

*Ames*

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Every night for the past few weeks the news has been heavy -- serious matters, mostly sombre. Tonight it's different, no world-shaking events -- no tragic news bursting upon a troubled nation. There are some things for thought, but there's a good deal of the light and spritely -- almost frivolous. Like -- the bullish doings in Kansas City today.

## STEER

Every so often in big cities a steer gets loose from some stock pen and goes rampaging through the streets. But in Kansas City today the steer on the loose was such a lively critter, such a first class jumper that it jumped the fence of the stockyards and dashed right into the maze of metropolitan thoroughfares. There was a wild stampede, especially in Petticoat Lane where fashionable Kansas City ladies do their shopping. There was pandemonium as mid-western social leaders and debutantes fled with terror from the charging steer. They fled panicky into stores and tried to climb over counters and up the walls to get out of the way. Traffic was tied up, city life disrupted for about an hour.

They couldn't catch the steer because every time they had him cornered, he'd nimbly leap over a fence. The beginning of the end came when the animal charged into a garage, and mechanics started climbing. They just about got the garage door closed to trap the beast, when out he dashed- just getting through. That was when the cops contrived to get a rope around his neck for the end of the bovine adventure. But the steer managed to perform one final prodigy. He gave a mighty bellow, dragged at the rope and

with a nimble leap jumped on top of a police radio car. Down he crashed through the top of the car and started goring the radio instruments with his long sharp horns. And that was when the art of wireless took a bad beating. The steer just about destroyed the radio car, before they dragged him out of the autenarae and loud speaker and hauled him back to the stockyards.

STRIKE

At eight minutes after eleven this morning a group of men gathered around a table at Lansing, Michigan, for a conference that's of basic importance to this nation right now. They were representatives of General Motors on one side and of the auto-  
*The leaders are Vice Pres. Knudsen of Gen. Motors and Pres. Martin of the Auto Union.*  
mobile workers union on the other. They're negotiating to

settle the auto strike.. The peace talk continued all day --

the proceedings a close secret. *The executive chambers in the state capital are under guard to see that the closed doors stay closed.*  
All we know tonight is that after an hour of conference,

the union leaders left the meeting to talk things over with

the Board of Union Strategy, ~~which went with them to the Michigan capital.~~ Then the negotiations were resumed. When the

conference adjourned for luncheon, the question was asked: "Has any basis for a settlement been reached?" The answer was "no."

After luncheon the talk continued through the afternoon.

*Then a*  
question was put to Governor Frank Murphy, who has been acting as the mediator of the strike. He was asked about the spirit that was being displayed in the parley between General Motors and the union. Was it a spirit of conciliation? Was there a mood of compromise?

The governor answered: "There will be no comment at this time." That just about expresses our lack of knowledge this evening -- no comment, as the two parties to the nationally important labor fight ~~will~~<sup>try</sup> to patch up terms of peace.

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Tomorrow the Conference ~~will~~<sup>may</sup> have another member joining Gov. Murphy as mediator -- Gov. Townsend of Indiana. He has been invited.

PRESIDENT

While Congress is acting  
on the Presidential plan for

reorganizing  
the government  
all eyes  
are on  
next  
Wednesday

I suppose we'll have an Inauguration after all on  
next Wednesday, ~~in~~ the Twentieth. <sup>But</sup> For a while today it looked  
as if the big event would have to take place without the  
principal character, an inauguration without a President.  
Franklin D. Roosevelt said he wouldn't go to the party, which  
does sound startling.

To be sure, he was invited. He received a formal  
note reading, "The honor of your presence is requested at the  
ceremony attending the Inauguration of the President of the  
United States. Please present the enclosed card of admission."

It was sent by Admiral Cary T. Grayson. He's the inaugural  
chairman. ~~He also happens to be the President's physician.~~

F.D.R. read this invitation, and declined. He  
turned <sup>it</sup> down, ~~the invitation~~ saying he'd be too busy to accept,  
~~for~~ So there you have the astonishing prospect - an inauguration  
without a president. Later news, however, brings a ray of hope.  
On the bottom of his note the boss in the White House wrote a  
postscript, "P.S. I think I may be able to go. I'll let you  
know definitely on January Nineteenth."

