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- On Election Day Governor Landon got eight electoral votes. But on January 30th last the President figured the Republicans would get 206. On June 5th he calculated them for 216 -- going up! -- That was the sourest of the presidential guesses. On August 2nd, he conceded Governor Landon 191. The best presidential guess was the last one. (On November first he marked down the probable Landon electoral vote as 171, only 163 too many!) So you can see how much Mr. Roosevelt himself was surprised by the avalanche.

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Reporters asked the President to explain why his guessing was so far off. To which he responded with a broad edition of ^{that F.D.R.} ~~the Roosevelt~~ smile: "Just my well-known tendencies." conservative ~~tendency~~ " he said.

(All of which indicates that a low presidential bow to Jim Farley is in order -- Sunny Jim who guessed eight and eight it was.)

Washington gave its reelected President an immense reception today. Two hundred thousand people roared ^{with} deafening cheer. Eleven bands were playing but they were drowned out by the mighty hurrah.

Before he left Hyde Park the Chief Executive said he was returning to Washington to work on the federal budget -- and balance it. The report is that during the second Roosevelt Administration government finances will be run on the pay-as-you-go plan. Make government activites pay their way, and then start reducing the public debt. ~~If that happens~~ And

that would bring hurrahs a lot louder than those cheers in Washington today.

48
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PAN-AMERICAN

It's definite tonight - that President Roosevelt will attend the opening of the Pan-American Peace Conference at Buenos Aires on December First. And there's a promise of the spectacular and dramatic. President Roosevelt is not insensitive of the values of pageantry and parade, ^{as we know -} and the Latin-Americans are past masters in the art of putting on a big show. We are informed that the chief executive, after his fishing trip, will board an American warship. The cruiser INDIANAPOLIS is mentioned, one of the fastest vessels in the American navy. The INDIANAPOLIS, as the presidential flagship, will make a record-breaking run, down to the Equator - with ~~the~~ ^{sl} ~~swashing~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ foam ~~in~~ a burst of speed on the ocean. - It is announced that Mr. Roosevelt will ~~do~~ ^{stop in Rio} ~~in Buenos Aires~~ for one day, ^{- then on to Buenos Aires for} ~~just attending~~ the opening. You can imagine what ~~the~~ pomp and circumstance and mighty ovation ^{there} will be, the President flushed with the triumph of his great election day victory, ^{and Latin Americans always ready to turn loose with a storm of viva.} The actual negotiations will be in the hands of Secretary of State Hull, who is leaving for ^{the Argentine} ~~Buenos Aires~~ tomorrow, with other members of the American delegation. Secretary Hull

49
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gave out a statement today, in which he said that the Pan-American Peace Conference will be devoted largely to the creation of a spirit of harmony and good-will. He explained that there will be no supreme emphasis on treaties, pacts and formal agreements. He made a comment that such diplomatic documents were of little use if a feeling of peace and neighborliness is not there - the documents are soon forgotten.

The Latin-American ^{countries} ~~nations~~ are ready to present their plan for a Pan-American League of Nations, with a sort of Pan-American World Court - a tribunal to judge and arbitrate quarrels among the nations of this hemisphere. ^{It} isn't clear what attitude the representatives of the United States will take on this subject. Thus far we are merely told of ^a ~~the~~ determined effort to use the ^{coming meeting of the} ~~big Buenos Aires get-together of~~ twenty-one American republics - as a means of abolishing war and the danger of war on this hemisphere.

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MEN BEHIND

Just for a change, let's go back stage, behind the scenes of the Democratic campaign. Let's take a look at a couple of the men who did the hardest work and never came in front of the footlights.

The man who like a stage-manager might be described as "holding the prompt book," is the almost mythical Michelson. To every newspaper man he's "Charlie." Officially he's Charles Michelson, head of the Press Bureau of the Democratic National Committee, the country's number one ghostwriter. He's written enough speeches, interviews and statements to fill a library.

The ironic thing about Charlie is that he used to be a Hearst man. And in the last few months he has done probably more to frustrate the will of his former employer than any other single individual. You never see his picture. Few know what he looks like - thin, gray, bespectacled, sardonic. His face seen nowhere. His hand felt everywhere!

SPAIN

The Rebels are pushing into Madrid tonight. The battle on the Southern outskirts of the city is continuing with tremendous violence. The reverberations of incessant cannon fire are smashing windows right in the heart of Madrid.

