

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The political fever in this land of ours seems high enough tonight to explode the doctor's thermometer.

Politics, the topic of the hour, has invaded the politest of social gatherings, turning some of them into a free-for all. Stately gentlemen, top lofty dowagers, and even sweet young debs, get red around the neck and purple in the face. Take the first issue of that colorful new magazine "The New York Woman":- Blue blood social affair, fourteen karat social register, where everybody talked in low, modulated tones. That's the scene described by Emily Newell Blair. Some motion pictures were to be shown, and the lights went out. Whereupon a most cultured voice exclaimed: "Hold on to your jewels, the Democrats are here".

Another voice, equally cultured, retorted: "If you kept your jewels through the Hoover Administration, you're lucky.

And that's how the fight began - between two of the

most aloof and exclusive ladies. ^{And} It ruined the party.

I myself prefer the old Roman custom of letting the professional gladiators do the fighting - gladiators like Jim Farley and John Hamilton. Take for example the clash that those two veterans of verbal battle are having today.

Of course, the Senate ^CCommittee on Campaign Expenditures did its bit, when right at this critical moment - it published the figures for Republican campaign expenditures in Maine. That gave National Chairman Farley his chance to brandish the fact that the Republican war chest in Maine has been enriched to the tune of some fifty thousand dollars, contributed by such notables as the ^UDeponts, J. P. Morgan and the Rockefellers. "Liberty leaguers", shouts Chairman Jim - "Those anti-Roosevelt liberty leaguers." And right away the pencil of campaign argument gets busy figuring - if Maine gets fifty thousand, how much will the total be for all the forty-eight states.

Good old-fashioned political battle - the brawny

gladiator making the election arena run red with accusing the figures. The old theme of campaign money spent by the opposition.

But now let's hear from the opposing gladiator, John Hamilton. He enters the arena swinging ^{lustily,} ~~a mighty sword.~~ "As for money in Maine," he shouts, "The New Deal has poured into the state in the last three years - a hundred and fifty eight million dollars. So what's fifty thousand to a hundred and fifty eight million?" ^P When ^a ~~the~~ gladiator strikes a ponderous blow like that, the Roman multitude is left breathless.

Gladiator Jim will have a chance to deliver a counter-thrust tonight. He is presiding over a Democratic demonstration in New Jersey, a fiesta called "Congressman Ed Kenney Day", in honor of ^a ~~the~~ jovial Jersey law-maker. It ~~is~~ ^{promised} ~~to be~~ ^{an} embattled gathering, with violent charges flying. A few days ago, the Republicans held a rally in the same amusement park, and somebody removed the elephant from the adjacent zoo. The Republicans claim the Democrats stole ^{at} ~~the~~ elephant, ^{at} ~~which~~ Congressman Kenny ^{winks knowingly.} ~~argues back that he wouldn't steal the~~

Tonight, National Chairman Jim will be there. And maybe he'll answer National Chairman John's dig about the hundred and fifty-eight million. If so ~~that~~ he'll probably say it was money spent to save the nation, and if you haven't got a nation how can you have an election?

All of this goes to show how much acute stress is being placed on that Maine election, with Governor Landon in person leading the Republican attack. We now learn that during ~~it~~ his trip to Maine he will deliver eighteen speeches in all.

Meanwhile, the President is in North Carolina. Tonight, he addresses that Green Pastures rally at Charlotte, and no doubt vastly bucked up by the terrific shellacing just taken by his opponent Grass Roots Gen Talmadge next door in Georgia. Last night I told of scattered election figures that indicated a defeat was on its way for Gene. Today, that defeat is more than confirmed; it's over-whelming.

SPAIN

50

Last Tuesday evening, in telling the news from Spain, I concentrated on two sieges, two strong-holds under attack. One, the ^{far famed} Alcazar of Toledo. The other, San Sebastian. Tonight drama flares still higher in those two besieged places. (^{historic} The Alcazar still holds out, though it seems like a miracle. That old stone fortress with twelve hundred Rebels has sustained ~~the~~ attack by bombs and cannon ever since the revolt began.) They were summoned to surrender today - and that was an episode worthy of all the stately and theatrical flair of old Spain. One singular thing is this - we are told the talk about surrender was arranged by telephone - a call from the besieging commander to the leader of the Defenders. It must mean that the telephone wires from the Alcazar to the city proper have been ^{intentionally} left intact all during the siege.

