

L.I. - Lunoco. Tuesday, March 28, 1939.

MADRID

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The way the fall of Madrid ^{today} became known in Europe was typical of this age of radio. - ^{Not just} ~~not~~ a mere announcement broadcast by wireless, ^{It was a} ~~but a bit of~~ radio drama. Throughout Europe people were listening to the regular ^{mid day} broadcast from Madrid - shortly before noon, European time. Everybody knew that the historic capital of Spain must soon surrender, and the first word was expected by radio. ^{Well-} The customary program was on, with the announcer doing a broadcast for the Madrid defense junta - when suddenly there was an interruption. Listeners ^{at} ~~with~~ loud speakers throughout Europe could hear a loud voice interrupt the program, a voice shouting - "Give us the radio!" Then immediately new voices were on the air, with cries - "Madrid is ours, Viva Franco! - Arriba Espana!" , the familiar Nationalist war cry. Meaning - "Up Spain!"

It was all so vivid, no listener need guess what had happened - the ^{at that moment} Franco people seizing the Madrid radio station! ^{This real-life war} ~~and that libel~~ drama ^{was} a key to the spectacular events in Madrid today. ^{of Madrid.} (There was no formal surrender, [^] The Defense junta ^{And} fled. [^] All thought of further resistance disappeared. ^{Where-} ^{upon} ~~and~~ the Franco Sympathizers swarmed into

the open, took possession of the city - seizing the radio station at once, and putting on their own jubilant broadcast.

It was a drama of the fifth column, that famous fifth column so often mentioned in the Spanish Civil War.) When Franco first advanced on Madrid, *two and a half years ago* he had four columns on the march. The insurgents declared they'd capture the city with the aid of - a fifth column. Meaning - their own sympathizers in Madrid who would rise and fight. ~~to help~~ But that first Franco advance on the capital was checked at the outskirts, and the fifth column never got a chance to go into action. The insurgent sympathizers had to stay under cover and pretend they were supporters of the Left Wing government. But today, at long length, they had their chance. The fifth column came out of hiding, and took possession of Madrid.

(The whole city became one wild scene of joy - a delirium. The legion of Franco sympathizers, suddenly free of the shadow of death!) Many swarmed out of the foreign legations, where they had taken refuge to save their lives. And others were prisoners set free today, liberated by the Franco triumph.

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(To the people at large, war weary and hungry, it was the coming of peace, the end of shooting and bombing, and the coming of food.) Jubilant crowds milled in the streets, and raised their arms with the Fascist salute. ^{which} Those same arms ~~that~~ so often had been upraised in the Communist salute of the clinched fist.

Madrid changed over easily today from the fist to the open hand.

There were flags everywhere, white flags of surrender. And the Franco flags of red and gold - the colors of old Spain. Buildings flying ~~the~~ Franco flags and people carrying them - astonishing that so many ~~of them~~ were to be had in a city so long under Franco siege.

The first man of the Nationalist army to enter the city was a cameraman - those cameramen are enterprising fellows! He jumped out of the Franco trenches in the university city suburb and made a dash across the abandoned defense lines. He came to a local radio unit that was broadcasting, and put on a broadcast of his own. He shouted into the microphone and told how the first troops were entering Madrid and how the people were receiving them -

with cheers and embraces. Shouting, "Viva Franco!", and -
"Viva Jose Antonio!" This was a reference to the political
leader, Jose Antonio ^{Primo} ~~Primo~~ deRivera, the conservative leader,
son of that ~~Primo~~ ^{Primo} deRivera who for a while was Dictator of
Spain under King Alfonso. Jose Antonio it was who founded the
Falange, the powerful Fascist Party of the Franco side. He was
executed by the Left Wingers early in the civil war, and is rated
as something of a martyr.

Later stories tell how in today's wild jubilation,
groups of sombre people gathered in front of the Madrid house
where Jose Antonio had lived. These mournful people were mostly
political prisoners just released. They knelt before a picture of
the leader who had been a prisoner too - but had not been allowed
to live to be released. And they prayed for the repose of his soul.

(Two hundred thousand Nationalist troops marched into
Madrid today from all sides, and in the vanguard were the Italians.
Franco gave the place of honor to the legions sent by Mussolini
to aid him - thus recognizing the preponderant part the Fascist
Duce played in the Nationalist victory.) Whether this has any

meaning beyond honor and recognition, whether it has any meaning for world politics - remains to be seen.

