

L.D. - Sunoco. Nov., Nov. 4, 1935.

Carroll
1935

LEAD

With all the football frenzy that's in the air I wonder if we can get down to a consideration of such prosaic things as war abroad, a hurricane in North America, ^{a new King in Europe,} election ^{tomorrow,} ^{here} and so on. Nearly everywhere I've gone today, folks have been chanting the praises of Andy Pilney and that hair-raising last-minute Notre Dame victory over Ohio State's supposedly unbeatable behemoths. Or, they have been shouting about that equally sensational first-time-in-fifty-one-year Dartmouth victory over Yale, ^{as} -- and the prodigies of Carl Ray, the demon center and his Hanover pals in putting the Indian sign on Yale. And ~~xxx~~ so on and so on.

Well, I know that the average American cranium is dizzy with footballitis. ^{And} maybe I ought to devote myself to a discussion of why Mississippi State shellacked Army, and what's going to happen when the Eastern championship is decided between Princeton and Dartmouth. But, ~~just let's that ride. Let's~~

see if we can concentrate on something else for a minute or two; ^{something unimportant; say a new King in Europe!}

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GREECE

Twelve days from now a handsome, clean-shaven young man with a monocle in his eye and spats on his well shod feet will step ashore at Peraeus, the age-old harbor of Athens whence Alcibiades set sail for the Peloponnesian War. As the young man rides along the causeway to the classic ruins of the Acropolis, thousands of triumphant Greeks will be cheering and shouting: "Long live King George the Second!"

It has been a long time "between reigns" for the elegant king. It is only a little less than twelve years ago when old man Venizelos drove the young king into exile. Today it's Venizelos who is in exile, and King George has announced his intention of accepting the results of yesterday's election, the overwhelming Monarchist victory.

All this tempts us to ask: "Now what's the news behind the news? For that just turn to a page

in the book recently published, ~~called~~ "Our Lords and Masters",
by the ~~Unofficial Observer~~. ~~And there we find an interesting~~
~~answer to that question~~. The Venizelos Revolution was backed by
the so-called man of mystery, Sir Basil Zaharoff, the multi-
millionaire seller of war munitions. With the Republican ~~Party~~
Venizelos Party in power, Greece became more and more friendly with
her former enemy, Turkey. And Turkey was on friendly terms with
Russia. "What England feared", says the Official Observer, "was
that Greece would become a link between the Balkans, ~~and~~ Asia Minor,
~~thus establishing a modern informal counterpart of the old~~
~~Byzantine Empire, in friendly relation with the Soviet Union."~~

and Russia.
in "Our Lords + Masters"
This idea, says the Unofficial Observer, ¹ was shocking to English
statesmen. Hence the marriage between Prince George of England and
Princess Marina of Greece. Hence also the triumph of the
Monarchist Party in yesterday's election, which was backed by
several rich Greek families who had ² a holy horror of Bolshevism.

There was one exceedingly significant sentence in the
statement issued by General Kondylis, who has acted as Regent of
Hellas and who will be head of the new Government. Says the

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Ex-Regent and new Premier: "As of tomorrow, King George the Second will be King of the Helens and" - here's the joker - "there will be no political parties." In other words, a new Fascist government, though it may not call itself so, ~~comes into existence in south eastern Europe.~~

PARIS

There are sinister rumblings on the banks of the Seine. The price of "Rentees" (Rahnt), French government securities, continues to drop on the Bourse, and that always means "political trouble ahead."

The danger spot is that the Radical Party has voted to gang up with the Socialists and Communists. That means danger to Premier Laval's government, possibly the breakdown of his program to rehabilitate French finances.

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And the opening of the Stavisky trial today of all days! Paris flocked to the large building on the Boulevard de Palais, the florid, dowdy edifice known as the "Palace of Justice". There twenty-one people, including the widow of Stavisky, were arraigned this morning for the part they were supposed to have played in the gigantic and fantastic frauds committed by the Suicide-Stavisky. Crowds surged all day around the Boulevard de Palais and the Quay des Inferes, the Quay of Hells as the street in the rear of the palace is picturesquely called. French high society, high politics and

high finance scrambled for seats. Also some three hundred witnesses waiting to testify. In the court room no fewer than fifty lawyers!

