Good Evening, Everybody:

One thing that is gripping the attention of the public today is another sensational kidnapping. Evidently the kidnapers had planned their snatching, as this branch of crime is now called, with precision and considerably stages had studied all the movements of their victim, Charles Boettcher II. the son of a rich banker in Denver, Colorado. Young Boettcher had just returned by airplane from Kansas City, where he had been visiting his mother. About midnight, just as Mr. and Mrs. Boettcher had returned home, two men stepped up to him outside their garage and prodded pistols into his side. They forced the years banker's son into a small sedan which they had waiting nearby. Then they thrust a note into Mrs. Boettcher's hand and drove away with herbusband

This note warned the kidnapped man's wife not to notify the police and further instructed her to it tell his father he had better get sixty thousand dollars ransom. Boettcher, Sr. was told to notify the criminals of his willingness to do business by a

personal ad in the newspapers.

One sentence in the note read: "Don't forget the Lindbergh baby would still be alive if the ransom had been paid."

Later today news came from Denver that Mrs. Boettcher had signified her willingness to pay the sixty thousand dollars ransom.

One of the minor features of the story is that young Boettcher is a friend of Colonel Charles Lindbergh.

This kidnapping happened in the Capitol Hill district of Denver, the district inhabited by the richest people in the city.

The whole district was thrown into a panie by the news.

The entire police force of Denver has been mobilized to search

for the kidneppers and their victim. All the roads around Denver

are being patrolled and every suspicious ear is being stopped.

The whole thrilling story is in the newspapers tonight and the next installment the developments should make your daily papers particularly interesting tomorous marning.

LONDON

An announcement came from London today which is interpreted as meaning a concession on the part of John Bull to Uncle Sam. Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald told the House of Commons that the British Government has agreed to expand considerably the scope of the war debt conference in Washington next month. The British will have authority to take up world economic problems and measures to promote the revival of mr of prosperity all over the earth, as well as the war debts.

The Prime Minister said that what he was particularly, anxious for was an agreement with the United States which will enable Britain to pursue a definite European policy.

One obvious meaning of this statement by Premier

'ns-wop'
MacDonald is that Great Britain has dropped its attitude of not

offering Uncle Sam anything in exchange for a scaling down of the

debts.

HITLER

A meeting that took place in Germany yesterday revived rumors of an impending engagement to marry that will have echoes around the world if it comes off. The groom, wax so the gossips say, is to be no less than Chancellor Adolf Hitler. The bride, with warm, widow of the son of the great Richard Wagner, the composer.

The rumors of this engagement have been current for some time, but there confirmation of it. Chancellor Hitler and Madame Wagner met yesterday at the Richard Wagner anniversary-celebration of Leipzig. It was this that revived the report.

Incidentally, eleven people were killed and twenty-three injured in page political battles through the German Republic over the week-end.

Well, the expected thing has happened in Tokio.

The Japanese Cabinet approved a message to the League of Nations declaring that Japan would not back down an inch. This message was sent to the Mikado and sanctioned by him, and then cabled to Geneva.

By way of a retort to this, the acting Prime Minister of China issued a statement hinting that the Chinese Minister will be withdrawn from Tokio if another drive is started by the Mikado's forces in the province of Reyho.

One repercussion of all this was a small panic on the stock exchange in Tokio.

each year presents a gold medal. It is awarded for the outstanding achievement of the previous year. Last year it went to Senator Marconi of Italy. Another year it went to the wireless operator on that famous North Pole going dirigible the Italia, the tragic one commanded by Nobile, the one that was weeked on their. A posthumous award of the medal was also made to Michael O'Laughlin hero of the sinking of the Vestris.

Now the eighth medal is to be presented to Ray Myers.

Who was he? Why Ray was in charge of the wireless on Wilkins last expedition to the polar regions, when the submarine Nautilus went under the ice.

(6)

Dr. George S. Truman.

President, Mount Allison University, Sackville. Feb. 13, 1933. I visited Mount Allison University, at Sackville, New Brunswick.

I was impressed with it as an educational institution, and

particularly impressed by its president, a splendid type of down
East Canadian, tall, lean, white-haired, almost my ideal of the

sort of man I would want my son to know. His name is Dr.

George J. Truman. I found that most of the Professors on his

faculty had done graduate work at American Universities.

More than a thousand graduates now live here in the States.

My friend, Dr. Truman, is a graduate of the University over which he now presides, Mount Allison, and did his graduate work at Berlin, Heidelburg, and Columbia University. He is in New York this week in connection with educational matters, and is in the studio with me. I am going to ask him a question. I realize that he is biased, or ought to be, but he is the kind of man who tells the truth as he sees it.

