

L. T. - SUNOCO - FRIDAY - JANUARY 29, 1937

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

News from Washington: (President Sloan of General Motors and other high G. M. officials in conference with Secretary of Labor Perkins. This follows the government insistence that the company should engage in further parley to settle the auto strike.) What's happening behind closed doors in Washington is not revealed. But everything has the appearance that a big break in the strike situation may be at hand.

This supposition is strengthened by Governor Murphy of Michigan, who predicts a break.

There is similarly hopeful news from the West Coast -- in the seamen strike. Union leaders made a statement today that it won't be long -- it won't be long before the walk-out of maritime workers is settled and a thing of the past.

L.T. - SUNOCO. FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1937.

~~GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY.~~

But I suppose

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The most important bit of news tonight is the weather report, the forecast for the Mississippi Valley. The weather man utters an ominous word - rain! The weekend promises wet weather in the flood areas, which are already much too wet. A few days of steady moisture would certainly retard the receding of the flood, keep the high waters from getting lower, and a series of heavy downpours might bring back the surge of the deluge.

Army officers in charge of the flood-fight at Memphis sounded a keynote this morning - saying: "If it doesn't rain, we've got the river licked."

To that the weather man responded with that short, simple and now quite ugly word - rain.

The cool headed opinion of the experts is tonight - that a new fall of moisture will have some bad effect, and will

undoubtedly prolong the flood somewhat, but will not cause anything very serious.

(The levee system along the Mississippi is holding up, as the flood moves southward - although there are indications of danger at various places.) The dike between Cairo, Illinois, and Tiptonville, Tennessee, developed alarming symptoms today - water-boils. That's when the vast ^{weight} ~~mass~~ of water washes itself through the sand underneath the levee, and comes up on the other side, ^{the} water seeping out and foaming on the surface of the sand. So tonight, with thousands of sandbags, they are feverishly reenforcing the dike where the water-boils threaten.

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And the same sand bag scenes are witnessed, in the glare of electric torches, automobile headlights and bonfires, near many a small town along the Mississippi. At New Madrid and Mallwood, Arkansas, they are working without rest. At Slough Landing Neck, the dike is threatening to go out.

The Army stands ready tonight to move the people out of the danger zone between Memphis, Tennessee, and Charleston, Missouri. Colonel Fleet of the Ninth Infantry made a

~~RECON~~

reconnaissance of the low-lands today, and returned a report of -
peril. He recommended that the Army get ready to move a hundred
thousand people. ~~out of that section~~

Memphis tonight is a coloney of refugees. ~~Nineteen~~
Ninety thousand of the homeless are in large buildings, now
turned into concentration camps. Memphis stands on a high bluff
overlooking
~~overlook~~ the river - safe from flood, it's far above the highest
reach of high water. So Memphis is the mecca of the refugees.

BIRTHDAY BALL

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Tomorrow the nation will dance to help those that cannot dance. There have been suggestions that the President's Birthday Ball funds should be diverted from the infantile paralysis to flood relief. This brings a statement from the National Birthday Ball Committee, which explains that seventy percent of the money is placed at the disposal of the local committees, to be used for charity as they see fit. ^{National} Chairman ^{Henry L.} Colonel Doherty points out that the committees can do as they please about applying this seventy percent to flood relief.

Thirty percent is used for research work on infantile paralysis, such as is done at the Warm Springs Foundation. The President ~~declares the National Birthday Ball Committee~~ feels that this thirty percent should not be diverted from paralysis research. ^{And}

[^] Admiral Grayson, head of the Red Cross, agrees with the President. "Infantile paralysis menaces thousands of children," he says. "The Red Cross has its own organization to appeal for flood relief." ^{The} ~~Take~~ Admiral adds that he is sure the American people will respond to both causes, the paralysis fight and flood relief.

RUSSIA

We find the weird and fantastic in the news tonight. And, of course, one weird item is that fantastic trial in Russia. ^{Today the} ~~The~~ defendants made their last speeches, replying to the Red prosecutors demand for their death.

Radek, the brilliant journalist, provided something out of the ordinary in these trials of wild confession. He was not so abject, not so full of self-abasement and voluble repentance. Radek declared that he was a Trotskyist, and still is one. He still believes in Trotsky's theory that you can't build Socialism in only one nation, Russia alone. *It has to be world revolution.*

It was a different story with the other chief defendant, the old Bolshevik, Piatakoff, one of the original apostles of Lenin. He protested his complete repentance, ~~his~~ utter change of mind. Admitting plots and treason against Stalin, sabotage and espionage, he shouted that he has now come to believe in Stalin. He denounced Trotsky bitterly.

