

SPAIN

P. J. - Sunoco. Thurs., Nov. 5, 1936.

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The Madrid government issued a tell-tale war bulletin today. It says -- "the battleline is now Madrid." This from the Socialist side makes it unanimous -- that General Franco's regiments have circled the city so closely that they are now on the outskirts. (The Fascist artillery is bombarding the suburbs of the capital of Spain.)

The great government airport to the south of Madrid has fallen to the Nationalists. Another Left Wing flying field is commanded by rebel artillery on a nearby hill. The Madrid radio station near the city is in danger of being captured.)

Maddened by the fiery doom that is closing in on them, the Left Wing fighters surged against the rebel lines south of the city. Their numbers ^{and} ~~in~~ _x fury took Franco's mechanized legions by surprise. Madrid does not tell us how the fight turned out, but ~~the~~ Nationalist headquarters declares that the surge ^{ing} ~~of~~ _x masses of half-armed, half-crazed men were mowed down by machine guns and driven off by ~~x~~ tanks.

Spectacular scenes from the sky were witnessed today ^{of Spain's metropolis.} over streets and buildings, Nationalist and Socialist planes

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fought it out. They circled and zoomed in the dizzy, deadly manoeuvres of ^{a dog} ~~the sky~~ fight. Two of General Franco's sky craft were brought down in flames. One said to have been an Italian plane, the other German. A Nationalist ^l daredevil took a dive right down into the Grand Via, Madrid's Broadway, sprayed the ~~st~~ streets with machine gun bullets, then zoomed back up into the sky. Everywhere, especially over the embattled suburbs of Madrid, the Nationalist planes swooped with crashing bombs and spattering machine gun bullets.

Madrid is in desperation, its people in terror, the enemy at the gates, death awaiting the red fighters, death in battle or by the firing squad. Food shortage, starvation threatening. (The government has been changed again, the reddest of the radicals taken into it. These will make the last ditch defense. ^{Tonight} They're digging trenches across the very streets of Madrid itself.

^{Today} The rebels announced -- the fifth column. They have four columns in the field and they ^{have} ~~are~~ been claiming ^{that} in the capital itself their sympathizers have been waiting to rise. ^{These} ~~they~~ they

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call -- the Fifth Column.) General Franco's radio declared today that the rising in Madrid has already occurred -- the Fifth Column already fighting. This the Left Wing government denies emphatically. ¶ Only the briefest statement of the facts are needed, no elaboration of phrase, no purple rhetoric -- to show Madrid tonight, a modern city of a million, gripped by an advancing tide of war. *The latest is - that Madrid may fall at any moment.*

EDEN

It's wonderful when two people are in harmony with each other, two hearts that beat as one. It is still more wonderful when two statesmen are in agreement, seeing eye to eye. And when we find those two statesmen to be Prime Minister Anthony Eden of Great Britain and Premier Benito Mussolini of Italy, the impression of sweetness and light becomes intense.

Dapper statesman Eden and scowling ^{ed}brow Dictator Mussolini have been two duelists in the affairs of state - ever since Eden led the League of Nations opposition to the Duce's successful adventure in Ethiopia. ^{And} ~~Now~~ of late there's been ~~some~~ more frowning between London and Rome. ^{Now} What do we find today? We observe Foreign Minister Eden almost repeating Mussolini's words. In the House of Commons today, he replied to the Duce's declarations ^{of} last week-end - that Roman speech presenting an olive branch on a bayonet.

His Majesty's Foreign Secretary declared ^(today) that Great Britain had no desire to attack Italian interests in the Mediterranean. Mussolini had said that Italy had no desire to attack British interests in the Mediterranean.

this afternoon
Eden announced ~~today~~ that the Mediterranean was part
of the lifeline of the British Empire. Mussolini had said that
the Mediterranean was life to the Italians. In one case life,
and in the other lifeline - *a split-hair difference.*
~~still they're pretty close.~~

Eden spoke of Britain's determination to protect
Britain's interests, while Mussolini had said that Italy was
determined to protect Italian interests.

Eden today predicted that Britain would soon have the
biggest airforce in Europe. Mussolini had mentioned Italy's
eight million bayonets.

~~Eden proclaimed, "We want peace!" - echoing Mussolini's
shout, "We want peace!"~~

So ~~there~~ they're in perfect agreement those two
harmonious statesmen, echoing each other's words. Such as one
fellow saying: "I'll sock you", and the other saying: "I'll
sock you." *But they both say they want peace.*

POLITICS

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It looks as though we might pick out a nice, convenient shelf and and place politics on it for the next few weeks. A good place ^{now} for that noisy, cantankerous subject, after the overdose we have had. President Roosevelt apparently is not going to follow up his immense victory with any immediate burst of activity in Washington. ^{United Press report} Today's ~~report according~~ ^{to United Press} tells us that he is going to sea -- meaning an ocean trip. And he is going to sea in another sense -- ^{going to} ~~see~~ ^{After a fishing trip he will} see South America. ~~he is going to~~ visit Buenos Aires and attend the big Pan-American Peace Conference, ^{That} pow-wow of the nations of the Western Hemisphere. ~~which~~ will consider a plan for a Pan-American League of Nations. -- so we ^{we} heard.

