

Good Evening, Everybody: *Here's an item with an unpleasant sound. But it turned out alright.*

A resolution to impeach President Hoover was offered in Congress

~~the House of Representatives~~/this afternoon. Its sponsor was

~~Congressman~~ Representative Louis McFadden, a Republican, of

Pennsylvania. It proposed to impeach Mr. Hoover for "executing

a war debts plot with President von Hindenburg and other

European statesmen. A dispatch to the ~~New York~~ Brooklyn Times

Union reports that the resolution charged Mr. Hoover with usurping

congressional powers and "other high crimes and misdemeanors."

~~It is~~ *This proposal needs no comment ^{because} here's adequate comment on this proposal was afforded by.*

~~the action~~ ^{what} the House of Representatives, ^{did with it,} The Democratic House

treated this proposal by a Republican ~~colleague~~ to impeach a

Republican President by tabling ~~it~~ the resolution with a vote of

threehundred and sixty-one to eight,

In other words dropped it into the waste basket.

DEBTS

Here's a ^{choice} ~~nice~~ little morsel in the debt argument.

The French have a nice new name for Uncle Sam. The New York Evening Post informs us that the Parisian papers have dropped the use of the friendly term "Uncle Shylock". They object that the words "Uncle Shylock" carry a suggestion of a family relationship.

The new name for us is "Sam Shylock." ^P Incidentally, the Boston Herald suggests that if they want to get near the truth "Uncle Shy" would be the best name — *that is shy or what they owe him.*
Evidently tempers are on a loose string in Europe today

so far as the United States is concerned. The Sam Shylock gag is one of the milder symptoms of ~~the~~ anti-American feeling. Armed guards ^{now} ~~today~~ surround both the United States Embassy and the private residence of Ambassador Edge ^{in Paris.} This followed on the inflammatory speech against President Hoover and Uncle Sam made yesterday by Premier Herriot.

For the rest, the French Chamber of Deputies appears to be about to turn thumbs down on the idea of ^{paying} ~~paying~~ Sam Shylock ^{or} *Shy Sam that* nineteen million dollars on Thursday. Premier Herriot's proposal to pay the debt instalment with reservations came before the Foreign Affairs Committee and the Finance Committee of the Chamber of

Deputies today. Both Committees voted against it by a large majority.

As for John Bull, he wrote Uncle Sam another note and sent it to Washington ~~last~~ ^{this morning.} As a result Washington announces "The United States government agreed today to accept the British debt payment of ~~million~~ \$95,550,000 due the day after tomorrow." This announcement was made after a conference of the leading officials of the Hoover administration at the White House. Unofficially it was indicated that the President and his advisers have decided that John Bull and Uncle Sam understand each other at ~~last~~ ^{last} on this bewildering subject.

The Minister of Czecho-Slovakia informed the State Department that his government intends to pay the United States a million and a half on Thursday.

Then there is news from Brussels. The Belgian Cabinet voted to refuse to pay its installment amounting to two and a quarter million dollars. On top of this King Albert's Cabinet resigned in a body.

BEER

There was ^{quite a} scene at the beer-hearing before the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives today, ~~which~~ showed in dramatic fashion how the tide has changed. This was ~~field day for the Drys~~. Bishop Cannon ^{of} ~~for~~ the Methodist Church South, Mrs. Boole, head of the W.C.T.U., and Deets Pickett of the Methodist Board of Temperance, were the principal witnesses. And, as ^a ~~the~~ correspondent of the Philadelphia Evening Ledger points out, these dry ^{leaders} ~~potentates~~ before whom the legislators ~~used~~ ^{used once upon} ~~time would~~ ^{a time} figuratively ~~to~~ fall down on their knees, were cross examined as rigorously as anybody. The Philadelphia Evening Ledger report, in describing the scene, says that the dry celebrities gesticulated and protested as vehemently as ever. But instead of the reception they used to get, one of them, Mr. Pickett ~~of the Methodist Board,~~ heard one Congressman tell him that his, ~~Mr. Pickett's,~~ testimony had been the best argument ~~in~~ the committee had heard in favor of beer. And Mr. Pickett, dismayed, ^{replied:} ~~murmured:~~ "I'm sorry to hear you say that."

~~Mr. Pickett had said that beer had been responsible for~~

most of the intoxication that existed before prohibition.
Congressman Treadway, of Massachusetts, asked him what evidence he had for that. Mr. Pickett then accused Congress of hysteria, to which the Massachusetts Congressman replied by asking: "Haven't you any hysteria on your side?" And to this Mr. Pickett answered: "No." Mr. Treadway then commented: "Oh, you're perfectly reasonable. Only the others are hysterical. We are glad to know that."

The dry leader
~~The Methodist representative~~ then went on to tell

Congress the liquor interests were preparing a campaign to debauch boys and girls, especially girls. The liquor interests, he said, further, are prepared to spend millions on advertising over the radio and in magazines and newspapers. He said he didn't want to turn on his radio and hear beer advertised. ~~To which~~ Congressman Estep of Pennsylvania ^{then} ~~asked~~ ^{him:-} "Don't you use the radio for your propaganda?" And Mr. Pickett retorted: "I'm not ashamed to ~~hear~~ have families and children hear our material over the radio."

