

CONVENTION

The Democrats seem to be in search of brotherly love. They are taking their Convention to the city named after that pleasing commodity. Still, Philadelphia is a stronghold of the Democratic enemy, and just how much fraternal feeling Brother Democrat will get from brother Republican - in Philadelphia - may seem doubtful. But, at the same time, Philadelphia does like to whoop it up for big things. And they'll hang out the banners and ring the bells for the Convention that is scheduled to re-nominate President Roosevelt just as they have a way of doing in Philly.

The issue was between Chicago, San Francisco and Philadelphia -- when the delegates of the Democratic National Committee met in Washington today at the Willard Hotel. Senator William Gibbs McAdoo opened the bidding for Frisco. He laid down a check for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Chicago put in its ante, and Philadelphia raised 'em both. When it was all over, Philadelphia had plunked down a brotherly two hundred thousand -

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and had the Convention although San Francisco had had a 1000

higher. The Democrats may have had in mind the possible

advantage of staging their political big show in rock ~~rib~~

ribbed Republican Pennsylvania. ~~But the F.B.I. says today that~~

~~it will be dirty and defamatory.~~

FARLEY

It has been fairly apparent to all of us that we are in for one of the bitterest presidential campaigns in the history of American politics. It hardly needed Postmaster General Garley to tell us that, but the P.M.G. adds today that it will be dirty and defamatory.

SUPREME COURT

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Tonight history repeats itself. The old chestnut comes true. A lofty social function in Washington, a stately White House reception. It is a venerable custom in Washington that each year the President shall give receptions and banquets for various of the departments of government - a reception for the members of Congress, a banquet for the diplomatic corps, ^{and so on.} Tonight one ^{most} of the ~~solemnest~~ of all is being staged - the judiciary reception. Tonight Mr. Roosevelt is receiving and entertaining the ^{United} ~~States~~ ^{States} Supreme Court.

Last year we observed a curious bit of drama, when the President gave ^{the} a banquet to the Supreme Court. Each year there are two judiciary social functions, a White House reception and a White House banquet. Last year it was the banquet that ^{took} ~~granted~~ the spotlight. ^{Then} ~~Because~~ the renowned gold decision was about to be decreed. The Supreme Court was passing on the constitutionality of the President's act in taking the nation off the gold standard. It was known that the nine justices had the decision all written out, but they hadn't made it public. ^{was it to} ~~yet.~~ What ~~would it~~ be? The suspense was terrific. Business

was on the anxious seat. The Administration had the jitters. The President's gold policy was about to stand or fall. And nobody knew, save those nine so-called lonely men.

And with the White House family as hosts, the high justices sat at the festive board. As if to emphasize the big question mark that hovered over the scene the presidential victuals were served on gold plate.

Tonight's social oddity is the Supreme Court reception - not banquet - at the White House. The high justices will be received with stately hospitality. And this time the event occurs right after the Supreme Court put the axe to the A.A.A., decapitating one of the most important of all the New Deal agencies. Will they talk about that? Hardly the President will cast not even a mournful, reproachful glance at the Supreme Judges, all four of them. Because, of the nine lonely old men, only four will be at the party. Two are kept indoors with colds. And Justices Brandeis and Cardozo, who were in the minority, voted in favor of the A.A.A., never go to parties - whether the parties be given by

Presidents or kings. Neither does Mr. Justice Sutherland.

We are informed that the Supreme Court, (as much as is there,) all four of them -- will be served ice cream and cake.

And like a ghost at that entertainment will be - that first letter of the alphabet, repeated three times.

GANDHI

From India the word comes - that the disciples have gathered ^{at Wardha.} The disciples of whom? In India you wouldn't have to ask that question. Everybody would know - the disciples of Gandhi. They are thronging to his remote solitary retreat at Wardha, the followers of the Mahatma, devotees of his doctrine of Swaraj. What's the political meaning? What new campaign is Gandhi about to lead in his fight for Indian nationalism?

