

ARMAMENT

The statesmen of Europe today are paraphrasing a historic quotation: "Billions for offense," say they, "but not one cent for peace." That's the sentiment implicit in their actions. From the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the Irish Sea to the Sea of Japan the cry is:- "Arms, guns, battleships." To be sure they apologize for it with the excuse that their object is "defense." But that's merely a synonym for the word fear. Every nation is so afraid, that the first thing we know they'll all be at one another's throats for sheer terror.

There seems to be no limit to the increasing panic. Hardly a month has passed in the last year and a half in which we have not commented on some increase of military establishment and on every continent.

There was a cabinet meeting in London today. The grapevine report is that the principal, if not the sole business of the day, was rearmament. One and a half billion dollars for Empire defense. That's the new program of the Ministers of King Edward the Eighth.

Their
first serious meeting since they became ~~the~~ minister^s of ^{the new} King Edward. ~~the Eighth~~. Out of that billion and a half, one third, a cool half billion, is to go for airships. In other words, King Edward ~~the Eighth~~ is going to have three times the airforce that his father had. And according to some figures, His Majesty's government proposes to build twelve thousand planes in six years.

The other billion dollars will build men-of-war. Eleven monster capital ships, thirty-six cruisers, to say nothing of submarines and destroyers to burn. A staggering program, an ironic one when we remember that at this particular moment the Naval Conference to limit armaments is meeting in London. It would be funny if it weren't so ominous.

The naval program, ^{maybe be partly the} ~~is the~~ outcome of reports that reach London from Japan. The Mikado's war lords, they say, have a surprise navy up the sleeves of their flowing kimonos. They've got plans for a fleet of super, super, super-dreadnoughts, ocean titans of forty-eight thousand ~~tons~~, bristling with sixteen and eighteen inch guns. H. M. S. Hood, Britannia's ace, and supposed to be the most powerful ship afloat is forty-two thousand tons,

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armed with fifteen inch guns. That report from Tokyo is rather strange. We had always been lead to believe that the policy of the Japanese Admiralty was for small, swift, mobile ships rather than ~~the~~ big floating fortresses.

But that new Britannic naval program is not the only outcome of today's cabinet meeting. King Edward's government has now perfected its plans for the reorganization of ~~the~~ His Majesty's military establishment, a reorganization that has been hinted at for months. The new idea is to unify the defense forces of the Empire under one man. To this end a new portfolio will be created in the cabinet. The man who holds it will be Defense Minister in supreme control of army, navy, airforce. And there's a likelihood that the position of Minister of Munitions, first created for Lloyd George, during the ^{World} war, will be revived.

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Meanwhile a new threat comes from Italy. The history of the next few weeks depends entirely upon the oil embargo. If that is invoked, says an English correspondent, Mussolini will call a million more men to the colors. In that case he will have two million men under arms, two millions uniformed, drilled,

completely equipped. A monstrous army for a country with *the* population and resources of the Kingdom of the House of Savoy.

EGYPT FOLLOW ARMAMENT

But there's promise of peace on one front of England's "far flung battleline", as Kipling called it. That's Egypt.

Downing Street hopes to make a final settlement of the discontent among the dwellers on the Nile. ^{It's trouble} ^{out there} ~~It~~ has been going on ^{ever} since Nineteen Twenty-Two, ever since John gave the Fellaheen ^{the} their so-called independence. It was independence with a string to it, and the subjects of King Fuad have not taken kindly to the string.

Five times Downing Street has tried to settle ~~this trouble, and~~ ^{the question, but} ~~they're still as~~ ^{the Egyptians have remained} unreconciled, ~~as ever.~~ Nationalist students riot ~~avidly~~ with avidity in the streets of Cairo. They thumb their noses even at British rifles and machine guns. But it is hoped that the new treaty now being drawn up may pacify them.

One of John Bull's headaches comes from the fact that King Fuad, the principal friend of English dominion on the Nile, ^{fat and full of years.} is aged and ill, ^{He} lives surrounded by doctors, specialists from Switzerland as well as Cairene medicoes. His chronic ailment kept him away from several public functions recently, including the great annual celebration at the end of the fast of Rama^dan. His illness places the reigns of power more firmly in the hands

of Ismal Sidky, ~~And he is the~~ leader of the Blue Shirts, the "down with English dominion" party.