Mrs. Boole told the Committee that if Congress allows ~~us~~ beer, it will increase ~~h~~unger and encourage unrest and violence among the unemployed.

CHICAGO

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The fair city of Chicago is in the news again, and in a way it doesn't like. Guns ^{were} popping on the shore of Lake Michigan last night, and Chicago's police today have eight deaths to report. Six people were shot and killed by crooks, including three policemen. One woman was suffocated to death after the robbers bound and gagged her. Another woman was ~~strangled~~ ^{stabbed} to death.

A dispatch to the New York Sun reports that the woman who was suffocated to death died while her father, whom the robbers had also bound and gagged, sat by helpless while he watched her suffering.

These killings occurred within a few hours after Mayor Tony Cermak had given vent to an ultimatum on the crime situation to Chicago's police captain.^{s.}

Good Evening, Everybody:

It looks as though you might need your snow shoes before morning. Uncle Sam's Weather prophets are promising us a gentle snowfall over most of the northern part of North America.

But they say it will bring relief from the cold snap ~~in the~~ *that has gripped*

the Middlewest, the Rocky Mountains and ~~on~~ the Pacific Coast.

An interesting feature of the weather is that the Mojave Desert was covered with snow for the first time in a dozen years. And for the first time in history there was ice skating

on the Lake ^{*in the*} ~~and~~ City Parks of Sacramento, California. There was *- and you've probably heard how hot it nearly always is in* even snow in Yuma, Arizona. *Yuma,* A blizzard which swept over Southern

California and Arizona caused considerable damage and privation.

Two hundred motorists were trapped ^{*by snow*} in the San Bernardino Mountains.

In Canada they had to use dynamite to break the ice jam in the Riviere des Pr^{ie}ries. This jam had caused the waters of the river to back up and three towns were on the verge of being flooded.

Here's a charming story of a lovely damsel in distress, who had a lucky break.

I read it in a book just out, called Recollections of an Old New Yorker. The author is Frederick Van Wyck, whose memories go back to the days when the old Waldorf, then brand new, was the last word in tone and elegance, just as the new Waldorf is today.

The lovely damsel in distress was a beautiful girl from the South, who came to the great city to visit relatives. She was quite overwhelmed by the splendors of the metropolis, especially the dresses and hats and the jewels and other fineries. Her New York relations bought a dress for her, a hat and also an exceedingly pretty nightgown. The girl bubbled with delight. That night before ~~going~~ going to bed, she looked at herself in the mirror and couldn't resist a cry of triumph.

"How pretty I look in my new nightgown," she exclaimed.

That same night the house was robbed. A quantity of jewelry was taken. The circumstances were such that suspicion

pointed to the demure little Southern girl. Nothing was done about it. It was just an ugly thing where somebody is suspected and is helpless. A year later the girl was walking along the street of New York when a man's voice in the crowd beside her spoke up:

"How pretty I look in my new nightgown."

The girl immediately seized the man, screamed for help, and had him arrested. He was, of course, the robber, who had used the girl's room for a hiding place.

RACKET

I ~~think~~ thought I knew most of the rackets, such as the sick engineer, the Spanish refugee, the heir to an old English fortune racket, and many others that have helped confidence men take money away from people who had more money than guile.

But a story in the New York World Telegram tonight brings to light an entirely new form of so-called confidence game.

A six-foot, two hundred and twenty pound ^{rustic looking} man walked into an automobile show room in Brooklyn, ~~the other day~~. He was an eminently respectable looking man, evidently from the country. He said he wanted to buy a mighty good car. He was shown the best the dealer had and picked one that he particularly liked. The stranger then said he reckoned he'd buy it as soon as his big deal went through.

Naturally the automobile salesman became curious about the deal. It seemed that the stranger, whose name was Mr. Sellers, knew a widow woman whose husband had ~~been a saloon keeper and had~~ ^{had a huge stock of} fine bottled goods just before prohibition. ~~stocked up with a lot of fine whiskey~~ No sooner had he bought the

bottled goods

~~whiskey~~ then he died. The widow lady didn't know what to do with the ~~whiskey~~ *liquor* and had let it lie in her cellar for fourteen years.

Lately she had become exceedingly hard up and wondered whether Mr. Sellers couldn't help her sell ~~that whiskey~~ ^{it}.

The automobile dealer immediately pricked up his ears.

He got on the telephone and hurriedly called up several friends and asked them did they want a chance to snap up some rare old

elixir of joy

~~whiskey~~ at bargain rates. Yes, yes indeed, they all were only too anxious. So Mr. Automobile salesman with friends and the affable

rustic Mr. Sellers motored out to Huntington, Long Island. Mr. Sellers guided the eager buyers to a lonely shack in the Long Island woods.

