

Family

KRENTS

Housewife

WEAF

"DEAR ADOLF"

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5:00 - 5:15 P. M.

JULY 12, 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, presents "Dear Adolf," a series of six narrative letters written each week by Stephen Vincent Benet, one of the nation's greatest writers.

These broadcasts are based upon actual letters written to Hitler by Americans. Today's program, the fourth of the series, presents the first lady of the theater, Helen Hayes, relating the views of an American housewife and mother, as she addresses a letter to Hitler.

(MUSIC DOWN FOR:)

HOUSEWIFE: It hasn't come to us yet, the bomb by night,
The machine-gun bullet by day, the shattered house,
The dead child held in the arms for so brief a space,
The other child not found, never found at all,
In spite of the rescue squads and all the cars,
And the people who tried to find him. No, not yet.
I am writing you a letter, Adolf Hitler,
And I'm not saying "Dear Adolf". Being a woman
I can't say that, not even in scorn or jest,
For you are the enemy of all I know,
Of all I feel with my body, know with my mind,
The enemy of all women, everywhere,
And so I can't say "Dear Adolf". Maybe men can
Say that, but I have my own things to say.
I am young and old, middle aged, with my children
grown,
With my children still in my care. I live in a town,
A city, a suburb, a pleasant, tree-shaded street,
A bare street, hard with traffic, ugly with noise,
And the bomb has not reached me yet.

(MORE)

27

56

30

2

230

HOUSEWIFE:
(CONTD)

I go up and down

On my day's small business that never begins or stops
Because a family never begins or stops,
It keeps on being a family, every day.

-- The leftover steak and the socks and the school
reports,

The child with a temperature and the watch at night,
The new kind of salad where Tom will say "What's
this?"

But I'll give him waffles, too, and so he won't mind.

Yes, that's it. That's me,

The millions of us, all over America

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Who tell the census-clerk, "Occupation--housewife."

And we buy the food for the nation and guard its
children,

We keep the house and see that Mister gets fed.

-- And because of those things, we hate you, Adolf
Hitler.

You are our enemy for life and death.

I do not say it is just or right to hate.

I say we hate you for having caused this hate. 330
And hate and love are lasting things for a woman.

The selfish and pampered woman of America,

According to your book, say this to you.

WOMAN'S VOICE:

We would welcome more demands on our time, more
sacrifices, more jobs to do. My husband has drilled
with the State Guard all year. I teach First Aid 4
eight hours a week. If we have suffering, we'll
manage. We can take it.

NARRATOR:

The thoughtless and idle women of America,
According to your book, say this to you.

WOMAN'S VOICE:

I wouldn't have believed that, resilient as we are,
we could have changed so drastically in six months.
It isn't just the rationing, it cuts deeper.

NARRATOR:

The peaceful and flabby women of America,
According to your book, say this to you.

WOMAN'S VOICE: I always thought war was the worst thing that could happen. I still hate war but I realize that there are things that are worse. We are not a people who could survive by non-resistance. We must fight for our ideals and go on fighting to the end.

430

NARRATOR: They say --

WOMAN'S VOICE: Twice in my lifetime! My husband had to go to war in 1917. Now, thanks to you, he must go again. And this time, my sons too, must go. Twice in my life you and people like you have put all I hold dear in danger. I know the price you are making me pay. Our way of life is worth it. But if you know anything about mothers, you will know that I and all other American mothers will see to it that none of us ever pay it again.

5-

NAZI VOICE: (BREAKING IN) Say? Well, that's all very fine. But what do they do?

IS WHAT YOUR WOMAN
WANT THAT

530

GIRL: Air-raid warden -- Post Seven. On duty. All quiet tonight!

NARRATOR: All quiet tonight, ^{and} but there are thousands like her and, day or night, they're on duty. There are others on other duty -- women with children ...

} ?

BOY'S VOICE: (AMUSED) Gee, what do you know? Mom signed up to be an airplane spotter. Say, when Mom's up in the tower, we'd better all run for the shelters!

WOMAN'S VOICE: Yes, that's what he said, at first. But I have good eyes and, after I'd been in the tower for a couple of nights, I discovered he was rather proud of me.

6-

NARRATOR: Just a housewife. 47. In California. But she has good eyes. And here --

GIRL'S VOICE: That makes twelve dozen, Mrs. Carey. All checked and inspected. Now, how about those sweaters?

