

Good Evening, Everybody:-

I have a Christmas present for you.

~~Good~~

~~Good~~
^{Christmas}
~~news~~

news from the weather man. Uncle Sam's prophets say

that Sunday, the 25th, will be fair and cool. In other words

a fairly typical Christmas-card Christmas. In case your

anxiety takes you further, Monday will also be fair but not

so cool. So if it rains ^{or snows} tonight, which it probably will,

don't be discouraged.

BEER

The ways of legislatures are peculiar, and the Congress of the United States reported an example of that today. Senator Bingham of Connecticut, ~~was~~ one of the leaders of the Wets on the Republican side, wanted to call up the Collier Beer Bill for immediate consideration by the Senate. You would think that was a rather generous move for a Republican, because the Collier Beer Bill is essentially a Democratic measure. Senator Bingham's idea was "Let's have it out and have done with it."

But a dispatch to the New York Sun shows that it was the wet Democrats in the Senate who blocked this move by Mr. Bingham. When the Connecticut Senator offered his resolution there was a delay while the Democratic senators held a hurried conference. When this conference was over Senator Robinson of Arkansas announced that the Democrats had decided the Beer Bill would have a better chance of passing if regular routine were followed. That is, if the judiciary committee were allowed to have its first whack at the measure.

Despite all warnings to the contrary there were

getting the boys out of the dry trenches by Xmas,
optimists who talked foolishness about "free beer by Christmas."

The Senate has decided that it doesn't want to do ~~anything~~ anything
~~xxxxx~~ about beer legislation before the holidays.

The French certainly are a tenacious race, whatever
^{doughboy song of Hinky Dinky Parle vous}
the famous ~~song~~ says about them. A dispatch to the New York
World-Telegram announces that the new Prime Minister of France,
Mr. Paul-Boncour, paid a surprise call on Uncle Sam's ambassador
Edge in Paris today. The French premier wants to re-open
negotiations with Uncle Sam on those everlasting debts.

The immediate purpose of the French Premier's visit
was to urge that the United States make some friendly gesture
which Mr. Paul-Boncour may offer to his parliament as an argument
to persuade them to okay the December debt payment.

Incidentally ^{Premier} ~~the~~ Paul-Boncour's visit was of a
decidedly unorthodox kind. Official etiquette demanded that
Ambassador Edge make ^{the first} call on the new French ^{prime minister.} ~~Premier~~. Instead of
that ~~Senator~~ ^{M.} Paul-Boncour arrived ^{at the American Embassy} without any formality whatsoever.
Quite unexpected ^{and quite unannounced he} ~~he~~ walked ~~in~~ into the ambassador's office.

A significant bit of ~~new~~ information comes from Detroit today. The Automotive Daily News quotes the Detroit Board of Commerce to the effect that employment ~~has~~ increased sharply in the automobile capital during the month of December.

Together with this comes the report that purchases of steel are also on the upturn in the motor car factories.

Oh here's a curious bit.
Peggy Joyce, (I'll not explain who she is. The tabloids give us her biography at least once a month) — well, Peggy Joyce, who has reason to remember many men, gave a banquet today for the Forgotten Santa Clauses of New York. She collected all of the Santa Claus understudies who stand in corners and ring bells and work in stores. ~~and~~ She entertained them in the swanky Astor Gallery and the Waldorf-Astoria. ^{So} Peggy turned Santa Claus ~~herself~~ to the Forgotten Men and that ought to interest a good many men who've been Santa Claus to Peggy.

Here's an interesting idea ^{and it} ~~that~~ comes from a senator.

A dispatch to the Brooklyn Times-Union informs us that Senator Grammer of Washington, ^{the state of Washington, is all set} ~~is about~~ to introduce a curious bill, ~~is~~

~~is~~ ~~to~~ after the holidays. This bill will provide for a twelve-month moratorium for everything. That means all contracts or at any rate, practically all contracts and obligations of any sort whatsoever. I don't know whether the generous Senator Grammer intends to include marriage contracts or not.

