

Carman
N.B.

Good Evening, Everybody:-

The election ~~is~~^{was} supposed to give us a hint of what's going to happen next year. Well, what about it? You will find both sides crying victory. That seems, even Steven, but actually it has rather a Republican slant. Because it's the first time in quite a few months that the Republicans have scored enough election day successes to grow jubilant.~~about.~~

Take New York State: "We've won the Assembly," the Republican hosts are cheering. While the response from the Democratic side is: "We polled half a million more votes than the Republicans." Nevertheless the winning of the Assembly bulks larger in the headlines. It does indicate a drift away from the New Deal among the Upstate farmers. The Democratic joyful counter~~er~~^{of} votes ~~is~~^{is} based on the huge sweep that Tammany made in the Metropolis against the LaGuardia Fusian Administration.

Just as loudly echo the Republican shouts in Pennsylvania and Ohio. William Penn's city elected Republican candidate Wilson

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and defeated Democratic Candidate Kelley by a majority of nearly fifty thousand.

In Ohio we observe one sweeping phenomenon. Sweeping is right! The Democratic city governments swept out of office. This happened in eleven towns throughout the state, including big ones like Cleveland and Columbus. The figures show us thirty-six Republican Mayors in the Buckeye State, and only about half as many Democrats. The biggest Democratic point of pride is Kentucky. Returns are still incomplete, but so far as they go they show Happy Chandler in the lead, despite the rift in the Democratic ranks torn by the Colonel-making Ruby L^Fafoon. As the returns keep coming in from the land of fast horses and beautiful women, Happy Chandler's lead seems to be more definite. And state prohibition is losing out in Kentucky. Did you know they still had it?

Whatever the politicians say, Wall Street is feeling ~~pretty~~

~~chatty about~~ ^{cheery over} the election. The returns promoted heavy trading and

many stocks went up as much as five points. It was almost a three

million share day.

One of the bills in the Senate, filed in the Senate of Virginia,

is a bill of fact, favoring four of them in the list

of names. First, of course, was the name published last from

Virginia, the name was Henry Langhorne. It has been some years

since that name was heard. The first name was of the British

Empire. But in addition to that name, his brother-in-law,

Major John S. Taylor, was also in-law Lord Willoughby of Parham,

and Colonel George Clay, husband of the Honorable Pauline Taylor,

all represented constituents in the Commons. And now in the

present session a bill, William Taylor's name, also had written

for a seat in the House. And her husband is in the House of Lords.

Reports indicate that they will not come to have any

of the same kind. But it is all that has a rough outline

of his or her name. Even the name of Taylor, which she has

mentioned several times before, has been mentioned so

often, her name will be known to a number of

ASTORS

There's one feature in England's election campaign which is particularly interesting to ^{many}~~us~~ Americans. If they have any luck, there will be no fewer than six Astors in the Imperial Parliament. One of them will be in the Lords, five in the House of Commons. As a matter of fact, there were four of them in the last Parliament. First, of course, was the much publicized lady from Virginia, who was born Nancy Langhorne; It has been some years since Nancy Astor became the first woman member of the British Commons. But in addition to Lady Astor, her brother-in-law, Major John J. Astor, her son-in-law Lord Willoughby de Eresby, and Colonel Spencer Clay, husband of the Honorable Pauline Astor, all represented constituencies in the Commons. And now in the present election a fifth, William Waldorf Astor, also has ambitions for a seat in the House. *And her husband is in the House of Lords.*

Reports indicate that they are not going to have any too easy a time ^{getting in.}~~to get in~~ Each one of them has a tough campaign on his or her hands. Even the famous Nancy, though she has represented Plymouth many years now, has keen opposition to fight. Her personality is pretty well summed up in a remark of

her husband's, ~~Baron~~ ^{Lord} Astor, ~~who of course has a seat in the House~~

~~of Lords~~ Said he: "My wife is sometimes apt to say what other people think. And what is worse, she is apt to say it without having first consulted a lawyer."

Well, it may get her into trouble, but it also makes her popular.

PADEREWSKI

This is a day on which all Poles, all musicians and a great many of the rest of us, take off our hats to the name of a really great man. It is the Seventy-fifth birthday of Ignace Jan Paderewski (pronounced Pader^{ff}ski).

today
His anniversary, found him among his own vines and fig trees on his estate near Morges (Morj) in Switzerland. A newspaper man asked the aged artist statesman whether he was thinking of retiring. His reply, with a characteristic chuckle, was; "Retire, ~~xx~~ bah! When I stop working, I die!" And in truth his faculties are as keen, his vitality ~~is~~ as bubbling, as when he first emerged from the studio of Leschetitzky to startle and dazzle the musical world.

