

L.J. Surco. Nov, Dec. 2, 1935.

Chandler
Note.

TOWNSEND

That there are breakers ahead for Congress when it reconvenes next month, ^{is common knowledge.} ~~not only~~ For Congress, and for the White House.

President Roosevelt has expressed himself emphatically ~~in a hope~~ for a short session. "Nothing but vital issues", he pleads, "just a few more emergency measures, but exceedingly few."

The breakers ahead are indicated in a roar that comes from all parts of the country, the roar of the Townsend Movement. Old Doc Townsend and his spokesmen have been touring all over the union, giving tongue to their Utopian battlecry. They've done it quietly, without loud blowing of trumpets, but with prodigious tenacity. They haven't had much help from the newspapers, whose publishers and editors for the most part, look gravely askance at the good doctor's schemes. But in cities, towns and hamlets, large audiences have thrilled to the rosy promises of "Two Hundred a month for every person over sixty!"

Not only the old, who will benefit themselves, but even the young, have responded with ovine credulity. It's perfectly natural that grandpop should welcome the notion of an assured two hundred bucks a month, ^{or Uncle Herschel or Uncle Will,} But many of his children and grand-

46

children also jump at the idea. ^{For} ^{- or seems to promise -} it promises to save them from the necessity of supporting grandpa^{ny} in his declining years.

When this movement first started on the Pacific slope, few people east of the Mississippi took it seriously. They thought it was "just another one of those many strange isms with which southern California teems." But the work of propoganda, even without the aid of the newspapers, has been filtering through such a wide section of the populace, that Congressmen are now growing additional gray hairs. ^R What with the bonus propoganda and the Townsendites, they are shaking in their parliamentary shoes. They have been home among their constituents for the last few months. There they have had full opportunity to see what a hold the Townsend ^{visions} ~~views~~ have obtained upon the people with the votes. Some ^{Congressmen} ~~of them~~ feel themselves confronted with the alternatives of voting for Townsendism early next year, or facing defeat at the polls in November. Bankers, business men, manufacturers, chambers of commerce, financial experts, have pointed out unmistakably that there isn't enough money even in this country to send a two hundred ^{buck} monthly check to every person over sixty.

47

T But in the face of their warnings, the movement grows like a snowball. ~~It is~~ *is* a foregone conclusion that there will be a Townsend lobby in Washington next month. ^{*And,*} [^] It will bring every known pressure to bear upon the representatives and senators. *all*

of which
~~It~~ [^] will complicate the plans of the Administration in ~~a most~~ formidable fashion.

FOLLOW TOWNSEND

48

There's one part of the world which the Townsend Plan would make particularly happy. It's a village named Bradford Abbas in Merry England. They call it "the village of the old people." Four hundred inhabitants, and the youngest adult is fifty-eight years old! Practically everybody else in the village calls him "son". Fifty of his neighbors are more than sixty-five, twenty have long since seen their seventieth birthday, and others range up into the nineties.

Not only human beings, but ~~the~~ animals, live to a grand old age in Bradford Abbas. Ninety year old Tom Coombs has hens more than twelve years old and they lay more eggs than any others for miles around. Eighty year old Sam Ring has a fifteen year old gold-finch.

So if the Townsend Plan would become effective in England, Bradford Abbas would be ~~probably~~ the richest village in the world *per capita.* One can't help wondering whether Dr. Townsend would also pension the hens and the gold-finch.

We have an answer today to the critics of the Roosevelt Administration who complain about too much regimentation. An important member of the President's official family gives us what might be considered the administration's point of view. Mr. Joseph Eastman, Federal Coordinator of Transportation, was talking to the editors and publishers of one hundred and thirty leading business publications at the Waldorf-Astoria this afternoon.

Mr. Eastman was explaining to the editors and publishers just what ~~the~~ he considers his function and duties to be. When he came to the subject of regimentation he said:-

"I'm not sure what regimentation is and I doubt whether those who talk against it most know much more." Mr. Eastman admitted:-

"Business regulation, like everything else, is subject to abuse."

Then he added:- "Those who are not directly connected with transportation, including those who have their money in it, agree that there is a need for some general oversight, and that only the government can supply this need." And, the Federal Coordinator said in conclusion:- "I have hopes that we can steer clear of the great menace of regimentation, whatever it may be."

And that might be termed a tone of philosophical doubt.

49
cut

LOANS

If you've any cash that isn't working, two substantial gentlemen will be glad to borrow it from you. Not only Uncle Sam, but John Bull is in the market asking for more than three billion dollars between them. Your Uncle Sam is modest. All he wants is a trifling matter of nine hundred millions. But John is asking his faithful subjects for a round two and a quarter billions.

