

LT in
Washington-
National Boy
Scout Jamboree.
July 6, 1937.

L.T. - SUNOCO. TUESDAY, JULY 6, 1937.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

I've given my evening broadcast from skyscraper studios, from ships at sea, from London, Paris and Rome, from the bottom of coal mines and the cabins of airplanes, but this is the first time I've ever broadcast from a tent. Tonight here I am in the heart of a tent city inhabited by more than 25,000 boys. Which means, Washington, D.C., the first National Boy Scout Jamboree. Towering above this tent is the Washington Monument.

I've been completely bowled over by what I've seen today. Dr. West and Major Bryant have just taken me over exactly the same route over which they are going to take the President of the United States, on Thursday. Mr. Roosevelt hasn't been to the Jamboree as yet, although he is the host to these 25,000 scouts. So Dr. West used me in staging a Presidential dress rehearsal.

We drove by car, and walked, for miles and miles thru this vast tent city on both sides of the Potomoc. The greatest gathering of youth this nation has ever seen. In recent days you no doubt have heard others attempt to describe it. So I'll skip that - with a sigh of relief, because I couldn't describe it. However, here are just a couple of facts which may suggest how big it is:- 350 acres of tents, 250 tons of food consumed by the boys, daily. Luckily for the Commissary Department the boys are not all as big as Eagle Scout Herb Allen of Charter Oak, California. Herb is six feet five, weights 250 lbs. and wears size 14 shoes! The paper dishes (they use them for sanitary reasons) cost \$14,000. The boys are consuming \$14,000 worth of bread; \$22,000 worth of eggs; \$40,000 worth of meat; and \$46,000 worth of milk. Oh yes, and a million gallons of water a day, which they pay for.

No, Mr. Taxpayer, you are not paying the bill. Each boy pays his share. And when they move out of the Nation's capital on Friday they are going to clean up the place, not leaving so much as a scrap of paper in the grass or mud (many have been camping in mud) to indicate they've been here.

If any parents are listening don't let my mention of MUD alarm you. There have been fewer than 40 boys a day on the sick list. 40 out of 25,000. No army of grownups could ever touch that. And those who are ill have minor ailments, such as mumps.

And now for the evening's news.

In view of the fact that I am in an encampment of 25,000 boys, maybe I'd better tell the news as though I were talking only to boys. Here goes:

EARHART

The most intense interest here at the jamboree is concentrated in a tent full of equipment - the short wave tent. The boy operators have picked up signals, which they believe may have come from the Amelia Earhart plane adrift on the tractless expanse of the Pacific. But they're not certain.

And the latest tonight is that nothing is certain about all the various messages that have been reported. (Today Washington received official word from the Coast Guard Cutter ITASCA, which has been directing the search out there in the vicinity of Howland Island. The ITASCA reports -- no information. Nothing that is sure.)

President Roosevelt back at the White House after a visit to Hyde Park, is watching closely the attempt to find Miss Earhart and Navigator Noonan. The most dramatic of all the wireless communications real or fancied, came today. It is reported by Charles McGill, amateur radio enthusiast of Oakland, California. He declares that with his set he picked up the following: "Two hundred eighty-one north Howland. Cannot hold much longer. Drifting slowly northeast. We above water. Motor sinking in water. Very wet."

It was also McGill who on last Saturday reported that he had picked up an Earhart message to much the same effect.

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George Palmer Putnam, Miss Earhart's husband, is inclined to believe there's something in these reported communications. He says he knows that his wife, in case of a forced landing, would broadcast distress signals every half hour--on the hour and on the half hour. The message that McGill reported on Saturday was five minutes before the hour. He says the message today came at five minutes after the half hour.

Within a narrow margin the timing coincides with the schedule.

But the officials are inclined to skepticism. And today the Coast Cutter leading the search reports to Washington--no information.

That's melancholy aviation news tonight--(not at all hopeful for Amelia Earhart, who twice tried to fly around the world zigzagging the Equator. A thing no man has ever done--- she wanted to be the woman to do it.) It would have been woman's greatest achievement in aviation. The search is still going on, and they may find Amelia Earhart still afloat or forced down on some remote coral reef.

Aviation news tonight has its bright spot, nothing

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sensational, merely a job well done. Flying the North Atlantic has been a classic stunt, but it's a stunt no longer. Two planes did it simultaneously, in a two-way flight, passing each other on the way. The Clipper Third, of the American Airways has landed safely on the other side, and the British Airways sky liner has come to earth on this side. No, it was no stunt, they were pioneering a regular air line across the North Atlantic.

