

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

46

The most cheery thing to be thankful about in the news tonight is word from a remote indian village of Alaska. A blizzard-swept collection of snow bound huts amid frosty desolation along Idaho Inlet, in Gull Cove -- fifty miles from the nearest point of civilization, the nearest telegraph office. In that far off snow storm thirteen people sat down to Thanksgiving Day dinner today. Not thirteen for hard luck, thirteen for the best of luck. I don't know what they did for provisions but I can't imagine much turkey up there along the frozen shore of Gull Cove. Maybe they had little if any dinner for Thanksgiving, a can of beans or a frozen fish. But they are happy just the same, those lucky thirteen -- happy to be alive.

In a blizzard miles from nowhere! -- that's the reason the lost Alaskan passenger plane was missing ~~for~~ so long, *ever since Monday.*

Last night we heard of the search that was being made for it. The liner first left Anchorage on Turnaget Arm and flew on to Cordova bound for Juneau along that remote coast of mountains and glaciers, the St. Elias Range. Today an Indian runner, after pushing his way for fifty snowy miles brought a message from Pilot Chet Brown -- a brief message in which the aviator said that the plane had been forced down at Gull Cove, that everybody aboard was safe and that he expected to take off for Juneau as soon as the blizzard was over. He didn't explain what had happened, what had brought the sky liner to earth. Probably it was just the blinding blizzard, the worst in twelve years. And they have terrific blizzards along that coast where thirteen today had a lucky Thanksgiving Day dinner.

RANCH

In Southern Texas -- all day on this day of Thanksgiving half a dozen armed men have been riding, hunting and searching on a ranch. They are a posse looking for two men who have strangely vanished on that fenced-in property. They may ride for many a day before they cover all of those privately owned acres. For it's the King ranch, a million acres -- the kingdom of King.

Two men supposedly entered the grounds of the mighty ranch, and are missing. So the hunt for them is on.

This story reaches back to the fabulous era after the Mexican War when Texas first joined the Union. A captain King established a ranch which in time became a property of a million acres. One of the first to aid Captain King in his cattle ventures was a United States army officer, Robert E. Lee -- later to become the world-famous General of the Confederacy. After the Civil War General Grant was a visitor paying his friendship in homage to the kingdom ruled by King.

Today the King Ranch is described as the largest in the world, enclosed by fifteen hundred miles of fence.

On guard near the main ranch house is a huge cannon, a ~~mem~~ momento of the old ranch wars and cattle feuds. Like the domain of a medieval duke, it has its own game preserve, its own wardens -- well guarded thickets with deer, wild pigs, quail, wild turkeys and ducks.

For many a year the farmers and small ranchers of those parts have looked with ^{of} hostility at the kingdom of King. They claim that it dominates the political and economic life of the surrounding region. And the folks down there mutter - that the ranch is a devourer of human beings. They say that in the past few years eight men have ventured into that domain of a million acres and have vanished:- Hunters going after forbidden game.

Now this local feud comes to a climax with the disappearance of Luther Blanton and his son John. They lived not far from the border of the ranch. They went to shoot ducks at a lagoon of the estate. Mrs. Blanton, wife of one and mother of the other, tells how shortly afterwards she heard three shots. Investigation later showed the marks of automobile tires

near the lagoon -- which caused the suspicion that bodies may have been removed by car. Eight days have passed -- no sign of the missing men. So now the neighborhood is up in arms, local farmers holding mass meetings and threatening to tear down the fences and burn the buildings of the ranch.

Today Constable Oakes announced that something important ~~xx~~ was about to be uncovered. So the Thanksgiving Day hunt was on -- a posse of men with guns searching those million acres -- the kingdom of King.

McPHERSON

When Sister Aimee has an altercation with the Angel of Broadway, the language should be Biblical. When the evangelist of the Four-Square Gospel gets into a row with a former renowned Salvation Army lass, the conversation should be reminiscent of the Scriptures. Such indeed is what we discover this Thanksgiving Day evening.

Sister Aimee called the Angel of Broadway -- a Jezebel, so we are told. Shades of the Salvation Army -- a Jezebel. And that's only one out of eighteen separate and distinct alleged insults -- all no doubt equally Biblical.

