

COUGHLIN

( Father Coughlin today added a flourish to his apology. In this open letter to President Roosevelt printed in his magazine the radio priest said that he was sincerely sorry for what he said about the President -- calling him a "liar." He explained that he had spoken the word in the heat of anger, "righteous anger" he qualified.) Today Father Coughlin told the newspaper men that he had no hard feelings toward the President -- no personal quarrel. "I believe he is well-intentioned," said the radio priest, "but he succeeds in surrounding himself with crack-pots."

( The apology to the President, however is by no means the end of the story, because the case of Father Coughlin is being more and more shifted to Rome, to the Vatican. This afternoon the word from Rome is that the Vatican is seriously debating the question of putting a restraining hand on the Radio Priest's political activities.) (Father Coughlin, by the way, called Rome on the Trans-Atlantic telephone before he made his apology to Mr. Roosevelt.) The church authorities won't make any move concerning all this until the arrival in Rome of Bishop Gallagher, Father

Coughlin's superior, who is on his way, They're waiting for the Detroit Bishop to talk with him about the ~~fx~~ affair.

The possibility of action by Rome seems all the more likely because of Father Coughlin's own comment on it. He doesn't scout the possibility. When the subject was mentioned to him that ~~xi~~ his ecclesiastical superiors might restrain his political doings, Father Coughlin hastened to reply -- that he would obey. He stressed obedience. If orders do come from Rome he will obey.

One revealing bit of news from Rome tells us that a desk in the Vatican is stacked high with letters, letters from the United States, letters about Father Coughlin, letters for him and against him. That's a sign of the intense feeling aroused by the radio priest - a host of people writing to the Pope about him.

The morning after the night before in Topeka was devoted to conferences. Today Governor Landon went into session with his campaign strategists, and they mapped out moves for the political battle at hand. One important question was that of -- itinerary: ~~they are~~ laying out the speaking tours to be made by Presidential Candidate Landon and Vice-Presidential Candidate Knox. <sup>Also, of course,</sup> ~~and~~ they discussed things to be said in those speaking tours, political blows to be struck.

What's the issue that looms as foremost in the Landon campaign? What line of argument did they discuss in those Topeka conferences today? It isn't hard to guess.

( Last night's acceptance speech gave us a pretty good indication of the issue Governor Landon will press the hardest.

That was made clear when he <sup>said with all his emphasis:-</sup> ~~shouted:-~~

48  
"Shall we continue to delegate more and more power to the Chief Executive?" And the crowd yelled: "No, no, no."

"Or do we desire," he demanded, "to preserve the American form of government?" And the crowd chorused: "Yes, yes, yes."

So it's easy to infer that in the inner sanctum of Topeka today, they were doping out ways to attack the great power vested in President Roosevelt by Congress, those New Deal powers which the Republicans denounce as utterly excessive, tending toward dictatorship. We may expect, to hear a lot more along this line, as Candidates Landon and Knox swing around the circle on their speaking tours.

49

Last night at this time we wondered whether Governor Landon in his acceptance speech would say anything about putting a Democrat in his Cabinet if he were elected. So tonight's it's interesting to recall what he said. He hit a height of emphasis as he declared: "I shall call to my aid those men best qualified to conduct the public business, and I mean just that." Does that indicate a possible Democrat in a possible Landon Cabinet? Maybe so.

One of the more interesting tasks a news man had today was to look over the response the acceptance speech got in the newspapers of the nation. One thing of course is inevitable -- the Republican papers printing cheers of praise, the Democratic editors shaking their heads and saying: "No,

"it won't do." Yet even the Democrats noticed the moderation of the Landon speech, its plainness, its tone of common sense, its sober earnestness. Nobody could miss the way it contrasts with President Roosevelt's address of acceptance at Philadelphia -- the Roosevelt rhetorical skill, gift of phrase-making, ~~and~~ *and lofty ethical expression.* high emotional tone. Put those two acceptance addresses side by side, and you have the opposing personalities, Roosevelt and Landon, words reflecting personalities.

