

LOWELL THOMAS - SUNOCO - TUESDAY, NOV. 6, 1934

ELECTION

On Election Day, I always have a rather mystical feeling that sixty forty-five is precisely the moment when people are all steamed up with interest and curiosity. But, it's too early to form any real idea of which way the sweep of ballots is drifting.

I have that qualmy feeling tonight. I should be saying something, but I haven't got it. However, the political dopsters and the election sharks do seem to have some sort of line-up on the situation. They have places spotted all over the country, where the count is in early, strategic points, political weather vanes on election day, which are supposed to indicate the way the wind is blowing.

There is that earliest voting town of all, New Ashford, Massachusetts, which invariably turns its count in first. It has only twenty-four votes, but these are the first to come flashing into the public prints. It was heavily Republican, but two years ago it took on a Democratic color in the Roosevelt landslide, and the color was even more Democratic today.

Then quickly after that another tiny Massachusetts municipality came up with heavy Democratic leanings.

With an early Republican town in Michigan, it was just the opposite. Of the handful of votes by far the most were Republican.

We could go on with many of these tiny instances, but what do they mean, except so much minute arithmetic?

Well, the political wisemen and campaign strategists say ~~they~~ they ~~there~~ are hints and indications, small signs ~~at~~ crucial places. And they indicate <sup>ing</sup> a trend.

And the trend tonight looks Democratic. Right now, the experts are predicting victory for President Roosevelt in the balloting in general and especially in the election of congressmen and senators. *And Kansas looks dry.*

That machine gun <sup>ning</sup> in Pennsylvania certainly had a sensational look, a Democratic parade mowed down, and the local Republican leader and his family arrested <sup>on suspicion.</sup> ~~for doing the shooting.~~ It happened in a town of Italian coal miners and when it is all simmered down it looks like a hot blooded vendetta whipped up by American political antagonisms. The arrested Republican leader claims the Democratic

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marchers threw rocks at his house, stones smashing through his windows. Maybe that gives the cue, excitable political enemies on the march, tossing a few hostile stones, and their angry antagonists in the houses flying into a rage, grabbing fire-arms and blazing away. But it's a grim Election Day happening - the list of dead now numbers four.

Add to this, shootings and killings in other parts of the country - Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and in Missouri, where there was a battle over bringing negro voters to the polls, and it seems to have been one of the tensest and most irate election days we have had in a long time. But, the hour is still early. The returns are just pouring in.

ing ministers, is Edward Herriot, leader of the powerful radical Socialist Party.

Later on they half way reconsidered and held off revealing until Thursday when Premier Doumergue has been planning to appeal to the Chamber of Deputies for a vote of confidence. This he has been determined to do as a demonstration of the strength and firmness of his administration. In fact, Doumergue has been warily avoiding proposals of civil war and even foreign

## FRANCE

While we are voting over here, France has plunged into another political crisis. The Cabinet of Premier Doumergue burst wide open today. That government of national harmony was founded in the desperate emergency of last February when France was engulfed in rioting over the Stavisky Affair. Tonight it's threatened with collapse.

The Cabinet breakup was precipitated right after the Chamber of Deputies met today for its first session. The parliamentary proceedings consisted of nothing more than polite ceremonial expressions, but immediately these were over, five radical Socialist Ministers of the government handed in their resignations to the Premier, and the chief of these five resigning Ministers, is Edouard Herriot, leader of the powerful radical Socialist Party.

Later on they half way reconsidered and held off resigning until Thursday when Premier Doumergue has been planning to appeal to the Chamber of Deputies for a vote of confidence. This he has been determined to do as a demonstration of the strength and dominance of his administration. In fact, Doumergue has been making dire prophecies of civil war and even foreign

SAAR

More reassuring word comes concerning the complications revolving around the Saar Valley. The mild and conciliatory declaration<sup>s</sup> emanate~~d~~ from London, and three voices speak up - in German, English and French.

The German Ambassador to England makes a formal declaration that ~~E~~ Germany will not attempt any interference in the Saar, but will allow the January election to take an unimpeded course.

The voice in English is that of Sir John Simon, His Majesty's Foreign Minister, who describes the German promise as ~~final~~ "solemn assurance". Sir John adds<sup>a</sup> <sup>that</sup> he has taken the German Ambassador's word as final.

The French words are spoken by the Ambassador of the French Republic, to London. He makes a pacific comment on the massing of his nation's troops on the borders of the disputed coal section. He describes this show of military force as - purely precautionary. Of course that's not so very definite. Many a threaten<sup>ing</sup> gesture can be called <sup>a</sup> precaution~~ing~~. But at the same time it has a peaceful, quieting, sound - added to the peaceful <sup>chorus</sup> ~~chorus~~ concerning the Saar.