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Franco himself entered the city in triumph with his two hundred thousand troops, and immediately the story turns to radio again. He ordered a broadcast proclaiming - amnesty, amnesty for all Republican fighters save those guilty of crimes. It isn't any too clear what the Franco regime considers to have been crimes - but it certainly does mean the participation in the massacres and executions in Madrid when the Civil War was new. There'll be no mercy, only Spanish vindictiveness. ^H That points out the sombre side of today's fiesta of joy in Madrid - the flight of the many thousands who have reason to fear Franco's vengeance. Or rather - their attempted flight. There wasn't much chance of getting away, a shortage of automobiles and gasoline. The motor vehicles that did manage to go were crammed with fugitives, stormed by fugitives. And where can those fleeing thousands go? Not too many will get to the coast, and there not too many will be able to get aboard departing ships - not with the Franco blockade of the coast.

Tonight hungry Madrid has ^{most of} food, and Madrid is happy.

One of the most significant ~~sights~~ sights all day was the crowding of people at points which the Franco authorities designated as food truck stations; places where the long lines of supply trucks would pass out the groceries. And right now those points of distribution are thronged with people, getting - food.

FOLLOW MADRID

(The fall of Madrid is only a sub-headline to the larger news -- the end of the Spanish Civil War. Today at Valencia the Republican commander General Miaja is reported to have ordered all the rest of his soldiers ~~up~~ under arms to make no resistance.) Miaja hailed as the savior of Madrid years ago, fled from Madrid today and at Valencia he now orders -- surrender everywhere. To avoid useless bloodshed, he explains.

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7 One Valencia newspaper comes out for a fight to the death -- but it's the official paper of the Anarchist Labor Federation -- the Anarchists demanding continued war. But all the other newspapers are at peace and surrender. Everywhere along what recently were battlefronts, ~~the~~ ^{Miaja's} troops are tying handkerchiefs to their rifles and hoisting them as white flags. All that remains for the Franco forces is a mopping-up operation and the taking over of thousands of square miles inhabited by six million people.

The end of the Spanish War brings the international phase to a ~~climax~~ climax. Today Mussolini instantly hailed the fall of Madrid, and boasted of it as an Italian-Fascist success. And Hitler chimed in with his own shouts of glee. More significant

are some declarations in Spain itself, a broadcast by Franco's Premier. He attacked the democracies, attacked them for supporting what he called -- the Reds. ^{The Premier gave} ~~It~~ a sharp indication that Franco intends to stick along with the powers that helped him so much-- Italy and Germany. And this of course had ^S a most pertinent bearing on Mussolini's claims against France. ^{TF} Moreover, there are likely to be some Spanish claims ^{as well.} Franco has intimated that his new Spain will seek its place in the sun -- demand things. The Generalissimo has an army of a million ~~ex~~ soldiers, a huge lot of them seasoned veterans. Franco indeed has the only large army that has any practice in modern war. ^{TF} At the same time, the new regime is broke and in debt. The Left Wing government got the great Spanish gold reserve, and dissipated it buying war supplies. Franco had to get his military equipment from Italy and Germany on credit. ^{So} ~~he~~ owns a vast sum of money -- especially to Mussolini. A powerful army of veterans, no money, and a lot of debts; -- these are ~~the~~ elements of the future Franco policy. And that ^{policy} ~~also~~ may have some surprises.

BATTLESHIPS

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Forty-five thousand tons is a lot of weight and a tonnage of forty-five thousand means a ~~super dreadnought~~ super giant battleship. We're to have a couple of those monsters. Right now the battleships we're building are of the thirty-five thousand ton variety - six of them are under construction. But now the tonnage is going up. Today President Roosevelt approved of navy plans for the building of warships of forty-five thousand tons. It isn't said how many of these ^{super} super-dreadnoughts we'll have, but the number rumored is - two, a pair of the mightiest sea giants ever.

COTTON

And now - eight million bales of cotton, which is a lot of the fluffy white stuff. President Roosevelt today proposed a plan to sell surplus American cotton to other nations. There are eight million bales of this cotton and the presidential plan calls for ~~ax~~ payment of a subsidy to cotton growers. It's all pretty complicated, but it's a good deal like the present wheat subsidy plan -- if you understand that. Government help, government subsidy -- so that American cotton may be sold abroad.

CANTOR

Today Eddie Cantor said that one thing wasn't cricket, and that the other thing was inexcuseable. A man and woman interrupting his program wasn't cricket, but when they were beaten up by Cantor admirers - that was inexcuseable, says Eddie.