He did close his piano for five years. That was when his country was invaded from the east by the Russian hordes, from the west by the Germans. For all his life, Paderewski has been the patriot first and the artist second. Those who are close to him, ~~will~~ always testify that this feeling is absolutely genuine and profound. In fact, they say that one of his prime motives in struggling for success was to acquire means and influence to restore his country's freedom. And restore it he surely did. For the

passage in President Wilson's historic Fourteen Points, which demanded the restoration of Poland, was first drafted by Paderewski and Colonel House in the pianist-patriot's suite at the Hotel Gotham, where he lived in New York.

Before the war was over, he had spent every cent of the handsome fortune that his ability and success had accumulated.

When he returned to the concert platform after the War, the world of show business was somewhat astounded to perceive that as a pianist the ex-Prime Minister of Poland was more brilliant and popular than ever. And in an astonishingly brief space of time he recouped his shattered fortunes.

COCKATOO

Once more the old story, "How the mighty have fallen!" The mighty-one in this case ^{being} ~~is~~ a bird, the most famous bird in England. A cockatoo - one hundred years old! ~~Did he?~~ - no! worse!

For years England has known the fame of Cocky, as he was called. He came to England first all the way from New Guinea, a gift to the grandmother of his present owner, Mrs. Colson. He always has his meals with the family, his own chair at the dinner table. ^{Accompanied} ~~He has gone with~~ the family everywhere. ^{Every} ~~he has been~~ round the world with them. Only once did they neglect him and leave him ~~is~~ alone for twenty-four hours, alone with the servants. His pride was jilted and he wouldn't eat. He refused to take a morsel until Mrs. Colson telephoned. They put the receiver to Cocky's ear. His mistress told him by wire that he must have supper right away. Cocky jumped down and proceeded to eat the equivalent of the three meals he had missed.

Cocky achieved national fame during the World War, during a Zeppelin raid. ~~He was~~ ^W wounded by flying glass. His beak and was busted, ^{and} one eye blinded. Feathers were ripped off his breast. Even today his breast is ^{naked} ~~negative~~ of feathers and he has the scar of a wound.

So Cocky was a wounded World War veteran, and enjoyed the honors. During the years that elapsed, he became more and more of a legend. Bird hero of Britain - until now.

It turns out that Cocky's life has been a hundred years of deception. The sad secret came to light while Mrs. Colson was preparing luncheon. Cocky was perched on the table, preening and strutting. The downfall came - when Cocky suddenly laid an egg! Mrs. Colson was startled. Cocky turned around and gazed with horror at the unfortunate object. He had been glorious for all those years as a He. Nobody ever dreamed of thinking otherwise, of question, of investigation - until the laying of that egg. So they have had to rechristen Cocky. Now they call her Henrietta. And he - she doesn't like it. She strutted a hundred years as Cocky, and now - Henrietta. Every time they put that egg near Henrietta, she screeches and yells with raucous indignation.

This dispatch from London may seem like nature faking, but things like that really do happen. One of the letters printed in that Fan Mail Book I've just brought out goes like this:- "I

have a yellow headed Mexican parrot, fifteen and a half years old, and only now it has laid its first egg. We had an idea it was a male bird. Why wouldn't the parrot lay eggs before now, after all those years?"

CONTEST

I spent this morning in Washington, in the Hall of Explorers, at the National Geographic Society. In a room just off this, one explorer, Maynard O. Williams, ^{Just returned,} was turning in his report of the National Geographic Expedition through the canyons of the Salmon River, in Idaho, canyons deeper than the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

In another room Dr. Grosvenor and Mr. La^gorce were were discussing the National Geographic-Army Air Corps balloon expedition to the Stratosphere. They are backing Captain Stevens, who is all set for another attempt out ~~in~~ at Rapid City, South Dakota. The Captain may start for the Stratosphere, tomorrow. The balloon is larger than ever, the largest ever made.

But what took me to the Explorers Hall in Washington was a National Newspaper Competition. Five of us were there as judges. The others being the President's mother, Mrs. Roosevelt; Mrs. Emily Post, who knows all the answers on how to behave in high society; Kenneth Williams of Eastman Kodak; and Hiram Percy Maxim.

A quarter of a million pictures -- snapshots -- had been turned in to some sixty newspapers, from coast to coast. Thousands of dollars ~~xx~~ were to be awarded as prizes for the best of these snapshots. And we were to decide.

Out of the two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand who entered the competition, I suppose two-hundred-and-forty-nine/^{thousand,} nine-hundred-and-ninety will be after our scalps.

At any rate, we decided that the three grand prizes should be given to:- "A snapshot of an innocent, carefree, laughing little girl, holding a toy balloon;" "a line of mountain climbers crossing the snow and just about to attempt the last pinnacle of forbidding rock at the top of a mountain;" and "A snapshot of an old, old man, pouring over a book in a public library, keeping his place on the page with ~~the use of~~ his finger."

