

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The news today was dominated by the name of Al Smith. It flashes in politics and oddly enough, it also occurs in baseball. (Today's task for the leaders of both parties was - trying to dope out what political effect it will have - Smith coming out for Landon, Al for Alf. The Administration leaders are trying to minimize the importance of this.) They admit Ex-Governor Smith's traditional popularity and political following. They are arguing this way: - They say that a considerable part of the old time Smith strength in New York was among the Republicans, who voted for Al for governor but cast a Republican ballot for the presidency. These would be sure to vote for Landon anyway. Be that as it may the New Dealers have got to reckon with that vast Smith sentiment for years among the New York masses -- masses definitely Democratic. What effect will that have in the election? The Republicans are outright jubilant. They say that Smith for Landon will carry New York for Landon.

Anyway it's

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^ The final catastrophe of a famous friendship. Smith and Roosevelt first appeared together in the political spotlight way back in Nineteen Twenty. The post war Democratic Convention in San Francisco. Alfred E. Smith had just completed his first term as Governor of New York. Franklin D. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy under the Wilson administration. Smith was mentioned for the nomination at San Francisco, but didn't get anywhere. Roosevelt was one of those that seconded him.

Four years later, Al again tried to get the nomination. This time it was Roosevelt who put his friend's name before the convention. After another four years, Franklin D. Roosevelt once more offered Smith's name for the nomination. And Al got it. To strengthen the ticket, F.D.R. ran for Governor of New York.

In the election Smith lost the presidency, but Roosevelt won the governorship. *As last night Al pointed out he had nominated Franklin Roosevelt to various offices and insisted on his becoming governor.*
~~1928~~ 1928 was the high spot of the friendship that had become the admiration of the nation. Al and Frank were the "Damon and Pythias," the "Alphonse and Gaston" of American politics. That high spot immediately led to the down curve. No doubt F.D.R. quickly saw that he was in line for the next presidential

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nomination. He could hardly miss that. Al Smith felt that he was entitled to another chance at the presidency -- especially when the crash and the depression made it likely that a Democrat would be elected. He had borne the burden and taken the bumps. He had led the forelorn hope against prohibition, when the Drys had ridden high in triumph. He had led the hopeless fight for democracy, when the Republicans were supreme.

In the Nineteen Thirty-Two election, Smith supported Roosevelt, but only in formal fashion. With the coming of the New Deal, Al found himself more and more in disagreement with the policies in Washington. To personal emotions, regrets and resentments, was added political and economic disapprobation. Al took a walk. It was not known whether he would ~~openly~~ ~~come out~~ come out for Landon. But now he has done just that. He has taken his walk to the last step -- the finishing touch in the end of a beautiful friendship!

And it occurred last night -- the 2 men speaking on consecutive radio hours -- the President making a powerful defense of his New Deal, Al Smith tearing it pieces.

BASEBALL

Politics marched right into baseball this afternoon. That Smith-Roosevelt clash of personalities came with odd reminiscences onto the diamond at the Polo Grounds today. The President was at the ball game today. I didn't expect that there would be any further political angles. Wasn't the President enough? But along came the third inning. The Yankees at bat. Pitcher Hal Schumacher of the Giants hadn't been doing so well. They'd been hitting him plenty. The bases were loaded, and mighty Lou Gehrig strolled to the plate.

Everybody was watching. The President was watching. Manager Bill Terry walked over and talked to Pitcher Schumacher who stepped off the mound, and headed for the showers -- yanked! The Giants were putting in a relief pitcher, and out he came, striding to the pitcher's box. Who was he? Al Smith. Not the man in the brown derby - but Pitcher Al Smith. He hails from the sidewalks of St. Louis and is regarded as an up and coming

curve ball artist.

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So there you have the picture. President Roosevelt in a box. I suppose he couldn't help remembering the other Al Smith who made a speech at Carnegie Hall last night - taking the final walk. And there was Pitcher Al Smith ready to breeze 'em across to the Yankee batters.

Of course, there are no omens. Baseball signs don't mean anything in politics. Nevertheless, one felt a curious ~~interest~~ fillip of interest to see how Al Smith would get along out there. And here's the story. Gehrig smashed out a hit to right field, scoring Crosetti and Rolfe and sending DiMaggio to third. Then Al Smith pitched to Dickie, who hit another ~~hit~~ single. That scored DiMaggio and sent Gehrig to third. Al Smith got by Selkirk all right, who flied out to short center field. He then proceeded to pitch four balls to Powell, who took a walk. ^{Once more Terry walked over, and} ~~There was a signal from the Giant's bench. They~~ ^{put} ~~were putting~~ another pitcher in. Al Smith left the diamond, ~~today~~ ^{took} ~~was taking~~ a walk.

