



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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~~Prader Digest~~

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Rosa & Dorena Street

Bought & Paid for

but never used

Highly praised.

J. WALTER THOMPSON COMPANY
Chicago

410 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE

February 9, 1933.

Mrs. Maud Hart Lovelace,
24 Second Avenue,
Pelham, New York.

My dear Mrs. Lovelace:

I want to pass along to you a comment made by our Dr. Jernegan of the University of Chicago. Without knowing who wrote the McClellan script, he remarked over the telephone to me that the writer "had certainly done about the best job of characterization that we have had yet."

We all enjoyed the script very much, and except for making a slight change at the very end, it stands just about as you and Mr. Lovelace prepared it. The change was made, I assure you, only to enable the audience to know just what was going on. It was a matter of identifying the sentry.


In reply to your letter just received: You have the dope exactly right about the March 5th script. It is awfully nice of you and Mr. Lovelace to cooperate with us as you are. We appreciate it very much.

I have not forgotten that you sent us a beautiful script some weeks ago. I will see that you are paid for this script, although the chances are we shall not be able to fit it into our series until, perhaps, next fall. The reason for that was, of course, that the client wished us to concentrate on the "War between the States" until the end of spring, when he expects to go off the air until fall.

Again, thank you and Mr. Lovelace, very much indeed.

Sincerely,

John A. Carter
MW



J. WALTER THOMPSON COMPANY
Chicago

410 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE

February 23, 1933.

Mrs. Maud Hart Lovelace,
24 Second Avenue,
Pelham, New York.

My dear Mrs. Lovelace:

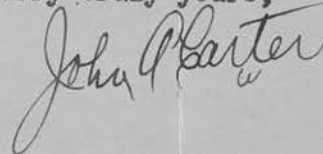
I have just read your script, and think your characterization of my old hero, Jeb Stuart, is grand.

This may strike you as odd, but our client is dead set against the use of any "cuss words" in these plays. It grieves me, indeed, to ask you to find some other verse of "Jine the Cavalry", or to re-write the verse you have quoted. Won't you send your revision straight to Herschel Williams, J. Walter Thompson Company, Graybar Building, New York?

When you write him, won't you advise him as to the melody of this song? He may know it, of course, inasmuch as he is a good Southerner, but I doubt that he does.

I wish to thank you and Mr. Lovelace very much indeed for your very splendid help in this series. When I am in New York again I hope it will be my pleasure to talk with you and to meet your husband.

Very truly yours,



John A. Carter
MW

Maud and Delos Lovelace,
Care of Nannine Joseph,
200 West 54th Street,
New York City.

THEME

Master of Ceremonies:

Union Central Life presents...Roses and Drums...

Our play today honors another heroic figure in the tradition of America, the pioneer woman of the prairies.

Wife, mother, nurse, doctor, teacher, she nurtured on uncharted plains the simple faith to which she had been bred. No disaster broke that faith. And there were tragic disasters. Sometimes Evil's own hand seemed at work. As one year when clouds of locusts droned across the land, stripping it bare of that grain which was the prairie's chief crop; and another year when hail crushed all growing things into flat sodden ruin. Even in the face of such almost supernatural catastrophes, the pioneer woman stood steadfast.

Of this breed was Cassie Wright, who had jolted in her husband's covered wagon from Iowa to a prairie homestead in western Minnesota. She typifies unnumbered women who brought to sod and log houses, along with a melodeon, a paisley shawl, and the indispensable Bible, those simple ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ideals which are this nation's foundation stones.

Ladies and gentlemen, Cassie Wright, played by...

This is another epic in A Saga of the American Home.

LOVE SENDS A LITTLE GIFT OF ROSES.

Master of Ceremonies:

Each Sunday afternoon at this time a complete radio drama with music, centering around a typical American family, is presented. The sponsor is the Union Central Life Insurance Company of Cincinnati,

Ohio...which has been catering to the safety and protection of American families since 1867 and now has assets of three hundred million dollars.

