

1 Good Evening, Everybody:

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3 ~~instead of a modern radio one,~~ I'd sing
4 out: "6:45 and all's well". Because
5 the news is cheerier than usual, ~~tonight.~~
6 Not many ~~of my~~ dispatches ~~are~~ about
7 calamity tonight. There's one with a
8 ~~fomantic~~ note about the grandson of Jules
9 Verne. Another about happy days are
10 here again up in New York State. ~~Also a~~
11 ^{may not} tale about a couple of burglars who ~~didn't~~
12 fare so well. A story from the New York
13 Zoo. One about what a home boy ^{ie} Stalin,
14 the Red dictator of Russia, ~~used to be,~~
15 ~~and how good he was to his mother, and~~
16 ~~so on.~~ There also is a weird item about
17 the talking movies, and then I'm going
18 to finish off with a few well chosen
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20 those of you who speak Chinese.
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WILKINS

Just for a second or two lets wander off into realms of high romance. The grandson of Jules Verne is going to accompany Sir Hubert Wilkins on that weird submarine cruise next summer. Sir Hubert Wilkins as you know is getting ready for a trip to the North Pole in a submarine. The submarine will navigate under the ice and at the Pole the adventurers will bore their way to the surface. No matter how it turns out it is bound to be one of the most spectacular things ever attempted in the whole history of exploration. Well, most of you will remember Jules Verne's Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea, and the strange submarine Nautilus commanded by the mysterious Captain Nemo. Jules Verne always saw into the future, and in that tale he foretold the marvels of the submarine. The Nautilus even made the trip under the ice to the North Pole, just as Sir Hubert intends to do. Sir Hubert is appropriately naming his under sea craft the Nautilus.

Some weeks ago I told how Captain Danenhower of the U. S. Navy who is to be Sir Hubert's submarine Commander on the

trip had sailed for France to arrange for Jules Verne's grand daughter to do the baptizing. But now the New York Herald Tribune tells us that Captain Danehower has returned and he did even better than he expected. He arranged for the grandson of Jules Verne to join Sir Hubert's expedition and that's what I call romance with a capital "R".

VOLCANO

Last night I told about a priest who is arranging to make his home for two months inside the crater of the world's largest active volcano. Well today's papers tell us the story of a man who has been studying a volcano, and who seems to be another hero of science. At any rate he has given his life to the cause of human knowledge. Last night we also had the news about the terrific eruption of the volcano Merapi out in the Dutch East Indies.

Well, Dr. Werner Borchardt, a German scientist, was studying that same volcano of Merapi. The Associated Press tells us that ten days ago, against the advice of local officials he made an expedition to the summit of Merapi to stay ~~he~~ there for a while, and even lowered himself into the crater to study the gasses that were seeping out. Then the tremendous eruption came, and the scientist has not been seen since. He has ~~be~~ been given up for lost.

That reminds us of another famous man who tried to observe a volcanic eruption at close range. He was the Roman

Admiral and naturalist, Pliny. In that famous eruption of two thousand years ago, the one that buried Pompeii, Pliny went toward Vesuvius, through the darkness and smoke and rain of ashes. Pliny was suffocated by the gases.

1 ~~And~~ here's a cheery ~~Christmas~~
2 note from up in Erie County, New York.
3 They don't seem to be having any hard
4 times up there. The Ladies Aid Society
5 of a church at West Falls gathered a
6 truck-load of food, clothing, and
7 bedding for needy families. They
8 started out with that truck-load, but *they*
9 couldn't find a ^{*single*} needy family. Everybody
10 had enough food and clothing.

