

SCOTTSBORO

In that grim Scottsboro case, melodrama flashed today - melodrama of knife and pistol.

The story begins with a sombre scene, the judge passing a sentence - seventy-five years in prison! Of the nine negro defendants, one was convicted yesterday - convicted for the fourth time and gets seventy-five years.

So now eight defendants were left, left to meditate on the sentence that had been given to the ninth.

The court proceedings went on:- the trial of another defendant - Clarence Norris. Today there was an argument in court about the testimony of a witness who is sick. Judge Callahan halted the proceedings and discontinued the trial until the problem could be straightened out.

The eight defendants were being taken from the court in Decatur, Alabama to Birmingham. They had been kept in prison in Birmingham as a precaution against mob violence. Guarded by officers they were speeding along in a car - the eight negroes, manacled together. Then the startling thing occurred - knife and pistol.

One of the prisoners, Ozzy Powell, suddenly lashed out with a knife, a large knife which somehow he had managed to procure and conceal. He struck at one of the police officers, struck at his throat and slashed him. The next thing was - pistol fire, as the policemen in the car shot the negro, and wounded him - badly.

And now there was a wild, shrieking scramble, as the prisoners in a mad panic piled on top of each other in the bottom of the car. The eight, chained together, a heap of struggling bodies. And all the while - the automobile was speeding down the road - a car crammed with a mad scramble.

Why did the negro attack the policeman? The reason doesn't seem to be clear. The eight prisoners had just heard

the ninth ~~one~~ got a sentence of seventy-five years in prison - a thing to madden them. Some say that the one with the knife was so tired of being in ^{jail}~~prison~~ for so long already that he thought it better to kill and be killed than to go on like that. Another surmise is that he had a personal grudge against the officer he stabbed.

The latest is that ~~the~~ negro is in a critical condition, badly shot up, while the stab wounds the policeman received are not serious.

Oddly enough, I have some of these details from Douglass Williams, ^{star} American correspondent for the LONDON DAILY TELEGRAPH. He called me, saying he had learned the ^{details}~~facts~~ by ^{putting many long distance}~~shooting telephone~~ calls through to Alabama. That's how the English newspaper ^s~~men~~ ^{more vivid} keep up with our ^{more vivid} American news!

BONUS

The hot news is this - the President wrote the message in long-hand. He took thumb and pen in hand and scribbled away. The last time anything like that happened was in the administration of President William Henry Harrison, the log cabin chief executive, hero of the battle of Tippecanoe. Of course, they didn't have any typewriters then. Presidential messages were usually inscribed in decorative calligraphy by a secretary. I don't suppose Mr. Roosevelt has any prejudice against typewriters. But anyway, he took pen in hand today. He didn't get writer's cramp, because the message was only two hundred words long.

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Calling all of this hot news is a reflection on how thoroughly cut and dry the bonus affair is. Toward the last, (it became clearly apparent that a veto would emanate from the White House.) There was no indication that Mr. Roosevelt had changed his mind since the last time he vetoed it. He hadn't. That's the outstanding statement which he penned today. "My convictions," he wrote, "are as impelling today as they were then. Therefore I cannot change them." The thing that happened next is the diametric opposite of hot news. It's the coldest lack of news.

(Everybody knew it would happen. The House of Representatives passed the Bonus Bill over the Presidential veto.) The only thing to note is how swift and completely decisive the action was. The veto went to Congress ^{in record time. And in} ~~less~~ ^{less} than a hour ~~later~~ the Representatives voted, over-riding the veto. That's prompt. The vote was three hundred and twenty-four to sixty-one, thirty-four more than the necessary two-thirds. That's completely decisive. It not only tells what the lower House did, but foretells what the upper House will do. ~~It will do the same thing.~~

(The Senate will meet on Monday for ~~the~~ final ceremony of repassing the bill over the veto.)

So it all comes to an end. The last penny owed the veterans -- paid. Two billion two hundred and sixty-three million dollars divided among three ~~and~~ and one half million ex-soldiers. If they all ~~got~~ ^{they} the same -- which ~~was~~ ^{was} won't, it would average six hundred and forty dollars for each man. ^π And the great bonus issue, which raised a rumpus in the administrations of four presidents, is ~~closed~~ history.

SMITH

The impression increases today that Ex-Governor Smith in his weekend speech is going to declare a war against President Roosevelt, and sound the loudest kind of trumpet call for a battle against the New Deal. Nothing is really known, however. Mr. Smith has given no indication whatever of what he is going to say in his address before the Liberty League. He hasn't handed out any advance press copies of what stand he will take. He is going to speak extemporaneously from random notes, as he usually does.