Walter Duranty, Moscow correspondent ~~for~~ the NEW YORK TIMES, contributes a telling detail -- writing that Piatakoff himself, in the day he was a powerful lieutenant of Lenin, had presided

as a judge at one of those ^{earlier} Communist trials. ~~some years ago.~~

Socialist revolutionaries were the defendants then, facing their doom. Now Piatakoff, the former Red judge, faces his own.

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The Communist prosecutor today added another touch, when he reminded Radek and Piatakoff of what they had written when those other old Bolsheviks, Zinovieff and Kameneff, were tried as Trotskyists and executed several months ago. Then they wrote savagely about the defendants, and were merciless in demanding their death. Now they themselves are facing ^{the} Communist music, with other Red journalists writing ferocious demands for their execution.

The Moscow court will give its decision over the weekend. And the decision is virtually certain to be -- death by the firing squad.

Ziffren.

Jan. 29,

1937.

SPAIN

Now -- some more of the weird and fantastic. This time, it concerns war, the clash of Left Wingers and Fascists in Spain. The Spanish war news has been dominated by the terror of the air raids on Madrid.

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Tonight we can have a first hand picture of a sky attack on a great city. We can have it told ^{to} _^ us by somebody who was through it all, a trained newspaper man, skilled to observe and gather impressions -- the United Press correspondent just returned from Madrid. Lester Ziffren broke the story of the outbreak of the Spanish army revolt. He covered the Civil War all along, and was in Madrid through the siege until now. He's here to tell us about the greatest of all those air raids that hit the Spanish capital; -- he was in the thick of it. You were telling me, Lester, that it was a nightmare of terror.

ZIFFERN:- Yes, Lowell - a nightmare so vivid that I still can see it. The terror of that November Seventeenth, will always remain with me. The planes came over late in the afternoon. An incendiary bomb hit the Palacio de Liria, home of the Duke of Alba, Spain's bluest blooded noble. I made a quick trip to the palace, to cover the fire. The flames were licking their way through the building reddening the sky as they shot high in the air. The palace had been converted into a museum of art treasures. It contained Goyas, Rubens, Titians. I saw the Militia removing the pictures as rapidly as they could. I helped save a large portrait or two, although the heat was terrific and the inside of the building was like the inside of a furnace. It was an infierno, as the Spaniards would say. A few blocks away the Montana army barracks were also ablaze. All Madrid seemed to be on fire.

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L.T.: You were telling me that the bombers came over again, continuing the air raid.

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ZIFFERN: It was a second installment - after dark, night attack.

I was back in the center of the city. The anti-aircraft guns on tall buildings let loose with red tracer bullets arching their way into the blackness of the night against the unseen foe.

I dived into a doorway in a sidestreet off the Gran Via, Madrid's Broadway. A bomb landed 75 feet away tearing out the wall of a five-and-ten cent ~~ret~~ store and digging a hole from sidewalk to sidewalk, about forty feet across and forty feet deep.

L.T.: And you were on the go, covering the story through all that?

ZIFFREN: Yes, I moved ~~south towards the Gran Via hotel and~~ down towards the Plaza del Carmen, a typical Spanish market place. The square was completely in flames. I took refuge in a small fish shop where I found a dozen men, women and children. There were three elderly women dressed in black, their drawn faces streaked with tears. One of them -- she appeared to be about seventy -- was mumbling, "mi hi ja, mi hija -- my daughter, my daughter", shrieking her fear. I helped women down into a cellar and went back into the street. _____

L. J. I stopped at that hotel - the Gran Via.
~~It~~ ^{seems impossible}
^ The planes were bombing the very center of Madrid.

ZEFFREN: The heart of the city. I ran to the Puerta del Sol, the Times Square of Madrid. Two explosions rocked the area. One tore up street car tracks and dug a terrific hole and set fire to buildings alongside the Ministry of Finance. Another smashed into a subway station and flames spread to another block of stores and offices.

L.T.: And all of this in darkness, the blackness of night!

ZIFFREN: I moved back towards the Gran Via and saw a new phenomenon. The bombers had dropped calcium bombs which gave off an eery greenish blue light. The calcium fire ran along the streets and on the roofs of buildings until the entire section was illuminated with a weird brilliance of greenish blue. Men and women and children were running in all directions screaming their fright. Terror-stricken women clutched their children to their breasts and yelled ~~screeched~~ with horror. It was madness

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itself. Some of the calcium set fire to the top of my car, burned through and destroyed the seat before I could put out the flames.

L.T.: Yes, that must have been the weirdest of the fantastic - and now I will contribute a weird one, in the American news today.