NARRATOR: Bundles for Britain -- Bundles for America -- Russian Relief -- China Relief -- Red Cross -- All the thousand things -- the thousand things

the hands of women can do --

WOMAN'S VOICE: I am now going to demonstrate the ^{TRIANGULAR} three-way bandage for serious head-injuries. Please look at the board.

630

2ND WOMAN'S VOICE: When you pass your training and start working in the hospital, your duties will be necessary rather than glamorous. You will be expected to relieve the regular nurses of a certain amount of detail and routine work which --

NARRATOR: First aid -- nurses' aid,
And we've all seen the cartoons
And the jokes about traction-splints.
Because here, somehow, we can make fun of ourselves
And yet keep on with the job and get it done.
And then, of course, for all of us, there is this.

CHILD'S VOICE: And, if we were really bombed, I'm to take care of
Elly, aren't I, Mother? Because she's pretty 7—
little.

MOTHER: Yes, dear.

CHILD: And you'll be with us, if you're here -- and I
remember about the sand in the pails. But if it's
in school or anything, I'm not going to be afraid
and I'm not going to cause a--an unnecessary
disturbance -- and neither must Elly --

MOTHER: No, dear. But Elly understands.

CHILD: And remember about lying flat, Elly, if it comes
very near and -- 730

(MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

NARRATOR: That's why we hate you.
That's why we can't rest or have peace till you're
blacked out.
Till you and all who are like you are blacked out
From the world we wish to have born.
You have stretched your hands at our children.
And there is blood on your hands.
The last war was bad and yet it was far away 8—
For us, for most here, for the lucky.
This is near and near and near.
It walks into our own houses, every day,
In blackouts, in the identification discs
Strung round the necks of our children.
And we know what those are for.

(MORE)

NARRA:

In the sharp clear voices over the radio
And the going away of men

This is our war,

Our war, not only our men's, and we mean to fight it,
As you shall see, Adolf Hitler

830

I'm not talking now of the women in uniform,
 The girls in the plants, the nurses with the Army,
 The women-pilots, ferrying the big planes,
 The pretty girls with curled hair and efficient voices
 Who wait in the secret center and train and wait
 Who mark the planes on the map-squares and train and wait.
 We know who they are. We know what they can do
 We've had them here from the first.
 Women who went with the armies, like Clara Barton,
 Women of wilderness-trails, like Rebecca Boone, 9
 Builders of homes on the prairies, like Sarah Lincoln.
 --But this is all of us, here.
 And the tale is mixed and the equal rights took long.

But from Plymouth Rock, the women went with the men,
And not as toys or chattels. They worked and shared,
They knew who took the brunt of the pioneering,
The women who bore their children on clipper ships,
The women who kept the half-faced camps in the cold,
And they were free women and their strain is in us
And shall go on.

930

NEGRO VOICE:

Free women? What of me?
What of my millions and my ancient wrong?
What of my people, bowed in darkness still?

NARRA:

Dark sister, your wrong is old
And true and grievous and heavy on the heart,
And yet Sojourner Truth could rise and speak,
A woman and a slave,

10-

NEGRO VO:

Speak and be heard, even in darkest days
They are still dark for many of my people.
I love my land as well as any of you.
I know that those we war against today
Despise my people and would drive them back
To the old slavery of whips and chains,
The lash upon the back, the ancient wrong.

(more)

NEGRO VO: And yet, even today, we find no place
Even in war, for much that we could do ^{10 30}
And would do for - our country.

NARRATOR: That is true. And yet there is a change.
It comes how slowly but it comes at last,
It comes by inches, yet the ground is won
-- And only on free soil, for only there
Can there be growth in change, can there be men
And women, who stand up for others' rights
Not only for their own, who will spend days, ^{11 -}
Years, lives in striking at some ancient wrong,
Some old intrenched injustice till it falls.
Sojourner Truth and Susan Anthony.
Jane Addams, Harriet Tubman, Clara Barton,
Women who fought for women--and for men --
For all the people, for the common people,
And each a handful of American dust,
Those are our women! ^{11 30}

NAZI VO: Yes, that is just the trouble with your corrupt
democratic state. Your women mix into all sorts of
things that are none of their business. We have put our
women in their proper place - bed, cooking, work,
children, bed. They don't have to bother their heads
about anything else. They are very happy.

NARRA: Are you so sure?

