SIOCK EXOHANGE haw Years Eve. 1930
Dec. 31,1930 $\qquad$
Here's a piece of good news to give out this New Year's Eve. Prices on the New York Stock Exchange went up today. They showed gains of from 1 to 8 points. The market took a turn for the good yesterday when that big railroad merger was announced by President Hoover, and the $r$ ice in prices continued this morning. During the afternoon the activity died down. It was the usual quiet that comes on the eve of a big holiday.

Meanwhile, the New York Evening Post tells us that the railroad merger which xmmisin President Hoover tot duce about yesterday has been attacked by some of the big political leaders. You'll recall that the proposal is to merge the railroads east of the Mississippi River into four big, powerful systems. Senator cousins, of Mivonsin, says that Mr. Hoover's action in taking the lead in that merger was unethical. The Senator's point is that that big combination of railroads has got to be

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approved by the Interstate Commerce commission, and that Mr. Hoover, by taking a hand in the affair, is influencing the Interstate Commerce Commission in an unjustifiable way.

However the Stock Market doesn't seem to feel that way abont't.

QUESTION
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In the weekly questionnaire of the new Literary Digest I saw one question that made me started right in hunting for the answer. The question wack-: HOW MANY BUSINESS DEPRESSIONS HAVE WE HAD IN THE LAST FIFTY YEARS? It said see page 40 , and to page 40 I turned.
near and interesting chart of how business has behaved the past half century, the good times and the bad times all graphically charted out.

The Digest quotes Colonel Ayes, a financial expert of the Cleveland Trust Company, on the subject of the number of business slumps in the last 50 years. We have had 15 periods of business depression. Eight of them, ind uding the present, have been big ones. depressions. The peculiar part about the present business situation w is that, in spite of the Wall street crash, it began as a minor depression. then got worse In this it resembles the bad time of 1884.

Well, we ought to be able to learn
something about the present state of things from those similar periods in the past. The Digest says that there's not much use in trying to judge the probably length of one by the length of the others. Nevertheless, one thing is clear, and that chert in the New Literary Digest shows it graphically. It is, that once a depression hits bottom it doesn't d̀rag along. There is a swift recovery, followed by a boom. You may find that article a particularly interesting and encouraging one to read on New Year's day. It may make you feel a lot more ontimistic.

Well, the New Year of 1931 will miss one colorful figure - that is, the tennis tans will. Big Bill Tilden has gone professional. He's following bobby Jones into the movies. The New York Evening Post says that Big Bill will make a series of motion pictures based on tennis, and that deprives him of his amateur standing. It won't seem like the same $\mathbf{x} \times \mathbb{M}$ old game of tennis with Tilden no longer in there making his miraculous shots, and getting into one controversy after another. With the passing of Tilden into professional samba amateur tennis hosea a vivid splash of color and the sparta winters will have a lot harder time witting their precess.

GOLD

And here's golf - a romantic note about the ancient royal pastime. A. lot of odd marriages are be ing prim airplanes, in bathing -una, and as o performed the se days, but here!'s a wedding ceremony celebrated between between rounds on a sol rounds, out Miss Florence Beebe, former state golf champion of Illinois, married C.N. Anderson several months ago. The wedding was kept secret but now the news is out with the additional information that the couple were married right in the middle of a golf match. According to the Associated Press they went playing around the course/通 the Olympic Falls country Club, and dust enough to have the wedding performed and then they teed off again. Life to them will probably be just one game of golf after another and without too many bunkers we hope.

TRES
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Next comes a man who is going to have a hardworking year. Hell have a tree planting year. He comes from Albany, New York, and he cut down several trees on the state's forest preserve. He has been sentenced, says the United Press, to pay a fine or to plant 1,000 new trees on the forest preserve next spring. He has decided
10 to plant the trees, and planting a thousand trees is certainly going to keep him busy, especially if they are fairly big ones.

LENIN_S_WIDOW

News from Russia tonight tells us that the widow of Lenin, the founder of Bolshevism in Russia, has withdrawn from all political activity. She's retiring as a protest against the methods of Stalin, the present Red dictator. Lenin's widow doesn't like the way Stall in threw out the moderate Communist leader Rykof, who was the premier of the union of Soviet republics.

She's a person of great influence in Russia. The worship of Lenin is almost a religion with the Communists, and a good deal of his authority has descended to his widow. According to the International News Service, the widow of Lenin declares that she will take no further $r t$ in the Communist government until Stalin takes call calls Rykof back to his old job.

BOYBLIY

Now comes a rather plaintive item about kings in exile. It's the announcement of the engagement of the Comte de Paris, the son of the pretender to the French throne. He is to marry the Princess Isabella Orleans-Braganza. She is a princess of the Brazilian royal dy family. Her grandfather was Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil. According to the International News Service, the wedding of the young couple will take place in February at Palermo, Sicily. Well, France is a republic and Brazil is a republic, and those old royal families that claimed the crowns of the two countries are just kings in exile, nursing along what seem to be vain and foolish hopes, dream e that then are not likely. to see come true durim the New Year at any rate.

