2 GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

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One of the biggest manhunts in the history of the North ended today and tonight dog-teams are mushing their way across Alaskan snows, to the rescue 10 of two missionaries. They are Brother Feltis of San Francisco, and Brother LaGayre, of New Orleans.

They have been missing ever 13 since November 2nd when they took off on 15 an airplane flight across the desolate 16 wastes. When days went by and they 17 failed to appear, a search was started 18 with planes constantly scouting over 19 the barren country, looking for the lost mis si onaries. 20

Today an aviator returned to 21 22 the seacoast city of Seward, and reported that he had found them. He spied the two 23 Brothers of the Mission of the Holy Cross in a little improvised camp me ar the foot 0 Tx

Crater Mountain in one of the most remote parts of Alaska. Nearby was their plane buried and almost entirely covered with snow. They signalled to him that they were all-right. He dropped a supply of provisions and also a note saying that dog teams would be sent to rescue them.

And so, relates the International
News Service, dog teams set out today, with
the yelping of the huskies and the shouts
of the drivers: "MUSH ON! MUSH ON!", and
away they go over the white horizon to
the rescue of the two priests.

There's going to be an awful lot of shooting in a certain state tomorrow.

It isn't that the inhabitants of the peaceful state of William Penn are drawn up in battle lines, ready for war.

The Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph describes tomorrow as the opening of the greatest game hunt in the history of America, and remarks that it will take place in the greatest state for game in all the Union. Guess what state the Pittsburg paper meant. Two hundred fifty thousand rifles will snipe away during the day. This represents about one half of the number of hunting licenses that have been issued for the opening of this year's deer hunting season in Pennsylvania.

The reason why the Pennsylvanians are emulating Daniel Boone in such numbers is that the hunters this year will be allowed to shoot does as well as bucks. For the last couple of years the

does have been multiplying in the
mountainous parts of Pennsylvania to
such an extent that they have become a
problem for the game authorities. There
hasn't been enough food for the great
herds. The idea now is to allow the
hunters to muster in force and thin out
the swarm.

And there's an economic angle
to all this hunting activity. It has
been estimated that the army of half
a million Nimrods will spend more than
ten million dollars for food, gasoline,
hunting equipment, tobacco, and so on.
The Pennsylvania Game Commission

The Pennsylvania Game Commission declares that the changing hands of such a huge amount of money will help business conditions, and adds that there are few parts of the state that the not benefit from the generous nature of the hunting enthusiasts, who are usually free spenders.

The Commissioners urge the

Nimrods to donate all the game they kill and can't use, to charitable institutions.

And that will help the state take care of the needy. Altogether Pennsylvania

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No, they won't go to the bonesetter any more. Baseball players with dead arms and prize fighters with battered hands won't take a train out to Youngstown, Ohio, ever again to have bone-setter Reese see what he can do for them.

Because the bone-setter died today.

The International News Service recapitulates his curious career. He had a great reputation among athletes for his ability to manipulate an arm or a leg and restore its power. He wasn't a doctor. He had nothing to do with médical science as such. RXX He just seemed to have a peculiar skill in kneading and twisting muscles and joints.

Among his patients were David
Lloyd George, Will Rogers, Fred Stone,
Gene Tunney, and Battling Nelson. The
tough old battler broke both of his
hands in a hard fight one night. And
it seemed as though he'd never have

a fighting pair of dukes again. But the bone-setter ixed up those gnarled and battered hands, and the battler went back into the ring punching as hard as ever.

The bone-setter was a Welshman who worked in steel mills both in the old country and in the United States. One day a fellow employed in a Youngstown Steel Mill broke his leg, and that's when the bone-setter got his first practice. He went to the aid of his fellow workman, and set the leg. It was a good job. That gained him a certain fame among his fellow employees, and they went to him with their injuries. Pretty soon he left the steel mills, began his practice, and achieved a natural reputation among athletes as Bone-setter Reese.

Here's sine political puzzle that's been cleared up. Vice President Curtis announced to day that he is out for the Vice Presidency again.

He declares he wants to be Président Hoover 's running-mate in 1932. There has been considerable doubt about the Vice President's intentions.

of the Vice Presidential race for 1932 and intended to run for Senator in Kansas. But that a definitely out squelched.

Mr. Curtis wants another four years as Vice President, pounding the gavel and running the proceedings in the Senate.

