GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY: -

How's the weather out your way? | '| | bet it's mighty funny weather for Christmas week. The news dispatches bring tidings of all sorts of climatic mi curiosities from all parts of the country. The Associated Press calls it "a case of topsy-turvy meteorology."

Chicago is having a pre-Christmas heat wave. 10

Near Kendallville, Indiana, the bees are buzzing around with real summertime 13 enthusiasm. The busy insects seem to 14 think it's honey-collecting time among 15 the flowers.

At Cuba, Illinois, Santa Claus is going to have strawberries and cream with 18 his Christmas dinner. Lon Henderson has been out strawberry picking, and has 20 Collected a few monamaxadambaxadambaxadamba buckets-full.

In Geuga County, Ohio, Lynn Hosford, a farmer, tapped 800 maple trees, and 23 got 20 gallons of syrup, and that doesn't sound like winter either.

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Roses are blooming in Louisville.

In Denver the tennis courts are doing a rushing business.

Upper New York state reports heavy thunder showers. Loud peals, of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning startled the farmers today.

All this is distinctly in the nature of summer. But just by way of contrast, there are blizzards and snow in the Rockies.

And right here you can add a new danger to the ordinary list of traffic hazards. The Associated Press wires that at McCall, Idaho, Mrs. C. S. Jones was run over by a dog-team. There seems to be plenty of snow out that way.

The dog-team drawing the sled, was coming down the street. Mrs. Jones tried to cross in front of it, and the dogs ran over her. She wasn't badly hurt. Tust suppose she was more astonished. than anything else.

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Christmas is a day that is always celebrated with due ceremony aboard the ships of the United States Navy -- that is, nearly always. The Navy Department received a wireless today that there will be one ship in the navy that will not celebrate Christmas at all -- it won't have any Christmas. It won't have any December 25th.

The International News Service explains that the oll-tanker "Ramope" is on her way 12 from San Pedro, California, to Manila.

Her commander wirelessed today that the Ramapa would cross the 180th 15 meridian at about midnight on December 24th. Well, any ship that mem crosses the 180th meridian from East to West MINION loses a day. The Ramapa will lose December 25th. It will approach the meridian on 19 December 24th, and when it gets across, the day will be December 26th. And I suppose there are going to be a bunch of indignant gobs on that boat, highly annoyed by the fact that they're being 25 Cheated out of Christmas and passed up by Santa Claux.

In Chicago today there is a young chap with a dark skin who is the proud possessor of a diploma. He was one of 257 University of Chicago students who have received their degrees at the midyear graduation.

The name of this young fellow is Kamazu Banda, and he has been studying at the University of Chicago in preparation to returning to Africa and to becom been ruler of a homin tribe in Nyassaland.

The Associated Press tells the story of how Kamazu Banda, when he was 9 years old, ran away from his native tribe. He was of a race of local chieftains. One 17 day he might be called to rule over his people. But the boy wanted to see the 19 world. He worked his way to South Africa, and then labored in a diamond mine. He heard of the great republic of the West, and saved enough money to come to the United States. He has worked his way through the University of Chicago by compiling for the Anthropology

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Department a complete dictionary and grammar of his native tongue, which is only slightly known to scholars.

He is now preparing to return to East
Africa. He is next in the line of
succession to the chieftainship of his
tribe.

And so it may be that in a brief
while a tribe of East African blackmen
who live the primitive life of the
jungles, may be governed by a chief
who took his course and worked at studied
anthropology at the University of
Chicago. Rud I wonder whether hell
Rold any class reunions out there?

A strange accident happened in a
New York subway today. All the New York
papers are telling how a work-train went
whizzing through the Newkirk Avenue
station in Brooklyn. There were two
flatcars loaded with piles of railroad
ties.

As the work-train rushed through the 9 station, the supports holding up the ties 10 on one car got loose. Huge pieces of 11 timber fell and want were hurled by the 12 rushing train along the platform. The station was crowded with Christmas shoppers, and the great logs were flung 15 among them. The force mod was so great 16 that several of the ties that hit steel pillars were snapped in two like match sticks. The amazing thing is that it wasn't a major disaster. Many of the people on the platform were hurt. Twelve, says the International News Service, were seriously hurt, and were taken to the hospital. But the astounding thing was that the whole crowd wasn't mowed down by those hurtling, bounding

rail road ties.

And now let's sing a song of farewell. It's a case of parting with an old friend, a friend that was a bit of a nuisance once in a while, a friend that was present too much of the time.

I think it's with a bit of relief that we can say farewell and wave a not too regretful goodbye to old boy Moratorium. He certainly was with us nearly all the time during the last few months. For me he was a daily problem. I had to read reams of complicated facts. It was enough to give a fellow a headache.

And so I think it's only appropriate this evening to give old boy Moratorium a parting salute and hope he is finally on his way and won't be raising any more arguments.

Since the United States Senate last night patted him on the back and gave him an official O.K. all that remained was for President Hoover to add his signature. And that's what the President did this afternoon.

One of the farewell ceremonies I performed today was to read a final discussion of the case of old boy

Mor atorium.

Digest, came up, and as usual the Literary Digest editors are right up to the minute.

Last night the senate ratified the Moratorium, and today I read a final summing up in the new Literary Digest.

We've heard a good deal about how Congress has responded for and against the Moratorium idea, but it's even more important to know how the country at large feels. about it.

The Literary Digest gives us that and interesting cross an interesting cross section of the public mind. on one of the big questions of today.

