

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

An announcement from the White House today brings to light that the President's Mother, is confined to her bed at Hyde Park, suffering from an injury. Sara Delano Roosevelt is eighty years old, and the surgeons say that she sustained an impacted hip and a fracture. For that she has to remain in bed two weeks. There's a severe ordeal for Mrs. Roosevelt, who for all her four score years, is vigorous and energetic and finds inactivity irksome.

Her illness was made known as the White House in connection with the information that the President is going to take the weekend off and go to Hyde Park to be with his Mother. He will leave Washington Friday and remain until early the following week.

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It is no secret that throughout his life, there has been the closest sympathy and companionship between <sup>mother and son.</sup> ~~Sara Delano~~ ~~Roosevelt and her successful son.~~ She is a woman of strong mind and broad culture. <sup>R.</sup> F.D. <sup>A</sup> has traveled with his Mother all over Europe, several times. She has always encouraged his intellectual interests as well as his political career.

The last time Mrs. Roosevelt was confined to her bed was in Nineteen Thirty-One, when she was ill in France. The President was then Governor of New York. He immediately dropped affairs of state and hurried over to Europe to his Mother's bedside.

There's a saying in Dutchess's County that nobody can resist the charm, graciousness and simple dignity of Sara Delano

<sup>And-</sup> Roosevelt. <sup>A</sup> Her dignity and simplicity were never more clearly demonstrated than on her ~~family~~ visit to Buckingham Palace.

Instead of a formal ceremonial call, surrounded by ambassadors and lords in waiting, the President's Mother rang the palace bell, was shown up to the royal private sitting room, and there the

world's two most famous Mothers had tea together, Queen Mary and

<sup>the Lady from Hyde Park.</sup> ~~Mrs. Roosevelt~~ <sup>A</sup> For hours they sat, chatting just like plain folks,



until it was almost time for dinner. It's also typical of Mrs. Roosevelt's physical and mental vigor that she runs not only Hyde Park but her town house in New York City, without a house-keeper. She is an exceedingly sociable lady and always has guests when her son and daughter-in-law are away at the White House.

And, the President sustained a political blow today when Governor Herbert Lehman of New York, his close friend, successor and standard bearer in his own state, refused to run again. That's an item which the Republican leaders are greeting with loud cheers. Mr. Lehman declares he has had enough of public life; is going to retire. Chairman Jim Farley pleaded with him, so did the President. But Governor Lehman is obdurate.

In a way you can hardly blame Governor Lehman for deciding that four years at Albany is enough. He is finishing his second term fighting a Republican Assembly. His program was liberal and reformist. And he has had not only had the Republicans to buck, but the Tammany Democrats. In spite of

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that, he has weathered about all the storms -- like the big Zeppelin that has just arrived again and is off again at ten tonight.



## NEW JERSEY

The day rose rosily for Governor Hoffman of New Jersey. But the sun goes down on a less cheerful picture for him. The first returns from the primaries indicated that he was far ahead, by such a large majority that his leadership of the New Jersey G.O.P. seemed to be firmer than ever. But late afternoon count puts him far back. To be sure, his face is saved. He will go to Cleveland as one of New Jersey's delegates at large. But he won't go as the undisputed Number One man of his delegation.

I don't recall any year when mere primary elections were so interesting. Of course the situation in the Republican Party, the contest between Landon and Borah, Landon and Knox, Landon and Vandenberg, and Landon and Steiwer make these preliminaries particularly lively.

New Jersey Republicans obviously are overwhelmingly in favor of the Kansas Governor, He wins all the delegates, and Senator Borah is nowhere. (Here again Republican big-wigs are deriving considerable consolation out of the thirty-one thousand protest votes polled by Colonel Breckenridge.)

## CANADA

The idea that has hit Congressman Sirovitch in Washington sounds startling -- although there is nothing really original about it. It's quite an old inspiration -- a union of the United States and Canada. Back in the last century it was called manifest destiny -- the supposition being that it was the manifest destiny of the United States to take over Canada. In recent years that ambition has died out, so it's a bit of a surprise to find the Congressman from New York offering a resolution in Congress for a ten-man committee to study the feasibility of a union between this country and our neighbor to the north. He wants Congress to put up twenty-five thousand dollars to finance an investigation of the proposal. The Congressman says that his plan would result in the formation of the greatest English-speaking nation in the world.

