

Good Evening, Everybody:

It looks as though the lame duck session of Congress was actually about to do something definite for the farmers. A wire to the New York Evening Post from Washington reports that the Democratic leaders in the House of Representatives are going to push through a bill, the domestic allotment plan of farm relief.

This is the plan which President-elect Roosevelt has been considering. The story goes that it is <sup>through</sup> his instigation ~~xx~~ that the congressional leaders are preparing for quick action on this measure. The announcement was made by Representative Rainey, Democratic floor leader, <sup>the man who seems likely to be the next speaker of</sup> ~~and probably the next speaker. Says Mr.~~ ~~the House.~~ Said Mr. Rainey:-

"We are going to clear the decks next week and <sup>pass</sup> this plan of farm relief". And he added: "All other legislation, even appropriation bills, will be pushed on one side."

CABINET

In Washington speculation is growing keener than ever on the subject of President-elect Roosevelt's new Cabinet. The wiseacres with their rumors have been supplying him with enough ~~secretaries~~ <sup>advisors</sup> to make up ten cabinets.

A dispatch from Albany indicates that many surprises will be sprung when Mr. Roosevelt makes known the names of people he actually wants in the cabinet. So far he has refused to be stampeded. And no announcement or even official information has leaked out on the subject. Grapevine reports in Albany have it that many prominent political candidates will be ignored and that the Cabinet will consequently contain several dark horses.

R.F.D.

The Reconstruction Finance Corporation made a report today from which observers are inferring hopeful signs. One of them is that in the month of November the number of applicants for loans dropped forty per cent. Other hopeful signs in this report are that many of the original borrowers are beginning to pay back what Uncle Sam lent them.

A story in the Newark News brings the information that <sup>this</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>giant</sup> federal corporation to date has lent one and a half billion dollars in actual cash. One out of every five and a half dollars has been repaid.

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Ah, here's good news for all the youngsters who have been yearning for skating weather. Uncle Sam's weather prestidigitators-- prognosticators I mean-- say we can expect a sharp change Saturday night. The babe of the New Year may arrive riding on an icicle. Jack Frost is on his way down from Canada to pay us a visit. Today, out in Winnipeg, the thermometer slid down to zero. So let's all get our skates sharpened.

WHEAT

Hardly a day goes by without fresh news of how the barter idea is spreading throughout the United States. A dispatch to the ~~Low-Cost Evening Post~~ <sup>Phila. Eve. Ledger</sup> reports that in the big open spaces of North Dakota wheat seems to be rapidly supplanting the dollar ~~as a~~ <sup>asa</sup> medium of exchange. Mr. Farmer, instead of calling on his banker when he wants to do his buying, just piles his wheat into his wagon and drives it to town.

With that wheat he renews his subscriptions for his local paper. He pays his ~~club~~ <sup>lodge</sup> dues. If he wants to buy a second hand car he turns in enough loads of wheat to make the purchase price, and so on.

~~Arrangements have been made and are rapidly being extended with the mills.~~ Out in Dakota nowadays you take your wheat to the miller. The miller grinds it and returns you a sizeable percentage in flour. Thus you don't have to pay for having your wheat ground.

Here's another interesting phase. Some of the American Legion Posts in that neighborhood are accepting wheat in payment of ~~membership~~ dues. In the normal and industrial schools and even

some of the university<sup>ies</sup> students are paying for their tuition and board with papa's farm produce.

If this sort of thing goes on what will the banks do with that immense hoard of cash which they have in their vaults and are afraid to lend.

SCIENCE

That binge of the scientists at Atlantic City has turned out to be a remarkable affair. For one thing, this meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science is getting as much attention as a baseball world's series, or a heavyweight prizefight. And that's something extraordinary.

~~The~~ Most of the newspaper<sup>s</sup> in America have sent their crack reporters to cover it. Twenty years ago the man sent out by a city editor to report a convention of learned men was usually the youngest cub on the staff, and not infrequently the stupidest.

Obviously the newspapers have found <sup>the change of policy</sup> ~~it~~ worth their while because each day that affair in Atlantic City has produced at least four or five really interesting items.

Most of the scientific discoveries and witticisms in today's news are eclipsed by the report of a clash between two of the big shots in the American <sup>super-high brow</sup> ~~scientific~~ world. ~~What do you~~

<sup>Why</sup> ~~What~~ were they fighting about? The cosmic ray, no less. The gladiators were Dr. Robert Millikan <sup>of California, and my own Princeton classmate,</sup> ~~and~~ Dr. Arthur Compton, of Chicago.

An interesting feature of the duel is that Dr. Compton, who recently won the Nobel prize for his achievements in Physics, ~~Dr. Compton~~

is a former pupil of the man with whom he today ~~is sparring~~ *fought in the scientific boxing arena.*

As for the details of the scrap by rounds -- well, I

think I'll have to refer you to tonight's evening papers. *When it comes to cosmic rays I duck and leave it all to Art Compton.*

Meanwhile ~~the~~ scientists elsewhere were not idle.

