Good Evening, Everybody:-
I suppose some of you folks have

And now if your piano is still in tune - try this one with the loud pedal.

It's about a wild and woolly stroke that was made today in the big Ryder Club tournament at Columbus, Ohio. It's no Tall Story either -- it's on the official record.

Gene Sarazen, the Italian from Flushing, Long Island, was in the middle of a hot match with a crack English golfer when he hooked an iron shot. The ball went spinning in a freakish way and landed in what they call a "pop shack" .- that is, a refreshment house devoted to soda-pop. After it had finished bouncing around, the hall came to rest on the concrete floor.

Well, that was a problem for any golfer.

Sarazen looked the situation over and decided on an
amazing shot. He played that golf ball through a window. With one of the snappiest swings ever seen in coif he snapped the ball off the concrete floor and out through the window. It landed square on the green, and Sarazen holed it into the cup with two putts.

He made the hole in four strokes, in all. Par is 3.

His opponent who had no adventure with any refreshment shack also

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made the hole in four.
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    And so Sarazen, in spite of the fact that he had to
    play the ball out of a window, halved the hole with his British
competitor -- and that will go ringing down the fairways of golf
history as some shot!

The Americans won the Ryder Cup today. The final score of the series of singles matches was nine for the Americans and three for the British. Walter Hagen, Captain of the American team brought home the deciding victory.

It was reported today that the United States treasury department was planning an ironclad embargo against all imports from Soviet Russia. This bit of news comes from the United Press which states that it has the rumor on good authority.

The reason is the old one, that American laws forbid the importation of goods produced by forced labor. In working on their 5-year plan, the Soviet authorities are drafting the working men of Russia, and it is said that the treasury department will interpret this as forced labor.

The embargo against Russian products is expected to take effect next January. The Hawley-Smoot tariff law has a sharp clause on the subject of forced labor, and that tariff law takes effect will fight any such embargo to the end on January list next.

It is believed that Soviet Russia and will go to the American courts to maintain its right to ship merchandise
into the United States.
Up to now there has been a good deal of talk about keeping out various Russian products. Several times the treasury department has temporarily held up Russian shipments -- particularly lumber. But in each case the Soviet merchandise has $f$ in ally been admitted.

The United Press goes on to remind us that right now a cargo of Russian pulpwood is being held up at New York until the treasury department gives a ruling on it.

Of course everything depends upon the interpretation that is given to the term forced labor. In the new regulations that will go into effect January lIst, Congress itself has given an interpretation. It defines forced or indentured labor as labor that is not voluntary and is subject to penalties for non-performance. That is, the workman has to do the work he is doing whether he wants to or not and is punished physically if he refuses.
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say that under the 5-year plan in Russia all labor is of that description. The Russian workman is not allowed to pick or choose his job. He must work at Whatever task the government him, and hf doesn't, he's punished. $^{\prime}$

They say that this embargo will annoy a number of American interests that are selling goods to Russia. Russia has already cut down the amount of goods she buys from the United States and will cut down the amount plenty more if the embargo goes into effect. So naturally firms that are selling goods to Russia will oppose the embargo.

But on the other hand, they say that there are other and more powerful American interests that are liable to be hit by the dumping of Soviet products on the American market, and these interests will receive the proposed embargo with 3 cheers and a tiger.

This evening those two astonishing flyers, Post and Gatty, are resting up in 㛖 Eastern Siberia tonight at a place called Blagoveshchenck on the River Amur. They are only about 600 miles from the Sea of Japan.

Tomorrow they hope to fly 2,300 miles cross Bering Sea and reach Nome, Alaska. Speed? They're just burning it up. So far, according to the United Press their flight has been one of the most amazing in the history of aviation. Word has just come of the death of Wilbur C. Whitehead, the famous bridge expert. The United Press reports that he was on his way fou home from Europe, aboard a French liner - two days out.

I suppose somebody might write a song:- "the skyscrapers they grow high, in Mobile, in Mobile". The next line might be--"the bridges they grow long, 5 in Mobile, in Mobile."

At any rate, there's a competition for building skyscrapers higher and bridges longer.

Of course the giant masterpiece of bridges today is the immense span
${ }^{11}$ of steel across the Hudson at New York, named ${ }_{12}$ which most people seem to call the

That huge, 3500 foot span is not yet complete. But already on the other side of the continent they're planning a still longer bridge--700 feet longer, to be precise. This is the new projected Golden Gate Bridge, which will span the magnificent entrance to the harbor of San Francisco.

This week's Literary Digest tells us about that new Golden Gate bridge. It will have to be a handsome, a superb looking span, the Digest tells us. The

Californians are alive to the fact that if they're going to have a bridge across the Golden Gate, why that bridge will have to be a grand and imposing affair to fit into the magnificent picture of California's prize spectacle.
Di. Arturer
in the an interesting visitor here the broadcasting studio here tonight-a stocky, powerfully built man with a close clipped mustache, one of those quiet chaps that do things. He's Dr. NTorrence, well known in medical circles for his studies of tropical diseases.