He adds that the supposed union would be a logical solution for the over-population problem in the United States. (I didn't know ~~that~~ we were overpopulated. Some authorities say we are under-populated.) Canada would get ice-free open ports all year round, declares the Congressman. There would be an absence of



tariffs, capital and labor would flow freely across the border, and the two countries would help each other in case of attack. <sup>R</sup>At Toronto we hear some comment on the idea. What do you think the Canadians are replying? Premier Mitchell F. Hepburn says that so far as he is concerned, Canada will remain British. He adds that the Canadians admire the United States but don't want to become ~~xx~~ Americanized. I'm afraid the Congressman's idea won't get very far.

DIAZ

~~The Kulturkampf~~ In Mexico, the fight between Church and State, comes to a halt. The death of Archbishop Pascual Diaz, leaves Mexican Catholics without a leader, for the time being at least. A most resolute and courageous prelate, he has been the head and front of the resistance to the Government's interference in spiritual affairs. But militant as he was, a suave vein of diplomacy tempered his aggressiveness. Thanks to that quality in the late Primate of Mexico, the fight between Church and State was kept from becoming even more bitter than it was.

It's been a long and tumultuous business. ~~Many people~~  
*we hardly*  
~~don't~~ realize that it has been going on ever since the Revolution of Eighteen Ten. For more than a hundred and twenty-five years, the folks south of the Rio Grande have been squabbling about the proper domain of Church and State.

*And* It has been acute ever since General Cardenas climbed to the presidency. His Government is decidedly anti-clerical. So there has been ample scope for the militancy of Archbishop Diaz. He fought unflinching against the closing of the churches, the



banishment of priests and nuns. For a long time indeed, it looked as though it might be a losing fight. But the Archbishop refused to give in. At the same time, he battled just as fiercely against ~~E~~ atheistic ~~enthusiasm~~ propaganda in Mexico's public schools. At last he won a half-way victory. He was permitted to assign one priest to every fifty thousand communicants. His almost life-long struggle was punctuated by several periods of exile. Actually, he passed more of the last days of his life in the United States than he did in his own land. If he had said the word, the resistance of his flock would have flared out into armed rebellion and bloodshed. But he set his face against violence just as rigidly as he declined to knuckle to the government. ~~His long~~ ~~staunch struggle attracted sympathetic consideration of Rome.~~

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The Most Reverend Pascual Diaz rose to be Primate of his church from the most humble origin possible. He was the son of Indian parents in the remote and lonely state of Jalisco. ~~The quality of his mind became evident in his childhood.~~ He piled up such a record at the missionary schools that the priests sent him to the Franciscan College. ~~He was ordained at twenty-three~~

His passing precipitates a critical situation.

What will happen now that the Mexican Catholics have lost  
their doughty leader?



GOMEZ

Inauguration day in Cuba - Dr. Miguel Mariano Gomez is now officially President of the Republic. They had a grand time initiating him in the gay festive Latin manner, but behind the gaiety there was a <sup>sinister</sup> ~~single~~ note. Observers wonder, some of them are even making bets:- "How long will he last?"

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The cold fact that we learn from the Pearl of the Antilles is that whoever sits in the presidential chair, the ruler of the island continues to be the one-time ~~stenographer~~ sergeant, now Colonel, Fulgencio Batista. The real reins of government are in his hands, the military ~~dictator~~ dictatorship that he set up two years ago is as firm as ever. Three years have passed since the revolution which upset the iron rule of Machado. During that time Cuba has had seven presidents, and one strong man. The presidents lasted anywhere from a few hours to a couple of years. But Batista still rides the high horse. Now

The accession of Dr. Gomez sets the stage for an explosive scene. ~~Meanwhile~~ <sup>He</sup> Miguel Mariano Gomez is no weakling. Years ago when he was Mayor <sup>of</sup> Havana, he rebelled so violently against the tyranny of the Machado regime, that he had to get out

between dusk and daylight. Machado considered him so dangerous that he offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for anyone who would put young Gomez away.

So there you have the material for conflict. A strong man with a powerful military machine to enforce his will. Facing him a liberal but strong minded president, who is not too proud to fight.



