

L. T. - SUNOCO - MONDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1933.

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:-

Over in Scotland it wasn't Santa Claus that came today. It was the sea-serpent. Sandy and Santy are not pals anyhow -- for Scotch reasons.

It's all about that famous monster of Loch Ness, Scotland that I mentioned oh, a couple of weeks ago. The driver of a bus saw an enormous unearthly looking animal crossing the road, with a sheep in its mouth and it plunged into the deep waters of that beautiful Scottish Lake.

Well, that famous monster has been seen again. The latest witness is the wife of a postmaster of one of the communities on the shores of Loch Ness. She describes the Caledonia Sea Serpent as being about ten feet long. At sight of it she screamed. A fellow passenger looked where she ~~is~~ was pointing and admitted that he saw what she saw, which reassured the lady greatly.

There's one suspicious Scottish feature about this story. Since this weird animal was reported from Loch Ness, the

countryside has been a regular mecca for enormous crowds of sightseers. Convoys of special buses, as well as private cars, have brought thousands to the scene of the apparition. Even Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald has announced his intention of going there in hopes of catching a glimpse of the monster. The Premier went to his home in Scotland for the Christmas holidays. He is exceedingly anxious before he returns to No. 10 Downing Street, to catch a glimpse of the dragon or whatever it may be. He thinks it will be sweet and beautiful to behold in contrast to that American debt.

NBC

CHRISTMAS

I hope you've all had a quiet and pleasant Christmas with Santa Claus behaving in genial, orthodox fashion. For my part, I had rather an exciting one. The old boy from the North Pole cut a peculiar caper. I'm one of those men who has a sister -- and a lot of you chaps will know what she means. Anyway that sister of mine took it into her head to give me a Christmas present. No harm in that, only it's such a peculiar gift, a dangerous looking gift, possibly a ferocious gift. She went up to the wild woods of Vermont and brought back a live and growling Canadian black bear which, an optimistic friend tells me, is the most savage of the bear family -- more so even than the man-eating grizzly of the Sierras. So this morning I was led out to behold my Christmas present, a black fluffy powerful-looking critter with claws as long as the fingers on your hand. He was going around and around the cage in the restless, ferocious way of a Bengal tiger.

I spent part of this pleasant Christmas day trying to find out what to do with my new bear. And the latest indications are that my Christmas present may keep me broke and put a few grizzly hairs in my head -- playing wit nurse to old brother

b-a-r and seeing that he doesn't do any damage with those six-inch claws.

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On the other hand in Washington, at the White House, the Christmas gifts while abundant were less troublesome. It would be rather too much if President Roosevelt were given a black bear to look after in addition to all those Congressman and Senators, whose claws are not long and sharp, but who are tough and sometimes dangerous in the jawbone.

At the last minute Santa Claus in the shape of the White House police dragged in eight huge laundry baskets filled with gifts, special delivery packages from all over the country. It was one of the biggest Christmas days on record at the White House, with an unprecedented volume of gifts for the President and a party for all the employees and their families.

On the other side of the continent ex-President and Mrs. Hoover spent a quiet day in their home on the campus

of Stanford University. They spent a pleasant Christmas with their children and grandchildren.

~~Like yours truly,~~ ^{of Merry England} King George celebrated Christmas

with a radio broadcast. His Majesty said: "The past year has shown sober progress toward recovery." (I wonder whether he was thinking about our own U.S.A. and our brand new repeal?)

Meanwhile it seems that King George's eldest son, America's most popular royalty, the Prince of Wales, has gone into another branch of show business. HRH today is one of the most ~~next~~ popular phonograph stars. At the last Armistice Day celebration the Prince of Wales, after laying a wreath on the tomb of the unknown soldier, recited the famous poem by Lawrence Binyon, ^{called: -} "For the Fallen." The ceremonies were recorded and the Prince's recitation of Binyon's poem has become one of the most widely sold records.

CODEx

I assume that many of you are familiar with the recent travels of that famous Fourth Century manuscript of the Holy Bible, the manuscript known to scholars as the Codex Sinaiticus. It used to be the property of the Czars of Russia. The Soviet Government of course has no use for any other religion save ^{Leninism.} ~~Communism~~. At the same time Moscow has a keen ~~keen~~ eye to business and knows that Christians attach a great value to this famous Codex. So Comrade Stalin ^{has} sold this manuscript to John Bull for, roughly, half a million dollars. The British Government paid half, while pious patriotic Britons paid the rest. It arrived in London ~~last week~~ under the seal of great secrecy. It was promptly taken to the British museum, ~~but~~ there a preview was held for privileged magnificos of the tight little ~~island~~ isle. It will not be offered to the gaze of the vulgar until the bigwigs and the scholars have had their fill of it.

