

Barely two years have passed since the ~~swam~~ tragedy of the Morro Castle. The country has not yet forgotten September eighth, nineteen thirty-four, that tragic day when ~~in~~ the big liner burned right within sight of the boardwalk at Asbury Park, New Jersey. ^{You will recall how} gutted by flames with a loss of over one hundred lives ^{she} and drifted ashore on the beach. That epic disaster and subsequent investigation produced a deep shock on the public mind. Everybody agreed, "That must never happen again."

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Ever since that day a group of ship experts has been at work to that end, devising and selecting safety devices. The Committee is headed by the distinguished marine architect George C. Sharp. After months of preliminary work they decided the different safety devices and materials should be tested out. For that they need^{ed} a Guinea Pig, a trial ship. They went to the graveyard of wartime ships in Virginia. There they picked on the Nantasket, a vessel that carried supplies to the A. E. F. during the War. They fitted her out with the latest devices

that make for safety at sea. They built her a new luxurious interior with staterooms and accommodations such as the best passenger liners have. All partitions were made of fire-resisting wood, panels of similar material and special bulkheads.

Yesterday they took the Nantasket, so equipped, into the James River. And today, while hundreds gathered along the shore to watch, they set fire to ^{her.} ~~the Nantasket~~. Seven hundred pounds of dry oak logs were piled into each of her staterooms. The fierce flames sent the thermometers which had been installed up to seventeen-hundred degrees. They let the fire rage for an hour. Every square inch of material lived up to its promise. Everything held up. The glass doors in one room cracked but did not give. The same with the panels, they bulged but they remained intact. The steel plates became red hot and buckled, but the fire went no further.

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These details may sound a bit dry, but they mean ~~some~~ something important, something to cheer about. They mean that ships can be made fire-proof. After some more tests are held

that Committee of marine experts will draw up a list of recommendations. These will be presented to the Commerce Committee of the United States Senate. After that we can expect special legislation to make the fire proofing of passenger ships compulsory. In short no Morro Castle tragedies.

CASTAWAYS

And here's ~~another~~ one for the adventure book. Somewhere out in the Caribbean tonight four men are adrift in an open boat. With nothing but a tiny sail and four of oars to get along with, they are gambling their lives against the relentless waves, the endless winds and the frequent hurricanes of that dangerous sea. But it isn't the first time those four have gambled their lives. They are murderers, escaped French convicts.

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Weeks ago they achieved the almost impossible. They made their getaway from Devils Island, the notorious French penal colony, that Hell-on-earth off French Guiana. Ironically enough the group of which Devils Island is one is officially known as "The Isles of Safety." Day after day, night after night, week after week they rowed and thirsted and starved and sweated. There were seven of them to begin with, but not one was a navigator or had any navigating instruments. So it was really curious luck that landed them two weeks ago on the shore of Trinidad. According to the custom prevailing in the Caribbean they were given shelter, food, and time to rest and recuperate.

After that the authorities at Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad, set four of the seven fugitives adrift again. They gave them a new open boat, food and water enough to last them three weeks. A police launch towed them out to sea, cut them loose and waved farewell. With the stars as their only compass they set off, rowing laboriously in the general direction of Venezuela where, if they land, they will be free. Three of the original seven were left behind in the hospital at Port of Spain. The suffering of their long voyage in that open boat made them seriously ill. As soon as they recover, they too will be put in an open boat and set adrift on the open Caribbean.

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MINE

Exciting news from the coal mine in Moberly, Missouri. The rescuers have done trojan work. Only sixteen feet of shale now separate them from four entombed mine owners and miners. The latest prediction is that the rescue squad expects to get through by nine o'clock tonight. But, ~~they~~ say the mine inspectors, there's just a slim chance - one chance in a million that the four trapped men are alive.

And that naturally brings up the ^{question}~~matter~~ of what has been done to lessen these mining hazards. One place to find that answer today would be down in the mountains of West Virginia.

Bluefield, West Virginia, deep in the mountains in the heart of the coal mining country is a place worth a visit at any time - if you are in that section. But at present Bluefield is interesting for more than it's scenery. An important Industrial Exhibit opened there today, called the Pocahontas Exhibits - one of the largest displays of modern mining equipment and supplies on record. And that's a sign of prosperity no doubt.

The mine operators in the Pocahontas area have always

been on their toes and proud of their own progressiveness. The world over their mines are known as among the best conducted and the most modernly equipped on earth. So the experts say. And that means the last word in machinery and safety devices. For one thing they have done their utmost to improve the quality of soft coal, and thus tap a broader market.

