

TENNIS

Hello - young and old - .

We have a couple of versions today of the old drama of youth and age. You'd expect youth to win at tennis, but youth didn't. It was a grizzled veteran who won, Wilmar Allison, the old maestro racket slasher from Texas. He was turned down for the Davis Cup team after getting a couple of lickings. His leg was injured at that time. But he made his come-back today, got his revenge. He beat Sidney Wood, the star of the Davis Cup matches, and did it in three straight sets.

So youth lost out in tennis. But, that's only half of the story, the other half is how youth won out in science.

*Not in tennis --*  
~~Here is a regular whirl of youth~~ Not in any

frivolous gayeties of the jazz age, ~~or in a tennis match, or~~  
*This one is*  
beauty contest. ~~It is~~ a triumph of youth in a solemn convocation

where you'd expect long grey beards and the wisdom of age to predominate. ~~At a~~ convention of scientists, the most <sup>a</sup>learned chemists of the land meeting at Cleveland and the two dominating figures thus far are men in their twenties. Frederick Koelsch, Assistant Professor of Chemistry at the University of Minnesota, ~~has been~~ awarded the Langmuir Prize for research, for the profoundest and most original labor with retorts and test tubes in the laboratory. The professor is twenty-seven -- less than ten years out of high school.

Then take that announcement of the discovery of a new element, element number ninety-one, known as protactinium. It's the most radio-active substance of them all, extracted with infinite labor from tons of ore from a mine in Czechoslovakia.

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The discoverer is twenty-nine -- a ~~young~~ <sup>very</sup> young man to ferret out a new element -- ~~yes, and mightily~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~widely~~ <sup>young</sup> to have had such a career. Doctor Aristed Von Grosse is a Russian who has studied

in China, Japan and Berlin. Four years ago he arrived in Chicago and went to work on those tons of Czechoslovakian minerals, from which he finally succeeded in extracting one-tenth of a gram of the mysterious protactinium.

One prime source of talk in the Morro Castle tragedy is the project of keeping the fire-ruined hulk of the ill-fated vessel at Asbury Park -- as a business proposition. *It's still burning.* The strange sight of the great horror-haunted liner stranded on the beach has drawn <sup>tens of</sup> thousands of sight-seers. They've been charging admissions to vantage points from which the Morro Castle can best be seen. And, of course, the shops along the boardwalk have been doing a huge business.

So, the Asbury Park Town Council has appointed an attorney to take legal measures to keep the vessel on the beach as a permanent attraction, so that throngs for months to come may visit the wreck, at so much a ticket. The City Fathers announce that if this goes through, part of the proceeds will go to the relatives of the Morro Castle victims.

It's novel and a most modern idea, -- ~~a great~~

~~the tragedy turned into a sideshow for a sea-side circus.~~

Watch for that N. R. A. reorganization. It looks like one drastically important development, forming the N. R. A. into regular departments - large permanent legislative machinery

Thirty-nine Congressmen are a lot of legislators, and you can add four Senators and six Governors. That makes up the list of nominations for the primaries today. Arizona, Colorado, Louisiana, Michigan, New Hampshire, Vermont and Washington are picking candidates to run for offices in the November elections.

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One interesting primary battle is in Colorado where a woman, Josephine Roach of Denver is opposing Governor Johnson for the Democratic nomination.

But that's nothing, in fact everything else is nothing, *that is* beside the battle of ballots in Louisiana. Of course, all those Kingfish disturbances down there have been leading up to today, Primary Day, which is the equivalent to Election Day in Louisiana. When somebody gets the Democratic nomination in the deep Democratic Southland, you might as well turn over the office to him. ~~So today's battle is decisive between Kingfish Huey Poinsett and his political enemies headed by Mayor Whitney of New Orleans~~

Throughout the rest of the state, the voting is fairly

regular, but in the big city near the mouth of the Mississippi River, it's more like a battle ready to break out.

But an armed truce was declared at the last minute, at the urging of the Federal authorities. Uncle Sam persuaded both the Kingfish and the Mayor to sign an agreement that no National Guardsmen or New Orleans coppers would be allowed at the polls.

And so the voters have not been casting their ballots surrounded by uniforms. However the Kingfish has two thousand National Guardsmen concentrated near the polling places, ready to march in at any time, while Mayor Walmsley has an equal number of police on the qui vive for a similar emergency.

At this very moment somebody here and there is counting:- "Forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine," -- up in Maine. The ballots have not all been tallied. It may be days before the last one is duely marked down. All day there <sup>has</sup> been some doubt about the details, because the vote on most of the candidates has been exceedingly close.