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SENATE

(The Supreme Court fight got under way in the Senate today.)

There's a hot report that the Republicans intend to inject into the Court issue a motion that will cause the controversy to blaze with a new flare of fireworks. You boys know how to appreciate a good fight -- not that you ever do any fighting yourselves. Scouts wouldn't. But you understand what a haymaker is. They say the Republicans intend ~~x~~ swinging a hefty haymaker by proposing in the Senate a resolution against - a third term. In the Court compromise debate they'll try to get the Senators to vote - that they're against any President serving for more than two terms, the traditional and orthodox two. That, of course, will be shot right in the direction of the White House, because plenty of people are saying that President Roosevelt wants a third term. So the Republicans may toss a fire cracker into the Court debate - by calling for a vote against a third term.

The President is back in Washington today. This after-

noon he announced that he hopes to cut all Government ex-

penses by ten per cent -- all except the Army and Navy,

commencing shortly - in order to balance the budget. He will

have a cabinet meeting in a few days to discuss this.

called trains. Hereafter, certain privileged animals will be

allowed to ride in passenger coaches. The "Seeing-Eye" dogs,

those faithful fellows who lead the blind. Sightless persons are

led by these dogs, but hitherto was four-footed dogs only came

under the regulation that forbade dogs in railway coaches. It

was a pity that a blind man is without his canine companion. That's all

changed today - with President Roosevelt's signature on the special

act. Today there are about one hundred and fifty Seeing-Eye dogs

not recognized by Presidential action.

This takes us back to the days after the World War,

when in Switzerland an American woman, Mrs. Harrison Burton,

and a one-eyed lion tamer, Jack Scurry, began to advocate

seeing-eye dogs to act as guides for blinded soldiers returned

in the war. It was so successful, that Mrs. Burton brought the

dog which I mentioned, and he was the first to be called "The

DOGS FOLLOW SENATE

There was one bit of government action today about which there'll be no controversy at all. Democrats and Republicans, New Dealers and Old Dealers, united in applauding the President's action, when he signed a bill concerning dogs and railroad trains. Hereafter, certain privileged canines will be allowed to ride in passenger coaches. They're Seeing-Eye dogs, those faithful fellows that lead the blind. Sightless persons are led by these dogs, but hitherto that four-footed Seeing-Eye came under the regulation that forbade dogs in railroad coaches. So what could a blind man do without his canine company? That's all changed today - with ^{the} President ~~signature~~ signature on the special act. Today there are about two hundred and fifty Seeing-Eye dogs - now recognized by Presidential action.

This takes us back to the days after the World War, when in Switzerland an American woman, Mrs. Harrison Euctice, and a one-time lion trainer, Jack Humphrey, began to educate German shepherd dogs to act as guides for German soldiers blinded in the War. It was so successful, that Mrs. Euctice brought the dog school to Morristown, New Jersey -- the school called "The Seeing-Eye."

JAMBOREE SIDELIGHTS.

When it comes to feature stories in the news, this Boy Scout Jamboree could provide material for a dozen broadcasts. For instance, there are palm trees waving along the Potomac this evening. The Scouts from California brought them and planted them around their tents. At the entrance to my home county encampment, the boys from Dutchess County, New York, have a huge replica of the Summer White House at Hyde Park. I understand it cost over three thousand dollars. The boys from Texas in their chaps and ten gallon hats have their own band of a 100 pieces. I ran into one youngster who is spending his time swapping stuff with other scouts from far and wide. When I bumped into him he had a live aligator in tow that he had gotten from a Florida kid in a swap, today.

The Scouts from Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas - some of them - have a giant figure of Paul Bunyan, a figure 30 or 40 feet high guarding the entrance to their camp. And they have Paul Bunyan's 50 pound axe with which he cut down whole forests in a day, the colossal mallet with which he pounded stumps into the earth. Paul's 20 foot shotgun, his toothpick the size of a

SCOUTS AND RAILROADS.

How did these 25,000 Boys Scouts get here? Two walked 10,000 miles, from South America. But most of them came by train. All the railroads in the country gave them a special rate of one cent a mile. I mean all the railroads but one. There was one where the president of the road absolutely refused. This so mortified one of the largest stockholders ^{of} ~~at~~ that road, Jeremiah Milbank, by name, that Mr. Milbank sent to the Scouts his personal check for a thousand dollars which he said he hoped would make up for the attitude taken by the president of the road. If the Scouts have their way they'll probably elect Jeremiah Milbank as the next President of the United States

crowbar, and his forty foot fishhooks with which he landed fish so big that when they were hauled ashore the level of the lake fell several feet.