# RETAKE

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invasion if the Chamber of Deputies failed to give his Cabinet of national unity its strong support. And now, five of his own Ministers, headed by the powerful Herriot, dramatically oppose his even asking for this vote of confidence. It's the cause of their move to resign. If they do Doumergue will hand the President of the Republic the resignations of his entire Cabinet.

That would leave Herriot in the foreground. He has been Premier before. The last time he headed the government he was beaten on the question of the payment of the debt to the United States, which payment he advocated. He said at that time that he would never become Premier again, until the debt question was straightened out. But now he may head the government, just as a sort of stop-gap, until a general election can be held.

It is highly probable that the present Cabinet blow-up will throw the whole political crisis in the hands of the French voters. And that will bring about one sizzling red hot election day in the fair land of France, with all those scandals in the background, from the Affair Stavisky to the assassination of King Alexander. We have been having a hot election today, but the French can make theirs even hotter.

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GERMANY

There's an attack on hoarding in Germany. It's not so much a hoarding of gold as of the necessities of life, groceries, dry goods, and so on. Thrifty Germany housewives are said to be hoarding textiles in a big way, laying in large supplies of cloth, in the expectation of higher prices to come. <sup>Yes, and</sup> ~~for~~ Germany's new synthetic silks and wools <sup>are</sup> made out of wood pulp. This piling up and hiding away of large domestic supplies is making the German shortage more acute.

So the new dictator of prices is devoting half of his energies to an attack on hoarding. He is Dr. Gordler, Mayor of Leipzig, and he's the man who will say how much things in Germany will cost - an absolute dictator of prices.



LEAGUE OF NATIONS

A new disarmament plan is proposed at the League of Nations. The British delegate and President of the League, Arthur Henderson, thinks that they'll never get anywhere with attempts at a general ~~discussion~~ disarmament agreement <sup>ent</sup> ~~without~~ <sup>so</sup> broader <sup>of</sup> scope, including everything. These general discussions get ~~at~~ snarled up in all sorts of details, he thinks.

So he's proposing to take up the disarmament by sections, piece by piece. He wants to deal with one angle at a time. Thus there'd be a separate discussion for ships, another for tanks, still another for machine guns, and so on, with separate agreements concerning ~~ixx~~ each.

In addition to these special disarmament agreements, League President Henderson will bring up three other aspects of the problem on November twentieth. He will offer proposals for the regulation of the manufacture and trade in armaments. He will suggest that each country be made to publish in full its figures and budgets concerning armies and navies, and, thirdly, he wants a permanent commission established to receive complaints of any violation of armament agreements.

The advance dope is that all of the League nations, save two, have more or less signified their approval of the Henderson proposals. The two ~~independent~~ exceptions are Black Shirt Italy and Red Russia.

25  
describes  
Kichenjunga.  
Nov. 6, 1934.

## KICHENJUNGA

An expedition is setting out to climb the most spectacular mountain in the world. Mount Everest of course is the highest, but Kichenjunga, also in the Himalayas and second only to Everest in height, is by far the most imposing <sup>A</sup> bedazzling sight of sheer, soaring, cloud piercing elevation of all mountainous summits on this globe.

4  
It is within easy reach of the most casual traveler, right across from Darjeeling, India's favorite summer resort. I recall sitting day after day in front of my bungalow on Tiger Hill, just <sup>above</sup> ~~beside~~ Darjeeling, ~~and~~ gazing with a never-failing exaltation at the indescribable monster of sky soaring rock, ice and snow that is Kichenjunga. ~~You are~~ up ten thousand feet there on Tiger Hill, and before you the earth drops steeply to a deep valley, that reaches down to the dark density of <sup>steaming</sup> tropical jungle. Then the narrow valley climbs suddenly, swiftly. It rises, shoots upward, ascends interminably it seems - to the sky penetrating peak of a mountain, gleaming with ice and snow, wreathed with mist and clouds. <sup>7P</sup> Mountaineers have long considered Kichenjunga the most difficult mountaineering problem of all, more difficult even than Everest. The Duke of the Abruzzi

once set a climbing altitude record on its incredibly steep ~~to~~ slope.

FF

The present expedition is largely on a scientific jaunt. It is a party of French physicists and geologists and cosmic ray experts.

They're out to get material proof of the theory, commonly accepted,

that the whole mighty Himalayan range that towers into the Asiatic

heaven, was once the bottom of the deep sea. The French scientists

want to prove this by getting from the top of Kichenjunga, specimens

of marine rocks with the shells of sea animals imbedded in them,

rocks laid down untold ages ago by some warm tropical sea.

