

COTTON

Strong words are echoing from Boston where the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers gives us its description of something said by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace. The Secretary's remarks are described as "laughable", also "ridiculous." And the New England cotton men climax with the declaration that the that Secretary Wallace "can't take it."

Now what did the big man of government agriculture say to draw all of this New England fire? He was replying to that concerted New England protest we heard about a week or so ago -- a complaint against the processing tax and the crop reduction policy. The cotton manufacturers showered the White House with complaints -- that the tax and the reduction had put up cotton prices so high that American textiles couldn't meet foreign competition.

President Roosevelt didn't have so much to say in response to the wave of protest. When various New Englanders called on him last week he remarked cautiously that the foreign competition angle of the processing tax might make a difference, but he didn't commit himself to any extent.

~~But~~ It's different with Mr. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture. He doesn't mind committing himself. So now we have him making an address at Bowdoin College in which he shot a blasting answer at the New England textile people. He declared that the talk of foreign competition in relation to the processing tax was just a smoke screen -- a cloak of false publicity. "The manufacturers", declared the Secretary, "are crying out against the farmer's receiving the same kind of protection they themselves have been receiving from the tariff." And Mr. Wallace added that unless the farmer get ^s this processing tax, his income and buying power will be reduced and that will hurt city business and manufactures.

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The Secretary of Agriculture is the champion of the farmers as the food producers of the nation and he regards the cities as being little more than parasites. So he fires loud thunders against the New England textile men who respond with thunders of their own.

The latest is that New England Congressmen asked the President today to appoint a committee of cabinet members to investigate the textile situation.

MAURETANIA

And you'll be interested in this one, Mr. Takahashi —
you and all shipping men — and throngs of others,
Of course you know that the Mauretania, one-time queen of the

North Atlantic, is being taken out of service and dismantled.

That has brought many a shadow of ~~xx~~ sentimental regret to
sea-faring men. But, at any rate, Joe Forster is going to get
back his coat. — *etc, etc.* —

Joe is an English workman who, thirty years ago, got a
job on that Cunard greyhound when they were building her. He was
put to work riveting plates on the bulkhead. He took off his
coat one day, folded it neatly, and stowed it away in the bulkhead.
Then he and his mates went ahead with their riveting. ^{When} ~~When~~ the
last plate had been jammed in place, sealing the bulkhead once
and for all, Joe remembered his coat. It was too late. There
was no way to get it without tearing the Mauretania apart; so
Joe Forster was minus one perfectly good coat.

For thirty years he has been remembering that sad
incident. And now, when Joe heard that they were wrecking the
Mauretania, he went to the wreckers, told his story and got a
special pass. When the bulkhead plates are ripped away, Joe will

be there to dive in and get his coat -- thirty years later.

Perhaps in the pocket there's a letter from some Clyde-side barmaid.

Maybe he's worried,

JAPAN

Uncle Sam has just sent a diplomatic protest. It concerns one nation, but he's protesting to another nation. This diplomatic protest concerns those two far eastern allies, Japan and Manchukuo.

Manchukuo has declared an oil monopoly and is keeping foreign oil men off the diggings. The State Department claims that this is in violation of the treaties between the United States and Japan, treaties that go back to that old Open Door Policy, which specifies equal commercial rights. Great Britain has already protested to Tokio. And now Washington does likewise.

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JOHNSON

Attention focuses naturally on that Johnsonian vocabulary of the outspoken General. His appearance today before the Senate Finance Committee, which is conducting an inquiry into the N.R.A., was ~~and~~ racey, with epithets - such as when the General declared - "To abandon the N.R.A. now would be like burning down your house to get rid of a few rats in the attic." And then he said the same thing with the picturesque simile of - "Let's not throw the baby down the drain pipe with the dirty water." It was all part of a passionate defense of the N.R.A. on the part of the hard-jawed, rough-spoken cavalry officer who did so much to wave the wings of the Blue Eagle over this broad land.

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That defense of course was to be expected. A more pungent part of it comes in the way the General took all blame on himself. He told the Senate Finance Committee that if the N.R.A. had faults and flaws, and in some cases didn't work right, it was because of his own defects and shortcomings. He told them that the N.R.A. and its codes were sound in themselves and whatever trouble there may have been was because of the human element. And that human element was himself and his staff.

PERKINS

When a little fellow has such big lawyers, it's more than an ordinary case. When a small town battery-manufacturer named Perkins is represented in Court by John W. Davis, one time Democratic presidential candidate, David A. Reed, former Senator from Pennsylvania, James A. Reed, former Senator from Missouri, and Harold B. Bitler, President of the Pennsylvania Bar Association- it means that large political issues are at stake, much larger than Mr. Perkins' battery business. In fact, it concerns the N.R.A.