People to whom Christmas is incomplete without a Christmas tree, and that means most of us, ought to be glad they are not in Russia. What do you suppose is the price of Christmas trees in the land of the Soviet? Twenty-five dollars, that means ~~twenty-five~~ ^{twenty-five} of the best hundred cent Uncle Sam American Bucks per each tree.

A dispatch to the Jensey Journal relates that Comrade Stalin's subjects, even if they have the twenty-five bucks, are not ~~not~~ allowed to buy Christmas trees. The sale of one to a Russian is as the Germans would say, "Polizeilich verboten." Which means that if you sell a Christmas tree to a Russian you land in the ^{ing,} *the cooler.* ^{the} _{coop,} The only market for these twenty-five dollar trees is among Americans and other foreigners residing among the Soviets.

Homesick aliens in Russia have still further troubles after they have scraped together the necessary twenty-five dollars for the tree. They have an exceedingly hard time buying the trimmings.

So this is a pretty good time of year for any of us not to be in ~~Russia~~ *Comrade Stalin's country.*

HOMESTEAD

Here's an interesting bit of information from the Rocky Mountains, which used to be my stamping ground ~~in days of~~

~~long ago!~~
~~in days of~~

It seems that there has been an extraordinary increase in homesteading in the Rocky Mountain States during the last twelve months. For instance, in Colorado over twelve thousand people moved from cities to farms. For all the complaints we hear from farmers about farming conditions and farm life, the number of farms in Colorado is larger than it ever was. Similar conditions obtain in Wyoming, Montana and New Mexico.

Which reminds me that I own a farm out there in Colo. which I would be very very glad to sell. And it's beauty too.

10

Today is the birthday of an important American.

The name on his birth certificate reads Cornelius McGillicuddy.

But to the sporting world he is known ~~=~~ ^{not as Cornelius McGillicuddy. He's known as} Connie Mack, the famous

manager of the Philadelphia Athletics. And Connie Mack, veteran of lord knows how many baseball wars, is seventy years old today.)

As Fred Lieb remarks in the New York Evening Post, Connie has no thought of retiring.

For the second time in a long and brilliant career ^{Cornelius}

~~Cornelius McGillicuddy~~ ^{I mean -} Connie Mack is deliberately breaking up one of the most effective

teams that ever played baseball. Three years after winning the world ~~world~~ championship Mr. McGillicuddy is remodelling the Athletics.

When Connie was fifty-two years old he had a club so formidable that its victories grew monotonous. In fact the Athletics, after winning four American League pennants and three world championships in five years were continuing to win so regularly that many of the customers refused to pay money to see them do it. They said that games in which Connie Mack's team took part were too one-sided to be worth watching even though those games afforded some superb examples of great ball playing.

9

Fred Lieb's article recalls how in 1915 Connie Mack scrapped that superb baseball machine, selling nearly all his stars to other clubs and started of his own accord at the bottom to build up a new team. For seven consecutive years the Athletics were regularly in the cellar. Then they began to climb, and in 1929 they were champions again.

Connie Mack ranks with that other noble veteran, John McGraw as an ~~xxx~~ example of the fact that it isn't just the purchasing power of money that makes great baseball teams.

And what is more the entire sporting world knows that ^{Cornelius's} ~~Connie~~

McLindley has never played a mean trick or used a single unsportsmanlike bit of strategy to win a game.

XMAS EVE SUNOCO

Mrs. Charles Croopin of Port Jervis, New York --
that's the town you see just at dawn ^{as} ~~after~~ you ~~are~~ ^{coming} ~~come~~ ^{winging}
over the mountains at ten thousand feet, ^{aboard} ~~on~~ the midnight plane
from Chicago to New York -- anyhow, Mrs. Croopin sends me a
Christmas story that surely ought to interest the sponsors of
this radio hour.