AUSTRALIA

Word has just come of a happening 2 that took place a week ago. It was an 3 enormous tidal wave that swept down on one of ${ }^{4}$ on the island of Australasia. An fact un g islander are so far day from the beaten sm a track that it has taken a week for the word to reach the rest of the world.

The giant wave swept down on the island of twin. It was 8 feet high and it came with tremendous force. It engulfed the land, and as it receded it swept houses and cattle out to sea. According to the Assoc lated Press, the natives escaped by climbingup tito the palm trees, and the European manager of the island just swarmed up into those palm trees too. The tidal wave is believed to have been caused by some terrific volcanic disturbance in the Pacific Ocean.

BEGGAR

From Shanghai comes a new idea in the ancient art of begging. They have thousands of beggars in the East, and they are up to all sorts of dodges. But this Chinaman is really clever.

He is called the "Walking-KitchenUpsetter". He is an old man with a woebegone expression, and, according to the International News. Service, he earekes - $\wedge^{\text {large trays of food in pots and dishes. }}$ He pretends to sell the food, but that's only the ballyhoo. His real act comes when there are American tourists around. Then he upsets his tray ${ }_{1}^{5}$ and the food goes spilling all over the pavement. Then the "Walking-Kitchen-Upsetter" sits down and weeps bitterly. It is arid that this little act never fails to catch the American tourists, chip in with coins to soften the grief of the sad old, "Walking-Kitchen-Upsetter".

Here's a letter from John Hayden, of Newark, New

Jersey. He tells about some friends of his, Mr. and Mrs.

John Kuehner who moved from Rushville, Missouri to Newark.

They left their cat, Scatty, out in Missouri. But that cat came back. Scatty traveled 1000 miles, from Missouri to New Jersey, in a little less than four months, and walked right into the Kuehner household. How did that cat do it? asks Mr . Hayden. Well, I ask you:

Mrs. Zimmelin of Lyons, New York, sends me a clipping from the Newark Commericel which authenticates that same almost incredible story of the cat th et found its way over a thousand miles.

And here's another radio listener who tells about John Herr, of Jones Will, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. The news about John is that he made a sausage 77 feet long: Then adds the writer of the letter, "all we need is the hot cakes end syrup." Yes sir, and we'll need make plenty of them in fact a stack of hot cakes about 77 feet $\mathbf{x} \mathbf{x}$ high.

PERSONAL ready for a big time tonight. When it comes to having a jolly time our celebration of New Years seems to be just about the jolliest occasion of all. Well, I remember one New Year's Eve celebration the like of which I will never see again.

In company with another war correspondent 1 succeeded in getting into Germany immediately after the Armistice. We were watching the progress of the German revolution and New Year's Eve of 1919 round us celebrating the occasion in the Kaiser's Imperial palace in Berlin. But not as the guest of the Kaiser. Oh no. Herr Wilhelm Hohenzollern had fled to Holland, and the occupants of his famous palace on the banks of the River Spree were a group of noisy U-boat sailors who had taken possession of it by force.

One of these chaps happened to be an American, and he was our host. Well, the way we happened to

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be invited there was curious. The old Imperial Government had collapsed. The German revolution was in full swing. No one was allowed to go out on the streets in Berlin after eight ololock at night. There was too much danger of being picked off by a sniper.

Well, my companion, Webb i.aldron, and 1 disregarded the $x \dot{x} \times$ eight o! clock curfew and one night we were on our way back to our hotel about eleven o'clock. Just as we came to the main intersection of the two principal streets of berlin, the friederickstrasse and the Unter den Linden, a man jumped out of the dark and shoved his revolver into our faces. We were a bit startled, in fact so startled that instead of saying something in our broken college German we blurted out something in english.

Whereupon the chap with the gun laughed and said o his companions: "They're a couple ot Yanks. What do you know about that?"

Then putting down his gun he said live in Galveston, Texas."

We stood the re talking to him in the dark for several minutes, and rear we round that it was being used as said:

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"Why, you must be an American. So am 1. My home is in Hoboken, New

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heis-heis.
As a grand climax to this New Year's celebration some of the U-boat sailors presented us with a part of the Kaiser's Imperial wardrobe which I afterwards brought home to America and exhibited in New York.

Well that was about the most eurions New Years celebration of my if fe.

A letter came in today from a poetic soul named Dale Carnegie, the well known bard of Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn. He sends in an effusion with which I think I'll close this New Year's Eve's broadcast. Mr. Carnegie writes the following in limpid lyric verse.

So long old year, you made us mad You were lacking in a lot of ways But just the some I'll say you had The same old number of months and days.

Well, I think I'll add a few inspired lines of my own
to that lovely sonnet:-

So long old year, so long for good
I say it without sorrow
To all you listening in I'll say
SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROw".