A group of learned men ~~and~~ in Wisconsin have discovered a way of treating chewing tobacco so as to make it taste like liquor.

A dispatch to the Brooklyn Times Union says that to some the result tastes like rum, while others find it as appetizing as Bourbon. ~~whiskey~~ ~~whiskey~~

Another discovery reported in the world of science

today is that sixty per cent of the people who are being treated for sickness only imagine they're sick. *But I guess that's hardly news.*

ITALY

An interesting bit of intelligence comes from Rome.

Premier Mussolini is planning to merge the big industries of Italy into <sup>giant</sup> ~~big~~ trusts on the American scale.

A dispatch to the Pittsburgh Press ~~explains~~ that **Tycoon** Mussolini believes ~~that~~ competition is too costly and that regulated monopolies constitute the soundest economic system.

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I picked up a copy



SAT. EVE. POST

I don't usually comment upon things that I read in magazines. But tonight I'm going to break my rule. On my way down from the country today I read a copy of the January 7th Saturday Evening Post -- the January 8th, 1933 issue. It comes out on December 30, 1932. Why magazines are dated that way is one of the mysteries of life. Be that as it may, the very first article bowled me over. The title of it is "Good-by Europe", by Joseph Hergesheimer. In it the famous novelist puts down a series of striking comments on present-day Europe. Then, you should see what he does to those Americans who live in Europe who speak disparagingly and patronizingly concerning their own country!

He refers to the Riviera as a place where men grow weak and women strong. In fact, he calls the Riviers a perfumed drain. But he doesn't stop there by a long shot.

Then there is another article in the new Saturday Evening Post that seems most timely. It is by Frank Vanderlip,

the famous financier. The central idea is: How to make your savings secure. I am sure we all would like to know more about that.

And by the way, these may be hard times, but evidently there are some folks who haven't lost their courage. For instance, one automobile firm has a five page colored spread in the January 7th Saturday Evening Post. And that's something I never saw before, even at the peak of prosperity!

Baseball fans all over America and particularly in New York are talking today about the sale of Francis J. Hogan, catcher of the New York Giants, <sup>Hogan has been sold down the river</sup> to the Boston

Braves. Mr. Hogan's name among the fans with whom

he is a tremendous favorite is Shanty. I have never

been able to discover why they call him Shanty, <sup>because</sup> he is built more <sup>along the</sup> lines of a cathedral. — <sup>anything but a Shanty.</sup>

Shanty was a fairly obscure catcher when he came to the Giants in 1928. Since that time, he has developed into one of the most colorful baseball players in the National League. He is not only a fine catcher but

he has been hitting ~~regularly~~ <sup>, regularly;</sup> over 300 and is invaluable as a pinch hitter. When it comes to running bases,

however, Shanty is about as fast as a Western railroad train, <sup>in fact just a shade faster than 300-pound</sup> ~~and that is one of the slowest things I ever saw.~~ <sup>Caspy Hogate, publisher of the Wall St. Journal and 2nd baseman on my team,</sup> ~~in fact it was~~ one of the prime jokes of last season that

Shanty <sup>once</sup> stole third base. ~~The third baseman has not~~

~~got over the shock yet.~~

Shanty's tremendous size and <sup>good natured,</sup> picturesque ~~color~~ personality

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~~have~~ caused a good many rumors to rise around him.

In fact he is the subject of so many tall stories that he ought to be a member of the club. He causes the tall stories even if he doesn't tell them.

They say the cost of keeping Mr. Hogan properly nourished on beef steaks is enough to break any baseball club.

The concensus among the fans seems to be that New York's loss is Boston's gain, because Shanty goes back to the club which first traded him to the Giants five years ago.

PRINCES

It seems that even a prince can lose his job nowadays. At any rate, if he's a Siamese prince. Information from Bangkok comes to the effect that several hundred young men of the royal family have been fired <sup>- tossed out on their royal ear.</sup> These princelings were all on the government payroll. The rulers of Siam estimate that they will save almost twenty million dollars by this step.

We've got a few princes in these United States -- but I guess we'd better not go into that tonight.

FIGHT

From Bristol, Pennsylvania' comes the description of an unusual fight. A Bristol gentleman with a large family died recently. The heirs assembled in the house of one of the sons to decide details of the funeral. Presently an argument cropped up as to where papa should be buried. That argument ended in a free for all fight -- a battle royal in which not only heads but furniture and windows were broken. The son in whose house the fight took place did ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> mind ~~so much~~ about the broken heads. But they smashed so much of his furniture that he swore out warrants for the arrest of two of his brothers and all three of his sisters.

