Good Evening, Everybody:-
From the Kepublic of Chile tonight comes a mention of the idea of airplanes bombing ships. Yes, that seems to be what the government down there is threatening. It may be that the attempt will be made to squelch mutiny in the Chilean navy by sending a squadron of 30 planes to drop high explosive maं由 missils on the

## CHILE - 2

Page 2
involved in the mutiny, with the exception of the submarines, and that 5,000 sailors and non-commissioned officers are in revolt.

Well, tonight the authorities have sent the heads of the Navy to Coquimbo to pacify the revolt. I he sailors are being told that they have the wrong idea about the cut in pay. It won't affect them as much as they think. It's mostly the higher of ane that are to be slashed in the Navy department.

Yes, these are soothing words, to which the mutinous Jack-tars are listening. But along with the cooing ot the Love of Peace comes the oldfashioned yelp and arm of the dogs of war. The government has told the sailors that if they do not immediately return to their duties, why a squadron of 30 airplanes will be sent to bomb them into submission.

Now, wait a minute, folks, while catch my breath. I have a bit of news here about a new record that has been made. No, it's not a speed record or an endurance record or anything like that. What makes me catch my breath is the mention of a price- $\$ 400$; yes, 400 bucks.

Well, that wouldn't be a lot of money to pay for a sky-sciraper or an ocean liner. But let me ask you this:How would you like to pay $\$ 400$, for a year's subscription to a current magazine? Yes, l can hear you answer, "No, not me, th uh!"

Well, this is just another one of those things that make us realize how lucky we are. We pay four bucks a year for our subscription to the Literary $u$ ingest, that is those of us who live in the United States. But on the other hand there's one gentleman in this world who is paying for his yearly subscription to the Literary Digest the large sum of $\$ 400$. That's a record. It's something for the other boys in the

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magazine field to shoot at.
How come the price is so high, hear you ask? Well, it's a matter of distance. Way down in the other hemisphere, far south of the Equator, in the modern bustling city of Buenos Aires, Argentina, is a prominent newspaper editor. He is S. A. Cole, of the Argentine Daily, El Munda. He wants the Literary Digest and he wants it fast. As an important editor who has to keep up with the progress of events, he must have authoritative comment, especially concerning the affairs of that big brother of the North, Uncle Sam. And he the Literary Digest is just the place to get it.

It's a long, long way to Buenos Aires, 7392 miles , to be precise. The mail takes a long time to get there. No, the mail isn't fast enough. Selgnoir 3. A. Cole must have his copy quicker than that. The answer is the air mail, but that's expensive. Never mind, send the Digest by air mail, no matter what the
cost.
The amount of stamps needed to take each copy of the Digest down to Buenos Aires by airmail is ^\$7.50 $\quad$ That makes a lot of stamps on any piece of mail. Multiply this by the number of weeks in the year and add the subscription price, and the total comes to $\$ 400$, per
annum.
Well, those record-breaking weekly copies of the $u$ ingest make a swift, interesting trip. I'd like to take that jaunt myself. They go from New York, by Pan American Airways, to Miami, then to Jamaica, and on to Barranquilla, in the Republic of colombia. And now get this for a thrilling bit of sky travel. Those copies of the Digest make turn ta at Barranquilla and shoot over to Cristobal on the Panama Canal and then they od ard southward on the wings of swift $p l a n e s$ down the Western coast of South America. Colombia, Equador and Peru flash underneath. Santiago, Chile, is the $n$ ext stop and the last lap is across
the snow-capned ridges of the towering Andes and then across the Pampas of the Argentine to Bueno Aires and the office of Senor S. A. Cole, editor of that vigorous journal El Nundo. And that's some trip.

Why you could write a whole book about the sky voyage which that record-breaking weekly cony of the Digest takes, over the longest air-mail route in the western Hemisphere, and maybe in all the world.

And by the way Senor Cole, down there in Buenos Aires, is listening in tonight, and it's winter time where he is. He is listening to this Literary Digest broadcast of the news tonight. This is by speciel arrangement with the National Broadcasting Company, which is sending these words that I am speaking by short wave to South America.

And right et this point I'd like to send the salutations
of the Literary Digest to that editor's alert newspaper, El

Mundo and to the progressive Renublic of Argentina.

SPA IN
Find now to get back to theageayk
newerdiäpatches. There was a wild scene in 2 Barcelona, Spain, to day. In the 3 Barcelona prison a riot broke out, ana some prisoners set the jail afire. The local governor was there at the time. He was inspecting the prison. There were reports that a number of convicts were ill and were not getting medical attention. And he was there to investigate.

In that jail at Barcelona are confined a number of strikers who were arrested in the course of the recent labor trouble, with disturbances on and off, for the past few days.

Well, as the International News Service, draws the picture, the governor was inspecting the jail when the riot started. There was a mad turmoil.
Prisoners set the place afire and smoke rolled skyward.

A heavy force of police
surrounded the institution to protect the firemen while they fought the blaze. A

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huge crowd gathered in the streets. In it were hundreds of men who sympathized with the strikers inside, and they started trouble too. Civil guards charged the crowd, striking $r$ ight and left with the flat of their sabres. Several people were hurt. And so the fighting went on, plenty of it, -- the police outside fighting the mob, the police inside fighting the prisoners, and the firemen fighting the fire.

The
An official statement was given out today of thatagreement between the Vatican and the Italian government. As outlined by the United Press, it tallies with the previous reports.