Dr. Truman, what advantages, if any, has the small college for a young man or a young woman?

Some colleges are small because their growth is stunted by poverty, lack of enterprise and general weakness; others have limited their attendance because those in charge believe that a college, because it is small, has certain very real advantages, not shared by its bigger sister.

An increasing number of parents, even in the cities, see the advantages of sending their children out of the busy whirl of life, to a small college. In a community where there are fewer distractions, regular study will have at least an even chance in the competition for a student's time.

But many of our most successful men have come from small villages and the open country. As boys, many of them were lacking in confidence; they were sensitive and retiring. They might not have gone away to study at all, had it not been that a small college was near at hand. In the big university many of them would have been lost, balked in their purpose, and failing to make the adjustment, would have returned home, branded as failures. But in the small college they soon felt

at home, received instruction and inspiration under the personal direction of able teachers. They recognized their professors as friends, and often the President of the college was the truest friend of all. At the end of the four years a miracle had been worked -- the awkward, callow youth had found himself, and was ready and able to take a leading place in the graduate or professional school, or in business, industry, or politics.

The professors in the smaller college may not a be any better scholars, and they are usually not as interested in research as those in the big universities, but man for man they are better teachers; and they are better teachers because they are brought into more direct relation with the students and think in terms of human values.

All of the universities in Eastern Canada are small. Being used to hard struggling they are weathering the economic storm with strength unimpaired. Hearty thanks are due to the Carnegie Corporation of New York which, out of money set aside for use in territory other than the United

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undation?

States, has helped out of difficulty more than one of our small colleges.

Many thanks Dr. Trueman — and here's one that will interest you I know. It concerns an important problem -

stretching the dollar, no there is no rubber in a dollar bill - that's in checks.

Anyway thenfor heighbor Prof. anna Cooley tells me Anyway that there is a movement on at

Columbia University to teach people how to stretch the dollar.

Open meetings will be held this week, where householders will
gather to be instructed in the science of stretching the dollar

- no, I don't mean squeezing the nickel. There is a great deal
of difference. The nickel is squeezed by the poor, only the
rich have a dollar to stretch.

But in any case householders are invited to take sixteen short courses, which will include such matters as the proper way to figure a household budget, methods of marketing and schemes of cooking the best possible meals at the least possible cost. These courses will be given by the regular faculty of Teacher's College at Columbia.

HOOVER

Mr. Hoover is certainly being well guarded on this, his
last visit to New York as President, to speak at the Lincoln Day
banquet of the National Republican Club at the Waldorf. At the
present moment Mr. Hoover's train, which is also bringing Mrs.
Hoover and several member of his Cabinet, is just about putting
into the Pennsylvania Station, New York. On guard at the station are
a hundred and seventy-five uniformed New York policemen. Eight
hundred of Commissioner Mulrooney's best coppers are lining the
streets from the station to the Waldorf.

Mr. Hoover is scheduled to begin speaking at ten o'clock tonight. And if you haven't retired by that time, you will have a chance to hear him from your favorite broadcasting station. The presidential party will leave for Washington tonight, arriving at the capital early tomorrow.

This was far and away the most important event in

today's celebration of Lincoln's birthday.

MRS. ROOSEVELT

entry into Washington, D. C., as Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt will on March 3rd. She is going to drive from the Roosevelt country house in New York to Washington in her own roadster, accompanied only by two dogs, a Scottish Terrior and a police dog. As Mrs.

Roosevelt explains it: hersels "Someone in the family has to take the dogs and the car to Washington, and I don't see why I shouldn't do it."

She added that one reason for her trip probably is that it will be her last chance in many months to get away by herself for a few hours.

A peculiar sort of hunt was started today over in New Jersey, -that is, unusual in the United States. The Game Warden of New

Jersey is leading a posse of twenty-five hunters armed with

rifles and pistols to track down and shoot a pack of wild dogs in
the tangled country of the Ramapo Hills.in New-Jersey.

not properly fed, or have been abondoned by their owners that they have gone wild, and taken refuge in the comparatively desolate woodland of those hills. It is said that they are hunting in packs, slaughtering wild life and even killing stock, of the farmers.

No less than five wild dogs have been shot since January 1st.

People experienced in the ways of dogs are rather inclined to discredit the wild tales of large packs of dogs running under the leadership of the strongest at in the pack. The dog wise say that there is no authentic record of dogs hunting in packs.

At the same time trappers and game wardens have found half-eaten carcasses of a deer, and on farms and estates near the Ramapo Hills considerable livestock has been lost.

