

C. J. - Sunoco. Wednesday, December 25, 1940.

BRITAIN

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There's an old saying <sup>that goes</sup> ~~which goes~~ <sup>^</sup> ~~ix~~ <sup>^</sup> this way -- happy is the nation that has no history. Because history for the most part relates of war, civil strife, violence and trouble. <sup>Well,</sup> In a way, we can add -- happy is the day that has no news. At any rate -- no war news. So it was at this time last night, and so it is once again this evening.

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There's no question about a Christmas bombing armistice -- by some sort of agreement or other, <sup>^</sup> probably tacit. The only statement to this effect was the one that came from the German ~~embassy~~ embassy in Washington, which disclosed that the Nazi air force would refrain from bombing England for a Christmas period of two days - unless forced to retaliate by R.A.F. attacks on Germany. Today there was no official ~~confirmation~~ confirmation of this in Berlin. But it was pretty much implied in the official communique issued by the German air command. It states "the German air force on the ~~the~~ night of December 24th and 25th undertook no offensive operations. The enemy also ~~did~~ did not attack German territory."

~~On the British side there is official silence.~~

On the British side there is official silence about the Christmas truce to bombing. In fact, ~~Londoners~~ Londoners in general were unaware of the <sup>story</sup> ~~story~~ that the rival air forces had called off air operations for the time being. The only real inkling that London had of the situation came out of the loud speakers of their radio sets.

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They noted significantly that all British radio stations were on -- blaring away with Christmas programs. The British radio audience is well aware that when Nazi bombers approach an area, the radio stations in that vicinity go off the air. They stop broadcasting so as not to give air raiders any sort of wireless guidance. So the people had radio evidence that there was no bombing in Britain. They noticed also, listening to their loud speakers, that all the stations in Germany were on at full blast. This they knew was evidence that the Royal Air Force was ~~not~~ bombing Germany.

Yet none of this was official, and tonight London is passing the time as usual -- in bomb shelters; Singing christmas carols underground -- just as if there were no bombing armistice.

The few who were told that there was one took this attitude:

"That's fine," remarked one man, "but what makes you think we can trust the Germans now?"

How quiet things are may be seen in the communique issued by the Air Ministry today. It tells of a sky fight in that remote area -- the Orkneys, a way to the North of Scotland. German reconnaissance planes flew over. No bombing -- just scouting. They got into a battle with some British fighters, and one Nazi plane was shot down ~~at~~ -- the four Germans of the crew being captured. That's all the sky activity the London Air Ministry has to announce.

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Such is tonight's story of the Christmas truce. And now the grim question is -- when will the havoc and horror start thundering again? If it's a forty-eight hour armistice -- the devilish renewal will not wait long.

ADD BRITAIN

Nor was there anything of vast moment in Greece -- merely  
the usual difficult fighting in mountain blizzard and intense cold.  
The Greeks pushing stubbornly against the Italian lines -- making  
further advances.

KING GEORGE \* FOLLOW WAR

King George today made a Christmas address to Great Britain, the empire, and the world. He spoke with grave words and <sup>d</sup> deep feeling. George the Sixth and his Queen are playing a truly royal part in the conflict - braving the bombs, going about in wrecked areas, comforting the people, inspecting and all that relief, ~~that~~ gives a tone of depth and intimate feeling to one thing that the monarch of the British empire said today.

"Time and again during the past few months," he related, "I have seen for myself the battered towns and cities of England, and I have seen the British people facing the ordeal. I can say to them all that they may be justly proud of their race and nation. On every side," he continued, "I have seen a new splendid spirit of good fellowship springing up in adversity, a real desire to share the burdens and resources alike."

*And* That was spoken by a King from personal observation.

WHEELER - FOLLOW KING

A call for peace. A demand that the United States take the lead in ending the war was voiced by Senator Wheeler of Montana today. The Senator is a leader among the isolationist forces in Congress; ~~He's~~ dead ~~set~~ set against anything that might tend to get us into the war. In his statement today he says he's in favor of aiding Britain <sup>within</sup> ~~without~~ the legal limits established. *However he is* ~~He's~~ against the repeal of the Neutrality Law and of the Johnson Law, and today he spoke against aid-to-Britain-plans that would seek to evade those laws, ~~get around them.~~

All this led the Senator to the subject of ending the war. He gave his opinion <sup>in</sup> ~~of~~ these words:- "Peace," he said, ~~could~~ "could be brought about at this time if a sincere effort were made." He wants President Roosevelt to take the initiative. "In my opinion," declared Senator Wheeler, "this government ~~of course~~ of ours could force peace in Europe at this time." <sup>It</sup> What kind ~~is~~ of peace could be made? Senator Wheeler made this qualification: "We want to see the small countries in Europe re-established," said he. <sup>It</sup> He thinks the United States government could, in his words, "bring the

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the warring factions together and insist on a just peace."

