INTRO

GOOD EVENING, EV RYBODY:

Well, Amos and Andy ought to be interested in this first
bit of news. Their old station out in Chicago, WMAQ, changed hands today -- that is, it partly changed hands. WMAQ has been the property of the Chicago Daily News, but today that big and important daily went into partnership on matters radio with the National Broadcasting Company. That is, it's a partnership so far as WNAQ is concerned, ownership jointly by the News and NBC. The direction of the WMAQ will be in the hands of the NBC. The new policy will be to use the regular Chicago broadcasts plus NBC features.

Yes, Amos and Andy ought to be interested in that, because WNAQ was the starting place for those two immortal names. It was at that station, which is one of the pioneer stations of the Middle west that Amos and Andy started out. They had been on the air before, but under different names. They went over to $W M A Q$ and began the famous partnership of the shrewd, humorous Amos and the big-talking Andy which soon swept the country.

A series of violent earthquakes reported from the wild borders of India and Afghanistan. The city of Quetta, the military capital of Baluchistan, was badly shaken. Shocks were felt for 400 miles along that mountainous, barbaric stretch of borderland. One whole town called Sharigh is said to have disappeared completely. It just seems to have been swallowed up by the earth. The United Press reports that telegraph and railway communication has been disrupted.

Several years ago 1 traveled through that forbidding craggy region of borderland with its wild tribes. The country was terrifying enough in its natural state, without having the added terror of earthquakes. But then it's a region of earthquakes.

A bit of news both fantastic and dreadfully grim, comes tromp Burma, the land of pagodas, page tells us that Say San, who was called the Golden Crow, the leader of the Burmese rebels, has been sentenced to death by a British tribunal. The Golden trow, was a principal figure in the xaxmm Burmese rebellion that broke out and was suppressed months ago, and he was a weird figure. He posed as a holy man and said he had miraculous powers. He assured, that by using magical spells he could make them immune from the bullets of the british. He declared that he, was immune, fol ar itish weapons were powerless against him. The white man could never kill him.

And the Burmese natives, as the United Press reminds us, believed in his supernatural powers. They followed him in wild tights with the british soldiers. Hundreds of them were killed, and Say San, the Golden Crow, the miraculous
holy man, was captured.
Well, hell have a chance to prove his miraculous powers now. Hell have a tragical opportunity to prove that the British xxx can't kill him. The British court has sentenced him to death for inciting the revolt.

And another dark drama of the orient approaches its close.
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A denial comes from London. No, Prime Minister MacDonald is not going to retire from politics. At least he says he isn't.

The $r$ umor, as sented by the Associated Press, was that atter the present cooperative government in London had completed its work and a general election came hela, prime Minister Mecuonald would not appear before the voters and ask for reelection to Parliament.

## The pexson for usivion

 Ramsay Macuonald has apparently been ejected from his own party, the Labor Party. Today, as related by the United Press, the Labor leaders of Great Britain deposed the Prime Minister as their leader. They voted him out and they voted Arthur Henderson in. Hendersan macDonald'́ was Foreign minister in the Labor Government and he broke with the Prime Minister on the subject of the plan for economy which the cooperative Government is, putting into effect. such decision at all. that economy plan.At the same time the leaders of the Labor Party voted solidly against

Well, with his own party turning against him, the rumor naturalywa Prime Minister, MacDonald had decided to drop out of politics. But now he declares that he hasn't come to any

Last night we had word about a big loan to England. Well, that financial (Gina nam transaction seems to be developing. The International News Service has a cable from Paris stating that French and American financial interests have got together and are lending 400 milli ion dollars to the Bank of England. The loan is to run for one year, and the money is being put up equally by the French and the Americans. Each side is slapping 2.00 million dollars on the table, while John Bull picks it up and stuffs it into his pocket and says, "Thanks boys, ! !li see you a year from now."

In the quaint old walled city of Avignon, in the south of France, is an old-time actress, femous in her day, on whom the French government has now pinned the Legion of Honor, She is Madam Vorns-Baretta. She strutted the stage for many a year and was a favorite at the famous Comedie Francaise. And now she has been rewarded with the glamorous decoration created by the great Napoleon. And that seems doubly appronriate, because in the family of the actress they still have an unpaid bill incurred by Napoleon.

