

Landon called on Roosevelt today, and got a friendly greeting and political support. But it was the other Roosevelt - the T.R. branch. He was recieved by th widow of the one-time Rough Rider, and by her son, Colonel Teddy. This was at the Roosevelt Estate at Oyster Bay. And Governor Landon made a visit to the grave of Theodore Roosevelt. He stood there silent and meditative. It isn't hard to guess what he might have been thinking about - for in Nineteen Twelve Alf Landon deserted the Republican Party that year and followed T.R and the Bull Moose Movement.

The report is that Al Smith will join Candidate at Madison Square Garden tonight - in the Governor's last bid for the teeming New York City vote.

President Roosevelt at Wilkes Barre waved the banner of the Social Security Program and declares that social security looms as a larger issue on the eve of election. He said that those who are trying to destroy the security of the workers were trying to destroy the workers themselves. With him as he said this, was John L. Lewis, chief of the United Mine Workers of America. He introduced the President, and pledged labor to the New Deal.

TUESDAY

Let's see what happened in Wall Street today - not that it's important, not that there's any banner headline from the financial markets. But today, being Thursday, was the anniversary of Tuesday - Black Tuesday, as they call it. Seven years ago the Wall Street headlines were a cataclysm - the crash! ~~October Twenty-Ninth, Nineteen-Twenty-Nine, was that day of financial panic~~ which began the depression. This year, with the anniversary occurring within five days of the presidential election, what do we find? What's today's news from Wall Street?

Nothing exciting. Prices went up, *from fractions to as much as three points.*

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FF But rising quotations are nothing <sup>new</sup> ~~now~~ - they've been rising month after month now, *as* the country has pulled itself out of the slump. **B**eginning to forget the depression. ~~is~~ **I**t was a routine day on Wall Street, so much so that most of the brokers failed to remember that this Thursday was the anniversary of "Black Tuesday."

## PHILOSOPHERS

Talking about athletics - we come to the story of two philosophic hermits. <sup>Speaking</sup> ~~Talking~~ about track records - we find these two learned anchorites secluding themselves in a retreat deep in the California forests, studying the philosophers of old.

Last year Raymond Ellinwood of the University of Chicago ran the quarter mile in forty-nine seconds flat - a record for indoors, and that was his first intercollegiate race. Then later he broke his own record by doing the mile in forty-eight and nine-tenths seconds - at the Big Ten indoor meet last winter. Tonight, ~~he~~ with Leonard Olson, a fraternity brother in Alpha Delta Phi, he is on his way to the coast. These two are the philosophic hermits.

Track star Ellinwood is a devotee of the medieval scholasticism of <sup>St.</sup> Thomas Aquinas. He spent last summer in the Michigan forest, studying that vast Thirteenth Century masterpiece - "The Sum of Theology". That was just a foretaste. He and Olson are now going into forest seclusion for two years, like monks in the wilderness, to study St. Thomas Aquinas in relation to Plato and Aristotle. And that's heavy going for a track man.

## SHIPPING

*(with Jimmy Hollison in his plane out west)*  
The stormy Atlantic ~~continues~~ <sup>to get us</sup> stories about

ships in peril, though the news is not so dark as it has been.

The British freighter, AFGHANISTAN, ~~has been~~ <sup>still</sup> drifting helplessly in the blast of the gale. ~~She has~~ lost her rudder. No chance to steer, only to drift. But the word tonight is that the vessel is not in such great danger. Is help near? Not at all. The AFGHANISTAN, buffeted by the towering waves, is far from the regular ship lanes. But her owners, the Hindustan Steam Shipping Company of London, have word that the vessel is holding her own. She seems able to ride the sea until help does come.

~~In the Baltic, too, the Swedish steamer BONA, with a dozen men aboard, is reported in distress. No further word about that ship's fate.~~

But the U.S. passenger ~~ship~~ <sup>vessel</sup>, the AMERICAN ~~FREIGHTER~~ <sup>Shipper</sup>, which was in trouble off the storm battered Irish coast, has landed her sixteen passengers safely at Dublin ~~harbor~~.

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Here's another ship in peril, but not in the Atlantic, or any ocean. It's in the Amur River, that great stream between Manchukuo and Siberia. And it's no case of a storm. The Manchukuoan

steamer, HAIAN, ~~was~~ caught in the ice of the frozen Amur; ~~and has been~~  
locked in for ~~several~~ days. ~~It is~~ a wild and uninhabited region.  
Twenty-four passengers left the vessel and struck out across land.  
Planes have been sent to search for the boat and the twenty-four  
passengers who are making that desperate trek across the frozen  
country.

JAPAN

The foreign news today shows us a grandiose pageant - with a monarch in the foreground. His Imperial Majesty Hirohito, the Mikado of Japan, whose reign is described by a term of brightness and peacefulness. When he ascended the throne, a name was given to the period of his rule, as is the Japanese custom. And that name is - Showa, which in Japanese means "Bright Peace."

