

James
WEAF

"DEAR ADOLF"

REVISION TWO

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5:00 - 5:15 P.M.

JUNE 21, 1942

SUNDAY

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

ANNOUNCER: (OPENS COLD) "Dear Adolf" - A letter to Hitler!

(MUSIC UP AND FADE BEHIND ANNOUNCER)

ANNOUNCER: The National Broadcasting Company, in cooperation with the Council for Democracy, ~~an organization dedicated to a fighting faith in democracy,~~ presents "Dear Adolf," a series of six narrative letters written each week by Stephen Vincent Benet, one of the nation's greatest ~~poet~~-writers. These broadcasts are based upon actual letters written to Hitler by representative Americans, and reflect their reactions to the war and our stake in ultimate victory. Our first program presents Raymond Massey, distinguished actor of stage, screen and radio, relating the views of an American farmer, as he addresses a letter to Hitler.

(MUSICFADE BEHIND VOICE)

Raymond Massey

FARMER: Will you get me the pen and ink, Mother? I want to write a letter. Got time enough, for once. Weather looks as if it would hold.

No. I'm not going to write the boy. Wrote him last week, to the camp and told him how things were going.

He knows how it is -- he was brought up on a farm. But there's lots of folks don't know.

Got in on my mind ever since the boy went away. Kind of boiling and steaming up in me to say a few things to that fellow over in Germany that started all this trouble.

Want to tell him just who I am and what I'm thinking.

Maybe it's time I did.

Get the pen, Mother? Thanks. Now you just let me think it out.

(MUSIC...UP AND DOWN...)

(PEN SCRATCHES)

"Dear Adolf -- This is me.

This is me -- one American farmer.

Six million farms and over in this country, last census.

Six million places where we can raise food for freedom.

Food for the men on the ships and the men in the planes.

Food for the boys like my boy in his soldier's clothes.

Food for Ed Summer's boy on his destroyer and Gus Taub's

boy over in his tank-plant.

Food for all kinds of folks I'll never see in my life who are fighting on our side.

(MORE)

FARMER : My farm's just one of six million.
(CONT'D)

But I want to say this.

(MUSIC SNEAKS...)

We're all against you, Adolf.

Every bushel of wheat in this country is against you.

Every furrow we plowed this Spring, we plowed against you.

Every time a hen lays an egg, that egg's against you.

Every time an Ioway hog puts on another pound, that
pound's against you.

Against you and all your works, because we don't like you
and can't stand you and we're bound and determined to get
rid of you, whatever it costs us all.

(MUSIC...UP AND DOWN...)

Ever think what it means to rouse up a [✓] few people, Adolf?
Guess not.

You see, we farmers don't talk much, Never have.

You can read in the papers about us -- parity prices and
such, but that's politics. That isn't our story.

Our story's weather and land and the things that stay.

The wind around the corner of the barn and the lambs in
March, the look of a well-limed field, and the reason a

man likes to grow things, the reason it's a satisfaction.

The reason a man will put up with hail and drought, blight
and blizzard and cornborers -- put up with them and cuss
them out and fight them all his life and get through

somehow -- just because he's got a fool idea in his head
that that's what he was born to do.

(MORE)

FARMER:
(CONT'D)

You hitched up the wrong horse when you thought that farmers can't fight, Adolf. Farmers are used to fighting. They fight every day in the year.

There's never enough rain for a farmer except when there's too much. There's never a good crop but there couldn't be a better. There's never cash in the bank but the tractor don't break down.

That's us. You can call us cantankerous and slow to change. You can call us independent, too. Because that's what we are.

Our own government's found that out and you're going to find it out, too.

We're labor and capital -- both. We've got everything to lose if you win. And we know it.

We didn't pay undue attention to your goings on across the water -- at first.

Though we didn't like the way you took on about races and such. We don't ask if our neighbours are Aryans or what have you. We just ask if they're good neighbours.

And, when you started spreading all over Europe like a mess of tent-caterpillars -- well. ~~But~~ it looked for awhile as if other folks could do the spraying.

But Pearl Harbor and the way those Japanese beetles acted just touched us off. Now, we're mad.

(MUSIC SNEAK..)

(MORE)

FARMER:
(CONT'D)

We're mad and we're out to get you, Adolf -- get you and your pals -- every one of us.

And when we say you and your pals -- we mean just that.

We mean this Mussolini that you've got cooped up in Italy like a broody hen -- that's a way for a man to act, isn't it -- and those smart little sons of heaven that took their farms away from the Chinese. We don't like that sort of thing, we don't mean to stand it. And, most of all, we'll be immortally damned if we have it here. Sorry, Mother, just lost my temper a minute.

(MUSIC...UP AND DOWN..)

Want to know what we're saying -- all over the country -- us farmers? This is it.

There's a woman up in New Hampshire and she says.

VOICE: I can't fire a gun but, bless you, I can keep firing this sausage out of here for the folks that need it to fight on.

FARMER: There's a fellow over in Maryland. He's had hard luck, as you can tell. But he says.

VOICE: "The orchard is worthless, peas suffered from drought, potatoes suffered from drought, sow had no pigs, three cows culled, pipe line rusted and busted but I'm keeping on. I read about how our soldiers need more food from us farmers. They'll get it from me if I have to bust myself wide open.

FARMER: There's an acre in the South -- one of many acres in the South -- and a sign says this on that acre.

VOICE: "I hereby dedicate this acre of my cropland to James Walls, my soldier in the service of the United States."

FARMER: There's a fellow in Kansas and he says.

VOICE: "I'll be willing to eat hard bread and drink ditch-water for the soldiers that fight this war for me."

FARMER: There's a fellow who writes in to the FSA and he says.