ON WITH THE PLAY

DRUM ROLL:

The time is a Fourth of July, in the seventies. The place is the spanking new frame house of Jed and Cassie Wright, where all the settlers on Cottonwood Creek are gathered. They are celebrating not only Independence Day, but also the presence of tall green spears which tell of a bumper grain crop on land which had been virgin prairie a short two years before. Receiving the company, along with Jed and Cassie, are young Jed and his sister in pigtails, Judy Ann. That dark lean man who draws jolly music from his fiddle but seems not to know how to be sociable with his neighbors is Ben Barney. Since he came back from a disillusioning Civil War, he believes in nothing except his fragile gentle wife.

The fiddle playing:

All around the liberty pole,
The monkey chased the weasel,
That's the way the money goes,
Pop! Goes the weasel.

A woman's voice, with a strong Scandinavian accent:

Dis ban more fun, Cassie, dan barn raising.

Young Jed:

You don't know the half of it, Mrs. Nelson. We're going to have fresh meat. Pop killed a pig last night.

A second woman's voice, soft and gentle:

A fresh pig! Jed! You don't mean it. Why, we haven't had fresh meat since Nelson's barn raising.

Judy Ann:

It's true, Mrs. Barney. And that isn't all. We're going to have coffee with the Johnny cake and syrup.

Cassie:

Don't let the children get your hopes too high, Vera. There'll be coffee; but it's only barley coffee. Still, Jed says it's the best he ever tasted. I had especially good luck with the roasting, I guess.

Mrs. Nelson:

Everyt'ing you ~~make~~ ban gud, Cassie. My Nels, he says your dried apples and old potatoes and black flour tastes like holiday feast back in de old country.

Young Jed:

We're sending a quarter of the pig to Barney's, you know, 'cause they sent us a quarter of theirs last Christmas, and we'll cut the bone out of what's left and salt it down.

Cassie (gaily):

There isn't going to be any left. Not with every family on Cottonwood Creek here. Ten families, and goodness knows how many children! We're going to eat every last smitch.

Vera Barney:

You're a heroine to invite so many.

Cassie:

Oh, but I have something up my sleeve.

Mrs. Barney and Mrs. Nelson together:

What?

Cassie:

You'll find out. This picnic isn't just because it's Independence Day.

Mrs. Barney:

Is it to celebrate the big crop and all the money we're going to have and all the things we need we're going to be able to buy?

weeks to go to the settlement and back, and until the breaking's done I can't spare the time, to say nothing of the oxen.

Cassie:

What are you planning to buy, Vera?

Mrs. Barney:

Candle moulds, first of all. I'm through burning greasy rags.

Mrs. Nelson:

Ay ban going to have a milk cow. Nels, he's always saying he wish he had milk on his mush, mornings.

Judy Ann:

I'm going to have a hair ribbon, as wide as my hand.

Young Jed:

Pop promised me some copper toed boots. With red leather tops. And stars. Didn't you, pop?

A voice:

I'm getting another yoke of oxen to speed up the breaking.

Another voice:

A yoke of cattle. That's what I want too.

A woman's voice:

I'm going to have a new calico dress for Sundays.

Cassie:

Dinner's on, everybody. This is a picnic, remember. So fill your plates, and be sure you get enough. Nels, where's your accordion? We ought to have some music. Young Jed will fill your plate.

Nelson:

Ja! Ay ban gud musician.

He plays a lively Norwegian folk dance.

While the dinner gets along, bits of conversation float up from the gathering:

Young Jed:

With copper toed boots, I won't need to worry about snakes.

A man's voice:

I never saw a finer stand of wheat. Garden stuff 's climbing right along too.

Ben Barney:

Don't count your chickens before they're hatched, you folks. Remember the hail storm that came along last July and ruined crops?

A woman's voice:

Cassie, you won't be able to make better Johnny cake than this even in the elevated oven.

Mrs. Barney:

Yes, I'm ready for soap making, ^{too} ~~too~~ been saving ashes since April. But I always dread it. That heavy kettle...

Another woman's voice:

That little elm tree in front of your house looks nice, Cassie.

Cassie:

I brought it in a box from Iowa. Have some more coffee, Helga.

