GENEVA

Lowell Thomas broadcast Page\_ for The Literary Digest Oct. 31st. 1931. (Sat.)

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Good Evening, Everybody:-

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a Well, the disarmament holiday has The clock struck 12 at Geneva midnight And that was the zero hour which the League of Nations had set for the nations to accept the disarmament holiday.

The various countries were asked to send in their O.K.'s by the midnight ushering in November 1st.

Well, the clock struck 12 at Geneva, and out of the 54 recognized nations of the world, only 16 had said. "Yes, let's have that disarmament holiday and not increase our Armies or Navies for the period of one year."

Among the 16 that accepted cutright mamma were the United States, Russia, and Japan. The rest were the smaller countries.

France replied that she would go in for the disarmament holiday if her manham neighbors did. It was announced

that some other countries were sending in their O.K.'s, but by midnight the had not arrived.

That seems to leave the matter up in the air. The International News 6 Service relates that officials of the 7 League of Nations did some hurry-up 8 telephoning to various capitals. Just 9 what the next step will be is not clear, but they say that the League of Nations cannot afford to let the disarmament holiday idea turn out a flat failure in the face of the big disarmament conference which is scheduled for the early part of next year.

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I saw a funny looking wavy line today that had an encouraging significance. It was a chart showing business conditions since 1928. It was prepared from a study of commercial conditions made each week by the Board of Industrial Counselors, and printed in the New York Herald-Tribune.

The encouraging part of the matter is that the chart shows a definite upturn of business during the past two weeks -- the first improvement, in fact, since the middle of August.

feeling to see how that line, after going constantly down, take a sudden and decided turn upward. Long may that wavy line wave in that direction.

President Hoover seems to be in a cheery mood these days. He is pointing out that a very great change for the better is taking place.

And at the same time American gold isn't flowing abroad the way it was for a while. Right after England went off the gold standard, foreign countries began to draw gold out of the United States. But it's different now. Foreign interests that have their gold on deposit in this enumber are realizing that it's safer with the same than the would be anywhere else.

And then, as the President relates, bank failure have almost ceased. Mighty few banks have been forced to close their

Another thing that makes the President cheerful is the fact that the price of cotton has gone up from 15 to 20 dollars a bale. And wheat has taken a boom, too. The price of grain has increased ten cents a bushel.

The New York Evening Post today declares that all through the vast wheatlands there's a song of rising prices and that's music to the ears of the often-fooled wheat farmer.

The whole world has been asking one especial question these last few days. What is the British government going to do about tariffs?

The overwhelming victory of the Conservative party in the recent British election made it clear that England was certain to embark upon a policy of protection. And business men all over the globe have been wondering just what the new tariff policy would be like.

London correspondent today which states that within six months

Great Britain is expected to adopt a general protective tariff

with duties ranging from 20 to 25 per cent. They say this is

the only way by which England can correct her present adverse

balance of trade. That is, England's imports are now between

a half a billion and a billion dollars more than her exports.

She's got to find a way to cut down this enormous difference

between what she buys and what she sells. And

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1 that one way seems to be a heavy tariff. They say that if these tariffs of from 20 to 25 per cent go through, why England will be one of the most heavily protected countries in the world. In fact, she'll have higher duties than any other country in the world, except the United States, which has a tariff mammam averaging 40 per cent.

One bit of comment is that the will be less hard hit than most other countries. Our trade with England consists mainly of RAW products, which England herself cannot produce, while the rest of Europe sells MANUFACTURED articles to John Bull. These are things which the old boy can produce and on which he is likely to lay the heaviest duties.

In Los Angeles today hundreds
of people were still rubbing their eyes
in memory of the tears they shed. There
have been some tearful doings

There was a Communist riot. A huge crowd of red radicals tried to hold a meeting in the Philharmonic Auditorium. The police refused to permit the gathering. Then the battle was on.