The most colorful of all the defendants was Arlette Stavisky, widow of the suicide swindler. Before she married the mysterious Russian, Arlette Simon was a beautiful, well dressed artist's model, tall, jet hair and gray eyes. But the changed woman who appeared in the docket today was a lean, stiff, awkward person, whose most prominent feature was her protruding teeth. When she was the beautiful model, Arlette Simon, she used to be on parade at all the famous race tracks. They say she was well acquainted with the visiting sprigs of royalty. Today, she's a faded, haggard defendant in the docket, for the law charges that she was an accomplice in the spectacular frauds of her curious husband,

That's the celebrated case in Paris and it will make sensations for days.

ETHIOPIA

The war news today has been feeding us with a lot of outlandish names reminiscent of some of those jaw-breakers that were inflicted on us during the World War. The latest is Maianesti. That's eighteen miles south of Hauzien. The earlier news today told us the Italians had just captured Hauzien. Later tidings had them seizing high ground commanding the village of Maianesti. It's all fairly meaningless geography to be summarized by one Italian word -- avanti. Mussolini's men just go right on advancing, all day, with little or no resistance, and the places with the funny names indicate they are approaching the half-way mark toward their immediate goal, the strategic town of Makahle. It's a parade not a battle.

There's more battle in Italy! The wave of rioting against British stores is spreading. Today's center of excited demonstrations and stone-throwing was the Lombard metropolis of Milan.

And, The Italian-Ethiopian war news even includes a mix-up at Clarksdale, Mississippi, where a colored man was

CANADA

His Excellency, Lord Tweedsmuir, had hardly reached Ottawa and been installed in his new office as Governor-General of Canada when he found a knotty problem on his hands. Incidentally, you may remember hearing Lord Tweedsmuir's voice. A few months ago when he was here to receive a degree from Columbia University, then Col. John Buchan, came to the studio with me and explained a peculiar phrase of British politics for you.

The first problem that confronts him as Governor-General of Canada is the Social Credit Party. Last August William Aberhard was elected Premier of the Province of Alberta on the Social Credit program, and that promise of twenty-five dollars a month to every citizen.

The Social Credit Premier used to be a school teacher, also an evangelist. Though he has been in power two months, so far no social credit is in evidence. In other words, nobody in Alberta has received either twenty-five dollars a month, or twenty-five cents. The premier says they'll have to wait eighteen months at least. Before any dividends can be

paid the finances of the province will have to be reorganized with a balanced budget. He pointed out that when he took office he found the treasury empty. He went to work with an axe and a blue pencil, fired a dozen heads of departments, merged departments, cut salaries, called in the loans issued to farmers for seed grain, and suspended the State Health Insurance plan costing ten and a half million a year.

It would interest many of us a great deal to know what the Right Honourable John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir, thinks of this new wrinkle in government. All his life he's been a realist in politics. Though a novelist and a publicist by profession, he has always shown himself essentially an able practical politician. Now he has one of the wildest social Utopias in his lap.

ELECTION

We Americans are going to the polls in six states tomorrow and in every one of them the Republicans and Democrats are waging a ding-dong battle. So even though it's a by-election a lot of us will be listening to loud speakers and hanging outside newspaper offices awaiting returns, for a tip as to which way the political cat is going to jump next year.

The spotlight will be focussed sharply on three spots, Philadelphia, New York State, and Kentucky. The people of "Philly" are now going through the last spasms of an old-time rip-snorting campaign. A Democratic gentleman named John B. Kelly thinks he can grab the mayor's chair from the Republicans.

In old "Kaintuck" the squabble has been enlivened by the bolting of the famous head of the colonel factory, Governor Ruby Laffoon. Judge Swope, austere, dignified Republican campaigner for governor, hopes to win as a result of the Democratic split.

But the spot on which President Roosevelt himself will focus his keenest eye is his own state, New York. There

the Republicans think they have a chance to grab the state legislature.

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There's one feature in the New York campaign which is unusual and illuminating:- The spectacle of Republican and Democratic leaders united on one issue. Can you imagine two such opposing personalities as Al Smith and LaGuardia both speaking for the same cause? That's what they're doing over the Home Rule Amendment to New York's constitution, Home Rule for all the counties in the State.

Al Smith in his picturesque fashion, says: "If you voters turn down this Amendment you'll go back not to the horse and buggy days, but to the oxcart days." To which his political foe, Mayor LaGuardia, says "Right you are, Governor."