Some years ago the Salvation Army lass used to preach to the sinful throngs at Times Square on the Great White Way. She schieved great ^fame and sanctity, as the Angel of Broadway. Later she married a rich San Francisco stock broker and went to California to live. There she became associated with Sister Aimee Semple McPherson, in the preaching of the Four-Square Gospel at Angelus Temple in Los Angeles. Angel, Angelus, Los Angeles, all decidedly angelic.

Last year when Sister Aimee went on a nation-wide tour of evangelism, the Angel of Broadway took her place, preaching the Four Square Gospel.

Recently, however, things ~~have~~ have become somewhat less angelic. Several months ago the Angel of Broadway fell ill, and went to a hospital. Her Angelus Temple salary still continued -- until last week, when the Angel ~~travels~~ received notice from Sister Aimee. This communication told her that her services were no longer required. And that's how the un-Angelic fight began.

There was an argument, a back and forth of compliments, which now culminates with the news of the eighteen separate and distinct Biblical insults; the high spot -- Sister Aimee calling the Angel of Broadway a Jezebel.

What's the angelic retort? It isn't Scriptural at all. It's more inclined to the legal side -- a lawsuit. It's announced today that the Angel of Broadway is suing Sister Aimee for every one of those insults. For each she demands ten thousand dollars actual damages and fifty thousand punitive

damages. That means sixty thousand dollars per insult.

Double for the Jezebel crack? No, just eighteen insults

at sixty thousand each, which comes to a million and eighty

thousand dollars. That's how much the Angel of Broadway

wants Sister Aimee to hand over. In other words:- "Render

unto Caesar." It also seems to have some relation to

Thanksgiving. If she gets it -- thanks for the giving.

FOOTBALL

Thanksgiving Day with its echo of "All America" -- in the realm of football. This is the time of year when the experts pick the creme de la creme of the pigskin.

The All American urge is so infectious today, that I think I'll get that way myself. But don't worry, I'm not announcing my choices for the eleven of all elevens -- not any Radio All American Football team of Nineteen Thirty-Six. I'm just picking the year's all American football story.

Several weeks ago the papers told how the Yale team had suddenly lost its plunging fullback and kicking star, Big Dave Colwell from Colorado. Stricken with appendicitis and operated on.

Then came the day of the Yale - Princeton game. And when the Eli team trotted into Palmer Stadium I saw that Colwell number, 44. I remarked to my companions that of course they were allowing him to sit on the bench, in football rig, to boost the spirits of his teammates. In an emergency, they might call him into the game just to kick the ball once, and then take him out.

Well, Colwell sat on the bench during that opening quarter in which the Tiger proceeded to chase the Bulldog all over the field. Score 16-0 for Princeton.

But Yale came to life and rolled up three touchdowns. Score Yale 20 Princeton 16. But Princeton now marched the full length of the field. Then came the thrilling moment. Yale's ball, and obliged to kick out from behind their own goal line. Into the game dashes Frank Merriwell -- Dave Colwell, I mean. Going in to save the day and make that kick. He got it off okay, ~~xx~~ while sixty thousand held their breath. Everybody seemed to know Colwell had just undergone that operation.

We all expected ~~xx~~ he would be immediately taken out of the line-up. But Princeton put the ball into play instantly, and on a forward pass, the Tiger halfback, Kaufman, broke loose, headed for a touchdown. And there came the one in a thousand chance:- The only man between Kaufman and the Yale goal line was Colwell. He made a dive for the Princeton back, tackled him, just a couple of yards from the goal. When the pile-up_{*} unscrambled, one man remained on the ground -- Colwell, out

cold. He was revived and helped from the field as 60,000 people thought maybe here was a case of a man dying for Eli Yale.

That was the story. But, did you hear the sequel, about how a New York sports writer talked to Captain Larry Kelley about the Colwell episode, and of how Kelley told him the secret? The big fullback had not been knocked out at all when he tackled ~~Jim~~ Kaufman. After Colwell kicked out from behind the goal Kelley whispered to him: "Hurry up and get hurt, Dave, get knocked out!"

"Why"? said Colwell.

"Because we've already used up our limit of substitutes; and, you've got to leave the game. You can't play in the shape you're in. But, if you walk off the field and we put in another man, we'll be penalized five yards. If you're knocked out, another man can take your place without our being penalized. So hurry up and get ~~hurt~~ hurt!"

