

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The most important peace conference of the year, the most successful, comes to an end tonight. That's the one we are directly interested in, the historic Congress at Buenos Aires. We think of it as important not merely because we are interested in it ourselves but because it promises to have the far-reaching results. The spirit of it was summed up in the final speech of Secretary Cordell Hull today. "Cynics tell us that war is inevitable," he said. And he added: "I deny that! What we have accomplished here is the most practical evidence that war is not inevitable." Then he continued: "The things that have been accomplished here offer an example to the rest of the world." And in conclusion he urged the delegates from the twenty-one American republics: "We must destroy war or war will destroy us."

That's the gist of what our Secretary of State said by way of farewell to Buenos Aires. As a matter of fact, he said it by proxy, since he had a bad cold, and the Assistant Secretary, Sumner Wells, read his speech to the delegates.

EUROPE

Twenty-one statesmen sitting around a table in London are still wracking their brains looking for a method of keeping the Spanish Civil War from spreading into an international conflagration. Their latest idea is one to make us over here glad we're not mixed up in that mess. The solution they propose is a body of international police to keep the Spanish War in Spain. It sounds complicated to the point of dizziness. A ring of neutral soldiers around Spain to prevent either soldiers or war munitions from crossing the frontier. That doesn't however, mean one continuous line. It does mean that detachments of these neutral soldiers would be stationed at a number of control points. If these there would be no fewer than a hundred. That sounds like a large order, but the International Non-Intervention Committee seem to think it could be done. If so, it would be a new idea in European history. The Committee has gone to the length of putting the scheme on paper and it will be offered to the Madrid

government and to General Franco. They'll be given ten days to reply.

Just as they had devised his elaborate but ingenuous scheme, the twenty-one statesmen got a rude shock. Another Russian freighter sent to the bottom by Franco! It's an unconfirmed report so far. The belief is that the Soviet merchantmen smacked into a Rebel mine off the harbor of Alicante.

Another report of that nature threw further oil on the flames. The sinking of the now much discussed KOMSOMOL was accompanied by utmost brutality. That's a claim that comes from Communist sympathizers. The rebels who captured the KOMSOMOL executed four of her Russian crew, the only ones who escaped. The others all perished in the flames after Franco's sailors had set the ship afire.

CHINA

(The Chinese spotlight continues to be focused on the glamorous Madame Chiang Kai-shek. The kidnapped Generalissimo's wife has suddenly become the key figure in that Far Eastern melodrama. Thanks to her negotiations, in the City of Sian a three day truce has been proclaimed.) As a result of a telegram from Madame Chiang's brother, Dr. T.V. Soong, Nanking has agreed to hold the fire of its armies for that long. Evidently they hope that by the end of that time some compromise can be reached with the audacious young Chang.

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Meanwhile, Chang continues to hold on to the person of his boss. The possession of Chiang Kai-shek is his ace of trumps and he's not going to let go until he gets what he wants. But what does he want? He has refused money, promises, even guarantees of more power, more influence in the councils of the nation. His original demand of course was that China should declare war on Japan. ~~of course~~ ^{Apparently} that's an impossible demand. The Chinese civilian rulers in Nanking know ~~quite~~ as well as their Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, that the Chinese armies are in no condition to meet the

highly mechanized, well disciplined legions of the Mikado.

Such a war could end only one way, and that a disastrous one for the Chinese government -- all in favor of further Japanese expansion!

Cynical travelers who know China tell us that it's really all a bluff, that money, cumshaw, will settle all such questions in the land of the Celestials. But the puzzle is more complicated than that. There's the Communist angle. A report comes that young Marshal Chang flew today from Sian to Fushih. That's the biggest city in the northern part of the Province of Shensi. It's a Communist stronghold. The inference is that Chang has gone to confer with the Red chiefs. And the rumor comes that he may bring one of them back to Sian with him to confer with Madame Chiang Kai-shek and her brother, Dr. Soong.