Of late we haven't been hearing so much about the activities and agitations of the Mahatma. The truth is that he has been retired from politics. Last October he renounced his interests in the turbulent affairs of government and sought quiet in his Wardha retreat. There he has been devoting his meditations to two problems: One - the untouchables; How can India get rid of that age old custom of untouchability which dooms tens of millions to lives of utter abasement? ~~There is the other~~

The other question that Gandhi has been thinking of is - how to improve life in the villages of India, better the financial condition of the villagers? And he has come out with a new idea about that, the idea of - economy, spend less, cut down the

cost of living. That sounds reasonable enough, but Gandhi adds one of his characteristic twists. The Mahatma has been preaching the gospel of economy, cutting down expenses - by eating uncooked food. Experimenting on himself in his hermitage. And now he claims that you can get more nourishment out of food that is raw than out of food that is cooked, and save expense. That's his doctrine for the Indian villagers. The Mahatma always was renowned for weird tricks of diet, like goat's milk and bird seed. And of late he had been dining on things uncooked, raw vegetables, greens and fruits.

Now, the disciples are gathering at Wardha. Are they called for some activity to help the Untouchables? Or - on some mission ~~in~~ in behalf of the gospel of uncooked foods? No, something simpler, something less sociological. The Master is desperately ill. What's his

ailment? The answer is astonishing. He has lived the life of an ascetic. He is mere skin and bone, emaciated. He has lived on goat's milk, bird seed, and more recently on uncooked vegetables.

And yet his illness is described as - high blood pressure!

That's commonly associated with ruddy, full fed, paunchy individuals, hardy eaters and heavy drinkers. The little brown man in the loin cloth would be the last you would think of as having

high blood pressure, the wrong kind of diastole ^{and systole.} ~~But that's~~

~~what the dispatch from India says.~~

He is sixty-five now. For years he has been ~~■~~ of world renown. Mahatma means - "a great soul", and he is really that. Among the Old Testament Israelites he would have been called a prophet. In medieval times - a saint.

So no wonder, from all over India, the disciples are gathering, ~~at Wardha,~~ troubled, full of foreboding, anxious for the "great soul" of Hindustan.

Grenfell.
Jan. 97
1936

INTRO TO SIR WILFRED

A distinguished gentleman has just dropped in to pay me a call. He is associated with a region so remote that we seldom get news from there. His name is Sir Wilfred Grenfell. Grenfell of The Labrador. The man who, for more than forty years has done so much for the people who live along fifteen hundred miles of America's stormiest coastline -- white fisherfolk, Indians, and Eskimo.

Once every year the world-famous singers of the Metropolitan Opera in New York give a special performance for the benefit of the Grenfell work along The Labrador. This time it is to be the opera Walkure, with the great star Flagstadt singing the principal role. The afternoon of January twenty-second, at the Metropolitan.

Well, having Sir Wilfred Grenfell here, let's ask him if there is any news from The Labrador. Is there any, Sir Wilfred?

SIR WILFRED AND L.T.

SIR W.:- I suppose the news that would interest you most would be this:- the war between Italy and Ethiopia has had a great effect on The Labrador.

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L.T.:- That's odd.

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SIR W.:- Most of the people up there make their living by fishing. And, curious as it may seem, the chief market for Labrador fish has been the countries of the Mediterranean, particularly Italy. Not knowing just what was going to happen to Italian money, the lira, the fishing people have been unwilling to take a chance and sell ~~the~~ their fish. It means that the cold, bleak Labrador is suffering from the war in hot, ^{tropical} ~~tropical~~ Africa.

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L.T.:- You may not know it, Sir Wilfred, but you played an important part in this broadcast when I first went on the air five years ago. Indirectly you were one of the founders of our Tall Story Club. Some one who had worked in one of your Labrador hospitals wrote to me and said that when he reached the Labrador Coast he had luncheon with you, and asked you for a little advice. Your reply was that the mosquitoes were bad, but that most of them

wouldn't bother seriously. And then you explained that there was one particular mosquito he must watch out for, a bad actor. And you told him that he could recognize that mosquito when he met it, because it had the imprint of a man's fist between its eyes. Yes, Sir Wilfred, that was one of our first Tall Stories, and it started a stream of them coming in through the mail. And now that we have you here, on the spot, you, one of the founders of our Tall Story Club, a learned doctor, a noble knight and a scientist, tell us another!

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SIR W.:- Not a tall one, Mr. Thomas. I can never think of a lie. But here's a true one. A chap named Birdseye went out fishing, through the ice, on The Labrador. The temperature was down around fifty below. He caught a lot of fish, and threw them on the ice, where they instantly froze solid. Later he took them back ~~xx~~ to the cabin and threw the frozen fish on the floor.

Birdseye stoked up the fire, made himself some hot tea, the room got very warm, and when he turned around he found the fish had thawed out, and were jumping up and down on the floor.

