

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Here's a phrase that seems to have dynamite in it -- "turning the cattle out to grass." Those words are the key to the reports of a scrap between President Roosevelt and Vice-President Garner. The row is described as having flared at a conference between the President and congressional leaders at the White House.

This afternoon the President himself came forward with an explanation of all the talk. Says it concerns that phrase -- turning the cattle out to grass. This cow country metaphore was attributed to Vice President Garner by Washington correspondent Arthur Krock in an article in last Sunday's New York Times. The cattle standing for business, the grass standing for profits. The general significance being that the administration should let business alone and not put on any further burdens or restrictions. So that business could go out and make some money. Turn the cattle out to grass, so they could put on fat.

Did Vice-President Garner make that remark, which could only be interpreted as a criticism of the Roosevelt business policy? The President asked Garner. And, the Vice-President told the President, "No," he didn't "say anything about the cattle and the grass." That's how the rumors of the disagreement started. The President states today.

It seems like a lot of excitement on the rustic subject, cows and grass, but it really is much to the point -- because of the reports that Vice-President Garner is opposed to administration policies -- especially the vast and expensive pump priming. Texas Jack is said to be leading conservative democrats in a move to check the titanic priming of the gignatic pump.

All of this the President denied in strong terms this afternoon. Denies that Garner's in opposition. Ridicules the rumor that there's a rift in the Roosevelt-Garner friendship.

RAILROADS

One railroad system in the United States - that proposal was made to a congressional committee today. Combine all the railroads of the country into one ~~unified~~ unified organization of trains on tracks.

This follows the President's action yesterday in turning the problem of the railroads over to Congress, with elaborate reports that have been compiled. So today the Interstate Commerce Committees of the Senate and ~~the~~ House were considering the financial difficulties of the roads. ~~To these committees~~ ^{and} the President sent ^{them} a proposal advanced by Interstate Commerce Commissioner Carl Miller. The gist of it is phrased in these words: "That Congress should pass a law declaring it to be the policy of the United States that the railways should be consolidated into a single system for ownership and operation under private management." The Commerce Commissioner argues that this unification would increase confidence in the future of the railroads, and would not be a step in the direction of government ownership.

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RED CROSS

The Red Cross has a new head. President Roosevelt announces today that Norman Davis has accepted the chairmanship of the American branch of that world-wide organization of mercy.

Norman Davis, new head of the Red Cross. Which means he must be retiring as ambassador at large — perhaps the most widely known of living diplomats.

CHICAGO

Chicago had a lively election today -- a mere primary, an early primary of the series that will lead ^{to the voting} ~~into~~ ~~to the~~ extravaganza in the fall. The interest and excitement lay in the fact that two factions of the democratic party were battling it out for the control of the State ~~The~~ organization.

^{One faction} headed by Governor Horner, ⁱⁿ ^A control ~~the~~ down state counties!

And, -- the Kelly-Nash machine which is supreme in ^{Cook County.} ~~Chicago~~

~~Chicago.~~ ^{It} One ~~has~~ cause of trouble was the fact that the

Chicago police commissioner, who is on the Kelly-Nash side,

refused the amount of police protection the Horner group

thought they should have. ~~What~~ ^What did they do on the Horner

side ^{do?} ^They swore in one hundred and twenty special-election-

policemen of ^{their} ~~the~~ own, these to guard the polls.

Right off the bat these special Horner police went

into action, ~~when~~ ^There was a ~~disturbance~~ disturbance at ~~the~~ ^R polling

place ^{and} ^They arrested two men, took them to a police station

and made charges against them. The police captain released

the two prisoners, and locked up the two special policemen,

saying they had no right to make the arrests. ~~Later they~~
~~were released.~~

In another polling place a lady came to cast her
ballot. Womanhood ~~EXERCISE~~ exercising the right of suffrage.
Her ballot was challenged by one of the Horner political workers.
The Kelly-Nash workers challenged that, and the fight was on.
Fist^s smashing faces, chairs bouncing on heads. The lady
voter found the right of suffrage, quite exciting, if not
perilous.

In another place ~~AND~~ there was ^{so} much excitement that
a voter dropped dead. And still elsewhere a negro W.P.A.
worker was shot and killed in an election argument.

