

LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST

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BULGARIA

It looks as though that Bulgarian royal pair is going to have a homecoming about as stormy as the honeymoon - they've just had - and that honeymoon was just one storm at sea after another. Communists are rioting in Sofia, the Bulgarian capital. The bride and groom are of different religions. There's the rub. The International News Service says the royal yacht will not go to the seaport of Varna, as originally planned. The reason given is that the people there are up in arms over a Roman Catholic queen. The Bulgars are of the Greek Catholic Church. The police of Sofia have forbidden householders to sell window space along the streets, or even allow them to throw flowers for fear the flowers might explode. In contrast to these street riots, the deputies of the Bulgarian parliament loudly cheered the new queen at the opening session today. Their spokesman announced that Giovanna has promised to learn the Bulgarian language within a year. Well, a year is a long time -- but

Bulgarian is a language in which every word has nineteen consonants.

There seems to be a bit of a storm brewing in England too. Apparently somebody has been trying to play a trick on Stanley Baldwin, the former Prime Minister. His resignation as leader of the Tories has been demanded in a document alleged to be signed by nearly all of the leaders of the Conservative party. However, four members of the British parliament whose names were on the manifesto, claim they didn't even attend the meeting where it was drawn up, and they say the document is just a bit of political skuldugery.

In Germany ~~on the other hand~~ all they want is the old German army back. *Don't the Reichstag* A late flash from the International News Service ~~says that the German Reichstag today rejected all the various resolutions against the Young plan. But another~~ resolution was adopted demanding equal armies for the leading nations. Which simply means that they want other nations to climb down from their high war-horses.

All of which reminds me of an exciting forecast I saw today.

LIT. DIG.

THE SEISMOGRAPH IS REGISTERING A POLITICAL EARTHQUAKE. That's the first line in the new Literary Digest, which will be on the stands tomorrow. The most of us look at first lines, because they usually strike the keynote of what is to come. Well, that first line in this week's Digest is red hot - and so is the whole new issue of the Digest. It's full of hot news from the ends of the earth and of ~~xx~~ course from all parts of our own country.

The article about the political earthquake tells of some interesting rumblings and shakings - interesting to all of us.

MOONEY

Here's some encouragement. All of the newspapers carry articles today concerning the return home of the world's greatest globe-trotting business man. He is James D. Mooney, one of the heads of the vast General Motors Corporation. Mr. Mooney is in charge of foreign exports, and he came home, if not bubbling over with optimism at least radiating it.

Mr. Mooney declared that European political disturbances are largely superficial and soon will pass away. We all hope Mr. Mooney is right.

BUSH BLACKS

Economic conditions some day may be affected by this curious bit.

Out in the Australian bush, blacks with dark weird faces have come to the mining town of Kanowna with a strange oil tale. In the rugged Warburton ranges, in country never visited by white men, they say there is a place where thick liquid oozes from a cliff. This liquid, according to the New York Sun bursts into flame when a firestick is applied. Oil ! There's magic in that.

Here's another item that smells of oil and has the smoke of fire in it too. Out in Venture County, California, 200 men are fighting forest fires that are creeping dangerously near the oil derricks of that region. The International News Service says the fire is out of control and that reinforcements are being rushed from all the nearby towns.

MANCHURIA

Oil seems to be needed in the Far East - that is, oil on troubled waters.

China and Russia seem to be on the verge of another international row. ~~The Associated Press wires that~~ a new dispute has arisen over a railway line in Manchuria. Those Manchurian railways have long been a source of trouble. Well, ~~for~~ for several days the Russians have had troops stationed on the border towns between Siberia and Manchuria, and three battalions of Manchurian infantry and artillery have been rushed up to check them. The railroad causing all the trouble is a short cut across China to the Russian port of Vladivostok. It had been operated by the Chinese and the Russians jointly. About a year ago the Chinese kicked out the Russian employees of the line, charging they were spreading Bolshevik propaganda in China. And ~~that's what~~ ^{now} ~~started~~ ^{has started} the old rumpus all over again.

