

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Let's begin tonight's broadcast with a string of six foreign stories, a round half dozen from abroad. That sounds like a whole lot, if not too much. Here are six date lines: - London, Paris, Moscow, Rome, Berlin, and Madrid. That array of European capitals -- all focused on one topic. So it must be an important dangerous topic -- something of world peril. And it is. Today, the biggest job for the news men was to survey the international reverberations that follow Italy's recognition and Germany's recognition of General Franco's Rebel government in Spain.

Tonight, in three of the six capital cities, we get a vivid impression of "hush! hush!" don't play it up! Don't say much about it. It doesn't mean so much as it seems. Nothing is so greatly changed. Hush hush! "

First - London. The watchword there today was - caution.

England

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on the fence between the cohorts of Fascism and Communism. Officials disinclined ^{even} to discuss the Italian-German action.

Yet, in the House of Commons today, parliamentary procedure forced Foreign Minister Anthony Eden to speak up. An M.P. insisted on asking questions, and His Majesty's Minister had to reply - even though the M.P. was a Communist, the sort that loves to ask awkward questions. Eden declared that His Majesty's government believed it was ^{still} possible for the two Fascist powers to stick to the agreement for non-intervention in Spain. ~~this in spite of the fact that they have saluted Generalissimo Franco as the legal ruler of the country.~~ The Foreign Minister added that His Majesty's government is prepared to ask Italy and Germany for renewed promises not to ship floods of war materials to Franco.

The suave and dapper statesman applied the soft pedal still further by making a sharp retort to the Communist M.P. He stated acidly that up to now Italy and Germany had supported non-intervention rather, better than some other nations he could mention. The slap at other nations referred

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for the most part to Soviet Russia, which seems to have been shipping battle planes, ^{and tanks to Socialist Madrid} ~~tanks and other war material to Socialist~~

~~Madrid.~~ So Foreign Minister Eden's statements in Parliament today show Great Britain keeping cool, not excited about the latest exploit of the Fascist partners.

On the other hand, London today spoke ^{stern} ~~excited~~ words to General Franco, saying - "No blockade, we won't recognize any."

This follows the proclamation of a blockade by the Spanish National command - a blockade of the ^{left wing} ~~northwest~~ harbors of

Barcelona and Alicante. If Franco's blockaders monkey around with any British ships, he ^{- Senor Franco - will} ~~will~~ have to answer to London.

The British stand on this is clear enough. England is always keen to defend her ^{own} rights at sea. Moreover, in international law, rebels have no right to declare a blockade against a legal government. If London accepted Franco's manifesto without a protest - that ^{alone would implicitly} ~~would~~ recognize Franco as the proper ruler of Spain.

In this blockade affair we hear that Madrid is mobilizing its warships for action. The Spanish fleet is

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divided between the Left Wingers and the Rebels. In the early part of the civil war, Madrid certainly had the more powerful part of ^{the Fleet} ~~it~~, but right now it's hard to tell how far the Left Wing ships have been smacked about and knocked about - by sky bombs for example. General Franco is known to have a couple of good cruisers and various other craft in the Mediterranean. The blockade stories, moreover, make mention of submarines and bombing planes - and project the idea of enforcing a blockade from under the sea and from the sky.

Now - Paris. Silence mostly, silence and rumors. It's known that Paris will follow the lead of London in responding to the Italian-German recognition of Franco. There are French rumors that Germany will send military units to Spain. These reports are so specific as to declare that right now German anti-aircraft batteries have been ordered to the Iberian Peninsula, eight hundred men with a full equipment of guns.

What of Moscow? Silence! Nothing is said officially. All we have are a few words from a semi-official source, and soothing words they are. The Soviets don't consider that the Italian-

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German recognition changes the situation particularly, so the unofficial spokesman declares. It won't cause Red Dictator Stalin to change his course of action, won't mean any increased Soviet help ~~from~~ ^{for} Madrid. Today's word from Moscow completes the impression of - hush, hush, don't say anything much.

Rome. ^{! There} ~~the~~ the word is - more guns, more warships, more battle planes. The Fascist Grand Council met today, Mussolini presiding, and ordered an instant speeding up of Italy's armament building program. It put emphatic stress on sea power and air power. The decree reads like this: "The military preparation of Italy in this special moment," it says, "must be accelerated, [!] - above all, [!] in the aerial and naval fields." The significant phrase is - "in this special moment", meaning this special crisis brought on by the Italian-German action.