Emphasis is laid on the fact that the catholic organizalions that are now allowed to reopen are to confine their activities strictly and entirely to religious matters.
$\qquad$ cangit a ghimpos of one ot he most unusual spectacles it know of today - the annual bob parade at Cobury Parka, $\operatorname{I.V}$. In fact it was the $40^{\text {th }}$ ' baby parade. There were some 700 babies. - and about 150,000 spectators. $\qquad$ a great sight.

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The figures that the new Literary Digest gives us for this year's school enrollment are staggering -- 24 million

1 children in grammar school, 5 million in High School, and there are about a million students entering the colleges.

The march, march, march of the Republic's young feet -- migration of life-beginners. Perhaps if we could see it in its true proportions, it would seem to us the most stupendous march in human history -- this September trek of a bouncing generation of American citizens in the making. That's the way the Literary Digest celebrates the sural array ot school star en.
well, it reminds us grown-ups of our own school days, of how we wrestled with that thorny old multiplication table, and later with Algebra. And as for grammar, even today 1 have all kinds of trouble telling the difference between an adverb and a relative pronoun. But they were glorious days, with all those games and sports, and maybe a punch in the eye once in a while. school in the tough old mining camp ton own Cripple creek. It was education in
the rough, very rough. It's different now, with all those fine up-to-date schools.

But that article in the Literary Digest about/opening of the school season goes further than sentimental or humorous impress ions of school days. It carries a headline which should make us snap to attention: That headline is:- "Business Wakes Up When Johnny Goes Back to School." The Digest gives a series of facts to show us how much school opening means with relation to business conditions.

And the beginning of this year's school season is going to do its bit in putting Old Man Depression on

## SCHOOL_(1) - 4

a steep, slick, and slippery toboggan, just where he belongs.

And ex and heres, an interesting experiment. Just make a survey of the advertisements in the current issue of the Literary Digest and the forthcoming numbers that will appear during the school season. Look those ads over and see how many of the products advertised fit right in with the ideas of school consumption. You'll be astonished how many of them will appeal to you as just the things that little Johnny or Mary would like to have.

Well, I haven't time this evening shoes -- 30 million pairs of shoes. And new shoes are appropriate for the beginning of the school year. That's a

## SCHOOL _(1) - 5

huge lot of business right there.
And then inside those shoes must be socks. You know how fast school socks wear out. I do. I have a boy that is
death and destruction on in the cloth end ene.
And from stockings you go to garters, and from there on and on. You see how it works, an endless chain making for consumption and better business.

Well, I had a few things to say about the big, the almost fantastic, difference between school days when 1 was a boy out at Cripple Creek and school days in these up-to-date times, but 1 guess I'd better wait until tomorrow for Hat Ha moretosey then.

One of the most famous buildings in Europe was blown up today. There was a terrific roar as heavy charges of high explosive went off and Moscow's great cathedral tumbled into ruins. This was the work of the Soviet Government. The Bolshevist have deliberately blown up the great cathedral of Moscow.
explains that they have blown up the magnificent edifice to make room for a building of their own. They intend to put up what they call--"The palace of the Grand Plan". This is to be an edifice in honor of that much talked-about five-ye ar plan. I suppose it is going to be a sort of Bolshevist Cathedral. Yak Well, the great Cathedral of Moscow has long been famous. It was built over a hundred years ago by 姆emperor Alexander the first $x$ to commemorate the defeat of Napoleon in Russia. It stood as a monument to that epic-making military campaign in which Moscow was
burned and Napoleon's Grand Army was wrecked and ruined. The great Cathedral of Moscow was indeed a grandiose construction. With its blue, bulbous domes it dominated the Moscow skyline. I recall seeing it as the great landmark of Moscow as we came in by air several years ago. It would hold 10,000 worship ers. But now it has been blown up, shattered to bits by the high explosive bombs of the Red Government of Moscow.

The news tonight about Sir Hubert Wilkins and his North-Pole-going submarine is -- no news at all. For three days the Norwegian radio station at Bergen has been unable to get in communication with Sir Hubert and $h$ is party of adventurers.

The Associated Press reminds us that the North-Pole-going submar in pushed its way through the drifting ice day after day. It drove along on the surface, and at last reports it was within several hundred miles of the North Pole.

And all that time Sir Hubert Wilkins was in constant touch with the outside world by wireless. He sent over the ether vivid accounts of that tremendous Arctic jaunt which he and his companions were making. In $h$ is last word he said he was waiting for a good opportunity to dive under the ice.

Well, three days have passed, and the Norwegian station in the Far North has not been able to get in communication
with him. Perhaps there is something wrong with his radio, or again it may be that he has actually taken a dive under the ice and is on his way to perform that almost incredible prodigy of a submarine dash to the North Pole. Well, well all be waiting to tear.

Here's a dispatch about KingGeorge - the-first-of-South-Africa.

Well, King George the First of South Africa he a familiar look. Big eyes and a neatly-trimmed beard. Yes, he's kaxxix none other than our old friend King George the Fifth of Great Britain.

The International News Service reports that there is a movement under way in South Africa to change the King's title. Yes, he's to remain King George the Fifth of Great Britain. But he's also to have an additional title.

The South Africans who are behind the movement point out that South Africa is practically an independent nation within the British Empire. The max main thing is that it has the same king as Britain and the British Dominions, and so they max think it quite logical to bel ieve that so far as South Africa is concerned d ne should be known as King George the First of south Africa.

Well, Long Live his South African Majesty - and So Long until tomorrow.

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