INTRO

Good Evening, Everybody:

Well, I don't know what has happened on January 9th in other years. For example on this day of the month in the year 2,000 B. C., the Romans may have declared war on the Eskimos for all I know. But this particular January 9th in the year 1931. I am glad to report, will not go down in history as a day of any world shaking calamities. The news from all over the globe seems to be fairly cheery.

There's a two billion dollar steel merger under discussion, and a wide judge tells us there ought to be more domestic troubles - which is rather a new optimistic note; some fishermen were rescued just in the nick of time; A politician went right in a cage full of lions and tigers. Then there's the story of the man with the beautiful eyes, and another one about a prize fighter who knocked himself out.

First lets take the Here's a dispatch telling of the 2 proposed enormous merger of stee! companies. If the plan goes through 4 it will mean a two billion dollar 5 combine.

The Associated Press quotes 7 the Cleveland News as saying that the 8 merger is being pushed by the Bethlehem 9 Steel leaders, and they expect to 10 establish a huge steel combination wix that will rival the United States Steel Corporati on.

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At this point of to light's broadcast I seem to hear the refrain of a plaintive old song. Maybe you'll remember it.

"SHE HAD SUCH BEAUTIFUL EYES" And then it goes on:
"SHE TOLD SUCH BEAUTIFUL LIES".

Well, in the case of this news dispatch I have in my hand we will have to change that song to

"HE HAD SUCH BEAUTIFUL EYES", and then follow with -he committed such a beautiful robbery. Yes, and those beautiful
eyes have landed him in jail.

The Associated Press informs us that a hold-up man was arrested out in Los Angeles, and a woman witness was identifying him. She declared she recognized him positively - because of those beautiful black eyes. Said she:

"HE HAD SUCH GORGEOUS EYES - I'LL NEVER FORGET THEM.
OH JUDGE THEY JUST THRILLED ME."

Then the judge thrilled the man with the beautiful eyes by giving him one of the most beautiful cells in the San Francisco jail.

Next comes a rescue at sea. 2 The fishing schooner Stranger with 3 eight men aboard was disabled in a 4 storm and drifted for two days. The 5 men had neither tood 'nor water and were rapidly becoming desperate.

Finally the schooner drifted near the a Blighthouse at the end of Cape Cod, and, gaccording to the International News Service, 10 coast guard patrol boats went out and 11 rescued the castoway fishermen. It was a

close call. 12

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In the old days of long ago when people talked more poetically and grandiloquently than they do now, when they wanted to say how many things there were they did it this way - AS NUMEROUS AS THE SANDS OF THE SEA, or AS THE STARS IN THE SKY.

And one might even say as numerous as domestic quarrels, marital rows and household arguments.

Well, we all know that there are plenty of tempests on the sea of conubial bliss but here's one man who says there aren't enough. According to the Associated Press, he is Judge Thomas Graham of San Francisco. And out there at the Golden Gate they call him the great reconciler because of the way he handles domestic cases and gets the embattled married couples to kiss and make up.

Well, Judge Graham comes out in favor of domestic quarrels. He says they are a natural part of marriage and we should have lots of them. Married people would get along better if they would have more fights. Only, of course, while there should be plenty of quarrels there should also be just as many reconciliations, because to quarrel and then make up is the true

sign of a happy marriage.

Well, those are heartening words, and if any married couple feels in the mood for strife and storm they ought to go right ahead.

Lolita says: "WELL, TO THINK OF ALL THE MEN WHO WANTED
TO MARRY ME AND I PICK YOU. THAT'S THE BIGGEST MYSTERY OF MY
LIFE. I WAS DUMB."

That's fine Lolita, go right ahead and tell him some more, says Judge Graham.

And then husband Horatia says:

"WELL, OF ALL THE RE-ENFORCED CONCRETE BISCUITS I'VE
EATEN IN THESE TWENTY TWO YEARS WITH YOU, IT'S A WONDER I AM
ALIVE. IF YOU'D ONLY LEARN TO COOK YOU MIGHT BECOME A GREAT
WIFE. IT WAS ME THAT WAS THE DUMB-BELL."

Great work, Horatia, that's exactly the way the judge says you ought to quarrel. Anyway, we'll leave the two of them to continue their battle and we'll give them a cheer, because judge Graham of San Francisco says it's a sign that all is well if you have a few spats with the missus.