From what the Senator from Montana said it looks as if some proposal along ~~the~~ these lines would be introduced into Congress - backed by the isolationist group.

WEATHER

It's Christmas, all right, but the weather would be ideal for Easter. Warmth and sunshine all day -- perfect for spring. From the Atlantic ~~of~~ Coast to the Rocky Mountains the thermometer ranged from fifteen to twenty degrees above normal for this time of year. In many communities the weather this Christmas was warmer than it was last Easter. ~~Much warmer~~ in Chicago, for example. ~~The mercury went up to fifty or fifty-five today. Last Easter, its highest mark was twenty-three.~~

One section of the ~~the~~ nation, however, had a white Christmas. In the Rocky Mountain area a blizzard was blowing this morning. At Salt Lake City heavy snow fell all day, in some places more than a foot of snow is reported.

The Pacific Coast is having neither a warm Christmas nor a white one. <sup>They had</sup> a rainy and stormy Yuletide out there.

~~REFERENCE~~ A drenching down pour all along the coast - and a violent gale. Ships in distress. A four-master sailing ship is in trouble five ~~hundred~~ hundred miles off Cape ~~Flattery~~ Flattery. The wind battered by a heavy sea, helpless. The Coast Guard is on its way to the rescue.



But on the whole -- as a nationwide summary -- the weather went out of its way to make this Christmas balmy and

benign. <sup>And that's</sup> ~~which is~~ hardly news to ~~most of~~ you folks who have been <sup>out in the balmy sunshine</sup> ~~enjoying the bright and smiling climate~~ all day long.

Nothing is ever quite perfect -- not even a newsless news day. There are some heavy tidings this evening -- tidings not at all of good cheer. During the day the United Press wire, with not much else to flash, kept sending a series reports on -- automobile accidents. The bright & mild weather sent people out driving at an unusual rate for wintertime.

The brisk air and beaming sun ~~was~~ an encouragement for automobiling. To that you can add the prevalence of Christmas cheer, with its accompaniment of drinking -- <sup>and the result?</sup> ~~and~~ a mournful list of automobile accidents. <sup>is the result.</sup> ~~is the result.~~

One single collision in Georgia took seven lives. <sup>and,</sup> Four high school boys perished in a crash in Illinois. Stories like that, one after another. More than a hundred people were killed in automobile accidents this Christmas Day.

In the bombing of Britain a bad and tragic day might cost no more than a hundred lives -- snuffed out by Nazi bombs. Over here, we have no war, no bombs, and yet we run up a casualty list just as high -- through sheer carelessness. For the records show that carelessness causes the vast majority of accidents on the highway.

FOLLOW WEATHER

There's a Christmas weather story from South America  
--- down below the Equator, where Yuletide is ~~winter~~ mid-summer.  
Hot weather at Buenos Aires, and a hot time -- when a storm  
swooped down and started blowing things apart. Worshippers  
at  
~~at~~ mass on Christmas were drenched, almost drowned - while  
in church. Doors were blown from the hinges, and sheets of  
*rain*  
~~rain~~ were blasted into the churches, flooding the Christmas  
ceremonies.

At the ~~San~~ Buenos Aires airport the great door of a  
big hangar was blown in. The ponderous door was hurled bouncing  
among the aircraft, ripping and smashing them. One plane  
on the outside was ~~hit~~ whipped off the ground and blown on  
top of a shed -- where it perched. Storm damage -- a quarter of  
~~over~~ a million *dollars*.

