

LT in
Cleveland.
Convention of
Townsendites.
July 15,
1936.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

(Here we are in
~~let's go back to~~ Cleveland again, ~~for a moment~~
)

7

Once more the great convention hall is jammed, almost as full as it was when the Republicans were there. But it's a different sort of convention, this meeting of ^{the} Townsendites.) The outward and visible sign ~~of that~~ is no tobacco smoke. That was Dr. Townsend's own doing. As he addressed his followers, he said: "I am glad to see the air clean. It's in contrast with what I saw at the Democratic Convention when ^{the} you couldn't see twenty feet because of the tobacco smoke."

(The most important episode in the day's proceedings was ~~another~~ slap in the face for Representative Lemke, presidential nominee of the Union Party. *)* It came from Martin F. Smith, the keynoter, a state representative from Washington. He was vigorously applauded when he publicly confirmed yesterday's report that *(* the Townsendites don't want any part of Father Coughlin's candidate. *)* That was when he shouted:

"We aren't going to lose with Lemke, we're going to win with Townsend!"

Mr. Smith also made it clear just what tactics the so-called Recovery Party will employ. (They won't back anybody for president. They're going to concentrate their efforts on state legislators. Their first objective will be a referendum in every state of the Union to put the Townsend Plan into the Constitution.)

It was not ~~ex~~ until ^{the fatherly founder of the movement} ~~Dr. Townsend~~ himself was

48
recognized by the Chair that his convention for a moment

^{Dr. Townsend's} ~~his~~ appearance was a signal

for an ovation loud and lusty. It was quieted by the Doctor

himself, with the words: "This is not an old time political

convention, this is a new style one. Let's see how orderly

we can be." The principal tenor of ^{his} ~~Dr. Townsend's~~ remarks

was a jubilant report on progress, the growth of Townsend Clubs,

and an appeal to his followers to be ~~different~~ ^{keep on fighting.}

LABOR

(The show-down that was promised in the labor fight hasn't shown up yet. It's been postponed. That's the word from the secret conference of the council of the American Federation of Labor.)

The fight between Lewis and Green hasn't been called off. The heads of the A.F. of L. are still determined to put on trial the Lewis Committee, that committee for industrial organization. The trial to be in August. But, looking behind this news there seem to be good hopes for peace. The postponement makes it look that way. Which pleases Washington. For such a fight in the ranks of labor is the last thing the administration wants in an election year. So the government is doing everything in its power to bring about an armistice until after November.

WEATHER

Having been obliged to talk so often, and, I am afraid, monotonously about heat, today's thermometer news is a relief. The big heat wave of 1936 is now meteorological history. But it's better not to be too cocksure. As long ago as last March we were warned by students of weather cycles to be prepared for a short but particularly ferocious summer. ^{And} the sun spots, or whatever is responsible, may have more punishment in store for us. The rains haven't done much good so far except in isolated districts. And another hot wind from the South is blowing over the Prairie States. We learn that from Uncle Sam's weather man in Chicago.

If it comes it could hardly be worse. A death list of three thousand in those seven torrid days sounds almost incredible. But there it stands and the nationwide survey shows that ~~all~~ ready we are having to foot the bill in the shape of rising food prices. Dairy products, as usual, are the first to go up ~~and~~ for city dwellers particularly vegetables. If the threatened increase in the meat budget hasn't put in its appearance yet, that probably ^{is} because in such ~~torrid~~ ^{torrid} temperatures we eat less meat. *Anyhow it's cooler.*

Here's the
And it
Mrs. Marie Tudor Garland Hale Fiske becomes a topic of conversation because her fifth marriage has just been made public.

Actually, it took place last October and was kept a secret all these months.

The amazing story of Mrs. Fiske goes back a long, long while. It begins even before Will Shakespeare wrote his plays, before the era of the Great Elizabeth, even before King Richard the Third rushed around on Bosworth Field shouting *for that* horse; ~~horse~~ "my kingdom for a horse!" Mrs. Fiske traces her lineage all the way back to the Welsh chieftain, Owen Tudor, father of the Earl of Richmond and grandfather of the Richmond who defeated and slew the Hunchback King on Bosworth Field and became King Henry the Seventh.

50
One of his descendants, ~~named~~ Frederick Tudor, settled more than a hundred years ago in Brookline, Massachusetts, the place that's called "the richest town in America." Marie Tudor, the lady we're talking about, in Eighteen Ninety-Three married James A. Garland, a rich banker of Boston and Brookline. When

he died he left her a fortune of ten million dollars, to be hers until she married again. But evidently she cared nothing for ten million. ~~and she~~ She gave it up for love and married a second time in Nineteen Twelve.

