

Amman
7/21/36

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

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The dominant place in the news tonight is taken by Spain, but the news from Spain is brief. Events of tremendous importance are happening over there, but we can tell little about them - we don't know. It's a crisis of historic significance - whether the land of Cervantes becomes conservative Fascist or swings to red radicalism. But that question ^{CAN}~~could~~ not be answered tonight, we haven't even the material for a guess - because the wall of censorship still hides the Iberian peninsula from the outside world.

(The government of Madrid allows only its own dispatches to get out of the country, and these reports claim victory. ~~They say the revolt is about to be smashed.~~) They tell of government planes bombing and machine-gunning rebel troops, chasing them away. Still, from Madrid's own accounts of its own ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ success in many places, it's clear that the military

Fascist revolt has the whole Spanish nation in its grip - with
the left wing government ~~in~~ control ~~and~~ maintained chiefly in
the great ~~great~~ cities of Madrid and Barcelona. *And even in Madrid* they had to

suppress an outbreak today.) The radical authorities are calling
upon the Socialist workmen to rush to the defense of their
regime, and from various places comes the word of proletarian
battalions fighting against the military rebels.

(The insurgent side of the story chiefly comes from
the frontier - the French frontier. From this source we learn
that the rebels are in control in the provinces of northern Spain,
such as Navarre. They conquered the important city of ~~San Sebastian~~
San Sebastian today, after bitter fighting.) American Ambassador
Claude Bowers, by the way, is vacationing in San Sebastian -
in the thick of it.

The rebel radio, with the insurgent commander,
General Franco, at the microphone, cries "victory", and
calls upon the government of the left wing to submit.

There are rumors and reports of ~~mutinies~~ mutinies
on warships, the storming of forts, with estimates of casualties
in the tens of thousands. But the true facts of the desperate,

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cut

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bloody crisis in Spain must be summarized with the words tonight -
we don't know.

SOVIET FLIGHT

I ran into some interesting sidelights on one of the big news stories of the day through the Explorers Club this afternoon. Aviation enthusiasts all over the world, tonight, are talking about that tremendous Soviet flight that has been going on without benefit of publicity.

The latest is that the Soviet flyers are attempting to smash the non-stop long distance record. Their hope is to fly seven thousand, five hundred miles without coming down, in an immense, sweeping polar circle. And they have already covered somewhere between a half and two-thirds of that distance.

Today the greatest of all living authorities on the Arctic regions, Vilhjalmur Stefansson at the Waldorf, told me about the route they're taking:- Moscow north to Franz Joseph Land, then to some of the recently explored islands of the Arctic Ocean, across Northern Land, then across the mouth of the Lena River, into Siberia, to the Bering Sea country, along Kamchatka,



and around to Inner Siberia to Irkutsk on Lake Baikal.

~~Stefansson explained to me, both plane and motor~~

~~are of Soviet make, but the motor is American.~~ There are three

members of the crew: Pilots Chikaloff and Baidukoff; ^{and} Navigator Beliakoff.

~~While we were talking over this flight,~~ Dr. Walter Granger,

the President of the Explorers Club, renowned Central Asian

explorer, referred to the extreme differences in temperature^s over there -- incredibly hot in summer, unbelievably cold in winter.

And Stefansson told us that not long ago a new low temperature was recorded in Siberia. Until this new low, the record drop for the mercury had been noted at a place called Verkoynosk,

almost on the Arctic Circle in Siberia -- ninety-four degrees

above in the shade, in the summer; ninety-three degrees below

in the winter. But now, two hundred miles south of the Arctic

Circle, they've recorded a temperature colder, lower than that,

at a place called Oimeken. ^{This pleased} ~~the explorers~~

Stefansson, who has always contended that the Temperate Zone is

colder than the Arctic. He said he suffered more from the heat

in the Arctic regions than he had from the cold -- a hundred in

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the shade, with mosquitoes so bad that if you reached out blindly with your hand, you could grasp a dozen or more.