But the results are amply clear -- clear enough <sup>to</sup> ~~justify a~~ Democratic shout of victory, <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>for</sup> the emphatic claim that Maine, the barometer, has registered its forecast of the political weather.

Election analysis can be a bewildering bore, but Maine, politically, is a small state and the elements are fairly simple.

First comes the fact that the Pine Tree State is traditionally of the rockbound Republican variety. Secondly, we must note that in the last election Maine reversed itself and went solidly for President Roosevelt.

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And then, yesterday's election was fought pretty clearly on a basis of "for or against the New Deal."

Democratic Governor Bram has been re-elected.

He went into office two years ago in the Roosevelt landslide -- by a substantial majority then, and his majority right now is just as substantial. He is a striking personality and a strong campaigner.

So is Republican Senator Hale, a personality just as strong and striking. He is one of the grand figures of Maine politics. He was expected to win by a large margin, but now his majority turns out too close for comfort.

The Democrats elected two Congressmen; the Republicans one. Just the same as two years ago.

The general result seems to be that the Democrats held their own in Maine, held the power they established in the last Presidential election.



## TALL STORY

I spent a good part of the afternoon analyzing the returns from Maine. I don't mean the election returns, although they are important of course. Maine is famous as a political barometer, but it also takes high rank as a tall story barometer.

Well an uproarious tall story contest has been run by the Gannett string of newspapers, the Portland Evening Express, Sunday Telegram, and Press Herald; the Waterville Sentinel, and the Daily Kennebec Journal. Guy P. Gannett, the publisher, being familiar with the wonders of our own tall story club, started a whopper competition among the Maine guides, and as Exalted Giraffe of the National Tall Story Club I was named to be the judge. So I've picked out the biggest liars biggest lie.

First prize to Guide F. R. Robinson, whose stamping grounds are the woods around Welchville. He tells one about catching a trout with a magnet. The second prize goes to Guide Walter Arnold of Sevec Lake, the third to Maine Woods Guide Horace Nicholas of Calais.

Now concerning catching the trout with a magnet, --- we'll hear all about that Friday evening. For, I've invited the champion tall story teller of the Maine guides to come out of

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the woods, join me on the air and tell his prize whopper into  
the microphone next Friday evening.

Franck.

Sept. 11,

1934

INTRO TO HARRY FRANCK

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For this evening, we haven't any tall story teller with a champion lie, but a well-known traveller and author with ~~an~~ <sup>an oddity or two</sup> about the land that is foremost in the ~~news~~ <sup>international</sup> just now.

The entrance of Russia into the League of Nations is today's most important international event.

A last minute hitch developed, when Portugal suddenly refused to vote for the admission of the Soviets, but that was smoothed over when the Portuguese delegates were persuaded to refrain from voting. Argentina, ~~also~~ <sup>also</sup> opposed, ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> already agreed ~~to~~ <sup>not to</sup> vote. ~~The~~ <sup>As for the</sup> antagonism of Poland ~~was~~ <sup>it</sup> a thing of the past ~~for~~ the Polish delegates reversed themselves and decided to vote ~~in~~ in favor of Moscow.

So ~~it's~~ <sup>now</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>a</sup> unanimous, ~~and~~ <sup>a</sup> unanimous vote in favor of adopting Red Russia into the League's big family.

So let's hear some ~~of~~ <sup>last</sup> minute impressions of Soviet Russia from a man who has just returned -- Harry Franck, who has been jaunting to the far spaces of the Red republics gathering material for a book, ~~Harry Franck~~ <sup>and his lectures this winter,</sup> is one of those people who go to the out-of-the-way places, seeing sights

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that tourists never get near. He's in New York tonight,  
and I'm not. But I'll switch you to that city  
now. Go to it Harry, and give us a quick verbal snapshot

from the land of ~~the~~ Red revolution.

What is Russia like right now? The Russia that is entering the League of Nations? The Russia that is to sit at the council table in Geneva with the great capitalistic

~~powers? Well, Lowell let me give you one scene that is~~

*All right, here's a red  
Russian impression, a typical scene.*

I often visited what they called the People's Courts.

It's a dingy room with a dirty red cloth on the table. Behind the table sit three people, one the judge and the other two her counselors. Often the judge is a woman and, sometimes the counselors too. They all look as though they need soap. The best judge I encountered was a washerwoman who had been called away from her tub to settle a dispute.

Lawyers in open necked dirty shirts munch ~~at~~ ~~on~~ black bread sandwiches while the trial proceeds. The witnesses lean over the red table cloth and tell their garlick-scented tale in the ~~the~~ face *of the wash-woman judge.*

There isn't an iota of refinement in ~~the judge's~~ *her*

face or manner. But, there is a lot of washerwoman shrewdness.

