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Good Evening, Everybody:-

If I sound a bit breathless, and st-st-stutter a bit, it's because I haven't recovered from the excitement of that World Series game this afternoon. I've seen a lot of pitching, hitting, fielding and base-running in my time, but I can't remember a game so full of nerve-tingling suspense as the one today -- the Dodgers fighting with their backs against the wall, against that coldly efficient machine they call the YANKEES. Our Beloved Bums battling grimly to keep the "beloved" along with the "bums."

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But let's skip the game for the moment -- and run through the larger news of the day.

SOVIET RELIGION

We have a formal White House declaration tonight on the subject of religious freedom in Soviet Russia. ~~It is a~~ <sup>President's</sup> statement expressing the belief that the Communist regime in Moscow may grant liberty of conscience to the Russian people.

Last Tuesday, President Roosevelt was quoted as saying at a news conference that Soviet Russia right now has religious freedom, as much as we in the United States enjoy. Today the White House issued a transcript of the presidential remarks. The reason for the transcript is - misinterpretation and misquotation. So says the White House. Then the explanation goes on to ~~the subject of religious freedom in the land of Stalin.~~ ~~It refers to~~ a report made by the Polish Ambassador in Washington - who gave out the information that the Soviets have granted religious freedom to Polish soldiers serving with the Red Army against the Nazis. They <sup>are</sup> allowed to worship, with ~~the~~ services of <sup>their</sup> ~~religion.~~ <sup>ancestral faith.</sup>

The White House statement gives us the following:- "Since the Soviet Constitution guarantees that freedom of religion is granted, it is hoped that - in the light of the report of the Polish

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Ambassador - an entering wedge for the practice of complete freedom of religion is definitely on its way." So that's the hope - an entering wedge for liberty of conscience.

The follows widespread supposition that President Roosevelt would not have made his statement about Soviet freedom of religion unless some development along that line were to be expected in the land of Communism - though Communism means atheism.

It is interesting, likewise, to note a message sent to President Roosevelt by Father Edmund Walsh, Vice-President of Georgetown University. Father Walsh suggests that <sup>the</sup> President ~~Roosevelt~~ might be able to do something to bring about liberty of conscience in Soviet Russia. <sup>He</sup> ~~President Roosevelt~~ might make what the Vice-President of Georgetown called <sup>s</sup> "an historic contribution to the cause of true freedom."

This was one of a number of expostulations made by prominent persons - protests against the President's remarks on the subject of religious freedom in the land of Stalin. Chairman Dies of the Dies Committee issued a blast denouncing the Reds. And today

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the Buffalo Director of the Holy Name Society spoke in the name of a membership of fifty thousand. He used these words:-

"Your Excellency seems to palliate, by implication at least, the admitted atrocities against religion."

Behind the whole controversy lies the fact that many Americans feel no enthusiasm for Red Moscow <sup>over</sup> ~~over~~ the policy of aid to the Soviets - religious people especially. So there may be some attempt to present Stalin and his Communist regime in a better light.

LAWYERS

The American Bar Association today turned down a resolution calling for the impeachment of President Roosevelt. The Association is in convention at Indianapolis, and a motion was presented to collect evidence to prove that the President should be impeached because he <sup>is</sup> deliberately leading the nation into war. The convention <sup>rejected</sup> ~~objected to~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~that~~ idea, saying that such a matter was not in the province of the Bar Association.

UNREST

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The daily story of unrest in the conquered areas of Europe becomes increasingly grim and savage. Berlin reports tonight that nearly a thousand persons have been executed in the various countries conquered by the Nazis. And that's not the total for the whole war - the thousand executions have occurred since the beginning of the Nazi-Communist conflict. There is said to be an absolute reign of terror in Bohemia and Moravia, those provinces in a state of semi-insurrection - with the Nazis applying ferocious repression. We hear of a whole series of former generals of the Czech army - shot by firing squads.

However, Berlin states that the Czech Premier, General Elias, has not been executed. An official Nazi spokesman made that declaration tonight. The Czech Premier is under a sentence of death for activities against the Nazi forces of occupation. But, the sentence has not yet been carried out; so the possibility exists that clemency may be extended.

WAR

Berlin tonight admits that Soviet forces are making heavy counter-attacks at both of the besieged cities, Leningrad and Odessa. Moscow declares that the Peoples Army at Leningrad have scored a brilliant success - a drive launched against the line of encirclement, an attack headed by an armored train, and it drove the Nazis back for miles. There's even some Moscow hint that the Leningrad defenders may have smashed through the line of encirclement and joined forces with Soviet units beyond Leningrad.