PENNSY

Coming back from New Jersey on the train I just had an interesting conversation with a railroad man who told me one thing at least that I had not seen in the newspapers. The Pennsylvania Railroad, having completed the electrification of its main line as far as Wilmington, Delaware, is going to make the traveling public's eyes pop out, when its spring schedule is announced. It is going to give ninety minute service between New York and Philadelphia. Ninety miles at ninety minutes. That's going some. We've been hearing so much about railway speed records abroad that ix it's pleasant to be able report to/xxxxxxx something similar for the U. S. A. A test trip was made fox over the line by officials of the Pennsylvania the other day, and a sixteen car train covered the distance between the Pennsylvania Station, New York, and the Broad Street Station Philadelphia in eighty-one minutes.

As you may have already read, before long all the southern trains on the Pennsy will be electrically driven as



far as Wilmington, Delaware. Eventually electric locomotives will be pulling the western trains as far as Paoli, Pennsylvania.

And by the way, did you know Lincoln was at one time a railroad man. I learned at the meeting of the General

Eastern Passenger Agents Association, at the Hotel Lexington in New York, that part of Mr. Lincoln's legal work brought him prominently into the railroad world. At this meeting of nearly one hundred General Passenger Agents from big reilroads throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico,

I heard an amusing story about Lincoln. It was told by

Dr. Edgar & Barney, secretary and General Passenger Agent of the Hudson River Day Line, who has quite a reputation as a Lincoln student.

Mr. Lincoln was attorney for the Illinois Central
Railroad in an important case. He won it. He won a decisive

verdict for his clients and sent them a bill for twenty-five
hundred dollars for services rendered. The Vice-President of
the road objected to this bill and said:- "Mr.Lincoln, for
twenty-five hundred dollars we could have hired the greatest
lawyer in the country - Daniel Webster." Mr. Lincoln replied:"Well, I won the case - Webster could have done no more." After



which, at the suggestion of certain lawyers and judges, among his friends, Lincoln raised the amount of his bill to five-thousand dollars and the railroad eventually paid.

The news from the meteorological front today indicates
"more snow." Several places along the Atlantic coast reported
the heaviest snowfall in four years. And the thermometer, after
taking an astounding nose-dive to six degrees at six o'clock this
morning, is now up again.

From several parts of the country come reports about youngsters killed hitching their sleds to automobiles. The Chief of Police of Trenton, N.J., set other police chiefs a good example today when he sent all his men out with orders to put a stop to this kind of fun. It's grand sport, but it has been proved much too dangerous.

Here's one that may interest you, Dr. Truman. On the coast of Newfoundland they had another terrific gale. In one small town a church was blown clean off its foundations -- over a cliff and into the sea.

On Long Island Sound that group of ten people who put to sea in a schooner to look for the son of one of them who was missing in a small boat, on Long Island Sound, are today reported to be in a bad ** way. They drifted thirty-six hours

helpless on the waves, without ruel, without food, without drink, and without heat. Six of the ten today are threatened with preumonia in a serious condition and surgeons believe they may have to find hillen amputate the fingers of the skipper.

A fishing trawler came into port in Boston today, after five days of helpless drifting. The rudder, the engines, the radio, and the pump had all been rendered useless by a fire. Two of the crew were lost trying to save themselves in a small boat. The survivors came into port declaring that they owe their lives to the heroism of the Assistant Engineer of the trawler, by name Edward Slade. Three times he dashed into the engine room to shut off the motors so as to avert an explosion. Each time he was driven back. The fourth time he was successful and collapsed just as he had done the trick.

Then a xxx dramatic story comes from <u>Unalaska</u>. It concerns Captain Andrew Nelson, famous in the Aleutian Islands as the man who

laughed at the seas that all other sailors considered deadly.

For all these years Captain Nelson has defied the dangers of that region. Today a report came to Unalaska that Andrew Nelson and twelve others had gone down in a motorship in a heavy gale off



The current issue of the Literary Digest quotes a chaste little narrative from the paper called "Washington Labor". And here's the gist of it:

Two lady school teachers from Brooklyn on their sabbatical travels **REMENTALY** stopped recently at a small old-fashioned hotel in Alberta, Canada. One of them, a rather nervous lady, could not rest until she had explored the corridors to find all the exits in case of fire.

Unfortunately, The first time she opened was that of the public bath occupied by an elderly gentleman taking a shower. The schoolteacher lady, appalled and flustered, stammered out "Oh, excuse me. I'm looking for the fire escape." So saying, she ran for the aforesaid fire escape.

Imagine her feelings when, as she was running down the corridor, she heard an alarmed xhmutix shout. Looking around she saw the elderly gentleman, fashionably draped in a towel, running and shouting: "Where's the fire."

Well, after that, I'm going to grab my towel and shout:

SO LONG UNTIL SUNDAY, tomorrow