Mrs. Nelson, (mournfully):

My Nels, he'll be talking about this coffee for a month.

The woman's voice, (continuing):

I declare, Cassie, what didn't you bring from Iowa. An elm tree. A melodeon.

Cassie, (cheerfully):

They all fit in. The little elm helps a lot out here in a country which forgot about trees. And the melodeon comes in handy when we hold a church meeting here ~~in our house~~ ^{at home}.

Nelson:

It ban a gud help, Cassie.

Cassie (briskly):

But even a meldeon doesn't make a church out of a house. And that, everybody, is what I want to talk to you about.

Mrs. Barney, (wonderingly):

A melodeon?

Jed:

Set yourselves, folks. Cassie's going to give it to you right between the eyes.

Nelson:

Val! So long as it's Cassie doing it, it ban all right, I guess.

General laughter, marked by assent and agreement.

Cassie:

Very well. I'll give it to you just the way Jed promised. Here it is. I want all you people, and especially you men folks, to celebrate the bumper crop by pledging money enough to build a church.

A voice:

A church!

Another voice:

By gemeni, we do need a church!

Barney (scornfully):

~~Why~~^{Who} do we need ~~o~~^a church, I'd like to know?

Cassie, (with spirit):

A hundred things! Not just sermons. We wouldn't get any more of those for the circuit rider wouldn't come any oftener if we had a church than he comes now, and the col porteur wouldn't bring us any more Bibles. But a church means more than sermons. And we need a church. So speak up, every one of you. Will you help?

Jed:

I'll give fifty dollars, Cassie, after the bumper crop's sold.

Nobody speaks for an instant.

Jed continues, (laughing):

Step along, Cassie. Catch your Belweather. I told you Ben Barney would have to promise something before the others would fall ~~xxxx~~ into line.

Cassie:

Speak up, Ben. How much will you give?

Ben Barney:

There's no money for churches, and no need, in this new land.

Cassie:

There'll be money aplenty after the harvest. Here we are, promising ourselves milk cows, and oxen, and elevated oven stoves, and candle moulds, and new calico dresses. We're giving ourselves all kind o f presents. How about giving God a present?

Barney:

You know better than to ask me to help build a church, Cassie. You know I don't hold with churches.

Cassie:

Maybe you don't hold with them, but you need one too, ~~xxxxxx~~ Ben.

Barney:

I guess Bob Ingersoll's book of sermons'll go on going me all the good I need.

Cassie:

You have two babies, Ben. You need a church for them.

Ben:

I'll raise 'em on Ingersoll.

Cassie:

There are forty children now, on Cottonwood Creek.
I asked young Jed to count heads while I was dishing up.

A woman's voice:

I don't see why you needed to count heads, Cassie.
You brought most of them into the world.

Another woman's voice:

That's true. I wouldn't be here now, nor my baby
either, if it wasn't for Cassie.

Cassie:

Little Tom Baxter isn't here now, although we did our
best. And I don't like not having a church when it comes to burials.
(In a lower voice.) No mother does.

Ben Barney, (weakening):

I'd like to do something for you Cassie. But I don't
hold with churches.

Cassie:

I know you don't, Ben. You're an odd man, if ever I
saw one. You have such a good head on your shoulders. Few around here have
as good, and none better. It staggers me that you won't see what a church
would mean.

Mrs. Barney (encouragingly):

Tell him what it would mean, Cassie.

Cassie:

All you think of, when you hear church, is religion,
Ben. And of course it means that, first of all. But it means so much
more, in a place like this. It means we have a center for everything in
our lives. It means we could give our children at least a part of all we
left back east. We don't want them growing up without direction...loosely,

carelessly...just because we are out here on the prairie. If we have a church we could hold school in it until we could build a school. We could meet there for sociable times, for singing school and Christmas parties, just like back home. We could gather there to talk over our problems. No new community like ours ever begins to get anywhere until it has a church.

Nelson:

Cassie ban right. She ban right as sure as shooting.

Barney(almost won over):

What kind of a church would you have, Cassie? You know we don't all think alike.