Evidently she transmitted her scorn for money. In Nineteen Twenty-One Charles Garland, one of her five children, came into an inheritance of a million dollars. He created a nine-day sensation at the time. "I haven't earned it; I don't want it," he cried emphatically. So he gave it away.

Meanwhile, his mother, a ~~HEARTY~~ hardy descendant of the Tudors, continued ^{her multifarious} ~~a rich and varied~~ matrimonial career. She acquired almost as many husbands as her collateral ancestor King Henry the Eighth had wives. Let me hasten to add that she didn't get rid of them in the same way. She divorced one after the other. And now we see her ^{at the altar once more} a hale and hearty lady in her seventies, not so often a bridesmaid, but five times a bride.

51

ZIEGFELD

A justice of the New York Supreme Court had an interesting question to answer. The question ~~is~~ was: "Does the name of a famous man after he is dead belong to his creditors, or is it public property?"

The issue came up in a trial over the estate of the late Florenz Ziegfeld. As all movie fans know, a film drama was made around Ziggy's life. The administrator of his estate brought suit for an injunction. He claimed: "Florenz Ziegfeld's name is part of his estate. Therefore, the producers of that film had no right to use the Ziegfeld name without permission

of his creditors." ~~Unfortunately for the creditors, the court~~
The Great Ziegfeld, as even
~~the movie about him admits, was~~
~~did not see the point that~~
always in debt and haunted by
creditors. Now after his death
the N.Y. Supreme Court decides
against his creditors. How Ziegfeld
will enjoy that!

All aboard for the 1936 Olympiad. Three long

52
toots from the whistle and the good ship Manhattan sailed
down New York Bay ^{flying} ~~carrying~~ a white flag with five inter-
locking circles and ^{carrying} three hundred and thirty-four athletes
to Berlin. That isn't the total of the cohort that will re-
present Uncle Sam in the great international games. The
horsemen and ~~and~~ yachtsmen are all ready there. And the
^{paddle over the pond}
canoeists will ~~sail~~ next week. By the time everybody arrives
on the other side the United States will have no fewer than
three hundred and eighty-two to represent her. ^R Two weeks ago
it looked as though only a small percentage of that number
would be able to sail. The anti-Nazi boycott was having its
effect, funds were disasterously low. Only a week ago we
learned that there ~~is~~ was a deficit of a hundred and fifty
thousand dollars. But in the last seven days contributions
came in with a rush. And they do say that many anxious
athletes helped themselves ^{to} the trip by last hour visits
to their uncles, the uncles who have three shiny brass balls
over their front doors.

53
 The largest team at Berlin naturally will be Germany's, four hundred and forty-eight. But those of the U. S. A. and Italy come next. No fewer than fifty-three countries will be represented. They range in size from gigantic China to the tiny principality of Liöchtenstein. The smallest delegations will be the one and two men teams of Haiti and Bolivia.

When they reach Berlin our athletes will probably have a chance to see a famous American, one who's kept out of sight of his countrymen for several months. (Colonel

Charles A. Lindbergh will be ^{there} ~~in Germany~~ next week. ^{It was a rumor.} ~~rumor~~
 Now it's official; ^{has just been} ~~has~~ announced by the Air Ministry of the Reich.

He ^{has been} ~~has~~ especially invited to study the progress that the German ^s have been making in aircraft science. He'll also look over the several factories and laboratories.)

ULM

Now for a new and happy chapter in the Nineteen Thirty-Six book of adventure. It isn't finished yet, but it begins well.

54
For a year and a half a woman in Melbourne, Australia, has been waiting, hoping against hope for news of her missing aviator husband. Just eighteen months ago, Charles T.P. Ulm, *one-time companion of Kingsford-Smith,* the famous Australian flyer, took off from Melbourne on an interesting venture. It was no stunt flight. He wanted to find a direct route across the Pacific from Melbourne to Oakland, California. He was so sure of success that he bet everything he had on it. He even hocked his life insurance policy and mortgaged his monoplane, the "Star of Australia." The government thought so well of his plan that it backed him to the extent of guaranteeing an overdraft of forty thousand dollars.

For a few days after he started, nothing was heard of him. Then came that most ominous of messages, a radio call for help from the vicinity of Hawaii. After that, nothing. For ten days planes were sent out from Uncle Sam's naval base at Pearl Harbor to look for the missing Australian. Not a sign

did they find.

