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GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

I suppose there are a few tennis fans in this country that will get out the American flag, wave Old Glory in the breeze and yell out three wekk well-modulated cheers---because the tennis championship of the world is coming back to the U.S.A.

No, the big tournament at Wimbledon, over in England is not finished. The final play won't take place until tomorrow. But the triumph has gone definitely Yankee.

Two men will put on their white trousers and stroll out on to the courts tomorrow to see who is to be the tennis champion of the world, and both of these men are Americans.

The French menace has been turned back. Today the last Frenchman was eliminated from the Wimbledon tournament. Every other nation except the Americans, had been eliminated. meanwhile.

France entered two of her crack

was eliminated early in the tournament but Borotra kept on winning. He was the big threat to American supremacy. This afternoon he faced the crack young American player, Frank X. Shields.

The International News Service tells us it was an hot match but Shields won. out. The Bounding Basque did his usual bounding but Shields cut down harder and faster.

The other American who has come through to the finals is Sidney B. Wood, Jr. He eliminated a British tennis expert this afternoon. And so the contest tomorrow will be decided between Shields and Wood.

And so the big tennis racket which symbolizes tennis supremacy is being painted a vivid red, white and blue. And this reminds us of the pristine days of Big Bill Tilden before the French stepped in and carried the tennis championship to the Boulevards of Gay Paree.

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All day today one particularly pleasant idea has been running through my head. It's the idea of swimming.

Well, I guess in this hot weather most all of us are thinking how much we'd like to be taking a dip in a lake, or a river, or a bay, or the breakers of the ocean. And I have had a reason added to that. In an advance copy of the new Literary Digest, which will be out tomorrow, I have been reading an article -- just swabing my forehead with my handkerchief and reading about swimming and a swimmer. The swimmer happens to be the greatest aquatic star of our time -- Johnny Weissmuller.

The Digest tells us some interesting thinking and valuable things about Johnny Weissmuller. For example, neither his father or his mother knew how to swim. In fact, none of the Weissmuller ancestors so far as is known could swim a stroke. They were not lovers of the water. They didn't know a thing about the delights of

diving in and then stroking along through the coolness of the water.

If any man was ever raised in surroundings that did not encourage him to be a swimmer, why, Johnny Weissmuller was that man.

How did he become a champion swimmer? The Literary Digest quotes from an article by Steve Hannagan in the <u>Cosmopolitan</u> and tells us it was all because of doctors' orders. Johnny Weissmuller was a delicate, skinny youngster. He grew tall, but he was like a bean pole. He was so pale and delicate that his parents were afraid he wouldn't live -- and so were the doctors. They said radical measures were necessary if the boy were to have any chance of becoming healthy. The medicine they prescribed was swimming, and lots of it.

Did Johnny like the idea of that medicine? He did not. He hated it. He would rather have taken castor oil. He was afraid of the water. When they

made him jump in he was scared to death.

But just the same it was doctors! orders, and Johnny Weissmuller had to swim. He swam constantly and incessantly. And it was just the medicine he needed. The skinny, delicate boy grew into a stalwart, muscular youth, whose superb physique was the envy of a sporting world.

Well, Johnny Weissmuller had acquired the gift of health through swimming. He also acquired a few things he hadn't ever expected. He won just about every honor, title and championship crown that swimming competition has to offer. He became the swimming champion of champions.

Well, that article had me thinking about swimming all the hot afternoon.

I browsed around in the big collection of books at the Literary Digest office and picked out a volume on swimming. Yes sir, I found one that certainty

made pleasant reading on a sultry day.

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It's a splendid practical treatise on swimming and diving. It tells us all about the various strokes and shows us how to do them. The book is called "Swimming Scientifically Taught," and it's written by Frank Eugene Dalton, the inventor of a new method of teaching people to swim.

