

Good Evening, Everybody:

The first bit of news that struck my fancy today was a story of a dance. Not the sort of dance you may think about, however. The performer was Mother Earth, who shook up the entire far western part of the United States. In fact, you might say that one-fifth of the soil of this country joined in the performance — *a sort of terrestrial jig.*

A description in the Newark News reports that ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ clocks were stopped in cities as far apart as Salt Lake City, Utah, and Fresno, California. Chandeliers and pictures gave an imitation of swinging pendulums. Pots and pans and crockery ~~ya~~ did fandangos on their shelves. However, no lives were lost, and there was no substantial property damage. But there was anxiety aplenty. For upwards of an hour the telephone wires of every newspaper office in five

states were blocked by terrified people wanting to know what ~~xxxx~~ was what. The quake affected the states of Washington, ~~California~~ <sup>Oregon</sup>, California, Utah, Nevada, in fact practically all of Western America from the Canadian to the Mexican borders, and from the Pacific Coast to ~~the~~ Great Salt Lake.

Seismologists - that's the twelve letter word that Dr. Vizzitelli uses for an earthquake shark - seismologists tell us that Nevada <sup>took</sup> ~~was~~ the most severe part of the shock. But even though no serious damage was done, the dancing of the earth was so violent that in the observatories of several universities the needles were shaken off the seismographs, ~~which~~ ~~is another ten dollar word meaning~~, the instrument that records ~~the~~ quakes.

The only money loss reported was suffered by *It came about in this curious way.*  
Mayor Ed Roberts of Reno. <sup>^</sup> The divorce capital's mayor has

frequently expressed himself <sup>to the effect</sup> that five cents is plenty to pay  
for a glass of beer. Mayor Roberts was in his house ~~xxx~~  
when the quake came. He was pouring out a bottle of beer  
which he had brewed for himself. At that moment the earth  
shook ~~;~~ the burgomasterial house quivered and the beer was  
spilled all over the dining room table. Mayor Roberts says  
that was too much. <sup>Said he:-</sup> ~~In his own words~~ "It cost me a nickel to  
make ~~that~~ bottle of beer, but it will ~~take~~ take twenty cents  
to <sup>wash that</sup> ~~laundry~~ ~~the~~ ~~dining~~ tablecloth.

~~Yes, it's a tough world, mates.~~

BEER

The excitement kept up in Washington today over the <sup>leverage</sup> ~~beer~~ <sup>Beer bill.</sup> bill. It was a dingdong fight in the House of Representatives, with the drys doing everything they could, using every <sup>iota</sup> ~~bit~~ of parliamentary device ~~and skull-duggery~~ to ham-string the wets.

The Brooklyn Times Union reported <sup>5</sup> that the first <sup>dry</sup> move of the day came near ~~to~~ defeating the beer measure. The dry lieutenants sprang an unexpected gag on the beer champions by moving an amendment to strike out the enacting clause, the clause which would make the bill effective. They sprang this just at the time ~~when the House was~~ when the wets on the job were in the minority because most of them had not yet shown up to punch the time clock. It was only by delaying the vote that the beer advocates were able to string things along until the Democratic whips were able to corral enough wet Congressmen to outnumber the drys.

The joke of it was that a couple of Democratic wets from New York tried to spring a trap on the drys, but they themselves fell into a trap the prohibitionists had prepared.

The beer champions emerged from that first bout victorious but panting. The second round was fought over an amendment to lower the alcoholic content from 3.2 per cent to 2.75 per cent. A story to the Pittsburgh Press points out that this was one of the main lines of attack planned by the drys. It was defeated by a vote of one hundred and twenty-four wets to seventy-five drys. Then there was an amendment aimed at preventing the return of the saloon, also to protect states that want to be dry. There was no vote on this because it was ruled out of order. Ah, here's some late news. (The Beer Bill was passed late this afternoon. The ~~xx~~ wets won by a vote of 230 to 165. So that means the wets have won their 3.2% beer so far as the House of Representatives is concerned.)

LIQUOR

On top of this ~~news from Congress~~, the New York World Telegram tonight carries a story proclaiming that a ~~note~~ gigantic liquor trust covering the entire territory of the United States has been formed to control the supply of liquor <sup>from coast to coast,</sup> ~~throughout the entire country.~~ As the World Telegram ~~puts it, to control it from boat to vat and from vat to bar.~~

10

The World Telegram points out that this idea has often been outlined by fiction writers, but never has come to pass. It is described as an insolently clever scheme worthy of the late John W. Gates. The World Telegram claims to have reliable information from a variety of <sup>sources</sup> ~~states~~ that this conspiracy is already partially in effect in New York City. Of course, I am sure none of my listeners would break the prohibition laws of their country. Nevertheless, as a matter of news, I ~~think~~ have to pass on to you the information that one effect of this trust is that the price of liquor has been raised for the wise men of Gotham, at any rate. — *so they say.*

*immediate*

# RETAKE

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PRESIDENT HOOVER

President Hoover ~~is going to take a cruise for~~  
~~his holiday~~ <sup>will set sail</sup> Saturday afternoon. ~~he will set~~ <sup>He</sup> sail <sup>s</sup> from

Savannah, Georgia, with Mrs. Hoover and a party of guests,

in <sup>two</sup> ~~a~~ government inspection boat <sup>s</sup> ~~^~~ <sup>— for a holiday.</sup> The President plans to

drift along a week or ten days, stopping wherever the fish  
are biting best.



