

L.J. - Sumner. Nov. Oct. 8, 1934

RUSSIA

Over in Moscow a heart specialist is trying to keep a heart beating. The specialist is Russia's famous scientist, Professor Smirnoff, the man of fantastic experiments. Last winter he was reported to have restored a dead man to life, forty-five minutes after the victim's heart had stopped beating! This wizard of medicine claims that he could even beat the electric chair, ~~that~~ ~~he can~~ revive a man electrocuted in an American prison. His theory is that if a heart stops, it can always be made to beat again by the use of proper therapeutic stimulants.

So in Moscow tonight he is trying his scientific tricks on a heart that is in danger of failing. ^{It} Is he conducting some cold ~~scientific~~ experiments in a laboratory? No - the place ~~where he is~~ ~~working~~ is the Kremlin. The heart that he is trying to keep ~~steady~~ ~~and unflinching in its beat~~ ^{beating} is Joseph Stalin's, the Red Dictator's.

That's the story we have tonight. Nothing is being said about it officially in Moscow. The Soviet authorities, they say, are keeping it a secret - that Stalin is gravely ill, so gravely that the greatest medical men in the land of the Soviets have been summoned, and Stalin tonight is under the care of Professor Smirnoff, the renowned heart specialist, the wizard of science who was reputed

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to wake the dead.

The leaders of the nations will listen with keenest interest to tidings of Stalin's health. If the Red Dictator should die, ^{and apparently there's real danger -} it might precipitate a crisis in Russia. There is ^{a hint of} ~~nothing~~ ^{this} ~~in~~ another bit of news from Moscow. The World Congress of the Communist Internationale was scheduled to gather in Moscow this fall to talk of Soviet affairs and ~~a~~ world revolution. Now suddenly comes the announcement that it has been postponed until nineteen thirty-five. No official reason is given. But the wise men of diplomacy are saying - it's because of the serious illness of Stalin, that's why the Communist Congress has been postponed.

PERFUME

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~~A bit of~~ Lighter tidings from Red Russia come with the sweet scented word - perfume. They say the most attractive place in Moscow right now, at least for the ~~in~~ ladies, is a perfume shop that has just been opened. And that's something of a novelty in the ~~strained~~ ^{stern} land of ~~the~~ Revolution! For years those terrifyingly serious people, the Bolsheviks, frowned on every vanity and frivolity of feminine loveliness. And when a Bolshevik frowns, vanities and frivolities vanish like a pretty dream when the alarm clock rings. So there was no powder, no rouge, no lipstick, no silk ~~stinks~~ stockings. But recently those rules of Communistic Puritanism have been relaxed. Feminine complexions have blossomed, if not like the rose, at least a la drug store. Lips have become as red as the red flag, and silk stockings have been seen adorning the ~~under~~ ^{sturdy} pinnings of the feminine members of the Communist Party.

And now as a climax - the perfume shop! ~~Some~~ The Bolshevik beauties will smell as sweetly as the ^{rose} gardens of Ispahan or the honeysuckle bowers ~~of Alabama~~ ^{of Alabama}.

And the Communistic perfumes have fancy names too, ~~just~~ ^{something} like those Parisien nose tickling distillations. ~~you~~ ^{However} won't find any such poetic perfumes as "Ecstasy of love" or "Tonight or

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never". One Soviet scent goes in for romance so far as to be called "Red Divorce". But the others go in for more revolutionary and political appellations, signifying sociology and the machine age.

One dreamy burst of fragrance is called, "Five-Year Plan". Another, "Heroes of the Revolution". A third swooning concoction of the scent of violets has the chilly name of "Icebreaker," while the most ecstatic of all, ^a~~the~~ voluptuous blend of tube roses and lilies of the valley, is labelled: "Five thousandth tractor."

