

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Today's headline story is one that it is most fitting to tell on the radio. The newspapers give it much space. But the story belongs to the air. For (the man has died without whom there would be no broadcasting. Guglielmo Marconi.)

The passing of Marconi, who in science revolutionized the ways of the modern world, puts an accent today on a drama of - family, parents and children. Such was the beginning of his career, a story of mother and son. Today the end of Marconi has a moody, dramatic point of father and daughter.

It's one of the oldest and stalest of platitudes to say of an eminent man - that he owed it all to his mother. Yet this was so true of Marconi that you inescapably have to say - he owed everything to his mother and to her rebellion.

She was an Irish girl, those sixty odd years ago - Annie Jamison. Her first defiance flared over her marriage. She was resolved to marry Giuseppe Marconi, an Italian banker. Her Irish family objected but she defied them and had her way and her wedding. Without that rebellion, the inventor of wireless would never have been born.

As the boy grew up, the banker of Bologna, wanted him to become a musician. That's the familiar ambition of Italian parents for their sons. But the lad displayed an early interest in science, was devoted to mathematics and physics. His father objected, insisted on music, Once more Annie Jamison of Ireland revolted. She defied her husband, and gave the boy the means to study science. She engaged the best instructors for him, and sent him to the University of Bologna to study under a famous professor. She provided him with a laboratory on his father's estate - a laboratory in a woodshed for his experiments. So without his mother's second rebellion, Marconi could not have invented radio.

The story tells how he stuck two iron rods in the ground some distance away from the woodshed, and set up a crude receiver. There he stationed a carpenter with a rifle, and told him to fire a shot as a signal whenever the electric arm of the receiver began to vibrate. Then inside the woodshed Marconi set off wireless impulses, and immediately he heard - a shot! He had succeeded in transmitting the signal for the letter - "S" He was just twenty-one; hardly more than a boy! He made a simple announcement, but his words were revolutionary. "I've discovered he said, "how to telegraph without wires."

The scientists of Italy laughed at him. And he got no encouragement in his own country. Once again his mother rebelled you couldn't suppress that one-time Annie Jamison. She took her son and his discovery to London, and there got people and money interested in this new strange wireless idea. So in England Marconi was able to continue his experiments on a large scale. He flashed messages over increasing distances, to warships miles away and across the Channel. Then came the triumph that brought him world success - the first wireless message across

the Atlantic. Marconi sitting in a shack on the storm bound coast of Newfoundland, waiting for days - then one night the wireless message came through.

Thereafter, his life was an unbroken sequence of honors. the Nobel Prize, all the decorations that Italy could give him - after first having laughed at him. He was made a Senator and a marquis. But perhaps the greatest honor that Marconi ever received was when the survivors of the TITANIC marched to his hotel in New York to cheer him and thank him for saving their lives. Not one would have survived - save for the wireless calls that brought the rescue ships.

His little daughter - Electra, in homage to that principle of Nature with which he had performed his miracles, electricity. His yacht, which was a floating laboratory, for long experiments at sea, he likewise named Electra. Today Marconi died, and today is his daughter's eighth birthday - the birthday of Electra.

Of late Marconi's health had been poor; he had suffered from heart attacks. Last night he went to bed saying he felt weary. This morning at three o'clock he called for his valet and apologized. Marconi was always most courteous.

"I am sorry, " he said to the valet, "for I'm going to put you and my friends to considerable trouble. I fear my end is near. Will you please inform my wife."

The wife and the daughter Electra were at a seaside resort for the hot days of summer.

Marconi lapsed into unconsciousness and by the time doctors got there he was dead.

Today, Mussolini, who was one of his best friends, kneeled beside the body and prayed, and then kissed the inventor of wireless on the forehead in last forewell. Pope Pius, to whom Marconi was devoted, heard the news as he was saying mass in the Vatican - and immediately turned the ritual into a requiem, for the repose of the soul of the conqueror of the Ether Waves.