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Today the President was in a happy mood -- as who wouldn't be in his triumphant ^l shoes. He received ^d a number of visitors including Cardinal Pacelli, the Papal Secretary of State who had luncheon with Mr. Roosevelt. Anything His Eminence the Cardinal does is a subject for rumor, questions about Father Coughlin and what not. But today's visit was merely -- congratulations. That's what they've been having so much of at Hyde Park -- congratulations. -- ^{from everybody} except ^{the majority of} his Dutchess County neighbors.

DUTCHESS COUNTY

There's one belated election return I was determined to get straightened out today - the figures from one county. It's interesting, because it's the President's county. And it's inexcusable for me to make a mistake about it, because it's my county. Dutchess - which has never gone Democratic since the election of James Buchanan, before the Civil War.

(It has been a national phenomenon that President Roosevelt, in all his great triumphs, has never been able to carry his own home county - nor did he do it this year. Today's tabulation was that he won the nation by ~~more than~~ ^{nearly} ten million, but he lost Dutchess County by four thousand, four hundred and seven votes.)

In his greatest triumph, the most stupendous in American history, Franklin Delano Roosevelt did not even carry his own town, the place of his ancestral home - Hyde Park. He lost Hyde Park by one thousand, two hundred and thirty-three votes to one thousand forty-nine. But he did carry his own district. Hyde Park is not merely the village, but also a stretch of territory extending some miles along the Hudson River.

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The President's home is in the third district, and he won it by twenty-nine votes - three hundred and thirty-six to three hundred and seven.

These figures from the POUGHKEEPSIE EAGLE NEWS do point up the Biblical adage about a prophet being not without honor save in his own country ^{— country I mean.} The Dutchess County voters likewise put a new interpretation on that other Biblical saying, "love thy neighbor."

Kinchart.

Nov. 5, 1936.

Everybody who reads books knows the name of Rinehart. Mary Roberts Rinehart probably has written one long series of best-sellers. Her son Stanley doesn't write them, he publishes and sells such books as "Anthony Adverse!" He is also President of the National Association of Book Publishers of America. I brought him here tonight to tell us about the National Book Fair that New York's Mayor formally opened last night at the International Building, in Rockefeller Center.

Stanley, tell us the purpose of this carnival of books. What's the esoteric reason?

MR. RINEHART:-

Well certainly nothing esoteric
~~Nothing complicated. Nothing esoteric.~~ Under the leadership of the NEW YORK TIMES, seventy-two American publishers have opened their safes and brought out rare manuscripts, costly bindings, letters from famous authors. We also thought it would be interesting to let the public see how books are made, so we show the whole process *of Printing and Binding.*

L.T.:-- What's the rarest thing on display at this National Book Fair?

MR. RINEHART:-- For one thing, the J. Pierpont Morgan Library has loaned us the famous Gutenberg Bible, the first book printed from moveable type. It's insured for three hundred thousand dollars. It's estimated worth is five hundred thousand dollars. In the Doubleday, Doran booth you'll see a copy of a volume called "The Mint" by Aircraftsman Ross. And he, as you so well know, Lowell, was T. E. Lawrence -- "Lawrence of Arabia." ~~Then there's the manuscript of John Brown's Body, and of Anthony Adverse~~

L.T.:-- Oh yes, that's the mysterious Lawrence book that cannot be shown to the public until 1950?

RINEHART:-- That's the one. Though the book will be on exhibition at the Fair, nobody can look at its contents. It ^{is} ~~will be~~ shown in an especially constructed burglar-proof case, the mechanism so sensitive that a touch of the hand will set off an alarm. Only

twelve copies of "The Mint" have been printed. Ten are for sale, if you have the price:- five hundred thousand dollars each.

L.T.:- Didn't I hear something about the famous "Boswell Papers," discovered by Colonel Ralph Isham at the ancestral home of the Boswell family?

MR. RINEHART:- Yes, you mean the original manuscript of Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Dr. Samuel Johnson." The Colonel found that manuscript at Malahide Castle in an old croquet box. Then there's the manuscript of John Brown's Body, and of Anthony Adverse. Another feature of our Fair is the talks by more than a hundred literary celebrities every afternoon and evening. And, by the way, Lowell, don't forget you promised to speak a week from ^{TODAY} ~~tomorrow evening~~.

L.T.:- Thanks for the reminder, President Rinehart.