ETHIOPIA

Once again Premier Mussolini has his way. After all the brave showing of protest against his conquest of Ethiopia, one nation after another climbs on the band-wagon, realizing nothing can be done about it now. Another triumphant announcement was made by the Foreign Office in Rome today. Belgium and Switzerland dropped their official but prefatory opposition. The Swiss government formally acknowledges the former empire of Haile Selassie as now ^{part of the} ~~an~~ Italian empire. Belgium ~~is~~ a trifle more cagey, ~~it~~ merely recognizes the conquest as an accomplished fact.

POPE

Pope Pius the Eleventh will positively carry out his resolution to broadcast his Christmas Eve message to the world. At half past six o'clock tomorrow morning, Eastern Standard Time, the voice of the Roman Pontiff will be heard on the air. All day radio engineers have been installing their equipment in the private quarters of the Pope at Vatican City. The microphone will be placed at his bedside.

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In spite of the suffering from the pain and partial paralysis in his left leg, he has been working two days, preparing his message. He will speak in Italian for some fifteen minutes.

EDWARD

At last an English Bishop has a good word to say for former King Edward! ^{That's news.} While all England was beginning to get indignant over the storm of criticism from Episcopal mouths, the Bishop of Manchester came out with a warm and unqualified eulogy for Edward. In taking the ex-King's side, His Lordship so far is practically alone among the prelates and secular clergy of the Church of England.

The praise of his former sovereign, now Duke of Windsor, was contained in a letter to the Manchester diocese. The passage referring to King Edward the Eighth reads: "Both as Prince of Wales and King, he used his many gifts in the service of the empire and he helped us a great deal." Said the Bishop further: "We cannot let him go without sorrow, sympathy and gratitude." And in conclusion: "Words help little in a moment like this, but prayer helps much, and we shall not cease to pray for him who ceases to be king." ^{So} spoke the Bishop of Manchester. ^{to which many say "hear hear!"} The publication of His Lordship's letter came in a

most apt and timely fashion. When the Archbishop of Canterbury let lose with his first words of rebuke after the King's

abdication, there was much indignation. The King's sympathizers were heard from. Beginning with no less a celebrity than H.G.Wells, they began firing blasts at not only the Archbishop of Canterbury but the whole body of the established church. Wells went so far as to state broadly that perhaps the Anglican communion had lost its usefulness as an established endowed religion, that it should be disestablished and allowed to fend for itself just as the Roman Catholic and the Protestant denominations have had to do for four centuries in England.

Yesterday, as we had occasion to observe, his Grace the Archbishop of York stepped into the fray. That, it seemed, was too much for even the English press. Both the Beaverbrook and the Rothermere papers were of the same mind for once.

Usually, an English archbishop is held immune to criticism by the British press. But not this time. And now the Bishop of Manchester comes out for the exiled king.

BOOKLET

During the past two weeks my mail has been unusually heavy, letters pouring in asking me about the little booklet Neel Enslin has been mentioning. But perhaps it would be better if I interrupted the news for about twenty seconds and let Neel Enslin himself reply.

Neel, will you ~~xxx~~ take over while I examine this next item.

MR. ENSLEN: This book Lowell just mentioned contains ten short stories taken from his ten most popular books. It is a Christmas gift to you from your local Sunoco dealer, and can be obtained only from them. It is absolutely free. Better ask your Sunoco Dealer, tonight, for your copy. That's all ---- here's more news from Lowell Thomas:-----

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Santa Claus seems to be coming to Kansas City with a big stick rather than a bagful of presents. ^{I mean} ~~That is~~ for politicians. The scandal about the November Third election is growing into a rumpus of first-class size. As any Middle-~~er~~ Westerner can tell you Kansas City has a Democratic machine that has had the reformers howling with indignation for years. They call it Little Tammany. But, they say, some of the pranks of Kansas City's Tammany would make some of the old tycoons of New York's ^{Tiger} ~~Tammany~~ blush with ~~shock~~ ~~or~~ envy, ^{or} ~~shock!~~ ^{shock!}

Ever since November Third there have been ~~uncanny~~ rumors. Ballot boxes, said the Republicans, were shamelessly stuffed. Finally, the grapevine reports became so thick that they could ~~be~~ no longer ^{be} ignored. So a Federal Grand Jury of twenty-two men has been investigating, sitting ten hours a day. They counted the votes in one precinct and found that the Democrats had nearly seven hundred, the Republicans none. That looked so bad that Federal Judge Reeves issued an order that the election records from everyone of Kansas City's four hundred and sixty-one precincits should be brought into court for investigation.