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Well, let's see. Here comes the old familiar word "COWBOY." dispatch is about a cowboy, only this particular cow-puncher has just become 5 a leading executive in one of the biggest packing concerns in the country, and behind it all is an interesting story about a millionaire's son.

His father is Thomas E.

Wilson who is one of the great magnates and a real red-blooded, two-fisted man timself of there of the packing industry, Well, Wilson Sr. wanted his son to start in from the bottom and it happened that in the packing industry the bottom is really cow-punching. That's where it all starts. So Xmm young Edward Foss Wilson went out on the range and lived the life of a common cow-puncher.

Associated Press tells us The that he became an expert at roping steers, and could twil a land with any of the boys at the round up. and now his father has pushed him on up. a vice-president of the He has become packing house of Wilson Company, and is said to be the youngest executive in the packing industry.

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man of all

Well, here's a man you've all heard about, and I'll bet most of you thought he never existed. He's a fighter who knocked himself out.

According to the United Press, they were putting on some boxing bouts in a theatre out at Allerton, Iowa, and Johnnie Callon was in there fighting. That boy certainly gets enthusiastic about his punches. He started a haymaker right down from the ankles, but his opponent ducked. Johnnie spun round so hard that his head hit a piece of scenery, and he knocked himself out.

They ought to put that boy on in some of the big bouts.

If he were to knock himself out in one of those million dollar fights - well it would be a show wxxxx worth the price of admission, which the average "Battle of the Century" is not.

Out in Montana there is a large 1 section of country that comes pretty near sheing the loneliest inhabited part of the United States. Dr. Isaiah Bowman, 5 Director of the American Geographical 6 Society, tells us that the Jordan 7 Country in Montana is as big as the State spf Connecticut, and contains only 850 9 families. It hasn't a mile of telegraph 10 line, not a mile of telephone line, and not a mile of railway. They have 12 automobiles but there are only six hundred 13 miles of road in 5,000 square miles. 14 They have no way of communicating with 15 the outside world except by letter or 16 messenger. There is only one doctor in 17 the whole section, and there are no 18 schools. The only way they have of 19 knowing what is going on in the outside world is the radio. And that's what it's like out in the Jordan Country of Montana. I wonder how many other districts there are like that in North America?

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I had a sort of half way notion

lot of wandering around the world I had
heard of pretty nearly every famous
mystery that is written big in the records.
But here's one that's certainly was brand
new so far as I concerned. It's a
famous mystery—or at least it should
be famous. I wonder whether you've
ever heard of it?

It's about the Father of the Movies. He was Louis Le Prince, and he is said to have been the first man to make a practicable motion picture camera. That was back in 1888. Le Prince was the son of a French army officer, and he conducted his experiments first in New York and then over in England. Others had devised motion pictures of a sort, but worked out in actual, every day practice. Now for the mystery about him.

It's given in an article in this Week's Literary Digest. The Digest quotes the Manchester Guardian, and goes on to say that on September 16, 1890,

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Le Prince entered a train, bound for Paris. And then he vanished; his luggage with him. He was never seen again.

The mystery was never cleared up.

Well, if the strange disappearance of the Father of the Movies isn't a famous mystery it surely ought to be. The Digest tells a lot about it.

With all this news every day about aviation, here's a new one. It's about the stratosphere plane. They are building that mysterious aircraft over in Germany. But it's being kept dark and secret.

The machine is designed by Professor Junkers, famous German airplane constructor and the idea is to send it on a transatlantic flight. They say it will cross from Europe to America in twelve hours.

That plane certainly will be a high flier. It is supposed to zip along at an altitude of twelve miles. That is, it will be up in the stratosphere, the belt of extremely rarified air which lies above the Earth's normal atmosphere.

There will be very little air resistance up in the stratosphere and the Junkers mystery plane will be able to get up terrific speed.

of course, there isn't enough air to breathe far up in the stratosphere and so, according to the International News Service, the stratosphere plane will have an air tight cabin, in which normal air pressure will be maintained.

And talking about the stratosphere the Air Service of the Spanish Army seems to be well up in the air, in fact almost up in the stratosphere. The United Press tells us that the Spanish Air Service has been officially disbanded. They are just eliminating the Spanish Air Corps altogether and are organizing a new one.