Earlier the government claimed that a wild Left Wing counter attack today had driven back the Nationalist regiments, -- Franco's Moors and Foreign Legionnaires forced to retire for some distance. The Madrid Minister of War was reported as announcing that the Left Wing fighters had recaptured the strategic town of Navalcarnero, west of Madrid.

But the late news in all for the Rebels. Franco's radio announces the attack on Madrid has succeeded so far -- that the (Nationalist troops are now within four miles of the Puerto del Sol. That's the central plaza of Madrid. Four miles would be about the equivalent of eighty American city blocks.) If that report is true, Madrid seems as good as captured right now.

52
Reports tell of a city shivering with terror, the people quaking with fear, believing the end is at hand. Nobody knows what may happen, what the enraged Reds may do to their prisoners and the Fascist sympathizers. ^{And -} Nobody knows what the ^{victorious} ~~enraged~~ Fascists may then do in wrath and reprisal.

Great Britain is once more acting to ameliorate the Spanish horror. The British Ambassador to Spain is making ~~the~~ representations to General Franco, asking him to be careful about the way his bombing planes drop their cargoes of death, appealing to him to have ^{his} ~~the~~ sky fighters ^{aim} ~~hit~~ at military objectives and not at the civilian parts of the crowded city. And Britain has asked Left Wing Madrid to come to some merciful agreement with General Franco and avert the chance of a dreadful massacre when Madrid is captured.

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SPAIN WOMAN LEADER

I suppose this next is a triumph for the rights of the women of Spain, but it comes at a dark hour, surrounded by black clouds of doom. Today, while the Rebel columns blasted and thundered ~~on~~ the outskirts of Madrid, Spain's first woman Cabinet Minister took her place in the ^{tottering} Left Wing government, ~~which is fairly doomed.~~ It's hard to think of feminism winning a victory at a more inauspicious time.

23
We heard last night how the Left Wing government, in its hours of desperation, ^{was} ~~were~~ shaking up its Cabinet and including in its ranks leaders of the Anarcho-Syndicalist group - the extreme Reds. Among these is Senora ~~Esther~~ Montseny, ^a ~~the~~ radical labor leader of Barcelona. She becomes Minister of Health - at a most unhealthy time. Her task is to look after the supplies of food and water in the besieged capital - ~~this is the time when famine~~ ^{as} ~~famine~~ threatens the city. She took her oath of office today, while cannon fire could be heard all over the city, ~~blasting the suburbs only six miles away from the government buildings in the center of Madrid.~~

The lady Minister of Health who takes office is one

of the extreme radicals who are pledged to defend Madrid to the death, last ditch street fighting, resistance to the end.

It is ~~expected~~ an accepted fact that the Madrid leaders are staking their lives in their bitter unyielding struggle.

Captured - they will be shot by the Nationalists. Not the lady Minister perhaps, but you can't tell. Spain's first woman Cabinet member standing before a firing squad - that would be a tragic triumph ^{of} ~~for~~ femininity.
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And here's a tragedy of Republicanism -- a monastery in Barcelona, and it it a man of portly build and heavy, haggard face. President Azana! Titular head of the Madrid government. Now in the discard, a melancholy nobody, a tragedy of Republicanism.

We heard weeks ago how President Azana had fled. The left Wingers then explained that he was merely making a tour of the Southern fighting fronts. But the rumor was that he was leading an exodus of Left Wing leaders, a flight of the radical government. But now we find Azana, a mere shadow of a president, taking refuge in a monastery.

He was a tower of Republicanism in Spain, dedicated to the ideals of liberal Democracy; a leader in the overthrow of the monarchy, then when King Alphonso fled he became Prime Minister. Then -- the President. He believed the Spanish Republic to be an enduring triumph of Democracy.

His first disillusion came when the conservatives of the right won a sweeping election victory. Azana was out, and the new conservative regime went after the Reds with a vengeance. Azan saw his ideals blasted -- His hopes of Republican harmony and Democratic freedom in Spain.

Last Spring the radical popular front won the elections and again Azana became President. Once more he hoped that Republican ideals would prevail. But the national dissension had gone too far. The civil war was on. Azana had to side with the Madrid radicals, the reds, the Communists and the anarchists. But his heart wasn't with them. It was with the Republic, and the Republic had vanished in the welter of civil war.

He explained it this way to a group of friends, saying with a sad smile:- "They expect me, a Republican, to run a Republic in which there are no Republicans left. They are all Reds or Fascists." Now he's in a monastery at Barcelona, where the monks chant their prayers -- Azana who as a Republican was also an anti-clerical.