From the decisive Ukrainian area, there is little definite word. The Nazi high command is in another of its periods of silence. We merely hear word of the capture of <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ Soviet railroad junction, which may or may not be an important place, south of strategic Kharkov.

London gives what sounds like a highly significant fact. The British ration of fat and sugar will be increased. Britishers will be allowed twenty-five per cent more fat and fifty per cent more sugar. At the same time, Berlin announces a reduction of rations - not ~~of~~ of food, but of clothing. The Germans will have to do with thirty-five per cent less in the way of garments of all sorts.

VERSE

The tragic state of affairs in war-time Britain is brought home to us today with a <sup>poignant</sup> ~~pointed~~ heart-throb. Yes, heroic Britain - with its R.A.F., its air raid shelters and its gas masks. Today's dispatch has to do with the womanhood of Britain, those brave English ~~girls~~ *lassies*,

~~Today~~ At the town of Hove, a bit of verse was found chalked on the wall of the local railroad station. Some distressed citizen of Hove had written the following pathetic bit of poetry.

"Gather the rosebuds while ye may,

For time brings only sorrow.

Girls you might have kissed today

May wear gas-masks tomorrow."

Yes, horrors of war - think of walking up to your heart's flame and kissing her on the nozzle of a gas-mask.



## BASEBALL

Now that I've got my breath back -- let me become breathless again, talking about the DODGERS. I mean -- about one Dodger in particular. In Flatbush tonight he's called by a new name, not that familiar and affectionate epithet that may be defined as tramp, hobo, vagrant. They are calling Whitmore Wyatt -- the Beloved Nobleman.

He was today the perfect ideal of the wise and veteran pitcher, sage in years and experience, cool, unperturbed, using his bean at all times. The pitcher who has had his arm operated on seventeen times!

There was that heart-breaking moment when Peewee Reese committed a double error -- fumbled a grounder and then wild-pitched a batter to second base, putting Wyatt in a bad hole. But our Beloved Nobleman used his bean as he had never used it before, and ~~put~~ pitched himself right out of the hobo jungle; up to the throne.

Altogether, the game was a display of efficiency on the side of defense. No uncontrolled slugging -- but sharp, smart fielding, plays made with smooth precision. That -- and

suspense, which didn't break until those Beloved Bums got the last Yankee business man out.

NINE OLD MEN

It isn't often that I use this broadcast to deliver a personal message - such as transmitting an invitation to a party.

But it has occurred to me that I should take my Nine Old Men to

the ball game, the World Series. I didn't think of it at the right

*that is in time to buy tickets -)*  
time ~~to buy tickets, which would have been~~ weeks ago, ~~the way the~~

~~clash of the Yankees and Dodgers has been a sell-out.~~ So now I

find that the only tickets that <sup>can</sup> ~~could~~ be purchased <sup>will be or</sup> would be for the

seventh game. I understand that for games earlier than that,

<sup>now</sup> speculators are getting a hundred dollars per pasteboard, and I

doubt whether my Nine Old Men are worth that much money, a hundred

bucks apiece. In fact, I've sometimes been tempted to sell them

*Pres. Roosevelt once refused to buy*  
to the Phillies for a postage stamp. ~~But they did the best they~~

*However the 9 old men did the best they*  
could all season, even though they got licked most of the time, and

*are now*  
I feel they ~~are~~ entitled to an invitation to the seventh game of the

World Series. Of course I realize there may not be any seventh

game, but it's the best I can do.

I want to get the invitation to them quickly, and so

I'm doing it this way. ~~Of course~~ I don't know if any of my Nine

Old Men ever listen to this broadcast - but if they don't, it's

*my stars 1st baseman for 30 cents.*

their own hard luck. They'll miss the invitation to the seventh game. Anyway, I'm asking you, you Nine Beloved Bums - I mean Old Men. ~~And here's our Beloved Hugh James.~~

PARTY

Here's some truly alarming news - as if the war peril were not enough. It should throw a spasm of fear into celebrities who are invited to a banquet - as honor guests. In fact, it may spoil some celebrity appetites, the next time they attend a banquet.