The last years of the inventor of radio were spent in research on extreme short waves, which he called micro-waves. It has been reported time and again that Marconi was at work on - a death ray, a new terror of destruction in war. But this he always denied. Just ten days ago he spoke to George Lansbury, the British labor leader, and said he was anxious about the future of civilization. "Because," said Marconi, "The world's scientific genius is being used to create weapons of destruction." "And that," said he, - and here are his own words:- "And that might ultimately result in modern inventions destroying all we take pride in as our inheritance of the past."

Guinness.
July 20th
1937.

HARRY GUINNESS

A few minutes ago, I heard a man say - "Australia will be disappointed." We were talking about the death of Marconi, and the speaker was an Australian. He told me that the inventor of wireless was to have paid a visit to the southern hemisphere next year, for the Australian Centenary, and they were eagerly awaiting him. Because for the past two years Australia has had a veritable birth of wireless, the science of radio springing to sudden life. And there's drama in this, as told by Harry Guinness, Australian head of Movietone Newsreel. You were telling me, at the Hotel Gotham today, Mr. Guinness, that it all goes back to the tragedy of the "Southern Cloud."

H.G.:— Yes, we were establishing an airplane service between Sidney and Melbourne, over difficult mountain country. It was only four years ago, but we had no proper radio system. The "Southern Cloud", with a full passenger list of distinguished people aboard, was flying to Sidney. She disappeared. No sign of the plane has ever been seen. The belief is that flying

high she overshot Sidney, and landed out at sea. This could not have happened with proper wireless.

L.T.: - But you were telling me that since the tragedy of the "Southern Cloud" there has been a great deal of radio development in the past two years.

H.G.: - Yes, we've had a national drive and agitation for it, and now Australia is rapidly becoming one of the foremost radio lands on earth. Just recently we established our wireless telephone system with London. So you can understand how much Marconi's visit would have meant to us.

L.T.: - You were telling me, about an aviation adventure that illustrates the perils of flying over wild country, where there is no modern radio, a forced landing in New Guinea jungles.

H.G.; - Jungles indeed, trees two hundred feet high, so tangled with creepers and undergrowth, that you can hardly cut your way through. But sometimes the very thickness of the jungle can be a help. The tropical forest is so dense that a plane, with a reasonable slow landing speed, can alight in the tree tops

and perch there almost like a giant bird. That's what happened to the plane you mention. It was forced down, plowed its way through the tree-tops for a short distance, and remained there, supported by the almost solid forest. It stayed there for a week, the passengers keeping alive on the rations they had. Then, when searching planes had spotted the lost craft, the rescue party on the ground, cut its way through foot by foot. When they got to the place where the plane was right overhead, they had a New Guinea cannibal climb the tree and pass a rope that enabled the survivors to be lowered two hundred feet to the ground.

L.T.: - A plane up a tree in New Guinea - that's an odd one! But then many things are odd in those topsy-turvy latitudes of yours down in the southern hemisphere.

CHINA

(Heavy fighting is going on in China. And Chiang Kai Shek has wired the governor of Hopei not to yield to the Japanese - but fight. Undeclared war - raging right now.)

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SPAIN

(The Non-Intervention Committee meeting ended in deadlock today. The Italians refused even to discuss withdrawal of volunteers from Spain. It looks like the end of non-intervention.)

COURT

From Washington today the word flashes -- a new compromise on the Court Plan - compromise number two! The President's original demand landed in such tough going that it was toned down once into something less drastic. That was the compromise for which Senator Robinson was fighting when he died.

Today there was a White House conference between the President and the Vice-President. Now the report is that Vice-President Garner is backing compromise Number Two. Because right after the conference the word was given out by a White House spokesman -- that a new court plan was being prepared, one that would unite the Democrats in its support. The statement was made in these terms:- "There was a very decided belief by all parties -- except two or three opposition leaders -- that this thing is going to work out surprisingly satisfactory to all concerned."