Washington is wondering whether it was a coincidence that the Department of Agriculture should have chosen the day before ~~the~~ election to issue its most rosy farm report. "1936 will be the biggest year for the American farmer since the boom days of 1929." So says Secretary Wallace. ~~God's in His heaven, all's well with the world, and the geese hangs high. That's the message from the New Deal to the farmers.~~

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During the current year the farmers income has amounted to almost seven billion dollars. That sounds like quite a sum even if it is divided among several million people. It represents an increase of fifty-nine percent of the figures of 1932 which was the low-water mark of the last decade.

Mr. Wallace ~~pronounces~~ prophesies a big wheat surplus for export. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ He also calculates that the farmers are going to plant less potatoes and the price will go up. And he has a similar word of cheer for poultry farmers. The prospects for the cotton growers are glowing. And he says into the bargain that it looks as though foreign countries will have plenty of purchasing power to buy our surplus from us.

all before election day.

ART

I'm told that New York's trick of turning Fifth Avenue into an art gallery is going to be continued all over the country. The way they did it in the metropolis was to line up merchants in the Fifth Avenue district of fancy shops, enlist them in the cause of art, each placing ~~xx~~ a painting in a store ~~xx~~ show window -- the work of an American artist. Naturally, the Fifth-Avenue-fronting-shops of Rockefeller Center were prominent with ~~painting~~ painted masterpieces on display. Rockefeller Center here has always gone for art in a big way.

Yes it's a new idea -- putting on art week along a glittering shopping street. ^{and}, the sponsors of the idea tell me that other cities throughout the country are falling in with the plan -- Michigan Boulevard in Chicago and Tremont Street in Boston, turned into art galleries.

HURRICANE

The wind god's latest attack on Florida was ferocious enough, but mercifully short. The reports throughout the afternoon were most alarming. At first it looked as though poor Florida was in for another ^{demoniac blow.} ~~such hurricane as devastated the state a couple of years ago.~~ What made it worse was that the storm struck with almost no warning. The older inhabitants declared, "It's too late in the year for a real tempest in these parts." [¶] When news came from the Weather Bureau that the big wind was actually headed for Florida, everybody rushed like mad to board up houses and stores and to fasten down all movables. The storm actually swooped down before these preparations could be completed. Roofs were ripped off, bricks torn from buildings, the air filled with bits of lumber and flying debris. From vessels at sea came signals of distress. It was a ninety mile an hour gale. Presently we heard that it had increased its ferocity to a Hundred and twenty miles an hour, a hurricane of major proportions.

Then, almost as suddenly as it had struck, that storm veered off. It was as though some capricious, destructive individual had changed its mind. The big gale changed its direction and at

last reports had turned tail from the tip of Florida and gone back out to sea, heading west and southwest. So tonight Florida is breathing easy. Only ~~seven~~ ^{possible} casualties -- not as many a little ^{flood} in the North.

RADIO BRAIN

At the National Auto Show in New York and the other shows throughout the country, we see ~~quite~~ the latest Nineteen thirty-six mechanical marvels. ^{But -} ~~over~~ in Latvia, in the City of Riga, scientists are talking about a human marvel. ~~She's a little~~ ten year old girl, a peasant. She has never been to school; ~~she~~ can neither read nor write. But some of her powers of apperception are so uncanny that she is believed to have what some scientists call a "radio brain". She sees things with her mind's eye that are quite invisible to her physical eye.

For instance, if you're sitting in a room with her, reading silently to yourself, she'll be able to tell you word for word exactly what you ~~have~~ been reading. . And that applies without any motion of the lips on the part of the reader.

However, that isn't all. If the text you are reading happens to be French, German or English, she can ^{recite} ~~define~~ it just the same. And she doesn't know a word of any of those languages. This extraordinary faculty of hers has been tested by medical men, who acknowledged themselves unable to explain it by any known scientific formula. One doctor who went to her house to examine the

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girl, sat down with his back to her and began to read the Bible to himself. Without any prompting she repeated long passages from the Scriptures, the identical passages that the doctor had read.

The last time we heard about something like that - in Hungary - it turned out to be a case of pathological fraud.

Anyway, if that girl were sitting near me peering into my mind the words she would see would be: "I'm going to the auto show now, and --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.