The most exciting thing still remains to come,
the count, ^{the} decision -- which side won. *They'll know tomorrow?*

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ROBBERY

New York's night club robbery and shooting presents a picture of bandit cunning and treachery. Three stick-up men were robbing the place, when two cops burst in. There was a gun battle all over the night club, until the stick-up men yelled: "We surrender," and they dropped their guns - pistols clattering on the floor. The policemen lowered their own weapons and walked up to arrest them. Whereupon - one of the robbers drew another pistol he had in his pocket and opened fire. One of the policemen fell with a probable fatal wound. The other ^{officer} blazed away once more and shot down the three ^{robbers--two of whom are} ~~two~~ not expected to live.

~~was~~ a bandit trick that didn't work.

FORD

2
A Grand Jury indictment in Detroit reveals an extortion attempt and on no less personalities than the Fords, Henry and ~~Edsel~~ son Edsel. The affair dates back to last November, but it was kept secret until now - ~~the~~ ^a grand jury indictment.

The extortion letter demanded ten thousand dollars under threat of death, the menace phrased in these words: "If you don't send it, your lives and your families' lives isn't worth a plugged nickel."

The Ford police ~~got~~ a line on the sender of the letter, a youth - who, however, proceeded to disappear. The young extortionist fled to Texas and there, at the town of San Angelo, he surrendered two weeks ago. He went to the sheriff's office and said his conscience was bothering him and he told about writing the extortion letter to the Fords.

The youth was brought back to Detroit, and today the prosecution began, the affair made public.

WHITNEY

3

In the Tombs, New York's frowning prison - Richard Whitney spent the night in a cell near the cell of the triple murderer, Robert Irwin, the homicidal sculptor. Today, the one-time millionaire broker and head of a famous brokerage house - was handcuffed to ^{another} ~~a negro~~ convicted ~~of assault~~. On the other side of ~~the negro prisoner, likewise handcuffed to him, was a white~~ ~~extortioner~~. Thus was the one-time great figure of Wall Street taken to Sing Sing by train - in a special car carrying convicted men.

There were twelve. All sorts of crimes represented - blackmail, robbery, attempt to kill, swindling. ~~They condemned men~~ all tried to hide their faces from the spectators, from the photographers. They turned their heads away, pulled their hats over their eyes, turned up their coat collars, held up newspapers. They all tried to hide their faces - except the man who for three terms was President of the New York Stock Exchange. He kept his head up, walked with a firm, erect tread, walked so steadily and rapidly that sometimes he half dragged the ^{man} ~~negro~~ to whom he was handcuffed. "Taking his medicine," as he has been saying all along.-

today he took it right to the last minute ~~skin up~~. Once in the

~~convict~~ ^{Sing Sing} car a nearby prisoner complained that the shackles were hurting his wrist. "The trouble with you," spoke up the one-time kingpin of Wall Street, ^{"is that} "you can't take it."

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At Sing Sing, they entered the grim prison gate, and a guard sang out: "All in!" Yes, all were in, and the gate closed - closed on Richard Whitney, condemned to serve from five to ten years.

A tragic story, and yet! Many a poor devil goes to prison for stealing a few dollars, and nobody makes a tragedy of it. Richard Whitney stole a couple of million, the Wall Street mogul who was the proclaiming voice of principle and probity. Yet, tragedy it is in the Arist^o~~to~~^{telian} meaning of tragedy. The downfall of the great! - Aristotle taught that the tragic figure was a man of heroic stature, lofty ~~sketch~~ with pride and power, endowed with high ^{est of} noble qualities. But somewhere ~~there's~~ a flaw, and because of that one flaw and the workings of fate, the heroic figure falls to utter ruin. That's the Arist^o~~to~~^{telian} meaning of tragedy. ^Q and now in our own modern world it seems to apply in some degree to

Richard Whitney, millionaire magnate of Wall Street, three times President of the New York Stock Exchange, and tonight - Convict Number ninety-four thousand, eight hundred and thirty-five!

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Here's a late flash - the figures giving the financial status of the brokerage firm of Richard Whitney and Company, Bankrupt. They were filed in the New York Federal Court today, and they show the Company has liabilities of seven million, six hundred thousand dollars. Its assets ~~are~~ - one million, one hundred thousand. Bankrupt by over six million. ~~dollars~~

ESPIONAGE

Espionage at the Panama Canal, threefold spy work.