These tidings, says the ****

International News Service, have caused a lively scramble to get under way in Kansas. The elimination of the Vice President as a Republican candidate for the Senatorship has left the field wide-open, and the boys are running around in circles trying to figure out who the Republican nominee will be.

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The other evening we had an appropriate bit of news telling the the son of William Jennings Bryan was taking up his father's old battle for free silver.

Tonight comes the further word that the daughter of the great Commoner too is taking up the struggle.

The International News Service quotes Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, as declaring today that she will carry the fight for silver into Congress. She is a Democratic Congresswoman from Florida. She will try to have Congress make a move to recognize silver as well as gold as a basis for the American monetary system. She declares that in 1896 her father foresaw the time when the gold standard would be a dangerous thing, because of the small amount of gold in the world for use as money. And now she declares we are again facing the same situation that we faced in 1896.

Yes, it will seem like the

old days were back again when the silver tongued Ruth Bryan
Owen stands up in Congress and echoes the ideas of her father bi-metalism, free silver, sixteen to one, and the cross of gold.

Robert E. Sherwood.

friend of Mark Twain.

acrobatic clown with

Bernum
circus.

lov. 30,1931
P. 10.

re Mark

Twain.

By the way, this is Mark Twain's birthday. And Mark
Twain is just about my favorite author. Sitting here with me is
one of his old cronies. His name is Robert E. Sherwood. That's
what he was christened. For many years -- twenty-four years to be
exact -- he was an acrobatic clown with Barnum's circus. He also
was on the stage with Joe Jefferson and Richard Mansfield. He and
I belong to a club called "Circus, Saints & Sinners." Yes, I'm
one of the Sinners."

Well, Uncle Bob tells a bit about Mark Twain.

Thank you Mr. Thomas. On a day in the summer of 1879, the circus with which I was connected played a performance in Oberlin, Ohio. Mark Twain was billed at the University there on the same day. After filling his engagement he visited the circus and was introduced to all our company. Mark and I sat down on upturned pails, under a starlit sky outside the pad room and smoked what he called Missouri Meerchaums -- corncob pipes. He complained that the faculty had censured him for smoking in the presence of the students. I said: "So! You're the person who corrupted berlin?" "Yes. I am, and I'm writing a story about it." Write a story about it he did -- the Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg -- one of his best! Our chance acquaintance ripened into a close friendship, and we were pals covering a period of twenty-five years.

When I was in London with the Barnum Show in 1888, Mark
was also there finishing his manuscript of "Following the Equator."
We met daily in Hyde Park for walks and talks. One hot day Mark
came down dressed in pajamas and bathrobe. Punch cartooned the incident which gave Mark wonderful publicity.

In an effort to prevent the pirating of his books by

Canadian publishers, he went to Washington and maintained a lobby to pass an International copyright bill. Tom Reed was then Speaker of the House. In relating his experience to me he said:"I got on the train at Jersey City the other day to go to Washington. On the train was a lot of great BIG, DIRTY, GREASY politicians,
Tom Reed included. Tom said to me: 'Mark, what you goin' to
Washington fer?' and I said: 'Tom, I am going to Washington to lobby
for an international copyright law. Our literary efforts must be
protected for our posterity.' And Tom Reed, the GREAT, BIG, DIRTY,
GREASY politician said to me: 'Great Gosh, Mark, you don't call that
stuff you write literature, do you?

Great old fellow. To know him was to love him. The immortal Mark Twain!

The British Indian Government has decreed a rigorous message to stamp out terrorism in Bengal. The great sub-continent of Hindustan has been in a state condition of profound unrest, while the Round Table Conference in London has been vainly trying to solve the future of India. And now that conference seems to be breaking up without any results which makes the situation in India all the darker.

that the Governor General of India has issued an ordinance which sets up special tribunals with the power to impose the death penalty not only for murder but also for attempted murder. There will be no appeal from its decision, and the Court proceedings may be held behind closed doors and not made public. The ordinance provides for arrest without warrant in some sections and the power to impose fines mot merely on individuals but on whole communities.

The New York Evening Post cables

And the se are only some of the

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repressive measures embodied in the new ordinance issued by the Viceroy of India.

Meanwhile, in London, Mahatma Gandhi plans to sail back for India on Saturday. He is darkly pessimistic. He prompes prophesies war and turmoil. "I shall

leave Saturday for Bombay," he declares. "There we shall take up again our

9 weaponless battle against England. 10 expect to be a guest of the Government in jail, or they might deport me, but the 12 fight will go on".)

"How doon after your return will you 13 14 begin the battle?" he was asked.