Traffic was stalled and the crowds milled around. According to the United Press, three policemen were slugged and taken to hospitals. The cops got busy with their tear bombs. They tossed 125 of those lachrymose missiles into the crowds of rioters. The tear gas fumes spread. A light wind carried the acrid vapor among automobiles and pedestrians. And all that those innocent bystanders could do was just to keep on weep and weep owne more.

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Two big airplane flights got under way today, and they are two of the oddest sky voyages in the history of aviation.

This evening a 19-year-old London society girl, Peggy Salaman, is on her way to try to break the flying record between England and Australia South Ofrica.

The amusing thing about Peggy's flight is what she's taking along. She has two revolvers, an evening gown, a pair of carpet slippers, two alarm clocks, and a big box of American chewing gum. Peggy explains the chewing gum. She isn't going to chew it just for fun. She thinks she may have to use it to plug up possible leaks in the gas tank of her plane.

It's easy to guess why she wants the evening gown. The pair of carpet slippers have a comfortable sound, but what the deuce does Peggy want with those two alarm clocks on her attempt to break the airplane record between England and Australia South a

The second flight is an England-to-Australia affair. It is being attempted by C. A. Butler, an English amateur flyer. The odd thing is that he's flying what is described as a PIGMY plane, a sort of infant scooler of the air

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(Well, they tried to sink the Nautilus 2 today, but they couldn't make the grade. <sup>3</sup> Something has to be done with that battered submarine with which Sir Hubert Wilkins 5 and his party of adventurers made their 6 daring dives under the ice-pack of the 7 North. The craft is so badly banged up 8 that about the only thing to do with her 9 is take her out to sea and sink her. 10 And that's what they tried to do today.

The Associated Press reports that at Bergen, Norway, a ship took the Nautilus in tow and hauled a out to sea. The idea 13 was to put a couple of men aboard her and have them open the valves and let the water in. But the sea was so high and the old hulk of that adventurous submaring so dangerously that they couldn't find a way to put the men aboard and then take them off in time.

So they fiddled around out there on the stormy sea. Then the tow-lines broke and the Nautilus was adrift. It was hours of hard work before the crew could splice the hawser. By that time they were

thoroughly disgusted and gave it up as a bad job.  $S_0$  they towed the old submarine back to Bergen and there she will remain until the weather clears, and when they will try to sink her again.

1 considerably nearer the peak of the football season. And what a gorgeous football day it was -- in this locality, at any rate. I would have given my fifteen-year old coonskin coat to have

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of red.

been able to sit in the grandstand and yell my head off at a game. I drove home to the country during the middle of the night and then back to the Literary Digest of fice at noon today. And there was just the proper tang in the air for the perfect football weather and the gorgeous Berkshire Hills were a riot of color from the maple trees ablaze with every shade

Well, today brings us EDMMXX

It was a big football day for inter-sectional games. As you probably have heard Notre Dame hammered Carnegie Tech to the tune of NINETEEN to NOTHING. So apparently the spirit of Knute Rockne is still marching on.

Oregon's so-called mystery tootbatt team, known on the Pacific Coast

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as the "Web-foot Eleven" crossed the entire continent for a battle with the un-defeated New York University. And in spite of the fact that they played on anything but a soggy gridiron, the web-foot Oregon outfit won out by a score of FOURTEEN to SIX. And that an upset,

Harvard kept up her winning streak by a victorious inter-sectional game -- Harvard NINETEEN, Virginia ZERO.

One of the most lopsided scores of the day was when Holy Cross trimmed Brown to the tune of THIRTY-THREE TO NOTHING.

A rather important inter-sectional battle was fought between those fighting West Virginia Mountaineers and the dirt farmers from Kansas. It ended with the Kansas Aggies on top NINETEEN TO NOTBING, leaving the Kansas team among the un-beaten aggregations of the country. Cornell walloped Columbia

THIRTEEN to NAUGHT.

And here's another sad, sad tale for the lads of Old Nassau. Princeton ZERO--Michigan TWENTY-ONE. So there's more woe in Tigertown.

Another pigskin joust between teams of different regions was a close fight that turned out Syracuse FIFTEEN, Michigan State TEN.