And that book not only makes cool pleasant reading for a torrid day, but it also provides a lot of practical advice which I am going to put into effect to improve my swimming. It and as & read It occurred to me how much the art of swimming had improved during the last 20 years or so. It isn't only that the swimming champions of today break the old records. The general run of us swim more and better, and in consequence we have better health. Swimming facilities are in comparatively easy reach of nearly all of us, and in all parts of the country there are marvelous bathing beaches and fine pools, not to anything of the old swimming hole

1 where we used to go as kids, which in 2 some ways is the best of all. The boy, if, I could have been in the old Swimming hole this afternoon! Experts on swimming tell me that a good deal of the improvement in paddling our way through the water is a result of the superb www.diddiwa quality of the up-to-date bathing suit. The old time swimming suit was a hindrance to swimming. We all are familiar with pictures of those old-time huge, clumsy, 10 bulky bathing suits. It's a wonder that 11 people were able to swim in them at all. The design of the bathing suits today 13 make them admirably mm adapted for the 14 free movements of swimming. We all 15 realize that, but there is one fact that's 16 not so generally known. The weave of 17 cloth used in modern swimming suits is 18 an immense improvement over the old kind. 19 Until quite recently the suit you wore 20 while in the water would absorb several 21 pounds of water. It would tend to drag 22 you down and hold you back. You were 23 giving yourself a handicap every time you 24 put on your bathing suit. It's different

now. The modern swimming garment is so woven that it will absorb a minimum weight of water. It doesn't hinder swimming.

You might even say it helps swimming.

well, I can scarcely drag myself away from such a cool and refreshing subject as swimming, and I'm going to take the first chance I get to put on one of those modern 1931 swimming suits and step out to the edge of the diving board and then -- splash! It won't be a perfect swan dive, but it'll be cool and just as much fun.

But now, having used our imagination to cool off a bit, let's go on with the news.

Well, has gone wild tonight - in spite of a tropical heat wave. The folks have been welcoming the latest sensation - the arrival of the round-the-world flyers, Wiley Post and Harold Gatty, the boys from Oklahoma. The New York World-Telegram tells us that New York City is going to give the two aviators a huge reception tomorrow - one that will rival the tumult and the hurrah that greeted the Lindbergh home-coming.

They landed at Roosevelt Field tonight at 8:147 making it around the world in the amazing tune of eight days and 16 hours .

Well, I've been watching this flight with a peculiar interest. This is the thirt time the world has been circumnavigated through the sky. The big German dirigible, the Graf-Zeppelin, flew around the world a couple of years ago.

And that's why I'm so interested in Post and Gatty's marvelous adventure.

I can look back and remember the eventful days of that first globe girdling jaunt. When that squadron of Army planes returned, why, the flyers were the toast of the nation. And their homeward flight across the United States was one continuous series of festivities.

Well, it happens that I have in the studio with me tonight one of those aviators who took his plane around the world in that first world flight. He is Lieutenant Leslie Arnold, and he flew THE CHICAGO, one of the planes that started West and kept going until it had circled the globe.

I've asked Lieutenant Arnold to give us the impression which Post and Gatty's record-breaking flight has made on one of the men who did it first.

Well, Les, how about it?

When Lowell asked me to come here I thought to myself -- why, those folks who'll be listening in won't even know my name.

And I wonder how many of you remember Lowell Smith, Jack Harding, Erik Nelson, Leigh Wade and Hank Ogden?

Well, We eight members of the Army Air Service had the good luck to be the first to fly around the world.

We all forget names quickly. For instance, how many remember the names of the men who made the first trans-Atlantic flight, the navy fliers in the N-C-4 back in 1919? And how many remember Alcock and Brown, the two British aviators who made the first non-stop ocean flight years before Lindbergh.

who made those first flights had our day, and time has rolled on. We had our grand break, and the boys of today are having theirs - which is as it should be.

A lot of people ask us what we think of these new record-breaking boyages through the sky. Well, the answer is, they simply take our breath away. And by the way I think they ought to change the name of that plane from Winnie Mae to Winnie Did.

