GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Mark Twain, "but nobody ever does anything about it." Up to now, fur dealers, people who sell overcoats and ladies' winter wraps, have been weeping salty tear. For them today's news must have brought tidings of good cheer. Let's take a glance at the temperature reports.

Buffalo: The worst December snowstrom in ten years.

Fort Erie, Ontario, dust across the Niagara River from Buffalo: Three passenger trains snowbound.

Lake Placid: -- Ten inches of snow. Fine skiing. And thereby hangs a tale. Thirty-eight employees of New York City's Street Cleaning Department were at Lake Placid to get exercise in the manipulation of new machinery. It was Mayor LaGuardia's idea that they should get some training in the use of these new fangled gadgets against the time when the first serious snowfall came in New York City. They had been waiting at Lake Placid for weeks.

Finally, today the blizzard arrived. Ah hat said New York's snow fighters; "let's do our stuff! As they plunged out through those ten inches of snow they found all their new fangled machinery was. frozen tight. It took them an hour to thaw it out.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: The coldest weather of the season and the first big snowfall in William Penn's State. Twenty-three deaths in coasting accidents.

Snow is piled high over many of the main roads in Ongario.

In several sections motor car drivers are marooned. Shipping on
the Welland Canal is paralyzed.

And, it's a freakish cold snap to boot. It has hit some of the southern states with an unexpected and almost unparalleled blow.

Georgia, Alabama and Florida are all suffering from subfreezing temperatures. Wild reports have it that truck garden crops have been severly damaged. Probably within a few minutes I shall be buried in storms of telegrams from chambers of commerce, saying it isn't so! Well—
that this is not true. All I can do is to relate the news as it
is reported.

In the last twenty-four hours, snow has fallen over most of the northern states east of the Rocky Mountains. In Huron, South Dakota, the temperature registered seven below zero; Valentine, Nebraska, eight below; Seward, Nebraska ten below; Denver, Colorado, four above zero, and so forthe

The icy fingers of King Frost have also thrust themselves across the Atlantic. The south of England is in the iron clasp of a blizzard, power and telephone lines down, roads blocked with fallen trees, hundreds of motor cars trapped in deep snow, -- in England where snow is rare -- and entire villages in darkness.

Rome.

A late bulletin that has just come in from Rome, sounds unimportant on the face of it. It concerns the visit of Jugoslavia's Prime Minister, Mr. Stoyadinovich, to Premier Mussolini. Looking behind that bulletin, it seems fraught with possibilities.

As a result of those conferences in the Italian capital,

Fascist big-shots are whispering that Mussolini has weaned

Jugoslavia away from what is known as the Little Entente. That Would

means that France's secondary line of defense, her eastern European

barrier against German and Italian aggression, is about to wilt.

Diplomats favorable to France contradict that report by saying: "The wish is father to the thought." However, they admit it is significant that the Jugoslavian Premier has been in singularly close and private conversation with Mussolini's son-in-law, the Foreign Minister, Count Ciano.

Let's see what is going on in various parts of the world.

A marriage in royal, or almost royal, circles, at London. Egyptian Prince Said Halim married the Countess Blanche Louis Marika Posse of Sweden. The groom is a cousin of King Farouk, the First of Egypt.

Here's one from Rio de Janeiro that ought to provide book chuelsle:

readers with a reader. Dictator Vargas's police have confiscated a copy of a book by Edgar Rice Burroughs, "Tarzan, the Invincible."

President Vargas's police claim that Mr. Burrough's-ape-man-novel has Communist tendencies.

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the Christmas leave of the First Anti-Aircraft group of Joh, Bull's Army. The potentates of the Horse Guards, where the War Office has its headquarters, described it as "merely a normal troop movement." But any Englishman will tell you that it's, to say the least, decidedly unusual. Three hundred members of the First Anti- Aircraft and Searchlight Battalion and the Anti-

inspector.

Aircraft Signal Corps and of the Fourth Anti-Aircraft Brigade will leave England for Egypt. Maybethat's a normal troop movement but it hardly sounds like it.

John Bull has sent a peremptory message to General France, the would-be Dictator of Spain. Nothing doing on that blockade of the Spanish coast, is the tenor of it. And what's more, says John to the Rebel chief, quit meddling with my shipping. The case you don't think I'm in paraest, it's going to be protected:

So said Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden to the House of Commons today.

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There was a pitched battle in a hotel at Marseilles,
the picturesque Mediterranean seaport; It was a skirmish between
the French police and a gang accused of being spies. The Surete,
the French national police, have been making a clean-up of spies
along the Riviera. In this latest scrap they arrested twenty

succeeds. But one prisoner, an Italian, broke the leg of a police

From Paris comes a weird tale, weird when you consider that this is the Twentieth Century. An American family went on the rocks in the French capital. The American Aid Society sent the father and mother and three children back to the States. Two girls were sent to Lyons, the center of the French silk industry, to live with an uncle. But uncle had a family of his own. And, the story a neighbor approached the uncle and offered him a sum of money if he would let him marry one of his two nieces. The girl was only fourteen years old. In despair she wrote to her family in the United States. The family appealed to the International Immigration Society, and A cable to the American Aid Society brought the whole sordid story to light. That fourteen year old girl's uncle was going to accept ten thousand Francs, something like two hundred and fifty dollars, for his niece. The American Aid Society intervened and are sending the reluctant bride and hertwelve year old sister back to the States. Their father is a naturalized Armenian.