And, on the next play Colwell seemed to be out cold. Kelley went over to him. He was lying on his face, apparently lifeless. Kelly said: "Okay, Dave, you can roll over now."

As Colwell turned over he started to laugh, and Kelley clapped a hand over his mouth so no one would see that laugh. And then Colwell was helped from the field; and we all thought he was badly injured.

Now the question is -- which is the better story, the way we saw it happen, or the way Kelley tells it? Either way that's my selection for the All-American Football story for 1936.

Thanksgiving Day weather for the President is quickly told by the fact that the Indianapolis is steaming south of the Equator, a hundred miles off the Coast of Brazil. Last night the Graf Zeppelin circled twice in the balmy sky above ^{U.S.} the warship.

A couple of days ago I told of a cable I had from Bill E Murray, ~~the Fox~~ Movietone cameraman ^{telling} ~~who is filming~~ the Presidential trip. ~~Bill told me~~ of the surprise when the President's son, James, blossomed forth in a colonel's uniform -- colonel of Marines. Today we hear that James Roosevelt will act as military aide to his father for the duration of the South American trip -- that long at least. From Secretary of the Navy Swanson we hear today that the President's son past the requirements and tests before the trip started and that he has been commissioned a Lieutenant-Colonel.

DEBT

Here's a bit of foreign news of lively interest to Americans. The Parliament of France today began the discussion of a problem to which no citizen of the United States will say - oh, that's just some more foreign news. The war debt problem. Premier Blum, when he took office, indicated that his government would see what could be done about paying up. Today that large financial matter went before the Chamber of Deputies. The French lawmakers are trying to evolve a workable plan for squaring up with Uncle Sam -- enough to please the U.S.A. and not enough to make it too painful for the French.

The reaction in Washington? hopeful, but not too optimistic. Uncle Sam will respond gladly to any offer to pay, but he isn't counting the francs, -- not just yet. The war debt from all the nations totals over twelve billion dollars. Of this France owes over four billion. On December fifteenth installments of a hundred and fifty-five million are due. Of this the French share is twenty-two million. In the midst of all of these figures of money owed us, the treasury officials have only one real expectation -- that Finland will pay her small installment on the date and on the line as usual.

It was moving day in shell-torn Madrid -- moving day for the Americans. The United States consular officials celebrated Thanksgiving Day on the road. They headed east in two motor caravans for Valencia where they'll board the American cruiser, Raleigh. This ~~is~~ in accordance with orders ^{from} ~~of~~ the State Department ~~44~~ to abandon beleaguered Madrid.

Artillery and sky bombs blasted away at the Spanish capital -- as usual, today. Destruction piled on destruction. Results -- indecisive. ^π The international situation is about the same -- threatening, dragging on. A new touch was added when a Spanish rebel boat stopped a Russian ship. Franco has announced that he'll blockade the Straits of Gibraltar, so sacred to Britain. Armed rebel trawlers, fishing craft, bristling with ~~fm~~ guns, have been patrolling in the shadow of the famous rock. Today one of them fired a shot across the bow of the Russian vessel. The Russian may ~~be~~ have been taking munitions to the Spanish Left Wingers. That's what Franco wants to stop.

IRISH

8 1/2
When there's war, you're likely to find an "o" in it. Not
in the spelling, but in the fighting. In any scrap you're
likely to hear of an O'Rielly, an O'Bræn, an O'Donnell, or
some other "o". Tonight we hear of O'Duffy! ^{And that} ~~which~~ has a fighting
Irish sound. It's General O'Duffy of the Irish Free State, head
of the Blue Shirts, the Irish Fascists. O'Duffy arrived in
Spain today with a regiment of his Blue Shirts. They're
enlisting in the Spanish Civil War. On which side is that
Irish contingent fighting? You can surmise ~~that~~ from the fact
that the Spanish reds are bitterly anti-Catholic, while Franco's
rebels are fighting for the church. Moreover, the Blue Shirts
are themselves inspired by Mussolini's Black Shirts and the
political principles of Fascism. So the "o" tonight is on the
rebel side -- "o" as in Franco. Also as in so-o-

59 1/4 long until tomorrow - o