McFadden

9

There's quite a teapot tempest in the Republican delegation to the House of Representatives from Pennsylvania. The secretary of that delegation used to be Representative Louis McFadden, one of the important ~~xx~~ and influential Republican leaders in Congress. ~~So~~ his abortive attempt to impeach President Hoover last week - an attempt that failed by a vote of 361 votes to eight - has ~~caused~~ cost Mr. McFadden considerable prestige. On the evening after he had offered his resolution to Congress for the impeachment of the President, the other members of the Pennsylvania delegation asked him to give up his job as secretary. Mr. McFadden refused. So today the delegation calmly voted him out and elected his successor.

BERLIN

An ominous bit of news comes from Berlin today. Dr. Alfred Hugenberg, chief of the Nationalist Party, has set on foot a sensational campaign for the revision of the debts that Germany owes abroad. What makes it ~~x~~ serious is that the debts involved are not the government debts but the private debts.

A dispatch to the New York Sun reports that if Dr. Hugenberg's campaign becomes effective it will mean a loss of at least twenty million dollars a year to creditors of the German Republic in the United States.

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By the same token a story by the foreign editor of the Scripps-Howard newspapers points out that if ~~defaulted~~ <sup>defaulting</sup> on debts becomes the fashion in Europe, America stands to lose some fifty thousand million dollars. For that is the sum which <sup>American</sup> investors ~~in the United States~~ have staked in Europe, banking on the good faith of European governments.

BERMUDA

Uncle Sam is facing a tariff war from still another part of the globe. And that is, Bermuda. The Colonial government of those islands is planning to place a prohibitive tariff on all food products in the United States. This will throw the business to Canada.

Michael

Most of the civilized world today is chuckling with but not at His Royal Highness, the Crown Prince Michael of Roumania.

A special to the New York Times reports that a sculptor had been busy doing a bust of His ~~mouthful~~ Royal Highness. One of the rooms in the ~~royal~~<sup>royal</sup> palace was assigned to the sculptor as a studio. When the royal servants entered the royal studio today they found that some malefactor had defaced the ~~statue~~<sup>royal</sup> statue, had, in fact, bust its nose with a hammer.

7  
Immediately there was a royal investigation. All the officials of the royal palace were called on the carpet and there was the deuce to pay. In the midst of the investigation

the eleven year old Crown Prince walked in on the investigators,  
and this is what he said to His Royal Father: "That was me,  
papa. I ~~chipped~~<sup>smashed</sup> off that nose. It was ~~a fool's~~<sup>a bum</sup> nose."

A historic inquiry developed the fact that his  
eleven year old royal highness ~~is~~<sup>is</sup> not the first art critic  
in royal circles. In fact it's an ancient &  
honorable royal habit.

SANTA CLAUS

It's all right for Santa Claus to abandon his reindeer and go modern, says Uncle Sam, but he mustn't go too modern. A Philadelphia organization had planned to have St. Nicholas, as the Germans call him, arrive in an airplane and land plump in the middle of William Penn's city at the corner of Broad Street and Olney Avenue tonight. But Uncle Sam's inspectors of the Department of Commerce turned thumbs down on the scheme. So Santa Claus escorted by three military planes, will have to land at an aviation field just like you or I. <sup>H</sup> There's going to be a great <sup>Santa Claus</sup> celebration in Philadelphia tonight. One of its features will be a speech by no less a magnifico than Mr. Jimmie Foxx - you know, the Foxx with the two x's in his name, and all those home runs in his <sup>bat</sup> ~~back~~, the star first basemen of the Philadelphia Athletics.

DINNER

Here's another story from Philadelphia <sup>that I like,</sup> ~~I thought~~

~~was rather engaging.~~ The proprietor of a restaurant in that city gave a lunch recently to eight ragged children. The story in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger says they were chosen by a public school teacher from the poorest families in the neighborhood.

Well, those children had creamed chicken, potatoes, peas, and ice cream, all they could eat. All but one had their plates as clean as though they were expert window cleaners. But there was one exception. The proprietor of the restaurant asked this little boy why he wasn't eating anything. He looked up solemnly and said: "I don't like your cook."