Starting out last Tuesday, flying around the world and landing here tonight, just a week and a day later, - yes that's amazing speed.

Why, only seven years ago it took us five months -- from April 6th to September 3rd, 1924 -- to make our flight around the world. And here they've gone and done it in a little over a eight days. As a contrast to show the advencement that has taken place in aviation during last seven years.

All around the world we had depots of supplies, spare parts, new motors, and so on. We changed motors several times.

But Post and Gatty took off the other day with about as much preparation as you'd make for a flight from Chicago to kk.

St. Louis.

Their motor was already a year old. That Pratt and

Whitney "Wasp" had seen plenty of service before it started around the world and most of their stops were so short that they had mighty little chance to do any tinkering.

Ours, on the other hand was accompanied by a few-yes, quite a few misadventures. The first serious one was when Major Martin and Sergeant Harvey, in a blinding snowstorm, ran headlong into a mountain in the Aleutian Mountains. For twelve days they wandered through the snows on foot before being rescued.

The other three planes proceeded on around the world and made the first airplane flight across the Pacific Ocean.

After flying down the China Coast, Lowell Smith and I made a forced landing on a remote lagoon in Indo-China, and a new motor was brought to us over the mountains and through the jungle.

Erik Nelson and Jack Harding, who were in the plane

New Orleans, will never forget India. Crossing the Sind Desert

their motor started to fly to bits in mid air. Clouds of smoke were

pouring out of the exhaust stacks and bits of red hot metal were whistling past their heads.

While we were making the first east to west airplane flight across the Atlantic Wade and Ogden in the <u>Boston</u> had motor trouble. They made a forced landing on the surface of the sea, and while their plane was being towed to Iceland by a destroyer it sank to the bottom of the ocean, leaving just two planes to complete the circumnavigation of the globe.

Between Iceland * and Greenland we ran into bad weather and had to dodge icebergs. We were obliged to fly close to the water and every few minutes a great mass of white would loom right up in front. Those were exciting days,

But Post and Gatty just buzzed around the globe with the minimum of bother. It was what I would call one super-efficient flight. Yes, it was great work!x

Yes, Les, those were great old days and the First
World Flight has not been forgotten. And now from these grand,
affairs let's go on to the story of a school boy and his trousers.

At. St. Catherines, Ontario, the school board has just held a meeting in the course of which the officials listened to an odd story told by the truant officer.

A boy was absent from school. His family was very poor and he didn't have a pair of trousers fit for school wear.

And so Johnny instead of going to school went fishing.

Well, that boy was a pretty good fisherman. He got a huge string of trout. He sold them and got enough money to buy himself a new pair of pants.

And so the next day he was in school. There's a boy who'll get on in this world. Johnny'll probably be one of the money barons of Wall Street, someday.

This evening's war bulletin tells of desperate fighting and terrific losses. How desperate was the fighting? Well, awfully dreadful, And how terrific were the losses? Well, the casualties number exactly five.

It all took place in Hollywood where they have battles and skirmishes which usually don't result in any casualties at all.

But this time the movie actors must have been eating raw meat or something. They must have been filled with the losses of battle and the fury of the fighting.

They were shooting a scene showing an Indian fight. One movie cowboy was riding along when his horse fell, and the movie cowboy who was galloping along right behind him fell over him. One of the actors got a broken leg, and was bruised around the chest. The other one got a broken ankle. And then there were casualties among the Indians too.

The movie redskins put on such a realistic hand to hand fight that one of them got into the way of a spear and he was jabbed in the back. At the same time he got too near the rifles and pistols of the pale faces; and he was badly burnt by the fire that spouted from the blank cartridges.

And then another screen Indian got in the way of a cavalryman's sword. And he was cut up a bit. Add to these casualties the item of a fractured rib and you have the net result of the latest Hollywood Wild West battle between pale faces and Indians.

Yes, it was a desperate affair, and I guess that's about as much excitement as we can stand on a hot night - so SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.