Well, those Marxian perfumes certainly do suggest a few ideas for modern poetry and passion. A raptuous ^alover might say: "Olga, you have the lingering fragrance of the Five-Year Plan", or "Darling, you smell like an icebreaker ^{back from two} six months in the Arctic." Or he might sigh: "Dearest, I seem to have in my arms the Five thousandth tractor!"

SPAIN

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The great question about Spain seems to be whether the army, the navy, and the police will support the Government firmly against the revolution. Well, in all the reports of bitter fighting and most violent disorder there seems to be no important evidence that the Government's cohorts are weakening or proving disloyal. On that basis political experts believe that the Madrid authorities will be able to put down the nationwide uprising of radical insurrectos. But of course tomorrow may be another story. We can only watch our ~~new~~ newspapers, and see whether Spain is headed for a period of strong determined government or for the chaos of revolution.

Tonight the picture is one of raging battle/scattered all over the Iberian Peninsula. Earlier reports seem to indicate that the government was getting the situation in hand, but later on came new tidings of revived turmoil. The streets of Madrid are a battle ground. Rebels ~~ex~~ blazed away at the government buildings. The troops fought back with rifles, machine guns and gas bombs. From other parts of the nation come a whole list

of battles -- government arsenels seized by the Revolutionaries,
government planes dropping high explosive^s on rebel positions,
the Spanish navy turning its guns on^a seaports^a captured by the
insurgents.

At the town of Pardo del Rey, the Communists raised
the Red flag and proclaimed a Red republic of their own. They
set fire to the city hall, to the churches, and killed the Mayor.

From this side of the water it looks like a showdown.

The Spanish situation has been simmering, threatening to boil
over, ever since the overthrow of King Alfonso. The Conservatives
and the Socialists have been snarling at each other, coming
to blows occasionally, everything disturbed, uncertain,

questioning -- nothing ^{final.} ~~decisive~~. But now it seems as if

decisive battle had ^{come} ~~been joined~~ between the bitterly ~~conflict~~

conflicting elements of Spanish ~~ix~~ politics, just as there was

a showdown of ^{desperate} ~~bitter~~ fighting between the Conservatives and

Socialists of Austrá.

CUBA

The crisis that has been brewing in Cuba came to a head today, with a general strike, ushering in ~~with~~ a blaze of violence and terror. The strike was begun by the employees of the Public Utilities Company in Havana. Other groups of workers are joining the walkout, one trade after another, ^{quitting} ~~quitting~~ shops and factories, parading the streets ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ flaring strike demonstrations. ^π And ^{the labor trouble is} ~~the strike is~~ not a mere economic dispute. There is a vivid revolutionary color. ~~quitting~~ Political chiefs opposing the government have joined the councils of the labor leaders. And the students, as usual, are in the thick of the rebellious proceedings. ^π There is talk that the combined opposition to the government is rallying around the strike, with the big Havana walkout ^{merely} a focus for a general attempt to revolt. ^π With the strike for an industrial basis and the revolutionary trend for a political background, it is not surprising that ^{we all} ~~there is~~ a violent picture. ^{tonight} The day in Havana began with those inevitable bombings. Explosives roared in a score of places, ^{aimed at} ~~blowing up~~ communications ^{and} ~~touched off to destroy~~ watermains. All over the city and throughout the island there have been bursts of shooting, snipers' battles, gun fights. The military forces of the government are in action everywhere, with Colonel Batista, the army chief, hurrying

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detachments to scores of critical points. The soldiers have been blazing away, making hundreds of arrests.

The situation is so serious that the Commander of the American warships in Cuban waters has ~~XXXXXX~~ cancelled all shore leave for ~~the~~ sailors. It wouldn't do to have the gobs wandering around amid all that bombing, shooting and battling.

They might get in the way of some of it -- or they might think it was not a private fight.

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LINDBERGH

Today's happenings in the Lindbergh case reopen the question of which state will try Hauptmann - New York or New Jersey. New York ~~has~~ has him indicted for extortion and the authorities in New Jersey all along have been saying they wanted him, to make him stand trial for kidnapping and murder.