In Hollywood, a score of film stars and other motion picture notables were sued for eight hundred and fifty dollars. ~~It's~~ The grocery bill for a banquet which they attended as distinguished guests, more than a year ago. They were the bright and particular ornaments of the occasion. But alas, somebody forgot to pay the bill for the banquet. It was on the cuff. The people who were supposed to pay never did, and now the heartless tradesmen are suing the guests of honor - stars of movieland, including Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Melvyn Douglas and Constance Bennett, *who are now* ~~They're~~ called upon to chip in and pay the bill. The banquet was held more than a year ago by the Committee to Defend America by Defending the Allies. And now we find the film celebrities defending the lawsuit to make them pay the bill.

## PARACHUTIST

The latest is that Charles Hopkins has started to climb down the almost perpendicular sides of the Devil's Tower out in Wyoming. He was marooned on that dizzy perch since yesterday morning - until late today. Marooned - he couldn't get down. He was in a spectacular dilemma after he descended to his dizzy perch by means of a parachute. But now we hear - he's climbing down and in hazard of his life with every step he takes.

Today the full story of the strange mishap was revealed. Charles Hopkins is an expert parachute jumper, who went to England early in the war to teach R.A.F. flyers the art of parachuting. He had quite an experience on the other side. He was at Dunkirk, took part in that memorable evacuation. Recently, he ~~returned to~~ <sup>returned to</sup> the United States and went ahead with his parachute jumping trade in this country. <sup>H</sup> Some weeks ago out in Wyoming, somebody suggested that Hopkins, being such an expert jumper, should try to set a parachute record, break the existing mark <sup>for</sup> ~~of~~ the number of jumps made in one day. The figure right now is thirty, and Hopkins thought he could do as many as fifty - fifty plunges from a plane in a

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twenty-four hour period. So he planned the record-breaking stunt,  
and then had another inspiration. ~~This was a familiar feat;~~ <sup>along a big stunt for</sup>  
publicity. He'd ~~do a publicity stunt to~~ work up some ballyhoo  
for his record-breaking attempt. And he thought - why not try  
the Devil's Tower <sup>in the wilds of Wyoming.</sup>

Out there in the mountains ~~of Wyoming~~ is a freak of  
nature - a pinnacle of rock that sticks up in the sky and looks  
something like a giant tree stump. It's eight hundred and sixty-three  
feet high, and has a flat top - which is almost inaccessible. Only  
a few daring climbers have made the ascent <sup>+</sup> of the cliff-like sides  
of the Devil's Tower.

<sup>that</sup>  
The publicity stunt <sup>^</sup> suggested itself to Hopkins was -  
a parachute jump onto the level top of the pinnacle, an area of an  
<sup>— way way up there,</sup>  
acre or so <sup>^</sup>. That would be a daring, spectacular exploit. It was, ~~all~~  
~~of that~~ - and more. Hopkins leaped from a plane, his parachute  
opened okay, he guided it skillfully and then floated onto the top  
of the Devil's Tower. And that was when his troubles began.

He expected to descend by means of a rope, and the plane that

carried him tried to drop him a long length of rope - but missed.

The rope went sailing out into space.

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Then another plane went to the rescue, and dropped a rope - also a supply of food. This time the rope fell on the Devil's Tower all right, and Hopkins got it. But by now it was raining, which made the attempt to descend altogether too hazardous. So Hopkins stayed there all night. This morning the rain had ceased, but now a stiff wind was blowing, a blustering, wintry gale.

And that made an attempt to climb down too dangerous. ~~xxxx~~ <sup>So</sup> the parachute jumper had to stay on top of the Devil's Tower, while *far far* ~~crowds~~ <sup>in the valley</sup> collected below <sup>^</sup> watching, debating his predicament.

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During the day Hopkins dropped a note pencilled on a piece of paper. The note read: "I'm feeling fine. I want down. Please show me how to climb down."

So they tried to show him. A plane went up, and dropped him a map, a chart indicating the best way to make the downward climb. "There's only one safe way down," a veteran United States forest ranger <sup>said</sup> ~~explains~~ <sup>^</sup> grimly. "And he'd better know how to read the map!"



Wisps of fog and drifting clouds frequently obscure Hopkins' descent -- man's forty-first successful trip down, if he makes it - from the crowd that waits breathlessly below.

When the clouds momentarily blows away from the sheer face of the tower, it seems sometimes as though the stranded parachutist has moved scarcely six inches in a half hour.

Yes, he'd better - for right now Parachute Jumper

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Charles Hopkins, guiding himself by the chart, is trying to  
climb down <sup>that</sup> a cliff-like side of the <sup>lofty</sup> Devil's Tower in the  
mountains of Wyoming.

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And with that thrilling  
note of suspense let's turn  
to Hugh James.