It occurred last night in a Hollywood broadcasting studio, *to the crowd after the broadcast--* with Eddie Cantor telling jokes about Hitler [^] and they were not such affectionate jokes. Then came the interruption by Charles Gollob and his wife Elsie - Gollob is a naturalized American of Austrian origin. ^H What happened is a matter of some dispute. Today Eddie Cantor told it this way: "He yelled at the top of his lungs giving me the raspberry." And Eddie Cantor says that Gollob shouted an anti-Jewish insult. Gollob claims that he merely told his wife he didn't like the program, he had heard the jokes before - and they got up and went out, leaving early - which caused some commotion. Anyway, outside of the broadcast theatre, Gollob and his wife were beaten up by three men and had to go to a hospital for treatment. Gollob claims that one of the assailants was a comedian on the ~~Kantexradio~~ Cantor radio program, the comedian known as the "Mad Russian."

Today Gollob declares he's going to sue, while Eddie Cantor says the interruption and the raspberries weren't cricket, but the beating up was inexcuseable.

Ah last night, how wonderful it was - for Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone! Ah, Colonel Stoopnagle you should be here to tell about it; You who told about things so soulfully last evening. There was a sentimental delight of tears and laughter last night for Joan and Franchot. But today -- maybe they were cussing under their breath. Ah, Colonel Stoopnagle!

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~~Ah last night, how wonderful it was for Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone! Ah, Colonel Stoopnagle you should be here to tell about it. You who told about things so soulfully last evening. There was a sentimental delight of tears and laughter last night, But today maybe they were cussing under their breath. Ah~~
for Joan and Franchot.

~~Colonel Stoopnagle~~

Last night they were together soulfully, their last time as husband and wife, celebrating gayly, yet sadly. Their divorce was scheduled to be granted today. Meeting, they embraced and kissed. At a New York night club they smiled and danced. Their eyes were moist as they smiled. Their hearts throbbed as they danced. It was more like two people about to be married, rather than -- about to be divorced. But that was last night.

Today - the judge refused to grant the divorce. So they're still married, still man and wife, still hitched, still spliced, still in harness -- because the Hollywood judge said he was agin' mail order divorces, proxy divorces. Ah, Colonel Stoopnagle you should be here to tell about it.

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It was all because of the novel and unusual way Joan Crawford went about getting her divorce. Scheduled to go to South America, she wouldn't be able to testify in person when the case

came up for trial. So she'd give her testimony in writing. She dictated ~~in~~ it to a notary public -- charging Actor Franchot Tone with extreme cruelty, a clash of careers. Her lawyer got a court order to admit the written testimony in the trial. But ~~Joan~~ Joan Crawford didn't go to South America. Last night she was in New York for their tears and laughter of expected divorce. Ah, Colonel Stoopnagle, ah, last night!

Today, the Hollywood judge spoke heartless words. Said he: ("Colonel you wouldn't believe this.) Said he: "This court, the Bar Association, and other courts, are opposed to these mail order or proxy divorces." Then he added some more heartless words: "I think that in the absence of extraordinary circumstances, the plaintiff should be present."

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So today Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are still married, after all their laughter and tears of last night. This afternoon the undivorced wife said she is going back to Hollywood to testify in person at a new trial. And I suppose she and Franchot Tone will have to have another divorce celebration -- more laughter, more tears. Ah, Colonel Stoopnagle.

ANNOUNCER

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There are some stories which I feel I must recite strictly without comment, no expression of editorial opinion, no personal reflections, no remarks of any sort. And here's one of them. So I'll merely read the United Press dispatch verbatim, word for word - without a word of my own.

It goes like this, "Boston, March Twenty-Eighth.

An attorney today contested a will that included a five hundred dollar bequest to a radio ~~announcer~~ ^{speaker} with whose voice the donor had fallen in love."

The dispatch continues: ~~verbatim, word for word.~~ "Though she had never met or talked with him, Mrs. Agnes Mae Watson, sixty-three, of Dorchester, who died last June, left five hundred dollars ^{"to the radio in question.} ~~to Bill O'Connell, an announcer for the Yankee and Colonial Networks."~~

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The dispatch concludes: "A cousin and only heir-at-law charged in probate court that Mrs. Watson had hallucinations that she had ~~quote~~ acquired an overwhelming passion, affection and love for ^{that voice on the air,} ~~Bill O'Connell - END QUOTE~~"

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No comment, no editorializing, no remarks, except -
SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

LT from
Kokoma,
Indiana.
Mar. 29,
1929.