

Dec. 25/34. Tuesday.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

The amusing thing to do this evening, also the difficult thing -- would be to find a lot of news that does not pertain to Christmas, -- to offset all that Merry Christmas cheer I exuded last night. Ah, but to find an abundance of news that isn't Christmassy, that's like looking for palm trees at the North Pole. Still there are a few things that do not pertain to Yuletide. But Christmas, of course, comes first. For example there is the way various important people have spent the day. We can't get along without that.

The White House celebration centered around the Presidential grandchildren, Buzzie and Sistie, with Buzzie laying toy railroad tracks all over the dining room floor.

The President's Christmas gift to each of the one hundred and fifty White House employees was a copy of his latest book:- "On Our Way." Authors are that way, including me.

From President to Ex-President: We find Mr. and Mrs Hoover spending a quiet Christmas in California with their son, Herbert, and their three grandchildren.

KINGS

King George got a house for Christmas. Of course, His Majesty has castles and palaces. They are romantic, because they are old. Now, he is getting something new; the most up to date, modern house that can be built. A present to him from the Royal Warrant Holders Association. That's an interesting society.

If you go to England you will notice the various trades people who proudly advertise the fact that they are purveyors to His Majesty!- Royal vegetable dealers, the kings own wine merchants, Hatters to the crowned Head! These trades-people of the court number about 1500. They include a small newspaper dealer, a maker of Lamprey pies - Lamprey, being a kind of eel. Also a horse milliner. The milliner of the royal horses provides ribbons and rosettes for the decoration of the royal coaches of state. A century ago the trades people of the Court formed an association which is now celebrating its hundredth birthday. And doing it by giving the King a Christmas present -- that new and up to date house. It is to be known as "The King's House" and eminent architects are competing for the honor of designing it.

Of course his majesty had a birthday party. I suppose

many of you folks listened-in, for it was a radio party flashed on the ether waves around the world. And the King called upon the members of the British Commonwealth, from Tasmania to Baffin Land, to be one big harmonious family.

...the biggest Christmas
in the world...
...the little town and are still
pouring in, for there are famous babies on the globe -- also their
father, mother and the family physician, Dr. Deane. Mrs. Deane,
mother of the children, wanted to have the babies home for
Christmas and tell her other six children around the family Christmas
tree. But the physicians belong to the world of medicine, and the
medical authorities insisted that they be kept in their scientific
hospital.

As to which child in the world had the biggest Christmas and got the most presents, the Yuletide championship might go to the child-king of Yugoslavia, the small monarch, named Peter. The cable solemnly tells us that His Boyish Majesty is especially thankful to Santa Claus for a speedy toy motor boat.

48
But, the probabilities are that the biggest Christmas in the world fell to the lot of the Dionne quintuplets. All day presents have been pouring in to that little town and are still pouring in, for those most famous babies on the globe -- also their father, mother and the kindly physician, Dr. Deafoe. Mrs. Dionne, mother of the quintuplets wanted to have the babies home for Christmas and join her other six children around the family Christmas tree. But the quintuplets belong to the world of science, and the medical authorities insisted that they be kept in their scientific hospital home.

Horses-1

There was one unhappy Santa Claus in New York today, ^{the} Santa Claus for the horses. Every year the Humane Society gives a Christmas party for animals and this year Sam Patton, a negro porter, was delegated to spread the Christmas dinner for the horses. They made him an equine ^{Chris Kringle.} ~~Santa Claus.~~ Sam stacked up bails of hay and crates of apples and a lot of feed bags on the side walk in front of the Humane Society offices. But the Santa Claus of the horses waited ^{there} in vain. There are 20,000 dobbins of one sort or another in New York but not one showed up to partake of the Christmas cheer. ^{black Santa} ~~Se Santa Claus~~ Sam finally gave it up. He distributed the apples among the children of the neighborhood. As for the hay, he couldn't find anybody to eat it so he carted it back to the barn.

19

^{n.y.} The Santa Claus of dogs and cats had a better time of it. Scores of fidoes and kitties showed up for their Christmas dinner. ^{Manhattan} Christmas in the animal kingdom was also enjoyed by one monkey and one turtle.

Williams.

Dec. 25, 1934.

INTRODUCTION TO VALENTINE WILLIAMS

We can talk about Christmas celebrations in various parts of the world today, but they simply don't amount to anything when compared to January twenty-fifty just twenty years ago -- 1914. The first Christmas of the World War! In the New York Times I have been reading a firsthand, eye-witness account of those wartime, Yuletide sights and sounds. It's by Captain Valentine Williams, the British novelist and mystery story writer. He had been a war correspondent, and went to the battle on Flanders Fields as a captain in the Irish Guards in 1914. Since then he has been foreign editor of the biggest newspaper in the English-speaking world, the London Daily Mail. He started writing mystery stories as he lay wounded in a hospital in the War.

