

BROWDER

C.T. Sumoco. Tues., Oct. 30/36.

I can't tell you whether the ^{American} Communist candidate will give ^{his local} broadcast tonight. That's in the lap of ^{the} God^s - or in the laps of the cops of Terre Haute. Earl Browder was locked up the last time he tried to make a speech at the old home town of Gene Debs, the perennial Socialist candidate. ^{But -} He has been threatening to get even ever since.

Today he ventured into Terre Haute again, planning to broadcast there tonight. When he arrived, the railroad station was lined with police. Browder got off the train with a check in one hand, a check to pay for the broadcast time - a thousand dollars. The police wondered how much that was in Rubles.

In the other hand he waved the Constitution of the United States. The Terre Haute cops took a close look to see whether it was a ~~original~~ Russian translation.

They let him pass and he went peaceably to a hotel. He was still there at last reports, waiting for ^{local} broadcast time.

TOWNSEND

So There's an armed truce between Communism and Terre Haute. But (there's lively trouble in the Old Age Pension Plan with Dr. Townsend tossing out the Reverend Gerald K. Smith. The Doctor says he has heard something about Fascist plans made by the Reverend Smith, plans to turn this land of ours into a Fascist realm. ~~Then~~ So the doctor has ousted the reverend.)

SHIPS

The marine underwriters have had a tough time the last couple of days. Yesterday the news told of a ship disaster in the Great Lakes and of a fire aboard the Italian liner VULCANIA, which the crew put out with a loss of several of their number. Today, we hear of ~~more~~ ship troubles, far and wide.

A fire aboard the British liner BERENGARIA, while she lay at dock in Southampton. The flames burned a black hole under the bridge on the starboard side. ~~and~~ The fire boats put ~~out~~ it out.

Another British liner, the LANCASTRIA, ran aground on the shallows of the ~~English~~ ^{Liverpool.} river Mersy, Six hundred people aboard, homeward bound from a Mediterranean cruise. The tugs puffed and strained, trying to get her off. No use. The LANCASTRIA has to wait for the next high tide.

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A Greek steamship out of a German port flashed distress signals today. She was sinking off the Zuyder Zee, the Netherlands. Help arrived. Crew and passengers were removed to another ship, with no loss of life, only the loss of the ship.

Worst of all - in the far off tropics of the East, A shipwreck, and the old and the new combined today in a strange

Japanese
fashion. ~~Manning~~[^] fishing boats, junks and catamarans, -
airplanes too, big ~~star~~^{air} liners. They combined to save what
human lives they could. The native ~~Japanese~~ ^{of Java} boats picked up
survivors on floating pieces of wreck ^{age.} And broad winged
airplanes landed on the sea and did the same thing. Of a *ship's*
passenger list of two hundred and fifty, seventy-one were lost,
most of them Asiatics, when the Dutch steamer VANDER WIJK
suddenly turned turtle off the north coast of Java. She sank
with dreadful swiftness. The heroic radio operator sent
distress signals to the last moment - his last moment. He sank
with the vessel. Steamers hurried to the rescue, and so did
native craft and airplanes.

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Nobody knows why the Dutch ship turned over and ^{went down} ~~sank~~[^]
in such sudden and unexpected fashion. Some think that it may
have been because of a sea quake, such as sometimes happen.
Krakatoa is out that way.
in those waters. [^] A convulsion of the sea bottom, in those
volcanic parts, and a convulsion of the waters above it,
hurling the ship on its side. Maybe so - maybe ^{an East Indian} ~~a Japanese~~ [^] sea
quake in some way connected with those earthquakes in Italy,
those quakes in the news of yesterday.

SPAIN

Here's something familiar in the news tonight, the Alamo - familiar especially to Texans. ~~It was at~~ The Alamo ^{where} ~~that~~ Davy Crockett and his companions fought to the death! And the warcry of Texas independence: ~~was~~ - "Remember the Alamo!" Still, today's news doesn't ^{concern} ~~cover~~ anything in particular about the centennial of Texas independence, the celebration of which is nearing its end. The story about the Alamo tonight ^{has to do with} ~~concerns~~ something different and distant.

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It's another instance of how the history of this nation of ours is tied to Spain. We've been hearing about the fate of the descendants of Christopher Columbus in the Spanish Civil War. We've been hearing about the Rebel cruiser, the ADMIRAL CERVERA - named after the naval commander defeated in the Spanish-American War. And tonight we hear that General Franco's regiments have captured - the Alamo. Not, of course, that venerable mission fort at San Antonio, Texas. ^e ~~is~~ ^{This is} a strategic point along the battle-line west of Madrid, a town called "The Alamo."

That name hit me right in the eye today and chased me

to the dictionary. I find that in Spanish "Alamo" means -
the poplar tree. Or in Spanish America - the cottonwood.

