

L.T. - SUNOCO. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1934.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The Nobel Prize for literature has been awarded. That seems to be the ^{beguiling tid-}~~dominating~~ bit of news in tonight's broadcast - that the Italian playwright and author, Luigi Pirandello, has won the year's ranking prize in the art of writing. Not that I have gone highbrow or arty, but it's this way:

The day's news, the daily quota of assorted items from all over the world, is something like a deal at cards. Every so often there is a definite, curious slant - a certain suit predominates. And by some fall of chance the news has a peculiar angle. Tonight the angle is personalities. Nearly everything concerns individuals, characters in the foreground.

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And the play that made the new Nobel Prize winner famous was, "Six Characters in Search of ~~an~~ Author". You may paraphrase tonight's broadcast by saying, ~~"Six~~ "A Score of characters in Search of a Commentator."

Pirandello himself is quite a character - the gay old professor. His plays are built on paradoxes, topsy-turvy ideas,

mankind standing on its collective head. His philosophy is -
that nothing is true and anything may be true.

He is bearded and venerable, and combines the dignity
of a Chinese mandarin with the merriment of a sprightly imp - a
paradox of personality. This world famous playwright never ~~xxx~~
wrote a play until he was fifty years old. Now he is sixty-seven.-

~~and with~~ ^{The} six characters couldn't find an author, but the author
has found the Nobel Prize!

FRANCE

A distinctive personality appears in the limelight of the French political crisis. ~~though I don't know how long he'll stay in the limelight.~~ His name is Pierre Flandin², ~~and he has been called upon to head the government as Premier, if he can get a Cabinet together, which he may succeed in doing, or he may not.~~ ^π Pierre Flandin has ^{a tough} ~~his~~ job cut out for him, ~~forming a Cabinet, and a tougher job if he succeeds.~~ ⁸ ~~For~~ The French critical crisis is flaring up with ugly menace. There was rioting in Paris today, a crowd on the rampage in front of the Paris Opera, shouting: "Down with the Deputies!" Tens of thousands ~~swamped~~ swarmed in the adjacent boulevards, yelling and rioting. The police charged, driving the mob helter skelter, and there were scores of arrests. Yes, it will be tough sledging for any French Premier.

Monsieur Flandin is a suave and portly man of the traditional boulevard type, a connoisseur of wines and good food, a genial raconteur. He is rich, a successful lawyer. He wears magnificent overcoats with great fur collars. He is the kind of thorough Frenchman who fancies English ways. He goes grouse shooting in ~~England~~ ^{Scotland} and pals around with Sir Walter Runciman and ~~the~~ other

British big wigs. He speaks English perfectly.

When Premier Doumergue resigned, after having been called from his garden and his books to save France, the job of forming a new Cabinet was first offered to Pierre Laval, former Premier, who made the American headlines in a diplomatic visit to Washington a few years ago - Laval, the small, swarthy, very dark-eyed Frenchman. But Laval couldn't do it. He soon found the Chamber of Deputies would not back him up. So now the President of the Republic has called upon Flandin, who has been Minister of Public Works. ^{And he has} ~~He~~ accepted ~~the~~ ~~task of trying to form a ministry and right now is conferring and confabulating in an attempt to line up a parliamentary majority to support him.~~

~~It is a familiar situation, not in any play, but in history France in search of a Premier. It's to the same tune as last February, when the Doumergue "salvation government" was formed in the face of the Stavisky riots - the tune of yelling and smashing mobs, shouting "Down with the Deputies; down with the Government!"~~

BALBO

There's one renowned personality who may cease to exist. It is Balbo, the black-bearded, Balbo the Commander of that spectacular formation flight across the Atlantic last year, now Governor-General of the Italian province of Tripoli.

What power is threatening Balbo's personality? Why Mussolini.

Yes, the Duce and the barber. The black-shirted Dictator has issued a decree against whiskers. The spinach prohibition came about because of General Attilio Teruzzi, Commander of organizations of young blackshirts. They say that Mussolini noticed that the General's luxuriant crop of whiskers was growing gray. Not so good for a leader of Fascist youth organizations, thought Mussolini. And he suggested the removal of the General's grizzling chin adornment. The General hastened to the barber. When he returned to the camp of his Fascist militia, he had a hard job getting through the lines. They didn't recognize him.