I happened to be sitting near enough to see the whole presidential show. Mr. Roosevelt entered on the arm of his tall son, Franklin. He also had son John along, daughter Anna, and daughter's husband, John Boettiger. In the parade was Chairman ~~R~~ Jim Farley and Senator Bob Wagner. *cut* Somewhere I saw Congressman Ed Kenney of New Jersey.)

There was a swirl of newspaper and newsreel photographers to get their pictures.. There must have been a hundred of them tangled in the scrimmage, climbing over each other, knocking each other down in the dirt, while the President roared with laughter and joshed. Nearby was a jovial, red-faced Irishman who ^{had had a few.} when the presidential party came in ^{he} shouted:

"What I want to know is - has he got Felix Frankfurter along?"

I'm the kind of fan that loves a home run. So I yelled for Tony Lazzeri and Bill Dickie. Tony cleared the bases in that hectic third inning. ^{In the game Tony knocked} ~~he brought~~ in five runs altogether. Dickie hit his in the ninth. I started to let out a roar for Bartell of the Giants ^{when} ~~but~~ the National Leaguers had their chance in the fourth. Bartell hit a beauty that missed

being a homer by two feet -- went foul.

Only two games played thus far, and both record-breakers. The first, the rainiest and muddiest in World Series history. Today's game ended with the largest score ever rolled up in an autumn classic -- the colossal baseball figure of eighteen to four! And what a parade of pitchers! The whole Giants' pitching staff in, everyone except three: all except Fitzsimmons, Castleman and Hubbell.

ITALY

When a foreign nation changes ambassadors in a foreign capital, it isn't such big news over here -- ordinarily. However, there's a special point in today's news that Italy is going to change ~~the~~ ambassador^S to London. That's because the diplomat whom they are recalling is -- Dino Grandi. When we think of Grandi, renowned in diplomacy, we also think of Balbo, renowned in aviation. The two men, both bearded and both young for their achievements, were for a long time the two particular pets of Mussolini. Grandi made a hit over here in America on a diplomatic mission some years back. Balbo conquered fame by leading that mass formation trans-Atlantic flight to the United States.

Grandi, however, was removed from his post of Foreign Minister and sent to London as ambassador. Balbo was taken out of his job as Minister of Aviation and made Governor-General of Libya. And the stories were that each of these brilliant young lieutenants was becoming so prominent that the jealousy of the Duce was aroused. So he sent them to posts ^{away from home,} ~~out of Italy.~~

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When the Ethiopian war came, with Mussolini's struggle against England. And what did we find? Grandi at London, the center of the diplomatic battle. Balbo commanding in Libya, with Libya an ace card in the game -- a threat against Egypt and Britain's Suez Canal. The two men of whom Mussolini is said to have grown jealous ~~became~~ ^{there he had them as key} men in the Ethiopian affair, ~~which ended so victoriously for Mussolini~~

But now the day's report tells us that Grandi will be ambassador to London no longer, and the news advances a bit of explanation:—

They say that from the very start Mussolini and Grandi have not got ^{ten} along so well. In the early days Grandi led one faction of the Fascist party. He and Mussolini joined forces but they were never in ~~personal~~ ^{perfect} agreement. As Foreign Minister, Grandi was a bit of an idealist -- the Duce always the realist. Grandi was an advocate of the League of Nations. Mussolini never thought much of the League.

This lack of harmony increased when Grandi became

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ambassador to London. He didn't like his job, didn't like London. And when the Ethiopia crisis came, Grandi misjudged the situation -- so they say.

Sir Eric Drummond, British Ambassador in Rome, told London that if Britain backed a League protest, Mussolini would pay plenty of attention. The British Government acted on that assumption. But meanwhile Grandi informed Mussolini that His Majesty's government would not raise too many objections if Italy took Ethiopia. ^{And} The Duce acted on that assumption. The result -- Great Britain and Italy at swords' points, almost at war. They say that Mussolini has not forgotten that mix-up and that in consequence Dino Grandi is to be withdrawn as Italian Ambassador to London.