25

Meanwhile, Mrs. Ulm in Melbourne was in desperate straits, depending on friends, since ^{she too} ~~they~~ had ventured everything on that flight. The Australian House of Representatives made a gallant gesture, voted her twenty thousand dollars. ^{Now -} after eighteen months, hope comes; ~~it came~~ in the ^{form} ~~shape~~ of a message from a steamer that was sailing through the Society Islands. ~~But~~ On the shore of one of them, not far from Tahiti, a ^{white} man ~~was~~ sighted, signaling for help. Apparently ~~was~~ marooned there. High seas and dangerous coral reefs made it impossible for the vessel to send a boat to rescue the castaway. But the information ^{has just been} radioed to Melbourne. ^{So} Mrs. Ulm is chartering a schooner, ^{setting} ~~out~~ ^{sail} ~~going~~ to look for her husband ^{lost in the South Seas.}

ITALY

(By order of Premier Mussolini, flags flew and vivas resounded today in the public places of sunny Italy. ~~They were~~ Celebrating the official end of those abortive sanctions imposed by the League of Nations.)

Some observers point out that there's a more sedate and reflective feeling behind those demonstrations. Officially, the land of ~~the~~ vino and ~~the~~ macaroni ^{now} can resume trading as before with all the nations of the earth. because of a shortage of live Actually, she can't afford to

24
R50
^ There's no indication that the Duce is going to lift the rigid regimentation he has imposed upon foreign commerce. The country still needs, as during the last eight months, to keep as much money ^{at} home as possible. There can be but little indulgence in luxuries for the conquerors of Ethiopia. Moreover, a point of sentiment, of resentment, is involved. The most favored nations in Italy's ~~x~~ trade will be those who imposed no sanctions, who defied the League. Nevertheless, there was a loud and natural psychological relief over the freedom from being an ostracized country.

Meanwhile, the rumor mill has been grinding once

more in East Africa. The Ethiopians are far from subdued,
so comes the dope from ^{French} Djibouti. A large force of warlike
tribesmen is on the march ^{toward} Addis Ababa. They're seeking
revenge, revenge for the punishments inflicted by the Italian
army of occupation for the massacre of their aviators ~~last~~
~~last~~ ~~weekend~~ last weekend.

SPAIN

"Here's to the 'Maine' and I'm sorry for Spain,
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea."

57
So rang the refrain of a once popular ditty. We've almost forgotten the "Maine", but there's still reason to be sorry for Spain. There's precious little sun on the political horizon of the sunny land where they dance the bolero and ~~eat~~ drink Amontillado. (For these are nervous days for the Leftist-radical cabinet, the Popular Front government of Don Manuel Azana. The murder of the monarchist leader, Jose Calvo Sotelo, was the fuse that touched off the mine. What made the affair all the more sinister was that police, "assault-guards", were accused of the assassination. The crime caused such a furore that the government was obliged to suspend sessions of the Cortez.

And what happened at the funeral of the murdered monarchist chief proved that it was a wise move. The procession was interrupted by sanguinary street fights between assault guards and Fascists, ~~which~~ ending ^{ing} in the death of two Fascists. Elsewhere-riots, bloody encounters, turbulence. JR Strikes are spreading.

58
Business conditions are chaotic. Many shops are closing their doors. Hundreds of firms in bankruptcy. All over the peninsula workers are bitterly disappointed in the popular government from whom they hoped so much.

PIGS

When the old phrase says that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, ^{that's} a reflection on the porker's organ of hearing. But let's see. A professor of Cornell, Dr. Howard Scott Liddell, made some tests yesterday with three little pigs. He wanted to find out whether the noble animal that produces our ham and bacon has been slandered. So he brought them into a room and turned on the phonograph. And what do you suppose Dr. Liddell played to those helpless animals? No, it wasn't "Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" The first thing he tried on them was a piece that brings unholy joy to highbrow musicians, but which makes most ordinary human listeners turn and run. It was the formidable, Oh, so highbrow, Third Brandenburg Concerto by the great Johann Sebastian Bach. And what did the pigs do? Did they react like ordinary low-brow human listeners? They did not. They not only stayed there and listened, they uncurled their tails, kept time with them and also breathed with the rhythm of the music! Maybe indicating that it's music written for swine - sweinerei.

But wait a minute, don't throw anything at me. I'm on my way. And SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.