To make soft coal better for residential stokers a special product called Coalkote is used - to dust-proof coal. The Sun Oil Company has long been a pioneer in promoting the processing of soft coal to make it dust-proof. And the Sun ^{Co.} Oil makes Coalkote which is so widely used today all through the Pocahontas region and which is a part of this ^{important} Pocahontas Industrial Exhibit now on in Bluefield.

NICE

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There are certain celebrated names with which I always have trouble. For instance, the patronymic of the rubicund genial gentleman who is Governor of the good old free state of Maryland. It seems that the other evening I look liberties with his name and called him Governor "Niecee." A neighbor of his was kind enough to write me that his name is nice enough as it is. And that's exactly what it is -- Nice.

Senator Rush Holt of West Virginia informs me that he was incorrectly reported last Friday. Some accounts of the convention of Coughlinites at Cleveland described the young Senator as attacking a number of eminent people, including his distinguished colleague, Senator Carter Glass of Virginia. Senator Holt informs me that he did not do anything of the sort. He made no attack on Mr. Glass. Upon investigation the truth appears to be that the attack came from Senator Holt's audience. When he mentioned the name of his distinguished colleague from Virginia, it was greeted with boos from a certain section of the Coughlinites. Hence the misapprehension.

ALLISON

No more tennis for Wilmer Allison. That is, no more championship tournaments. The weather-beaten, lantern-jawed star from Texas won't defend his title at Forest Hills this year, in fact he retires. However, before he does this definitely he will make one last spectacular appearance. He and his team-mate, John Van Ryn, have already two legs on the National Doubles Trophy. If they could win it once more it would be theirs. So ^{Allison} ~~he~~ will make one final effort. After that, ~~he makes~~ a polite bow and ~~he leaves~~ ^{he leaves} withdraws himself from the field for good, ~~and all.~~

This decision is a matter of regret, not only to tennis players the world over but to the general public. No champion ever had ^{quite} such bad luck, ~~as that accident to his back which definitely removed Wilmer Allison from the field. It happened~~ ^{It came} ~~just~~ when he seemed to be at the height of his stride, just as he had risen to new heights. Those three straight sets last fall in which he beat the great Englishman, Fred Perry at Forest Hills, were the most brilliant in his career, ^{almost} in anybody's tennis career. ^{And then he had a tragic accident - to his back.} He retires at the age of thirty-one, which is young even for a ~~raquet~~ racquet star. He's been ranked among the best

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ten in the United States for eight years. He's been a member of six Davis Cup Teams. His appearance in championship tennis was sensational, meteoric. The tennis world had never heard of him until the summer of Nineteen hundred and seven. He was then a sophomore at the University of Texas. This unknown young man came East and bounded ~~into~~ ^{to fame} ~~celebrity~~ with one jump when he won the intercollegiate singles. And in the following year he earned a rating among the first ten. In Nineteen twenty-nine he and Van Ryn astounded everybody. As members of the American Davis Cup Team they walked all over that great French combination, Cochet and Borotra, beat them in three straight.

People not only admired his tennis but liked him personally. No man ever wore his honors more modestly. Somebody once asked him to estimate his own game. And this is the way he described himself: "An unsound and unsteady singles game, fair at doubles. American twist service usually weak. A fair hand in volleying." But that isn't what the experts said. They declared he had a great stroke, a deadly overhand, a speedy forehand, a backhand that fairly whipped the net.

But if he retires from tennis, he won't retire from sports. He will devote himself to golf which he shoots in the

low seventies. He's also proud of his amateur radio station, - like

Commander Frank Hawks - and others - he likes to spend his evenings talking in Morse Code to ~~other~~

amateur operators ^{all over the globe.} ~~in odd corners of the world.~~

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JARRETT

But -- Eleanor Holm Jarrett, the backstroke ace, doesn't want to retire. She says she's going to fight for reinstatement as an amateur swimmer -- tear someone's hair if necessary.

She's going to appeal the decision of Avery Brundage --that decision suspending her from the Amateur Athletic Union. The appeal will be to the Metropolitan A. A. U. "And," she added, "I still train on champagne!" Well -- well.

SPAIN

— we can't dodge that story.

