GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

And a special good evening to The Poor Richard

Club, and friends. I most certainly do not deserve your

award. But I'm delighted to accept it just the same. About

the only one I deserve is a max medal for starting a laugh

that seems to have swept the country. But more about that

later. Now for the news. From North Africa.

SUBSTITUTE FOR TAX STORY

The latest tonight is that Congress passed a tax bill, finally and at last. Not the Ruml plan of skip-a-year-and-pay-as-you-go, nor the 'fficial Administration bill-- which preoposed to forgive fifty percent of last year's income taxes. The final result in a compromise between the two-the Robertson-Forand bill which provides for the forgiveness of seventy-five percent.

this, of course, is a fifty-fifty town-the-middle compromise between the Fund hundred percent skip-a-day-year and the Administration fifty percent.

In the case of the Ruml plan history repeated itself today -- with events much the same as when the question was up the last time.

First the Ruml plan, in the form of the earlson bill, won a tentative vote-- was okayed for the time being, subject to change in a subsequent vote, then in the subsequent vote the House rejected the earlson -Ruml idea.

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COAL

Late today, the Labor Board in Washington took over the seal mine dispute. The board issued an announcement stating that it is taking immediate measures in the controversy that led to the strike and then to the fifteen day truce.

This assumption of authority by the Board followed a declaration today by Solid Fuels Administrator lokes, who has been placed in charge of the soft coal mines which were seized by the Covernment. Ickes declared that the question of wage increases must be decided by proceedings before the Labor Board. This, of course, is in direct contravention of John L. Lewis-who all along has opposed the Board.

Secretary lokes took the attitude that, while he was Ministering the seized mines for the Government, he was not acting in the guise of owner, although John L. Lewis had taken the stand that the miners were now working for the Government. Iokes said that he had no power to do anything

about wages and that these must be discussed by the Union and the Mine Operators before the War labor Board.

He stated that the truce of John L. Lewis, which sent the miners back to work, was not in the nature of a bargain. It was the result of a straight request made by the Government, He declared that no pledge or promise was made to Lewis.

These transactions followed an earlier order resuct by lokes - an order for a six-day week in the minde. The pay rete for minors are calculated do the basis of a five-day week and for the sixth way they get overtime- time and a half. And this means an increase of pay. Working five ways a week, the mineral get a begin thirty-kive dollars a week. On the six-day behedule they got forty-five dollars and fifty cents a week- an increase of den dollare and fifty dents a week. The pay raise they asked mes an extra two dollars a day, These reckonings would seem to indicate the wage demands issued by John L. Levis have been med to a considerable extent- by the ckes six-days a-week order/

have been working on a six-day-a week basis for sometimewith time and a half for the extra day of evertime. The mines
were put on a six-day basis, but many worked the shifts in
gueh fashion that the mine it worked for five days.

All of which obsoures the meaning of today's six-day-a-week order. We don't know just how much it means by way of extra pay for the miners. However the six-day week, with its actual increase of money earned, is one of the deminds made by Lewis, and today's order by "ecretary lokes would seem to be a concession, And this is to be balanced against the fact that Ickes has referred the general settlement back to the War Labor Board, to which Lewis is so much opposed.

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Russia. They are unimportant, Also you can kill the "upper

Today in Tunisia, American forces swept forward from the captured town of Mateur, with gains of from eight to ten miles. We are told that Mateur was taken by a small party of Americans in a two shot battle, Just two shoes were fired by a reconnaissance outfit and each shot killed a German sniper.

abandoned Mateur, without a fight, American drives had made the place untenable, and so a battalion commanded by Captain libral McCutches of Pallace; Tomag just moved in and fired two shots.

On top of which we are told that tremendous american pressure during days of heavy fighting, has forced the Axis to pull back all along the line in Northern Tunisia.

whoir success at Mateur. They are closing in around the Southeast of the great naval base of Bizerte, and also by threatening German positions to the Southe Masi defenses that have been holding up the British Eighth Army for days. One supposition

is that the forward thrust of the Americans to and beyond

Mateur may cause the enemy forces in front of the Bighth Army

to withdraws to avoid being outflanked by the Americans.

In addition, the fall of Matous out the only religion.

In the chrisking area held by the drive Only a cincle respect

bills now steads between our troops and Swier only the Americans

are so close to Biserte that they can hear the explosions of

bombs dropped by Seneral Doolittle's planes on the mayal base.

The bombing goes on incospently, and we hear about a couple of newly hailed American acce-Lingeric Lou and Fiddler Coron. Not to mention "ingeric Lou's technical sergeant."