8
She writes:- "My five year old son has been trying
to figure out just how it is that Santa Claus can manage to get
all over the world in one night. She says he has just discovered
the answer. It is because Santa Claus flies and uses Blue Sunoco.
Yes sir, that's the reason. There's no ~~any~~ doubt about it!

(Officer, he's in again. I mean the gentleman who calls himself Prince Michael Romanoff.

This colorful gentleman with the imperial name, at one time cut a wide swath in American society, ~~He's~~ ^{until he was exposed as son of a Cincinnati tailor} been a thorn in the side of Uncle Sam's immigration officials for years.

The officers say that the true name of Prince Michael Romanoff is Harry F. Gerguson. A story in the New York Evening Post relates that not the least ^t of Mr. Gerguson Romanoff's offenses against immigration officials was drinking one of their best inspectors under the table on his last visit to New York.)

Prince ~~Mick~~ Romanoff Gerguson may rightly be called the One-Eyed Connolly of oceanic travel. Nobody knows how many times he has crossed the Atlantic without paying fare, but he himself admits he's done it frequently.

7

The last time he ^dlanded in America he stowed away in a dog kennel. But he contrived to be so well dressed that he never lacked invitations to dinner or drinks. The Prince always chooses crack liners with Ritz Carlton restaurants aboard.

last
The ~~last~~ time the immigration officials shipped
Prince Michael ^{of Cincinnati} Romanoff to Europe they thought they were
~~get~~ rid of him ^{once & for all. But ha ha -} ~~finally~~ not so. All tonight's New York
newspapers reported with glee the news that Mr. Gerguson Romanoff
was recently thrown out of two of New York's best speakeasies.
This ^{TR} ~~was~~ ^{what caused} his return to New York ^{to become} known. ~~and~~ Reporters
wondered how he got back. The immigration officials refused to
reply for the excellent reason that they did not know. The
Prince himself says he walked down the gangplank in the wake ^{of the Europa} ~~of~~
~~Europa~~ of Marilyn Miller. He had neither ticket nor passport, but
he landed as slick and easily as though he were the chief of
the immigration service himself.

6

A piece of news ~~of great importance~~ comes from Chicago which is of great importance to the blind. Or, I should rather say to the practically blind. A dispatch to the Newark News reports that the American Academy of Optometry ~~recently~~ held its eleventh convention in the Palmer House *and* one of the members announced a discovery of quite a sensational nature. This is a new type of telescopic lens. This lens will enable people who have as little as two per cent of vision left to see as clearly as ~~they~~ ^{all of us} could with old-type telescopes. The difference is that they see ~~things~~ objects just where they really are instead of a great distance away as you do with opera glasses and telescopes. If this new invention is developed it will enable the practically blind ~~to~~ who used to be "shut-ins" to walk about freely.

SHORT WAVE

Here's a wild, fantastic story that may have been published far and wide. It surely has! But Mrs. Claude Hile of Cary, Ohio, sends it to me. She clipped it from the editorial columns of the Morning Republican, ^{of} Finley, Ohio. It is labelled "stranger than fiction."

(5)

As we know, amateur short wave radio operators talk to each other around the world these days. ^P This story concerns three of these amateur radio ~~xx~~ fans -- two in Alaska and one in New Zealand. The New Zealander and one Alaskan frequently chatted with each other over the ether. One night the New ~~Zealand~~ Zealand man noticed the signals becoming shakey and then they stopped, abruptly. The New Zealander thought this was strange. He hurriedly consulted ^{his} ~~an~~ amateur station list and found that there was another radio broadcaster in that same Alaskan village. ^{So} He shot a call to him through the air and was lucky enough to have it picked up. The second Alaskan went to the cabin of the first, in response to this message from the other end of the earth, from New Zealand. He found the first man sprawled over the table, unconscious, from carbon

monoxide gas, from his little stove. And he saved the man's life.