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There was a sharp and rather astonishing comment on President Roosevelt's Housing Program, today. The surprise in it was that it came from one of his own official family, and a formidable member at that, ho less than the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, the Honorable Marriner S. Eccles. He was testifying as an expert before the Senate's Banking Committee. And said Governor Eccles, "if the government wants to lure private capital into mix chipping in for that Housing Program, it will have to do better than the President has yet suggested."

As his testimony continued it developed into a sharp criticism of his Chief's ideas. "The administration's Housing Bill," said the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, "is by no means a cure-all, a panacea, for the economic ills that afflict the country." He said that the interest rate is much too low, that it won't tempt private capital. He explained his objections to the Senators in further detail. The outcome of it all was a heavy showerbath of cold water on the optimism aroused by the President's Housing Program.

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Incidentally, Mr. Eccles blamed this recession that we're

struggling through on, as he put it, "lack of balance in price and wage structures." He said: "The factor at the bottom of our difficulties today is lack of equilibrium in regard to agriculture and other economy."

the Federal Reserve chief
Further, wattered a maxming stern warning:- "If the

slump continues it will be impossible for the administration to keep its promise to balance the budget."

All of which is nothing to cheer about.

American industry today published a manifesto. It was a platform of suggestions for the improvement of relations between business men and the government. It was submitted today to the National Association of Manufacturers at a convention in New York.

Foremost among them was a plea to open up what business men call the closed roads have kept industry from increasing employment and general well being. Let us have, say the manufacturers, no more legislation which cuts down people's incentive to invest. Let's have an end of the uncertainty over the federation federal regulation of industry, that is beyond the field of necessary public safeguards. Let's go easy on the policies to redistribute wealth and income and stop the production of more national wealth and income. Let's cut out taxes unduly burdensome in both amount and character, taxes which make no allowances for previous losses, taxes that penalize companies that are burdened with debts. Let's balance the budget, let's stop government competition with private enterprise, and the tariff that make American manufacturers compete on unfavorable terms with foreigners.

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on all fronts. Last night told about his broadcasts feeing resumed. And now we hear that, with the consent of his hierarchical superior, he will again write for the weekly that he founded, the magazine "Social Justice." The announcement from Father Coughlin's office uses these words: "The Archbishop's permission carries with it the responsibility on the part of Father Coughlin to supervise not only the editorial but all the columns in the paper."

Incidentally, I have received several telephone messages from the members of Father Coughlin's organization, the Union for Social Justice. They tell me that the radio priest in his broadcasts as well as his editorials, will definitely not confine himself to religious issues. That the religious issues. The field of his observation will be as wide as it was before.

exercise all his wisdom on a case that came up in New York City

and by the way — my friend

today. I'm telling this by the courtesy of the Lee Wood, Executive

Editor of the NEW YORK WORLD TELEGRAM.

worker named Philip Trillo. He and his wife have a fifteen months old baby girl. Trillo has been out of a job for months, on relief.

Whapfy about the hashing three being on relief, he has been looking for a job.

And the hashing three being on relief, he has been looking for a job.

And the hashing three being on relief, and washed-out. And Philip Trillo has had to catch all his sleep in the last few weeks sitting up in a chair. There was only one bed in that tenement walk-up and that had to do for the wife and the kid. But even sitting up in the chair he couldn't sleep because the baby was sick and hungry.

Let's leave Philip Trillo for a moment and go round the corner to another tenement house on New York's East Side. There was a man also jobless, also a father, also on relief. Four mornings in a week he had opened his door early, although he failed to find the bottle of milk that the milkman was supposed to have left.

And the fifth morning he lay in wake for the thief. He caught him in the act, landed one on the button, broke his jaw. It was px Philip Trillo, the man who had been sitting up nights trying to grab forty winks in a chair while the baby was crying.

would you say to that, King Solomon?

A spectacular criminal trial started today in
Bismarck, North Dakota, of all places. The four prisoners
who went on trial were charged with conspiracy and extortion.
The case is spectacular, not because the defendants are
important, but the victims they had chosen for their alledged
blackmail were none other than the operatic prima donnas
Lilly Pons, Lucrezia Bori, Rosa Ponselle and Carmella Ponselle.
It was while they were inmates of the North Dakota penitentiary
that they hatched this conspiracy. So said the United States
attorney who is prosecuting the case.

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A most important decision was expected in Washington today. It was not in the Supreme Court of the United States. It was a jury of impartial judges who had been assembled to decide the moot question who can grow the best potatoes, the farmers of Maine or the ranchers of Idaho? So, there was a spud feast in the Nation's capital. The judges consumed eight helpings apiece of baked Murphys. That sounds like a formidable order. Remember the tall story of the farmer who was asked for a hundred pounds of potatoes. And the farmer sent back the reply that he wouldn't split a potato for anybody?

The judges were the congressional delegates from Alaska,

from Hawaii, the resident commissioner of Puerto Rico, and the

representative of the resident commissioner of the Phillippines.

The umpire:- Speaker Bankhead of Alabama. And what was the decision?

A draw. Every judge turned in a blank ballot, so said the Speaker

Umpire. And he added:- "If the contest were about sweet potatoes,

all the votes would be for Alabama." I'd include Arkansas. Thereupon

the congressional delegation from Georgia, which was standing on the

sidelines silenced the Speaker.

In the interest of science, the American Automobile Association conducted a most serious investigation today. They got eight husky truck drivers and filled them as full as they could-hold of beer and whiskey, a shot of rye followed with a beer chaser, vulgarly known as "the plumber and his helper." After each round of drinks, the drivers were submitted to a test. They were tried for their reactions, their muscular reflexes, 000 one their eyes and their ears, and ether reactions. The idea of course was to decide just how much spiritus a driver could stand and still retain his ability to pilot a motor vehicle without danger to the public.

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