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GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

Things were all wet over in London today. I mean the weather was wet. A drizzling rain fell and everything was damp and muggy. But then a little thing like rain doesn't mean so much over in dear old London. The citizens are used to it and they can go right ahead and hold a solemn affair just about as well in the rain as on a bright sunshiny day.

And so, although the weather was wet, the opening of parliament took place with all suitable pomp and circumstance. No, the ceremonies were not all wet. I suppose you might say they were all dry, although that might not be the right word for England.

Anyway, there was a grand air of stately ritual when His Majesty, the King, opened parliament with a speech from the throne.

In the section reserved for

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royalty the members of the reigning family were seated. The King arose.

"My Lords, members of the House of Commons", His Majesty began. And then the British parliament was in session. The King, as quoted by the United Press, spoke in terms of old fashioned autocratic royalty. "My relations with foreign powers", he said, "continue friendly. My government intends to pursue a policy of promoting peace and good will."

Yes, those are words suitable for a king, but just the same England happens to be an exceedingly constitutional monarchy, and I suppose that a good deal more importance is to be attached to what the Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, had to say. As the Associated Press tells the story, proceeded to plunge into some exceedingly controversial matters. For example, he tackled the problem of war debts and reparations.

"As long", declared Prime

Minister MacDonald, "as the will of man forces an unnatural economic adjustment upon the world, the world will never succeed or prosper." And by that meant war debts and reparations.

The International News Service quotes the Prime Minister as saying that the International financial tangle which was left over by the World War, and which the nations still have on their hands, is crazy economy.

peers of the kax realm, assembled in magnificent finery. Their proceedings were a great deal more spectacular than those in the House of Commons,——but also somewhat less important.

Now here's a large figure -- 2 billion and 674 million.

That means bushels. Bushels of what? Why bushels of corn,

this time.

Today the United States Crop Reporting Board turned in figures for the corn crop this year. The farmers throughout the country certainly have plenty of corn fields. Five-and-a -helf million acres of land were cultivated in corn this year.

And the total crop was over 2 billion and 674 million bushels.

Just think of husking all that:

Anyway, it's a bigger corn crop than we had last year, nearly 600 million bushels bigger, remarks the International News Service.

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There has been a lot of back and 2 66 ntroversy on the subject of Russian wk wheat. It has been claimed that Russia has been suffering from a severe drought this year and that in consequence the Soviets will not be able to export wheat.

On the other hand this has been denied, with statements that the Russian wheat crop is as big this year as it was last year, and that the Soviets will be in the export market the same as ever.

Now comes am a United Press dispatch from Moscow in which Soviet officials are quoted as saying that Russia will make "substantial wheat exports" this vear. They ridicule the idea that the Bolshevists are out of the wheat market.

But they admitted that the Soviets were facing what they cal led "certain difficulties". And they add that Russian exports of wheat will be less this year than last. There is confirmation of the fact that in Eastern Siberia and in the region of the Ural Mte

the Soviet wheat growers have had to contend with the drought. Furthermore the Bolshevistm authorities have eased up on their restrictions concerning the amount of food allotted to the Russians themselves, which means that more wheat than last year will be consumed inside of Russia.

That question of Russiam wheat has been of acute importance to both farmers and business men, and according to last reports the situation can be summed up like this:

"The Soviets will export wheat this coming year. But their exports won't be as much as they were last". **year**

This is vital news to a host of people in this country, Canada, and nearly everywhere excepting in Estermo-land.

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A new government was set up in Manchuria today. At the city of Mukden General Yuan Chin-Kai was installed as provincial governor, in place of General Chang Hsueh-Liang, who is fighting against the Japanese. This move was instigated by the Japanese. The United Press declares that the ceremony was directed and stagemanaged by Japanese officials.

On the battle front in Manchuria thismare quiet tonight. The Japanese are holding their lines along the Nonni River. But things also seem to be threatening. The Chinese were reported to be massing large numbers of soldiers to attack the troops of the Mikado. The Associated Press reports sporadic disturbances here and there in Manchuria.

There was an outbreak of trouble in the large Chinese city of Tientsin. This comes on the heels of some ugly fighting, when Chinese Mobs opened fire on the Japanese concession, and

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the soldiers of Nippon replied with cannon, fire.

The new outbreak today took place when a mob in civilian clothes attacked the 17th Company of Chinese gendarmes. The gendarmes drove off the mob, which took to its heels and ran made in the direction of the Japanese concession.

The International News Service quotes the Chinese authorities as declaring that the Japanese provided the mob with weapons, and incited the disorder.

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Well, behind all that trouble in the 2 Far East stands one large, sweeping fact. The Orient is taking up the ways of the West, the industrial civilization, the Machine Age. And that has been causing painful dislocations. It's the cause of much of the unrest that has fastened its grip upon Asia.

In this week's Literary Digest is a vivid picture of what happens when East meets West, and when the East begins to try some of the tricks of the West. We are told how factories have arisen on the China coast, how stock companies, Western banking and credit, mass production, and all the rest, were unloaded on the unsuspecting yellow man.

The Literary Digest quotes an article by Feng-Shui, a Chinese writer, in the Bulletin of Sidney, Australia, which relates how the village industries collapsed. For ages those village industries had been the livelihood of millions. But they couldn't compete with Western mass production, and millions

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were without work.

Then there were the Chinese secret societies, although that's a misleading name for them. They're really trade unions. They were well adapted to the village industries, but in a world of 7 Western factories they were utterly out of place. They became merely sources of discontent.

And then there was the family system, so sacred to the Chinese. For thousands of years it had outlasted the shock of civil war, the fall of dynasties, the disasters of flood and famine. But when sons and daughters of a household went out to work in factories, why they earned only miserably small pay -- but just the same it meant discord and a breaking up of the old family system of the flowery kingdom.

The Literary Digest goes on to add that horrible industrial suburbs grew up around the factories -- the oriental equivalent of Western tenement-house slums. And a thing like that, although bad in the West, becomes infinitely worse

in the East.

No, the white man's civilization and his industries have not been an unmixed blessing to the age-old peoples of the Orient.

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world rejoicing.

Well, tomorrow is Armistice
Day and we are going to have a special
feature. We are going to have a
short-wave hook-up for this regular
Lit erary Digest broadcast of the news.

The idea of this hook-up is to make tomorrow's broadcast a world-wide thing. It is hoped that people in any part of this globe of ours may be able to listen in. That we he plan that has been worked out fuffel it. Dig and the N. B.C. And what 's the reason for this world-wide broadcast? Well, it's to be a special Armistice Day feature, which the Literary Dig est has arranged, something special to commemorate that unforgettable day thirteen years ago

when the magical word "Peace" set the

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And along comes another one of those freak championship events. We now have a needle-threading champion. No, this isn't a case of a needle-threader who has established a speed record. The idea, as explained by the International News Service, is to see how many threads you can put through a needle's eye.

Well, you'd think that one thread would be enough -- or even too much. But in Chicago a tailor put 23 strands of thread through a needle's eye. And today at Beverly, Massachusetts, D. H. Manprey, a local tailor, smashed that record to smithereens. He succeeded in getting 30 strands of thread through the eye of what was presumably an ordinary smallsized needle.

Now girls, how about it? are a going to let a mon hold I record?

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Ogden Nash.

comic verse.

Nov. 10,1931p.14

I have a murderer here in the studio 2 with me this evening -- a man who murders 3 the King's English. And they say the 4 King's English likes it, and comes back 5 for more. How does he do it? Well, he 6 does it with hard lines.

He is Ogden Nash, whose comic verse 8 has brought a new kind of humor into American literature. The fun consists of 10 weird and ludicrous rhymes. Yes siree, those lines that Ogden Nash concocts are enough to make your ears wiggle. He has just got out a new book of twisters, with the speedy title of "Free Wheeling," and the way it murders the King's English is something wonderful and fearful to behold.

Ogden Nash claims that some of those cockeyed poems of his have a timely interest right now, at this very moment, in fact. Isn't that so, Ogden?

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Well, at this very moment, In fact, I was rather expecting to hear Lowell Thomas tell a tall story. But since he seems to prefer poems to whoppers just now, suppose we have a small lyric appropriate to that book, "Tall Stories."

In it is a picture illustrating a whopper about a cobra, so here's a rhyme about the cobra:-

This creature fills its mouth with venum
And walks upon its duodenum.
He who attempts to tease the cobra

12 Is soon a sadder he, and sobra.

And then, of course, in the broadcast of the news a bit of human interest and tender sentiment is always desired. And what could be more sentimental than a baby. Hear little thing. So here's a couplet about your baby, and our baby, and all the rest of the babies:-

A bit of talcum Is always walcum.

The Literary Digest, I know, is doing great things to help along the celebration of the George Washington bi-centennial next year. I have a small

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1 complaint to make:-

Everybody can tell you the date of George Washington's birth, But who knows the date on which Mrs. George Washington first appeared on earth? Isn't there any justice For the former Mrs. Custis? It's a disgrace to every United State Thát we don't know more about our first president's only mate.

That isn't all the poem, but I'll refrain from giving the rest of it. because it may be

> A little bit too shadio For the radio.

In literature these days the autobiographical note is seldom absent and so I'll end with a confession:

> I was a student Who cudent See any more difference between studying and sleeping wailing and Than there is between, A.S.M. Hutchinson and Warwick Deeping.

As a result I was always getting expult.

And after that I'd better get off the air or I'm liable to be expultage

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Well, Ogden, since you seem to 2 expect a tall story, I'm sorry I 3 didn't bring one along out of the 4 extensive archives of the Tall Story 5 Club. But here's a yarn which at the 6 first blush certainly sounds like a 7 whopper. It tells x how a man was 8 bitten by his own false teeth. Yes. and those teeth left a powerful 10 imprint.

As it happens, however, the story is quite true. John Rogers, a high school teacher at Evansville, Indiana, was riding along in an automobile from Evansville to Boonville. His false teeth began to annoy him, so he took them out and put them in his hip pocket. A moment later the car skidded off the road. John was thrown out and hit the ground. He landed in a sitting posture on his right hip pocket, where the false teeth were. And that, comments, the

Associated Press, is how a man was bitten by his own false teeth. John sustained a certain amount of injury, and he'll have to get a new set of false teeth.

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The royal note from Roumania today is a royal note of fury. The Associated Press relates that King Carol is in high dudgeon, which is a royal way of saying he's good and sore, on account of the marriage of his brother Prince Nicholas.

Prince Nicholas has just eloped in dramatic fashion with a lady who is by no means of royal birth. She's a commoner. The prince fell in love with her and asked permission of his brother the King to marry her.

Kind Carol, the old Puritan, sternly refused. And now the sentimental couple have eloped. The Prince took the beauty into his racing car and dashed away, stepping on the gas, burning up the roads, at 125 Roumanian miles per hour. At a small town they were married by the Mayor.

The report is that the Prince compelled the Mayor to perform the ceremony.

King Carol is furious. Of course he himself has had a few guady romances in his time and you'd think that might make

him a little more broad-minded, but I suppose King Carol would reply "maybe so," but at least he didn't marry them.

Anyway it's another romantic royal rumpus in Roumania.

And there will be a most unromantic and unroyal rumpus right here if I don't say -

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.