Today, the scene in Osaka Bay was bright enough, but hardly so suggestive of peace. The battle-fleet of Nippon was on parade - a hundred and eight warships, seven hundred thousand tons of fighting craft, manned by forty thousand officers and sailors. The Emperor was aboard a monster battleship, as the fleet in two columns passed in review before him. Sailors lined the rails of each vessel and shouted "Banzai!" for the Emperor, while the big guns roared the imperial salute. ~~It was a display of naval might, to the Emperor and the Japanese people, visual evidence of their~~  
~~power.~~ In this imperial reign of "Showa", or "Bright Peace", ~~it was there~~ an exceedingly warlike showa. ~~Sube-l-u-t-m.~~

INTERNATIONAL

In London today -- Foreign Minister Anthony Eden made a sharp remark in the direction of the Laborite opposition. He said ~~today~~ to the Labor members -- "Don't out-Soviet the Soviets!"

~~That sarcastic comment is an example of how the BRITISH M.P.'s convening today, jumped right into the embittered xx question of Spain.~~ There was little of the customary pomp and circumstance in the opening of Parliament. The King's address was ~~xxx~~ put off until tomorrow, so immediately the word was -- Spain.

The Labor Party shouted the attack, denouncing the Non-Intervention agreement as a false affair which merely *enabled* ~~helped~~ the Fascist nations to help the Spanish Fascists. The Laborites stated their demand formally -- that the embargo against Spain should be lifted and that war materials should be allowed to go to the Madrid Government.

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Prime Minister Eden replied in the defense. He declared that the Non-Intervention business had not been instigated for the purpose of helping the Spanish Fascists. He said that

its purpose was simply to keep the Spanish civil struggle from flaming across the Pyrenees and bringing about a general European War. He pointed out that the Non-Intervention ~~plan~~ plan was ~~just~~ first suggested by Premier Blum's Left Wing government of France, and denied that London had inspired and promoted this action by Paris.

He declared that the Non-Intervention Committee had investigated the Soviet charges that Portugal was helping General Franco, and <sup>had</sup> found no real ~~any~~ evidence to support those charges. Consequently the Committee had turned down the Soviet demand that Portugal should be ~~immediately~~ blockaded.

He pointed out that Red Russia had not withdrawn from the Non-Intervention agreement; ~~that~~ that Soviet Moscow was still taking part in the ~~Non-Intervention~~ business. <sup>That's</sup> ~~That~~ when he made <sup>that</sup> a sharp dig at the Labor members -- warning them not to out-Soviet the Soviets.

In Spain there's mention of ~~America~~. Desperate Madrid is flaming with the word that its Left Wing armies have received supplies or war materials from abroad -- great



supplies, enough to turn the tide of battle. <sup>There's</sup> special mention  
of military aircraft, and they say that 15 of these imported  
war planes are stamped with labels of American manufacturers.

It is <sup>P</sup>reorted that ~~this~~ this aviation material was sent to the  
Madrid Government by the round-about way of another nation.

It is assumed that some Spanish-American <sup>country</sup> ~~nation~~ may have bought  
from the United States and resold to the Left Wing of Spain.

In Washington it is explained that there is no legal  
reason why American war planes should not be sold directly to  
Madrid. ~~But~~ <sup>We</sup> have a law which forbids the shipping of  
armaments and munitions to any nation at war. <sup>But</sup> ~~The~~ Spanish  
civil strife doesn't come under the heading of war in the  
legal sense of the term. The United States is not in that  
European Non-Intervention agreement, so there's nothing to  
stop American firms from ~~helping~~ selling to either side in  
the Spanish struggle.

Tonight Madrid is shouting the word of how the  
new Left Wing aircraft bombed rebel flying fields and destroyed  
17 planes. The Madrid Left Wingers are jubilant with claims  
that the new stock of munitions will beat off the Nationalist

siege, and enable them to defeat General Franco's men decisively.

Today the Socialist Premier Largo Caballero issued a flaming manifesto, which simply bursts with Spanish rhetoric.

"We now have in our hands formidable mechanized arms," declares the manifesto. "We have defense and aviation. Let us go forward. The victory is ours." This pronunciamiento informs the Left ~~xxxxxxx~~ Wing hosts that the Fascists have exhausted themselves with their long advance." The hour has arrived," it shouts, "to press them with a death blow."

So Largo Caballero has ordered another one of those

mass attacks, an overwhelming rush of men-power. It remains

to be seen how ~~that mass attack~~ <sup>it</sup> works out. -- <sup>Madrid claims victory</sup> as the mechanized

regiments of the Nationalists <sup>prepare</sup> ~~continue~~ to close ~~from~~ their

<sup>on the capital,</sup> grip ~~on Madrid~~

~~Thus~~ Madrid, relentlessly attacked and bitterly defended.