NAZI VO: We have the records. This is our kind of woman. ^{12 -}

NAZI: (WOMAN'S VOICE) I am bearing my child for the Fuehrer.
I am happy beyond words to bear my child for the Fuehrer.
When he grows to manhood he will be a soldier for the
Fuehrer. I will be his mother and see him die for the
Fuehrer. That is the highest duty of ~~manhood~~, to bear
children who can fight for the Fuehrer, kill for the
Fuehrer, die for the Fuehrer!

WOMAN: (OLDER GERMAN) They will not let me put my son's death
notice in the papers. They say there are too many death
notices in the papers. It makes a bad impression. ^{12 30}

NAZI: (WOMAN'S VOICE) Breed for the Fuehrer!

WOMAN 2: (GERMAN) My son got the Iron Cross. They have sent it
back to me in a box. They have not sent back my son.

NAZI: (WOMAN'S VOICE) Kill for the Fuehrer!

WOMAN 3: (GERMAN) There has been another great victory they tell
me. Another great victory. But there is no bread in my
house. There are no children in my house.

NAZI: (WOMAN'S VOICE) Die for the Fuehrer!

VOICES: (IN MECHANICAL OBEDIENCE, IN A LONG DEFEATED SIGH)
Sieg - heil - sieg - heil -

NARRATOR: Yes, that's it. That's what you've done.
That's what you've done to the women of Germany.
That's what you've done to their children.
That's what you would do to ours.
To the flesh of our flesh, the bodies of our bodies,
Young, looking up with big eyes -

13-

~~AN OFFICIAL VOICE: The infant mortality rate in occupied Greece is
tragically high and rising. The Greek babies get
no milk. No milk.~~

~~NARRA: Or the children, gawky and tall,
Gawky as colts and growing out of their clothes,
Just growing up into life -~~

~~OFF VOICE: There are no mortality statistics for occupied Poland.
We cannot compute mortality statistics for occupied
Poland. But we fear that an entire generation of Polish
youth is being wiped out.~~

1330

NARRA: That is your war, that is your kind of war,
The war against the children.
The war against the children of your foes
With bombs and treachery and slow starvation.
The war against the children of your land
To make them shouting slaves of a machine.

And that is why we hate you, Adolf Hitler,
And ask for sacrifice and pray for courage
And will give up whatever must be given,
The pleasant days, the easy luxuries,
Just so your hands will not destroy our children,
Just so your hate will not destroy their hearts.

14-

(more)

dividing

NARRA: Oh, yes, we hear the small, ~~divisive~~ voices,
The petty voices, nagging in our ears, *1430*
Playing your game.

WOMANS VO: Well, my dear, of course it all sounds very nice--United
Nations. But if you think Britain and Russia won't let
us down the minute they get a chance--

MANS VO: A pint of milk a day for every child in the world! Say
that's the silliest idea I ever heard of! Suppose
they'll want to give it to the Eskimos, too!

NARRA: Yes, those are voices, playing your old game -
Class against class, ally against ally, -
Race against race, smugness against the dream. *15-*
A pint of milk a day for every child?
That's a big order---but it isn't silly.
It isn't silly to women.

We happen to know children and know milk,
We're practical about real things like those,
We're practical in wanting--not just peace
But peace that will mean something.
We're practical in wanting a new world.
Where every kind of child has room to grow. *1530*

And, this time - statesmen, premiers, diplomats,
Men of good will and --men of less good will -
Our voices shall be heard at the peace table,
The voices of the free women of the world,
Loud in your ears, persistent as the sea,
"No peace unless it is a peace of justice! *16-*
No peace that does not set the children free!"

(CURTAIN)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT:

ANNCR: You have just heard "Dear Adolf", starring Helen Hayes -
the 4th 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 program was directed by
Lester O'Keefe, with original music composed by Tom
Bennett, and conducted by Josef Stopak. These broadcasts
are based upon actual letters written to Hitler by
Americans. Won't you send in your own letter to Dear
Adolf? (more) *1620*

ANNCR:

This program will not be heard next Sunday, due to the performance at that time of the new Shostakovitch Symphony by the NBC Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Arturo Toscanini. But be sure to listen at this same time on Sunday, July 26, to an American Soldier's letter to Hitler with Jeffrey Lynn, as narrator. Copies of today's "Dear Adolf" letter relating the views of an American housewife and mother, 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. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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9:45 am
7/7/42