But John Bull, in his cagey fashion, is seeing to it that the heir apparent will grow up with proper respect for the Union Jack. The young Crown Prince Faruk, ~~xxxx~~ is in Kingston-on-Thames, living incognito in a little cottage of only eighteen rooms. There he is acquiring the education and graces of an English gentleman. Virtually, the sixteen year old Prince is a prisoner. An Egyptian ^t_A ~~tu~~ and a former Turkish General, Masry Pasha, are his ~~xxxx~~ guardians. Hemmed in by Egyptian valets, the young heir to the kingdom of the Pharaohs is having a pretty dull time of it.

— or even an Egyptian piastre —
He can't spend a shilling without the consent of his civilian ^t_A ~~tu~~or.
For he is
He can't go any place without his military guardian. ~~He is~~ in that lovely little town on the Thames, not to enjoy himself but to learn to be a king friendly to England. As soon as he can pass his exams, he will enter the royal military academy at Woolwich. That is, unless his father succumbs to his illness and the young Prince has to ^{hurry} ~~go~~ back to Cairo to the king business.

Personally, Crown Prince Faruk is a most attractive

chap. Though only sixteen, he is already a well built, strapping six-footer, with ~~precociously~~ powerful shoulders. He is an ace on the polo field and in the gymnasium. He speaks English with the accent of Eton and New College, Oxford. For fear he should forget his native tongue, there is also an Arabian ^ttutor₁ in his numerous entourage.

GOLD

Twenty million dollars worth of gold on its way from Uncle Sam's shores to Europe! Well, that's not so much in these billion dollar days. But there is a story behind that little shipment. That gold is running away from the menacing spectre of inflation.

K.C.Hogate, publisher of the Wall Street Journal, explains it for us in this fashion. "Those twenty millions are not American money. There is always," says Mr. Hogate, "a large volume of capital floating around the world. It's international money. The amount varies from a billion to a billion and a half." It is short term money and at present a great deal of it is in America because we, owing to various causes, are not commercially in debt to the rest of the world. We borrowed the gold.

He adds, "this floating capital is nervous capital. It runs at the first note of alarm. And that first note has been uttered loudly by the gentlemen in Washington who are clamoring for inflation. Hence, that twenty million dollar gold shipment, the first consequence of which has been a rise in the price of Uncle Sam's dollar in the world's money markets.

CHAPLIN

Stars may come and stars may go, but the biggest figure in Hollywood today is still the pathetic-funny little man in the baggy trousers, battered derby and tie and mustache. He remains the uncrowned king of the cinema domain, though the world hasn't seen him on the screen in five years. So even his prolonged silence has been news, a topic of conversation in fifty-seven languages. When ~~the~~ he at last breaks that silence, that's news.

Even more interesting, to my mind, is the original of the picture to be shown for the first time in New York tonight. It's a premier ^{for which} ~~that~~ people have come from Europe, from Mexico, from Peru and Canada, to say nothing of all states in the Union, ~~to see~~. And here's how it all began.

Two years ago, Chaplin and a crony were sitting ^{at the} ~~in~~ ^{Waldorf in New York.} ~~California restaurant.~~ His crony was one of those who are dissatisfied with the world of today. He objected violently to the increasing mechanism of the planet we live on. "Look around you in this ^{vast hotel} ~~restaurant~~," he exclaimed. "Everything is wires, gadgets, wheels. Even the dirty dishes are carried out by machinery." And he complained further: "And we, all of us, mankind, ~~is~~ caught in

the wheels of this machinery, entangled in its wires."

The dissatisfied gentleman didn't know it, but he had given the little master ~~producer~~ of Hollywood an idea: ~~The idea lay in the phrase used by his friend. That, he decided, was what he would show on the screen.~~ Mankind caught in those wires and cogwheels. Man working, doing things, even playing by machinery. Such is the new Chaplin picture that first-nighters are paying Five dollars and fifty cents a copy to see tonight, *and more.*

Charlie himself, we learn, still retains his reluctance to talk. However, he does sing one song. It's a mumbling song. Intimate friends who have seen it say it's one of the funniest things he has ever done.

PLAYWRIGHTS

That welcoming committee at Miami certainly left itself open to the amusing impertinences of George Bernard Shaw. They asked him to say a few words. The reply was obvious. "I never say a few words," said the irrepressible G.B.S. I usually start out with about five thousand." When they asked him how he liked Miami, he replied: "I don't like it at all." Then he explained: "How can I? I haven't seen it yet."

Thereupon he announced that he had arranged to have a monument built in Miami in his honor. One of the welcoming officials suggested the planting of a tree. To that he retorted: "Nonsense! By the time the tree grows up, the name of Shaw will be forgotten." And that's about an all time modesty record for G.B.S. And those were side jibes to his widely heralded remark that we should chuck our Constitution.