Cassie:

I don't care what kind of a church it is. One we can all use. All kinds of preachers come to Cottonwood Creek. All of them will be welcome to use it.

Barney:

You're letting yourself in for a lot of trouble, Cassie.

Cassie:

I'll risk it.

Barney:

Well, I've eaten a lot of your fresh pork, Cassie. Will it be all right if I give twenty five, when the harvest's in?

Cassie (laughing in relief):

That's plenty, Ben.

Nelson:

Ay guess ay have ten dollars left after ay buy Helga

dat cow.

A voice:

I'll give another ten.

Another voice:

I'll give three.

Another voice:

I'll give one.

A woman's voice:

I'll give my baby chicks.

A man's voice:

I won't have any money to give even after the harvest, but I was a carpenter back in Indiana and I'll give ten dollars in labor.

Another man's voice:

I'm a stone mason by trade, and I'll give ten dollars in labor too.

Another voice:

Put me down for eight dollars.

Another voice:

And me for fifty bushels of wheat.

Judy Ann:

Look! Mother's crying. Everybody's doing what we wants, and she's crying.

Cassie:

I'm crying because I'm so happy...and thankful.

A voice:

Let's sing a hymn.

Cassie:

Not a doleful one. Can you play hymns on your fiddle?

Ben?

Barrey:

With you at the melodeon, Cassie.

Cassie:

Which one shall it be? "The Mercy Seat"?

Nelson:

Dat ban a Jim Dandy.

Singing:

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure ~~xxxxxxx~~ retreat,
It's found beneath the mercy seat.....

Into the midst of the singing comes Young Jed's voice.

Young Jed:

Pop! Pop! Come out here and look.

Jed:

What's the matter?

Young Jed:

Such a whopping big black cloud! And it's moving
straight toward us.

Jed:

It is getting dark.

A babble of voices:

What is it?

I'm frightened.

The wheat could stand a storm.

It's getting nearer.

That isn't a storm cloud.

Mrs. Barney's voice (unexpectedly strong in terror):

It's grasshoppers!

The babble resumes:

It's a cloud of grasshoppers.

A cloud a mile long.

Mrs Barney:

It's the seven year locusts!

Master of ceremonies:

Louder and louder above the medley voices grows a sound like millions of small dry sticks snapping, as millions of grasshoppers drop out of the sky, clicking their hard legs and beating their fleshless wings.

Mrs. Barney:

Cassie, they're eating the leaves of your elm.

Judy Ann, (weeping):

Our tree from Iowa.

A man's voice:

They're settling on the garden.

Jed(fiercely):

They'll never touch the wheat.

Barney:

Scatter some straw, Jed. Start a fire. That will keep them away from ^{your}~~xxx~~ wheat.

Jed:

Don't worry about my wheat, Ben. Get home to your own. All of you, get home to your own.

Cassie:

We women can help hitch.

Judy Ann:

Mother! Our tree from Iowa.

Cassie:

Hush, dear! Go get the Nelson baby.

A man's voice:

The garden's gone slick and clean, as though it had been mowed.

A child's voice:

Ma, ma! I'm afraid. It's so dark.

Another voice:

What a noise they make! Like hogs eating!

Mrs. Nelson:

Dey ban in my hair.

Mrs. Barney:

They're in the drinking pail.

Cassie, (in great alarm):

Jed! Oh, Jed! Look!

Barney:

Good God, Jed, they're lighting on the wheat.

All:

They're on the wheat.

A silence, filled with the dry clicking whir.

Barney:

And you wanted us to build a church, Cassie! My God, we even promised to build you a church! Well, I take back my promise. Mingles cries and sounds of departure.

Stand still, Bonnie.

Giddap, Mag!

Goodbye.

Hurry, hurry!

Cassie:

They're all gone now, Jed. What can I do?

Jed:

We'll try straw on the north field, though I don't think even fire will stop them.

Cassie:

Come on, children. We'll help father. Ho, Judy

Ann! You're not afraid of hoppers.

Young Jed:

I won't get my copper toed boots.

Cassie:

Never mind, son. We can still sing. Let's sing while we work.

Singing:

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes....