Mr. Perkins of York, Pennsylvania, was ~~hale~~ haled up on N.R.A. charges, of not paying the men in his battery factory according to Blue Eagle standards. He was found guilty and sentenced to eighteen days in jail. ^F He's appealing.

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Now he appears before that Senate investigation of the N.R.A., tells the world and the Senators that he is absolutely opposed to government regimentation of business, and tosses something of a bombshell by naming the lawyers who will fight his case in the appeal courts. It's that same dazzling array of high priced legal talent that I have just named.

It was all so dazzling that Senator Hugo Black, a member

of the Committee, asked the big bald-headed jovial Perkins whether his N.R.A. case hadn't been turned into a political advertising show against the Administration. That caused the senators and the spectators to break into a loud laugh. Mr. Perkins responded with an indignant shout: "There's nothing funny about it!"

It all points to the fact that this Perkins case of a minor N.R.A. violation is likely to turn into one of those important and imposing law court pageants.

SINCLAIR

It's the end of the epic, so far as Upton Sinclair is concerned. He is going to retire from public life. The flaming author who raised national ructions with his "End-Poverty-in-California" slogan, is in a Los Angeles hospital taking a rest cure. He says the burdens of the epic have been too much for his lean shoulders and some younger and huskier man will have to carry on. Upton Sinclair himself is returning to his old and familiar profession -- writing.

D.A.R.

When I was in Washington last week I noticed all sorts of activity around the Hotel Willard, where the Daughters of the American Revolution are staging ~~xx~~ various campaign activities. They are about to elect a President-General and D.A.R. politics are hot and heavy. In fact things are almost revolutionary among the Daughters of the American Revolution, *just now.*

The latest controversy is a duello of bitter words between the candidates, Mrs. Flora Meyer Gillentine and Mrs. William A. Becker. This embroglio flared when a Washington newspaper printed a picture of Mrs. Becker shaking hands with Speaker Byrns of the House of Representatives. Under the picture, ^{*the caption*} read "Happy Greetings were extended to Mrs. W. A. Becker by Speaker of the House, Joseph W. Byrns at reception to Mrs. Becker at the Mayflower."

In response to this ~~fixingx~~ fiery statements came ~~fixi~~ flaring from the camp of Mrs. Gillentine. They say that in the first place the party was not given for Mrs. Becker. Mrs. Becker, they claim, crashed in. They are going so far as to intimate that Mrs. Becker deliberately maneuvered herself within range of the cameras and shook hands with Speaker Byrns. In fact Speaker Byrns

seems to be championing Mrs. Gillentine. He and Mrs. Byrns attended a dinner given to Mrs. Gillentine, and were not present at a reception tendered to Mrs. Becker.

Mrs. Becker's adherents deny all the allegations about their leader having crashed the party and horned in on the picture with the Speaker. The newspaper photographer who snapped the trouble-making photo gives his own version of the incident. He explains that in picture-hawk fashion he happened to spot both notables and asked them to pose for his camera and they did.

GERMANY

What Berlin said to London is not a formal protest, not a diplomatic note. It is specifically described as verbal, not written. It consists of things that Hitler said - strong words that he spoke. The full facts have not been given out, but it is apparent that the Reichsfuehrer unburdened his mind to the British Ambassador in Berlin, who in turn relayed the remarks to London. Hitler seems to accuse Sir John Simon of double crossing him at Stresa.

The word used in describing the communication is - indignation, an expression of the German government's indignation because of the way German rearmament and treaty defiance was denounced by the League of Nations. [Hitler's drastic statement intimates that after the League denunciation, Germany is not prepared to enter into any of those conferences, negotiations and agreements which had been proposed. Presumably, this would include that eastern Locarno Pact in which the German government had already said it would join. And, it leaves Germany's re-entrance into the League highly improbable.

That's the verbal part of it - the expression of indignation. The formal written document will be forthcoming on

Saturday, a German reply put through in the regular way.

Reichsfuehrer Hitler is preparing the document right now. His decision to transmit it on Saturday, coincides with the fact that Saturday is his birthday. It is to be expected that the German reply will be a rephrasing of that expression of indignation which Hitler spoke today.

Takahashi.

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1935.