I suppose there must have been cottonwoods around the old Texas
Mission, ~~Alamo~~ and poplar trees ^{over there in Spain at the town} ~~at the Spanish town, which~~ the
Rebels now have captured.

~~Now,~~ Having got this hundred per cent American
reminiscence off ^{my} ~~our~~ chests, let's observe that the Alamo in
Spain is only four miles from the town of Navalcarnero, which
is a more important place. It's the key to the Madrid defense
on the west. The Rebels seem about to capture it, if they
haven't already done so. Not far away they're driving on a
place ~~x~~ with another familiar name - the Escorial, that stately,
gloomy palace built by a stately, gloomy monarch - Philip the
Second, the king of the Spanish Armada. Summing up the military
situation, Franco's Fascists keep on and on, slowly, ~~slowly~~
relentlessly closing their grip on Madrid.

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Today, for the first time, ^{The Spanish capital} ~~Spain's Capital~~ seemed to
realize its desperate position as a great city about to be
besieged. The people know it. Hitherto they have been kept in

ignorance, or have laughed it off. Today, Madrid was serious, grim, sobbered ^{by a} ~~to her~~ sense of overwhelming peril. Word of the ^{true} military situation ~~has~~ ^{came} ~~come upon them~~ with a rush. Left Wing broadcasters blaring through loud speakers, ~~shouted~~ danger and alarm; - ^{that} the Fascist columns are near the city on nearly every side.

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But what hit Madrid the hardest was the word, admitted by the Government - that President Azana has gone. (Time after time we've heard rumors that ^{the} chiefs of the Left Wing regime had fled the threatened capital. This time it's true. Today, the official Madrid radio told the people that President Azana and several of the ministers of the government were in Barcelona.) That news was the vivid tip-off that gave Madrid its feeling of looming peril. The Left Wing broadcasters explained that the President had gone to Barcelona on an inspection tour of the battlefronts. Tonight Madrid whispers, and the rest of the world says the same thing, that more likely Azana is just leading the way to Barcelona; ~~that it's~~ preparation for the whole Left Wing government to abandon the apparently doomed capital. It ^{all} looks like the confirmation of ^{the} supposition that the radical regime will move to

eastern Spain, and there keep up the fight against the Fascists.

One report is that the Left Wing leaders have been wanting to do this for some time, realizing that they couldn't hold Madrid, ^{for long.} But they were induced to stay ^{by} ~~in the capital by~~ the advice of Soviet Russia. They realized that by leaving Madrid, they could still put up quite a fight in the eastern provinces. But Moscow was looking at the international probability, that the moment Franco's Fascists captured Madrid, they'd be recognized as the legal government of Spain - recognized certainly by Germany, Italy and Portugal, probably by England and maybe by the Pink government of France.

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Meanwhile
~~It certainly looks as if~~ the Fascist nations, ~~were only~~
~~waiting for their Spanish brethren to take the capital. They~~
are delaying, stalling. Today Lord Plymouth, Chairman of the British Committee on Spanish Non-Intervention, sent a note to Germany, Italy and Portugal, saying - ~~xx~~ hurry up, please answer. They haven't shown any haste in answering the Russian charge - Germany + Italy - have that they ~~xx~~ been helping General Franco with war supplies.

Portuguese diplomatic headquarters answered that it would take about a week more for Lisbon to fix up its reply, get it into shape and transmit it. ~~It~~ must be quite a document! Of course,

Lisbon may figure that in a week General Franco will have

Madrid and ^{will be} ~~may~~ recognize ^d ~~him~~ as the legitimate ruler of Spain.

Whereupon

~~the~~ ^{the} whole intervention matter will disappear in a cloud of Fascist triumph.

Dictators - the Fascist ones -
So the ~~Fascist boys~~ are delaying, and meanwhile,

Red Moscow is getting more and more impatient. The Soviets

are growling with increasing anger that something must be done

to stop the aid ^{going} ~~to~~ ^{Spanish} ~~the~~ Rebels. And Great Britain, in the neutral

middle, is worrying with ^a ~~the~~ greater fear that the Soviets may

do something drastic, toss a diplomatic bombshell - and precipitate

heaven knows what!

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MUSIC

I've been wondering about that new Peace and Goodwill Movement in the tuneful realm of music -- the agitation to stop playing martial tunes, music that excites the fiercer emotions in man. My fiercer emotions are most fiercely aroused when a soprano sings flat. However, the Peace and Goodwill idea is directed against the warlike strains that make you want to grab a gun; ~~and go -- ready, aim, fire. Something, I suppose,~~ like -- ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS, or JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN.

Wanting to be enlightened on the subject of musical world peace I called up Richard Humber, the ^{Studebaker} orchestra leader.