Master of Ceremonies:

And so all Cottonwood Creek, heartened by dauntless women of Cassie Wright's breed, wage a hopeless fight to save from the destroying winged plague the crop which means oxen to make the ploughing easier, milk for Nels Nelson's mush, hair ribbons, candle moulds, copper toed boots, labor saving ovens...a church....

.....

Master of Ceremonies:

Now to the second act of Roses and Drums.

A week has passed. The countryside for miles is stripped bare. waving fields of wheat and barley, acres of rustling green corn, patches of garden... all are ruined. On the elm brought from Iowa there is not a single leaf. Cassie and Jed stand in their doorway looking out upon disaster.

Jed:

If we'd gone to ^{the settlement} ~~xxxx~~ the way we planned, we'd be ten miles on our way now. We'd be as far as Baxters.

Cassie:

I'm glad we didn't go.

Jed:

You deserve that elevated oven, Cassie, crop or no crop. You had the money saved last April.

Cassie:

I'd rather have a church than an elevated oven.

Jed:

I'm sorry not to give you the fifty I promised, Cassie. But with the crop gone, I just couldn't do it. I have to buy seed, and we have to live for another whole year.

Cassie:

I know, Jed. But just the same I can't give up the church. You see, it's always something. If it isn't hoppers, it's a hail storm; and if it isn't a hail storm, it's a drought. It's just as easy... or just as hard...to get the church this year as it will be next.

Jed:

By George, Cassie, I believe you're right.

Cassie:

You can't spare me fifty dollars, I know that; but I'll give up my elevated oven stove and put that money in as coming from us both. You've said yourself, we're one of the bellweathers of this flock, and if we stick by our pledge the rest will find a way to do it, too.

Jed:

You're forgetting Ben, Cassie. He's a belweather, too, and after the locusts he'll be leading in the other direction. You'll never get the others unless you get Ben. And you'll never get Ben, now.

Cassie (with abrupt resolution):

Yes I will. And what's more I'll get him today. (She calls) Judy Ann! Find your brother and tell him to harness the pony, and hitch her to the light wagon.

Jed:

What in Time are you planning, Cassie?

Cassie:

I'm going over to the Barneys. I'm going to talk Ben around as soon as ever I can find him.

Jed:

You can't talk church to Ben while he's still thinking of nothing but the locusts, Cassie.

Cassie:

I'll talk to him. The Lord will help me if Ben gets me in a corner.

Jed:

Do you really believe that? ~~xxxxxxxx~~

Cassie:

Who has helped me, and you, too, Jed, out of a hundred corners?

Jed:

Look, Cassie, here comes Nels Nelson. Better wait till he gets here. Practise up on him. ~~xxxxxxxx~~ Ben won't seem so hard if you win Nels over.

Cassie:

No, you win Nels over. I'm going as soon as young Jed gets the wagon ready.

Jed:

I'll try. But Nels is coming to talk hoppers.

Cassie; (with spirit):

There's too much talk of hoppers. We've talked them over from tip to tail. We know they piled up in the roads so high horses couldn't get through. We know they even stopped a train, back east, where there are trains. What we want to do now is to get our minds off hoppers and on to the church. Since folks haven't much money, they'll

have to pledge in labor, and building the church will give us all something to do this fall when there's no crop to harvest. We can have church diggings and church raisings and church socials...

Jed:

You don't know how pretty you look when you get excited and talk fast, like that.

Cassie:

Are you making love to a married woman with two children? (She calls) Good morning, Mr. Nelson.

Nelson:

Val, val, ay t'ought you ban gone to de settlement.

Jed:

No, we gave up the trip. Cassie isn't going to buy any elevated oven. She's going to give the money to the church.

Nelson:

Ben Barney he says a church ban foolishness before but ban bigger foolishness now.

Jed (to Cassie):

I told you, honey.

Cassie (stoutly):

Oh Nels! You aren't letting Ben influence you, I hope.

Nelson:

Val, ay don' know. Ben, he says a church ban...

Jed:

Don't count too much on Ben, Nels. He'll be singing a different tune when Cassie gets through with him.