In any case, a Socialist officer went to the fortress, Colonel Rojo. He climbed over piles of masonry shattered by cannon fire. The defenders blind-folded him so that he couldn't see the damage the government shells had done inside.

They took him down to the deep subterranean vaults, where the defenders have their shelter. There he talked to Colonel Mascarron, the Rebel Commander - and called upon him to surrender.

The answer was this: Mascarron referred to ~~this~~^a progress the Rebel armies were making ^{elsewhere,} and said proudly: "You will be the ones to surrender."

That's how the demand was refused, the rebels in the Alcazar determined to fight to the death. Then Mascarron, ^{the} defender, [^]said something that seemed suddenly to come to mind. "You can send us a priest," he remarked, "in case we need the last sacraments."

^{Then} ^{the red emissary} Rojo [^]was blind-folded once more and led outside. He returned to the government lines and made his report. This was followed by an immediate burst of cannon fire and showers of ~~xx~~ hand grenades, that blasted the grim stone of the Alcazar. (The last report is that the Radicals on the government side have formed a battalion of death for a final attack on the stronghold. The death volunteers vow they will storm into

the Alcazar with hand-grenades in the face of the Rebel fire.)

The other siege! - San Sebastian. ^{!?} Nobody seems able to explain the armistice there. Each side refuses to say how it came about. But an armistice there is. The Rebels have ceased their attack on the government forces of the town. So things are quiet around San Sebastian, also inside of the city. There had been fighting between the Basque Nationalists and the Anarchists, the two factions of the government defenders. That seems to have quieted down. We are told how a strong force of basques came into the city from the outside ~~of~~ to re-enforce the defense. The Anarchist chiefs welcomed them heartily and told them they could go right to the fighting line.

"We don't come here to take orders," spoke up the chief of the basques. "We come here to give orders."

That was the turning point in the struggle between the two factions - the Anarchists wanting to resist to the last ditch, determined to burn the city, kill the prisoners held as ~~hi~~ hostages, and fight to the last man. The Red ~~mob~~ mob staged a rush and tried to get to the prison where the hostages

were being held - wanted to kill them all. The basques stopped them. ^{Then} They sent the hostages out of the city, - the basque legions standing with drawn pistols, ready to shoot if the Reds tried to harm the ~~ht~~ hostages. ^{TR} Right now the Anarchist mob seems to be suppressed at San Sebastian. And the most likely guess is that the basque defenders have fixed up terms of surrender with the Rebel besiegers. That seems to account for the Armistice.

Meanwhile, fires are reported to have broken out in the city of Bilbao, on the coast ~~at~~ near San Sebastian. With the Rebels advancing against the town, fires flared simultaneously in five places. It is believed the Anarchists set the flames - to burn Bilbao before the Rebels get there.

Along the coast of Spain, four ships will be missing after today, vessels that have been seen in those waters for some time now. They are American warships, and they have been told to be on their way - told by Washington. Today Secretary of State Hull announced that the four American craft in Spanish waters had been ordered to leave at once, and to steam

54

to nearby ports of other nations. He explained that they were no longer needed for the protection of Americans in Spain. Not that there aren't still some Americans left in the war blasted country. Some five ~~hundred~~ hundred of our citizens are still in Spain. But Secretary Hull explained that these show no desire to leave - ~~we~~ so why keep the warships there to take them away? The State Department has already said that Americans who insist on remaining ~~in~~ ~~Spain~~ do so at their own peril.

FOLLOW SPAIN

A tragic echo of Spain comes in the news that Ex-Queen Victoria is sailing for the United States; ~~she is~~ coming to visit her son, the Count of Cavadonga, former Crown Prince of Spain. ~~He~~ ^{Alfonso's disinherited son} is lying exceedingly ill in a New York hospital, ~~with~~ the malady, ~~is~~ hemophilia, ^{which runs through Europe's royal families.} ~~the bleeding disease.~~ ^{the Ex-Crown Prince} He had a boil lanced, nothing more -- but even the slightest cut or scratch is a deadly peril to the sufferer of hemophilia. The malady, as has been so often told, is hereditary in certain European royal families, and it traces through the descendents of Queen Victoria. That mighty Queen Empress was the transmitter of the strain of hemophilia which went far back in her German ancestry.