The amount of the bill is given by the International News Service as 60 frencs. It wes for food and wine which Napoleon bought and never paid for, and 60 francs bought a lot of omelet, ragout, and vin rouge ordinaire or extra-ordinaire in those old days of more than 130 years ago.

Hinpolyte Baretta, the grandfather of the actress, was the keener of a tavern in the city of popes, the high walled city of Avignon. Nanoleon
was then a young and obscure artillery officer. He was on $h$ is way to the Seine of Toulon, where he performed so brilliantly against the British that he laid the foundation of that magical reputation that was later to make him Emperor of France, master of Europe, and hero of the age. He passed through Avignon and stopped at the tavern of Hippolyte Beretta to hay dinner.

Napoleon was a skinny, hungry youth in those days, but just the same he wasn't likely to have eaten and drunk 60 francs worth. But he was full of big ideas, and re didn't mind telling the world just what was what.

In the tavern of Avignon he began to explain $h$ is political ideas to the boys who were hanging around. There was a grand argument. Then the young Napoleon invited sever al sympathetic 1 isteners to have dinner with him. He treated them to the best in the place. They ate and drank heartily. And all the time he told them what was wrong with France and
what was wrong with the world, and how he would run things. It was a noble and inspiring occasion, but when it was all over along came the inevitable, that sad event to which all good times lead -- the bill, the chela, la additory, the sad newa.

Hippolyte added up the figures and presented the fiery young Bonaparte with a bill for 60 francs. And the man who was to become the master of the world fished into his wallet. It was the same old story, the sad old story -- he didn't have any money.

Ah yes, it was too bad. Monsieur, the inn-keeper, would understand. The paymaster of the Republic was a scoundrel, he was always late; Lieutenant Bonaparte had pay coming to him, but he hadn't been able to collect it yet. Would the good inn-keeper be kind enough to wait until the paymaster had done $h$ is duty, and Lieutenant Bonaparte would send him the 60 francs.

Yes, Hippolytembmaretta, the inn-keeper, said he would wait. I guess
that was about all he could say.
And Bonaparte went on to the
Seige of Toulon. He didn't know it, but he was on his way to an imperial crown.

But, he forgot all about those 60 francs. In the hurly-burly of battle and the affairs of state, Napoleon forgot that small debt. And the inn-keeper thought it would be perhaps not in the best of taste to present a bill to the man who was conquering Europe. He kept the slip of paper with the figures on it as a memento.

And so l suppose it's only a bit of poetic justice that now his granddaughter that Napoleon created, the Legion of Honor.
A. bomb went off today in the Portugese embassy at Madrid. The Portugese ambassador to Spain was sitting, dictating to $h$ is secretary when something came flying through the window and hit the floor. And that something was $a \operatorname{big} b$ omb.

Well, suppose that you and 1 were sitting pleasantly and quietly and a bomb came flying into the room. What would we do? Well, we'd do exactly what the Portugese ambassador and $h$ is secretary did -- they took one long jump, that is, one long jump each, and
still on their way down the hall when the bomb went off with a terrific bang, and wrecked the room.

The International News Service dispatch says that nobody was hurt, but the damage was plenty.

## STRIVE

The strike of motion picture operators in chicago seems to be gonetigo wore e worse. Three moving theatres were bombed last night, In each case the E charge of explosive n went off shook whole neighborhoods. Window panes were knocked out in nearby houses, the damage to the theatres amounts to thousands of dollars.

The Associated Press reminds us that the cause of the dispute, between the motion picture house-owners and the Union, centers around the Union rule that each house must employ two operators. Owners of small movie theatres declare they can't do it. They say that the wages of the second man represents their margin ot profit and that one man is enough.

Well, the result of the dispute is the present strike which is creating a good deal of excitement in the windy city.

And in st. Louis too there was a bombing. $\boldsymbol{* x *}$ An infernal machine

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was thrown from a motor car and went off in front ot a cigar store. A hole was torn in the sidewalk and a hundred windows along the street were shattered. One man was injured by flying glass. No reason is given for the bombing.