"The masses in India are only 15 awaiting my signal, but I think I shall study conditions awhile before I give it." 17

And the Associated Press describes his voice as ghostly and spectral. It 19 sounded as though it were coming through 21 a thick fog.

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There is the usual confusion of reports about the Manchurian situation tonight.

At any rate the Japanese and Chinese reached an agreement over the week-end, according to which they are going to establish a neutral zone between their respective armies in the district of Chinehow.

From Mukden comes an Associated Press dispatch stating that the Japanese reinforcements have left Mukden for the city of Tsitsihar, where the Chinese General Mah Chan Shan is said to be making threatening gestures.

The way conflicting facts, rumors, and statements come shooting out of that Manchurian imbrolia is enough to make one dizzy. It certainly makes me dizzy.

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COLD But this seems to be clear: Page 14

The Japanese troops in Manchuria are facing a more dangerous and terrifying enemy than the Chinese army. They are contending with a bitter Manchurian winter.

And Manchuria it is just about the same as the neighboring bleak land of Siberia, so far as winter is concerned.

The International News Service reports that the soldiers of the Mikado are suffering terribly in unheated railway cars. And the frostiest time of all is suffered by the soldiers of Nipon who go whizzing around in armored cars, which are said to be like refrigerators.

Clothing is being rushed to the Japanese army as fast as possible, but it can't be rushed fast enough. The troops are buying ear-muffs and felt boots from the Chinese inhabitants out of their own pay. And it may be that a decisive hand will be played in that Manchurian campaign, not by the military forces of China, or by the diplomatic

maneuvers of the League of Nations, but by that familiar old strategist - Winter, known so well in the history of Russia as General January and General February.

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In Chicago Jackie Becker, an 8-year-old boy, walked along the street with a bundle of bank notes in his hands -- dollar bills, 10's, 20's, and 50's. And he offered them for sale. Anybody could have one who gave him a nickel or a penny. Jackie is at that stage of childhood where he thought the most important kind of money was pennies and nickels, and that dimen is worth less than a nickel, because it's smaller.

Anyway, Jackie was, selling bank notes, and I suppose plenty of people looked wise and walked on. It's an old story that if you stood on a corner and offered to sell 20-dollar bills at a dime each, why you wouldn't do much business. People must have thought that the 8-year-old youngster was selling stage money. And I imagine that the ones who forked over a nickel or a penny were mostly other kids.

The United Press relates that who should come along presently but Jackie's

mother. She asked him how come. Jackie replied that in wandering around he found an old stove and proceeded to investigate it. When inside he discovered the big bank roll. He had 3900 dollars left. Mrs. Becker took it away from him and put it in a safety deposit wault.

And now another woman comes forward who thinks it's her money. She declares that the old stove was her's before she threw it out. Suspects that her deceased husband hid the young fortune away in the decrepit and disused cook stove.

I have just paid a visit to an interesting exhibition.

I went with one of the advertising heads of the Literary Digest.

The exhibition is called "THE WRITTEN WORD", and it is designed to illustrate the difference between good writing and bad. It is in a Gallery at Altman's on Fifth Avenue. The walls are covered with placards. On these placards you read bits of fine English, written by famous writers, and next to them exemples of how writers not so skillful might have tried to say the same thing.

You will see the Gettysburg Address of Abraham Lincoln, and beside it examples of how other people might have written it, including Walter Winchell and Milt Gross.

There is Hamlet's soliloquy and beside it a version which might have been written by a Rotarian blurb writer.

That exhibition is a vivid bit of illumination

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to show us the startling difference between things well written and things written badly.

It all started with a big advertising XXXX concern which was always up against the way the advertisers, would say - "give us the ideas - the words don't matter!

Well, the advertising agency knew the words did matter, and in order to give a bit of proof to its clients, it arranged samples of things said in various ways.

Eloquent Marcus Goodridge, who gives a detailed explanation of the exhibition to the public points to Ben Johnson's familiar old song called "To Celia".

It's the familiar:

Drink to me only with thine eyes And I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss but in the cup And I'll not look for wine. All right, "give us ideas. The words don't matter" Well, if so, then the following version is just as good

as the original Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes, because the idea remains the same. Only the words change. Here it is:

Imbibe to me exclusively with your orbs,
And I will swear with mine.

Or just drop a kiss in the cup
And I'll give up all other intoxicants.

Yes, that does seem to make a difference.
"Give us the ideas the words don't matter?"

Well, all I can day to that is,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.