

Good Evening, ~~Everybody~~ Everybody:

Here's one thing that may encourage us over the Christmas holidays. A cable to the New York Evening Post from Berlin reports that ten countries, ten of the biggest nations on ~~the~~ earth, have passed the lowest point in the business crisis. The U.S.A. heads the list and included in the ten are also Germany, France, and England. The ~~Evening~~ New York ^{Eve.} Post's Berlin correspondent makes this statement on the authority of a world ~~wide~~ survey conducted by a German

institute of business research, a semi-official but not a

political institution - *the same institute I spoke about several nights ago in connection with a report on conditions in Germany.* And here we have another encouraging item in

the report. In ~~the~~ no less than twenty-five of the ^{world's} ~~nations~~

countries ~~the~~ ^{the eb-tide} of business has been definitely halted.

In only three tiny nations are conditions ~~definitely~~ worse.

And those nations are Bolivia, Paraguay, and Uruguay where warfare is still raging.

For the sake of accuracy and to indulge in no exaggerated optimism it should be added that the survey conducted by this German Institute reports that so far no country shows improvement of a kind that can honestly be called recovery. But the important thing is that for the greatest part of the world ^{it insists that} the worst is over.

TURKEYS

Then here's one thing ^{not} so significant for the world at large, but nevertheless definitely cheering to us in the U.S.A. It concerns your Christmas dinner. Your turkey, which was so comparatively reasonable on Thanksgiving, is going to be cheaper yet for this holiday. You may recall that in November the price of turkeys ranged from twenty-eight cents to forty cents a pound - twenty-eight for western birds, forty cents for the eastern home grown kind. Well, a market report in the Trenton State Gazette has it that home grown turkeys in the eastern states will be as low as thirty cents a pound. ^{And} That ^{that 30¢ a lb is} means [^] the top price for choice birds. Thirty cents a pound for prime Maryland and New Jersey turkey certainly means a dinner both luxurious and cheap.

BEER

And now for

~~Well, here~~ the latest ~~dope~~ on the beer situation.

"We'll have beer by April Fool's Day," ~~if we don't get fooled,~~ ~~That's the dope which~~

That's what political sharks are prophesying today. The \pm 3.2 per cent beer bill which was passed by the House yesterday, was offered to the Senate today. The Senate as a matter of routine, turned it over to the Judiciary Committee.

And here is what will probably happen. Observers experienced in legislative skullduggery, inform us that in the first place there'll be a long delay before the bill goes through the Senate. Then, says a report to the Brooklyn Times Union, there's likely to be either a veto by President Hoover, or a move by the drys to have the bill declared unconstitutional.

Nobody in Washington seriously believes that beer by which they mean legal beer, will be flowing before Mr. Hoover leaves the White House. *By the way* ~~A strong probability is for~~ a special session of Congress ~~will~~ be called by President-elect Roosevelt soon after he becomes President Roosevelt. *That's the ~~report~~ rumor.*

BURNS

Is the State of Georgia sore at Governor Harry Moore of New Jersey? Well, you just ask the State of Georgia. When Governor Moore refused to extradite Robert Elliott Burns who wrote "I am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang", the State of Georgia pretty near ^{by} burned up. In fact, it looks as though the State of Georgia hasn't been so mad since the lamentable days of General Sherman.

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Newspaper readers will recall that Burns committed a robbery in Georgia which netted him four dollars and eighty cents and was sentenced to the chain gang. He escaped once, went to Chicago and was "turned in" as the saying is, by his wife. On that occasion he went back to Georgia voluntarily because he had received a promise that he would be pardoned within ninety days. The ^{making and breaking} ~~fact~~ of this promise ~~was~~ definitely proved in the hearing held ~~yesterday~~ by Governor Moore in Trenton. Then, of course, Burns escaped again, and went to Newark, New Jersey, and there he wrote his book from which a film was made.

In the course of the hearing that Governor Moore held, considerable evidence was brought to establish the cruelty practised in Georgia's penal institutions. One impartial witness, the Secretary of the ~~Nex~~ National Society of Penal Information testified as follows: "There is no state in the Union where the penal system is as bad as it is in Georgia."

So Governor Moore refused to extradite Burns, and what the Governor of Georgia ^{now} says about ^{the} Governor ^{A New Jersey} ~~Moore~~ is plenty. He issued a statement from Atlanta today complaining that there ~~has~~ been a slander on the State of Georgia and its institutions. A dispatch to the Newark Evening News quotes the Governor of Georgia as saying that the Governor of New Jersey is either desirous of basking in the light of cheap publicity, or is completely taken in by these slanders.