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So after all there may be a president at the inauguration.

This exchange of pleasantries today provided a bit of light relief in the heavy business of government, and here's another light bit. It concerns college football.

Do you know that there's one college in the country without a football team or any form of athletics whatsoever?

Which one? Guess. - The electoral college.

There's a movement on foot to remedy that deficiency.

"Why shouldn't the electoral college have a football team?"

asks Dr. Charles Wharton, former all-American star. He is

likewise a member of the electoral college this year, <sup>a</sup> ~~an~~ member

~~elector~~ from Delaware. So, attending the Inaugural next week,

he plans to get his fellow electors together, and form a football squad.

Well, there ought to be great football possibilities in politics. Politicians ought to make splendid ball passers, they're so good at passing the buck.

KIDNAP

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Tonight at Sacramento, California, a possible suspect is being questioned by the police and the G-men. They arrested him in connection with the tragic kidnap case of Tacoma, Washington. Let's see what circumstances there are to arouse suspicion against the man. He is a native of Tacoma, which has a vague significance in the light of the fact that the kidnap-killer is believed to have known something about the Mattson family.

The man being questioned used to be a patient treated by Dr. Mattson. That ties to what the criminal said when he snatched the boy - that he had helped to build the Mattson house, <sup>and</sup> was now going to get some of the money back. This led to the surmise that he might be a former patient of the doctor's, who had paid fees for treatment. The prisoner being held tonight is said to fit the description which the other Mattson children give of the kidnapper. He is said to have scratches on his face - it is known that the ten year old boy fought for his life. The criminal is supposed to be a maniac, so the police are investigat<sup>ing</sup> ~~a story that~~ <sup>ing</sup> tonight's possible suspect is one who ~~ing to find out whether~~



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escaped from a hospital for the insane. *The prisoner*  
*is said to admit that he did. But denies*  
*all suspicion against him. All of*  
~~these circumstantial~~ *these circumstantial*

signs are exceedingly vague. They may mean something, and

they may not.

DETECTIVE

There's a startling detail in the story of solving New York's sensational crime - the murder of <sup>the</sup> a young wife, Mrs. Case. There was one simple fact which brought about the arrest of the negro who now has confessed to the crime. He changed to a suit of clothes belonging to the victim's husband, and then took the suit to a tailor to have it altered - handing it to the tailor's assistant, a sixteen year old boy. <sup>Then in the solution of the case</sup> ~~then~~ the important thing was - for the boy to identify the criminal.

To make the story more pointed and pat, the lad is an enthusiastic reader of detective stories, and always wanted to be a detective. So now he found himself a key personality in a sensational crime case - called upon to make a critical identification.

When the criminal was brought before him he was asked -  
<sup>"Did</sup> ~~did~~ this man <sup>leave the</sup> ~~bring~~ suit of clothes with you at the tailor shop?"  
<sup>He didn't know. He</sup>  
The would-be amateur detective answered: - ~~no~~ ~~he~~  
couldn't make the identification, couldn't remember the man.

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The negro prisoner spoke up. "Sure you remember me," he said. <sup>Don't you</sup> ~~You~~ remember when I brought the suit in, you were

writing out some tickets for some other clothes, <sup>?" "Sure you</sup> when I handed

*remember me."*  
~~you the suit.~~

Then the young fellow remembered. Yes, it all came back to him. And he made the identification, which clinched the case <sup>confessing</sup> against the <sub>A</sub> killer.

It was an odd event for a young Sherlock Holmes - ~~was~~  
the criminal identification <sup>ing the detective.</sup>

## BIG HORN

Here's something to be taken up by the amalgamated union of husbands, that ancient order of long sufferers. They must do something about Joe the Big Horn. Joe is an Osage Indian, a rich one. (His forefathers roamed the barren plains of Oklahoma, the territory allowed them by the pale faces and the Great White Father. Those barren plains covered a huge lot of oil, which was afterwards discovered. So today Joe Big Horn is an oil millionaire.)

But just the same, Joe is in jail.

The union of husbands will have an intuition that there's a wife somewhere in the affair. For Joe Big Horn is back on his alimony, hasn't paid the "little woman" in some time. So he is cooling off in the alimony jail, and it looks as though he might stay there for a while.

