

Good Evening, Everybody:

I am sorry to have to start with such serious news - that is, serious for all ^{heads of families.} ~~pepas and mamas~~ ^{the} Business reports today indicate that there's likely to be a ^{grave} shortage ^{- a shortage} of Christmas trees. Last year there was such an abundance of them that there were localities where almost any time after six o'clock on Christmas Eve you could have ^{almost} any amount of them, and of almost any size just for the trouble of carrying them away. ^{The market was overloaded. This seems to have discouraged} ^{the} growers and dealers of the Old Santa Claus firs. ~~seem to have been discouraged by that.~~ ^{So} This year comparatively few of them are being shipped. Of course, this applies principally to large cities. In the smaller towns and in the country, if you are lucky you can get your Christmas tree about as reasonably as ever, and if you are real active you can go and cut it yourself.

The New York Herald Tribune points out that

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another factor in the Christmas tree market is the early cold weather. Owing to the frost the branches of the trees freeze and break off when they are wrapped up into bundles/~~when~~^{as} they have to be for shipping.

It interested me to learn that balsam firs have nearly put their brothers, the spruce, off the market. This is because the balsams have a more fragrant odor and after they have been used for the Christmas ^{ceremony,}~~parties,~~ the needles can be made into pillows.

Incidentally, the balsams are cut mostly in Canada and northern Maine. Consequently they have to be ^{ready for}~~prepared~~ ^{shipping long before}~~sent to the point of~~ Christmas.

DEBTS

Just for a change, here's something on the European debt situation. Monsieur Edouard Herriot, in response to the urgent plea that he resume the Prime Ministership of France, said politely - no thank you, *je ne marche pas.*

At the same time Monsienn Herriot prophesied that France eventually would pay her war debt to Uncle Sam.

(Six nations today paid installments to the U.S.A. John Bull was the first with his ninety-five and a half millions. Then Italy with 1,245,437. Czecho Slovakia with one and a half million. Finland with 186,235. Latvia with 148,852, and Lithuania with 92,386.

The defaulting nations are France, Belgium, Poland, *Greece,* Esthonia, [^] and Hungary.)

Incidentally, Uncle Sam found John Bull's instalment came in ~~very~~ handy. He used it to pay off obligations of his own which fell due today.

BEER

And now an item for the ears ~~and~~ of ~~beer drinkers and~~ taxpayers. An item from the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives. ~~In a few words,~~ Beer, 3.2 per cent by weight, ~~that~~ is going to be the substance of the bill which the Ways and Means Committee will offer to the House. The tentative proposal drawn up by Chairman Collier of the Committee was for 2.75 per cent beer, but the Committee raised the percentage.

Another important point, says a dispatch to the Brooklyn Times Union is that Congress is invited to levy a tax of five dollars a barrel on beer.

BUCK

There was a Kiwanis luncheon in New York ~~yesterday~~ which I am sorry I missed. The guest of honor was Dr. Peter Buck, Exchange Professor in Anthropology at Yale. What makes it interesting is that when Dr. Peter Buck was born his name was Te Rangihiroa ^{from Rota Rua.} Dr. Buck comes from New Zealand and is by birth a Mowry. They spell it M - a - o - r - i, but they pronounce it Mowry. The Maoris, as you may know, are ^{of} the same race that inhabits Tahiti and ^{some} other Polynesian groups *in the South Sea.* Both artists and anthropologists maintain with reason that the Maoris are physically the most beautiful race of human beings that inhabit this globe.

Dr. Buck told the assembled Kiwanians many interesting things about the traditions, legends, and poetry of his people.

He chanted several examples of the poetry of his race, first in the beautiful tongue of the Maori. ~~xxxxxx~~

He then translated them into English with a Maori accent. Earl Jellicoe, ^{the great Sea Lord, and} former Governor General of New Zealand, ^{once told me when} ~~has said that~~

I visited him in New Zealand, that

English with a Maori accent is the most beautiful English

spoken by any people anywhere. Irishmen from Dublin will

dispute this vehemently. Just as it used to be the boast of

the Bostonese that they spoke the best English, the Dubliners

claim that the purest pronunciation of our tongue is to be

heard on the banks of the ~~W~~ Liffy.

But for beauty, ah, you should hear English spoken by a lovely Maori maiden.

Col. Nathan Mac Chesney
of Illinois is to be the
next Amer. Minister to
Canada.

DANA

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The war between the law and the underworld took on a new aspect today. Something occurred in New York which shows that the crooks have learned from the police what the police learned from the military.

A gang of five gunmen held up ~~the~~^a Branch of a big bank on Washington Heights, got away with thirteen thousand dollars in cash, and blocked pursuit by the use of tear gas bombs.