The annual eold water surmumin marathon for women took place the afternoon at I arronto, Canada, in connection with the Canadian National Exhibition. The güla swam for ten mites in labe Ontario and the water was unusualh rough,

Margaret TRavior of $t$ hila.
came in first. Ethel me harry ot n.x. who finished third, was informed that av hor prize she now becomes see. Puri. ot Life saving for the Amer- Red Cross under Captani seully, the ${ }_{24}{ }^{2}$ famous life saver. 3 bigüle started o. But less
than a third of them pins ed.

In New York, Governor, Roosevelt handed the legislature a proposal to raise $20 \mathrm{million} \mathrm{dollars} \mathrm{for} \mathrm{unemploy-}$ ment relief. He wants to use the money to finance public works, which would provide employment for from 600,000 to a million workers.

The United Press in giving the facts adds that the idea is to raise the money by meaisaing the state incometax 50 per cent.

And while were on the subject of the economic situation, let's get in a light touch. Eddie Cantor, the stage funny-man, is yelling 叫 "Yoo-Hoo, Prosperity" at the top of his voice, and he has a 5-year plan of his own.

Among other solemn bits of economic analysis, hat points out same of the difficulties we would have in apply, Russian communism to the United States.
"Dividing up everything equally," he declares, "would not work in this country. At least it wouldn't work out
among the rich -- because the rich haven't got anything left to divide."
mynas He gives us among other economic staflistlos the fact that John $D$. Rockefeller has called back the dimes he gave away last year -- both of them. Eddie is a real pessimist. He observes gloomily that people are going to miss the depression when it's gone -they won't know what to do without it when they haven't got it any more. Yes, that's a sad thought, Eddie, but well bear up bravely and do our best. When the Eddie Cantor 5-Year Plan sends Old Man Depression chasing out the door, why we might yearn to have the miserable old fellow back, but well smile bravely through our tears.

I have a fascinating little story here about adventurous Christian missionaries whom you'll find most unexpectedly in the wildest places in the world. It's in this week's issue of the Literary Digest, and the story is told by my old friend Carveth Wells, the man who climbed the Mountains of the Moon in Africa.

Just before I came to the microphone, I happened to be skimming through my copy of the Literary Digest, and one thought struck me. have a natural inclination for tales of adventure in strange places, of outI andish peoples, and the curious ways of animals. The Literary Digest gives
us plenty of co hat you'll find a collection of compact thrilling stories -- like this one in which Carveth Wells tells us about the missionary heroes and heroines of the wilds.

But just the same the Liter any Digest fulfills its main object of

giving us an authoritative and easilyunderstood summing up of the important questions in the news of the day and in the affairs of the world. For example, take this week's issue.

It starts out $w$ ith an article on the use of military force in the oil fields of Texas and Oklahoma. The questimon of oil is one of immense significance. And there you have it put clearly in that Digest article.

Then there's an analysis of the present state of that remarkable racial movement, the drifting of the American negroes to the North.

And why all that shooting down in Cuba? That's the subject of an other Digest article.

Then an outline of the crisis in the coal industry -- an interesting theory about the causes of the crime situation -- military experiments with poison gas -- a personality sketch of the Judge who convicted Legs Diamond. Next comes the Topics-in-Brief page, with possible subject of the day.

In the msection devoted to foreign comment there is a summing up of the present status of the German reparations problem, and then international affairs, combined with the romance and adventure of strange places -- that is, there's an article about Transjordania, the land of eternal warfare, next door to Palestine. Also a sketch of that
 Chancellor vo Bruening, foll owed by an outline of the immigration situation all over the world.

Then there's the Letters and Art section, with theatrical in formation, motion picture news, pictures, books, andsoon.

The section of Religion and Social Service in the Literary Digest goes all over the world for the latest facts on religious matters.

The poetry page, the section of Science and Invention, the financial section, and the page devoted to the

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Spice of Life -- these cater to minds of all types.

And then, of course, there are those tales of outlandish places and stories of adventure.

But wait a minute here -- I was going to tell those tales of missionaries in far places which Carveth Wells relates -- but here live been getting enthusiastic about the Literary Digest in general, and it's been eating up time, just devouring those seconds that go ticking off, no matter what we want and no matter what we do. I'm afraid well have to let those
 next time, because aton g the ne the res just time to say solong until tomorrow.