To be sure seven hundred million of that will be spent in retiring British Treasury Notes. But the rest of those two and a quarter billions apparently is going to be spent on instruments and munitions of war. National defense is the main purpose of that big flotation.

That's the most important piece of news today with a bearing on that troublesome African chapter of history. Stanley Baldwin and his cabinet had a long secret conference this afternoon. The upshot of it was that His Majesty's ministers decided that the British lion must gird his loins and be prepared for anything. Hence the new English loan issue.

On the actual fighting front the rather startling head-

LOANS - 2

line is: "Harrar evacuated!" The troops of the Negus have withdrawn from that key city of the South leaving the place open for Mussolini's advancing forces -- whenever they happen to advance. Once established there, with their lines of communication properly consolidated, the divisions under General Graziani would not have much further to go to cut the railway line between Addis Ababa and Jibuti on the Coast.

A significant feature of this piece of news is that it comes not from Italian sources, but from the Ethiopian Foreign Minister. Perhaps it means a demilitarization of Harrar to avoid bombardment from the air. Another message from Addis Ababa informs us that a hot battle is expected in the north where an army of four hundred thousand Ethiopians is concentrated to face the new Italian Commander-in-Chief, Badoglio.

INDIA

The news from India this afternoon revives a well known epigram. India, it is said, is not a country but a religious controversy. I had ample opportunity to observe the truth of this when I was traveling through the country. Among its three principal religions, there are in Hinduism alone, some two thousand odd subdivisions. And in the Punjab, the age old conflict between Hindu and Mohammedans is complicated by the millions of Sikhs.

~~Originally a sect of Hindus,~~ The Sikhs, ~~who~~ are born fighters, *Original a Hindu sect, Now they* the sturdiest and most redoubtable of the British army, [^] actually have a religion of their own. Indeed, the word ^{Sikh} is a religious and not a racial term. They still practice the maxims laid down by their great Guru Govind in the Seventeenth Century. He taught them that a Sikh should worship two things -- God and the sword.

Consequently Lahore, once the capital and stronghold of the ~~ferocious fighting~~ fierce fighting Sikhs, is still today a tinder box of sectarian sensitivity. Somebody threw a match, a tinder caught fire, and a riot broke loose which ~~needed~~ needed the military forces of the great British Raj to put it down. Thanks to the quick and stern work of both British and native regiments, it was

52

put down. But tonight there's a curfew law in old Lahore.

But, law and order were not established until three people lost their lives, with a hundred wounded. Apparently the Sikhs started it. A crowd, described as numbering no less than a hundred thousand fanatical and warlike souls, started a march on the Moslem places of worship. Their cry was "burn, burn the mosques!" Each Sikh tucked his long beard into his pugari, seized a lathi and flailed away. But it never can be said that a Moslem refuses a fight. The followers of the Prophet in Lahore gave battle with glee and gusto. The reports from the Punjab capital do not say which side had the heavier casualties. But it's a fair bet that they were pretty even.

Incidentally, that's the place where Rudyard Kipling spent part of his boyhood. His father was head of the art school in Lahore.

Coping with these blood-thirsty religious shindigs is all in the day's work for the British authorities in India. They have had this problem on their hands ever since the soldiers of John Company conquered the Punjab in Eighteen Fifty. Once they were thoroughly conquered, however, the Sikhs became among the most valuable, useful subject of the Kaisar-I-Hind, as the

King-Emperor is officially known. Well disciplined and courageous soldiers, the Sikhs also make first rate policemen in such of the British dominions as Singapore, Hong-Kong, Shanghai, and other parts of the far flung empire. But every now and then their delicate religious susceptibilities flare up against their Moslem and Hindu neighbors as in the riot which has just been put down.

54

The latest moves in the Far East indicate a typical Chinese manoeuvre. The statesmen at Nanking undoubtedly realize that they cannot save those provinces that Japan wants to slice off. But, they figure that at least they can save face. A Chinaman man lose his property, he may lose his job, ^{he may lose his shirt,} he may lose his wife, or wives.

But he never feels thoroughly down unless he has lost face.

cut. } But even the endeavor to save face may cause trouble and bloodshed. The stalling tactics of Chinese generals and politicians are exhausting the patience of the ^{invaders} ~~men~~ from Nippon. General Ho Ying-Chin, the Nanking Minister of War, is ^{now} traveling through those northern Chinese provinces. And, they say, he has with him large sums of gold. In the lack of military strength, he is supposed to be using the persuasive power of the precious metal to do what he cannot do by force of arms:- ~~sets~~ trying to bribe the war lords of the northern provinces to resist the so-called movement for autonomy. Gold has always been a potent element in Chinese diplomacy.