Another interesting Chinese diplomatic scrape is described in the new Literary Digest that will be out tomorrow. It's called THE EXPLOIT OF MUSS LIU. And what an exploit that was! The

Digest quotes the story from a paper out in Shanghai, China.

And that's one of the remarkable things about the Digest. The most of us only see our own local newspapers, but the editors of the Digest comb the papers of all the world. They summarize the interpret interesting and important happenings, which otherwise we would never know about. At any rate, I wouldn't. For instance, take that exploit of Miss Lu.

China has been having a dispute with the government of the mysterious and forbidden country of Tibet far upon the roof of the world. Now it has been settled, thanks to Miss Liu. She went to the forbidden city of Lhasa, and explained matters to the Grand Lama, who is both the religious and political head of Tibet. In fact, he is regarded as a god. Her diplomacy was skillful, and an understanding was reached. Well, the extraordinary thing is that the girl got to Lhasa at all. She went from Nanking to the forbidden city, one of the most difficult and adventurous journeys in the world. We read a lot about the adventurous spirit of American girls, but here's a

Chinese lass who went through hardships and dangers that few men would brave. If you like exciting adventure, you will get a thrill out of that story about Miss Liu of Nanking in the new Literary Digest.

A few college boys also had an adventure.

BROWN UNIVERSITY

They had a student's riot up at Brown University last night. Shortly before midnight the boys in two dormitories started hurling mattresses, bottles, and chairs from their windows. The police dashed up and closed the street to traffic. Profs rushed to the scene but the students only quieted down when they had run out of ammunition. According to the New York Evening Post even the Fire Department was called out.

SHIPWRECK

Well, this is the time when I'm not able to pick a News Item of the Day. Not because there were no good stories. There were too many. Anyway, there were two bits of news which struck me hard, and I couldn't decide which interested me the most. So I'm going to pass both on to you, and I wish you would see which one you like the best.

The first one is a story of shipwreck and the terror of the sea. The late editions of all evening papers throughout the country are carrying it. She was the Barbados, a 90 foot yacht, converted into a freighter. She left New York last Friday night with 13 men and a woman aboard, and steered for the West Indies, to trade among the islands. The next day it stormed, and the yacht Barbados beat against the wind down the Jersey. She began to leak, and the Captain gave orders to put into Norfolk until the weather cleared. Just then the bolts of the boilers gave way. There wasn't steam enough even to heave to. The Barbados wallowed in the raging sea. She was leaking worse. Then the cylinder head of a pump blew out, injuring a fireman.

They could no longer pump the water that was flooding the hold.

At midnight the Barbaðos was sinking. The skipper gave the orders to abandon ship, but the ship abandoned them. They were just launching the life boat, when she went down. And the woman and four of the men went with her. The other nine men beat their way through the raging sea to the lifeboat, which was afloat. They clambered in.

All day Sunday they drifted in the storm. They saw ships. They screamed their frantic lungs out, but the ships went on. They had no food. They licked the painted sides of the boat. On Sunday morning the mess boy died. In the afternoon a seaman died. That night another man died. There were six alive, with three dead bodies.

They drifted all Monday, and saw ships, which did not see them. On Tuesday they could bear the company of dead men no longer, and threw the bodies of their comrades overboard. On Tuesday night they saw a light, the warm light of a liner. In the pitch blackness of the gale they screamed with voices made

hoarse by long screaming.

The Clyde Line Henry R. Mallory was steaming off the Delaware Capes. It seemed to the Captain that he heard something strange in the shriek of the wind. The ship slowed down. Nothing could be seen though there was something queer in the wail of the wind. But perhaps nothing more than a freak of the gale. So the liner started to get under way again. Then in the darkness they saw something -- a lifeboat. They pulled six exhausted, half-crazed men aboard.

This second News Item of the Day is chocked full of action, excitement too.