Captain Valentine Williams is living in New York just now, so I got him on the telephone, caught him playing Squash at the swagger Racquet and asked him if he'd mind being at a microphone at Rockefeller Center this evening in order to tell us about that first wartime Christmas -- which really started days before, when the British Tommies began to feel the Christmas spirit coming over them. The British patrols in No Man's Land

INTRODUCTION TO VALENTINE WILLIAMS - 2

put up signboards with jocular and sarcastic greetings to the enemy. And the gunners, feeling jolly, would write messages in chalk on the shells before they shoved them in the cannons -- " 'eres a plum pudding for Kaiser Bill" or "Amerry Christmas for Little Willie". Then bang! And away that Christmas greeting shrapnel shell or high explosive would go whizzing. The spirit of merry Christmas kept getting merrier as midnight of Christmas Eve approached. But noe let's let Captain Valentine Williams tell it.

21

It seemed in every way a special Christmas. The weather had been wretched, raining and snowing, with all the misery of icy mud and ~~snow~~ slush. But the night before Christmas the weather changed, and midnight was cold and dry. The French, amid general rejoicings, celebrated midnight Mass at an improvised altar in a communication trench. The celebrant in every case was one of the soldier-priests in the trenches. In the British trenches we had no holly or mistletoe. The Tommies strung gay festoons of paper for decorations.

On the enemy side, the Germans had brought regimental bands up to the front lines and through the hours of darkness the strains of Stille Nacht and other German Christmas hymns drifted to us from No Man's Land, played by the bands and sung in chorus.

The artillery was silent. At daybreak the German's guns refrained from their customary "morning hate." It was so quiet that we could hear the twittering of birds, as flocks of sparrows, made bold by the unaccustomed quiet, flocked to the trenches to be fed.

And then took place a series of events which I have always held to be the greatest tribute to the Christmas spirit our age has known. The sun was up, when suddenly we saw two or three gray

2
figures amid the barbed-wire entanglements. They waved friendly hands, and cried in broken English:- "Merry Christmas, Tommy! Merry Christmas Jack!" Before anybody realized what was happening, men from both opposing lines of trenches were scrambling into No Man's Land, laughing, cheering, singing. All along the lines figures in British khaki and German field gray kept appearing. They came to a halt midway between the trenches and faced each other, at first with suspicion, then with wonderment. Then rifles were laid aside and hands were grasped in Christmas friendship. Cigars and cigarettes were handed about, souvenirs exchanged. Clouds of tobacco smoke took the place of the smell of gun powder. English speaking Germans acted as interpreters, or the two sides made themselves understood in soldier French.

There were jokes about the war. "The first seven years are the hardest," grinned Tommy. "England kaput!" chortled Fritz. And Tommy grew gently sarcastic about the failure of the German fleet to come out and give battle.

53
There was much singing. The Germans obliged with Stille Nacht and Tannenbaum. By special British request they sang "Die

Wacht am Rhein", to which the Tommies responded with Tipperary.

A battalion of Scots serenaded an outfit from Saxony with an old Scottish song beginning: "The boys o' Bonnie Scotland, where the heather and the bluebells grow." And then the Scots taught the Saxons how to sing "Auld Land Syne".

In one sector the British officer in command asked permission to bury a score of British dead. The German commander readily agreed, and ordered his own men to help. Britains and Germans, working side by side, dug the graves. Then the German commander, with tears in his eyes, shook hands with the British sergeant in charge of the detachment.

The truce continued all of Christmas Day. The next day there was still no shooting, but neither side left the trenches. The morning after that the guns roared out again, and the work of death was resumed.

54

And that, Captain Valentine Williams does give us a picture ^{full of feeling of the 1914,} ~~of the~~ first wartime Christmas. And we know ~~about~~ that nothing like it ever happened again. The British high command frowned on the fraternizing, thought it ~~a~~ ^{ed} ~~weakening of~~ the fighting spirit. The officers concerned were severely reprimanded. thereafter, ~~wartime~~ Christmas was just another ^{24 hours of fighting.} ~~day of war~~. In his article in the New York Times, Captain Valentine Williams looks back across twenty years to that first wartime Christmas, and sees it illuminating the black days of the World War -- like a lighted Christmas tree shining from a window along a darkened street.

Smith

Lupescu. -~~h~~

They say there are weighty reasons why King Carol has asked his erstwhile red-haired flame to leave Rumania and offered her a handsome pension ~~if she~~^{to} do it. Yes, the reason is weighty indeed-- thirty pounds weighty. LaLupescu has always been a somewhat weighty personality, of weighty influence in Rumanian political affairs, and of weighty personal poundage. For in the last few months she has gained thirty pounds, which makes here definitely plump. They say King Carol likes ~~them~~^{her} thin. He prefers Greta Garbo to Mae West. He didn't mind it so much when the red-haired siren of Rumania had moderate ~~medium~~ curves, but now that she has put on thirty pounds, ~~the~~ the royal young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of sending her to Paris on a pension.