Well, let's imagine we see a quizzical looking geezer who looks as though he's been through a scrap. That's old boy Moratorium. Let's all step up and shake hands with him in parting.

"Folks", he remarks, "I guess

"Folks", he remarks, is solved I've been hanging around long enough.

I'm afraid I provoked a bit of

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excitement. But I'm on my way now." As we shake hands with him we say: "Yes, we understand all that, durit do We hope you have a good time. And you see that tough looking individual over there with the hard face and the bumps on his head? He's your old partner the Manchurian question. It looks as though he's still going to be with us for a while, but we hope that we'll, be saying goodbye to him pretty soon."

And so old boy Moratorium is on his way, but that hard citizen, the Maratariumx Manchurian problem, is still in our midst. There's no doubt of that.

n fast

No, there's no doubt at all Infact,

today and is taking part in conjunction with the land forces of the Mikado.

The United Press cables that all along the line the troops of Nipon are advancing in what they call a drive against bandits. Two Chinese fortresses are reported EXEXXX captured. The beaten Chinese troops are in retreat. The seext of operations is near the coast, and a cruiser, two flotillas of destroyers, and an aircraft carrier have been ordered to sail for the port of Ching Wang Tao to cut off the retreat of the fleeing Chinese.

The Associated Press reports
what sounds like a vivid bit of fighting.
Two armored trains got into a scrap.
One was Chinese and one was Japanese.
The trains approached each other on the track and opened fire. And that does make a dramatic sort of duel.

We've been hearing stories about possible comebacks of General Chiang Kai Shek, former head of the Nationalist government of China. Since he was forced out of the presidential chair, some have said he is consigned to obscurity, while others declare he is still the man of the hour.

The International News Service

The International News Service cables that today at a meeting of the heads of the Nationalist party at Nanking a resolution was passed asking Chiang Kai Shek to become the Prime Minister of China. That he, they've asked Ohlang to snap out of the But he has refused. He says no, he will not become the Prime Minister.

And that leaves affairs in China just about as confused as ever.

That winter travel number of the 2 Literary Digest which we had last week wouldn't do much good for the folks over in Austria apparently. They're not going to do so much traveling. They're going to stay in their own country.

The Austrian government has passed a decree which virtually amounts to a prohibition of travel. The authorities 10 at Vienna are wrestling with a financial crisis, and they have forbidden the exportation of money. They're not allowing Austrian money to leave the country.

The Associated Press gives one feature of the new regulation as follows: No traveler leaving Austria on an ordinary railroad ticket may take with him more than \$1.40. He is allowed to take a littbe more if he is making an extended journey, but still not enough to Well, you can't do much with \$1.40, for do much good.

travel-money, so for the present the Austrians are staying at home.

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The prediction tonight is that various other countries of Central Europe and the Balkans are going to follow the example of Hungary, and declare a moratorium on foreign debts. This view is printed in today's New York Evening Post.

The Hungarian government, allow the announced that it will pay its foreign debts, but that it won't allow the money to leave Hungary. That is, the cash will be placed to the credit of foreign concerns, but it will have to remain in Hungarian banks.

H.B.

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Hitler says it isn't Democracy at all. It's mob-ocracy.

The United Press quotes
Handsome Adolf as declaring that his
molecularing that his
program is to put an end to Democracy
in Germany and establish a dictatorship.

For dictator? Well now that is a mystery.

In the city of Tarrytown, New York, a sad, sad accident occurred six years ago.

Moe Levy, who runs a store, came to the police with tears in his eyes. "Help, robbers," he shouted. "Somebody took my six hundred dollars." And he repeated in accents of profound grief that he'd been robbed of six hundred dollars. And he begged the police to get it back for him.

The Tarrytown police are trustworthy officers of the law, and they did their best. They tried to find who stole ***x** Moe Levy's six hundred dollars. But the Sherlock Holmes of Tarrytown could make no progress whatever. They couldn't find a hint of a clue. And I suppose that Moe grumbled and complained: "What good are these cops when they can't get my six hundred dollars back for me, "woe woe;" six hundred dollars back for me, "woe woe;" apologies to the police. And here's why. The New York World Telegram tells

how he was cleaning an upper shelf
in his store when he came across an
old shoe box. He mover the dust offx
the top, opened it, and there was his
six hundred dollars.

Yes, he remembers now. It had entirely slipped his mind. Six years ago, afraid of burglars, he had hidden his six hundred smackers in that shoe box, and then he thought the money had been stolen. So that ends Moe's woe.

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In this great country of ours there's a race of people called "Commuters." A commutter, we all know, is a peculiar specie. Like Brete Hart's Heathen Chineer, he has tricks that are dark and ways that are vain.

Well, any of you folks that belong to the race of commuters will thrill to this bit of news, which is given us by the New York World Telegram.

At Philipse Manor, New York, William R. Laudy is a commuter who every day takes the 8:14 to Tarrytown. Today Mr. Laudy drove to the train in his car. Like a true commuter he was there just on the tick. However, as he drove up to the station his car caught fire and started to blaze, and just at that moment the 8:14 pulled in.

Now, there was a man caught in a dilemma. He was like the familiar donkey in the middle between a pail of water and a bail of hay. What did the commuter do?

Well, all you commuters can answer that one. He made a sprint and caught the train. Then he put his head out of the window, pointed to his burning car, and hollered to the people on the platform to put out the fire. He was just a commuter who

caught the 8:14.

and I'm Just a commuter, cotching the 7 aclock elevator going down — so - s-l-u-to-m.