Meanwhile Burns is out again.

DEBTS

And here's ^{today's} ~~the~~ news on ^{that eternal} ~~the~~ debt question. President

Hoover has decided to abandon his idea of appointing a bi-partisan commission to investigate and review the debts owed to Uncle Sam by European governments. This was announced in Washington today at the same time that the President made public his correspondence with President-elect Roosevelt on the subject. Governor Roosevelt refuses to accept any responsibility in the matter until he takes office. He indicated in his reply to ^{Mr.} ~~President~~ Hoover's communication that he didn't wish to be bound by any action taken before he becomes president.

At the same time comes information from Paris that the ~~xxxx~~ new French premier, Senator Paul-Boncour, will follow the policies of his predecessor, Mr. Herriot, with regard to the debt owed by France to Uncle Sam.

LUKS

I approach this next ~~bit of news~~^{item} with a peculiarly friendly feeling. The New York papers, ^{this morning and again} tonight carry the story of a stately and exceedingly aesthetic gathering of artists and patrons of art. A distinguished American painter was scheduled to make an address. He did and it ended in a fight with the distinguished American painter threatening to punch one of the

other gentlemen in the nose.

is unrepentant today. In fact he hooted, roared and laughed over what he had done.

Wm. Engle in the World-Tel. tonight declares that the combative artist had done.

Well, I almost feel as though I knew that particular painter - good old George Luks. I have ~~two~~ friends who are old cronies of his, and they told me a lot about him. He is a great painter, and at the same time, say these friends of mine, he

is a man of rare humor, a festive soul -- and at times he feels the lust of battle. He may be 65 years old, but he is a battler -- and last night he wanted to clean up the place. ^{in any case,} As the New York Sun relates, ^{tonight} George Luks

appeared at ~~the~~ Artists Cooperative Market where a solemn and art loving audience was gathered. George was supposed to paint a portrait and make a speech. He just made the speech. Instead of painting a portrait he told the folks what he thought about

the art of portrait painting. ~~He doesn't think so much of~~

~~it~~

"Portrait painting", Mr. Luks ^{roared} ~~announced~~, "was created
by a bunch of bimbos who were thrown out of saloons and ^{then for spite} ~~in the gutter~~ painted
the bouncer's face in the gutter." ~~for spite.~~

And that's when the trouble began. Some of the
audience did not agree with George. There were loud protests.

George walked up to one large gentleman who was uttering

sarcastic comments and wanted to punch him in the ^{schnozzle.} ~~nose~~ "You're

^{the artist,")}
~~not~~ talking to George Luks" he shouted. "You're talking to the
best bar room fighter in America." Whang, bang!

And with that lively bit of repartee the gathering
of art lover^s broke up in ^{wild} confusion.

BIRDS

Canadian newspapers are considerably exercised over a suicide mystery. A dispatch to the Toronto Star relates that the mystery is being turned over for solution to some eminent Canadian scientists. The suicides in question are birds. Specifically birds of a type called the Murre. People interested in bird ^{lore} are wondering why ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ thousands of Murres have been flying ~~fly~~ from their home in the Arctic circle to the basin of the St. Lawrence River only to die there.

~~I never saw a~~ Murre ^{is} ~~but it seems to be~~ an Arctic seabird about the size of a crow, only its wings are smaller than a crow's. Flocks of them have been seen passing high over Quebec in the direction of Montreal, Toronto, and Ottawa. Soon after they reach~~ed~~ those regions they are found dead in the waters.

Another curious bird item comes from Jacksonville, Florida. Some months ago a policeman in Racine, Wisconsin, spied a robin fluttering helplessly on the ground, evidently

having been hit by a stone. The chief of police in Racine took the bird into custody and nursed it to health. When the weather grew ~~wild~~ too cold for robins in Racine, the chief boxed the bird up and sent it to the chief of the force in Jacksonville, Florida, with the following note: "Please take care of the prisoner - it's much too cold for little robins in our part of the country. If you release him, warn him not to return to Wisconsin this winter without heavy underwear and spats."

(5)

sleds

The last few days have been great sport ^{for every} ~~for every~~ youngster ^{from five to fifty-five} ~~of whatever age~~ who owned a sled, ^{hooking onto fast automobile} ~~But motor~~ vehicle authorities are issuing a word of warning. For instance, the Commissioner of the State of New Jersey says to motorcar drivers: "Don't let the kids hitch their sleds ~~on~~ to the back of your car." This practise has led to fatalities in several parts of the country. Several youngsters have been killed and ^{others} ~~two~~ seriously injured through hitching their sleds or skis to ~~powerful~~ automobiles.