However, the belief is insistent that he is going to lead an outright break between conservative Democrats and the New Deal. One form of prophecy phrases it this way - that Al will read the President out of the Democratic Party. That's a fairly sizeable task.

New Deal leaders are badly worried about the prospect of a presidential-year battle between the two great political figures who were once such close friends. They are getting primed to shoot back answers of their own, if Al Smith does charge headlong to the attack.

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~~E.T. - SUNDAY, FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, 1936.~~

League

~~GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:~~

There's something rather pathetic about the Italian moves before the League of Nations. (Here's the League punishing Italy with sanctions and talking about punishing her some more, while member states make armed preparations against Italy to guard against an Italian attack.) Italy remains a member of the League, and the other nations that are doing the punishing want her to remain a member. The Italian delegate makes one protest after another, and to date they've all been turned down.

In today's protest, Mussolini's spokesman complains to the League against England, on the score of that alliance which Britain has made with France, Turkey, Greece and Jugoslavia, an alliance against a possible Italian attack. Baron Aloisi handed out declarations to the other delegates, saying that this alliance, directed against his country, was in violation of the League Covenant. ^{he} and ^A calls it a thing that may lead to an European war. He also makes another belated protest against the massing of the British fleet in the Mediterranean,

a hostile move against Italy.

The Italian document ~~drawn-up~~ reiterates the Italian philosophy that it's not the business of the League to do things that might cause a colonial war in Africa to spread to Europe and become a World War. To which the British answer is - that it's the business of the League to stop any war.

ETHIOPIA

The war news from ~~Africa~~ continues to be a pitched battle of "yes" versus "no".

(The report from Rome says - "yes, we've won a big battle on the northern front; ~~Three~~ three days of bitter fighting have ended in a complete victory for Marshal Badoglio's army."

The Ethiopians say - "No, it was we who won the victory."

A report from Dessya declares that the Italians attacked ^{with a} column of troops preceded by airplanes, tanks and armored cars. They were pushing ~~on~~ through ^a ~~the~~ valley, when from the surrounding hills the Ethiopians swarmed to the attack; ~~They~~ charged ⁱⁿ with rifle fire, spear and sword, and ~~they~~ drove back the Italian troops, tanks and armored cars.

So, it's a head-on clash of yes and no.

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(But, The Ethiopians are not saying "no" so loudly, when they talk about the southern front.) They deny an Italian victory, but they admit Mussolini's men advanced. They explain this by saying ~~that~~ there was no real Ethiopian opposition to the advance, only a few scattered war parties in that vicinity.

This is in answer to the jubilant shouts of bravo -

bravo for "hell-on-wheels." That's General Graziani's motorized column, which is reported today to be near the town of Naghelli, the capital of the Province of Galla Borana. This would indicate that "hell-on-wheels" has driven ahead for two hundred and thirty-six miles from its starting place at Dolo. That, in a week of fighting, is a dizzy sort of advance.)

Rome claims that in the course of this wild charging ~~and~~ ^{ahead} General Graziani completely smashed the army of Ras Desta, Haile Selassie's son in law. They say they've captured Ras Desta's camp and supplies - and also his big modern radio outfit, which the fleeing Ethiopians had hidden in a cave. "Hell-on-wheels" ^{-that motorized column-} is now busy seizing the water holes of the desert country and fortifying them. And they've declared the freedom of ~~all~~ ^{all} slaves in the Province of Galla Borana.

TP Meanwhile, the Ethiopians announce that they've captured ^{two} two Italian aviators who were forced down by motor trouble. The aviators are now at Jijiga, prisoners-of-war.

RUSSIA

Yesterday our cold weather story was - blizzard and children. Tonight it's a more curious combination - blizzard, fishermen and horses. The news ~~xx~~ gives us an odd picture - a giant sheet of floating ice. It's drifting before a ~~low~~ storm of frosty wind and snow. And on that ice floe, trapped, marooned - are eighteen hundred fishermen and fourteen hundred horses. The ice is breaking up, cracking and crunching to pieces. The fishermen and horses face a common doom in the frigid sea.