That's the result of the recent attempted revolution in Spain in which Ramon Franco and a few other Spanish aviators took a prominent part.

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This next xxxx dispatch is not a late now bulletin laniel in the lion's den. But it is about a member of Parliament in a den of both lions and tigers.

Over in Glasgow, Scotland, according to the Associated Press,
John Clark, a labor member of Parliament,
walked into a cage in which were two
lions and two tigers. A big crowd
looked on and half expected to see the
and a same of the political enemies and the not activated with
unusual spectacle of a member of
Parliament being eaten alive. Nothing

Clark went in first with the trainer and then by himself, and he stayed in with those lions and tigers for several minutes. The animals were not at all friendly. They didn't seem to appreciate the honor of being visited by an M. P. They snarled and made faces, but that was all.

like that happened.

*** A bill is up in Parliament to abolish wild animal acts on the grounds that cruelty is necessarily used in training the animals. Clark is against

the bill and wanted to prove that lions and tigers could be approached without intimidation. So he arranged a big show and went into the cage, and to the shirl of pipes John Clarks became Scotland's Daniel in the lions' den.

12-1-30-5M

TIL

Sometime ago I mentioned a news
item from one of the New York papers about
an aged goose that was said to be the
oldest goose in the world. Well,
judging from the flood of letters pouring
in that goose was a mere gosling.

Earl Flemmons of Pinehurst,

Georgia, writes me about a goose that he

says is the Methuselah of all geese.

He says his friend Lou Boram of

Unadilla, Georgia, was given a pair of

geese as a wedding present by his motherin-law. Both Mr. Gander and Mrs. Goose

were then twenty years old. But Lou

kept the pair for forty years and then

sold them. Maybe they're still alive.

Then there was that news item I gave out about a collision between a railroad train and a boat.

Robert W. Boyse of Glen Ridge,
New Jersey, writes that he was traveling
by train from Newark to Beachhaven, New
Jersey, in 1928. A storm was on. It was
the tail end of a hurricane that had
come up from the Caribbean. The tide

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12-1-30 - 5M

was high. The train had to go across a tressle and the water had risen over the tressle. The train went splashing through slowly. Then it bumped something. A boat had drifted across the tracks and the train had to push it out of the way.

And here's a real oddity from
a Mr. Jacobus of West Brookfield, Mass.
who says that he and his wife were
driving along recently in the family car
when a big butterfly flew into his
wife's face. She made a grab at it
and caught it - and tound that it was
a dollar bill.

Mr. Jacobus adds that his wife would like to have more butterflies of that species tly into her face.

I don't know how you feet about it. nothing tickles my funny bone so more the kind of jumbled up English you get out in China, particularly when some imposing Celestial wants to write very grandly in English.

On the Spice of Life page of this 8 week's Literary Digest, among a lot of other comic items, is a bit of priceless 10 prose taken from a circular in English sent out by a Chinese company. It comes from Macao, on the China coast, and it describes the merits of some kind of polish that this Chinese company manufactures. Maybe it's shoe polish. Anyway, here it is: That Chinese evicular says:-

AS AN AUSPICE OF BEATITUDE TO THE COMMUNITY, AS AN OMNIPOTENT DAILY UTILIZED NOVELTY, AS A PIONEER OF THE SCIENTIFICAL ELEMENT, IS THE NEWLY DISCOVERED WONDERFUL POLISHING POWDER THAT TO BE HEARTILY WELCOMED WHERESOEVER.

DESPITE THE HEAVY SACRIFICE OF CAPITAL AND THE CONSUMPTION OF BRAINS, WE HAVE THEREBY SUCCEEDED IN RESEARCHING

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OUT THE USAGE OF THIS POLISHING POWDER.

WE LOSE NO PROMPTITUDE IN TAKING THIS OPPORTUNITY

TO RECOMMEND TO THE ATTENTION OF THE COMMUNITY. THIS POLISHING

POWDER IS THE CONQUEROR.

Well, that leaves me kind of dizzy. In fact, I feel an overwhelming impulse to talk that way myself. So here goes:--

As an omnipotent beatitude and as a resumption of happiness I expostulate the hope to have the wonderful glory of returning tomorrow night for a joyful broadcasting full of more abundance of news which gives great jubilations to me wheresoever.

In other words, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.