55 Minister General Ho has a date for a tea party. His guests are three generals, the war lords of Tientsin and Peiping, of Hopei and Shantung. And in the ceremony of tea

drinking, General Ho hopes to boil the kettle to the degree where those three war lords will throw in their hands with Nanking. The master of the Shantung province has already been quoted as saying that autonomy "does not represent the will of the people." (To which impartial American travelers reply: "As though the will of the people was ever considered in China!" For it is the consensus of most visitors to have observed that the Chinese peasant and small farmer cares precious little which general governs him. He knows he is going to get the worst of it whether his overlord is a Chinese general or a Japanese conqueror.

But General Ho is not only trying to unite those three other generals, in a resistance to Japan. He is trying to negotiate with the Mikado's warlords, and Tokio is getting sore. However deep in his diplomacy, a Chinese cannot fool a Japanese. The men from across the Yellow Sea are strictly familiar with Chinese psychology. And the Japanese generals are not likely to be susceptible to gold diplomacy.

So, one result of this phase of Nanking manoeuvring is the presence of a Japanese cruiser in the harbor of Tientsin, with

guns trained on the fortification. Also more Japanese troops moving into the port.

An ominous incident is the news of two Japanese beaten to death by Chinese mobs.

Meanwhile the forgotten man in this Asiatic scene is C.T. Wang, former Foreign Minister of China. He it is who is trying to appease the wrath of the Japanese generals. But apparently they are applying to him the same tactics that his colleagues are applying to them. Official Tokio receives Mr. Wang with the utmost courtesy. But when he tries to bring up the topic of the present crisis, they are just politely evasive or silent.

So it looks as though the match that might light the fuse of war is in the hands of the celestial generalissimo, Chang Kai Shek. And he is dated up for a conference with the Japanese Ambassador Akira Ariyoshi. The date is tomorrow. The place, Nanking. Whatever its outcome, it won't be happy. War or peace, another bitter cup of tea is abrewing for John Chinaman. And nobody seems to know whether he cares.

BREASTED

The passing of Dr. James H. Breasted, makes many noble and picturesque names roll off the tip of the tongue. The man from Rockford, Illinois, the greatest oriental scholar of his day, who discovered the ~~xxx~~ palace of Xerxes, Persian King of Kings; excavated the battleground of Armageddon; the palace grounds of Alexander the Great; the temples of the great king Sargon of Assyria, the giant water-works built by Sennacherib, and knew more about the ancient history of Babylonia, Persia, Assyria and Egypt than any living man.

It is not surprising that his death should have revived the popular superstition about the curse laid upon those who helped open the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen. This picturesque superstition was heightened by the earlier reports that Dr. Breasted was ill of a mysterious oriental disease. Actually, he died of a streptococcic infection following a sore throat and fever. Furthermore, the great orientalist was seventy years old. (And bound to die before long even if he had never been present at the opening of any tomb.)

Scientists have attempted to show the absurdity of that King Tut superstition. Herbert Winlock, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York pointed out that it originated in a phoney yarn sent out by an American newspaper man. That reporter was disgruntled because the first story of the opening of the tomb was given to the LONDON TIMES. So he cabled the fable of a curse ~~xxx~~ inscribed on the walls of the tomb, a curse which read: "Death shall come on swift wings to him that touches the tomb of the Pharaoh." There was no such inscription, says Mr. Winlock. He also pointed out that of those who died, several were of an advanced age and, like Dr. Breasted liable to die soon anyway. Others, like the late Arthur Weigall, who was supposed to be slain by the curse, were not present at the opening of the tomb at all. Some of them, indeed, never even got in sight of it.

However, the King Tut superstition always persist.

But, I'll not persist, and --

SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

Scientists have attempted to show the absurdity of that King Tut superstition. Herbert Whinlock, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York pointed out that it originated in a phoney yarn sent out by an American newspaper man. That reporter was disgruntled because the first story of the opening of the tomb was given to the LONDON TIMES. So he cabled the fable of a curse ~~xxx~~ inscribed on the walls of the tomb, a curse which read: "Death shall come on swift wings to him that touches the tomb of the Pharaoh." There was no such inscription, says Mr. Winlock. He also pointed out that of those who died, several were of an advanced age and, like Dr. Breasted liable to die soon anyway. Others, like the late Arthur Weigall, who was supposed to be slain by the curse, were not present at the opening of the tomb at all. Some of them, indeed, never even got in sight of it.

However, the King Tut superstition always persist.

But, I'll not persist, and --

SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.