And now for Spain, ~~we have~~ ^{come} Today reports from eye

witnesses, refugees who made their escape, from the war-shattered

centers of the peninsula. I've just been talking to ~~a friend~~

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert O'Connell, who was attached to the

Embassy in Madrid, in charge of supplies. Naturally ^{one of} the first

question I asked him was "What about it? Are the rebels really

winning?" Said Colonel O'Connell, "I don't think there's a

And — doubt about it." As a military man he ought to know. He

explained to me further, "The rebels as you know, are entrenched

in the hills back of Madrid. The Government forces ^{simply} ~~are just~~

~~going~~ out every day and throwing themselves away in a hopeless

fight on those trenches." ^{TR} Then I asked, "How soon will

When will this slaughter be over. they win?" "Oh," replied O'Connell, "They're in no hurry.

They're aiming to starve the Madrid ~~ones~~ out."

I asked him if he had any exciting experiences. "It

was all pretty exciting," he said. "You never knew when a

stray bullet might ~~not~~ come your way. Several times, riding

through the streets of Madrid we had to throw our ² selves on the

floor of the car while the lead went pinging and whistling over

our heads."

Since I last talked to you, ^{new} several incidents ~~have~~ ^{seem to}

be raised ~~by~~ diplomatic temperatures to fever heat. German newspapers, all of course under government control, are packed with screaming headlines, demanding action. That means action to rebuke the seizure and search of the German ship KAMERUN by Spanish government war vessels off the Port of Cadiz. To that demand there was a swift reply. The Rear Admiral in command of the German flotilla sent a formal warning to the Spanish Admiral. "If any such episodes recur," says the German Commander-in-Chief, "We shall answer force with force." As Hitler's warships could as easily blow the Spanish fleet out of the water as we did at Santiago and Manilla, the threat is no idle one.

The Spanish government's desperate attempt to declare a blockade meets with no ~~xx~~ success. For one thing, ^{and} most important of all, it is not recognized by John Bull. John sticks to the maxim of international law that a blockade, to be ~~xx~~ recognized by other powers, must be effective. No power can, as Napoleon learned a hundred and twenty years ago, keep an ~~xx~~ enemy isolated by declaring a paper blockade. Unless you've got the ships to enforce it, it means nothing.

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Another episode to drive up the statesmen's

temperatures comes from south of the Rio Grande. A train of thirty cars loaded with war supplies is on its way from Mexico City to Vera Cruz. There a Spanish freighter, ~~the YAGAJANES~~, is waiting to load those munitions and rush them to Valencia, *Spain*.

When that became known there was an immediate repercussion in Rome. It lead the Italian government's spokesman, speaking unofficially, to say that it renders the chances for a neutrality agreement almost hopeless.

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John Bull made another move today in the apparently hopeless effort toward neutrality. Yesterday, you may remember, the Board of Trade placed an embargo on shipments of war munitions to Spain. Today the Air Minister put teeth into that embargo. It will cancel the license of any aviator who flies to the help of either side or who carries munitions to either side.

RUSSIA

There's one thing we have to admit about the Russians, they certainly have a sense of the theatre. (That trial of the conspirators at Moscow couldn't be more lurid or melodramatic if the scenario had been fully prepared in advance by an ~~experienced~~ playwright.)

The big sensation occurred today during the cross-examination of Gregory Zinoviev. ^{The word camea now that} the goal that he and Leon Kamenov and the fourteen other conspirators were aiming at was nothing less than a Fascist Russia. That's what they would have established if their plot to murder Josef Stalin had succeeded.)

8 ^{HP} ~~and~~ Why did it fail? Zinoviev's secretary, who had been picked to do the assassinating, committed suicide sooner than obey that bloodthirsty order. "You murdered him," shouted one of the other conspirators at Zinoviev. "I did not," was the reply.

The trial was made spicy-by many such interruptions and recriminations between the witnesses. The lie was constantly being passed from one to another. (And when Kamenov was asked why he, formerly one of the biggest Bolsheviks, was led into counter-revolution, he replied quite simply, as though it were

the most natural thing in the world, "Why, we wanted power.")/

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All the conspirators continue to agree that they were acting in concert with the exiled Leon Trotzky, in communication with him, carrying out his ideas. Trotzky today repeated his denial, said he had nothing to do with them, said he could prove it. This trial, he exclaimed, is worse than the Dreyfus affair.

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Last night I attributed the extraordinary confessions of the plotters to a quality of the Russian mind that the rest of the world cannot understand. (Trotzky's reply to that is -- All these confessions have been he says obtained by the ruthless third degree methods of the Ogpu, Russia's dreaded secret police. They threaten prisoners with unnameable tortures, then promise them a light sentence if they confess.) The main purpose of the trial, says Trotzky, is just to discredit him. There's one thing sure. Ex Comrade Bronstein, alias Trotzky, ought to know all about the methods of the Ogpu — and a - l - u - t - m -

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