He's also ~~been~~ a leader in getting musical authorities to pledge themselves not to play bellicose melodies. ^{TF} I asked him, what about the ~~XXX~~ STAR SPANGLED BANNER -- which has some of the choicest blood and thunder battle stanzas on record. But, nobody knows the words anyway -- so maybe that doesn't matter.

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Orchestra Leader Humber told me that the attitude of the peaceful musicians was this -- that if THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER is played in an exciting, embattled way, such as to evoke emotions of ferocity -- it's bad. But if it's played in a

mood of reverence and lofty patriotism -- why then it's all right.

"What about the Sousa ~~marching military~~ marches?"

I asked.

"They're out," said he.

"But they sound so good," said I. "They're an integral part of American music."

"You're right," said he, and he admitted that it would be a loss and a sacrifice to toss out John Philip Sousa. But he added that probably good things would have to be sacrificed for world peace.

Well I'm all for a peaceful world, but it wouldn't be the same world without -- STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER, ~~THE CAPITOL~~
~~and SEMPER PARATUS. They have to played mighty badly to make~~
~~me feel ferocious~~
and s-l-u-t-m.

MACY

56

Today concludes the story of two human beings - and it's a drama of blackness. Yes, the blackest of the black, blindness, the absence of all light. One of the ^{world's} most renowned women is Helen Keller, that prodigy who has lived and become famous - without sight or sound. But Helen Keller had another self, another half. Many years ago Mark Twain wrote to her: "You're a wonderful creature, you and your other half together - Miss Sullivan, I mean."

Seventy years ago Anne Sullivan was born at Feeding Hills, Massachusetts - in poverty, in affliction. She was half blind. Her mother died and she went over the hill to the poor-house. Then at the Perkins Institute for the Blind - a brilliant operation restored her sight. And she devoted herself to the care of the blind. Meanwhile, down south a baby was born, a girl destined never to see or speak or hear - Helen Keller. She came under the care of Anne Sullivan. In two weeks Anne taught her thirty words, spelling them by touching the hand. Under this tuition, Helen Keller rose to renown. Teacher and pupil ^{remained} ~~were made~~ inseparable for forty-nine years.

A few years ago misfortune befell Anne Sullivan, who meanwhile had become Mrs. Macy. What misfortune? Imagine the most dramatic thing you can - she became blind. And now ~~we~~ ~~must~~ turn about fair play. Hellen Keller taught her how to overcome the lack of sight. She schooled her former teacher as devotedly as she herself had been schooled.

57
Today Helen Keller stood at the deathbed of her other half. When it was all over, she said: "I pray for strength to endure the silent dark until she smiles upon me again."

A story of shadows, a drama of the dark!

AL CAPONE

Tonight the echo resounds -- going, going, gone. It's about Scarface Al Capone -- he's gone to Alcatraz. And his Florida estate, ^{it's} ~~is~~ going under the hammer. Scarface Al went because of income taxes, and his Florida estate is going because of the same reason. Today it was announced that the government will auction it off to pay those huge income taxes, for the evasion of which the onetime ganglord was convicted.

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A few years ago sensational headlines were made by Capone's palace in Florida, a magnificent place, where he entertained celebrities of gangdom -- also celebrities of art, literature, politics and high society. Since the downfall of Chicago's king of bootleggers the Florida place has been kept in good shape, lawns clipped, oriental rugs swept and millionaire furniture dusted. Capone's wife has been living there -- looking after the white marble ~~man~~ mansion and the spacious palm-fringed grounds -- while Al himself has been earning ten dollars a month, making ~~ten dollar~~ shoes at Alcatraz.

Now the winter palace of the Chicago ~~gang~~ gangster is under the hammer -- going, going, gone. ~~Al Capone~~

An artistic question arises today about beautiful legs. No, not about Marybell's, Cynthia's, or Dorothy's. It's about -- Lou Gehrig's legs, the mighty first baseman and home-run hitter of the Yankees. Lou's underpinnings are okay in a baseball sense, but are they beautiful? I mean, has he got lovely ~~legs~~ ^{knees--} or are they knobby knees, bulging and inelegant?

The question comes from Hollywood, because Lou is engaged for the movies. There's to be another film of Tarzan, "Tarzan of the Apes," and Gehrig has been hired to play the part.

He's to be the ape-man.

The producer explains that Lou has the arms and shoulders all right, but he isn't sure about his legs. He hasn't seen Lou with his pants off -- not on the diamond at the Polo Grounds. Tarzan, he amplifies, should have bow legs.

To help along
~~that adds to~~ the ape-like illusion. Maybe Lou has 'em, but

~~knobby~~ knobby knees wouldn't do for Tarzan. I can't tell you why, but the producer says so. Tarzan must have beautiful

knees. But has Lou Gehrig? That is the question *of the hour,*
and s-l-u-t-m.

58 1/2

59

59 1/4