

L. T. - Lunoco - Fri. Dec. 24, 1937

PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE.

The President's Christmas message today was an oddity - he simply read to the audience a newspaper column. The Columnist is our old friend, Heywood Broun, writing in the New York World Telegram.

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The President gave his talk at the lighting of a Christmas tree across the way from the White House. He said the best Christmas sermon he could think of was just to read Broun's column of yesterday - and he ~~said~~ did. It was a ~~yx~~ yuletide parable, with Heywood at his moody fanciful best -- the tale of an old Dominie who was depressed by his Christmas sermon, having to talk about peace and good-will when there was war on earth and ill-will among men. Then the Dominie picked a passage out of the Bible, the verse reading - " And he took a cup and gave thanks, and gave it to them saying, ' Drink ye all of it.'" In this, exclaimed the Dominie, the Saviour included even Judas, the betrayer.

" I can preach my sermon now," he exclaimed - peace on earth means peace to Pilate, peace to the thieves on the cross and peace to poor Iscaiot."

PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE - 2.

Include everybody in Christmas good-will, even
offending peoples and nations - that's the moral of the

Christmas message ~~that~~ President Roosevelt read ^{today} from *the column*

7 Heywood Broun.

MRS. ROOSEVELT.

Tonight the First Lady of the land is with her daughter, son-in-law, and two small grandchildren in Seattle. So she got there all right, after a rather eventful trip.

Eager to spend Christmas with ~~D~~ daughter Anna, who is recovering from an operation, Mrs. Roosevelt started out across the continent from Washington to Seattle by the sky route. Bad weather, and she couldn't keep going by plane. There were storms and blasts of snow, detours and delays. The plane landed at Portland, Oregon, and it was judged unsafe to go any further. Whereupon, the First Lady phoned her daughter and said - " You know I always get there." And get there she did, by catching a ^{Fast}~~railroad~~ train at Portland for the rest of the trip to Seattle.

MOONEY

There's no Christmas present for Tom Mooney. He might perhaps have had a priceless Yuletide gift - freedom. But the Governor said "No" today. A committee representing organized labor asked him to give a pardon to that renowned lifer, who was convicted of the ~~SAN FAN~~ San Francisco Preparedness Parade bombing more than twenty years ago. Today, Christmas Eve, Governor Merriam denied that any petition *for* Mooney's release had been placed before him. So - no pardon today.

FORD.

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Henry Ford is going to fight. It is announced today that he'll appeal to the Federal Courts against the ruling the National Labor Relations Board made. The Board declared that the Ford Company were guilty of "Savage anti-union activity - in violation of the Wagner Labor Act." Henry Ford will ask the Federal Courts to reverse that ruling.

Today the chiefs of the Automobile union immediately requested a conference with Ford officials hailing the Labor Board decree with jubilation, they proposed negotiations with the company in behalf of industrial peace. But Ford counters with a fighting move - and appeal to the Courts.

It's the second time ^{Henry Ford} ~~the~~ goes into battle on a New Deal labor question. The first time was in the old days of the

N. R. A., when General Johnson was cracking down. ^{You will recall} ~~then~~

how at that time he

[^]refused to sign the Automobile Code.

NEWSPAPER STRIKE.

Here's a better Xmas item!—

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The Brooklyn Eagle Newspaper strike was settled today. The New York State Mediation Board succeeded in effecting an agreement between the ownership and the newspaper guild. It's a compromise - no increase in wages, no sign of a closed shop. But all strikers are taken back, a forty hour week is guaranteed, and the guild is to be consulted in the discharging of guild members. The Brooklyn Eagle strike lasted for fifteen weeks.— Now it's ended. That's good and peaceful X'mas news.

CHINA.

Today in Tokyo, Koko Hirota, the foreign Minister of Japan, delivered a diplomatic document to American Ambassador Joseph Grew. The Ambassador immediately cabled the contents of the note to the State Department in Washington. It's (the formal Japanese reply to the American protests over the sinking of the Panay, and it has the personal approval of the Emperor Hirohito.

