

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

I mean ■ my usual evening greeting for all of you, but, tonight I am aiming my broadcast particularly at an audience of one, a lone man, a sea captain, who at this moment is standing on the bridge of his ship away off on the other side of the world, in the South Pacific, somewhere east of New Guinea and north of Australia. Out where he is it is not 6:45 in the afternoon, Eastern Daylight ~~Saving~~ Time.

Nor, is the day even Thursday. Away off there south of the Equator, on the other side of the international date line,

out there in the South Seas, right now it's ^{6:45 R.M.,} ~~about~~ ^{of} Friday morning! Out there it's not today. It's tomorrow.

His name is Captain William Staveley. ^{Ten thousand} ~~Five~~ miles from where I am, ^{there he stands} ~~standing~~ on the bridge of his ship, or perhaps in the chart room, listening to me by short wave.

I'll have something to say to him ^{and} about him in a few minutes. But, first, here's some important news; ^{local}

American which may not interest our friend the skipper who is listening on the other side of the world:-

CONGRESS.

is about to
Congress ~~has~~ ^{will} adjourn ~~at last~~. The seventy-fifth
Congress of the United States ^{at any} ~~passed~~ into history ^{not many}
moment now. ~~minutes ago.~~ The lawmakers ^{have been having} ~~had~~ a busy time of it - passing into
history. They rattled off legislation faster than I can rattle
off words when I'm short of time in broadcast.

Here are some of the subjects Congress talked today:

The ~~is~~ two hundred and ninety million dollar second
deficiency bill; a Senate bill authorizing the loan of war
department equipment to the New York State American Legion
Convention; an interstate highway bridges bill; something about
the deportation of aliens; something about federal wire tapping; a
two hundred and twelve million dollar amendment attached to the
three billion, seven hundred and three million dollar recovery
bill; the President's veto over-ridden on the subject of interest
rates on Federal Land Bank loans; amendments concerning ~~over-the-counter~~
over-the-counter stock brokers; ^{and} Senate confirmation of the
nomination of Judge William Clark to the third Circuit Court of
Appeals.

In case you're not so intensely fascinated by that
catalogue of bills and laws and measures, if by chance you

shouldn't care to hear a lengthy disquisition on each and everyone of them, here's something to stir up a bit of interest:-

A proposal made in the Senate today - that the United States break off diplomatic relations with Japan.

In that last minute rush, the Senate adopted a resolution condemning "Inhuman bombing of civilian populations". In the middle of the debate concerning this, Senator King of Utah spoke up and said he'd be in favor of having the United States Government break diplomatic relations with Japan. To that Senator Hiram Johnson ^{of California} made the comment that the logical conclusion would be - war. The suggestion to sever relations with Japan led to nothing, wasn't intended to lead to anything - just so much debate. Whereupon the Senate adopted a resolution denouncing the bombing of civilians.

CHINA FOLLOW CONGRESS.

And now let's jump across Pacific Ocean (what's the war news from China tonight? ^{It's all} ~~It is~~ dwarfed, eclipsed, by the news about ^{the flood in China.} ~~that greater power flood.~~ The flame of battle, ^{seems} ~~the thunder of bombardment~~ seem to recede into the background, as the water surges. ~~in northern China.~~ Today, thousands of Japanese and Chinese were together, but not locked in the struggle of war. - They were working together, desperately trying to repair dykes, fighting a mutual battle against the flood. The Yellow River has burst out of bounds so fearfully that in some places it's seventy miles wide. The number of dead can ^{'t} ~~be~~ be guessed - Japanese and Chinese. In some places, flood marooned Japanese troops are being provisioned from the sky ^{war} planes dropping not bombs, but food.)

Japanese engineers declared today that the fate of northern China rested largely with the weather. Not the political fate, not a matter of who wins the war, or who rules the country. It's the geographical fate of northern China that's in the balance, the distribution of land and water, the course of that mighty stream, the Yellow River - called the Chinese sorrow. The Japanese engineers declare that if heavy rains prevail during the next

couple of weeks and the flood continues to swell higher, the Yellow River will change its course entirely and flow down to the sea by an altogether different route, a repetition of the year eighteen fifty-five, when the immense stream changed its course, right down to the sea.

With nature taking a hand and the Yellow River threatening to run a different way -- war and politics seem like a mere flutter of madness.

ENGLAND.

And here's another one for our Sea

Captain: - A beguiling question was raised in the British

House of Commons today. ~~It concerned~~ ^{It concerned} the resignation of Anthony Eden

as foreign secretary. ^{Was it} caused by something ^{that had to do with the} ~~concerning the~~

United States? Did he quit because he disagreed with

Prime Minister Chamberlain on the score of relations with

Washington? The question was asked by a member of the

labor opposition, and the Prime Minister evaded, ~~giving an answer.~~

There have been rumors that Eden stepped out because he advocated

a certain line of cooperation with the United States, something

that didn't quite materialize.