From all this political sharks deduce that Kansas City's Tammany is about to get the same going over that New York's Tammany got five years ago from Judge Seabury. The chief character in this Mid Western play is no jovial,playboy Major Jimmy Walker. He is Tom Pendergast, the big boss of Kansas City; one of the cagiest, shrewdest political wisemen west of the Hudson.

But he runs true to form as the guardian angel of the poor. Investigation or no investigation, he or his lieutenants will be around tomorrow night laden with teeming Christmas baskets. His pockets are always full of silver quarters when he leaves his house in the morning. Always empty at night. Although a rich man, he does all his business in a bare, sparsely furnished room in a ramshackle building and the title about which he boasts most is "Plain Tom Pendergast". Now the center of a political storm.

CHRISTMAS

Once upon a time we were taught that Christmas Eve began on December Twenty-Fourth. But - in these piping times of radio, Santa Claus doesn't wait upon the calendar. In Radio City, New York, Christmas Eve was ushered in two hours ago. The carillon chimes from the great Riverside Church were broadcast over the lower Plaza of Rockefeller Center while the great choir of Lincoln Cathedral sang the first Christmas processional. And in front of them was the new skating rink of Rockefeller Plaza. A rink within sight of two thousand office windows in the heart of New York City. It's something new indeed, when you can walk downstairs from your office, put on your skates and join your stenographer in a fall on the ice.

MOTHER

Here's a story for Charles Dickens, or for O'Henry, or J. M. Barrie, or whoever your favorite writer of heart throbs may be. It goes all the way from London to Hollywood and back.

Thirty-five years ago a three year old boy was placed in a famous English institution known as Dr. Barnardo's Home for ^uFondlings. For four years he was taken care of there.

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Then, he was sent to Canada along with three hundred others.

Some of them became carpenters, masons, builders, engineers.

The one we are talking about went on the stage. He did well, so well that before long he was playing leads. Hollywood sent for him, and there he did even better. His name when he was placed in that ^ufondling home in London was Samuel Jones.

Movie fans know him as Wallace Ford.

During the twenty years of his success on the stage and the screen, he had one regret. ~~Thereby~~ He knew nothing about his parents. ^{however he} ~~he~~ sent over to England to make inquiries about his origin. The information he got made him

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believe that at least one of his parents was still alive.

A letter from an aunt in Lancashire indicated that his mother was still somewhere in England. For twenty-one years off and on, he continued the hunt. Wallace Ford was determined to find his mother. The pursuit was as difficult as it was long. It finally led him to Northwich in the county of Cheshire. There, living in an automobile trailer, beside the river, he found today an aged woman. The wife of a blind match seller she was known throughout the neighborhood as "Old Mankit".

A Christmas meeting between the young movie star who drove up in a limousine and greeted the wife of the blind match seller as "Mother". They talked for five hours, she going back into the dim reminiscences of her past, he trying to stimulate her memory with the few facts he knew of his own boyhood.

At the end of those five hours, Wallace Ford, the successful young celebrity of Hollywood, said of the blind match dealer's wife: "Yes, she's my mother, I'm sure of it." Then he added: "I am happy indeed that it's all over. Mother

has had a hard life but at least she'll have no more hardships."

He is buying a house in Northwich where his mother and her

husband the blind match seller can spend the rest of their days

in peace and ease. A story with a perfect ending -- to which we

say s - l - u - t - m.