

This evening's violent clash of political principles reminds one of two philosophers in desperate opposition. One of them arises in defiance and declares: "I've discovered that the moon is made of green cheese, inlaid with vermilion boloney." The antagonistic philosopher jumps up boiling with wrath and denounces: "You didn't discover that!" he roars, "I did." That's what you'd call a clash of principles - a Des Moines clash.

Tonight at Des Moines, Governor Landon delivers the first of a series of addresses, as he swings around a circle in the middlewest. We know one thing he'll say. We've been told it in advance. Is it something that the New Deal will oppose with grim determination? Not at all. It's just the opposite.

Let's go back to the fact that President Roosevelt handed to Secretary of Agriculture Wallace the job of working out a plan to help the farmers - this to be presented to Congress at its next session. And the plan was - crop insurance. It's a government scheme to insure the man behind the plough against a bad season in wheat, corn and cotton.

The moment this was made public, the Republicans raised a holler. They said the Roosevelt crop insurance idea was really a Landon inspiration. The Democrats were stealing Republican thunder. And to prove it, they published a section of the speech that Governor Landon is to declaim tonight, a section coming out in favor of crop insurance. The speech was already prepared, had been written in fact, before Secretary Wallace's announcement of crop insurance. So the Republicans charged that the New Dealers had learned

about the crop insurance part of ^{the} Landon speech tonight, and had swiped it. Governor Landon adds that for some time past he has been talking crop insurance with leaders of agriculture.

To all of this, Secretary Wallace denies the Administration has swiped, cribbed and plagiarized the Landon idea.

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"We thought of it ourselves," is the gist of the Secretary's rebuttal. He declares he didn't know a thing about what was to be in ^{the Governor's orating this evening -} ~~Landon's speech~~, asserts that the Democrats had no advance information about the crop insurance part of it.

So there you have the violent clash of political principles; ~~going this way~~ "It's my idea!" "No, it isn't, it's mine!" Iowa controversy, Des Moines ^{the} ~~argument~~ ^{ment.}

The fever heat of these contradictions is such that the Republican candidate has called off his fishing trip for Friday. Or maybe that's because the Governor considers the middlewest a critical area, and wants to devote his full attention to the campaign, ^{right now, with no delay.} Anyway, it looks like we'll have crop insurance.

The campaign rises to melodrama when we hear about the ~~interest~~ international bandits. Those international bandits are

out to control the U.S.A. They're backing President Roosevelt.

They're backing Governor Landon. And they'll be in control if

either Roosevelt or Landon wins. But they won't be in control —

because

~~so~~ Lemke is going to win! That's what the Union ~~is~~ ^{Party} candidate

declares out in Illinois. Congressman Lemke announces ^{that} the

American people are getting wise to the fact that both ^{major} parties

are backed by ~~the~~ international bandits, ^{So — the people} ~~and to consequence~~ are

flocking to his banner. Which makes his election a sure thing, ^{says he,}

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FORUM FOLLOW POLITICS

Tomorrow all the presidential candidates will make a speech. They'll be heard by the same gathering - President Roosevelt, Governor Landon, Congressman Lemke, Socialist Norman Thomas, Social-Laborite John W. Aiken, Communist Earl Browder, and Prohibitionist Leigh Colvin. ^{I had forgotten} ~~I didn't know~~ there were so many candidates. And they'll all be on the same platform, at New York's Waldorf-Astoria -- all except two. President Roosevelt's address will be received over the radio, and so will Governor Landon's.

The seven presidential candidates, by radio or in person, will speak to the NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE'S ^{the} Six Annual Conference on Current Problems. This year's conference is devoted to - "The New Way of Living." It began today, with a gathering of women leaders from all over the nation. Mrs. Roosevelt, as First Lady of the Land, was to have presided. But she is still laid up in Washington with a touch of the "flu". So the gavel was in the hand of Mrs. William Brown Meloney, editor of the HERALD-^{Sunday} TRIBUNE magazine, ^{editor of} ~~section~~ "This Week." Mrs. Meloney is the founder of ^{this} Forum on Current Problems. She read an address by Mrs. Roosevelt on "A Social Conscience for Better Living."

That for today, and tomorrow will come the procession of the ^{presidential} seven candidates. Hats off to Mrs. Meloney. How she ever managed to line them all up for one program is a mystery!