The description in the New York Sun says that the robbers had taken precautions to cut the telephone wires leading to the

Bank. ~~branch~~^{Then,} Owing to the acrid fumes from the gas bombs, it was several minutes after the crooks had left with the cash before the

~~employees of the Bank~~^{stifled and choking} could get out and notify the police. The

authorities pronounce it one of the most daring hold-ups that ever took place in New York City.

AVIATION

I found an interesting ~~traffic~~ air traffic item in this week's issue of "Automotive Industries." The news is that ^{an elaborate} chain of aviation landing fields is being planned by the Dominion of Canada, reaching from coast to coast. Survey parties are now at work establishing the sites of the fields under the authority of the Dominion Department of National Defense.

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LETTER

George Bernard Shaw sailed from London today. He said he expected to sail around the world without ~~xxx~~ giving a single autograph, even when he touches America.

I've been getting a number of letters lately, all asking the same question. Here is one from Henry Kohler, a banker in Cincinnati, O.; he wants to know whether, if he promises to use Blue Sunoco, can I spare the time to autograph one of my books that he intends to give some one for Christmas.

That's easy, I sure will, no matter what Bernard Shaw does. I'll gladly autograph my books for any one. If any person does that much to help me pay my mortgages, why surely I ought to be willing to return the compliment by autographing one of my books.

--o--

I also have been receiving letters from many postmasters; one came from Mr. Walter Brown, Postmaster General. Here is another that ~~mx~~ just arrived from John Kieley, Postmaster of New York City, and still another was handed to me as I came into the studio from Mr. Weimer, Postmaster at Dayton, Ohio.

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All make the same request: That I ask you to mail your Christmas packages early, wrap them carefully, and don't write the addresses either in Chinese, Japanese, or secret code. The Postal employees have a tough enough time around Christmas without being compelled to decipher heiroglyfics.

BURNS

A dramatic human interest story ^{appears} ~~is~~ in the pages of ~~most of the~~ ^{every} newspaper ~~of~~ America today. Perhaps some of you have seen a movie ^{about} ~~called~~ a Fugitive from a Chain Gang. Well, this real life human interest story concerns the author of the book from which that movie was made.

Here briefly is the story of that man's life - his name is Robert Elliott Burns. He was born ^{in Brooklyn} and graduated from a Manual Training High School in Brooklyn, and became an accountant. When the war broke, he enlisted and went overseas. He was wounded, gassed, and suffered shellshock. The war over, he returned to the States to find his job gone. For months he wandered around and became more or less a derelict. In fact, he admittedly became a criminal. He robbed a small shop in Atlanta, the proceeds of the robbery being six dollars and eighty cents. For this the State of Georgia gave him a sentence of from six to ten years in the chain gang.

He escaped from the chain gang and went to Chicago. There he rehabilitated himself, and for seven years lived an

honest life. But he became estranged from his wife and she turned him in, as the saying is, to the Georgia authorities. He was arrested and according to his own story, waived extradition because the Georgia officials promised him a pardon within sixty days. After they got him back inside Georgia, the officials of that state - so Burns says - reneged on their promise.

Burns escaped again. For two years he lived in New Jersey making no attempt to hide. He worked on a newspaper in Newark and as a dynamiter in a copper refinery. Then he wrote a book ^{describing his experiences in the} ~~"I am a Fugitive from a Georgia"~~ Chain Gang. Some of the facts he told in this book indicate that extreme cruelties are practised in the prisons and chain gangs of ~~southern~~ ^{some} states.

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And now the law has him again - all for 6 dollars & 80 cents.
~~Some of his facts have been corroborated by the court records~~

~~in other cases. Incidentally, I am told by penologists, though I don't know it of my own knowledge, that the penal institutions of many southern states are extremely cruel.~~

~~At any rate, the publicity following the success of the~~
~~moving picture made from his book, drew such attention to~~
~~Burns that the Newark police were obliged to arrest him.~~ The
question is now up to Governor Harry Moore of New Jersey, whether
he will allow Burns to be seized by the Georgia authorities and
taken back to the chain gang. It is pointed out that if ~~the~~
New Jersey ~~authorities do~~ grant^s extradition, Burns will have
to pay ^{dearly} for all ^{that} he has told about the methods of ^{the Chain Gang} ~~penal institutions~~
~~in the South~~

MARRIAGE

That marriage war in Elkton, Maryland, America's Gretna Green, is not over yet, though at present there is a truce. The Baptist Minister who had cornered the cream of the marriage industry in Elkton and whose roof was bought over his head by a taxicab company, has made a temporary strategic retreat. But he says he'll come back.

This Baptist minister, according to a dispatch to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, is the Reverend Edward Minor, seventy-four years old.

He gives an interesting explanation of this war to control Elkton's marriage industry.