It seemed to us ^{that} ~~that~~ the three pictures epitomized the story of life: carefree childhood; the struggle of man to scale the heights; and, the ~~lax~~ twilight of old age.

But, there were others that got prizes, and one in

particular that the judges all raved ^{over:} ~~off~~ a little boy at the dinner table, his head on his arm, and tears of anger in his eyes. In front of him a dish ~~with~~ ^{of} food he hasn't touched.

The ~~minute~~ ^{instant} you look at it you know the title of that picture should be: "It's spinach, and to hell with it!"

AUTO SHOW

One of the most interesting things that I've encountered at the Auto Show is an idea. Also, of course, the man who conceived it. ~~He and his idea are a part of the General Motors Exhibition in the Waldorf-Astoria.~~ His name is Frederick William Lawrence and he comes from Oklahoma City. His idea is that some of the tools of modern industry can be used in the execution of works of art. Equipped with nothing more than a spray gun, an air brush, some Duco enamel and compressed air, Frederick William Lawrence of Oklahoma City, ^{at the Gen. Motors Exhibition at The Waldorf} creates not only landscapes but portraits on composition board.

Evidently the crowds agree with me about this, because the spectators are lined up four and five deep around this novel painter at his work all day. By trade he is a car painter for a firm of Pontiac dealers in Oklahoma City. It was while working in his paint shop that he conceived this idea four years ago. I wonder what the masters of old would say to that new fangled idea -- painting landscapes with Duco, and a spray gun.

STAVISKI

Now for the most dramatic affair in the city of dramatic affairs - Stavisky! Scenes of light and shade, tragedy and comedy punctured today's proceedings. One of them was a word-portrait of the dead swindler, painted by one of the witnesses. This witness, who used to be a director of a municipal pawnshop at Orleans, described the Russian swindler as a "cringing coward" who used threats of suicide to compel unwilling accomplices to do his bidding.

On the comedy side was the spectacle of one of the twenty defendants on trial. His name is Nieman. He used to be a boxer and was employed by Stavisky as a trainer. This Nieman appears to be a shrewd, humorous fellow. They say he's the only one who ever got anything out of Stavisky. He used to play upon the swindler's vanity and love of ostentation. The Russian was exceedingly proud of his physical prowess.

So, whenever his boxing instructor wanted to make a touch he would wait until Stavisky in sparring with him was showing off in front of a crowd of spectators. Then the boxer would stop in the middle of a bout and break down in tears complaining that he

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was broke. There at, Stavisky, grateful for another chance of showing off, would dive into his pocket for a fat wad of bills.

Still another side of the character of Stavisky, painted by his pet gladiator.

ETHIOPIA

With a snap the curtain rose in Paris today on those negotiations about which there have been so much conjecture and mystery. And the curtain shows a cheery spectacle. The swarthy little French statesman from the mountains of Auvergne has pulled off another coup. (Monsieur Laval seems to have brought about a friendly understanding between John Bull and the Duce. The news is that this dissipates the world's fears of war between those two former allies and once friendly nations.

The settlement comes none too soon. Feeling against England in Italy among all Italians was bitter and deep. John Bull, they felt had hornswaggled Italy all along the line, had dragged her into the war against Germany, and then given her none of the fruits of World War victory.

Full details of the peaceful understanding brought about by Premier Laval have not yet been revealed. But it is understood that England will withdraw some of that overwhelming concentration of naval strength from the Mediterranean. In return for which the Duce will shift some of his bristling troops from Libya.

As for the battlefront, the news is, torrential rains have ceased. Communications from Italy declare that the flag of the House of Savoy now flutters over Makale. Addis Ababa says General DeBono's advance guard was cut off and killed or taken prisoner in a night attack. So you can have your choice of what to believe.

One characteristic of this curious war is the candor with which both sides announce their plans. Mussolini cheerfully and frankly tells the world just what his generals are about to do. Haile Selassie on his part is almost as confiding. For example, in making light of the Italian advance on Makale, his general staff announces that the town will be evacuated without a blow, but that the Ethiopian army will be concentrated south and west of there, where they will make their big stand against the legions of General DeBono.

ABBE DIMNET

8 1/2

I ran into the eternally charming Abbe Dimnet of "Art of Thinking" fame, in Washington, at the Willard. Referring to the present crisis in France the wise Abbe stated that he was sure France would not turn to Fascism. Said he: "We in France are in the best position of all! For, we have the worst Constitution of all! And all the people want are a few minor reforms, and then they'll be satisfied!"

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Oh yes, and Abbe Dimnet, gray-haired and benign, says that it is his observation that America has seldom been as happy as it is today. One of his remarks was:- "Prohibition is gone; and that is good! The crisis is over and the American people are satisfied with less; and that is good."

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And it's now time for me to end this broadcast. And perhaps that is good. So, as Abbe Dimnet would not say, --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.