyautey, the French Viceroy who raised, trained and sent to the battlefields of France those colonial regiments, those hordes of sun-browned Berbers, and inky-black Senegalese, who so unpleasantly impressed the Germans, rallying the depths of Africa to fight for France.

But in the capital cities of the world they are trying to figure out the cold political results of the passing of the old German oak.

It's a significant gesture that Hitler, while taking to himself full presidential powers in Germany, has abolished the name of President. He does this as an act of homage to Von Hindenburg. But lets observe that the title of President has a distinctly democratic flavor, characteristic of a republic which the Hitlerites hate.

Hitler's present title of leader, Der Fuehrer has

HINDENBURG - 3

no democratic significance, but smacks of a kind of mystical absolutism. So now power absolute, almost mysterious, is implied in that title:- Der Deutcher Fuehrer, The German Leader.

There's an odd detail about Doctor Hjalmer Schacht, who figures in Hitler's first act in his new capacity. Dr. Schacht today enters the cabinet as Minister of Economics.

The new minister's full name is Hjalmer Horace Greeley Schacht, a token of the admiration Doctor Schacht's father had for the great American publisher. The Doctor hardly seems to be living up to the staunch republicanism of his American namesake. He was for awhile a supporter of the German Republic, but now is a staunch Nazi. Hence, the importance of the fact that Hjalmer Horace Greeley Schacht is taking the place of a conservative Anti-Nazi in the Berlin Government.

TEETH

It may be healthy to wash your teeth, but not in Yugoslavia. The toothbrush may be an aid to long life, but not in the town of Set in yea Cetinje, in the Black Mountains, old Montenegro.

A farmer over there had some friends in America who listened to the radio and heard all about toothbrushes and toothpaste. So they sent to their old pal over there in the Black Mountains, a fine example of the brush with the scrubby bristles. They also sent him a full set of directions how to use it.

So every morning, that Yugoslav farmer appeared at the village pump and industriously scrubbed his teeth with that toothbrush -- the first ever seen in those parts.

Then things began to happen. The neighbor's cow stopped giving milk, two dogs went mad, and to cap the capricious climax -- the son of the town's richest man eloped with a gypsy girl.

The villagers had no difficulty in figuring it all out. They knew -- it was magic. It must be that fellow poking around in his mouth every morning with that weird

TEETH

ROOSEVELT

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looking wand^d -- a sorcerers wand, ^{sandy.} ~~He was the one that~~ ^{He} was working the evil witchcraft.

So the next time that the farmer came to the pump with the toothbrush, they showered him with stones -- probably knocked his teeth out. But it's no joke. The victim was fatally injured. Sounds like some fantastic tale spun out of an overheated imagination, but eighteen people have been sent to prison. That's how real it is.

We are accustomed to say that the ways of our modern enlightenment are magical, but there are other people who ^{when} ~~we~~ ^{they} say magic -- ~~and~~ mean magic.

ROOSEVELT

The President, having been on the ocean for a few weeks, sailing o'er the wide wide water, has landed -- and is going to see some more water. Not content with the Pacific Ocean, he will inspect the water power developments sponsored by the P. W. A. He will begin tomorrow with the Grand Coulee Hydro-Electric Project, the greatest of its kind ever undertaken. Originally it was the idea of Rufus Woods, a newspaper publisher of the Pacific Northwest. He's the owner of the Wenatchee World. He started talking-up the plan fifteen years ago and he'll be proudly on hand when the President looks over the vast undertaking which began just as a newspaperman's dream.

fuel.

And he did the rare thing today -- using Blue Sunoco

he won the free-for-all.

Blue skies, blue sea, Blue Sunoco, and he went like

a blue streak!

RACE

It looks like a speedy, splashy week-end for the Eastern Shore of Maryland. (In fact the speeding and splashing began today, and will continue through Sunday.) In other words Old Home Week Regatta, which draws thousands of enthusiasts who like to burn up the water, (draws them from all over the Eastern Seaboard.)

Champion, E. R. Buck, was on hand to win again that trophy offered by the Miles River Yacht Club. Last year Bo's'n Buck churned along to a breezy victory in his champion express cruiser, Beebe. And no wonder. He tried Blue Sunoco and found it gave him a hundred revolutions more per minute than any other fuel.

And he did the same thing today -- using Blue Sunoco he won the free-for-all.

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FISH

A lively fish story comes along, with a lady catching a tarpon -- a shark also caught the tarpon, and the lady caught the shark.

Down in Florida, Mrs. Chetihrig hooked a fifty pound tarpon, battled for twenty minutes, and then saw a huge, shovel-nosed shark make a voracious grab. The shark grabbed not only the tarpon, but also the hook. Luckily it didn't grab the lady.

It took the lady another hour to battle to land the shark with the tarpon inside. How's that Jimmy? You know, Jimmy Wallington is the N. B. C. tarpon champion.

Now Jimmy you tell one. But keep your fish stories off the air. And, SOLONG UNTIL MONDAY.