What is Tokyo's answer? Once more the word is - apologies. Full satisfaction is offered) expressions of regret, payment of indemnities, assurances that the officers responsible for the bombing have been punished, promises nothing like that will happen again. The Japanese note specifically declares that the Mikado's army and navy in China have been ordered to be scrupulously careful about foreign lives and property - "rigid orders", is the expression used.

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Meanwhile, more evidence of the Panay incident is being rushed across the Pacific - film evidence. The China Clipper is bringing newsreel pictures that were taken aboard the bombed and stricken ship - two cans of film, one for

CHINA - 2.

Movietone and the other for Universal. They were due to arrive on the coast on Monday. The Universal cameraman is coming with his own pictures - the first Panay survivor to return to the United States. Norman Alley who was wounded in the bombing, and right now has shell fragments in his body.

GALLILEE

In the hills of Gallilee, near the town of Tiberias, a regular military campaign is on this night of Christmas Eve. Soldiers are marching and skirmishing -- trying to surround a band of Arab insurrectos.

And here's later word -- the message is dated Bethlehem. But it's not news about the Prince of Peace, alas. The word comes that a pitched battle has just been fought between steel helmeted British troops and Arabs. The fight was near Nazareth, home of the Saviour. And the dispatch is filed under a Bethlehem date line.

Where the Sheperds watched their flocks one thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven Christmases ago tonight armed guards in stell helmets, carrying machine guns are patrolling the Judean Hills.

SPIES.

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Today, at the town of Ansbach, on the border of France and Germany, two trains drew up, one from France and the other from Germany. In conditions of the greatest secrecy, some formal documents were signed by officials, and then from the German train four men got out and boarded the French train. While from the latter three men and a woman went over to the former. They were spies.

Today's event was a Christmas exchange of convicted secret agents. The French and German intelligence, having come to an agreement, each turned over four espionage prisoners in return for four. Then the secret trains started in opposite directions, one heading into France, the other into Germany.

POPE.

The Christmas message that Pope Pius gave the world today has a mournful ring -- for he talked about anti-christian activities in Nazi Germany. He declared that religious persecution was the order of the day in the Hitler Reich.

The Pontiff in an address to the Cardinals spoke these defiant words: " We shall not hesitate, " he declared, " to give the true name to things in Germany, where there has been in existence for sometime religious persecution. This persecution has been denied. But, " said he, " we know there is persecution."

Pope Pius thereupon answered the Nazi charge that its anti-church drive is because the church engages in politics. His words were: - " We desire to say and repeat, protesting before the entire world, that we do not engage in politics."

This Pontifical Christmas message signals a strengthening of church resistance to the Nazis.

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SPELLING

I have been having a number of scornful queries, asking - can't I spell? Why wasn't I in that spelling bee we had on the air the other Sunday from the little red school house at Quaker Lake on Quaker Hill, in Dutchess County, N.Y.? It was between our two Summer ball teams:- George ~~Bye~~ Bye's Pre-Historic Sluggers and my Nine Old Men. Was it because of fear and trembling that I wouldn't be able to get any of the words right?

Well, if so, I'd have been in good company, I'd have been right along with that famed Cartoonist H.T. Webster, who was supposed to participate but who turned out to have the timid soul of Casper Milquetoast. He wired us his excuses saying that he was afraid somebody would ask him to spell something like phytolaccaceous.

Then there was Max Schuster, of the publishing firm of Simon & Schuster. He didn't arrive. Max compromised by sending a word for us to wrestle with - ~~ap~~ a-p-o-p-h-t-h-e-g-m. Well, Max, that's ~~an~~ apothem, and is more properly spelled without the extra "t-h".

But even if I had gone into the spelling bee and spelled everything wrong, I needn't have felt humiliated.