I know there are some hard shelled husbands who will say, "Hurrah for Joe Big Horn." They'll applaud his adamant refusal to kick in. But it's not that at all. Joe Big Horn wants to get out of the alimony cooler, and he's willing to pay. He's eager to square things with his storm and strife.

The trouble is that Joe Big Horn, being a red skin,

is a ward of the nation. His wealth is administered by the Indian Agency, which dispenses benevolence to the aborigine.

And the Indian Agency won't release the cash needed to <sup>pay</sup> ~~pay~~ ~~things with~~ the wife. <sup>All because</sup> ~~Some kind~~ of routine red tape. So

Joe Big Horn is in jail.

MONSTER

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Strange stories are being told on the Roof of the World, far-off Tibet. The "abominable snow man" is on the rampage again. Yes, a snow man who is entirely abominable according to the Tibetans. They have weird superstitions, of course, in the Land of the Lamas. ~~and~~ <sup>Yet</sup> we can remember fantastic tales in a place so proper and sedate as Scotland. Remember the Loch Leven monster a couple of years ago? Well, the abominable snow man is not likely to make as much of a stir in the world as that Scottish sea-serpent -- because Tibet is so remote from everywhere. We have some rather impressive evidence about the weird creature of the Himalayas -- from no less a person than Eric Shipton, the British mountaineering explorer and Mount Everest climber. Shipton testifies in all seriousness that he saw the footprints of the abominable snow man.

Tibetan lore is that the giant creature inhabits the upper slopes of Mount Everest, <sup>the peaks the Tibetans fear as a haunt of</sup> Not a man made of snow, but an ogre that lives among the snows. Described as a werewolf covered with long hair. It's said to devour human beings. That's what makes it a terror among the Tibetans.

Demons.

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A wild scare on the Roof of the World would in itself be worth a mention, but it's all the more curious when we find so sound a British explorer describing the footprints of the abominable snow man. Shipton says he encountered them on the snows of Mount Everest at a altitude of thirteen thousand feet -- like tracks of a stupendous creature walking, ~~that~~ They were too far apart for anything like a human being to have made. They were so large that he could fit his own foot in a quarter of one of them. He relates that he tried to track the monster, but lost the trail when the footprints passed from the snow to barren slopes of rock.

Is this another one of those queer inexplicable stories? Or perhaps do the fantastic footprints indicate that the wonder-working Lamas are up to a trick or two?

BUNYAN

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There's a great man in the news tonight, not Mussolini or Hitler or Stalin. Somebody greater than they. Not even Napoleon or Caesar or Alexander the Great - it's somebody still greater. They are holding a convention in honor of this mighty personage, a convention at Bemidji. That sounds like Turkey or Afghanistan. But it's Minnesota. Bemidji, Minnesota, is reputed to be the birthplace of Paul Bunyan, the legendary lumberjack whose exploits and ~~prodigies~~ prodigies are the fable of the northern forest.<sup>5</sup>

This Paul Bunyan Convention appropriately, is dedicated to story-telling, lumberjacks spinning tall yarns around camp fires. Tonight they are holding mighty disputes about the toothpick Paul Bunyan used. It is known that he uprooted a tree to pick his teeth. But was it a pine or a fir? *That's the argument.*

How cold was it in Paul Bunyan's time? That's another point they're investigating. Some accounts say the temperature sank to 372 degrees below zero. Other versions contend themselves with the undeniable truth - that it was so cold the snow was blue. You know how the tip of your nose will turn blue with the frost?

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It was just the same way with the snow - in Paul Bunyan's time.

<sup>also</sup>  
They're getting the truth straight about Babe,

Bunyan's pet ox. The space between Babe's eyes was the length of fifty ax handles. Or was it fifty-one? They are calculating ~~with~~ that accurately tonight. But there's no doubt that Bunyan cleared the timber out of the two Dakotas to give Babe room to ~~graze~~<sup>graze</sup>. And in Minnesota they know the origin~~s~~ of the ten thousand lakes <sup>which</sup> ~~are~~ ornament that state. Those lakes are Babe's footprints, as she wandered across the prairie.

Which leads me to make some footprints of my own,  
~~some~~ <sup>some</sup> footprints away from the sands of radio time.  
~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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