But you foot-ball fans who haven't been listening to the broadcasts 9 this afternoon straight from the stadium, hold everything now and listen to this one: - Little Albie Booth, Captain of the Yale team who had such a sensational career season before last sprinted back into the limelight today, the ee spectacular touchdowns in the Yale bowl, against Dartmouth. And all in one quarter. The first was a 93 - yard run from the kick-off. But in spite of that dazzling exhibition, the game ended with a most unusual score. Yale and Dartmouth tied:-THIRTY-THREE to THR TY-THREE.

And then of course there were a hundred other interesting games, and the one I particularly wanted to see was the a

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game that the sporting writers regarded as un-important. A team from Colorado College, at the foot of Pikes Peak, g came across the continent and battle d with the Army, at West Point, this afternoon. Yes, the lads from the mule college in the Rocky Mountains took it on the nose TWENTY-SEVEN TO NOTHING.

All in all, it was a spectacular day in the football world.

9-9-31-5M

There seems to be a ban against Americans in the medical schools of Scotland. The United Press has a cable that the medical schools and old universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen are turning down applications from prospective American students by the score.

The reason is that too many 10 would-be Doctors from the United States want to go over there to study. Hundreds have been graduated, but now the canny Scots are calling a halt.

Nearly all Americans who take Scottish medical degrees return to the United States to practice. The Scotch medical schools are partly supported by government funds. And obviously the money that Sandy puts up to educate booter wasted if the Doctors return to the Uni the benefit States and give the Amer of their skill.

Yes, it seems like a waste of Scotch money, and Sandy never was strong for that waxes enthusiastic about that.

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Now let's go along to a frog story, which sounds a bit tall, but which comes in a cable to the New York Sun from Melbourne, Australia.

Near Melbourne workmen were digging down into rock when they found a 7 number of frogs that seemed to have been 8 embedded in the stone for ages. The 9 frogs were so dry that when a couple of 10 them were rubbed between the hands they 11 disintegrated into powder.

Just by the way of experiment, a couple of them were placed in water. To the astonishment of everybody, the frogs proceeded to come to life, and presently were swimming about as lively as ever.

Yes, that does seem tall, but on the other hand it's well-known that frogs are liable to live a long time in a state of suspended animation. And curious stories about ancient frogs are constantly coming to light.

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Well, this is the mystic night of
Hallowe'en when the witches ride on their
brooms and the leprecauns of old Ireland
have their fling. And so let's have a
story appropriate for Hallowe'en, a tall
story of the strange doings of the mystic
folk, who hold their sports and carnivals
on a night like this.

This Gaelic whopper comes from Ruth
Kincane of Newton Center, Massachusetts.

Yes, that does seem appropriate for hallowed.

Leten. It's a good one to tell as the mysterious night comes on, just before you start ducking for apples.

Miss Kincane explains that her father has long been devoted to the great Irish whopper. In his boyhood he enjoyed the highly educational experience of listening to the tall stories of a canny old Irishman named Con, who seemed to be the grandfather of all fibbers.

One night there was a hot political argument on and old Con suddenly rose and made the statement that he was the champion football player of the length and breadth of Ireland. Then he told the story of the time when he played football with the

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Little Men. As we all know, Ireland is the land of fairies, leprecauns, or in other words, the Little Men.

"It happened", said old Con, "one fine evenin' whin the moon rode high, the wee men came a-tappin' at me window with the request that I join 'em in a football game. They were one man shy on their team, and they were also well aware as how I had the footballinest boot in all Erin.

"Shure 'twas nothin out o' the ordinary for them to be askin' me a favor, so out I wint and played football with them. Whin me time came to kick, I boosted that ball so far and so furious that the heel of me boot came off and wint scootin' through the air. Wan of the wee men, Tricky Mick by name, turned to a Leprecaun who was sittin' in the sidelines. 'Tady, me bye', says Mick, 'you fly over to France and fetch back the heel of this gintleman's boot."

Sure and that does seem appropriate for Hallowe'en - a good one to tell on the mysterious eve, just before we start ducking for apples - and,

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.