And that's the region over which Comrades Chikaloff, ~~and~~ Baidukoff and Beliakoff are passing tonight on their sensational attempt to break the world's non-stop long distance flying record.

COMETS

Each year about eight comets are visible to the astronomer and his telescope. Each hundred years about twenty comets flash brightly enough to be visible to the naked eye. ~~They are not so frequent.~~ How often, ~~is it~~, then, ^{one} ~~that~~ two comets ~~are~~ visible to the naked eye on the same night. [?] It's one of the rarest things in astronomy.

before you and I were around these parts,
It happened in 1852. ^λ It will happen again tonight. ~~Just~~
~~take a look and if you have sharp eyes you will be able to see Peltier's Comet and Kabo's Comet.~~

Maybe this should be called amateur astronomers' night, because both of these eccentric ^{wanderers} ~~wanderers~~ of the sky were discovered, not by observatory astronomers with their mighty telescopes, but by amateurs. Peltier's Comet, ~~was~~ discovered ~~just nine week ago~~, on May Fourteenth, by Dr. Leslie Peltier of Delphos, Ohio. Tonight it may be seen in the Northeast near the constellation Cassiopeia ^{— the chair —} ^λ if you know where that is. It will be large enough, when you look at it -- one-tenth the diameter of the full moon. But, to the unaided eye it will be a mere luminous blur. ~~One will~~

~~only be able to see the comets vague, nebulous tail~~ ^{And} It's
thirty-five million miles away.

This isn't the first comet discovered by that
amateur astronomer, Dr. Peltier of Delphos, Ohio. Six years
ago he picked out another one -- al^h though a couple of pro-
fessional astronomers in Germany spied ~~it~~ it about the same
time.

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For comet number two tonight you will need the
acutest of eyesight, ~~if you expect to see it~~. It will be
visible for a short time ~~immediately~~ ^{before dawn's ~~rise~~ ^{op} just after} sunset, a faint
nebulous patch of light in the West. It's ninety-three
million miles away. ~~Discovered~~ Discovered only four days ago by an
amateur astronomer in Japan, Sigura Kabo.

Tonight, the night ~~is~~ of the two comets, is a
good time to reflect on the interesting fact that in the
history of astronomy some of the significant observations and
discoveries have been made by non-professionals -- like the
doctor in Ohio, and the amateur stargazer in Japan.

It's always good news when strikes are settled. I've just heard that the strike in the R.C.A. plant at Camden, ~~NY~~ New Jersey is over. And here is a joint statement by ^{William} ~~John~~ ~~American Federation of Labor~~ ~~United Mine Workers~~ ~~American Federation of Labor~~ ^{Green} ~~H. Lewis~~, President of the ~~American Federation of Labor~~ and General Hugh Johnson, issued a few moments ago. It reads:-

"We have been in touch with the negotiations in connection with the strike at the R.C.A. Camden plant from the beginning. At the outset, David Sarnoff, President of the R.C.A. stated the policy of the company to be the principle of the Labor Relations Act, now the law of the land. Throughout the period of the strike he has maintained this policy without deviation. In the settlement reached, which we regard as fair to the Union and the Company, Mr. Sarnoff has shown a forward-looking attitude toward labor, while at the same time protecting the interests of the Radio Corporation of America."

TORNADO

Fort Worth, Texas, was in sorrow today. Fort Worth is shedding great crocodile tears. Fort Worth and Dallas always were rivals, and this centennial year of Texas independence has sharpened the complication between those two metropolitan Texas cities, which are only thirty miles apart.

Dallas was able to outbid every other Texas city for the privilege of staging the centennial fair. But Fort Worth decided to have a fair and raised its banner with this slogan - "Go to Dallas for education, come to Fort Worth for entertainment." And Fort Worth imported a New York beauty impresario. Down there they put a ten gallon hat on him and dubbed him Billy the Kid Rose. They also imported his girlies - a Broadway high-stepping, high-kicking chorus. So Dallas, with all its educational fervor, had to meet the musical comedy challenge, and put on a beauty show of its own.