( On a train speeding from Hamburg to Berlin today, a committee of grave men sat listening while a young woman made a plea -- beauty in tears. They were a special American Olympic Committee. She was Eleanor Holm Jarrett, American Olympic backstroke swimming champion, one of the greatest women swimmers of all times.

This was the third time that the committee was considering the case of Eleanor & Holm Jarrett. The first time was in mid-ocean, when they threatened to expel her from the Olympic team, because of infractions of training rules, drinking xx parties on shipboard. She said she wouldn't do it again, promised to be good. And they said:- "Okay, we'll let it pass this time."

The second time was yesterday aboard ship. Once more the great woman swimmer had broken training rules -- a gay champagne cparty, in which was Charlie MacArthur, the playwright, who was traveling on the boat with his wife, Helen Hayes, the actress. This time the committee was in a stern mood. They wanted to consult the champion mermaid, but )

found her sound asleep. They took drastic action, expelled her from the team, and ordered her to turn in her blue Olympic uniform.

When the backstroke champion learned that, she asked them to give her a hearing, let her tell her story and make a plea to have the decision reconsidered. That was granted, so today, after the Olympic team had landed at Hamburg and was on its way to Berlin, the committee held session number three with the queen of the water ladies pleading her case.)

It was a grave decision that the committee had to reverse or reaffirm. Without Eleanor Holm Jarrett, the chances of the women's swimming team in Berlin are slim indeed-- that's how great a champion she is. She started breaking records at thirteen as Eleanor Holm. And she's <sup>been</sup> smashing them ever since -- backstroke, two hundred meter, one after another. She won easy victories in the Nineteen Twenty-Eight Olympics and in the games of Nineteen Thirty-two. She was counted on as the American number one winner in this year's Olympic swim. She always was singular among women athletes for her

2  
1

grace, her beauty and laughing gaiety. The great Ziegfeld, who glorified the American girl in the Follies, once said of her -- that she had the most beautiful figure he had ever seen. She made pictures in Hollywood, and married an orchestra leader. Mirth and jollity were her way -- not the severities of athletic training. She once said she trained on champagne and not too much sleep. She would change from an evening gown to a swimming suit and out-swim everybody in the race.

So that was the flashing champion who appeared before the committee today, as the train rolled along to Berlin. She was distracted and in tears. She had told them that ~~if~~ they stuck to their decision and threw her off the team, it would ruin her career. She said she knew she had done wrong in breaking the training rules, but the rules were strange <sup>to</sup> her. She told them that she never trained for her great victories. She had commonly gone to a party, then into the water -- and won the race. She spoke of the Olympic tryouts in New York and said that the night before she had been on a late party with her husband -- then gone in and won. She urged that, never following a training system, she had



simply been blind about the rigorous discipline imposed on the Olympic team.

(The committee listened, and said they would formulate their decision. And they did. Right there on the train, Avery Brundage, President of the Olympic Committee, announced it. And here it is -- the exclusion stands. It is reaffirmed that Eleanor Holm Jarrett, champion of women swimming champions, is off the Olympic team.) That was made definite and final today.

She is broken-hearted about it, doesn't know whether to stay in Germany or come right back to the United States, or what; - she may petition the Olympic Committee, beg for another chance - vowing she'll never touch another drop. But it's unlikely the committee will change its decision. Here's one melancholy touch. Eleanor attended the official German reception to the American athletes. One ceremony is a glass of Sherry served to each, and drunk in a formal ritual of hospitality. Every American athlete drank his or her glass of Sherry -- except Eleanor Holm Jarrett. She put hers aside, didn't take a sip.

This affair is a bad blow to American swimming hopes in the Olympics and one cannot help thinking of Lincoln's

54  
immortal utterance when they complained to him that General Grant was drinking too much. Lincoln said he wished they'd find out what brand of whiskey Grant drank, because he would like to send a keg of it to his other generals.

## JUNGLE

In the deep dim jungles of the Amazon word comes today of three white men who have fallen into the hands of a savage Indian tribe. The party searching for them makes this report, and adds that it doesn't know whether they are alive or dead -- those three Britishers, three missionaries, three Freds. They are Frederick Wright, Frederick Dawson, and Fr derick Roberts. Young enthusiasts, they became inspired with ~~an~~ the ambition to spread the gospel among the Indians of the remote Amazon. They were so inseparable that they got the name -- The Three Freds.