So Edwin C. Hill, my radio colleague, informs me. Ed tells how in his experience, writers are excessively poor spellers. And he mentions that brilliant newspaper man, Frank Ward O'Malley, and says that the copy Frank wrote never included a single sentence in which there wasn't at least one misspelled word. So if Frank Ward O'Malley couldn't spell - why should I be ashamed?

Moreover, I couldn't have been ~~any~~ any more humiliated and mortified than Humorist Homer Croy, when he bravely advanced to the microphone. They had a word specially picked out for him. Some while ago Homer participated in a radio spelling bee and ~~was~~ went sunk on the word catenary, amid a chorus of jeers. So in our spelling bee, just to make sure that Homer would start off with a word that he could spell -- spelling Master Paul Wing gave him that same one - catenary. Certainly after having flunked on it once, Homer would know how to spell it. But lo and behold! He misspelled it all over again - just as he had done before. Proving that he's no Homeric speller.

The reason I didn't join the contest was because

the number of participants was limited, ~~xxxx~~ there were so many celebrities ~~xxx~~ there that I stayed out - to console Carl Ray. That mighty football star of Dartmouth was all set to prove that pigskin heroes are not so dumb. But the literary lights got in there before him, and while the great line smasher is not afraid of spelling, he's timid about pushing through a crowd.

No, I wasn't scared. Spelling has no terrors for me. On this Blue Sunoco hour I don't have to spell words. I merely say them, and it's mispronouncing a word that gets me in Dutch.

YACHT

On the Pacific Coast, a coast guard plane goes winging to the rescue of a couple of newly-weds. They set out on an adventurous honeymoon that turned into too much adventure.

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Mr. and Mrs. Terrey Rosentratter got married and ~~wer~~ decided they'd ^{enjoy} ~~have~~ their ~~were~~ wedded bliss in ^{the} ~~a~~ distant remoteness of romance ^{of} ~~in~~ a tropical isle: - the Galapagos. ^{There} they'd live the primitive life, on one of the ~~the~~ secluded ^{of that romantic group. So,} islands, they set sail on a yacht, accompanied by a man named Milton.

They were navigating off the coast of Southern California, when their motor yacht blew up - two hundred gallons of ~~axoline~~ gasoline exploded with a blast of flame. The honeymooners and their companion were just able to dive into the sea and get away from the raging blaze. Lucky for them, a freighter was steaming nearby, and picked them up; - suffering from burns, the honeymoon-husband with a broken leg. There's no doctor or any kind of medical aid for them aboard the freighter. So the Coast Guard is rushing a plane to fetch them to a hospital.

NEW LEAD FOR WEBSTER STORY.

The night of the coming of Santa Claus, and I'm reminded of an H. T. Webster cartoon I saw in the New York Herald Tribune the other morning. Like so many of H. T. Webster's drawings, it's a shrewd caricature of present civilization.

It shows a starry moonlight night at a trailer camp under the palm trees in ~~Flxx~~ Florida -- where Cartoonist Webster and his family are at present. A voice is coming from one of the windows of the trailer. Evidently a father is putting his little boy to bed in the trailer and telling him about the coming of Santa Claus.

"Yes, Willie", says the trailer daddy, "he comes in through the ventilator, down through the air conditioning system and leaves all the presents in front of the radio".

Which no doubt is Cartoonist Webster's way of expressing his longing for the good old days, the days before this age of central heating and radios, when we hung our stockings around the fire place. .

WEATHER

White Christmas is the word for the Middlewest -- snow and ice and chill winds. But for the eastern seaboard it's something else again. Storm warnings are up this evening from Atlantic City to Nantucket; the Weather Bureau saying "Look out" there's a disturbance on the ocean off the coast of North Carolina. and it's moving northward -- bringing northeasterly gales. Where I am it's snowing. A perfect Christmas Eve. And here's hoping it's the same where you are. Well just the way you want it -- I mean. And now Merry Christmas -- and So LONG UNTIL MONDAY.