So you can imagine Fort Worth's grief and anguish today, when that Texas tornado hit the Dallas Fair. And just about blew the scanties off those girls.

Today Dallas spent the hours picking up the wreckage, clearing up the rubbish, after the black funnel shaped cloud swooped

down on the town and knocked everything galley west. Thirty persons injured, a million dollars' damage to the whole city. The Fair was battered to the tune of two hundred thousand dollars. Decorations ripped to pieces, illuminating signs went flying, pinnacles and steeples knocked over. The elaborate stage setting of a pageant, "The Cavalcade of Texas", was flattened out by the blasting wind. Lightning struck the dressing rooms for the actors, but the rain put out the fire.

But is Dallas discouraged? Not at all. Tornadoes or typhoons, Dallas raises a windblown eyebrow to Fort Worth.

BLACK LEGION

Now, what kind of madness is coming out of this Black Legion? Are we living in a nightmare -- hearing about this ^{latest} reported confession of the black hooded executioner? The Detroit prosecutor tells us ~~the latest~~ ^a story ascribed to the trigger man for the skull and cross-bones. It's to the effect that the Black Legion killed a man, a negro war veteran, ~~if~~ just for fun. They ~~just~~ wanted to see how it felt to kill. And the murder was committed as entertainment at a Black Legion drinking party.

This story is something ~~fiendish~~ ^{fantastic}. Is it true? Suppose it isn't true? [?] Suppose it's just something ~~fantastic~~ ^{crazy yarn} related ~~by~~ by the supposed executioner? [?] What kind of individual would it indicate, an individual whose imagination would run to bad dreams like that? And suppose such an individual were prominent in a hooded order? Take today's Black Legion story as you like, with any amount of truth or falsehood, ~~and still~~ ^{a mad} it's like a nightmare.

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BREVITIES

Now for some brevities, mere one-line items, bits of news that can be told in a sentence. But they're that sort of brevity in which a few words ~~of~~ fact carry you away on a trail of reminiscence and imagining. Take this one, a business notice:-

"Complete up-to-date furnishings for four rooms have been ordered from an American firm by the Maharajah of Nepal for his palace."

Nepal, of all places - not only one of the most exotic of oriental principalities, but also one of the few forbidden kingdoms left on earth. It's really forbidden. You simply cannot go there. ~~Nepal is under British control. Its Maharajahs have~~

~~supported the power of the British in India. He has the famous Gurkhas, who served the British Raj stoutly~~

~~and walk in many of the most famous~~. Nepal is on the northern frontier of India, next door to Tibet, mighty usefully as a buffer state. Hence, the British have willingly left ~~that Himalayan~~

^{Land} preserve its semi-independence, have, in fact, rather encouraged Nepal to keep aloof, stay apart, and preserve its status as a forbidden kingdom. It is reckoned that in the last fifty years,

less than two hundred Europeans have entered that hermit principality. I myself have been one of the lucky ones allowed to pass the prohibited frontiers into Nepal.

There in the steep uplands, where the Himalayas begin, life drifts along in the Asiatic ways of old. Yet even into this forbidden kingdom modernity pokes its nose - at least into the palace of the Maharajah. This potentate, His Highness, Shum Shere Jung Bahadur Rana, is quite a person - far famed as a tiger hunter, with the nerves of steel and a dead-shot eye in the face of a yellow striped lord of the jungle. Arthur Vernay of New York, patron of The American Museum of Natural History, is the only American I imagine who has seen much of him. Vernay is on his way there now. The Maharajah of Nepal is a chubby little fellow with a drooping mustache and a soft voice. He speaks English perfectly, but with a lisp that's rather like a mild case of hiccoughs. And he wears glasses - does this king of the land of Tigers. Personally, he likes western ways. So now he has decreed that four rooms of his

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at Khatmandu
oriental palace shall be done over in up-to-date American
fashion. Hence the ^{mail} order for household furnishings placed
here in the U.S.A. by the renowned tiger hunter, ~~Shum~~
His Imperial Highness, Shum Shere Jung Bahadur Rana,
Maharajah of Nepal.