SPAIN

Tonight the news from Spain recalls some other news from Spain, four hundred and forty-four years ago. Then the word went abroad that a Geno^{ese} captain had sailed away to the west, to reach the Indies. Months later, there was further word that this same sea captain had returned from the west, returned from the Indies - the West Indies of course, not the East, but they didn't know it then. Why does the news from Spain today recall the memory of Christopher Columbus? Because the Republic of Santo Domingo has lodged a protest with the Red government of Madrid. President Trujillo angrily denounces ^{one particular} killing by the Reds. In Santo Domingo, so they say, rests the body of the great discoverer. And the man they've executed in Spain was the chief lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus, ~~the Duke of Veragua~~. The Dominican authorities ^{had} asked the Madrid government to free the Duke ^{Veragua} and let him come to their island, where they ^{would} receive him with honor. But now that nobleman's body has been found, riddled with bullets.

Columbus, in reward for his discovery, was granted noble rank and great privileges by Ferdinand and Isabella. These rights

descended to his heirs. And the family of Columbus remained enobled in Spain as the Dukes of Veragua. Now the Red fury ~~in Spain~~ has struck with the hand of death at the lineage of Columbus.

Uruguay too, is at odds with Left Wing Madrid - has broken diplomatic relations in fact. And once more - *because of* executions. This time the killing of three women, three sisters of a diplomatic representative of the Uruguayan government at Madrid. The sisters disappeared eight days ago, so the government at Montevideo demanded information about them. And now has ~~got~~ it. The bodies of the three women were found among many others, victims of Red executions ^{*ere*} ~~ets~~ in northern Spain.

International trouble for the regime of the Socialist Premier ^{*Largo*} Cabalero, ~~in Madrid, and~~ ^{*And -*} ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ he's having his trouble at home too. The Rebels have captured the strategic town of Maqueda. That's the cross-roads for the highway that branches to Madrid and Toledo. ~~And~~ General Franco's Moors and Foreign Legionnaires are driving on past Maqueda. On to Toledo, where the defenders of the Alcazar are continuing their bitter resistance. And Rebel

headquarters at Bugos ^{is} cries: "On to Madrid!" The capital now is about two-thirds surrounded by a far flung ring of Fascists. The word tonight is that the Socialist Ministry is prepared to move out of Madrid and flee to Valencia, ^{over near} ~~that's next door to~~ Catalonia, ^{and the} ~~and the~~ powerful Left Wing forces of the government of Barcelona. If this happens, the Left Wingers will conduct a last ditch defense in ~~the northeastern corner of~~ Spain.

GERMANY

In the mountain country of Western Germany -- there are no wooden guns. Not one dummy musket was seen today -- not one single great cannon made of a log of wood. And that tells a story.

Under the disarmament clauses of the Versailles Treaty, the amount of weapons that Germany was allowed to have was strictly limited. The Nazis used to parade their Storm Troops in war games -- with wooden rifles. Even the regular defense army used wooden models of heavy artillery. But now no more. (The smashing of the Versailles Treaty by Hitler is vividly revealed by the manoeuvres now being staged in Western Germany. The Nazi hosts are mobilizing with overpowering quantities of the most modern mechanism of war.

Today Hitler watched a sham-battle attack on Winterburg Mountain. The attacking red army made a completely mechanized onslaught -- war planes collaborating with tanks. The blue army defended the mountain with a concentration of anti-aircraft guns and tank-destroying artillery. Hitler

observed with approval how cunningly the defending cannon were camouflaged against observation from the sky.

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(New ways of war are revealed in those military manoeuvres)- also in something that concerns the whole civilian population. Along with those mighty war games, instructions have been issued to everyone of the sixty odd million Germans. Each citizen of the Nazi Reich has been given secret orders. He must keep them secret, and he must have them at all times. They are instructions of what he must do, should war break out. And these war instructions to every German are in specific detail, to the last point of German thoroughness. They even tell a man how many pairs of socks he should put in his knapsack -- when war breaks out.

LEAGUE

Today at the League of Nations a delegation sat, *made*
up of
brown men and one American! - ~~the~~ Ethiopian delegation, of
which Everett Colson is a member. They haven't been tossed
out -- not yet.