LEAP YEAR

Here are a couple of disillusioning bits - about leap year. Nineteen Thirty-Six is one of those mystic years, divisible by four, with three hundred and sixty-six days, when the ladies are permitted to propose marriage. Apparently they don't, or if they do, it doesn't work. Because we are reminded that leap year is commonly the poorest time for marriage. The past two, Nineteen Twenty-Four and Nineteen Twenty-Eight, each showed a big drop in the wedding figures. In Nineteen Twenty-Eight, for example, there were eighteen thousand marriages fewer ~~thn~~ in the United States than in the year before. So apparently when a young man and young woman are together, she doesn't turn to him fondly and plead - "Will you marry me?" Or, if she does, he responds - "No".

And then we hear about some historical scholars who have taken a closer look at one of the cherished leap year traditions, which relates that the leap year custom began a way back in the year Twelve ~~H~~undred and Twenty-Eight, in Ex Scotland - during the reign of Queen Margaret. In that year the Queen passed a law which decreed that any bashful male

who refused a lady's leap year offer of marriage had to pay the lady a hundred Pounds - unless he could prove that he was already engaged to be married. The historians point out there was no Queen Margaret on the Scottish throne in Twelve Twenty-Eight.

The monarch was King Alexander the Second, and they cannot trace the story about the law any further back than Eighteen Sixty-Five, when it was printed in an English almanac. Apparently, it was a hoax, invented by some imaginative writer.

WEATHER

"Everybody," said Mark Twain, "is always talking about the weather, but nobody ever seems to do anything about it." This certainly is one time when ~~somebody~~ something should be done about ^{the} weather.

But Uncle Sam's meteorologist, Charles D. Reed, tells us nothing can be done. We have got to make up our minds that nothing is going to be done. We're going to go on freezing for all of February and possibly a good deal of March. His reasons for this glum prophecy is interesting. Any ~~English~~ unusual weather almost invariably lasts a deuce of a long while. If we have a bitter January, you can bet your boots on a cold February. The same applies, he adds, to hot weather.

This weather shark bases his warnings on the records. For instance, in ten out of eleven abnormal winters endured by the folks in Iowa, ^{the} ~~the~~ sequence worked ^{that way,} ~~out~~. The same tendencies have been shown in other parts of the United States; also Bermuda and the Philippines. The ^{fact} ~~late Percy B.~~ Shelley once asked, "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" Meteorologist Reed's answer is, "It can, ~~a hell of~~ a long way behind." And he adds, "The greater the abnormality, the more certain the sequences."

If it's any consolation to you, we have plenty of company in our shiverings in many parts of the world. For instance, the land of the cherry blossom is having its worst ^t blizzard since Eighteen ninety. Traffic in the big Japanese cities is ^{said to be} in even worse plight than it has been in Boston, Philadelphia, New York and Chicago. The blizzard is accompanied by a terrific storm over the Pacific ~~waters~~. A Japanese freighter with a crew of forty-five, is disabled and helpless in the waves of the Japan sea. And an American freighter, the EGLANTINE, at latest reports, was rushing to the rescue of a Japanese fishing steamer in distress off the Mikado's coast.

~~As for us in the U.S.A., the middlewest seems to be bearing the brunt of the frosty ferocity. Thirteen below in the City of Chicago, and nineteen below in suburban Oak Park. That's cold in any man's language!~~

QUEBEC - MINING

At Oskelaneo River, the jumping-off place ~~of~~ for Chibougamau in Northern Quebec, an airplane started out with five passengers, four men and a woman. ^{When} they were barely in the air the pilot noticed something had gone wrong. To his dismay, he saw one of the skis dangling in the wind; so what ~~did he~~ ^{to} do?

5/2 He picked out the most level-headed looking passenger, and proceeded to give him a ten minute lesson on how to fly a plane. With this novice at the controls, the pilot climbed out in a temperature ten below zero. With that biting wind tearing at his fingers, he contrived to tie the ski back in position. Twenty minutes later they were all safe and sound in Oskelaneo. That is, all sound except the pilot, who had a frozen leg.

The story comes to me through Joseph B. Ryan of Philadelphia. He thinks, and you will probably agree with him, that the name of Graff Edwards, that bush pilot of General Airways, ought to be known and saluted. Mr. Ryan adds that he is typical of his colleagues, men who carry anything from dynamite to oxen in opening up the ^{new} mining country of Canada, up there at Oskelaneo and Chibougamau. And s-l-u-t-m.

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