What is this Compromise Number Two? We are not told but rumors are flying. The soundest opinion seems to be that it will drop the idea of increasing the number of justices, will abandon the notion of an age limit, and will concentrate on

the principle of setting a size for Supreme Court majorities. Not allow the court to chuck out a Federal law by such slim margins. Two-thirds is the proportion now mentioned -- requiring the Justices to vote unconstitutional by a two-thirds majority.

Meanwhile, there's a Senate truce in the court fight, until the Democrats choose a floor leader to succeed Senator Robinson. They will do that tomorrow, and the leading candidates still are Barkley of Kentucky and Pat Harrison of Mississippi.

CANDIDATE

Here's an interesting question -- who will be the Republican candidate in 1940? Should you like an interesting answer? All right - Mayor LaGuardia of New York. Don't think I'm having pipe dreams. It's William Allen White, the sage of Emporia, speaking. He was one of the original sponsors of Landon, and now he is sponsoring La Guardia. Bill seems to love a good time.

Today in an editorial in his Emporia, Kansas GAZETTE, William Allen White declares that the Republican Party needs new blood, a candidate not connected with the feuds within the party. White declares that if the Republicans are going to win they'll have to have some one to win with. And for that someone he suggests -- LaGuardia.

In New York these glad tidings were flashed to the Mayor, whereupon Fiorello remarked -- that the editorial was the first kind word he had heard from a Republican in a long time. Mayor LaGuardia is having plenty of trouble right now getting the Republicans to back him even for re-election as Mayor.

TENNIS

Over at Wimbledon today they had the tennis thrill of a lifetime. The spectators thought they were seeing a German triumph. They watched Baron Von Cram flash a streak of dazzling brilliance on the court. They saw him at the top of his form, swift, graceful, sure. They saw him take the first set from Donald Budge, and their eyes gaped as he took the second. The Teuton with the title outplayed the American at every angle. What chance did Budge have, after spotting Von Cram those two sets? Why -- he'd have to take the next three in a row and with the German playing super-tennis. That's just what Donald Budge did. He broke through Von Cram's defense, and snatched a victory out of the jaws of defeat. The score -- 6-8, 5-7, 6-4, 6-2, and 8-6.

Our side lost the other event of the day. The German Hensel beat our Bitsy Grant. But that didn't matter. For the tournament ended with the U. S. A. taking three out of five events. So Uncle Sam goes into the finals with betting odds all on the all-conquering firey headed Donald Budge.

JARRETT

Today at the Dallas, Texas, Exposition, a man received a long distance telephone call, and from the other end of the wire came these words: "I want a divorce." That 's enough to startle any husband. The hubby in question was Art Jarrett. The wifie at the other end of the wire was Eleanor Holm Jarrett the former back-stroke swimming champion who was banished from the Olympic Games.

Eleanor certainly knows how to rouse the headlines. She had them screaming when she sipped the historic champagne that put sensation in the Olympic Games, when the American Olympic officials sent Eleanor home. This time it's Eleanor who is saying: "Here's your hat," saying it - to hubby.

Hubby got the sad news at the Dallas Exposition. Wifie sent it from the Cleveland Exposition All exposish! The back-stroke queen says it's just a matter of careers. Her husband has his career as a jazz singer. She has hers as a jazz swimmer. with eyes on Hollywood. She makes an indignant denial about the ring she wears. Instead of her wedding ring, she has been wearing a scintillating diamond sparkler. But she denies it

was given to her by Billy Rose, the beauty promoter. Billy is happily married, she explains. He's wedded to Fannie Brice, who is not so good at the backstroke, but Fanny knows a lot of jokes, and this may be one of them.

Art Jarrett says he is disconsolate. He has been dreaming of settling down with Eleanor, just house, fireside, and babies. "I was dreaming, " he says, "that we might move out to the coast and set up a home" - a little grey home in the westl

But these visions were rudely shattered today by the voice over the wire: - "I want a divorce!" In other words
solong - BUT NOT UNTIL TOMORROW.