SPAIN

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The Spanish Rebels keep insisting that the ministers of the Madrid government have run away. Today their report is that several prominent Left Wing leaders have scooted to Alicante and taken refuge on an Argentine warship.

Reports of this sort have been coming in all along - especially about President Azana. The rumors have him fleeing several times. But today finds Azana ^{right} in Madrid, ~~giving~~ giving out an interview - in which he claims that the Madrid regime is not Red, but liberal. He ^{flatly} denies that his comrades are Anarchists.

President Azana himself is known to be a mild Socialist. The Reds in fact have called him the "Kerensky of Spain", whom they expected to displace by a stronger and redder chief, a "Lenin of Spain."

In today's interview President Azana also predicted that the Popular Front Government would win out in the ~~end~~ end, and beat down the rebellion. But today's war news from Spain doesn't back ^{him up.} ~~that up.~~ ^{The news} shows General Franco's forces ^{going right} ~~keeping~~ ^{on with} their slow, ~~and~~ methodical ~~defense, entirely in~~ advance, encircling Madrid.

WITCHCRAFT

In distant, dark Liberia, the leopard men are on the prowl again. Along that barbaric stretch of West African shore, the leopard men are always on the prowl - but this time they've come out of their creepy shadows, on a bold raid. In the Republic of Liberia, founded by one time American slaves, civilization exists over a radius of say sixty miles from the capital city of Monrovia, named after our President Monroe. Beyond that, beyond those vast Firestone rubber plantations, there's primeval savagery -- and the leopard men, creatures of ghastly superstition, who make killing a ritual.

In the wild witchcraft of those parts, they are believed to be able to turn themselves into leopards. They think they are leopards. It's a fantastic cult with them - to prey on human beings as do the ferocious spotted cats of the jungle. Harry Greenwall, just returned from Africa, writing what he calls "Liberian Lullaby", describes how the members of the black brotherhood clothe themselves in leopard skins, fasten iron talons to their fingers, imitating leopard claws. They lie in ambush in the tall grass, and leap on their victims with a cat-like spring.

And the world's news tells us that the leopard men of Liberia have invaded the Grand Cape-Mount area. That's the civilized district. They've been pouncing on their human victims right on the outskirts of Monrovia. And- they are so formidable that the Liberian Government had to send a column of militia marching out of the capital city to chase them away. The leopard men fled from the rifles and machine guns and vanished into the darkness of the bush.

Mad tidings from the dim African jungle -- eery superstitions, far removed from our own country and clime! Almost unimaginable to us Americans!

But, wait a minute, I have another date line here. New Mexico! Gallup, New Mexico! The authorities have arrested a Navajo Indian for murder. And the prisoner tells of - "the unseen arrow." That's the dart of witchcraft, when evil magic is turned on a victim - "th unseen arrow." The Navajo tells how his wife was lying ill. Another Indian, a youth, came beside her and breathed in her face. In his breath was a curse -"the unseen arrow." And the woman died.

These ancient superstitions linger among the Navajos, who believe in wizards and witchcraft. And the primitive redskin idea still is to kill ~~of~~ the worker of evil magic.

Yes, that's news from right here in the United States, but out on an Indian reservation where they live in an ancient tribal way. Surely such a thing couldn't happen in other parts of the country, where modern civilization is at its highest. Impossible - in Detroit or New York, Illinois or New Jersey. It couldn't happen? -- Oh, No?

Here's still another date line - Woodbridge, New Jersey. Proceeding^s in a police court. A woman accused, a housewife; and the witnesses against her are five other women, neighbors. Their charge, witchcraft! They swear on the stand that she has been plaguing them with supernatural powers.

Here's a bit of the testimony:-

One woman neighbor on the witness stand related how she saw the accused witch in action: "Her head would shrink to the size of my fist," said she. "Her body would become large and thorns would appear on her head.

Another of the housewives swore today:- "I saw blazing

streams of fire coming from the witch's head."

Still another told how she had been present when the supposed witch turned herself into the devil.

"What did you see?" she was asked. And the answer was:
"I saw some sort of animal with horns and a big ball of fire."

oo -- oo!!

To all the Court's arguments that there was no such thing as witchcraft, the five housewives replied: "Seeing is believing." oo -- oo!

No, it couldn't happen in this country:- oo! No!

And -- SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.