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Now another commercial item - the sale of a book -
a rare book, an old book. A volume published in Fourteen
Eighty-Six - written by a nun. The authoress was the lady
abbess of a medieval nunnery in England. ~~What's~~ What's the
imaginative angle to that? Strangely enough, it takes us to
the following: -)
another bit of news today, - ~~which has been seen an odd~~
~~thing to go to these books~~

↙ The American Olympic athletes got their first
glimpse of Europe today. The liner MANHATTAN put in at Cobh,
Ireland, ~~Deland today~~ and then continued ^{on} its way to Hamburg. The
Olympic athletes will reach Hamburg on Thursday, and will make
the four-hour train trip to Berlin on Friday. With this, we
learn that there's one sport in which the United States will
not be represented, a sport that will make many Americans

regretful - polo. This horse loving land of ours has not been able to get together an Olympic ~~xx~~ polo team. So the stars and stripes won't be represented when the ponies and riders clash in the Olympic chukkers — an event we ought to win.

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In Berlin the Olympic Committee today drew slips of paper out of a hat, or something like that, and decided who was

Here's what concerns to meet whom, and when. ~~xxxxxxx~~ the Americans: ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~

They'll first meet the enemy on the soccer field. The American Soccer Team will start the ball rolling for Uncle Sam. They'll meet the Italian team, ^{who will} start the ball rolling, ^{and bouncing for} ~~xxxx~~ Mussolini.

~~Start the ball rolling is right, with the football bouncing and flying.~~

But what has this Olympic sport news to do with that nun of the Fifteenth Century, the lady abbess of a medieval convent? Why, she was the first sports writer in the English ^{ish} ~~and~~ language. I got this odd bit of information from Dr. A.S.W. Rosenbach, the international book collector, as he was preparing to celebrate his sixtieth birthday. He tells me that the first English volume on sports ^{was} ~~x~~ the Book of Hawking and Hunting, written by the pious nun, Dame Juliana Berners, in Fourteen

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Eighty-Six. In it we learn that the saintly abbess herself was a mighty angler. She always went out fishing, and with her own devout hands kept the nuns of her convent supplied with fish on Fridays. She wrote the first English book on sports. This rare volume, Dr. Rosenbach told me, is now in the United States, bought by an American collector ^{— a woman.} ~~who, by the way, is a charming lady.~~

In the Philippine Islands two estates have been seized by the government - foreclosure, payments overdue. That's a brief legal item from Manila. It doesn't sound interesting, until we notice the name - Aguinaldo. His two large estates have been foreclosed.

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He's aging now, grown fat and soft, and cuts the figures of a bankrupt landowner who over-extended himself. The day was when ~~Aguinaldo was~~ Aguinaldo was something far different - the ~~lith~~ ^{lithe} young guerrilla fighter with a bolo in his hand, revolting against the Spaniards, then making himself a jungle terror to the regiments of the U.S.A. He cut a fine figure as a fighting

man, then an equally fine figure as a man of peace, reconciling his people to American rule, giving the hand of friendship to his conquerors and held in honor by them.

Now it appears that the great Philippine fighter cherished large landowner ambitions. He bought two great properties from the Philippine Government -- on credit. But he hasn't been able to keep up the payments. He's a hundred thousand dollars in arrears. So now his estates have been foreclosed. The great Aguinaldo -- just a man carrying a mortgage, with the sheriff after him.

But these brevities are getting long -- so SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.