I got an inkling today of how the Spaniards feel about it, when

a lady telephoned me, a Mrs. Scarborough who knows the ways of

Spain. She told me of an old saying in the Spanish capitol which

goes like this. "From Madrid to Heaven and in Heaven -- a little window to look back at Madrid."

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JOHNSON

I learned something startling today - Brisbane is wrong. Yes, Arthur Brisbane, sage of the Hearst newspapers, whose favorite idea for many years has been - that an ape ~~could~~<sup>can</sup> lick a man. If you were to put Jack Dempsey ~~and~~<sup>at</sup> his mightiest in the same ring with one of those great anthropoids - Dempsey wouldn't have a chance.

I learned that Brisbane is wrong from Martin Johnson, who has just returned from the East Indies with an exciting motion picture ~~of~~<sup>of</sup> savage animal life in Borneo. Martin tells me the story of how he made a prize capture - of a huge three hundred pound orang-utan.

They were after the mighty ape for five days, trying to isolate him in a single tree. The orang kept going from tree to tree, until finally they succeeded. The ~~glowering~~<sup>bulky</sup> anthropoid was ~~the target~~<sup>at the top</sup> of a tall ironwood ~~tree,~~<sup>tree,</sup> They chopped down the ~~ix~~ other trees for some distance around, and had him cornered. <sup>H</sup> Then they proceeded to cut down the ironwood, and bring Mr. orang to earth. They were standing and watching as the tree toppled - Martin Johnson, his wife Osa, and their aviator, an Italian-American named Laneri. Aviator Laneri, it appears, is a pretty good man with his fists, quite a scrapper.

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The tree crashed down and out of the tangled mass of foliage rushed a huge form, the three hundred pound orang-utang - like some primitive monster. The giant anthropoid was coming at Laneri - and right there you had something like Arthur Brisbane's famous supposition of an ape and a prize-fight<sup>or</sup> in a ring. As the anthropoid came at him, the pugilistic Laneri led with his right, a haymaker. The wallop landed square on the ~~anthropoid's~~<sup>Ape's</sup> jaw, on the button. And out went the ~~orang~~<sup>Wild Man of Borneo</sup>, knocked cold, like a preliminary<sup>palooka</sup> fighter against a champion! ~~the~~<sup>R</sup> referee could have counted a hundred, says Martin Johnson. They had the orang all tied and trussed up, before he came to.

So there's the startling news, Brisbane is wrong ~~and~~<sup>for the</sup>

first time in <sup>his life.</sup> ~~so long until tomorrow.~~

EXECUTIONER

57  
Yesterday in Paris they guillotined a killer, and today the executioner says - "Never again!" That was his last one. Why? Nothing special - he has been intending for some time to retire to his perfume, to his delicate blend of violets and roses. Because the executioner of Paris is also a dealer in perfumes.

Anatole Deibler inherited his terrifying official job.

It has been in his family for three generations. The Deiblers obtained <sup>the guillotine</sup> a franchise from the Sanson family, which had held it for seven generations. It was a Sanson who presided at the guillotine during the reign of terror in the French Revolution. But the last of the Sansons turned out to be a no good fellow, a waster, a spendthrift. He disgraced his profession. He is reputed to have pawned the guillotine, and the government had to get it out of hock.

So he sold the franchise of death to the Deiblers. The present Anatole is the son of an executioner and the grand-nephew of <sup>an executioner</sup> ~~one~~.

*H* In his youth he was a brilliant student, who excelled in Latin.

He fell in love with a beautiful girl and didn't dare ~~to~~ tell her who his father was - his father's trade. They were thinking of marriage, when the girl found out. She told Anatole, and a feeling

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of tragedy swept over him. "Yes," said the young lady, "I know who your father is. Don't you think, Anatole, it's about time for you to select a profession? Why don't you take up your father's profession?"

So Anatole did, and married his loved one.

58 1/2  
He found that all his time was not occupied, and took up another business on the side. He chose perfumery. He has the soul of an artist<sup>e</sup>, this executioner of Paris<sup>or</sup>. He did exceedingly well - creating new savors of flowery fragrance. Once he almost made a serious error. A friend, and what a friend! suggested a voluptuous name for the latest Deibler perfume, a rare and enchanting scent, and advised him to call it - <sup>R</sup>kiss on the neck." The master of the guillotine didn't see the joke. He followed the advice. Luckily, some other friend tipped him off, before it was too late, and before Paris had been thrown into a wild howl~~ing~~ of laughter. So Deibler changed the name of the perfume and called it - "paradise", rather an <sup>apt</sup> name too.

59.  
In any case, he makes vastly more from his perfumes than he does from his deadly profession. He says he's a business man.

so now his retirement from the guillotine is strictly a matter of

business. Yesterday, the fastidious, dignified, white bearded

little man of seventy, put on his frock coat and silk hat, ~~and~~ *sprayed himself with "paradis"*

*and* conducted his two hundred and sixtieth execution. His last one -

because there's more profit in perfume *and e-l-u-t-m.*

9/4