And who would recognize Balbo without the beard? His personality would be transformed, destroyed, eliminated, Yes, a renowned personality threatened with extinction, not by the scythe of the grim reaper, but by the razor of the barber!

GATTI CASAZZA

And before we leave whisper —

Here's something that sounds strange - New York's

Metropolitan Opera House in search of a Director. Who will succeed ^{the}

grandly bearded
Gatti Casazza?

That's the reigning topic of discussion tonight in musical circles. No doubt it will be an American. Twenty-seven years ago the Metropolitan went to Europe for a Manager, when they brought over Gatti Casazza himself. But American musical prestige has gone up miles since then, built largely by Gatti. Still, there seems to be no American manager identified with music, prominent enough to be suggested immediately for the majestic ~~Metropolitan~~ Metropolitan job. Will it be somebody within the organization who'll be chosen?

It will take an imposing figure to fill the place of the stately Gatti, who came to New York in nineteen hundred and six and brought with him Toscanini, the greatest of orchestra conductors, and swiftly drove the Metropolitan to topmost world prestige in music. He is a great, ponderous man, grave, bearded, sententious of speech, with the majesty of the Olympian Job. The Italians call him the Owl, because of the look of shrewd, quizzical wisdom with which he contemplates the world. With the distinguished manner

of a great nobleman, he has run his cage of temperamental singers with the efficiency of a high power American executive. He achieved the miracle of actually making money, not the usual deficits but a profit - a thing before unheard of in a great operetic institution. He had a surplus of a million dollars piled up when the crash threw the Opera House into the difficulties of depression finance.

Gatti jumped to fame by his able management of the great LaScala in Milan. That's what brought him to New York. He is retiring now because of his age. He is sixty-five. And he promises to make this his last season, a brilliant one.

TROTSKY

There's a good deal of expressiveness in that old Latin phrase:- "Persona non grata", a personality not wanted. And that certainly would seem to fit Leon Trotsky. It wasn't so long ago that we heard about ructions in France, with the former ^{red} war-lord ~~as~~ the villain of the piece. He was still plotting, still trying to stir up world revolution. France told him to leave. Other countries spoke up and said they didn't want him! An international chorus of "Persona non grata." But Trotsky is still in France, and what's more he is entirely welcome now. The French, even French generals are asking him to stay.

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The reason is --- that new collaboration between France and Soviet Russia. But Trotsky, Stalin's bitter enemy in exile, is ~~more~~ distinctly our of favor with the Red Regime in Moscow. It works this way: French military experts are scheduled to go to Russia to organize a general staff for the Red Army. That Red Army, although enormous and well-armed, is deficient in staff work. The French realize that one of the schrewdest experts on the subject of the Red Army is the man who organized it -- that same exiled Trotsky. The French military men want him to give them the benefit of his special knowledge, so that they will have ~~knowledge~~.

information, and angles when they start for Moscow to organize
the Red Staff.

They don't say what ^{Trotsky}~~Stalin~~ thinks about it -- the idea
of his helping to strengthen the military establishment which
he found^{ed} and which now is in the control of his enemies. He may
get some money and he certainly will get a good laugh.

AFRICA

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A famous personality of the Atlas Mountains is dead --- those legendary Atlas Mountains that tower ⁱⁿ the west of the burning Sahara. Sidi Lahbib Ben Maati was a hundred and forty-seven years old. Maybe he was the oldest living man on earth. He was of noble birth and rank ^{an} the Tafilet Oasis, in the range of the Atlas. He lived and followed the way of the prophet through the reigns of nine successive Sultans. He never left the remote, bleak fastness of the mountains and the desert. They say that for many years the peace of Allah was not withheld. He had heard from word drifting among the true believers that there was a Turk older than he. Sidi Lahbib Ben Maati did not believe it. Of recent years his discontent burned high when he learned that the Turk was getting world-wide fame and much money --Zaro Agha, hailed as the oldest man in the world. Zaro Agha died recently, but Sidi Lahbib Ben Maati never heard it. News travel^s slowly ⁱⁿ the Saharan wilds of the Atlas Mountains.

So Sidi Lahbib Ben Maati has died without ^{ever} knowing ^{that} ~~about~~ his rival has gone before him to the gates of heaven.