The New Jersey side of the case developed decisively today with ~~the~~ Grand Jury proceedings in Hunterdon County, the county in which the crime took place. The Grand Jury met in the little courthouse at the quaint old town of Flemington. Witnesses gave their testimony, and one of the witnesses was Colonel Lindbergh himself.

Accompanied by a state trooper, the Lone Eagle ~~stroled~~ ^{strode} into the ~~courtroom~~ courtroom looking neither to ~~the~~ right nor ~~to the~~ left. He

~~was in the courtroom~~ ^{gave testimony} for fifteen minutes. What he testified was

kept secret, as all grand jury proceedings are. ~~But one~~ ^{JP} But one thing was speedily revealed - the decisive action ~~ix~~ on the New Jersey side. It was announced that the Grand Jury had returned a murder indictment against Hauptmann. The kidnapping was not mentioned.

The capital crime against human life alone was charged.

And that brings the question to a head: "Which state shall

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try Hauptmann, New York or New Jersey? And on what charge ~~should~~
~~he be tried~~, extortion or murder?" The next step will be for the
New Jersey Governor, in extradition proceedings, to demand that
New York send Hauptmann across the river. The prisoner's lawyer
has already announced he will fight extradition. It will be up to
the New York ~~authorities~~ authorities to say yes or no.

The general belief is that New York will say, "Yes", *and*
~~The chances are~~ that Hauptmann will be sent to New Jersey, ~~to answer~~
~~the indictment~~ for murder.

GOLD

The Supreme Court has spoken on one of those questions concerning the New Deal, one of the most important. It concerns the President's gold policy. And the case was taken to the courts as a deliberate test of the constitutional aspects of that spectacular move a year ago, when the Administration called in all of the nation's gold.

It will be just a year ago tomorrow that a ~~111~~ tall, white-haired New York lawyer marched into a bank with thirteen bars of the yellow metal. "I want the bank to take care of this gold for me", he announced.

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The bank official looked astonished! "Can't do it", he replied. "Don't you know that the President has called in all the gold, and it's against the law for you to keep any?"

"I know all about that law", responded the lawyer. "It's unconstitutional. And I'll fight for my rights if I have to go to jail."

That was the beginning of the test case which Frederick Barber Campbell has been fighting through the tribunals of the land.

he sued in the New York Federal Court, trying to establish his right to possess those yellow bars. But the larger test case came along when the government prosecuted him before a Federal Grand Jury which indicted him for gold hoarding. If convicted, he would face disbarment, also a ten thousand dollar fine or ten years in prison.

The lower courts found against him and he appealed - right up to the Supreme Court of the United States. This is one of the cases I referred to the other night - a whole series of them, testing the constitutional validity of the New Deal now to be decided by the Supreme Court in the new session which has just begun.

Yes, and the justices have lost no time speaking their word in that test gold case. Their decision was given today. They reject Mr. Campbell's appeal. They uphold the government. And this is the same as a flat declaration that the government's taking over of all the gold was and is constitutional.

MOVIETONE FLIGHT

A news-reel cameraman will go to any length, or any height to crank a shot -- even to the stratosphere.

Charles Stoeffler, the aviator; and Jack Kuhn, the Fox Movietone photographer, climbed to over twenty-six thousand feet and shot a top high-altitude view of New York, not a mere bird's-eye view, a regular planetary view. They could see the earth for a radius of a hundred miles.

They had been waiting for months before a clear enough day came along, with the atmosphere so transparent that a vivid picture could be made from those stratospheric heights. And there was a terrific gale blowing a way up there at the ceiling of the world. And that helped too, because they were able to hover almost at standstill and get a virtually motionless motion picture of the earth far below. The wind was blowing a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. Their plane was roaring against it at approximately the same speed. That made their actual progress zero, hanging in the stratosphere.