There Mr. Automobile Salesman and friends put a handsome sum of money in the hands of ~~Mr. Sellers~~ *respectable looking stranger. The latter* Then ~~Mr. Sellers~~ said: "Now

just a minute while I get a couple of the boys to come help you load it up." *Whereupon he* ~~Mr. Sellers~~ drove off in one of the buyer's cars. The

buyers waited and waited and waited. They waited until dusk. Then

they went into that shack and not so much as a bottle or even a small

rare old beverage
of ~~liquor~~ could they find.

The disappointed ^{ah} scofflaws squealed to the police, whereupon the police chuckled mightily and said: "Oh yes, we've heard of Mr. Sellers before. In fact, we are looking for him. You're not the only ones who wanted to ~~evade~~ evade your country's laws by buying liquor from this affable stranger."

Last night a couple of detectives saw a stout grey-haired farmer in heavy boots walk into a drug store in another part of Brooklyn. ~~They followed him~~ Recognizing the rustic make-up, they followed him. They heard the farmer telling the druggist the same story that he told the automobile dealer about the widow woman's whiskey. They seized him and it did indeed turn out to be the affable Mr. Sellers. When the police took him to the Station House he told with a broad grin how many people he had taken in on the story of the widow lady's ~~whiskey~~ *bottled stuff.*

And here is one of the fine points of the ~~story~~ *tale:*

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Mr. Sellers said he turned the trick because city folks thought they were too smart and he didn't like them anyway *by heck.*

Well, that certainly is the tale of one rustic slicker who got even with the city ^{*suckers.*} ~~chaps~~

BARTER

Another story in the "New York World Telegram tonight described an interesting symptom of the times. (A survey of the United States shows that in several communities fiat money is being used. In the town of Hawarden, Iowa, for instance, and several other places, tax warrants or scrip are being handed out to employees as legal tender for food, clothing and rent.) Stamp money is also being used in the Kansas City fund for unemployment relief. Teachers and others are being paid in scrip at Bloomington, Illinois. City employees of Philadelphia are getting ~~xx~~ credit from merchants on ~~the~~ city warrants.

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Furthermore, the barter idea is spreading.) In addition to the national organization I mentioned the other day, another group called the Community Service League, has worked out an exchange plan. It is modeled on a scheme used in ~~xxxx~~ Salt Lake City, Utah, ~~some months ago~~, through which forty thousand days of work were provided for the unemployed on the shores of the ~~the~~ Great Salt Lake.

SANTA CLAUS

A Santa Claus item in the New York Sun seemed to me rather touching. A letter came into the General Post Office in Washington, ~~Pa.~~ from a small town in Tennessee. It was addressed to the "Department of Stars", Washington. Uncle Sam's Post Office clerks scratched their heads and wondered what this Department could be. Finally a supervisor suggested that it be forwarded to the Naval Observatory.

There it came under the eyes of the scientists who observe the stars for Uncle Sam. ^{with no punctuation} The letter read as follows:

"Dear Santa Claus:- I am a little girl six years old and I want ~~xx~~ you to send me Xmas present Here is what I want I wantme some new dress and undershirts and bloomers and stockings and a pair of slippers I am poor and need good warm close to ware And oh Santa please send me a cry doll."

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There's a happy ending to this story because the so-called Department of Stars is going to play Santa Claus and will positively not forget the "cry doll."

BUGS

What is man's most dangerous enemy? Don't all speak at once. I had my own ideas about it until today. But a convention of gentlemen assembled in New York City corrected me. Man's most dangerous enemy is the insect - all of them - insects in general. ~~XXXXXXXXX Bugs, if you prefer to call them by such a vulgar name~~

~~WHOSE~~ Who's the authority for this statement? Why, the National Association of Manufacturers of Insecticide and Disinfectant^s. The National Association of Manufacturers of Insecticide and Disinfectant^s, Incorporated, ^{- there's a mouthful -} are giving themselves a party in New York, and telling each other in how many ways they are the most important benefactors of the human race. ~~Don't be~~

~~alarmed, ladies and gentlemen. It is true~~ ^{Some of you may remember} that Roy Atwel, the comedian, ^{long years} ~~some time~~ ago wrote a ^{plaintive ditty} ~~song~~ entitled:

"Some little bug is going to get you some day.

Some little bug is bound to ^{find} ~~see~~ you some way."

But be of good cheer. The ^{National} ~~New York~~ Association of Insecticide and Disinfectant^s Manufacturers, Inc. is ^{in the trenches} ~~battling~~ for you.

As one of the members described it today, they are waging for you a battle to the death.

The New York Ass'n. of Insecticide and Disinfectants Manufacturers, Inc., have got more facts about various kinds of bugs at their fingers' ends than we ever dreamed existed. Here's one of their contributions to civilization: The Panama Canal could not have been built if the yellow fever mosquito had not been brought under control. And who brought it under control? Some members of the Nat'l. Ass'n. of Insecticide & Disinfectants Mfgrs., Inc.

You may be interested to learn that of the six or seven hundred thousand words in the English language, some four hundred thousand are the names of different species of bugs. The only man I know who would not be astonished by that is my friend, Dr. Vizetelly.

And now Announcer Jimmie Wallington tells me some little something or other is going to ^{get} me if I don't hurry up and say,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.