Berlin. Hitler's government made some swift decisions, ordering its diplomatic representatives ~~to~~ ⁱⁿ Spanish Left Wing territory to pack their bags. Today, the first one who said "good-bye" was Hitler's consul at Barcelona. He

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boarded a German warship, and steamed away. We aren't told where he is going, but it is supposed, to assume his duties as consul in some port held by Franco and his Fascists.

Berlin is using all its influence to persuade Austria to join in recognizing the Spanish Nationalists. They say Austria is likely to do so, and Hungary as well. Informed German circles are ^{declaring} ~~saying~~ that this latest joint move by Hitler and Mussolini is an attempt to line up a whole series of nations in a combination against Communism - a direct stroke against Soviet Russia.

Madrid? In a way this is an inaccurate date line.

There's a protest to the League of Nations by the Madrid government - but that government is not in the devastated capital. It is now in Valencia, to which it fled some time ago.

W The Left Wingers appeal to the League against the Italian-German recognition of the Rebels. What the Geneva statesmen are likely to do is something to imagine, although it is hard to imagine - nothing.

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~~That's tonight's round-up of the six European capitals - as the world stands in danger of being drawn irresistibly into ~~the great war~~ a great war.~~

MADRID

But Madrid is the ~~exact~~ accurate date line for this - two air raids. Scenes of dreadful havoc and spectacular sky fighting.

First, a blast of bombing came this morning. This one was accompanied by no sky fighting, only by the most frightful havoc. Bombs hit the Madrid post office building, wrecking it. One giant missile from the sky ~~hit~~ ^{crashed upon} the tall building of the Royal Typewriter Company, and carried down five floors with its terrific impact. Five floors crashing down, one after another, as the bomb ~~was~~ ^{ripped} through! ^{also -} One of Madrid's beautiful palaces ~~was~~ hit, and ruined. A bomb ~~blew~~ ^{blew} two street cars crowded with workers off the track. Another exploded in the subway, and refugees who had fled there for safety, were asphyxiated. A Madrid report states it was not a gas bomb, it merely spread the fumes of bursting high explosive.

After that fearful devastation of the morning attack, Left Wing planes took to the sky for an all-day patrol.

Apparently, when they wait on the ground of the flying field, ready for an instant take-off, they can't get into the sky

MADRID - 2

fast enough to meet the swift bombers. So now Madrid's fighting
hornets, up-to-date speed planes, stayed in the sky, circling
hour after hour, on patrol, ~~circling~~ ^{ready to} close to the attack ~~of~~ ^{with} any
Rebel bombing squadron that might come over.

Did that daunt Franco's war flyers? Not at all. This
afternoon, out of the west they came, bombers escorted by
pursuit ships. And the battle was on. The Left Wing sky
patrol darted into action. More Madrid planes rose from the
ground, and a furious dog fight was on. ~~In the sky~~ ^{Up there} streams of
machine gun bullets streaked from plane to plane. They dived
and ~~they~~ zoomed, in wild gyrations, and from the ground three
of the winged ^{bat} battlers were seen to drop out and fall to earth.
It ~~is~~ not known whether the victims were Rebel or Left Wing
planes.

TP ~~of~~ - The fighting on the ground continues - house to house.

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Franco's men keep their grip on the northeast section of the
city. Their advance is creeping along the street against bitter
resistance. Perhaps the most vicious and deadly kind of battle -
house to house.

Laneri.
Nov. 197
1936.

BORNEO

A few nights ago I told about a man knocking out a giant orang-utang -- a crack aviator who did the flying for Martin Johnson. They are just back from Borneo, Martin, his co-explorer, Osa, who is also the missus -- and Aviator Jim Laneri, from Hartford, Connecticut - well known test pilot. Jim has been telling me a tale of wings over the Borneo jungle, an epic of what might have happened, but didn't -- luckily. He and the Martin Johnsons made the first flight across Borneo which ~~is~~ is almost the size of a continent. The authorities out there said -- "don't do it!" didn't they, Jim?