55
Now the mother hurries to the bedside of her son. The Ex-Queen comes to the Ex-Crown Prince. She is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and in her day was a sprightly British Princess. She married the King of Spain, Alfonso, but her days were shadowed by ~~his~~ misfortune. Political troubles in Spain, and the strange royal disease in her family. The King

FOLLOW SPAIN - 2

and Queen lost their throne. She, separated from her husband, *Alfonso,*
~~Now she~~ ^{now} hurries to New York to her son, who lies dangerously
ill with that royal malady.

RUSSIA

Anybody with the slightest knowledge of military strategy will appreciate the picture that comes from Moscow today. Two armies locked in battle. In the rear ^{of} of one there suddenly descends from the sky an enemy force of twelve hundred men, hundred and fifty machine guns, and eighteen cannon. This powerful detachment comes down at a strategic point and instantly begins operations, entrenching, firing away, attacking.

That would mean something in ~~anybody's~~ anybody's battle, and that's what the Red Army achieved in the war games the Soviets are staging. An air fleet flew over and dropped a young army. It took just eight minutes for the parachutes to convey the men, the machine guns and the cannon to earth.

BASEBALL

Here's a bit of dope for baseball fans. I'm afraid some of you ladies won't be interested.
The problem is: - Now that the Yanks have won the pennant, what else

have they to aspire to -- until World Series time rolls round?

They've been so far out in front all along and they've

captured the flag by such a ~~terrible~~^{wide} margin, that there hardly

seem any new worlds for them to conquer - until the World

Series. *So what?* So they are in danger of a let-down, a sagging and a

slumping of the fighting spirit. That's what Manager Joe

McCarthy is worried about. He is afraid that his team will

sink so deeply into ease and soft lethargy, that they won't

~~win~~ have any hard jawed grit-your-teeth lust for battle when

the time comes to battle the National League Pennant Winner.

So Manager Joe would like to find another new world or two,

for his hitters and fielders to conquer - just while they're

waiting.

The first line ~~of chatter~~ he gave them after they

clinched the pennant by beating Cleveland, was this - "Go out

and win more games." He told his team he wanted them to

accumulate at least a hundred and three victories. They've

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57

forty-six. The hundred and three mark gives them something to shoot at. Still, it wouldn't be breaking any record. The Yanks of Nineteen Twenty-Seven, the big Babe Ruth team, won a grand total of a hundred and ten games. To beat that would indeed be a new world to conquer.

And there's one particular Yankee who still isn't satisfied. That's Lou Gehrig, leading home-run hitter in the American League. With forty-four round trips to his credit this season Lou seems sure to end the season as Home-Run King. But he'd also like to lead the League with the top batting average. So he's still in there swinging, trying to beat out Earle Averill of the Cleveland Indians, who right now heads the batting average procession. And Gehrig would like to be first of still another headliner column of his profession -- lead in runs batted in, the test of a valuable and effective hitter -- the runs he drives across the plate.

PLANE

Down on the north shore of Long Island there is great excitement right now. A giant sea plane has just come out of the sky. She's the German Dornier the Zephyr. She landed a few minutes ago pioneering a sky route across the Atlantic, breaking the air trail for regular service between ~~Europe~~ Europe and the United States. This means the Germans have done it again -- gotten the jump on other nations. Captain Blankenburg and his crew in the giant diesel powered German sea plane left the Azores last night about eight o'clock. She was hurled into the air from a catapult on a German vessel. She weighs ten tons, has a seventy-eight wing spread, and is all metal -- and derives her power from two Diesel motors.

Shortly after leaving the Azores they ran into stiff head winds which cut its speed down to ninety miles an hour. But the Zephyr came through on her 2,400 mile important survey flight and right now Pan American Airway officials are greeting the Germans at Port Washington, Long Island.

And --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.