## MYSTERY MAN

The sinister Dr. Pavelich, mastermind of the Croatian terrorists accused of having engineered the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia, has gone free. France wanted him for trial, he was in Italy, and the Italian government would not give him up. So the French tried him -- in absentia, in his absence. They tried three other Croatian terrorists, not in absentia, but very much present - convicted them of participating in the Alexander assassination, and gave them life imprisonment.

Meanwhile the Italians kept Dr. Pavelich in prison. Now, after nineteen months, they've released him. And the lord of the terrorists has instantly disappeared. Nobody knows where he has gone. Perhaps he has rejoined his Oustachis, the secret society of which he is the leader. Maybe he's plotting some further hit of terror in Balkan politics. Or maybe he's in the bosom of his family with Sika and Bratzo and Vishna. These are his three children -- for the lord of terror is a family man. Sika and Bratzo are Croatian for our own familiar Sistie and Buzzie in White House parlance. Vishna means Wild Cherry. A sentimental family. The babes and their mother share the Doctor's hidden

life of conspiracy -- in furtive concealment -- incessantly  
on the move, surrounded by bloody oaths and dark mutterings.

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I was looking over some important statistics ~~and~~  
a report of the Securities and Exchange Commission, the body  
that regulates the stock markets of the nation. I glanced  
down a bristling series of nationally significant figures  
and saw tabulated the following: Snuff, fifteen million dollars.  
That represents the year's sale of snuff in the United States.  
I hadn't known that anybody used snuff in this country anymore.  
In England, of course, the old habit of taking a sniff still  
lingers on. They call snuff "dry refreshment" over there.  
~~One~~ There's one kind that costs five dollars a pound. It's  
scented with attar of roses. The noble Lord Sefton uses a  
variety that's "ozonized." It smells like peppermint and  
His Lordship says it's cured his hayfever.

But over here -- well, I knew that they used to  
dip snuff in the South years ago, but I thought that a thing  
of the past. Still, there was the item -- Snuff, fifteen  
million dollars. So I called up L. A. Bengart, vice-president  
of the George W. Helme Company, manufacturers of snuff. He told  
me that the use of the pungent powder of tobacco is increasing

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all the time. They chew it. I said -- I thought a good old fashioned plug was what you chewed. But he said no that's going out of fashion because the old chaw of tobacco makes your cheeks stick out like a case of the mumps. It's not so elegant, and chewers have become refined. So they use snuff.

The vogue, they say, is spreading principally among the people who do the kind of work at which they are not allowed to smoke. They absorb the tobacco they want by using snuff.

## BUCKSKIN CHARLIE

A picturesque old acquaintance of mine has passed out of the picture. Buckskin Charlie, heap big Chief of the Southern Utes, has gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds at the end of ninety-six winters.

I used to know him in Colorado. My Dad's ranch near Durango was on his reservation. In his ceremonial raiment he was an impressive and warlike sight. Charlie was well over six feet. When you saw him astride his horse, or stalking along under his feathered head-dress you were looking at the Redskin at his most majestic. His flashing black eyes were mounted like pieces of onyx under his beetling forehead. So, no wonder Buckskin Charlie was one of the most photographed Indians in America.

On more than one occasion he rendered valuable service to the Great White Father. In the Civil War he was admitted into the Union Army, employed as a scout and also assigned to provide deer, antelope and buffalo meat for the soldiers at Fort Union, New Mexico. Again in 1879 the White River Utes rose up against Nathan Meeker, once celebrated head of the Indian Agency at Meeker, Colorado. They killed Meeker, wiped out his

garrison and carried away several white women and children.

The news of the uprising spread all over the West and the Southern Utes were putting on their war paint, all set to join their fellow tribesmen of the White River. It was Buckskin Charlie who prevented them from going on the warpath. On the contrary, he mobilized his braves to rescue the captured white women and children.

He was the friend and hunting guide of President Roosevelt, the rough-riding T.R. When T.R. was inaugurated in 1905 Buckskin Charlie went to Washington as his guest. He headed a procession of three-hundred-and-fifty-Indians in the inaugural parade.

Home on the Range won't seem the same without Buckskin Charlie. So, so long -

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.