Nelson:

Ban Cassie really going to tackle him?

Cassie:

Just as soon as young Jed gets the light wagon ready.

Young Jed:

Here you are, Mom. And don't forget what I told you. If the pony gets skittish, give her a good lick with the whip. That'll quiet her down.

A horse's galloping is heard in the distance. It approaches swiftly.

Nels:

Ay tank you don't need ~~inxxxx~~ de wagon, Cassie.

Here's Ben now.

Jed:

Ben?

Cassie:

It is Ben. Something's wrong. (The horse's hooves draw close and stop.) Ben. What is it?

Barney:

Cassie! Jed! I never thought to find you. I was on my way the Nelsons. I thought you'd started for the settlement.

Jed:

We gave up the trip? But what's the matter? You're pale as a ghost.

Cassie:

Here! Sit down, Ben.

Barney:

Cassie! To think of finding you!

Cassie:

What is it, Ben?

Barney:

Vera. She was making soap. I never should have brought her to this bitter country.

Cassie:

Now Ben! Vera doesn't think it a bitter country. Tell me what happened.

Barney:

She was making soap. In the big kettle. She tried to lift it off the fire. It tipped. It spilled all over her. Oh, Cassie! You've got to hurry. You'll know better than anybody how to help her.

Cassie:

I'll hurry, Ben. You jump into the wagon and drive. That horse of yours is tired out. No, Jed, you mustn't come. You'd add too much to the load. Help me up, Ben. There. Goodbye.

The light wagon goes rattling away into the distance across the prairie.

Master of Ceremonies:

And so Cassie Wright and Ben Barney race to the Barney homestead. And there Cassie, with that untaught but marvellous skill which some woman in every frontier community possessed, cared for Vera Barney and brought her out of pain.

Cassie:

There, Vera! Isn't that a nice bandage to make out of a wornout petticoat?

Vera:

It's a beautiful bandage. And you're beautiful, too,

Cassie.

Ben (fervently):

Beautiful isn't half the word for what she is. Oh, Cassie! I'll never forget the chance that kept you at home today.

Cassie:

It wasn't chance, Ben.

Barney:

The luckiest kind of chance, I call it.

Cassie:

But it wasn't, just the same. It was the church that you think so little of, Ben.

Ben (puzzled):

The church?

Cassie:

Jed and I had planned to go to the settlement, you know, to buy my elevated oven. But then I decided not to buy the oven.

Ben:

That doesn't spell church to me, Cassie.

Cassie:

But it does. Because I decided to give over the stove and use my money to help build a church. The Wrights had promised fifty dollars, and Jed and I resolved to keep our promise.

Ben (slowly, thoughtfully):

So that's what you mean when you say it wasn't chance?

Cassie:

What does it mean to you, Ben?

There is a moment of silence, then Vera Barney speaks softly:

Vera:

Tell her, Ben. What does it mean to you?

Ben (tenderly):

So you want it too? All right. Don't you worry. Just hurry up and get well. Cassie can have my twenty five dollars.

Cassie (as she speaks a wagon rumbles close and stops):

OR Ben! The church is as good as built, with you paying your share.

Nels:

Ben paying? Jed! Did you hear dat? Ay always ban unlucky faller. Now Helga she make me pay my ten too.

Cassie, (triumphantly):

We'll have the church up by Christmas.

Nels(gaily):

And ven de candles are lighted on dat tree, ay'll tune up my accordian like dis...like dis....

He starts to play.

Cassie:

Our own church! Oh Jed! It doesn't seem possible, does it? Won't that be a splendid monument to the men of Cottonwood Creek?

Jed:

D'you hear that, Ben? To the men of Cottonwood Creek.

Ben:

D'you hear that, Vera?

Cassie (indignantly):

Why, what are you laughing at? The men of Cottonwood Creek will put it up with their own hands, won't they? Why won't it be a monument to them?

Jed:

It'll be a monument to the hands that put it up, my dear; and they are the same hands that are putting up schools and churches all over these prairies.

Cassie:

And whose hands are they, I'd like to know?

Jed (tenderly):

They belong to the pioneer woman.

THE END