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CASSOWARY

New York's Cassowary has crossed the River Styx. He was a bad bird, and he was a hungry bird. He got hungry once too often. The Cassowary you know, is a sort of cousin to the ostrich and to our old friend the emu. That old bird at the Zoo in New York was named Rascal. He deserved the name. He was bad tempered and was always attacking the keepers. A story in the New York Telegram says that Mr. Rascal Cassowary had established quite a reputation for eating strange foods. For instance, one day he had lead pencils for lunch. Another time he ate a meal of bottle tops. He is even said to have swallowed a nail file. Well, you'd think that nothing would kill that bird; but the other day old Pascal Cassowary ate the top of a girl's vanity case. Maybe it was the gold or copper in that vanity case; maybe it was the rouge and lipstick in it. Anyway it killed the Cassowary.

LETTER

Nearly every night I have mentioned about the interesting letters that have been coming in from radio listeners - letters full of all sorts of curious stories. Well, here's a letter from a man who doesn't listen in at night. He's way out in the Phillipine Islands, and his name is Edward Gallaher, and here's what he writes:

"It's raining and storming as I write: We have had over 100 inches of rainfall since the start of the rainy season in the middle of May and it is blowing fit to lift the ~~xx~~ hair off your head, but I don't care! My Literary Digests have come, three of them, June 7th, 14th, and 21st.

"I am going to frame the three covers, as they are pictures in the ~~ix~~ true sense, full of beauty that will bring me a bit of peace in the topsyturviness of the world.

"The plane I am writing from is some seventy miles north of Manila, on one of the worls's most beautiful bays, Subic Bay. Our business here is to drydock and keep in repair the ships of Uncle Sam's fleet in Asiatic waters. These ships may not amount to much, in these days of Naval conferences, but each one of them

flies the Stars and Stripes and carries the meaning of America up and down the coast of Asia.

"It may be raining and storming but so long as the Digest keeps coming, we should worry!"

Well, Mr. Gallaher out in the Philippes has been taking the Digest for thirty years. I wonder how many of you can equal that record?

1 Late dispatches say that some ~~44~~
2 or ~~45~~ were lost in a shipwreck in
3 Scandinavian waters. Two Finnish steamers
4 had a collision in the Cattegat. That's
5 the narrow strip of water between Denmark
6 and Norway, and it's near the scene of
7 the Battle of Jutland. According to
8 the ^{International News Service} ~~Associated Press~~, the passenger
9 steamers Arcturus and Oberon ran into
10 each other in a heavy fog. The ~~the~~ Oberon
11 sank, and its passengers ~~xxx~~ were left
12 struggling in the icy waters.

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SCHOONER

Over on this side of the Atlantic the fishing schooner Angelina went down off the Massachusetts coast. She hit a sunken rock or something submerged - they don't know just what. A heavy gale was running and it was blowing a high sea. The crew of the Angelina took to their boats and rowed seven miles through the breakers to shore. Not a man was lost.

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There has been another shake-up in the Bolshevik government over in Russia. Rykoff, one of the most prominent Communist leaders, has been forced out of his job as president of the central executive committee of the Soviets. *A United Press cable tells us that he* ~~He~~ was too conservative and got into a row with Stalin. Stalin, the man of steel, has won.

STALIN

Some odd facts have come out recently about Stalin, the grim Bolshevik dictator. Apparently he is a home boy, good to his mother and all that. What sort of woman is the mother of the man of steel who rules Communist Russia? Well, she is a humble peasant, and to her the Red Dictator is just "Soso". No, I don't mean it that way. "Soso" is a pet name for Joseph which is Stalin's given name. Anyway, the simple, kindly old peasant woman says that Soso is a good boy. He was always a good son. She meant him to be a priest and sent him to a theological seminary. This week's Literary Digest prints a tremendously interesting feature article about the mother of the Red Dictator. It quotes from the New York Evening Post and suggests that Stalin's mother is a trifle sad that her boy didn't grow up to be a priest instead of the man of steel who rules over the vast empire of the Czars.