J.L.:- Yes, they said it was too dangerous. They told us that if we had a forced landing we might never get out.

L.T.: I know, the jungle out that way is pretty thick. I've seen it in Malaya, dense, impenetrable. Just as bad in Borneo I suppose.

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J.L.: It sure is. Once while we were making motion pictures of wild animals along the Kinanbanglan River we had twenty-five native laborers cut a short path through the jungle. It took them two weeks to clear the way for a thousand feet.

L.T.: Yes, I know. I've seen tropical thicket like that. If you had a forced landing in it, you'd be in to stay. You'd never cut your way through that almost solid wall of jungle.

J.L.: The authorities told us that if we landed within even a few miles of a river, we'd never be able to push through to it. But we never had a forced landing. The motor never missed.

L.T.: Quite an adventurous motion picture flight that you and Martin and Osa made across that vast island of Borneo. And you were telling me about the rivers you had to land on in your big amphibian, narrow, twisting streams.

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J.L.: And the floating logs! They were the worst danger. The Borneo rivers are always muddy from the terrific rainfall. The logs are the same color as the muddy water and you can't see them. And the rivers are full of them. We were always afraid of ramming one, landing or taking off.

L.T.: Thanks, Jim -- give my regards to Martin and Osa when you see them. And let me finish by telling about your biggest moment. How you were taking off when you suddenly saw a huge mud-colored log right in front of the plane. And you had just enough speed to jump over it. Not flying speed, just jumping speed - a great sky ship playing leap-frog with a log on a river in Borneo.

WILD BOARS

Now Borneo to Boar!

There's no word of casualties among hunters in eastern Tennessee - although thirty-three of them ~~ago~~^{were} out today after a dangerous sort of game. There's also no report of casualties among - the wild boars. The natives of those parts are shaking their heads skeptically, saying that the hunters will need good luck to get a shot at one of those savage pigs, and if they do, maybe it will be ~~hard~~^{hard} luck.

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Wild boars in the Cherokee National Forest date back some twenty-five years ~~ago~~^{ago} when some ~~thrust~~ enthusiastic sportsmen of the east had a bright idea. They wanted some formidable sort of game to shoot at, so they imported a number of Russian wild boars and turned them loose. Formidable is right. From times antique, the wild boar has been celebrated as a perilous beast for the hunter, and the Russian variety is the most powerful and savage of his kind. I don't know how much fun the eastern sportsmen had those years ago, but the pack of fighting ~~boars~~^{boars} they importated have multiplied in the Cherokee forest.

They are so numerous ~~and aggressive~~^{and aggressive}, that they have now become a ~~menace~~^{threat to take over Tennessee,} menace. So the government has opened a hunting season on them

for fifteen days. They have no idea of exterminating the animals, so the hunters are allowed to shoot one head of game each - and they are not ^{permitted} ~~allowed~~ to use horses or dogs.

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That's what makes the natives down there so skeptical. They say the wild boar is so wary and cunning that the hunters will never get near one without dogs to track him down. And if they ~~do~~ happen to get a shot at a boar - look out! Five hundred pounds of ^{tusker} ~~fat~~ with sharp, slashing tusks - when he's wounded he charges with a wild fury. Only a most perfectly placed rifle bullet will stop him.

However, as I remarked, no casualties are reported either among the hunters, ^{or among the ~~hunters~~ ^{ferocious} porcines,} ~~or the wild boars.~~

TELEPHONE

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Right now the greatest telephone hook-up in history is in operation. Twenty-five thousand miles of lines are linked in a gigantic loop. Entertainment is going across those wires, speeches, music, skits, carried by telephone and loud speakers to gatherings in a hundred and sixty cities in every part of the United States and Canada.

Why all this telephone activity? It's a celebration of the telephone pioneers of America, twenty-five thousand of them, men and women who have worked for the American Telephone Company for more than twenty-five years, and some of them for fifty years. This is their Twenty-Fifth Anniversary.

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So, ~~through these~~ ^{to those} telephone ~~lines~~ ^{veterans} on the giant hoop-up of wire, the proper wireless greeting is - hello, ^{hello!} The ancient Romans used to say - "Hail and Farewell!" A modern version might be ~~"Hail and Farewell!"~~ ^{hello!} "Hello!" and SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW."
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