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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 I to 8 points. The market took a turn for the good yesterday when that big railroad merger was announced by President Hoover, and the rise 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 Knasind President Hoover told us 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 wisconsin, 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

SIOCK EXCHANGE - 2

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 about it.

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In the weekly questionnaire of the new Literary Digest I saw a question that made me start right in hunting for the answer. The question asks: HOW MANY BUSINESS DEPRESSIONS HAVE WE HAD IN THE LAST FIFTY YEARS? It said see page 40, and to page 40 I turned.

business has behaved the past half century, the good times and the bad times all graphically charted out.

The Digest quotes Colonel Ayres, 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, including the present, ens., have been major by one. depressions. The peculiar part about the present business situations is that, in spite of the Wall Street crash, it began as a minor depression. and then got worse. In this it resembles the bad time of 1884.

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 chart in the New Literary Digest shows it graphically. It is, that once a depression hits bottom it doesn't drag 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 optimistic.

Well, the New Year of 1931 1 will miss one colorful figure - that is, the tennis fans 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 when old game of tennis 10 with Tilden no longer in there making his miraculous shots, and getting into one controversy after another. With the passing of Tilden into professional ranks amateur tennis loses a vivid splash of color and the sports writers will have a lot harder time writing their preces.

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And here's golf - a romantic note about the ancient royal pastime. A lot of odd marriages are being performed these days, but here's a wedding ceremony celebrated between rounds, out there on the links. 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/ the Olympic Falls Country Club, and then between rounds they stopped play long enough to have the wedding performed. and then they teed off again. Tife to them will probably be just one game golf after another — and with too many bunkers we hope.

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Next comes a man who is going to have a hard-working year. He'll 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 to plant the trees, and planting a thousand trees is certainly going to keep him busy, especially if they are fairly big ones.

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News from Russia tonight tells us that the widow of Lenia, 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 Stalin 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 part in the Communist government until Stalin takes back what he sid, and calls Rykof back to his old job.

Now comes a rather plaintive item about kings in exile. It's is 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 in 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, is 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, dreams that they are not likely to see come true during a re not likely to see come true during

the New Year at any rate.

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Word has just come of a happening that took place a week ago. It was an enormous tidal wave that swept down on one of en the island of Australasia. Those islands are so far away from the beaten

the word to arrive he rest of the world. 7 8

The giant wave swept down on the island of Awinn. 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 Associated Press, the natives escaped by climbingup tnto 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.

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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-Kitchen-Upsetter". He is an old man with a woebegone expression, and, according to the International News Service, he carpial of the 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 🖼 dishes, and the food goes spilling all over the pavement. Then the "Walking-Kitchen-Upsetter" sits down and weeps bitterly. It is said 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".

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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, Scotty, out in Missouri. But that cat

came back. Scotty 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? aske Mr. Hayden.

Well, I ask you!

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

And here's another radio listener who tells about John Harr, of Jones Mill, 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 and syrup."

Yes sir, and we'll need xixxx plenty of them in fact a stack of hot cakes about 77 feet ix high.

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I suppose you are all getting ready for a big time to night. 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 9 correspondent I succeeded in getting 10 into Germany immediately after the 11 Armistice. We were watching the progress 12 of the German revolution and New Year's Eve of 1919 found us celebrating the 14 occasion in the Kaiser's Imperial palace 15 in Berlin. But not as the guest of the 16 Kaiser. Oh no. Herr Wilhelm Hohenzollern 17 had fled to Holland, and the occupants of his famous palace on the banks of the 19 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 o'clock at night. There was too much danger of being picked off by a sniper.

whereupon the chap with the gun laughed and said to his companions:
"They're a couple of Yanks.

What do you know about that?"

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Then putting down his gun he said to us:

"I'm an American too. I used to live in Galveston, Texas."

We stood there talking to him in the dark for several minutes, and he told us that shortly before the World War broke out he came over from Texas to visit some of his relations in Germany. xxxxxxxxxx Then with the declaration of war in August, 1914, they wouldn't let him return to America. They simply grabbed him and put him in the navy and he wound up as a sailor on a submarine.

Then a machine gun on one of the buildings across the street opened fire and started raking the street. We all made a dive for the nearest doorway and fell in a heap inside. It was an empty shop, a place that had been closed during the revolution. Rushing to the rear we tound that it was being used as a government first aid station. Sitting 23 beside tame candle was a Red Cross nurse. 24 25 She took just one look at my uniform and

said:

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

Well, we found that the U-boat sailor from Galveston was living with a lot of his pals in the Kaiser's palace. How ke they got there is a long story. They had been brought to Berlin to help uphold the power of the Majority Socialist government. They hadn't received their pax pay for some time. So they simply seized the Kaiser's palace and barricaded themselves there. In fact, they didn't leave it until a battle was fought and they were driven out after earnor were brought out and the place was bombarded.

Our friend from Galveston
invited us to stay at the palace as his
guests, and we did. New Year's Eve
came along just them. The sailors all
went down into the Kaiser's wonderful
wine cellar and what a time we had. They
got into the Imperial cold storage rooms
too and feasted on turkeys and chickens,
bratwurst, weiswurst, rollmopst and



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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 curious New Years celebration of my life.

12-1-30-5M

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 same 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.