In Brazil disaster came to an airliner today --  
but not to its passengers. The pilot of a Pan American  
sky giant was trying to make a landing in the harbor of Bahia,  
when a small boat cut across his path -- just ~~as the~~ as the

of the Pan American air liner  
pontoons were about to touch the water. To avoid hitting  
the Pan American pilot  
the boat ~~is~~ had to make a hurried manoeuver -- what they call

a ground loop. The plane got out of control and took a header  
into the bay, ~~it~~ promptly sank. ~~And~~ everybody aboard got out. But

They had to swim ~~for it~~ thirteen passengers and four men of the

crew. Luckily they could swim, and the shore wasn't far

away. No casualties, ~~a~~ couple of slight bruises -- and some

of the passengers were all tuckered out from swimming.

## COMPLAINTSA

During my years on the air I have made it a point to take earnest heed of the letters I get from the radio audience -- those that give me advice or reproof. And I have made a point to read over the air now and then some particular bit of rebuke -- when I've deserved it. The old idea of an honest confession being good for the soul.

Well, some while ago, in telling some baseball news from Cleveland, I referred to the Indians as -- the cry babies. Nothing original about that -- it was just picking up a current phrase the sports writers were using. And did I get blasted for calling the Cleveland baseball team Cry Babies.

One letter is signed by a round-robin list of sixteen names, beginning with G.S. Dunbar and ending with Ethel Sila. This missive states:- "We are Cleveland fans and we know that our Indians are not cry babies." So I take it all back. I'm making such a humble retraction that I'll say "no, the Indians are not cry babies. They are laughing patriarchs!"

Another vigorous reproof comes on the subject of a sea story I told in this broadcast. It concerned a sailor marooned on a desert

island. So, I put all the sale sea breeze I could get into the tale, telling how the castaway Jack-tar had endured heroic privations on that desolate bit of land -- Desecheo Island.

Ed Brown, a Washington naval man writes me:- "As for Desecheo being deserted and barren -- if our friend the sailor had bothered to look around a little, he would have discovered several tons of empty beer cans deposited there by Puerto Rican young bloods. I know!, he concluded, "for I left a few beer cans there myself."

Well, all I can say is that I gave the story as it came in the days news -- and there was no mention of tons of beer cans on that desert island.

ROMANCE

Today we have a final chapter <sup>to</sup> ~~of~~ a violent sort of romance that was in ~~the~~ news last summer. At that time I had occasion to tell about an affair of love and bullets <sup>down in</sup> ~~at~~ ~~Dunn~~, North Carolina. The editor of a college comic paper fell in ~~the~~ love with a beautiful girl, <sup>But</sup> ~~and~~ she said -- no. <sup>And then she</sup> And that put tragedy in the soul of the college editor of comics. <sup>And</sup>

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What he proceeded to do was not at all funny. He met the cold cruel beauty in a five and ten cent store and once again asked her to marry him. And when she said "no" more emphatically than ever -- he opened fire with a pistol. He missed the heartless and unfeeling beauty, and merely clipped a couple of women shoppers in the dime store <sup>2</sup>, wounding them slightly.

At his trial the beauty with the bosom of marble testified against him, and <sup>the college comic paper editor</sup> ~~he~~ was sent to jail for four months.

He has since been released, and today we learn that they've been married -- the ex-editor of the college funny paper and the beauty no longer so cold and cruel, unfeeling and heartless; <sup>her bosom no longer</sup> with a bosom of marble. ~~His way of courting~~ <sup>TP Well, that college humorist editor had a way of courting a girl that</sup> a girl was a little strange and even explosive, but apparently

it worked.

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BUSINESS

Christmas business has been good-- that's ~~been~~ the general report from all parts of the country. And, this ~~businessxxxxxxx~~ is borne out today by the volume of business done by the telegraph and telephone companies. Swamped with Christmas messages--so says the telegraph. People wiring Yuletide greetings to their families and friends. <sup>TP</sup> The long distance telephone did a booming business today--people telephoning their Christmas greetings.

Too much of a boom. Long-distance calls from New York to the West Coast were four hours behind. Four hours before you could get through to your movie queen in Hollywood-- or your boy friend at Sun Valley; <sup>as the Sugar Bowl in the High Sierras</sup> ~~or is she in Reno?~~ All because of the overworked switch boards and the jam on the wires. <sup>TP now</sup> Hugh James has a beautiful girl friend named Clementine. <sup>Perhaps I shouldn't tell. Anyway</sup> ~~And~~ even she had to wait four long hours <sup>^</sup> that must have seemed like days <sup>^</sup> before she could say Merry Christmas to Hugh.

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