Now what more incredible miracle could one think up than that?

CRUISE

An interesting cruise is about to start from Philadelphia. Five hardy wanderers are going to set sail down the Delaware and out into the broad Atlantic in a 38-foot sloop. They are planning to solve the depression in their own way, and this is the way they are going to do it. They are going to head straight for the fishing banks of South America.

The account of their plans in the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin announces that the eleven ton Albatross -- for that's the name of their sloop, will for an indefinite time be both the home and the business address of these five adventurers.

The crew has an interesting personnel. One of the five used to be a marine engineer. Two years ago he gave up following the sea and went into business in Philadelphia as a manufacturer's agent.

The master of the vessel, "Skipper Bill" as they call him, has been at sea most of his life. Another of the adventurers used to be an electrician.

After they dropped down to the mouth of the Delaware River they are going to head for the coast of Colombia, *the Spanish Main.*

(3) In those waters, says Skipper Bill, there are enormous quantities of all kinds of fine eating fish just waiting to be caught. And up the Magdalena River ^{of South America} there are colonies which will provide an ample market for all the fish these five adventurers can catch. A noble idea.

Why is it that on this side of the Atlantic Merry-Go-Rounds go counter-clock-wise whereas in ~~Europe~~ ^{England} they follow the movements of the clock? A writer in a Philadelphia newspaper has been investigating the question because in the city of William Penn there is one of the biggest merry-go-round factories in the world.

Incidentally you shouldn't mention the word merry-go-round in the presence of a maker of merry-go-rounds. He prefers to

carousels - I mean have them called "carousels." *Carousel would shock him more than merry-go-round.*
~~One~~ explanation of the difference between ~~English~~ ^{English} and

American carrouseles is that Amerifans are right-footed and customarily step off things with the right foot. Another theory is that with the thing going round counter-clock-wise your right hand is on the outside and consquently it is easier for you to catch the brass ring.

Curious but not very important.

2

And here's something even more curious.

An interesting party is going to take place in Chicago next month. The exact date will be Friday, January 13th, 1933.

A dispatch to the Jersey Journal says that the function will be a banquet of the Anti-Superstition Society. There are thirteen members. They are going to make a specialty of lighting three cigarettes on the same match, spilling the salt, walking under ladders, ^{and so on.} ~~boasting~~ without knocking on wood. A bevy of black cats has been engaged for the occasion so that every member can have at least one ~~of them~~ cross his path. They have ordered a special consignment of ^{mirrors} ~~mirrors~~ just for the purpose of breaking them. What a jolly idea!

~~Well, I suppose that also might be considered~~

~~coming under the head of fun.~~

Acting Mayor Joe McKee of New York City certainly sprung a ~~surprise~~ surprise on his admiring constituents today.

Acting Mayor ~~Joe~~ McKee is probably the first Mayor in American history, in fact in the history of the world, who can improvise in verse.

The poet, Arthur Guiterman, wrote a bit of facetious verse in the New Yorker, begging the Acting Mayor to take pity on the public statues ^{throughout the city,} ~~in New York,~~ all of which are sadly in need of a bath.

Mayor McKee made a quick reply. When he was shown Mr. Guiterman's verses in the New Yorker he called in his secretary and dictated in ten minutes a five-stanza ^{answer,} ~~reply,~~ all in rhyme, and all scanning perfectly. And that's more than a good many professional verse writers could do.

~~And just to prove what an~~
Edgar Allan Poe ^{new York's famous} is a Mayor Joe some samples of his verse I'll show. Hold everything while I let her go: —

And ere the springtime comes again,
The statues in our vast domain
Will glitter bright and shine like new
Because they have some friends like
you
At ~~noon~~ with soap and cleaning fluid
We'll start a job, ~~and~~ soon go to it.

And that ends my job for this week — and so long until Sunday.

~~Not so bad. What~~