ELECTION

Babies belong in bassinets, and then there are the Babes in the Woods. We also have ^{the}~~the~~ babies in the Senate. That's what they are calling Senator-elect Rush Dew Holt of West Virginia. He is twenty-nine. He'll still be twenty-nine when the Senate convenes. The Constitution provides that a Senator must be at least thirty years old, and Rush Dew Holt won't be thirty until a month after the Upper House has gone ~~in~~ into session. But that ^{youthful}~~useful~~ dilemma of not being old enough is nothing new to Rush Dew Holt. He tried to enroll in the University of Cincinnati when he was fifteen and still wore short pants. The Registrar said, "Too young," and turned him down. That made him go to the University of West Virginia, and they let him in. His opponent said he was too young when he was elected to the State legislature. He was twenty-five when he took ^{that} office.

~~The~~ same question of excessive youth has been up in the Senate before -- but not for a long time. Early in the last century the great Henry Clay was only twenty-nine when he put on his toga. The Senate got by the constitutional difficulty by

just winking until the Great Compromiser had reached his thirtieth birthday. And maybe they will do that now in the case of Rush Dew Holt.

Another personality pushed to the forefront of the stage by the Election Day landslide is Senator Vandenburg of Michigan. He is the only big-time Republican in the Senate to be returned to office. In his early days he too represented the triumph of youth. He began his career as an errand boy and at twenty-two he was editing the Grand Rapids "Herald". He has been in journalism ever since, as well as in the Senate, one of its most distinguished-looking members.

Today his name is being linked with the presidency as a possible candidate for the Republican nomination in 1936. That's only natural, because landslides have been spawning grounds for presidential candidates, winners for the governorship and the Senate who have survived the opposition deluge. There's Al Smith, elected governor of New York in big Republican years. Yes, and there's Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who won the governorship on the Democratic ticket in the face of the Hoover ~~ticket~~ triumph.

There's one character always in search of a commentator, in search of a... This same reasoning is pointing out the name of Harold Hoffman who performed the feat of getting elected Governor of New Jersey on that big Democratic day. More youth. He was the youngest Captain in the A.E.F. Youngest Mayor of South Amboy, youngest Congressman, youngest motor vehicle commissioner -- and now the youngest governor New Jersey has ever had.

But don't forget that personality sitting at his desk today with a big blank check before him -- the ~~big~~ biggest blank check ever drawn. Yes, the people on Election Day voted their signature with a flourish, wrote in the name of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and left the amount to be filled in by him.

And with the President continuing his plans for the New Deal, there are calls far and wide among the Republicans for a reorganization of the party.

in addition to other qualifications, isn't even a Louisiana boy. He lives in Mississippi.

HUEY LONG

There's one character always in search of a commentator, in search of publicity and the limelight. And he gets it. A news day with a personality slant would be quite incomplete without the ubiquitous Huey.

What's the Kingfish being doing now? Well, he has found football such a flamboyant vehicle for ballyhoo, that he is banging away at the rah rah theme on a bigger base drum than ever. He has now announced that he intends to pick the next Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana from the football field, introducing the educated toe into statesmanship. I suppose Huey figures that the educated brain doesn't mean so much in the art of government. The Kingfish says he likes the elusive, dodging, side-stepping, shifty Abe Mickel, the Louisiana star. Elusive dodging is just another way to say - politics. If Abe keeps on running for touchdowns, he'll run right into the Louisiana state capitol.

Somebody reminded the Kingfish that the big gridiron star, in addition to other disqualifications, isn't even a Louisiana boy. He lives in Mississippi.

"That don't matter", barked Huey. "Mississippi is just a province of Louisiana anyway."

1/2 Yes, the Kingfish does demonstrate Pirandello's dictum -
that anything can be true.

RICKENBACKER

Through the night sky an aeroplane is steering at a terrific clip toward the Atlantic coast. Eddie Rickenbacker, in an Eastern Air Douglas plane, driven by two, seven hundred and fifteen horsepower Wright Cyclone engines. He's out to break his own transcontinental record of thirteen hours, four minutes, twenty seconds. He left Los Angeles this morning at eight thirty-five with two pilots and a couple of passengers, and should land in New York a couple of hours from now. Tearing along at a terrific clip to break the transcontinental record for saying hello. While I'm tearing along at a terrific clip to say, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.