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And over here another famous manuscript will shortly be exhibited. But ^{there} ~~it~~ will be no such secrecy and privilege about

getting a look at it. The manuscript I am talking about now is a single sheet of paper signed by Francis Scott Key, The original complete autographed manuscript of the text of the Star Spangled Banner. This will be on exhibition at the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries in New York, next Thursday. It ^{will then} ~~is going to~~ be sold the first week in January.

NBC
Carl Freund

FOLLOW CHRISTMAS

And now, I'm sorry to say that everything was not in the Christmas spirit today. Perhaps the most shocking thing of all was the murder of the Armenian Archbishop in New York -- stabbed while walking down the aisle of the church, to conduct High Mass.

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The nephew of the racketeer Waxy Gordon, the bigtime racketeer, was assassinated in the Bronx. Nemisia seems to be pursuing the Big Shot whom the Government has condemned to prison.

EUROPE

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A bit of news from Spain, or to be strictly accurate, from the independent state of Catalonia which used to be part of the kingdom of Spain. The man who became the first president of Catalonia when it was erected as a self-governing state, died today. Senor Francisco Macia, for that was his name, was seventy-five years old.

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It was a sad Christmas for France, after that *terrible* in which ~~almost~~ *200 people were killed.* railroad accident. Messages of sympathy came pouring into Paris from all over the world. And the first of them all came from Berlin.

NEC

DETECTIVE

An American clergyman visiting in England, pulled off a rather unusual stunt recently. The parson in question is a minister from Spartanburg, South Carolina. Soon after he landed in London he was fleeced by a couple of confidence men who took seventy pounds from him. And what do you suppose the clergyman did? Did he, figuratively speaking, turn the other cheek and offer them the rest of his money? He did not. He shaved off his mustache, disguised himself in other ways, and for days he walked abroad in the streets of London, looking for the crooks. Well, the funny part of the story is that he did run into them again -- near Regents Park. The crooks did not recognize the clergyman and they tried to swindle him all over again. And that was just apple pie for the ministerial Sherlock-Holmes. He led the two confidence men neatly into a police trap. And that's the first time I ever heard of a clergyman Sherlock Holmes.

London Daily Mirror.

STOCKHOLM

Old boy Santa Claus came speeding across the ocean from the northern land of Sweden and paid a surprise visit to three young New York ~~are~~ architects -- John Gates, William Platt, and Jeffry Platt. The latter two are sons of the late Charles Platt, ^{famous} ~~the well-known~~ architect.

"Boys," said Santa Claus, "here's something for you."

And he plunked down a four thousand dollar prize, the ~~wining~~ winning award in an architectural contest for the modernizing of the fine old city of Stockholm -- the Venice of the North.

18 Eighteen months ago the city fathers of Stockholm decided to renovate ~~the~~ and improve their city. An international competition was staged. The three young Americans entered their plans -- and thought little more about it. But now, at Christmas time, they have been awarded the first prize, and the Venice of the North will be made over according to their ideas.

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This ~~award~~ award is provoking a lot of discussion at the Architectural Exposition in the British Empire Building in New York - at Rockefeller Center.

PROSPER

ICKES

Here's a Yuletide warning for towns, counties and states that have received allotments of Uncle Sam's money under the Public Works program. The festive warning comes from Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior and Public Works Administration, otherwise known as Santa Claus Ickes. He has discovered that some local governments, having received the money allotted to them, have been dilatory about using it. So Santa Claus Ickes sent a round-robin wire to the P.W.A. Bureaus all over the country. These wires notified the local bureaus that any municipal, county, or state government which does not immediately put Uncle Sam's dollar to good use will have it taken away from them. In other words the allotment will be cancelled and the money used elsewhere. And that reminds me of that road up my way that Santa Claus clean forgot.