The
committee considering their status passed the
buck in two ~~x~~ ways. The big powers, Great Britain and France
wanted to accept the Italian ^a contention that Ethiopia is no
longer a nation, but an Italian province, and that it's absurd
to have representatives of nations that ^a ~~no longer~~ ^{doesn't} exist. But
that was opposed by the smaller countries, and one big country--
Russia. The little fellows ^{were} ^{into} ~~wondered~~ what the League would
do for them, if they happened to be conquered. And Soviet
Russia backed them up. So the decision ^{is} ~~was~~ to pass the
question along to the World Court. Let the World Court
decide whether Ethiopia should be represented in the League.
That was passing the buck -- number one.

But what about the status of Ethiopia until the
World Court renders its decision, which will take months,
till then?
Shall Haile Selassie's delegation keep its place? The commit-

tee passed that along to another committee -- of jurists. The jurists will decide whether the Ethiopians will stay in the League, until the World Court says what's what. It will take the jurists a little while to form their decision. So meanwhile the Ethiopians stay. *That's passing the buck No. 2.*

And, Italy stays out. Mussolini stubbornly demands that the League shall recognize his conquest of Ethiopia. So tonight in the League there are representatives of a conquered country and an exiled king. Ethiopia is still at Geneva. Everybody is at Geneva, with a few exceptions -- like Germany, Japan and Italy, *et cetera.*

FIGHT

Tonight's big fight in Philadelphia is causing plenty of people to ask questions - mostly about the burly blonde bruiser who'll be in there battling against the Brown Bomber, Joe Louis. Who is he? And why? Most people won't know how to pronounce his name. He's an Italian, although the sons of sunny "It" are not commonly blue-eyed, flaxen-haired giants, ~~— except the Lombards.~~ His name is Ettore, which in Italian means "hector". ^{And} He'll have to be a ^{heck of a} "hector", ~~mass~~ tonight - to bomb the Bomber, as Max Schmeling did.

⁷ Ettore's claim^s to distinction are two. Firstly - he's a Philadelphian, which is a most distinguished thing - as they'll tell you in the vicinity of William Penn Square. He's strictly a Philadelphia product, a local phenomenon. The City of Sleep is intensely loyal to its favorite sons. Philadelphians of old always believed that Lou Tender could beat Benny Leonard, in spite of much evidence to the contrary. Philadelphia was loudly loyal to Tommy Lough~~an~~. Its contemporary pugilistic enthusiasm is Ettore.

His second claim to distinction is that he beat Leroy Haynes three times. Now, who is Leroy Haynes? He's a gentleman

of color ^{old Fiddle Feet} ~~who~~ knocked out the giant Italian, Primo Carnero, in faster time than did Joe Louis. Haynes was regarded as a menacing threat to the Bomber. The only trouble was that Haynes could never get by the blonde Italian, Ettore. ^H So there you have the Philadelphia battler who tonight will do the mauling against Joe Louis' ^S two handed hitting. Mauling is right - Ettore is strictly ~~against~~ that kind of fighter. He's always in there close, clubbing and bruising. He's no knock-'em-dead puncher, just tough and tireless - of the wear-'em-down school of the manly art of modified murder, as Bill McGeehan used to say.

The odds are all on the Bomber. Everybody expects him to put the sleepy town Champ to sleep - everybody except Philadelphians. Meanwhile, one thing is certain - the City of Brotherly Love is having its biggest pugilistic night since nearly ten years ago. It's just one day short of ten years that Gene Tunney, in most unbrotherly fashion, left-jabbed the heavyweight crown off the swarthy brows of Jack Dempsey.

Ordinarily I'm loyal to the writing class, the sub-species of authors. I'm agin the publishers. But this time I've got to decide against an author, and support the whole publishing end of it.

John McCormack is a master of style in singing. And maybe his prose ~~ix~~ style is gorgeous, if you can read it. But how can you read it if he writes illegibly?

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John is writing the story of his life. He's doing it on a singing tour, in odd moments aboard ship, in Pullman cars, in hotel rooms. He refuses to learn how to operate a typewriter, so it's handwriting. Manuscript is right. ~~And~~ John is scribbling the story of his life and his singing in a cheap six-penny tablet. And the Scotch-Irishman thriftily writes on both sides of the page, which is a deadly sin to a publisher. Moreover, his scrawl is said to be virtually undecipherable. Some of it looks like Greek, and the rest *— or chicken scratches,* of it like Chinese. That's the way he sends his manuscript into his publisher. So the publisher can't tell what John means. Maybe John himself can't tell what he means. Maybe

I can't tell what I mean, and

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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