VOICE: "I have a brother and a brother-in-law already in service and many close friends, some of whom have already been killed, and I am willing to work for small profits so those boys may have everything they need and the best we can give them. I used to be scared of war but I see now why men fight for their country and their freedom. And whatever it takes, I am ready, I want to show these dirty back-stabbers what a country of God-loving and free people can do or the last one of us die trying.

FARMER: And this is a lady down in Alabama, I'd like you to pay attention to this one, Adolf. I know that kind of lady and we've got a lot of her. And this is what she writes.

VOICE: "My husband has been ill but I will tell you what I and two girls did in '41. We made 100 bushels of corn and a ton of peanuts, 20 bushel of peas, 20 bushel of Irish potatoes, 40 bushel of sweet potatoes. A good garden, one bale of cotton, raise about 200 chickens and have plenty of eggs. Eleven month ago a friend gave us a little pig. I fed him with a spoon and last December I butchered this pig. He weigh around 400 pound. If I could get the hogs and where to fix a hog pasture, I could do more.

(MORE)

VOICE:
(CONT'D)

Because this is the lady's war, same as the men, and I pledge myself in '42 I will double the amount of '41. I will raise two hogs for the boys in service, one for myself. I have Pearl Harbor wrote down on my heart."

(MUSIC BRIDGE...)

FARMER: That's it, Adolf, That's our answer -- the answer of our part of the home front. They won't be flying "E" pennants from the silos and we won't be getting medals and decorations. But we've got Pearl Harbor written down on our hearts. Pearl Harbor and Wake Island and the names of the dead.

We'll work for them and fight the earth for them. We'll do what we're asked and more. We'll produce as we never produced before.

The government's asking for milk -- 125,000,000 ^{Billion} pounds of milk -- eight billion and a half more pounds than last year. They'll get it.

How's the milk in Germany, Adolf? How much are your people getting?

(MUSIC SNEAK...)

You promised them guns and butter. How many guns would they swap for some of our butter? How much milk are your soldiers getting on the Russian front? How much milk are their families getting - the families they left behind? Do you even know?

All over America the Victory gardens are growing. All over America we're raising the food for freedom.

(MUSIC...UP AND DOWN...)

(MORE)

FARMER:
(CONT'D)

No, it isn't an easy job. I'll be frank about that.

You see, we can afford to be frank. We don't have to lie to our own folks to get things done.

We've got to work harder, every farmer, because with the army and the war-industries, there'll be less and less help we can hire.

We've got to patch up the farm machinery and make it do because it's more important right now to make bombs to drop on you than it is to make farm machinery.

We'll get prices that may sound high but we'll make less on the year. Feed's up and labor's up. There won't be \$23 hogs in the war - but we won't be slave-labor afterward. We'll feel the pinch like the rest and go through like the rest.

My hands are getting stiff but I can still milk. My store suit's getting old but I won't be needing it much. I take good care of my car - but I'd rather have freedom than new tires.

(MUSIC SNEAK...)

Why are we doing it, Adolf? Well, that's something you wouldn't understand. We like freedom.

Our government's not telling us to do this with machine guns

Our government's saying "Can you do it?" And we're saying

"Twelve hours a day. Seven days a week."

(MUSIC...UP AND DOWN...)

(MORE)

FARMER:
(CONT'D)

My boy wrote me from his camp, this Spring and he said.

VOICE:

"Of course I am lonesome sometimes because I miss the folks and home on the farm in the hills. I know our soil is none too rich after use and misuse by many generations of farmers and some of it is stony; but I know our hills are green now, I don't know why but I love them most when the snow drifts deep under the hemlocks and shakes down from the trees when I walk through with my gun and my dog. No time is too long to fight to keep our home in the hills safe and free.

FARMER:

And I feel just the way my boy does. That's the way I feel about this country. It's too big for puny affairs and small potatoes. It's too big for grumbling and name calling and holding back in the pinch. And it's too immortally big for you or folks like you to meddle with or put your brand on.

(MUSIC SNEAK...)

We'll choke you with wheat and corn, Adolf - we'll drown you in York State milk -- we'll smother you with cotton and soybeans and roll you up in the middle of a big Wisconsin cheese. The earth's roused up against you, Adolf - the prairies and the plains - the black earth down in the Delta and the little hillside farms where you have to plow between the stones. There's six million farms against you, Adolf - six million farms and their farmers - the men with the slow talk and the sunburnt back to their necks - the woman who know that a farm woman's day never ends.

(MORE)

FARMER:
(CONT'D)

And we're not a special class or a special interest. We're part of something and working for something that's bigger than any of us -- something big as the sky above us and fertile as the earth underfoot.

(MUSIC TO QUICK FINISH...)

It's called the United States, Adolf, and she was born in freedom!

That right, Mother?

(MUSIC THEME FADE FOR...)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT:

ANNCR: You have just heard "Dear Adolf," the first of a series of six narrative letters written each week by Stephen Vincent Benet and presented by the National Broadcasting Company, in cooperation with the Council for Democracy. The first letter was addressed to Hitler by an American farmer, with Raymond Massey, as narrator. The program was directed by Lester O'Keefe, with original music composed by Tom Bennett. These broadcasts are based upon actual letters written to Hitler by representative Americans. Won't you send in your own letter to Dear Adolf? All letters become the property of this program and may be used on forthcoming broadcasts without the mention of names.

Listen next week to an American businessman's letter to Hitler with Melvyn Douglas, as narrator.

Copies of today's "Dear Adolf" letter from a farmer may be secured without cost by writing directly to the Council for Democracy, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City.

THIS PROGRAM CAME TO YOU FROM NEW YORK.

(PAUSE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.