He's just back from Africa after an amazing automobile journey all the way across the dark continent. He started from the east coast, from Zanzibar, Abyssinia and Italian Samoliland. Then across Uganda and the country of the mountains of the moon. PLAt the headwaters of the Congo River he made some extensive studies of sleeping sickness. He caught swarms of tets flies and infected crocodiles with sleeping sickness.

Then he went along the nor the $r n$ border of Belgium-congo, and and on into French Equatorial Africa, the southern verge of the Sahara Desert, near the headwaters of the Nile. There he

The Doctor ran into one perilous adventure when there was a flood on the Upper Nile and the waters poured into a valley where he had his camp. | The last we heard was a report that his expedition had been wiped out. But here he is back in New York. I ran into him today:'

And I've asked him to come to the microphone now and give us the first news of some interesting angle of his long, adventurous trip.

Well, Doctor, how was it?

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Let's see. How would it be to tell about a radio experience in Africa?

It was MacVitty, the American
Consul at Nairobi, who suggested that I take along a portable radio set. I carried it in my automobile. A large part of our safari was by motor, as Lowell has said.

The radio worked quite satisfactorily We got programs from all over the globe. In swampy regions the reception was not so good. But in French Equatorial Africa it was almost perfect. I think we got the clearest reception at Tibesti, in the southern Sahara.

I've just been telling Lowell Thomas here that we could hear him as clearly as if it were across the same room.

Of course, because of the difference in time, we got the broadcasts at impossible hours. For example 6:45 P.M. Literary Digest broadcast came to us about one o'clock
25 in the morning. On one occasion, on account the difference in time of heard Lowell's 'saturday evening speech on Sunday morning.

We would sit up all evening

They talk a kind of English in various parts of Africa. It's a species of Pidgin English. If they want to say, "I'm going", they say, "I goo". "if "amick"ygorogo they want to say, "Master is upstairs", they say "Master live far up". But it's not enough English to enable them to

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understand the English that came over the air.

But they're a great people themselves for palavering. They like long or ations and all kinds of eloquence. And so, not understanding a word, they would listen with rapt attention, with their endless exclamations of "pegtivilmi".

It was most amazing to observe them listening to the voice of the Literary Digest, telling the news from all over the world. To those black fellows axe he and the Literary Digest might as well have been reciting "Casey at the Bat". But just the same it was thrilling and exciting!--tt was peg Wíwilnini! Of course we had many cur ious and sometimes dangerous experiences. But one thing that I'II always remember is lister tu radio bringing the voice of Amer ic, yous Vars 2 to the remote places of Africa. warriors. So, let's reel of $f$ a little more incomprehensible news for the Peguvi LWill Boys.

Well, Doctor, you told me you left your radio set with those black

Over in Spain this evening there is an atmosphere of excitement. Everything is set for the big election tomorrow.

This is the political contest for which Spain has been waiting week after week. The voters will go to the polls and elect representatives to the national parliament. The existence of the Spanish republic, of course, depends largely upon the way the vote goes tomorrow.

In Paris there is a man who will watch the returns from the Spanish election with profound interest. Yes, I mean Don Alphonso. He's hoping that his supporters will win out tomorrow. But political observers say the ex-King is nursing a vain hope. It is believed that the present government will win out, with the socialists coming in next.

Meanwhile, the Spanish government is faced with what seems to be a serious revolutionary movement in the Province of Galicia, of which the capital is the ancient city of Seville. The International News Service reports preelection disturbances in many parts of Spain.

There was a series of bomb explosions in the city of Genoa today, and the people of Christopher Columbus' old home town were considerably excited.

The bombs went off at intervals of every half hour in various parts of the city. Apparently, the damage wasn't serious.

I suppose that in this next story the Judge nearly fell off the bench when he heard what the other Judge had to say. Judge Charles Glass, of Highwood, Illinois, was in Waukeegan, near Chicago. He was so busy that he lost track of the time, and the next thing you know he discovered he had only 20 minutes until time for his court to open at Highwood. He jumped into $h$ is car, and let me tell you, that Judge was in a hurry.

He was in so much of a hurry that a traffic cop picked him up as he was passing through Lake Forest. In spite of his protest, the traffic cop hauled him up before Judge Edwin Burgess. Speeding was the charge, hitting it up at 55 miles an hour.

The arrested speeder told Judge Burgess that he too was a Judge. He explained that he was hurrying to get to his court.
"You see," he said, "I didn't have much time, and my court was about to open. I've got 6 , speeding to come up
before me this morning, and I just had to be there to try them."

In other words, the Judge was speeding that fast so
that he could pass sentence on tho se six speeders. I suppose he would have given them a fine of 25 bucks each.

When the Judge on the bench recovered his voice he
announced that he would continue the case and hold the trial another day. And so the speeding Judge went on to his court, and I suppose that he duly passed sentence on those speeders who were waiting for him.

And talking about speeding, I guess I'm safe. I'll be on my way up to the farm before long, and I hope we can hit it up at about 50. But all the traffic cops can take the night off as far as I'm concerned, because I am going to ride the train tonight, and the old rattler can make all the speed it wants -- only it never does! And so I'm doubly safe. Trains don't have any speed limits, and besides it'll be the poky old owl train anyway, the one that stops at every sleepy village. So, SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.