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Well, the point of the story is that the cook happens to be a famous blue ribbon chef who has been head of the kitchen in several of the top notch restaurants in New York City and Philadelphia, and ~~xxx~~ is known to scores of the most fastidious connoisseurs ~~of~~ in the country. But he wasn't good enough for that little boy.

TALL

Here's a hot one from  
~~Tonight's tall story winner is~~ Paul Olinger of  
Laura, Ohio,  
~~who contributes a mighty whopper to the Sunoco Tall Story~~  
~~contest.~~

The other night, writes Brother Olinger, I gassed  
up ~~with Sunoco~~ <sup>with Blue Sunoco</sup> and started home. The old ~~lux~~ bus went so  
fast that in fifteen minutes I was in bed, ~~and~~ fast asleep.  
Some time later I was awakened by a noise outside. It was  
the noise of the ~~exhaust~~, which had just caught up with the  
car.

GHOSTS

4

For sometime a ghost mystery has been puzzling the police and inhabitants of Hewlett, Long Island. A woman living alone in an apartment house of that town had been plagued and terrified for two months by ~~mysterious~~ a sinister nightly visitor. After each of his nocturnal invasions the ghost would leave threatening messages. On one occasion the lady of the house came to grips with him and the ghost ~~viciously~~ viciously bit the lady. Sometimes he would come in by the fire escape, sometimes through the bathroom window. More than once the maid as well as the lady of the house was terrified. At other times mysterious noises of an alarming kind were heard.

The police set a special guard on the apartment but still the mysterious intruder could not be scared away.

Late yesterday the mystery was solved. The ghostly visitor turned out to be a man living in the same apartment house, a man described in the New York Herald Tribune as one of aristocratic appearance who shares a home with his mother and three sisters. The police nailed him by a painstaking



investigation, checking on the movements of every soul who lives in that apartment house. So last night the arrest was made and another ghost was laid.

BEARS

3  
Here's a story about the four bears - I mean four - one, two, three, four bears - not forefathers. A story about the four bears which has a different ending from the more famous one of the three bears. This one comes from Benton, New Hampshire.

A dispatch to the Jersey Journal says that two ~~are~~ Bentonians, one a father of nine children, and the other a father of six, spent two days trailing a mother bear with three cubs.

Usually it's not considered quite sporting to shoot mother bears and cubs, but when you have fifteen children in two families, sportsmanship has to take a back seat. At any rate, they trailed those bears for two days and finally came up with them. Mother Bruin put up a terrific fight, as terrific a fight, that is, as a mother bear can against high powered rifles.

Well, the ending is sad for the bear children, but not so ~~much~~ for the human children. Not only will those

hunters' families have bear steak for dinner, but the State of New Hampshire pays a twenty dollar bounty on bear hides, and that will provide the fixins *for Xmas dinner.*

MOONSHINE

2

A case of an intimate sort came up ~~today~~ in a New York City magistrate's court. The defendant was a lady. She explained to the judge <sup>today that</sup> ~~that she~~ she'd had a few wee spots of the moonshine and, as she puts it "It made me feel scrappy." In fact she felt so scrappy she was inspired to bash her dear sister ~~of~~ over the head with a club.

As a result of this her sister spent a month in the hospital.

But the sister refused to press any charge. Said ~~this~~ affectionate woman <sup>with the</sup> ~~of the one who had~~ bashed ~~her over the~~ <sup>— right or wrong she's my sister — anyhow</sup> head: "She's my sister, ~~and~~ I love her, and Christmas is coming."

ELEPHANT

In Flemington, New Jersey, a snow storm provided a bit of unexpected <sup>drama.</sup> ~~comedy~~. A story in the Trenton Times relates that the youngsters of Flemington were having a grand snow ball fight. Presently they got tired of peppering each other and were looking out for some other targets.

Well, it so happens that a circus is in winter quarters on the Flemington fairgrounds. Just as those boys were looking for a target, out came a large and rather sleepy looking African elephant. Well, you can imagine what happened. You can hardly <sup>blame</sup> ~~expect~~ a crowd of active boys excited over their first real snow storm in two years for picking on the elephant.

Mr. Elephant took the first volley of snowballs calmly. When the second came he started to blink his eyes. At the third round that elephant got mad. He turned around and spectators held their breath expecting him to charge the boys. The boys had scattered in various directions. The elephant saw an innocent automobile parked at the sidewalk and decided

this was the enemy. He picked the motor car up in his trunk, brandished it about in the air, gave it a good shaking and then threw it over the wall into a neighboring yard.

Of course, the automobile was demolished, but the exercise pacified the elephant and he followed his trainers

in most docile fashion back ~~to~~ to his quarters, just as I in docile fashion make way from Timmy Wallington and bid you s-l-u-t-m.