RIFLES

There's one place where Santa Claus is in dutch. That place is Bellwood, Illinois. A dispatch to the New York Sun reports that if Santa Claus is found on the streets of Bellwood, ~~he's~~ he's going to find himself very quickly in the jug.

The reason is that he brought too many air rifles to Bellwood. The consequence is that the number of windows that have been smashed and street lights that have been pinged-out has made this a prodigiously expensive week in Bellwood. So many street lights have been shot out that any small boys who carry air rifles in the streets of that town promptly lose them. ~~because~~ The police confiscate them.

POLLARD

Governor Pollard of Virginia has been sending an unusual Christmas present to his friends. It is a book which he has written himself and which he ~~xxxxxx~~ calls "A Connotary". A connotary, says Governor Pollard, is a compilation of definitions not found in the dictionary. The Virginia Governor has some interesting definitions. A gentleman, he says, is one who can disagree without being disagreeable. Alimony, he defines as a fine levied on a man guilty of matrimony. A banker is a man who lends out other people's money and keeps the interest for himself.

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Prohibition, in the Virginia~~ix~~ Governor's estimation, is a thing that will never be successful until it has been ried. And criticism is a thing that may be avoided by saying nothing, being nothing, and doing nothing.

~~I wonder how these definitions would strike Dr. Vizzitelli  
of the Standard Dictionary.~~



PANTS

Here's a fire story from Bucyrus, Ohio. The custodian of the City Hall today thought he smelled smoke. So he rushed all over the building to find out where the fire was. He dashed first into the mayor's office, but there was no fire there. Then he went into Police headquarters, but there was no fire there. Finally he rushed into the courtroom and started looking around, shouting - where's the fire? *Where's the fire?*

The policeman on duty shouted back at him: "Hey, you, what do you mean by coming into a courtroom with your pants on fire?"

It was the City Hall custodian himself who was carrying the conflagration around.

P.S. He lost one leg of his pants.

BIRTHS

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A bit of family news from Florence, Italy; ~~informe de~~  
~~the~~ Count Gherardesca, who is the Podesta' of Florence - something  
equivalent to a mayor in the United States - is distributing  
prizes for childbirths. For instance, the City of Florence is  
spreading one hundred thousand lire among all families which had  
as many as four children born in the last six years.

Well, I wonder what the City of Florence would do for a  
lady in Chicago. Today she became a mother for the fourth time  
within a year. Last January she had twins. And now she has another  
pair of twins. Probably she's sorry she didn't have them in Italy.

CAR

Here's something I found in the Literary Digest which ought to interest automobile people. A ~~re~~ prospective customer had been trying out a new car but he brought it back to the dealer. And he said to the dealer: "I'm afraid this car won't do. My fiancée can't reach the ~~brakes~~ and the steering wheel at the same time." To which the salesman offered the following suggestion: "My dear sir, our car is perfect. Why don't you try a new girl."

TABOR

The name of one of the most picturesque of old time Westerners cropped up in the news today. That Westerner was H. A. W. Tabor, ~~one of the most famous~~ one of the most famous of Colorado's Bonanza kings.

As a story in the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin points out, Tabor was a saloon keeper in Leadville. He grubsteaked a couple of prospectors and became owner of what was known as the "Little Pittsburgh Mine", a mine that turned out fabulous quantities of silver.

Tabor went the way of many another bonanza king. He built himself a palace as ludicrous as it was expensive. He built him an opera house in Denver. He rose to political power. Then he fell in love with a young and beautiful girl. He got rid of his first wife and married the young beautiful girl whose name was Baby Doe. Tabor at the time was United States Senator and the wedding which took place in Washington was attended by the foremost politicians of the land including President Chester ~~Al~~ Arthur.

From that day Tabor's power waned and his fortune too. He died an almost penniless wreck. Practically the only property he left to Baby Doe Tabor was the Matchless Mine. There, in an old shaft house Mrs. Tabor has been living. And today she was defending her home with a double-barrel shotgun.

The Matchless Mine was heavily mortgaged and the mortgage was foreclosed years ago. But under the Colorado law the mortgagees cannot take the property so long as Mrs. Tabor continues to remain there. And remain there she says she will, despite everybody. She declares that twice people have tried to burn her out. But she defies them all.

CORONER - ENDING

In the Sackville Tribune of Sackville, New Brunswick,  
I saw an item about a witness before a coroner. Said the  
coroner:

"You say two shots were fired at midnight?"

"Yes," replied the witness, "I was in the garden and  
noticed the time by the sun dial."

"What!" shouted the ~~son~~ coroner, "how did you read a  
sun dial in the dark, at midnight?"

Did that one stump the witness? I should say not.  
He replied: "Oh, I could tell the time on the sun dial because I  
had a flashlight."

Well, it ~~is~~ isn't midnight, and I haven't a flashlight.  
But I know what time it is, because Jimmy Wallington is waving  
his arms, trying to shut me off, so,

SO LONG UNTIL SUNDAY.