Joe Palooka,

Lieut. Robert J. Byrnes of St. Louis Missouri used to be a Lingerie salesman, Now an ace war pilot with six victories to his crede lieuter Overcash has shot down five enemy planes, and he is called "Fiddler," a because he used to play the big bull fiddle in an orchestra, Joe Palocka of Haselton is called Joe Palocka because that's his name.

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Lingerie Lou credits a lot of his air battle success to the mechanical gifts of his technical sergeant - Joe Palocka,

PACIFIC

Today we have an account of a spirited naval battle in the North Pacific -- the Alcutian area, This had been mentioned previously by the Navy, which today amplifies a lively picture.

Mostward of the Jap controlled island of Attu, an American squadron was on patrol—a heavy cruiser, a light cruiser, and four destroyers. It was shortly after dawn, when they spotted the Japs— an enemy force consisting of two heavy cruisers, two light cruisers, six destroyers and two transperts. Our warships were outnumbered nearly two to one, but they promptly charged to the attack.

Fire was opened at long range, and for three and a half hours the ships wove patterns over the sea in the maneuvers of naval battle--guns blazing, shells exploding. We hit the Japs, and they hit us. There was only minor damage to our vessels, and American casualties were extremely light, It isn't not known exactly how heavily the Japs were battered, but

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shell hits were observed, , and at least one American torpode blasted a heavy cruiser.

The mention of torpedo takes us to the end of the fight. Three United "tates destroyers sailed in with a torpedo attack, and with that the Japs broke off the engagement and fled.

parther south below the Equator, water stores forces have occupied some additional islands in the Solomons—the Russel Islands, west of Oundalcanal; Javan as loss than a hundred hiles from the mearest position occupied by the Japa, Today the Havy Mescloses that westook the Russel Islands in Solomons, and successful to resistance, the Japa had lost, the interesting South See name.

Major Eddie Esgan of the U. S. Army Air Force is standing beside me. Major Eagan who had a colorful career before the outbreak of this war, as a soldier in World War One, amateur Heavyweight Boxing Champion of the World, Graduate of Yale, Harvard and Oxford, Rhoades Scholar, world traveller, author and lawyer -- to all this he is adding another colorful chapter. Today he is with the Air Force Transport Command, and his war-time travels have taken him recently to Asia, Africa, South America and within the hm past few days he

Major Eagan in one of our recent Sun Oil opening and closing announcements, my sponsors urged the listeners to this program to write as often as passes possible to the boys in Service. You've been getting around the world a lot, what is your verdict on this subject of mail?

MAJOR EAGAN :

Your sponsors were right. You can't send enough letters to the boys. Mail is what makes them feel that they are not fighting in vain. But, as we all know, most of

the men in uniform are right here at home. And they are greatly in need of many things. And here are one or two examples of what others have done, and what you, and you and you might do:- In Dallas, Texas the citizens are making a regular thing of inviting hundreds of service men into their homes for meals, during their off hours. In Long Beach California the citizens set up an elaborate Swedish bath for aviators, a place where they can get a massage and feel right like new after coming in from a flight a cross the Pacific. A few miles from here, less than a hour from Philadelphia, a private citizen gave some thousands of dollars to provide an athletic field for service men. Much of this is being done, and a hundred times more is needed. If you would like to do ik something special, just get in touch with the special service officer in your locality. You will find one at any headquarters.

One of the most distinguished men of our day is standing here with me at the microphone, the dean of American diplomats, Mr. Hugh Gibson. Hugh Gibson has represented us in Central And Latin America, in London, in Paris, in Belgium of course, and in Poland, Switzerland, and other countries, and as an Ambassador-at-Large.

This war isn't going to last forever and he is one of those who thinks we should start preparing for the peace. Isn't this so, Mr. Gibson?

For our personalities until after the way, then as you feel about any the state of the seasons and the seasons and the seasons are seasons as the seasons are seasons are seasons as the seasons are seasons are seasons as the seasons are seasons are seasons as the seasons are seasons as the seasons are seasons as the seasons are seasons are seasons as the seasons are seasons as the seasons are seasons are seasons as the seasons are seasons as the seasons are seasons are seasons as the seasons are seasons are seasons are seasons as the seasons are seasons are seasons are seasons are s

prepare for the peacemaking. The self-proclaimed Realists told us our job was to win the war and that there would be plenty of time for peace-making once that was done. There wasn't plenty of time. There was no time at all. The result was that we failed to get what we wanted. We got neither peace nor security.

If we can utilize these precious months while the United Nations are held together by a common peril and a common purpose, we can make progress toward a good peace. And if we do that intelligently it may well be the means of opening a second frost inside the enemy countries and hastening a victorious end of the war.