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The American theme in Parliament was continued with approval for a suggestion made by Secretary of State Hull that the ~~foreign~~ nations get together in an agreement to ~~humanize~~ ~~warfare~~ stop the ruthless bombing. Then a curious point came up -- British warfare against the marauding tribes on the northwest frontier of India.

Standard practice for the British army is to bomb the hostile tribes, ~~in~~ air raids against their villages. These were referred to as police bombings. The Prime Minister said that

these would not stand in the way of an agreement to humanize warfare.

Then the discussion went on with the statement that Secretary Hull stood ready to cooperate in a world-wide disarmament agreement. And the Prime Minister said he thought some such move might be made.

SPAIN

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A scene for a stage play was enacted today at the French village of Arreau on the Spanish frontier. The last of the Lost Battalion of Spanish left ~~wing~~ wingers came across the border, driven out of their refuge by advancing Franco forces. Altogether about seven thousand ~~were~~ came ~~across~~ ed ~~wea~~ ry and tattered. The last batch of about fifteen hundred was led by the lost division commander, Colonel Beltran, a soldier-of-fortune who once served with the American Army in the World War.

The moment the fugitive troops crossed the line into France they were taken ~~into charge of~~ over by the French mobile guards. They were disarmed and asked one swift question -- Catalonia or Franco? Did the troops of the Left Wing lost battalion want to be sent back to ~~their~~ their own army -- or to the enemy side, Franco. About ten percent voted -- Franco. Two groups were lined up - the ones that still stuck to their own army and the ones that preferred the rebels. And there was conversation -- bitter remarks and savage ~~ix~~ insults shouted between the two factions. Like a stage scene.

CAPTAIN STAVELEY

The sea captain I spoke about a few minutes ago who is listening to us tonight from the bridge of his ship in the South Pacific, if not the oldest in point of service in His Majesty's Royal Naval Reserve, is at least mighty close to it. His name is Captain William Staveley -- From Northumberland. Today is his birthday, but he doesn't want me to say too much about his age. He still feels young even if he is the oldest or about the oldest skipper anywhere on the Seven Seas in point of service.

The ship he commands and on whose bridge he stands right now, is the S.S. THISTLEGARTH of the Albyn Line, on its way around the world. And perhaps the veteran captain's last voyage at sea, in command of a ship.

all his life Captain Staveley has been sailing 'round the world. Some months ago, on this present voyage, he stopped in New York, and came to my Radio City studio. He told me than how often he heard this broadcast, early in the morning, the day before I speak, sometimes in the South Pacific sometimes in the Indian Ocean. I asked him when he

would be there again. He said about now, and I told him to be sure and listen in tonight, on his birthday.

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Later he wrote to me from Christobal in the Panama Canal Zone, a long letter about his experiences in various parts of the world, about Allenby and about Lawrence of Arabia. And he ended with these words: "We flatter ourselves, that we are above the primitive peoples of Central Africa! What a sham to say that in a day when nations in order to settle their differences, resort to wars too horrible to contemplate."

Then he adds: ~~IX~~ "At least it's good to know that your land and mine are trying to work together toward world peace and a higher civilization."

Just a month ago the Captain again wrote me from Yokohama, where he had taken a cargo of metal for the Japanese. According to the official records of the sea he is one of the three oldest captains in point of ~~seniority~~ seniority, fifty-four years at sea, This, his forty-fourth year in command of a ship. "My life time of wandering up and down the world, he writes, "has convinced me that war is a fool's game, leads

mankind along the road to nowhere. He expresses his affection for America for his friends here, and says in nautical language: "soon I must coil up and swallow the whole cable plus anchor."

But I wouldn't be surprised if my cleared friend captain

Staveley remained in command of his ship until he's a hundred.

BASEBALL

Here's one ~~that~~ probably won't interest the sea captain listening to us in the remote South Seas:- Baseball discussion was buzzing today around a young man with the Holland-Dutch name of Vander-Meer. (One of the classic exploits of the diamond is to pitch a no-hit game. To pitch two no-hitters, and in a row -- that's an ultra-classic unheard of super exploit, never done before. A few days ago Johnny Vander Meer ^{of the Cincinnati Reds} swung his left arm against the Boston Bees, and they didn't get a hit off him.)

Last night there were gala doings in Brooklyn, the beginning of night baseball games.) The nocturnal pastime was a sell-out, with a huge crowd hoping to be thrilled by a Brooklyn victory, a thing that always has the thrill of the unexpected. But the exhilaration was something else again. (The Brooklyns not only failed to win, but failed to get a run. And also - failed to get a hit. Young Johnny Vander-Meer, the kid left-hander, pitched his second consecutive non-hit game. For the first time in the whole long history of baseball.)