There are tents and tents full of exhibits. In one I saw the skull of a man, and beside it a rusty frying pan, a rusty rifle and axe. And printed there on a card I read as follows:

"A FOREST TRAGEDY: **Man** wounds moose. **Moose** gores man. Both die. Date of tragedy about 1880/ Found by two boy scouts, 20 miles east of Lake Komo in the Superior National Forest, in Wisconsin, July 1936."

Tonight I'm going to the Jamboree Arena to see the big show at eight o'clock. Thousands of Scouts take part in this each night. There are accommodations for more than 25,000 spectators. And they have a different show every evening.

BASEBALL

What you boys probably want to know is whether Dizzy Dean will pitch in the All-Star game here tomorrow. I talked to Judge Landis. The czar of baseball, at lunch at the Willard today. And the judge didn't seem to know. I also talked to Ford Frick head of the National League, and neither seemed exactly eager for a full and frank discussion of the latest headline doings of the mighty right -hander, who has earned for himself the name of --Dizzy.

Last night Diz left his team in Chicago and took a train for St. Louis. He said he wouldn't pitch in the All-Star game in the Nation's Capital because he needed a rest. He declared his arm was tired. "My arm," said he, "bothers me something like Paul's did when his went back." And that refers to the unfortunate case of Paul Dean, whose brilliant pitching career seems to be finished forever -- because of a sore arm.

Dizz added: "I'm tired of doing what everybody else wants and I'm going to do something for myself for a change."

That would seem to indicate that Dizzy won't pitch tomorrow, and here's something that's the other way around ----

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what Mrs. Dizzy has to say. She declares that her hubby has left St. Louis for Washington, and that he will be in there burning them across in the All-Star game. All of which leaves everything in doubt.

Anyway, Dizzy Dean has managed to grab the All-Star head lines. That's his way, always spectacular, if not eccentric. But there's another personality who looms with prominent interest--Joe Di Maggio, the ball walloping outfielder of the New York Yankees. Joe is just as retiring as Dizz is a showman, just as silent as Dizz is talkative. But Di Maggio has managed to dramatize his appearance with the All-Stars. Last year he was the goat in the game between the two leagues. He was the year's most publicized rookie, and he had a brilliant season. But when the All-Star limelight was focused on him, it must have blinded him. Because Joe could hardly hit a foul when the time came---just the goat. What will he do this year? Well, he gave a promise of that yesterday. He won a ball game all by himself by belting a home-run with the bases loaded, one of the longest drives ever seen. Four hundred and fifteen

feet of home-run. Moreover, Joe is leading both leagues in four base wallops. He has hit twenty. So what does that mean about his performance in this year's All-Star extravaganze? The twelve eagle scouts who are to accompany the President of the United States to the game tomorrow, just watch Joe DiMaggio.

and working and left him in the hospital of an orphanage. That was when he was eight years old. And he couldn't walk until he was 11. You know how I am as a boy.

Can you imagine the thrill he gets out of being here in Washington now as your Chief Scout? Come to think about it, wouldn't it be a good idea to give a cheer for the original orphan boy who has remained to his home town at the head of the largest gathering of youth in American history. Here's Paul Siple who was with Byrd in the Antarctic. Paul, what do you think about it?

PAUL SIPLE - Great idea, and I'd like to lead such a cheer.
Altogether boys! Hi, Rip - hooray! Rip Rip hooray! Hip Hip hooray!
Hi, Yell.

DR. WEST

Boys, I wonder how many of you know the personal story back of this first National Jamboree, the story of your Chief Scout's life when he was a boy right here in Washington? This is where he lived. And he was a poor orphan boy. More than that he was a cripple - couldn't walk. The Children's Hospital here in Washington gave his case up as hopeless, and they put him in a sack one morning and left him on the doorstep of an orphanage. That was when he was eight years old. And he couldn't walk until he was 20. You know how lame he is now.

Can you imagine the thrill he gets out of being here in Washington now as Your Chief Scout? Come to think about it, wouldn't it be a good idea to give a cheer for the crippled orphan boy who has returned to his home town at the head of the largest gathering of youth in American History. Here's Paul Siple who was with Byrd in the Antarctic. Paul, what do you think about it?

PAUL SIPLE: Great idea, and I'd like to lead such a cheer.

Altogether boys: Hip Hip - Hooray: Hip Hip Hooray; Hip Hip Hooray.

Dr. West.

AND SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.