NBC

TAX

This is open season for taxpayers, and a Senate Committee whose members are no relation to Santa Claus, has thought up a new form of taxation. It will be called a stamp tax. And that brings back memories of Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Paul Revere and the Boston Tea Party. But this won't be the kind of stamp tax that brought about the American Revolution. It will be levied on duck hunters. And not many will object to that -- least of all the ducks. The idea comes from the Senate Committee on the conservation of wild fowl. The idea is to tax every duck hunter one dollar. By this means the committee hopes to raise one million dollars a year, this to be used to establish reservations for wild women, wild fowl, wild ducks I mean. One grave Senator however declares that such a tax will be too easy to duck.

DUCK

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A novel form of sport was devised recently by an Englishman. The idea is shooting wild duck from airplanes. The hunter in question explained that he shot the birds by flying below them and potting them from underneath.

Unfortunately the law took an ~~exceedingly~~ ^{deuced unclubby} ~~unchatty~~ attitude toward this new sport. The sportsman was arrested, fined fifteen pounds for permitting the discharge of a firearm from an airplane, with a bonus of two pounds for not keeping the log book of an aircraft up to date. And for good measure the Chairman of the Board of Magistrates sent him home with a

(I say, as)
rude comment, saying: "This sport it is an outrage and an act

of ~~malix~~ hooliganism, ^{" And there's a word I like--} ~~and absolute negation of sports.~~ In other ~~words I take it the magistrates did not approve.~~
hooliganism!

London Daily Mirror

FEMININE CHARM

Well girls, if you intend to be charming, you will have to do it without benefit of surgery. It seems that some people have an idea that girlish sweetness and feminine graces can be cultivated by the marvels of modern medicine -- ~~gland~~ therapy. But the doctors say "No".

~~Dr. E. E. Freeman~~

~~A dispatch from~~ The Week's Science tells of a

man in Nebraska who went to the doctor and ^{com}~~ex~~plained that his wife was deficient in charm. She was lacking in coyness and those cute little ways. The husband thought that the wonders of modern ~~glandular~~ science might be able to make ^{her}~~his wife~~ more feminine.

The Nebraska doctor passed the problem on to the experts of the American ~~MAIA~~ Medical Association who now have issued a learned opinion on what causes that romantic allurence with which the ladies are endowed. They decided that science cannot do anything about it. They say that a girl cultivates her cute trickish ways by imitating grown-up women. And so it seems to be handed down from one generation of women to another.

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The medicos point out that one trouble may be that girls are raised sometimes as if they were boys and thus acquire, not those feminine charms, but that peculiar lack of charm which distinguishes us men.

FOOTBALL

Football - Argentine football. Down below the Equator they don't play what we know as football, they play the swift English game of soccer. And how!

One spectator gives us the following account: "For seventy-five minutes" says he, "I witnessed a display of something that was supposed to be football. Actually it was more like a cross between a boxing match, an Irish election, and a debating society. It ended when the police officer in charge called out the reserves and marched out all twenty-two players and their referee to ~~the~~ the nearest police station. And the players were sore because they were not allowed to take the ball with them ~~so~~ so they could finish the match in the back yard of the city jail."

In South America football matches are sometimes played to a running accompaniment of revolver shots. And the police carry tear gas bombs. And

CHINESE FOOTBALL

that's hot football along the Equator. And, now -- Chinese football.

Out in San Francisco Ah Sing and May Wong's brother threw forward passes that were intercepted by the Samurai. Chinese-Japanese football games used to be a regular Christmas feature at the Golden Gate. But they had been omitted since 1931 because over there in Asia the Chinese and Japanese have been playing something more strenuous than football -- forward passes with handgrenades. As it was, only a few chinese boys were on the sidelines. Those who were absent explained that their parents had locked them in.

As for the game, the Ju Jitsu boys were leading 13 to 0/ But the Sons of Celestial ancestors suddenly came up from behind with a flock of Confuscian end-runs and in the confusion put over two touchdowns. And the game would have ended in a tie if the referee hadn't decided that the Chinese had failed to convert their touchdowns just as the Missionaries have failed to convert the Chinese. So the game ended 13 to 12 in favor of the honorable Banzai Boys.

END

A week or so ago I mentioned on the air that one gift I hoped Santa Claus would bring me was a new way of saying "So Long Until Tomorrow." And Santa Claus must have been listening because the holiday mail brought me a flock of suggestions. One of them comes from Mrs. Pratt of Springfield Massachusetts. The fair lady suggests that in honor of Blue Sunoco I close with the words gas, oil and brake. This way --

Gas-oil-brake-away and say,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

Personal

Correspondence