The Courier Post of Camden, New Jersey, quotes Commissioner Hoffman as admitting that he remembers what sport he himself had as a lad and that he realizes what a thrill it is to ~~get~~ hitch ^{your} ~~on~~ sled behind ^{an} ~~fast~~ automobile. But he ^{that} points out the danger is too great. There's not only the danger of the car stopping suddenly, but also ~~that~~ of other cars ^{ing} ~~which~~ turn a corner and ^{running you} ~~ride~~ down ~~the sled~~ before the driver can see ~~it~~ you.

(4) The Commissioner points out further that allowing either children or adults to hitch their sleds or skis to an automobile is a misdemeanor coming in the category of reckless driving. The operator of a car who does so, is in danger of having his license cancelled.

LOVE

Now for a question that is not new but always interesting. A French magazine has been asking eminent authorities: "Must a woman be beautiful in order to be loved?"

Replies were sought from Cabinet ministers, members of parliament, members of the French Academy, eminent lawyers, distinguished actors, artists, novelists.

The answer seems to be: Yes and No. What it amounts to, ladies is ~~that~~:-- the younger you are the more beautiful you need to be in order to arouse what poets erroneously call "the tender passion". For instance, in a girl of sixteen, beauty is of eighty per cent importance. In a lady of thirty physical pulchritude rates only fifty ^{per cent., while} intelligence rates fifteen points out of a hundred, ^{and} generosity ten. ^{For a} ~~young~~ lady of fifty on the other hand, beauty rates only ten points out of a hundred, while intelligence and generosity rate forty ^{per cent} a piece.

(3)

~~Last~~ ^{before last} night I told about a six weeks old baby making a trip in an airplane, and I mentioned that probably that was the youngest one ever to travel by air. But I'm wrong.

Dr. Spalding of Timmins, Ontario, wires me that he knows of at least two babies born in airplanes. He says that one was born to a doctor's wife, in an airplane above Florida.

In having the event take place in an airplane they were meeting the stork halfway. Dr. Spalding adds that another baby was born in an airplane, 300 miles north of Winnipeg. The mother was an Indian woman. They were rushing her, through the skies, to a hospital, when the stork arrived.

HOSPITAL

Every so often I get a letter from a radio friend who is laid up for a while in a hospital. And I thought of them today as I ran across a couple of medical jokes. Somehow or other it seems to be the idea that the right kind of humor for people who happen to be under the weather is jokes about doctors and operations and so on.

I was glancing through a recent book called Fun in Bed, which goes in for hospital humor, and what tickled me the most was a couple of Scotch medical stories.

One told about the birth of little Angus MacTavish. It was noticed that the baby kept his right fist tightly closed and they couldn't get it open. Then the wise old Scotch doctor came around and reassured the worried parents. He placed a shilling near the baby's clenched fist. As infant Angus reached for the shilling, the midwife's gold ring fell out of his hand.

Then there was another one that told about the Scotchman who married a snake charmer so that when he got the D.T's he wouldn't have to send for a doctor.

PICCARD

As we all know, the man who has gone deeper into the sea than any other human being is Dr. Will Beebe; and the man who has gone higher into the skies than any other mortal is Professor Piccard from Belgium.

Well, I happened to be talking to the undersea expert about the stratosphere expert today, and Dr. Beebe told me the latest anecdote from Europe. Said he:

"Balloons are going ^{up} ~~to the~~ all over Switzerland, hoisted by their own Piccard."

Right on top of that I have just learned that Professor Piccard is coming over to America before long, to arrange for another expedition into the stratosphere from the shores of Hudson Bay, and to lecture on his experiences in the rarified ~~regions~~ ^{realms} where the temperature never changes, where it is always about ninety degrees below zero, and where the sun, moon and stars all shine at the same time, in a region of purple darkness.

Professor Piccard speaks ~~splendid~~ English, just as ~~most~~ learned Europeans do. But here's the funny thing about it.

He has an aversion to the smell of ~~the~~ tobacco smoke.

He sent word to his manager over here not to book him

~~anywhere~~ where ^{anyone} ~~people~~ will smoke. It makes him ill. He

likes the rarified air of the stratosphere, not the heavy-

laden, smoke-filled air of a banquet hall. Well, I am

afraid the famous balloon man is in for a ^{smoky} ~~long~~ time ^{in these} ~~times~~

United States, and

that brings me to my time for lighting up my El Ropo ^{perfecto}

~~and saying~~ ^{and} So Long Until Tomorrow.