And to add irony to the baseball drama, he used to belong to Brooklyn, - was a member of the team, No they didn't release him, fire him, think he was no good. It wasn't that ironical. It was just hard luck. The Brooklyns lost no-hit

Johnny because ~~it~~ of some technicality in the rules, and ^{Powell} ~~the~~

Crosley's
^

Cincinnati Reds got him.

Today, Baseball experts were philosophizing about the Vander Meer brand of pitching. They recalled that one thing was noticed about the kid when he first showed up in the majors. The way he wound up, ~~he~~ he had his head down, his eyes looking on the ground, just before he let the ball go to the plate. ~~His eyes-down habit, they thought, might hurt his control, maybe he'd put the ball across more accurately if he had his eyes on the plate at all the time. So last night they were watching Johnny to see if he had changed his style of delivery. No. They observed that, just the same as ever, he had his eyes down looking at the ground, just before he made the pitch.~~

Did it interfere with his control?

Well, the answer to that provides the dramatic highspot of last night's game. Johnny didn't allow a hit, but he passed eight men, and that's ~~it~~ a lot of bases on balls.

In the Ninth inning, with one man out, he needed only two more

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put-outs to have a no-hitter - the miracle of two no-hit games in a ~~ga~~ row. And right there Johnny passed three men in a row, three bases on balls one right after another. And the bases were loaded. The crowd went wild, rooting for Johnny. That mob of ~~Branky~~ Brooklyn fans pulling for the kid to score his no-hitter against the home team. And he did. With three men on base, he struck out the next batter, and the last out was made by a fly to the outfield.

There's baseball drama for you, the exploit, the crisis, the suspense, the triumphant ending.

KIDNAP

Tonight it is worthwhile to repeat some words spoken today in a Florida courtroom - worthwhile because they were words of dread justice to a kidnapper, words of doom, words of warning.

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At Miami, that gayest of ~~XXXXX~~ vacation resorts, two men faced each other in grim courtroom drama. One, the grave and sombre judge. The other, the prisoner - tall, gangling, pale and silent. ~~It was the traditional King dialogue of justice - yet no dialogue, because the prisoner was silent throughout. So the Judge alone spoke, circuit Judge H. R. Atkinson of the Florida District.~~

"Franklin Pierce McCall, what have you to say why judgement should not be rendered and sentence imposed upon you?"

The prisoner spoke not a word, merely shook his head.

Then the Judge continued with phrases grim and icy in their legalistic formalism. To Franklin Pierce McCall he said: "Punishment of death shall be inflicted upon you by causing to pass through your body a current of ~~XXXXXXXX~~

electricity sufficient in ~~xxx~~ intensity to cause immediate death, and application of such current shall be continued until you shall be ^dead." And then that final legal formality: "May God have mercy on your soul."

And still the prisoner remained-silent - Franklin Pierce McCall who kidnapped ~~x~~ and killed five year old Jimmy Cash ~~xx~~ of Princeton, Florida. The execution of the sentence decreed today will be fixed by the Governor of Florida, ^{probably} ~~when~~ _^ ~~he signs the death warrant. It is believed the date will be~~ ~~set~~ for the week of June twenty-sixth.

MARRIAGE.

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Give up a million dollars for love - sure, that's a fair bargain. We'd all do it. What's a million dollars, compared with true affection of the heart - or even two million? So, everyone of us would do exactly what Rosemary Webster did today, when she married for love and thereby renounced a million dollars. I wonder how that idea strikes our friend the veteran sea captain who is listening to us out there in the South Seas?
Rosemary is the daughter of a wealthy New York family.

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She was attending a fancy school. Her parents journeyed to the school to see her graduate. ~~Then~~ ^{But} Rosemary disappeared. ~~The next~~ ^{News} thing they heard ~~from her was~~ ^{of her came} from a girl friend in Rochester, who said that Rosemary had come ~~to Rochester~~ ^{there} to wed Paul Gilson, a Courthouse clerk of Canton, New York, a suitor of whom her parents failed to approve. They failed to approve so heartily that they ~~announced~~ announced that if daughter Rosemary went ahead and married Paul, she'd be disinherited to the tune of a million dollars. ^{And} Did that deter the girl? Not at all. [^] Today she became a bride.

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Well, it's all right Rosemary, you'll never miss that million dollars - any more than any of us would miss it if we had to give it up to marry for love. ~~Although, of course, there~~ ^{We all hope there} may be some family relenting. ~~That~~ ^{That} has been known to happen. Inate parents have been known to forgive,

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