LONG LANCE

If you like Indian stories -- well, here's the best one I've heard in a mighty long time. It hasn't got anything to do with tomahawks and scalplings, but it's got thrills aplenty just the same. The Indian is Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance, a full-blooded Ojibway from Western Canada. Long Lance was a famous football star at Carlisle, was formerly a West Point cadet, one-time boxing champion of the Canadian army, the first Indian to be decorated in the World War, newspaper reporter, and author. Now he's a full-fledged air-plane pilot. Long Lance has just made his first solo flight and in doing so he made aviation history. The scene was Roosevelt Field, Long Island.

The Chief is thirty-five years old, but after only five hours of instruction he was allowed to take a plane up alone to see if he could land it perfectly. His landing was O.K. but it's what he did up in the air before landing that made the eyes pop out of his instructors down on the ground. He took that plane up to 3000 feet, says the New York Sun, nosed it straight down with the engines full on, then pulled it up and over in a

perfect loop. The instructors turned paler than any paleface who had ever faced the chief's warlike ancestors. And before they could stop gasping, he had climbed back into the sky and done a second loop - and then a third. By this time the instructors and spectators were no longer pale. They were green. Long Lance went right on stunting. He was ready to come down now, but no ordinary landing for him. He put the plane into a spin and came wabbling down through the sky. The instructors expected to see a dead Indian going to his happy hunting grounds. What they really did see was this Indian student flier making a perfect landing. It was one of the greatest stunts ever put on at any flying field.

ANNIE LINKE

Did you ever hear of Mrs. Annie Linke? She died today and left a fortune of more than a million dollars, made in buying and selling women's second-hand clothes. Mrs. Linke came to this country from Ireland as a nurse-maid, and opened her first shop thirty years ago. Ever since then she had been buying clothes from wealthy women and re-selling it to actresses. The New York Evening Telegram says that Annie Linke knew almost everybody of importance in society and on the stage, and called them by their first name. It is said that Mary Pickford got her start wearing a Paris model bought from Mrs. Linke for seven dollars.

WATERPROOF STOCKINGS

And here's one about women's clothes too. This is my daily fashion note. In Paris, says the United Press, they are making women's waterproof stockings. The silk is waterproofed in the thread, and the stockings look just like any other stockings. That's great news for the ladies, but I wonder what the manufacturers of galoshes are going to think about it.

DOG HEROES

Twelve dogs have been decorated for heroism. They were given medals by the Dog Hero Legion of New York City. The stars of the occasion, according to the New York Evening Telegram, were not chosen for pedigree or points -- but for acts of bravery, courage, and unusual intelligence - acts inspired by dog love for their masters. Nearly every breed of dog was represented, including just plain mutts which is my favorite breed.

PARROT

The other evening I told about a parrot that sings hymns, and now Mrs. B. W. Magee writes in to the Literary Digest telling us that a mere hymn singing parrot isn't so much. "My aunt," writes Mrs. Magree, "Owned a parrot that prayed better than most human beings."

Well, I've known a lot of parrots myself, parrots that belonged to sailors, and they could have uttered eloquent prayers. They knew all the words - but they used them in the wrong places.

CONCLUSION

There's great excitement in the Middle West these days. The 7th National Corn Husking Contest has been announced for November 14th. It's to be held at Norton, Kansas, and according to the United Press, the champions of 7 states are going to gather there for a bitter fight. To the winner will go the title of "The Corn Husking Champion of the World." The husker who betters the national record will have to establish a mark of more than 35.8 bushels in 80 minutes. That's the record that has stood since 1925. So all the boys who are good at this great Middle-Western outdoor sport are busy in their corn fields, banging the bangboards, getting ready for the great day. And so our panorama of the news today has covered subjects as widely apart as the Australian bush, Bulgaria, Manchuria, and corn husking in Kansas. I used to husk a bit in the corn fields of Ohio and Iowa, so I think I'll buzz off home now, get down the old husking peg, and practice up for that national husking contest-

So, GOODNIGHT.