That today is charged by Representative Byron Scott of California.

He declared in Congress that in the Canal Zone, secret agents of

three nations were prying into American military secrets -

Italian, German and Japanese spies. Well, those three nations are

partners in the anti-Communist pact. Can it be that they're

interested in matters other than Communism? They won't find the

Red flag flying at the Panama Canal.

SPAIN

New words of terror come from Spain tonight - liquid fire. Franco's Rebels are on their way again, smashing their way to the sea, only a few miles to go now. They advanced five miles today. In one place they are only nine miles from the Mediterranean.

This word of new Rebel victory does not come from Franco's headquarters. It ^{'s} a dispatch from Barcelona, and Barcelona puts emphasis on the explanation - liquid fire. They say Franco's battalions were assulting the Left Wing positions with great streaks of flame, that burn~~ed~~ out the defenders. Barcelona says its soldiers ~~can~~ ^{can} not stand against the assault by fire. Mass attack by flame throwers.

Italians in grotesque fire-proof suits advancing with long streams of fire that burns everything.

FRANCE

Troubles in France quieted down suddenly today. First, the new Premier, Daladier, appeared before the Chamber of Deputies and asked for a vote of confidence. It was given to him, and how! Five hundred and seventy-six to five - that's a majority for you! It would seem as if the French legislators, Left to Right, Red to White, have finally realized that France needs some sort of government in power, world conditions being what they are.

But what about the strikes, that French epidemic of walk-out and sit-down? They are settled. That was the second quieting event in Paris today. Right after the overwhelming vote of confidence, the Minister of Labor in the new cabinet went into a conference with the Radical union leaders. They quickly worked out a compromise, and the strikes were called off.

~~So tonight it's all quiet along the Seine.~~

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Here's the latest just in: —
the French Chamber of Deputies
has just voted Daladier the semi-
dictatorial powers he wanted.

A spirit of tragic irony hovered over a death-bed in Paris today. One of the great figures of the arts has vanished from the world, one of the most famous of names - Chaliapin, the ~~legendary~~ *Shall-yah-pin* legended Russian basso. Tonight, the voice of Chaliapin is eternally still; and, there's tragic irony. ~~indeed~~ [¶] He was a fabulous figure of music, a Russian peasant, reared in sordid poverty. His inspired gifts of voice and art carried him to a height of fortune and renown as the greatest operettic basso of his time. At his peak his earnings were a quarter of a million dollars a year. And he strutted his part - the Russian peasant raised to the topmost pinnacle. *The Volga Boatman - King of Song.*

as I knew him,
He was a giant of a man, six feet four, [^] built like one of those Russian wrestlers, huge shoulders, ponderous muscle, the figure of a professional strong-man. And he was proud of his great stature and bulk. He used to swagger like a hulking Goliath.

~~He ate hugely and drank by the gallon~~ His appetite was stupendous and so was his thirst. He'd eat enough for three men. Before breakfast he'd have a snack - a huge bowl of raw chopped cabbage, raw onions and slices of black bread - a reminder of his

Russian peasant origin. And he'd drink his fiery ~~vodka~~ native vodka by the gallon, it seemed. He was known to drink famous tipplers under the table, ~~with~~ Chaliapin ~~himself would go on~~ drinking ^{on} ~~and~~ roaring with song. His love affairs were of similar ample dimensions, many adventures, many children.

Such was Chaliapin, a gargantua of art. Of what malady did he die? That's the irony - anemia. You've seen anemic people, thin, pale, wraith-like. The utter and complete reverse was bulky, burly Chaliapin. And yet, in the last couple of years, he was taken with pernicious anemia. His giant frame and mighty appetite simply wasted away. A Gargantua - fallen away to a shadow. *Mockery.*

But there was nothing contradictory about Chaliapin's last moments today. Napoleon died thinking in his delirium he was commanding a great battle. And Chaliapin died with a delusion of singing, a performance, an opera.

He lay mumbling with feverish broken phrases and they heard him say:- "What theatre am I in?" And then his last words - "I can't sing here." No, he ~~xxxx~~ can never sing here again.

For
 tonight Chaliapin is singing in some other realm, *singing*
Boon's Godoonof -
 somewhere beyond the stars.

*And now Hugh
 what from you.*

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