MR. TAKAHASHI

L. T.: There is a distinguished gentleman in the studio tonight who will be particularly interested in a sea story I have here -- a tragedy of the Far Eastern fishing fleet. He is Kazuo Takahashi, the high mogul here of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the N.Y.K., owner of the top flight shipping lines of the globe. He has been identified since boyhood with Japanese maritime interests. Old Nippon, an island empire, has an ancient history of the ways of the tides and the trade winds. Isn't that true, Mr. Takahashi?

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MR. TAKAHASHI: Yes, there's an old legend which tells how four thousand years ago a messenger was sent from heaven to teach the people of the world the art of shipbuilding. His name was Hakudo Maru. That is why the word "Maru" is found attached to the name of every Japanese merchantman. Another God in Japanese mythology is Okumogua Maru, who lived under the sea.

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L. T.: I've always been beguiled by the idea of how the sea traditionally calls upon the endurance of men, and how the peoples of eastern Asia are celebrated for their stoic endurance. You'd expect Japanese sailor stories to be classics.

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MR. TAKAHASHI: That is true. We have amazing accounts of how sailors navigating in the great spaces of the Pacific have displayed courage and self-sacrifice that equal the great traditions of the Samarai. But what is the sea story of which you speak?

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L.T.: A Japanese fishing smack drifted ashore on the American coast near Puget Sound. It was a ship of death. They found a diary which told the tragic story. The last entry had been made by the last man to die. The disabled boat drifted eastward across the Pacific. Here are some entries from the diary:-

"Dec. 20. Perhaps our misfortunes have been decreed by Fate. The words of the Ancients say:- 'The sins of the fathers are rested upon the sons.'

"Dec. 28. Even our deepest prayers do not draw pity from our angry god.

"Jan. 27. A ship! Happy madness seizes us. We build a fire. We wave, we shout, we dance. The stranger does not see us, and he has gone.

"Mar. 5. Today at breakfast time we had no food.

"April 9. Denjiro Hosi died this day of illness. He is the first to go.

"April 5. Being ill I could not longer stand at the wheel.

"April 8. Only two of us are left, and both so ill. The ship is now running with no one at the wheel."

And that was the end - just another tragedy of the tragic ocean, told in the simple pathos of an obscure sailor's diary. Just another story of traditional Japanese stoicism - a race famous for its heroic deeds.

MALDIVES

As for maritime matters, here's one from the Indian Ocean, out where Mr. Takahashi's N. Y. K. liners pass on their way round the world. But where no ships stop. I guess your N.Y.K. liners stop everywhere else Mr. Takahashi, etc., etc.

This item concerns royal doings in the two thousand islands of the Maldives away southwest of Ceylon. These imperial proceedings consist of a naked boy sitting backwards on a donkey with a bunch of seaweed on his head. If you think that doesn't sound so royal or imperial, you don't know the Maldives. And, even few travelers know them. They are islands of coral in the ocean between Zanzibar and Ceylon.

Well, they are crowning a new sovereign to lord it over those two thousand islands in the Indian Ocean: His tropical Majesty Aggange Maniffulu. He succeeds his Imperial uncle, from whom he inherits the two thousand islands, one thousand elephants in full panoply of silk and gold, and one hundred and forty-seven suits of clothes cut in Bond Street style. The late monarch of the Maldives went in for Indian elephants and London tailoring.

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The proceedings that led up to the coronation of Sultan Aggamge Maniffulu were simple enough. He was elected by a council of elders, and then this was okayed by an assembly of the Maldivian people. The two thousand islands are a British protectorate. Which gave His Britannic Majesty's government something to say.

The extraordinary events began as soon as the royal election was completed. From then on it sounds like one of the more fantastic and ludicrous pages of the Arabian Nights. Each of the various islands has to be notified. And it's done this way.

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A donkey, garlanded with flowers, is brought into the royal courtyard. Then they bring in a seven-year-old boy wearing not even the slightest suggestion of Maldivian B.V.D.'s. They sit him on the animal's back, facing rearwards. They crown him with a bunch of seaweed, a seaweed wreath on his head. It's his job to spread the news: "The Sultan is dead, long live the Sultan." Riding backward on the donkey he carries the royal tidings to the two thousand islands. He's doing it right now. You'd think that the naked boy crowned with seaweed would be a ~~grown~~ grown man with

whiskers by the time he got to the last island. But it only takes a few weeks. Because the vast majority of the islands are uninhabited, where there is nobody to hear the glad news except seabirds and marine turtles. And they don't care. But anyway ~~there~~ they are crowning His Majesty, Sultan Aggange Maniffulu.

Maniffulu in the Maldives -- Maniffulus everywhere ---

and, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.