

ELECTION

Now that it's all over, what does it mean? An overwhelming popular endorsement of course of the President and his policy. But what does that signify? Suppose a man is battling for an idea, and he gets a ringing okay. Well, the simplest logic is to suppose that, while he might go easy with his idea in the face of dangerous opposition, he will push the idea to the limit when he finds it is making a hit.

But there's another side to this, based not so much on logic as on human temperament. Many a man will plug his idea all the harder in the face of critical opposition. And the more the opposition, the harder he plugs. While -- if things are swinging his way, and everything is, "Fine! Good Boy! you're right," he may become moderate with a tolerant go-easy.

And then there's a third kind of man of such perfect serenity that opposition neither makes him weaker nor drive harder, and success doesn't make him plunge on faster or slow up with thoughtful reflection. He just goes on in the even tenor of his way, no matter what.

It's a problem in the psychology of a personal temperament. ^{It} ^{you have} And there ~~is~~ President Roosevelt, a personality for speculation, a subject for our guessing. How will he respond to this immense and ringing triumph? We've had plenty of chance to know him. The radio has given us that opportunity. He has talked to us repeatedly, with formal tones of public statement, with the chatty tones of private conversation. So ^{have all} you ~~had~~ had a radio acquaintance with Mr. Roosevelt on which to make your guess. Will this election-day-triumph influence him to push on more drastically, or will joyful political confidence put him into a take-it-easy frame of mind? Or, will he be quite uninfluenced by the cheers of victory -- the victory that has given the Democrats nine or ten new seats and a two-thirds control in the Senate; ^{the victory that} ^{already} has, perhaps, increased their ~~overwhelming~~ majority ~~in~~ the Lower House -- when final tabulations of a number of close counts are in; -- ^{the landslide that has} ~~swept~~ swept the Democrats into power in unexpected places all over the country.

Bartlett
Nov. 7, 1934

JIM BARRETT and L.T.

L.T.: It was one of the most extraordinary elections - Jim Barrett has been pointing that out to me. Jim and I are old time Coloradans, he from the cultured university town of Boulder and I from that uncultured mining town of Cripple Creek. And Jim and I worked on the same papers in Denver. Today he is James Wyman Barrett, editor of the Press Radio Bureau of America. And Jim was in command of last night's huge job of assembling the election returns that poured in from the great press services, then shot to x radio stations to be broadcast.

Jim has been giving me his slant on the changing character of our American elections. And he has witnessed many of them as a reporter and editor for the past twenty years. How about repeating it for the benefit of us all?

JIM BARRETT: I have just been reminded, Lowell, how it was when we were newspaper men out in Denver in the old days. The days when Robert Speer was running for Mayor, and George Ereel was running wild, it used to require political experts and much heavy thinking to figure out what the elections meant - an adding machine

on one side, six books of statistics on the other, a big map on the wall.

But ever since the War, the **issues** have been getting fewer and simpler. In Nineteen twenty you didn't need any complicated calculations to tell what the election meant. It was "shall we continue the Wilson policies or not?" And the answer was Not. When Coolidge was elected it was, "Do you want to continue prosperity or shall we upset the apple cart? And the answer was, prosperity, with a big P. The same thing when Hoover went in. Also when Hoover went out; simple and persona; Hoover - yes or no. This time too there was a simple national question: "Roosevelt - okay or thumbs down?" And you know the answer.

In the old days, elections were like a lot of individual boulders rolling crosscross down a hillside. Today our elections are landslides.

L.T.: Landslide is right, Jim. And were there any laughs in the landslide this time? Over at Press Radio, have you had any smiles amid those bristling figures?

JIM BARRETT: Well, there was the election interest at Sing Sing.

The boys in the Big House don't vote but they certainly are election fans. They don't care so much about presidential policies or congress. They're interested in the governor of the state, because the governor issues pardons, and one candidate is usually more likely to go in for pardons than the other. So last night the convicts at Sing Sing were given special permission to sit up late and listen to the Press Radio returns blaring out of a loud speaker.

L.T.: And I suppose you got a special kick out of that little mining town in Utah which voted yesterday for the first time in six years - because at other elections snowdrifts kept the trucks from getting through the mountain passes and delivering the ballots. But the truck got through yesterday and that mining town had the novel sensation of voting.