BASEBALL

The last of the spitters returns to the limelight and the big time. In referring to saliva, I don't mean to be indelicate - not around ^{the} dinner ^{hour} ~~time~~. I mean the science of slippery elm as applied to baseball. ~~It all refers to baseball.~~

The younger generation fans know nothing of the old-time spit ball, the moist delivery. Yet not many years ago, it was a characteristic sight on the diamond to see the pitcher put the ball to his face, and apply to it the juice of slippery elm which he was chewing, and then the ball would slip easily out of his hand, as he tossed it and would ^{to} ~~wobble~~ in a bewildering way as it passed the batter.

So, when I speak of the last ~~spit~~ spitter - I mean Burleigh Grimes, ~~one of the~~ ^{great} artists with slippery elm, and the last one permitted to use it in big league baseball. His ~~brightest~~ ^{brightest} ~~proudest~~ days at stardom were with the ~~Brooklyn Dodgers, now he returns to his~~ ~~old team~~ ~~to manage it.~~

It was back in Nineteen Twenty that the rules of pitching were revised - the spit ball forbidden. But - the pitchers who were already using the slippery elm technique, were allowed to keep on with it, as long as their baseball

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careers lasted. No new moist ball artists were admitted into the big show. ^{Hence} So, the old race died gradually out of baseball. [¶] In Nineteen Twenty, ~~On~~ Burleigh Grimes and his slippery elm won twenty-three games, and were the principal reason why the Brooklyn team captured the pennant. He was a veteran then. In Nineteen Twenty-seven, he and his salivary pitching were traded to the Giants. ^{Then} ~~He was~~ traded ~~to the~~ ~~Giants~~ then to other teams. In Nineteen Thirty-Four, the old master was still pitching - the ^{last} ~~last of the spitters, the~~ ~~final lingering on~~ of slippery elm. ~~It was~~ His last season.

^{Then} He became a manager of minor league teams. The managerial capacity is slippery enough, but it has nothing to do with elm - except maybe to raise elm. [¶] Now, it's back to Brooklyn ~~xxxxxxxx~~ for Burleigh, to succeed Casey Stengel, once his team-mate and fellow star.. There he'll live up to his name, as he has always done - Burleigh, ~~withxxx~~ husky, hustling, with scrappy, a battling will to win. ^{And he'll need it with the Dodgers.}

NIMLEY

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From the African jungle comes a booming of war drums.
From the Liberian bush comes a wild shout, "The king will die,
but we will not surrender!" ~~and~~ a boom, booming of war drums.
From the equatorial forests comes a mad wail, "The king will be
hanged, but we will never surrender," and a boom, booming of
war drums.

That chorus of tropical sounds is the latest word in a
weird tragedy of the black tangle, where wild men fight. And
we hear the murmur of those familiar syllables - the League of
Nations. It's the tragedy of Chief Nimley, the black lord of
the Kru tribe. Somebody told him about the League of Nations.
That peace and good-will society, exercising its magical spell
even in the "heart of darkness" ~~as~~ as Joseph Conrad called it.

For several years there has been a war to the death in
Liberia, the troops of the black republic fighting to suppress
the Kru tribe and its leader, Chief Nimley - terror of Liberia.

~~the chief and his leaders
the few warriors, while these spear throwers have been resisting
to the death. Their mighty leader in battle was Chief Nimley
son of the~~

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He saw his villages burn, his people starve, five thousand of his fighting men killed, but he still resisted, - because some mysterious white man told him about the League of Nations. In Nineteen Thirty-Two, eighty of his sub-chiefs deserted him. They surrendered to the government on a promise of safety, but they were hanged. Chief Nimley fought on, because he didn't want to be hanged - and because the white man told him he would get help from the League of Nations. The regiments of the government drove him and his surviving tribesmen deeper into the jungle. They starved. They ate roots and grass. But they fought on. Chief Nimley still believed in the League of Nations.

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One day recently, a gaunt and emaciated savage appeared out of the bush at the camp of the Liberian army. It was Chief Nimley. They took him before the Liberian generals, and he said he wanted to surrender.

"I had seventeen sons," he ~~said~~ related. "They were killed one by one. Now the last, the youngest, has been slain in battle. I no longer have anything to live for. So I am here!-

I have spoken!
King Chief Nimley surrenders!"

They took him away to await his fate. He will probably be hanged. He doesn't care. So dispirited is he, that he made his final gesture of defeat - by sending a command to the remaining handful of his warriors, saying "surrender". The king ordered ^{ing} his kingless tribe finally to yield.

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Today in Liberia they heard the ^{Jungle} answer - "No!" The war drums of the Krus gave that reply: "Our king will be hanged, but we will never surrender!" That - and a boom, booming of war drums. *And so long until tomorrow.*

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