If the lawyers butt in she tells them to butt out. Lighting

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a Russian cigarette she leans back and listens. The witnesses are not obliged to take an oath. <sup>T</sup>They are supposed to be atheists. But the judge says:- "Remember, if ~~you~~ any of you tell lies you will go to jail."

The most you can get for killing a man is five years and even then you can get two or three years off for good behavior. But, if you kill a member of the Communist Party, you will be tried not for murder but for anti-revolutionary conduct and that means the ~~striking~~ firing squad.

There you have a <sup>snap-shot from</sup> ~~thing~~ Russia ~~and it's people~~ <sup>now becomes</sup> ~~the~~, the Russia that ~~was~~ a member of the League of Nations.

DISAPPEARANCE

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Harvy - that sounds like a slant quite personal and a bit pessimistic.

It's the silence that is so strange in this next item -- the mysterious disappearance of a daughter of the millionaire President of <sup>the University of</sup> ~~the~~ Pennsylvania ~~University~~.

Thomas S. Gates is a financier of the firms of ~~the~~ J. P. Morgan <sup>+</sup> Company of New York and of Drexel and Company of Philadelphia, long affiliated with J. P. Morgan. He is President of the University of Pennsylvania, serving without pay. Virginia Gates is his daughter. She has been mysteriously missing for a whole month. And the strangest thing is the blank silence maintained by her family. They have said not a word.

But it is now revealed by the Department of Justice that Virginia Gates on August tenth left a ranch in Wyoming to drive across the country to her home in Philadelphia. That was the last seen or heard of her. She ~~has~~ simply dropped out of sight.

There seems to be nothing upon which to base guesses or surmises, at least, nothing has been revealed. The wealthy and prominent family still stays silent and the Department of Justice is working.



PRECEDE STRIKE

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We have been hearing about the increase of strike violence in New England. Well, it flared again today. There was a fight at Central Falls, Rhode Island yesterday, with the shooting of three pickets, and the battle was renewed again this afternoon. ~~Soldiers~~

Hundreds of strikers were gathered around the plant of the Sayles Company. Sheriffs and deputies, heavily armed walked to and fro. Suddenly a striker heaved a stone through a mill window and then there was a regular bombardment, a hurricane of missiles.

With this barrage as a beginning, the pickets tried to storm the gates to the mill. The deputies called in the State police but the crowds still pushed on. Then the grim climax -- a volley of shots. Five persons, three men and two women fell -- wounded.

Governor Green of Rhode Island has sent the National Guardsmen to the Saylesville plant. The khaki clad soldiers are taking over the job, replacing the blue coated sheriffs and the black coated State Troopers. Yes, khaki instead of blue and black -- it means military instead of civil force.

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This is the first time that soldiers have been used in Rhode Island since the textile strike of 1922, when there was fighting, rioting and shooting in Pawtucket.

Every few minutes today Federal Relief Administrator Harry Hopkins got off a new gag about his brother. As one of the more stalwart among the New Dealers, his first expression was a gasp of astonishment when he heard that his brother, Doctor Louis A. Hopkins, a physician in Tacoma, Washington, was running as a Republican candidate for coroner.

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<sup>Relief-</sup>  
But, <sup>^</sup>Brother Harry, who is renowned as a wise-cracker, rallied quickly and said:- "I thought the Republican Party had died two years ago, and didn't need a coroner." <sup>TP</sup> A few minutes later he <sup>remarked</sup> ~~uttered~~ <sup>^</sup>ruefully:- "Jim Farley will give me the dickens, I can't even keep my own family in line."

At half past twelve he was heard ~~to~~ mutter:- "It certainly is funny, because Father was a Bryan Democrat, who was always running for office and never <sup>got</sup> <sup>^</sup>enough votes to fill his hat."

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The sun was sinking in the west when the Federal Relief Administrator, still thinking about his Republican brother <sup>piped</sup> ~~spoke~~ <sup>^</sup>up and said:- "Anyway, he hasn't asked me for any relief yet ---" meaning that the Republican candidate for

coroner had not walked into the Federal Relief Administrator's office saying:- "Brother, can you spare a dime?"

~~So Relief Brother~~  
anyway, Harry Hopkins thinks it isn't so very

brotherly, to which I say: "Amen Brother" and

~~SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW~~

It's sad sad story about the Relief Brother and the Coroner Candidate Brother. It's a strange world says Harry. To which we say "Amen Brother" and a-l-u-t-m.

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