JIM BARRETT: Yes, and we certainly watched the returns from that coal mining town in Pennsylvania where machine gun fire mowed down a Democratic parade the day before election, and the local Republican boss and members of his family were arrested on suspicion. With that kind of electioneering you'd wonder how a town would go - and the answer was - Democratic, six hundred and sixty-two to 24.

L.T.: And, I was watching the political destiny of Harry Hopkins' brother at Tacoma, Washington - the brother of the big brain of the Brain Trust running on the Republican ticket for coroner. And Harry was right. He said his Republican brother would lose his shirt. I don't know about the shirt, but he lost the election.

JIM BARRETT: There always are plenty of those smiles and oddities, but sometimes the editor doesn't feel so much like smiling. In any part of this country today, if you happen to see a fellow with a tired look, with circles under his eyes, and kind of weak in the knees, he's probably a newspaper editor, all fagged out, after the desperate grind of printing election returns. It's a terrific job, but a newspaper office on election night is, in spite of all the noise and seeming confusion, a marvel of machine-like efficiency. Everybody from the chief editor to the copy boy has a particular job in the election set-up and does it. But just the same, there are about two thousand managing editors in this country today whose ~~xx~~ ears are ringing with majorities and pluralities, and are now badly in need of a night's sleep.

L.T.: Yes, and yesterday was the first election day for the Press

Radio Bureau, and I'll say you turned out those myriads of election returns with a machine-like efficiency that had fifty odd million radio listeners dizzy with figures.

KIDNAPPING

52
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There's something reassuring about the secrecy and silence with which the Federal agents work in these big crime cases. There's a lot of excitement at first, and then -- nothing happens. There is an interval of quiet. The case drops out of sight. It seems forgotten and then suddenly -- bang!

Take that Robles kidnaping in New Mexico, which now seems a long time ago. There were reports at the time of leads and suspects, but these all vanished into nothingness, which only meant that the Federal agents were working and saying nothing, [—] on the trail and not bragging.

Today the Department of Justice announced that they have found the man they've been looking for. They set a trap for ~~mx~~ him and caught him. He is Oscar Robson, thirty years old, former dance hall operator ~~and resident~~ of Tucson, Arizona, and now charged with the kidnaping of the six-year-old June Robles last June. He was arraigned in Phoenix, Arizona, today and will be prosecuted under the Lindbergh Law.

Actions speak louder than words, says the Department, and they use just enough words to describe the action.

DEVILS ISLAND

53.

There's one peculiarly amazing angle to the always amazing story of escape from Devils Island. A couple of weeks ago I told about the ten tropical prison breakers, fugitives crossing the Caribbean, in a tiny, open boat. They've landed now at the Dutch port of Aruba in the West Indies, and have told their story. It's a tremendous sea tale of a thirty-two day battle against starvation, thirst, fierce storms and two shipwrecks - and on top of it all is that most amazing angle.

It is this: Those ten breakers of tropical prison were not all from Devils Island. The French have other equatorial penal colonies in the Caribbean. Two of the convicts were from Devils Island, four from Royal Island, and four from St. Joseph's Island. Yet they escaped simultaneously and got away in a group. How did they lay their plans? How did they communicate with each other, separated on three different islands as they were? They now tell how they did it. They sent secret messages back and forth on the food supply boat plying between the three ocean prisons - conspirators plotting escape by furtive correspondence between island and island. A break from Devils Island is always

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DEVILS ISLAND - 2

a classic of escape. A Devils Island getaway, concerted ^{between} ~~with~~ prisoners on three other islands, that's a classic ^{of classics.}

First they had a swim - a desperate swim for miles through shark infested waters, to a canoe that one of them had secretly procured. None of them knew anything about boating, about sailing, about navigation. But there they were on the perilous Caribbean, trying to steer for the Island of Trinidad. It stormed, their tiny cockle-shell was tossed like a peanut on the racing waves. Their meager supply of food soon gave out and for five days they were under the blistering tropical sun, without food or water. Then a British freighter came along and gave them supplies. So they made Trinidad, only their first stop.

Too dangerous to stay. So on they went.
~~They could not stay.~~ [^] They got themselves a somewhat larger boat

and put to sea again. Then for twelve days they were tossed and buffeted. They ran into two storms. Their boat survived the first,

but in the second lashing tempest ^{the boat} ~~it~~ was wrecked on the reefs of ^{Coorabowō.} the island of Curacao. They managed to get ashore, procured another

boat and set sail again, for the Dutch island of Aruba, ^{the little} oil island.