But the royal Rumanian ingenuity goes further than that. If LaLupescu^{goes} she won't be the first acquaintance of King Carol to make the trip. Before Lupescu, it was Lambrino. In the pre-Lupescu days Carol, the crown prince, was equally devoted to the beautiful Zizi Lambrino. In fact it is said ~~that~~ was a Morganatic marriage between them. Zizi Lambrino is living in Paris right now. King Carol proposes that ~~Madame~~ Lupescu should join her and that

Smith

Lupescu. - 7

They say there are weighty reasons why King Carol has asked his erstwhile red-haired flame to leave Rumania and offered her a handsome pension ~~if she~~^{to} do it. Yes, the reason is weighty indeed-- thirty pounds weighty. LaLupescu has always been a somewhat weighty personality, of weighty influence in Rumanian political affairs, and of weighty personal poundage. For in the last few months she has gained thirty pounds, which makes her definitely plump. They say King Carol likes ~~her~~^{her} thin. He prefers Greta Garbo to Mae West. He didn't mind it so much when the red-haired siren of Rumania had moderate ~~medium~~ curves, but now that she has put on thirty pounds, ~~the~~ the royal young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of sending her to Paris on a pension.

But the royal Rumanian ingenuity goes further than that. If LaLupescu^{goes} she won't be the first acquaintance of King Carol to make the trip. Before Lupescu, it was Lambrino. ~~In~~ the pre-Lupescu days Carol, the crown prince, was equally devoted to the beautiful ~~Zizi~~^{Zizi} Lambrino. In fact it is said ~~there~~ was a Morganatic marriage between them. Zizi Lambrino is living in Paris right now. King Carol proposes that ~~Madame~~ Lupescu should join her and that

Smith

Lupescu-2

~~and that~~ the two former idols of his ~~My~~ heart should live together in sisterly amity. Maybe he wants them to share their ^omemories of him or maybe it would save expenses.

56
Meanwhile it is known that plenty of pressure is being brought to bear upon the King, persuading him to send ~~Madam~~ Lupescu out of Rumania. They say the court officials were greatly disturbed because their King was not invited to the wedding of Prince George and Princess Marina although he is connected by family ties with the present Dutchess of Kent. Nearly all the other available royalty in the world was present at the gala wedding. And the Rumanian courtiers feel that King Carol was snubbed and they blame it on ^{the} Lupescu romances. They are urging Carol to reinstate himself in the good graces of royal society by remarrying. They say he might remarry his former queen, Princess Helen, from whom he was divorced because of his philanderings. Or, he~~s~~ might pick some other princess--of royal blood suitable to his kingly station.

Of the various possibilities outlined by the news the most curious combination would be for La Lupescu to go to live with La Lambrino at Paris and for the King to remarry his former queen.

Smith

\$10.00

If anybody got a \$10.00 bill for Christmas, of course that's lucky but then it might not be so good as it seems. I know we're not supposed to look a gift horse in the mouth. But, it might be well to look a gift \$10. bill in the eye. The United States Secret Service has just issued a warning that a gang of counterfeiters has been putting out a lot of phoney 10 spots. And there is one way to detect them. The eyes of the portrait of Alexander Hamilton are not okay. Take a tenor and look the great Hamilton square in the eyes. If he's cross-eyed, the bill is counterfeit. If the eyes are straight and true it is O. K.

Smith

Hauptman-#

Apparently the Hauptmen trial will not be delayed by the mailing of that singular pamphlet to the members of the jury panel. At first it was supposed ~~that~~ they might have to make up a new list of men and women from whom the Hauptmen jury would be selected. But the lawyers seem agreed that this won't be necessary. It turns out now that the pamphlet, a thinly veiled satire of the Lindbergh case picturing the defendant tried and acquitted, was written in 1933, by Mrs. Mary Belle Spencer, the Chicago lawyer. ~~They agree too~~ *According to this* ~~that~~ the pamphlet was written before Hauptman was arrested. Mrs. Spencer says she wrote the satire, but ~~that~~ she did not send it to the jurors. She ~~has~~ no idea who mailed it.

Smith

CHRISTMAS CARDS

And crime takes us back to Christmas. At Yonkers, New York, a judge has received this year's most ironical Christmas card. A little while ago Judge Charles Boote sentenced eight men to the Eastview penitentiary. Today he received a card -- "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from the Boys at the Pen," signed by the eight lads he had sent away.

----- 0 -----

And now just one more Christmas item. Here it is -- Merry Christmas and SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

and now the report comes of an Ellsworth flight from Deception Island, all the way across the Antarctic continent to Little America. The distance is twenty-four hundred miles. The dispatch states that the flight was made by Lincoln Ellsworth and his pilot, Bernt Balchen. It doesn't say whether S/V Robert Wilkins was along or not. *But Wilkins was the Polar*

Yes, it's a record. The previous polar record was set by Sir Edmund Hillary himself, in the north, when in 1953 he flew from Point Barrow, Alaska, across the top of the world to South Pole Island -- twenty-one hundred miles.