But the wind was threatening them momentarily with disaster. It was blasting with a tremendous sweep from the

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west, trying to blow them east. If their motor fails they'll be blown far out over the Atlantic Ocean. The wind will sweep their powerless plane too far out to sea for them ever to get back.

It's thirty degrees below up here. The air is so thin they have to use oxygen to breathe. They work away getting their pictures for Movietone listening anxiously to the roar of the motor. One spluttering miss, one stuttering halt in the long drone of the motor and their hearts will be in their mouths. But the motor never skips a tick, and when the job is done they circle swiftly to earth.

BASEBALL

For the first time in three years the World Series goes the limit, to the bitter end, the full seven games.

Today's game was one of those see-saw affairs. St. Louis ahead, the score tied, St. Louis ahead again, the score tied once more.

It looked alternately, gloomy and hopeful for Schoolboy Rowe, also for Daffy Dean. Yes, the drama of the Dean and the Schoolboy was played today. But not in its most classic form. Of the two Deans, Dizzy is generally rated a better pitcher, although Dizzy lost yesterday and Daffy won today, (The greater duel would be between Dizzy and the Schoolboy. But Daffy fought the Dean battle today,) and the Schoolboy was beaten

Daffy and his fellow Cards were ahead most of the way. But the Tigers tied it up in the third, St. Louis ahead in the sixth, and once more Detroit batted enough runs to make it even Stephen. For a third time the Cards forged ahead, and this time the Tigers couldn't make the tie again.

So now the Series is tied, with three games each. Tomorrow will witness as bitter and crucial a struggle as has ever been seen in the annual baseball classic. And who have they got to pitch in this most crucial of crucial

games? The Cards used ~~THE~~ Dizzy Dean yesterday and Daffy today.

It is mighty short notice to throw Dizzy into the fray again.

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Detroit pitched its brightest star today. ^Qand will Tommy Bridges, after his brilliant victory of yesterday, be in shape to take the mound tomorrow? It looks as if the ultimate climax will be decided by lesser lights in the two pitching staffs - or maybe by tired-out stars.

~~And talking about tired-out stars, Babe Ruth makes the announcement that next year he will either be a manager or nothing. The big B ambino declares he won't close his career with a minor job, sitting on the bench, pinch hitting once in a while. He would like to stay in baseball - but as a manager. According to that, if he stays on with the Yanks, it will only be by taking Joe McCarthy's place. That doesn't seem any too likely. Or, the Babe might manage another team.~~

He's in the prime of life, as years go, but in baseball he's in the grand old man class. He's talking in an appropriate tone. The newspapers tell us He's been giving advice to Dizzy Dean. They have become quite chummy, the fading giant among the hitters and the youthful star among the pitchers. The Babe has been talking

Tally-ho! Yoicks! The hunters are riding to the hounds, pink coats, the traditional caps and all the ceremonious paraphernalia of ^{the} fox hunting. Then an outrageous thing happened, most unconventional.

58 1/2 The Groton Hunt Club in Massachusetts is one of the most fashionable and aristocratic outfits in the country. Every-

thing is according to form, except one fox, a mean old fellow who has just committed the ultimate faux pas ^{- Fox pah.}

the huntsmen were after him, but instead of letting himself

get killed, according to ^{the Yoicks tally ho} ~~fox~~ tradition, that fox came to bay

at a stone wall. And ^{he} ~~the fox~~ jumped on the back of the nearest

hound and started biting and scratching. The ^{hound} ~~dog~~ howled. The

other hounds turned tail and ran, with the fox chasing after them.

Then as the huntsmen came galloping up, old Mr. fox sat down in the

59 middle of the bridle path and yelped defiance at the horses and

riders, pink coats and all. That was the end of the Groton Fox

^{for} Hunt that day. The huntsmen followed the dogs home and the fox

slid away into the woods. Long may he wave.

And yoicks, tally-ho + s-l-u-t-m