It seems that the taxicab company likes to control the business because it wants its hackmen to steer candidates for marriage to its own minister and collect a percentage on the fees. Says the Reverend Edward Minor:

"These taxi fellows wanted to give me fifty dollars a week and put a girl clerk in my office to watch my accounts. Everything over fifty bucks was to go to them, and the gal was

supposed to keep account of it.

"But", adds the pugnacious Reverend, "they can't lick me with a scheme like that. I'm coming back and give them a run for their money."

COP

Maybe some of you newspaper readers have heard the classic illustration of what is news, ~~In newspaper offices we say for instance, that if a dog bites a man, that's no news, and if a man bites a dog, that's news.~~ *about the difference between*

You might re-define this proposition by saying that if you're out late without a penny in your pocket and a cop lends you carfare home, that is not news. If you pay the copper back, that IS news.

Well, I saw an illustration of that in today's papers. Patrolman Joseph Beddy of the Astoria Station in Queens, Long Island, has been lending nickels and dimes to belated wayfarers for upwards of twenty-five years. One day last week a young woman came to him, as have many others, and borrowed carfare to Manhattan. He gave her a dime and paid little attention to her promise to return it. But it seems she took note of his shield number. Yesterday morning Patrolman Beddy almost jumped out of his uniform when he received a letter addressed to Officer No. 1810, Astoria Police Station, enclosing a dime and a graceful note of thanks. *So there is gratitude after all.*

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GROW

The other night we happened to have an item about various things Europe has gotten from America. One of these was the well known and justly famous potato. Well, I have just received an interesting letter from a former Inspector General of the Air Forces of Peru, General Harold B. Grow, who writes me from the Book Cadillac Hotel in Detroit, reminding me that the potato originated, not in North America, but in South America, in fact in the Peruvian Andes, amid the lofty mountains, ^{that is the region} where Commander Grow, as an American Naval aviation officer, loaned to Peru, laid out some of the most important airways in South America. Commander, or General Grow I should say, tells me an interesting thing about potatoes. He says that in Peru the yellow potato is not sweet but is exactly the same as the white potato, only better eating and slightly more mealy.

Here's the curious thing. Many attempts have been made to transplant that Andean potato to North American soil. These efforts are successful in that the potato flourishes. But after the second crop it is no longer yellow, it is white.

HOBBY

In Baltimore, Md. there is a young lady with an unusual hobby. That is to say, ~~that it is~~ unusual in a young lady of 13 for that is her age.

A story in the Baltimore Sun relates that Nancy, which is the young lady's name, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ has a private museum in her home in which she collects everything from spiders to alley cats. This collection includes chicken feathers, a complete set of pictures of mickey mouse, pictures of the world's most celebrated scientists, a collection of spiders and almost everything that you can think of.

It is just as well for Nancy that her ^{Mother} ~~parents~~ encourage^s her in this hobby. One time the spiders got loose, hundreds of them, and they had a ^{terrible} ~~difficult~~ time getting them all back in their cage again.

Nancy's father used to be a scientist at John Hopkins University. Her scientific career started when she was four years old. At eleven she started to

use a microscope. The microscope was given to her by no less a celebrity in the scientific world than Dr. Simon Flexner, head of the Great Rockefeller Institute of New York City.

Little Miss Muffett

sat on a tuffett

Eating her curds and whey;

There came a big spider

and sat down beside her

And frightened Miss Muffett away.

Well, in Baltimore there is one little Miss Muffett who just loves her spiders.

DOG

(1) A thrilling rescue story comes from Fair Haven,
New Jersey. It's hero is a dog called Scotty.

~~A story in~~ the New York Evening Post relates
that Scotty was usually a well behaved Scotty. He seldom barked
at night. Early this morning he began howling, ~~so~~ The family
could ~~not~~ understand it. His master went downstairs to scold
him.

But his master soon found out what was the matter
with Scotty. The whole rear of the ~~the~~ house was in flames with
the mistress and three servants asleep upstairs.

The ~~master~~ of the house rushed ~~upstairs~~, aroused his
wife, and the servants on the third floor, which by ~~that time~~ ^{then}
was thick with smoke.

By the time the Fire Department was summoned the
servants ~~had been rendered~~ ^{were} unconscious ~~by the smoke~~ ^{from the fumes.} However,
they were ~~soon~~ ^{burst in and} revived after the ~~F~~ firemen carried them ~~out to~~ ^{to}
the open air.

During the excitement nobody thought much of Scotty.
It was not until everybody was safe and streams of water were
playing on the house ~~when~~^{that} they found Scotty on the lawn, dead
from ~~the~~^{the} smoke.

Well, here's hoping that Scotty is having good
hunting ^{tonight} in the happy hunting ground^s, ~~and~~ where good dogs go, and

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.