Months ago they landed in Rio de Janeiro and started up the Amazon. Occasional word was heard from them. They told how they had made their way to the upper reaches of the vast river, and were pushing on in a canoe. The last message from the three Freds was in these words:- "Tomorrow we are turning our backs on civilization, and shall be as good as dead men. Don't criticize us, pray for us." From that it can be inferred that the three Freds were tossing all caution to the winds and plunging rashly into the remotest depths of the jungle. Since then no further word from them has been heard.

After long weeks of silence the mission to which they were attached sent an expedition to look for them. The searching party traced them up the Amazon, up its great tributary, the Rio Xingu and up the tributary of that, the Rio Zinhu. Finally they found the canoe in which the three Freds had traveled. It was smashed on the rocks. The indications were that the young missionaries had got ashore, among the Indians. There was one hopeful sign -- an Indian village nearby, and the thatched huts were still standing. The village had not been burned down. The searchers, well acquainted with the ways of the Brazilian jungles, knew that if the savages of those parts do any harm to a white man they immediately burn their village and clear out to some place else.

So the rescue party kept combing the jungles hopefully. And now they have learned, as the report says today, that the three Freds kept going on and on and then were made prisoners by a wild tribe. Whether they are alive or dead, that remains to be found out. As it stands, the three Freds are just three more white men swallowed up by the engulfing jungle of tropical America.

SPAIN

( Tonight we again have a victory claimed by the Government at Madrid. The Left Wing authorities declare they've beaten the rebels in a battle for the northern mountain passes leading to the capital. They say they've split General Mola's army in two. That's the Government's story. There's another account which describes the battle as indecisive thus far, neither side being able to make any progress.

From rebel headquarters there's no sign of a setback. The insurgent chiefs claim they've cut off the Madrid water supply.) They say that will bring the capital to terms in short order. American newspaper correspondents with General Mola tell of insurgent control over eight-tenths of Spain. The rebels say they've conquered that much of the country, that the Madrid Government is going to pieces, almost disintegrated. These statements accompany the rebel announcement of the establishment of a new regime, a Provisional Government to take charge of the nation.

From elsewhere in Spain it's the same story of mad fighting and bloodshed. The American consul at San Sebastian

describes conditions there with the word "horrible." The city is in ruins, a battlefield for desperate fighting. American Ambassador Bowers is still there - safe in the fortress at San Sebastian. Today came the news of the killing of an employee at the American Consulate at Barcelona. He was a Spaniard employed by the Consulate for seventeen years. His chauffeur was killed too - the chauffeur a British subject. They were trying to help Americans out of danger, when bullets hit them.

(The peril to foreigners amid the murderous clash of maddened factions has brought the United States, Great Britain and France together in joint action. The three nations have combined forces to get their citizens out of various Spanish ports.) France has ordered six vessels on the job. The American Coast Guard Cutter CAYUGA is hurrying to San Sebastian to take away the foreigners there. The warship OKLAHOMA is steaming for the Port of Bilbao where foreign lives are threatened. An American freighter bombed off Gibraltar.

This civil war in Spain is dragging out to savage length. which side is Time helping? Time may be the decisive factor in bringing a decision.

## TRANSPARENT WOMEN

It's hard to see through a woman, we all agree. In fact there's only one woman that I know of who could be called easy to see through -- transparent. She doesn't talk, comb her hair ~~xx~~ or look in mirrors. She's a scientific creation made of a transparent material, an anatomical study with cunning electric lights so arranged as to provide an exhibit of physiology. The transparent woman, created by H. S. Camp of Jackson, Michigan, has been brought to New York, is ~~xx~~ spending the night at the Waldorf and tomorrow is to be placed on exhibition at Rockefeller Center. You can look through her, and see how she works, the way the wheels go round. She's quite transparent. In fact if she were here now and if she were standing between me and my N.B.C. clock I could look right through the old gal and see that it's time for me to say,

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY