## GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY: <br> 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

## ENGLAND - 2

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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 1 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, the prime minder to plunge into some exceedingly controversial matters. For example, he tackled the problem of war debts and reparations.
"As long", declared Prime

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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 $A$ meant war debts and reparations. The International News Service quotes the Prime Minister as saying that the financial tangle which was left over by the World War, and which the nati ans still II have on their hands, is crazy economy.
the House of Lords, the
 magnificent finery. Their proceedings were a great deal more spectacular than those in the House of Commons, but somewhat less important.

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Now here's a large figure -- 2 billion and 674 million.
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That means bushels. Bushels of whet? Why bushels of corn, this time.

Todey 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-end-a -half 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:

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

News Service.

## WHEAT

 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 a a United Press dispatch from Moscow in which Soviet of ficials are quoted as saying that Russia will make "substantial wheat exports" this year. They ridicule the idea that the Bolshevists are out of the whet at market.

But they admit that the Soviets facing what they cal lat "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 $1 \mathrm{~N}_{\mathrm{ta}}$
the Soviet wheat growers have had to contend with drought. Furthermore the Bolshevist 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 Russian wheat has been of acute importance to both farmers and bus iness 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
w won't be as much as they were last".
This is vital news to a
hat of people in this country, Canada, Argentina, and nearly everywhere excepting in Eskömo-land.

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 thieppare 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 er outbreak of trouble in the large Chinese city of Wien $\ddagger$ Sin. This comes on the heels of some ugly fighting, when Chinese Webs opened fire on the Japanese concession, and

CHINA
the soldiers of Nippon replied with cannon ff

The new outbreak today took place when a mob in civilian clothes attacked the 17 th Company of Chinese gendarmes. The gendarmes drove off the mob, which took to $i$ ts heels and $r$ an , mix 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.

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

## DIGESI - 2

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 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

## DIGEST - 3

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

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

The idea of this hook-up is to make tomor row's broadcast a world-wide thing. It is hoped that people in any part of this globe of ours may be able worked ont And whit hit. in ind the H. B. C.
$s$ the reason for this world-wide broadcast? Well, it's to be a special Armistice Day feature? which the Literary $D$ ingest has arranged, something special to commemor ate that unforgettable day thirteen years ago when the magical word "Peace" set the wort Id rejoicing.

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 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 girly, how about it? here you ojoing to lett a man hold that record?

Oqden Nash.
comie verse.

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## INIRO_EOR_OGDEN_NASH

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

He is Ogden Nash, whose comic verse has brought a new kind of humor into American literature. The fun consists of 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. Is n't that so, Ogden?

## EQR_OGDEN_NASH

Well, at this very moment, 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 venom And walks upon its duodenum. He who attempts to tease the cobra 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. A dear little baby. 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 bicentennial next year. I have a small

## EOR_OGDEN_NASH - 2

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 That we don't know more about our first president's only mate.

That isn't all the poem, but lII 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:
l was a student
Who cudent
See any more difference between studying and sleeping wailing a
Than there is between, Hutchinson and Wapwiok Doping. As a result
was always getting expult.
And after that lid better get
off the air or l'm liable to be expultagain.

## EALSE_IEEIH

## _EALSE_IEEMIH_ - 2

 and he'll have to get a new set of false teeth.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 meens 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 Romanian 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

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him a little more broad-minded, but I supoose King carol
would renly "maybe so," but at least he didn't marry them.
Anyway it's another romantic royol rumpus in Roumania.
    And there will be a most unromantic and unroyal
rumpus right here if I don't say -
    SO LONG UNTIL TONORPOW.
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