And now about what hap ened last Friday evening. That uncontrolled laughter, in care you were listening. Hail and telephone calls are a part of the phonomene Listeners are very kind about putting us right when we make mistakee, Naturally, we are criticized; and, we receive leteof encouragement from some of you who listen, But, that laughing I did last Prider seeming then I laughed and couldn't stop; well, that brought a response that was quite overwhelming; pert of which is one of the pleasantest experiences I have had in the more than twelve continuous years that I have been on the air. At Radio City, where I was broadcasting that night, all the telephone lines were blocked with calls for more than an hour, calls from some of you, wanting to know what the laughter was about, and from others who just wanted to talk shout de I heven't heard from all of the stations on this network, but from just one of the careing in Cincinnati, in Cincinnati, asking about the laughing.

Last-night I mentioned that I wanted to go through

lady writes: "We were at dinner with guests, and we laughed right along with you. We laughed so that we exploded with soup in our mouths. And the soup went everywhere and the dinner was ruined." binds Smith of East Norwalk, Sommesticut writes: "The harder you laughed the harder I laughed until I hearly fell meeff my chair." A. H. Carstens of Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania puts the query in the form of poetry:

MLowell, what we want to know
Is What made you giggle so.
On your broadcast Friday night.
Grandma said you might be tight,
Or perhaps that bare backrider
Made you want to sit beside her".

Charles R. Hamilton of Boston wonders if I was inebriated, and writes words of sad reproof: "My family and I are not even yet willing to believe what our judgement almost forces us to accept. In passes your last the boys and We all realize the temptation a fellow like you must be up against!" To which he adds:

"Your having seemingly during all the past years successfully resisted makes the shock at this time all the more grievous". No, Mr. Hamilton, it wasn't that. But what was it? Well. before I do tell you what it was, may I quote from two or three more of the messages that have come in, messages that show how much services the welcome a show how much services the plant have days, whether we anything to laugh about or not. Sarah Kraemer of Allentown, Pennsylvania puts it this way; - "While I was listening to the war news in your broadcast I began to think about my son in the service and as usual tears bolled make down my cheeks. When you started to laugh, "she goes on, "I began to laugh and the tears still continued to roll".

Holon Ms Janks Lackgard writing on stationary of the price Proceduration Office at Caldwell, New-Jorsey says: "Myr impound and I more Rainsburg convelsed with laughter - without laughter it was all about!

Now a peculiar thing is this -- among all who have sent in comments, not one noticed the point that caused the undignified outbreak. And, I don't wonder. Because the joke

was so slight and hardly perceptible. It was a slip I made as I concluded the story of the Blue Star Mother of Flint, Michigan, the former bare-back rider in the circus, who has twenty-two children -- two sets of it triplets and eight sets of twins. Which is no laughing matter. And, nobody, I am sure, would have paid any attention to my slip except the erudite Mr. Charles Warburton, the production man who was in the studio too. The scholarly Mr. Warburton, is English, a one-time Shakespearian actor and Shakespearian producer, and, he looks like Hamlet. So

In my last line about the Blue Star Nother of Flint,
Michigan, I was saying that she deserved the honor, doubly triply - with twins and triplets. In rattling off the sentence
I wanted again to repeat that she lives in Flint, Michigan.
And there was where I got tangled up slightly, I said -"the Blue Star Km Flint Mother". And, Charlie Warbuton, the
veteran Shakespearian thespian took it to mean that I was
calling in her the Blue Star FrintxMaxham Mother made of
Flint.

I am sorry I have to explain this so much, but you know how British jokes are.

Whereupon Charlie let out a Piccadilly guffaw and
then tried to hide it by turning away. But I couldn't help
whereupon too,
seeing him. He was within three feet of me.

got the point about the Flint Mother. But by then I was into
my next item, about this Alice Paye; and I was saying: "What
could be more wonderful than a devoted wife and a loving
Mother"?

The story work how allow, the boautiful marie stary
was retiring from the serson -- retiring to happy how and
demostic blice with hubby and the baby. The min notes on
Miss Paye that I had prepared featured sweet and sentimental
expressions. However,

everybody in the studio, and we were all just about in convulsions. And that made it were for me. You know how laughing to sometimes when you get going?

And that's the real story. We just got laughing -

a few people did suspect me of being tight I'm glad I

CLE THAT

laughed because from all the mail that me has been coming

in I guess there are many who needed a laugh.

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Mrs. Langfelder of Brooklyn in her letter put it

are
this way: "My only two boys in the Army, and every day I

have the blues. My husband and I were listening at dinner
time, when Lo and hank behold we both found ourselves laughing
harder than we had laughed for ages".

And you should have seen Hugh laugh. And Glthough
I'm in Philadelphia tonight and Hugh is in New York, I tout
wouldn't be surprised if he's still laughing. How about it
Hugh? And 5-l-u-t-m-