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    Iowell Mhomas, Broadcast
    for The Iiterary Digest.
Thursolaye Januzry 1, 1931.
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InT 18.

Good evening, everybody.

Well, the New Year has begun rather quietly so far as news goes. The first day of 2931 has been fairly peaceful over most of the world. Of course there has been a little trouble in a few places .- there always has been since Adam and ave lost their happy home in the Garden of Eden. Allot of miners went on strike over in Wales, they had cather a wild New Years Day in Berlin, and there was a kidnapping out in St, Louis. But for the most part the news is pleasant with even a smile lurking here and there between the lines.
A traffic cop got a medal that didn't exactly make
him throw out his chest. mere's a dispatch about diamondstudded snowballs up in connecticut and something dramatic concerning politics in $W$ washington.

That big railroad merger, which was announced by the President day before yesterday, will result in two mare railroads pushing on into New York, These are the Baltimore \& Ohio; and the
 A Washington dispatch to the New York Herald Tribune says that they will now get direct access to New York City, just like the Pennsylvania did the New York Central.

President Hoover celebrated the New Year by coming out with his first official act for 1931. He issued a statement pledging the United States to adhere to the London Naval Treaty. The International News service gr io wi ice that statement. Mr. Hoover sos he caused the treaty to be made public so that every article and clause may be observed and filled, in good faith, by the united States of America.

Bit by bit a dramatic story has been coming to us over the wires from Washington these past few days. It has to do with that political controversy between Robert Lucas, Executive Director of the National Committee of the Republican Party, and Senator Norris, the insurgent Republican leader from Nebraska.

The whole hullaballoo came up with dramatic suddeness at a meeting of that Senatorial Campaign Investigating Committee. I mean the one headed by Senator Noe, who is an insurgent Republican also.

The Ne Committee, as you know, has been investigating the various campaigns expenditures made in connection with the big election last November.

Well, the Ne Committee was in session. The proceedings were going a long in humdrum fashion. Then a man arose from among the spectators. Strange to say the man was not one of the witnesses who had been summoned. He

DIGEST - 2
Page 5
just stood right up in meeting and blurted out that he was there in the interest of the public and the truth. The name of this visitor was Charles l. Stengle, Editor of the National Farm News.

As yum It was just like a stage play, where so mebody entirely unexpected, suddenly explodes a bombshell.

Mr. Stengle told the Committee that he had received \$665. whit ch had been handed to him in bills by Mir. Lucas. Why? Ah, that was what started one of the most interesting political fights seen in this country in a long time.

Nr. Lucas, Executive Director of the Republican National Committee, was putting chat money into circulation
to help one of the candidates running for senator out in Nebraska.

The Republican candidate was Senator Norris. The Democratic candidate was Mr. Hitchcock. But Mr. Lucas,

DIGEST - 3
al though Executive director of the Republican National Committee, was not out to help the Republican candidate. x\& He was putting up the money to help the Democrat. That was the bombshell.

Mr. Lucas was then brought before the Committee and he promptly admitted that he had secretly distributed considerable money o help elect the Democrat, and beat Senator Norris. However, as you know, Senator Norris was re-el coted.

Well, the full story of that dramatic meeting of the Ne Investigating Committee appears in Literary Digest, wish game out chis morning, z day ahead of ti no on recount of Hew Years

The Digest quotes the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, and then goes on to tell just how things have developed in the course of the big fight. Mr. Lucas declares that he was simply helping an open democrat against a Republican whom the republicans look

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upon as no Republican at all, In fact whom they look upon as
Democrat masking as a Republican.
    Senator Norris and the other insurgents in the Senate
denounced Mr. Lucas, and you can imasine how hot under the collar
they are.
    It's a great story and you will enjoy reading the
full account in this week's Digest.
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    Now here is some peauliar confusion:- It concems
Marshal Joffre. It was reported that the Seorotary of Prime
Minister steeg of France had made an announcement that the hero
of the Marne had died. On the other hand four physicians
attending Joffre have now issued a signed statement that the
    &
Marshal is still alive, anc that his condition is still about
the same.
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The New Year ushered in a big strike over in England--that is, in Wales. $155,000 \mathrm{miner}$ walked out. The government had been trying to bring about an agreement between the miners and the mine owners but failed so the strike is on. According to the International News service the re were 180,000 men out of work in South Wales, and that number is almost doubled now.

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    I dropped in at Fony Sarg's marionette show this
aftemoon to pick up my youngster, and stopped for a moment
to have a chat with Tony. He was telling me about one funny
thing or another, and then he picked my News Item of the Day
for me.
    "I drive a car a good deal," said Tony. "And so do
a lot of other people. They'll all appreciate this tale of an
absent-minded cop."
    Well, this story will please all you people who live
in fear of traffic cops, and are always expecting to get a ticket.
    Up at White Plains, New York, there's a cop who
certainly began the New Year in the right way. The New York
Herald Tribune tells us that he was pounding his beat when he saw
a peculiar looking limousine parked right next to a "No Parking"
sign. There was no driver in it, and he just made out a ticket
and hung it on the steering wheel.
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    Well now, I'll give you three guesses as to what this
    funny-looking limousine was. That Patrolman certainly was absent.
minded, because the vehicle was a patrol wagon, yes the pie wagon,

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the old Black Maria! Now, a con that doesn't recomnize the patrol
Wagon when he sees it certainly does deserve a pair of Sister
Susie's pink crocheted handcuffs. And this patrolman had often
ridden in that same Black Maria and Had helped mox% many a prisoner
into it for a ride around to the station house.
    The patrol wagon wasn't in active service any more. It
had been sold to an automobile firm. The owners obeyed the summons
and went to court, and then the whole White Plains police force
burst into laughter. Today his brother officers gave the blushing
cop a beautiful shiny tin medal to commemorate his having
innocently hung a ticket on a patrol wagon.
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Right here 1 'm enthralled by the pleasant vision of being hit on the head with a snowball and having a jewel drop out of that snowball.