MINE

In a West Virginia coal mine there's an abandoned shaft, a creepy, spooky sort of place. In the shaft there's a pool of water, deep and icy, water that ~~is~~ wells^S out of the subterranean rocks. It is mighty seldom that a miner ventures into the shaft, and goes near the chilly pool. But today men were working there, driving a trench to drain the pool. ~~They are~~ looking for a man's body. And all this because of a mournful, lugubrious scene.

Robert Johnson, a miner, was missing. He had gone into the depths of the black pit, with his dog. The dog came back. A searching party went hunting for the vanished coal miner. His dog went ~~with it~~ ^{along.} They followed his footsteps through the damp passageways to the edge of the pool. There the footsteps ended.

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While the searchers stood wondering, there was a commotion. The dog plunged into the icy water, swam out to the middle, and began to whine. Swimming there, the dog let out ~~a~~ ^{lugubrious} ~~series of the moans~~ howls. A ghostly scene, as the cavern echoed with the howling of the missing man's dog!

From that they surmised that the miner had fallen into the pool and drowned, and today they were draining out the water, — because the dog howled.

FOOTBALL

Major Lawrence Jones has a first rate military record, but it's the football record of Coach "Biff" Jones that is significant in the news today. It explains why Major Lawrence Jones is retiring from the Army. In his football career, "Biff" Jones ~~xxxxxxx~~ has coached teams which won fifty-nine games, lost nineteen, and scored ties in ten. So now he is giving up the parade ground for the gridiron, renouncing the rank of Major in favor of the permanent title of "Coach."

Biff is forty-one. ~~He roomed on the football~~ *He first appeared on the*

coaching

horizon in the role you'd expect, coach at West Point. As boss

of the cadet kickers and passers, he gained a dignified and

meritorious distinction, but it wasn't until he was loaned by

the Army to coach at Louisiana State, that ^{Biff} hit the headlines

with a biff and a bang! ~~He staged clashes with~~ *That was when he banged into* Huey Long. The

Kingfish tried to take a hand in the running of Biff Jones's

team. ^{Huey's} ~~idea~~ idea was to get the players together between halves

and give them "tough talks." Huey was pretty good at talking

tough. But Biff said he was running the team, and hurled his

defiance at the mighty Kingfish. After a series of ^{verbal} ~~rugged~~ battles, Major Lawrence Jones went away from ~~he left Louisiana State~~ that place.

Later on the Army lent him to the University of Oklahoma as a coach. He's still there, but ~~is~~ scheduled to leave on June Eleventh. The Army cancelled ~~the arrangement~~ ^{that -} because of regulations.

But the call of football is strong, with ten thousand dollars of strength. The University of Nebraska indicated its willingness to pay Biff ten thousand ~~dollars~~ for the first year, eleven thousand the second, and twelve thousand dollars a year thereafter - a five year contract. At least, those are the figures reported. So Major Lawrence Jones is leaving the

Army to ^{remain} ~~become~~ ^{- Coach -} Biff Jones at Nebraska. ^{In the Corn} ~~He succeeded Dana~~ Bible, taking the place of the Bible - the Bible ^{being Dana} Bible, who recently resigned ~~the job to take an offer at the~~ ^{to earn more pieces of silver} at the University of Texas.

SHIP

There's no MORRO CASTLE story to be told tonight, no repetition of that frightful disaster of fire at sea. There was worry and misgiving this morning when the first distress signal came from the SHAWNEE - a message of fire aboard the six thousand ton luxury ~~liner~~ ^{ship} of the Clyde-Mallory Line. Steaming in the Gulf Stream, bound to New York from Florida, with a hundred and ninety vacation passengers, and a crew of a hundred and eighty - ~~and~~ flames were raging in the Number Two hold. The SHAWNEE called for help seventy-five miles off the Virginia Capes, and skippers of ships in those waters raced to the rescue. The thought in their minds - MORRO CASTLE!

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An hour later, ~~happy to relate~~ the radio signals from the ship on fire, changed the story to cheer. Captain Chelton wirelessed that his crew was battling the flames, making headway against the blaze, as the SHAWNEE was steaming for Cape Henry through heavy seas. The Captain said he didn't need any assistance but asked that rescue ships be ready to help the SHAWNEE - just in case.

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Later on, a wireless came that the fire was definitely under control, so much ~~under control~~ ^{so} that the SHAWNEE, instead of continuing to nearby land at Cape Henry, had turned back to its scheduled course - steering for New York. So there is no MORRO CASTLE story tonight - ~~luckily~~ ^{luckily}.