(Sir.W. cont.) You may think that's another Tall Story, but I assure you it's true. Because Birdseye sold that idea of freezing things, to keep them fresh, ~~xx~~ to an American firm for one million dollars, And that was the origin of the scheme of freezing fresh foods which is now in world-wide use.

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L.T.:- That may be true, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, but it also sounds mighty tall. At any rate, here's to you and your colleagues for the grand work you have done for the people on The Labrador.

GILBERT

The tragedy of John Gilbert didn't happen today. True, he died today, but his tragic end occurred ^{some} ~~five~~ years ago; because to an actor the end of his playing days -- is the end.

John Gilbert was in the "great lover" line of succession ~~is~~ that came down from Francis X. Bushman through Rodolf Valentino. ^{Rene Adoree and} Co-starring with ^{Pola Negri,} Gilbert rose to the heights. But just as suddenly he fell ~~down~~. The talkies did it. He hadn't the voice for a sound track. On the silent screen he looked every inch ~~of~~ the great lover. But in the sound pictures he didn't talk like one. He made many a try to come back, but never succeeded. ^{That was the real end} ~~The real end came~~ ^{those} ~~five~~ years ago. Today's end was supernumary -- as John Gilbert died of a heart attack at the age of thirty-eight in Hollywood. Gilbert's immediate predecessor, Valentino, had a fantastic, incredible funeral. The Gilbert obsequies will be much less fantastic -- far less incredible. ^{He died a half-forgotten} man.

DRAKE

The two hundredth witness went on the stand in Chicago today, and a way off in some remote paradise the shade of Sir Francis Drake must be laughing till his swashbuckling sides hurt. In Chicago, the Government. ~~today~~ completed its case against forty-one defendants, charged with swindling midwest Americans out of more than a million ~~and~~ three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, in an old and famous skin game. Yes, there are roars of laughter from the shade of Sir Francis Drake who sailed around the world and singed the ~~decs in~~ the King's ~~name~~ ^{heard of} ^{of Spain.} For the spectacular Chicago trial concerns that stupendous hoax known as the Drake fortune.

The outlines of this famous masterpiece of confidence are as follows. The story is told that Sir Francis Drake, Queen Elizabeth's sea fighter and free booter, ~~laughed~~ left a huge fortune, which has never been divided. The yarn relates that it is still lying in England, waiting to be claimed by the rightful heir, and that after three hundred years, with accumulated interest, it amounts to twenty-seven billion dollars.

^{con. men}
The ~~boys~~ like their figures big. How does anybody get any part

of that twenty-seven billion? It works like this: Anybody ~~who~~ is eligible, who had ^s the name Drake, somewhere back on the family tree, even though on a remotest twig, All they had to do was chip in and ~~play~~ build up a fund to win the claim in the British courts. Of all these thousands of people with the name of Drake on the family tree, ^{the idea was that} one would be established as the rightful heir. He would get the twenty-seven billion. He would then split it up among the other Drake heirs who had contributed. That was guaranteed by all sorts of papers and documents and contracts.

Such ^{was} ~~is~~ the general scheme of the renowned Drake swindle, which has been working and catching suckers for two hundred years. ^{and} from the very start of the game the official announcement was - that there was no Drake fortune. Sir Francis, the free booter, had left no hoard of undivided wealth. It was all a myth. ^{But} That warning, oft repeated, had little effect. Back in the Eighties, ~~that same~~ warning was especially publicized for Americans by Robert Todd Lincoln, son of the Emancipator, who was then American Ambassador to

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the Court of St. James. ^{And -} That didn't have so much effect either. The Drake swindle went right on and continued down to the present day. [¶] That takes us to the trial in Chicago, at which the persistence of the Drake myth is indicated by the trouble the Government had in getting witnesses to testify against the forty-one defendants. People who had kicked in with money were so full of faith that they were reluctant to testify, for fear that they would jeopardize their chance of getting a share of the twenty-seven billion dollars. (But two hundred witnesses were finally assembled, and the procession of prosecution testimony ended today.)

The Government authorities ^{now} announce their belief that they have broken the great swindle, (that they have shown up the historic "Con" game so thoroughly as to put it out of existence. Maybe so;) maybe Uncle Sam has been able to do what no amount of warning has done before. [¶] But at the same time here's word from Wisconsin. Even while the trial is going on, with a full blast of publicity, people in Wisconsin are ^{still} being sold shares of the

Drake fortune, contributing hard cash to get a cut of the twenty-seven billion dollars — a fortune which centuries ago said e-l-u-t-m.

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cut

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