STORK DERBY

56
In Canada today a learned judge was perplexed, confused, by mazes of argument and counter argument, contentions and sub-contentions. This was in the renowned case of the stork derby. There was such a tangle of claims and evidence that His Lordship ~~failed to~~ felt he needed more time to figure it all out. So he didn't hand a decision down today in that strange and famous baby race in Toronto. He put ^{it} off ~~the decision~~ for ten days, until November Sixteenth.

~~At~~ that time he will have quite a few things to decide. First of all - whether the bequest that started the stork on its competitive way is valid.. That clause of the Will is being described as a "sardonic joke" - the clause in which the eccentric ^{Lawyer} ~~Millar~~ left three quarters of a million dollars to the Toronto mother who should have the most children during the ten years after his death. Millar was a confirmed bachelor, at whom the stork had never cast even a side glance. His astonishing interest in the prolific bird ~~to~~ to the tune of a legacy ~~of~~ ^{of} seven hundred and fifty thousand, is a mystery.

So no wonder they call the old bachelor's birth bequest a "sardonic joke." It is sardonic enough, but is it legal? Even a joke can have its status in the court. So it's expected that His Lordship will uphold that ~~six~~ queer clause of the Will as legal and valid.

57

Then he has got to decide between the stork derby mothers. They are uttering loud claims - as who wouldn't with three-quarters of a million dollars at stake! There are six of them, each with nine living children born in the ten year period. One of them claims two more, but that's a matter of argument. So there are fifty-four children who have entered the world as a result more or less of the bachelor's bequest. ^{TP} Which family will win? Or will ~~it~~ ^{the fortune} be divided?

Then there's the Ontario government, which has stepped in with a plan to hold the money in trust for those fifty-four children - not dividing the cash ~~among~~ among the mothers at all. The Province of Ontario is already the guardian of the Dionne quintuplets, ~~five children.~~ Now it proposes to be guardian of fifty-four more. That's what you'd call paternal government.

Many people think that this would be the most sensible way out of the strange affair - to dedicate ^{the} seven hundred and fifty thousand ~~dollars for~~ ^{to} the upbringing and welfare of the children, ^{to all} the human results of a bachelor's sardonic joke.

58

(People saw a glimpse of the future today -- at a press
demonstration of R. C. A. experimental television. It was an
impressive revelation which left one with the feeling that we ^{are}
approaching ~~an~~ ^{the} era of television entertainment. It's not around
the corner, ^{it's} still somewhere in the future. ^{But} -- ^{it's} coming.) I'll
tell you what the press gathering ^{saw} in a studio here at Rocke-
feller Center -- a set, a good deal like an ordinary radio set. ^{The}
top open, ^{ed,} the underside of the top being a mirror which you looked
at. The mirror reflected the televised images flashed from the
inner mechanism of the set. The pictures were remarkably clear,
not as good as up-to-date movies, but better than the ~~the~~ oldtime
flickers of early cinema days. ~~The images were as clear as the~~
~~picture you make with a cheap camera on inexpensive film.~~ News-
reels were seen, singers, tap dancers, and other sorts of enter-
tainment. And there were televised ^{speeches} ~~addresses~~ by David Sarnoff,
President of R. C. A., and Lenox Lohr, President of N. B. C.

~~It was a~~ glimpse ^{to} in the future -- ^a future perhaps not

so far away.

SNUFF BOX

Here's something that made a brief paragraph in the news today, but it's nothing to sniff at. A collection ^{of snuff boxes} sold in London, and it ^{brought} ~~brings~~ two millions dollars - which is nothing to sneeze at.

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Thirty years ago, that snuff box treasure was a great story. The newspapers told about the expensive collecting hobby of C.H.T.Hawkins of London. For sixty years Mr. Hawkins collected snuff boxes in a big way - a worldwide search. He had agents around the world who sought out for him the rarest and sneeziest they could find. The story was that Mr. Hawkins set aside a hundred thousand dollars a year to maintain his staff of snuff box collectors. He acquired the most priceless of snuff boxes - sniffy Jems of the Eighteenth Century, ^{when} taking a snuff ^{was at} ~~were in~~ the height of its vogue. Collectors still treasure the sneeze powder receptacles of such Eighteenth Century worthies as Addison, Steele, Pope, and Pepys of diary fame.

59
It seems like a dreamy memory of other days to hear of the sale of the renowned Hawkins collection of snuff boxes,

but there's nothing dreamy about two million dollars.

59 1/4
You can't sneeze that off & so long until Monday.