And for that privilege they are going to battle the world's most dangerous mountain.

HORSE SHOW

The United States is being invaded across its northern border. Martial horsemen from Canada are advancing upon New York - the Mounties. For the first time in its history the ~~Royal~~ Royal Canadian Mounted Police is sending a large detachment beyond the frontiers of Canada. The riders of the Arctic wilderness, thirty-five strong, have arrived at the Waldorf-Astoria, social headquarters for the Horse Show, which begins its showy <sup>at Madison Square Garden</sup> ~~on Wednesday~~ <sub>tomorrow</sub> cavalcade.

This year the American horsemen are guests to teams representing the armies of the United States, Chile, France, the Irish Free State, and the Canadian Mounties. The international horsemen riding the international horses will cavort to the international high hat event of the year.

PHILHARMONIC

This week marks the debut of a new symphony orchestra conductor in New York. Ordinarily that's not front page news, but belongs in a discreet corner of the music section. But this time it's different, because it's the heir to the Hofbrau who is swinging the stick in front of the massed fiddles, trombones and bassoons. And therein lies the story of a disappointed father and a wayward son.

In the days before the World War, the <sup>New York</sup> Hofbrau was <sup>just about</sup> <sup>the most</sup> renowned center of <sup>Germanic</sup> <sup>in America - home of</sup> ~~Germanic~~ hospitality - the brews dark and light, <sup>ever</sup> Munich and Pilsener. The two celebrated hosts were Oscar of the old <sup>- now of the new -</sup> Waldorf and Janssen of the Hofbrau. Janssen had a son, young Werner, in whom he founded his hopes for a dynasty of cookery and beer. The boy was carefully schooled to take his father's place as master of the Hofbrau. But the lad was wayward - the way of his spirit led toward music. Instead of ladles and steins, wurst and Prosit, his thoughts drifted to Beethoven and Wagner, allegro and adagio. Instead of ~~soup~~ kettles, he loved the kettle drums. And so there was strife between Mein Host, the father, and the musical son.

The boy ran away. He went to Dartmouth to study music, working his way through college by waiting on tables and washing

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dishes in cheap little restaurants. The heir to the Hofbrau a dishwasher in a beanery! After his musical studies in college, he became a piano player in a Boston waterfront honky-tonk. "All you gotta do is play loud", they told him. So he taped his finger tips with court-plaster, so he wouldn't wear them out, and banged away. His upward progress led him to Broadway piano playing jobs, and then he wrote musical shows, then to the radio, until finally he wrote a symphony which won him the Prix de Rome - a prize of musical study in Rome. In Europe he quickly jumped into prominence, (leading orchestras all over the continent) as the brilliant young American conductor.

And now Werner Janssen is home to conduct the Philharmonic, <sup>this week,</sup> the scapegrace and wayward heir to the Hofbrau, leading Toscannini's own orchestra. And Mein Host Janssen will be there, beaming with pride. He's reconciled now to his son's destiny - not the clatter of pans and the clinking of steins, but the singing of the strings and the warble of the wood-winds.



## STOCKS

8  
Bad luck <sup>m</sup>~~and~~ love will break a man's heart, while bad luck and the stock market will ruin his digestion. So the logical thing is to be lucky in both romance and finance, both rich and beloved.

The indigestional aspect of the stock market comes to light in a statement <sup>by</sup> Dr. Edward J. Clark of the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. He declares that if you own stocks and bonds, your stomach is in danger of going on the bum. If the securities take a drop, your gastric juice takes a drop, because of the worrying. So, my advice to young men is to own the kind of stocks and bonds that never go down, but only up.

12  
The ~~Phil~~ Philadelphia doctor gives a final demonstration of the relation between the ticker tape and the duodenum by citing a terrific outbreak of stomach trouble, an epidemic of indigestion, right after the stock market crash. . . ~~I suppose the more gilt edged securities~~

*If I wonder if all this has anything to do with you have, the worse it is for your stomach. Maybe that's why* John D. Rockefeller ~~has been~~ living on buttermilk for the last twenty years?

I for one have neither stocks nor bonds, so my stomach ought to be in pretty good shape. But on the other hand I have a farm, ~~and~~

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which gives me chronic indigestion. Just to think of that agricultural enterprise with wild weasels eating the chickens; ground hogs rooting out the rutabagas; and dogs chasing the sheep gives me the stomachache.

And now I think I'll go and have my evening's gruel -  
and SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.