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The story takes us across many meridians of longitude to the largest land-locked body of water on earth - the Caspian Sea. It's in about the same latitude as our own Great Lakes, and ~~it is~~ right in the sweep of the bitter bleak cold ~~and~~ of Siberia. So, in the winter, vast stretches of ice form on the Caspian, great ice fields reaching from ~~shores~~ the shore. And the fishermen of those parts don't go out in boats to cast their nets. They journey out on the ice and do their fishing off the frozen edges. And they take horses with them. ~~They don't sail, they ride, out to their fishing grounds. And they use the horses,~~ *And use them,* to haul their catch on the return journey.

Eight days ago the ice in the northern Caspian was a scene of busy fishing. A sudden storm blew up - so violent that it broke loose a great section of the ice and sent it drifting out to sea. It occurred so swiftly that the fishermen had no chance to get to land. With their horses, they disappeared out on to the broad spaces of turbulent water. For eight days nothing was heard of them. They had merely vanished out into the blankness of the storm. But now word has come from them. They had a portable radio set ^{along,} ~~with them,~~ just for such an emergency. ~~And~~ they've got ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~radio~~ working and have flashed the news that they are adrift on the ice field, ^{being} blown on and on by the storm. And, they say the ice is breaking up. So, the rescuers must hurry, if they are to be saved.

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They've got two chances - the airplane and the ice-breaker. And today the planes were flying and an ice-breaker was crunching through. The Soviet Government has had plenty of experience at this sort of rescue work - as for example in the case of the party of Soviet scientists marooned on the Arctic ice some time ago. In that case ~~the~~ plane ^s was landed and took them off. And only last

winter planes and ice-breakers saved five hundred fishermen
on the Caspian - in the same sort of predicament in which
tonight finds the eighteen hundred fishermen and fourteen hundred
horses.

Horses on the ice -- yes, and horses pulling farm wagons and plows. That doesn't seem so extraordinary, yet it is -- because the horses in question, thirty-eight of them are on the English estate of Her Grace, the Duchess of Hamilton. There's a story behind it.

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Summer before last a rodeo from Canada invaded England and gave the people of the tight little isle an eyeful of the cowboy tricks on the broad American plains. The rodeo was getting ready to return to Canada, with its steers and broncs, when into the picture stepped a society of animal lovers called the Dumb Friends League. Its members had admired the high-spirited Western horses in the rodeo and thought it would be a good idea to keep the Canadian broncs in England, to liven up the breed of English horses and put more dash and fire in the mounts for His Majesty's cavalry. So they bought the broncs, seventy in all and sent them to an estate in Sussex, to be broken. But the broncs wouldn't be broken. The best professional horse-tamers in England were called in, but those wild West ponies ^{mustangs} bucked just as hard as they had when they were

bucking horses and tamed them one by one after another. But the truth comes to about the same thing. Her Grace had the horses sent to her estate in Dorset, where she took their training in hand. And she succeeded in taming the untameable. Because the word comes -- that the thirty-eight bucking bronchos are now quietly and placidly pulling the hay wagon and plowing the fields on the ducal estate.

Which goes to show - that where the heart is the lungs are nearby - or something of the sort. Or that I'd better say --

SOLONG UNTIL MONDAY.

RETAKE

tossing cowboy riders in the rodeo. No use could be made of them, and they were costing the Dumb Friends League ninety dollars a week for stable charges and fodder. The friends weren't dumb enough to stand that for long so they decided to let the ~~be~~ broncs do their bucking in the heaven for horses. Thirty-two of the seventy were destroyed, and the rest were about to be, when into the breach stepped the Duchess of Hamilton.

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She's the lady ~~f~~ of the Premier Peer of Scotland, Alfred Douglas Douglas-Hamilton. He's the hereditary keeper of ^{famous} Holyrood Palace, ^{near Edinburgh.} The Duchess herself was a daughter of Brigadier-General Robert Montagu Poore of the Seventh Hussars. He was one of England's greatest horsemen and polo players, decorated with many an equestrian ^{gold} medal. The daughter of such a horseman could be only a great horsewoman. And the Duchess of Hamilton is one of the finest.

So now she ~~came~~^s forward and ~~says~~^d she'd take those thirty-eight untameable bronches. She'd tame them.

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It would give the story a flashing end to say that the hard-riding Duchess then and there vaulted astride those

bucking horses and tamed them one by one after another. But the truth comes to about the same thing. Her Grace had the horses sent to her estate in Dorset, where she took their training in hand. And she succeeded in taming the untameable. Because the word comes -- that the thirty-eight bucking bronchos are now quietly and placidly pulling the hay wagon and plowing the fields on the ducal estate.

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