Manuscript: Radio talk, A defense of old age, November 27, 1936

Tarbell, Ida M.

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COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1937 [This must be an error, Dec 1936]
11:00 to 11:30 A.M.
3:00 to 3:30 P.M. Retbroadcast

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)
(.........30 seconds.........)

MUSIC: THEME ORCHESTRA

ANNCR: This is the Heinz Magazine of the Air presented each
Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this time by the H.
J. Heinz Company, makers of the famous 57 Varieties.
And here is your friend and editor, Delmar Edmondson.

EDITOR: How do you do, ladies. Thanksgiving Day is over, but
I'm sure most of you still have at least one thing to
be thankful for. There must be turkey left in the ice
box, and you don't have to concern yourself about what
you'll have for dinner until tomorrow evening, and
perhaps not then. In this issue the Heinz Magazine of
the Air presents in person the famous author and
journalist, Ida Tarbell, who will tell us how it feels to
be the dean of American Women of Letters, Leonard Ludwin,
traveller and lecturer, who will describe the lives of
the women of the wandering tribes of Asia, Reed Kennedy,
the latest installment of Elaine Sterne Carrington's
"Trouble House", and Leith Stevens' Orchestra, which
derives from "The Connecticut Yankee" a treatise on
modern love in the middle ages entitled, "Thou Swell."

MUSIC: 1. THOU SWELL ORCHESTRA
EDITOR: This page is reserved for Bill Adams, one gentleman who doesn't hesitate to taste and tell.

ANNCR: After all the fuss and flurry of Thanksgiving - what would you say to a simple one-dish supper tonight? How about a big, luscious bowlful of Heinz delicious tomato sauced spaghetti with cheese. There's a whole meal - just waiting for you - in a shiny Heinz tin. All you need to go along with it is a big, green salad. Make a dressing right at the table - with Heinz vintage vinegar and Heinz pure olive oil. For dessert - well, don't tell me there's none of that good Heinz mincemeat pie left from yesterday! Today - and every day - when you want an economical, lightning-quick meal, simply open a tin of Heinz cooked spaghetti. Just as it comes to you - ready-to-serve - it's a treat. Combine it with left-overs - bits of ham, tongue, beef, lamb or frankfurters. Heinz cooked spaghetti is the makings of dozens of culinary triumphs.

MUSIC: (INTRODUCTION TO #2) ORCHESTRA

EDITOR: Billy Rose is noted for producing Broadway musical shows whose great size are in direct contrast to the producer's small proportions. So when Texas celebrated its centennial it was decided that this little impresario would handle the girl and music concessions in a manner befitting the largest state in the Union. Reed Kennedy sings a melody of love that emanated from Billy Rose's Casa Manana, "The Night Is Young and You're So Beautiful".

MUSIC: 2. THE NIGHT IS YOUNG AND YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL KENNEDY
EDITOR: Ida Tarbell, one of our most eminent writers, declares that she has been working for nearly fifty years, and that her first published book is still bringing in royalties. She was the first American journalist to make a complete critical study of a great business organization in the volume titled "The History of the Standard Oil Company." She has recently published a companion book, "The Nationalizing of Business." Miss Tarbell is a painstaking and competent historian who deals with facts. Her favorite among the men and women she has written about is Abraham Lincoln, a subject for which her enthusiasm never grows less and to which she has devoted two books. Miss Tarbell, who is also the author of a volume called "The Ways of Women", tells the readers of the Heinz Magazine of the Air how, as she is approaching the age of eighty, she manages to be now in the midst of writing three novels, and will say a word in defense of age.

IDA TARBELL: The Editor of the Magazine of the Air seems to think that you his subscribers will be interested in a greeting from one whose chief claim to be heard is that though entering her eightieth year she is still at work. In this he differs from the editors of the magazines of the earth who all agree that the interest of their readers is strictly limited to the doings of youth and of active middle life.

(continued)
IDA TARBELL: (continued) ... The species of embargo that is raised against old ago sometimes amazes, sometimes amuses and sometimes chagrins me. I see nothing exceptional in being as active now in my eightieth year as I was at thirty, forty, sixty. Look about you and I doubt if there is one of you that will not recall some man or woman older than I am leading quite as active a life. There are plenty of people, however, who think that all of us oldsters should be out of the game. Some of them even warn us that we are defying the Lord by over-staying our time busily and cheerfully. Holy writ is against us, they say. It limits us to three score years and ten and tells us that if by reason of strength we run on to four score years there still will be labor and sorrow. They seem to think that ought to scare us to inactivity. After three score years and ten, streeked with mere or less labor, and why should we expect anything else in our last decades? And what poor stuff we must have been if we have not learned to take it. Then there are the people who are re-arranging the social system. Anybody who works after sixty five is taking bread out of the mouth of the unemployed, they tell me. By sixty five you either should have provided a sufficient competence to live without productive work or you should have soon to it that you are taken care of by some of the many pension schemes in operation.

(continued)
But supposing you haven't been able to set aside enough to provide for your living and to fulfill your obligation without piecing out by work and supposing you have been a free lance and are not eligible for a pension - even under the present far-flung Social Security Act - are you a poacher if you work. Should I feel guilty?

When I insist that I find in those late years of activity a peculiar and satisfying adventure my younger friends hoot at me. They too seem to see life after seventy-five as sterile - no fresh experience - no zest - no enjoyment of its own. They think I am putting up a bluff, that at best old age can be nothing more than a camouflaged middle age - a pathetic and somet ime a ludicrous imitation of youth. But I am not patterning my present years after any decade gone before. I find the period interesting and fertile in itself. It has its own pleasures, its own possibilities, its own needs of adaptation to the new situations which a changing world produces. It is just as full of problems and hopes as any other decade only the problems are peculiar to late life. The hopes have a security in them those of youth lack. They are less delusively, more tempered by experience, more serene. No, I refuse to accept the silly taboos against old age which have grown up in the past. I am too busy following the adventure, making the most of that which comes to me, whether it be grave or gay.