And that was the most heart-breaking experience of all.

After ~~another~~ another stormy voyage they were in sight of Aruba,

three miles off the coast, when their battered, leaky boat sank beneath them. And there they were in the water. They couldn't swim ~~x~~ ashore, too weak, too far gone. They could barely keep themselves on the surface, floating on their backs, treading water.

The last ray of hope was ~~xxxx~~ vanishing, when a ~~Dutch~~ ship came

along and picked them up. *What if it had been a French ship? It wasn't. It was Dutch.*

At Aruba their hardihood and their privations ^{have} ~~had~~ evoked the sympathy of the Dutch inhabitants, who have given them food, clothing and shelter - only brief shelter because they must be on their ~~seafaring~~ seafaring way again, or the French police will get hold of them. They must sail away and go some place where they can hide and lose themselves. So the people of Dutch Aruba have taken up a collection and bought them another boat, a strong, staunch ~~one~~ ^{one} this time.

I don't know for what crimes those escaped convicts were condemned in France, but surely their display of courage and endurance, ~~that~~ amounts to high virtue. ^{The} ~~A~~ cabled dispatch doesn't give their names, except one - ^{Jean} ~~Jean~~ Duvernay, who was condemned for some heavy crime in France. Yes, a crime heavy enough to send him to the green doom of the tropical prison.

DOLLFUSS

We hear today of a moody and deeply human incident, following one of the most tragical episodes of recent history, the murder of Chancellor Dollfuss of Austria. His widow, afraid for her children, doesn't want to keep them in their distracted, faction torn, native land. She has decided to bring up her family in Italy. So she has asked the Vienna government to change the form of pension that had been awarded her, a pension of seven hundred and fifty dollars a month. She asks them to give her in a lump sum the equivalent of the pension for ten years, seventy-five thousand dollars. In that way she can break all ties with the native country of herself and her children, the scene of her husband's glory and disastrous end.

She is so eager to live in Italy, because there her children will be guarded by Mussolini. The Duce, who had become so close a friend of the Little Chancellor Dollfuss, promises the grief-stricken mother to ^{be}~~keep~~ the children ^{'s guardian,}~~from harm,~~ and shield them with the power of his iron regime. So Frau Dollfuss, widow of the martyred Austrian Chancellor, will rear her sons in Italy and bring them up to be Italians.

SPAIN

The Spanish government has ordered an election to be held in Catalonia, an always refractory ~~province~~ province, which started the recent revolutionary outbreak in Spain. The Catalans have long been demanding political autonomy and a radical regime. They are much inclined to the left. But it is hard to see how the Esquerra, as the faction of left wing radicals is known, can do much in the coming election. More than a thousand of its members, including most of its leaders, are living on ships, riding at anchor in Barcelona Harbor. They are prisoners, Among them is their fiery leader, ^{Louis} Luis Companys, whose ~~drastic action~~ started the recent revolutionary flare-up. He won't be on the job to lead his political cohorts. The government will see to that.

Until the trouble a month ago, Companys was a veritable king of Catalonia; a flaming radical, whose lifelong motto has been: "Not another step toward the right." That motto has landed him in all sorts of places, in various high places of power and in various jails. He was a member of the Cabinet at Madrid at one time, then Provisional President of Catalonia. Now it's jail.

The strong Conservative government at Madrid is

determined that Catalonia shall not stage a swing to the left in the election. And so, the leaders and party workers of the radical faction, will make their homes on ships in the harbor for some time to come.

NAVY ENDING

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With the Naval Conference dragging on in London and threatening a complete breakdown - the word from Tokyo doesn't add any note of rosy optimism. Japan, England and the United States are deadlocked in London, with Japan demanding naval equality, the United States firmly opposing, and England standing in the middle. In Tokyo, the Ministers of War, Navy and Foreign Affairs have notified the Emperor that they are ready to send formal notice to the other nations that signed the Navy Treaty, notice that Japan will not renew the Treaty, which puts her in a position of naval inferiority with Great Britain and the United States.

9 1/2

So, apparently, they are going to put a summary end to the Naval treaty just as I'm going to put a summary end to this broadcast -- and -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.