HOT DOGS

Well, folks, I suppose many of you are having dinner about now. If you are, how about asking the missus to pass you a chien chaud? Chien chaud, French for hot dog. No, I'm not getting high hat. This is news. The well known American hot dog is becoming fashionable in Paris, and over there at the cafes on the boulevards they call a hot dog a Chien Chaud. The United Press informs us that a hot dog salon has been opened and every night it's crowded with beautifully gowned women, and men in evening clothes. It's a very Ritzy place. There's a footman, in a magnificent red suit at the door, and the waiters are all dressed as they are at the Ritz. It's all very magnificent and the only trouble is that our humble hot dog costs ten francs apiece. That's about forty cents. So, if you go to Paris, watch your step, and among other things beware of the hot dogs.

DRUG STORES

The Associated Press sends us a joke to end a joke. "What do they sell most of in drug stores?" Yes, Mr. Bones, the answer is:-- anything but drugs." Ah ha! and that's just where ~~xxx~~ we are wrong. An expert connected with the Census Bureau in Washington has figures to show that drug stores do sell more drugs than anything else. The soda fountain looks like the most important part of the drug store, but that's because it takes 5 or 10 minutes to get a sandwich or a soda, while it takes only a few seconds to buy an ounce of epizoodic or assifidity.

MARY CHRISTMAS

1 And now for the daily Christmas
2 item, only this one ^{is just a bit off key,} ~~strikes a slightly~~
3 ~~sour note.~~ How would you like to be
4 named Christmas? ~~It's not a bad name~~ It's a
5 splendid name, ^{of course.} There was a famous old
6 soldier of fortune named General Lee
7 Christmas. ^{Then there's our mutual friend Jimmy Christmas.} But suppose you were a girl
8 and your last name was Christmas, and
9 your first name was Mary, ^{thus making it} --Mary Christmas?
10 You can see the possibilities for jokes.
11 Well, the Associated Press tells us
12 about a Mrs. Mary Christmas, of Racine,
13 Wisconsin. She comes forward with what
14 she wants Santa Claus to bring her. No,
15 she doesn't want an automobile, or a
16 new radio, or a ten thousand dollar fur
17 coat. All she wants is for people to
18 stop cracking those jokes. When she
19 tells folks that her name is Mary
20 Christmas, she wants them to stop
21 saying: "The same to you!"
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END

At this point I want to shed a tear - a tear on behalf of movie actors. Life isn't rolling along so smoothly for ~~xx~~ them these days. They make out pretty well at Hollywood, but what chance have they got to talk say Arabic or Chinese? The talkies have certainly complicated matters for the motion picture world. Selling straw hats to the Eskimo is a soft snap compared to selling English dialogue talkies in countries where the movie audiences look upon our beautiful mother tongue as just a lot of absurd sounds. So the folks out at Hollywood are attempting to solve the problem by making talkies in many languages. Ah, but there's the rub.

Greta Garbo can speak Swedish, German and a rather picturesque brand of English. But Greta doesn't speak a word of French or Spanish or Italian. Norma Shearer knows French, but not German. So you can see how difficult it must be to shuffle the movie actors in order to get a complete cast for a foreign language film.

This week's Literary Digest has a fascinating article

on all this. The Digest says that some philologists estimate that there are between 800 and 3000 different languages used on this planet. So no wonder Mother Earth gets a headache now and then.

All those languages are spoken by people who comprise possible customers for our American talkies. The Digest adds that more of our fellow men talk Arabic than any other language. Then English comes second, Russian third, and then German, Chinese Spanish, French and Italian in that order. Somewhere down the line come Portuguese, Pushtu, Malay, Zulu and so on.

What chance has a poor movie actor? And that isn't the worst of it. The British consider our American brand of English a sort of barbarous dialect. So, according to our cousins in dear old London, our American movie actors don't even talk the jolly old English language. Be that as it may, just think of even trying to sign off in 3000 languages. I can't do that, but ~~for~~ for a change I think I'll say solong tonight in Chinese. Here goes: How hung - gor geng nee- li bi yat - how hung. In other words:- SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.