Que Hartford, Connecticut, two young burglars took a lot of jewelry they had stolen; and wrapped bracelets, necklaces, and rings up in snowballs. They were running away from the police and snatched the snow as they ran, and when they had the jewelry made into snowballs they threw those snowballs into the river. They 'vet told the police where they threw those diamond-studded snowballs. But, according to the New York Herald Tribune, the water was 20 feet deep and there's a lot of ice in the river. So they'll have to wait int il spring to dredge for the jewels.

Here's a late flash. The Navy Department announces
that eight marines have been killed and two wounded in Nicaragua. The Associated Press sends us this from Managua and adds that there has been a skirmish between the marines and bandits. No further details of the fight have come across the cables yet.

Edivently Sandino is up to his old tricks.

Here's a flash which states that $x$ xxx the boy kidnapped out in St. Louis has returned home.

Well, St. Louis began the year with one of the biggest manhunts ever staged. Adolphus Busch Orthwein, the thirteen year old great-grandson of the famous brewer, Adolphus Busch, and heir to a large part of the Busch fortune, was kidnapped. The International News Service tells us that the family chauffeur was driving the boy to a New Year's Eve dinner at his grandfather's house. A negro with a gun stopped the car, forced the chauffeur to get out, and then drove away with the boy. And immediately that manhunt got under way.
well, as l said, this late dispatch states that the boy has returned home unharmed. The st. Louis police have not given out any fur the details.

This afternoon as 1 was going over the news dispatches, I sat back for a minute and fell to thinking about the year 1930. It was an important year for me, especially these last three months since 1 joined the Literary Digest and have been dropping around each evening with the day's news.

As 1 thought back over it there was one that overshadowed all others. I got to thinking of the huge, almost fabulous power of the radio, with its well nigh incredible potentiality for disseminating not only the news of the day, but for spreading opinions, ideas, reports, and rumors.

It reminds me of how important are the things we say, the reports we spread, and by this 1 do not mean simply the words that wing through the ether, the words spoken into the microphone. I mean the things we tell each other, and the rumors we pass along.

Just yesterday, in the office of the Literary D igest, while 1 was

## SLANDER - 2

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chatting with some of the editors, one of them referred to the incalculable harm that $c a n$ be done by spreading false rumors, especially at a time like the present.

Then he mentioned a writer who lived more than two hundred years ago, a French Bishop who had some keen things to say about the spreading of evil news.

My friend said he thought the great French Bishop's words might well be trumpeted far and wide, especially today. Then he picked up a book and turned to a page. The book contained the writings of the brilliant Bishop Messillon. Said the good bishop:-
"The tongue of the slanderer is a devouring fire that tarnishes whatever it touches. Wherever it passes it leaves only desolation and ruin. It turns into vile ashes what only a moment before had appeared to us so precious and brilliant. It is a disguised hatred which sheds in its speeches the hidden venom of the heart; a shameful levity which

Well, I suppose you've all made your New Year's resolut ions and I'll bet they're good ones. Probably a lot better than mine. Yes, live made a few. In fact this is the first time lever did make any. Here they are:

To begin with, live resolved to give you the news during the coming months in as brief and pithy form as 1 can, I mean the news that the International News Service, Associated Press and United Press send along to us.

Furthermore, I resolve to lay off saying things on the air that make some of you listeners write in and me.

For instance, l resolve hereafter to pronounce Antietam correctly. I slipped on it one $n i g h t$, and got about a thousand 1 resolve never again to arouse the wrath and fury of the boys down in Amarillo, Texas, by saying that they are any less adept at wearing tail coats, striped trousers and spats than the Beau Brummel of Park Avenue and Chicago's swagger Bull Mich.

Inst night I read you a New Year's poem sent in by a
radio listener. And here's another one. In fact this one rather
puzzled me when I first read it through. It came on a plain
sheet of paper without any frills, and here's the way it goes:

> Now who the dickens sent me this?
> fez you.
> It's not painted and it's not embossed,
> And mighty little did it cost;
> The paper itself is pretty punk
> The sentiment - a lot of bunk.

The whole affair's a piece of junk
Sez you
Well what the dickens eatin' you?
Ser I.
It ain't the pie crust turns the trick;
But is the filling thin or thick? Aye - that's the trick:
It ain't the paper so never mind it.
But it's the thought that lies behind it
So turn the darn thing round and find it. Whereupon I tumed the page around and on the back was
written HAPPY NEW YEAR FRON BIIL HOLIAMD, of Ithaca, New York Well, Bill Holland certainly figured out a neat and unusual way of sending New Year's greetings, and now I'm going to

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    It ain't the paper so never mind it.
    But it's the thought that lies behind it
    So turn the darn thing round and find it.
        Whereupon I turned the page around and on the back was
    written HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM BILL HOLIAID, of Ithaca, New York
Well, Bill Holland certainly figured out a neat and
unusual way of sending New Year's greetines, and now I'm going to

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follow suit by wishing you and Bill and everybody a glorious
and Happy New Year.
    SO LONG UNTIL TONORROW.
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