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Lowell Thomas Broadcast for Literary Digest
November 10, 1930.

Intro.

Once more we are on the eve of Armistice Day, and I know what a lot of the boys are doing. They are shaking out their uniforms. Moth balls are rolling over the floor, and a lot of gentlemen who are turning gray around the temples are bathed in perspiration. That perspiration comes from trying to get on uniforms that were made in the days when they had slender waists. Ah, but the years have been piling up and so have the pounds. I can just see them vainly struggling into those uniforms. So give them an extra cheer when they go by in the parade tomorrow.

Early this morning, on my way back across Pennsylvania from a visit to Gettysburg College, I crossed over one of the finest bridges I have ever seen. It is on the Lincoln Highway. It

is known as the York-Lancaster War Memorial Bridge, and tomorrow it will be dedicated. The Intelligencer Journal, a Lancaster newspaper that dates back almost to Revolutionary War days, says that 50,000 people will be there for the ceremony. The bridge is a mile and a half long, and has 28 massive arches, and is just about as impressive a tribute as could be paid to the men who fell in the great War.

Germany

For the first time since the war, Germans in this country will take part officially in Armistice Day ceremonies tomorrow. The occasion will be a ceremony in New York at Madison Square tomorrow morning, with the German Consul General, in attendance.

And over in Germany, the people yesterday observed--not Armistice Day--but the 13th anniversary of the founding of the German

republic. There were no big fireworks, and several of the Berlin newspapers even failed to mention it. As for Adolph Hitler and his crowd, who are still rooting for the return of the old Monarchy, well they went into mourning about it. 2,000 of his followers gathered in a beer garden in Munich and drowned their sorrow in the beverage for which Munich has long been famous.

Salvation Army

In London there is another important confab in progress - but it's not political. The Salvation Army is holding its annual conference. At last year's meeting they had a regular free for all - bitter quarrels in the family of the famous General Booth. But this year, according to the I.N.S., everything is friendly and quiet. Their main task is to work out a new scheme of government for the Army, something to take the place of the autocratic rule of the Booth family.

Down in South America there is a missionary tragedy. This evening's papers add a few details.

Missionaries

Two American missionaries and a two-year-old child have been killed in the wilds of the Amazon Jungle, by savage Indians. The victims, according to the United Press, were Arthur Tylee of Worcester, Massachusetts, his little daughter, and Miss Ethel Kratz of Chicago. Tylee's wife, who is also a missionary, was wounded. They were stationed in the jungle of Brazil, three weeks' journey by bullock cart from the nearest civilization.

China

Here's a flash from China. Twelve missionaries in Honan Province have sent a message to the American Consul at Hankow saying they expect a communist invasion. They want to get out in a hurry and they ask that airplanes be sent for them.

That's just another alarming note in the anti-foreign situation out there in China. And one reason for the hatred against the western nations is that old bugaboo - our American stand against Asiatic immigration. An interesting article in this week's Literary Digest tells about a renewed burst of anger in both China and Japan. The Digest quotes Far Eastern publications, papers the most of us never have a chance to read. The quotations show just how much our ban on Asiatic immigrants is stirring up popular feeling out there.

Cathedral Bells

Down in Mexico a curious mystery was solved. A few days ago a red Communist banner appeared in the tower of the great cathedral of Mexico City and nobody knew how it got there. Now, according to the New York Evening World, the police have found that the old bell ringer put it there. He lived in the cathedral belfry. He was born there. His father and grandfather had

spent their lives taking care of the bells. He was married in the belfry. Forty-two years he lived with his bells, and then he started brooding about life and politics. He fell in with the Communists, and became a Red. Then he hung out that glaring red Communist banner, which made such a sensation. Today the bells are silent. And the old bell ringer? He is in jail.

Flying

Spectacular airplane flights are coming thick and fast these days. This afternoon Captain Roy Ammel, that flying Chicago stock broker, landed in the Panama Canal Zone after a non-stop flight from New York. The International News Service says he made the hop in 24 hours and 35 minutes. Captain Frank Hawks, says the New York Evening Post, broke his own record when he came back from Havana to New York in 8 hours and 45 minutes.

Over in Europe, the big DO-X has

landed at Calshot, England, a four-hour flight from Amsterdam. This completes the second leg of its Atlantic flight. The next hop will be to Bordeaux, France, then to Portugal and on across to show us what a really big plane looks like.

The British gave the German flying boat a roaring welcome. Aviation is very much in the news in England today, anyway. The Philadelphia Ledger says that four big railways are planning an enormous new air system. They are going to offer combined air and rail services between every part of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the continent.

Barhart

Amelia Barhart the aviator, is reported on the verge of the most hazardous long distance flight of all - a flight into the realms of wedded bliss. She and George Palmer Putnam, the publisher, deny that they

are married. But according to the New York Evening Post a license was issued in Noank, Connecticut. So everybody is wondering just what is what.

Another romance that everybody was interested in was the marriage of Abie and his Irish Rose.

Abie's

The courts, however, have turned down the suit which contended that the motion picture "The Cohens and the Kelleys" was swiped from Ann Nichols' sensational stage success - Abie's Irish Rose. According to the New York Sun, Miss Nichols sued the producers of the "Cohens and the Kelleys" for three million dollars, but today the New York circuit court of appeals decided against her.

News Item of the Day

Sports writers everywhere are sizing up the results of the football games on Saturday. I was in Philadelphia for a while today and I found the sports columns featuring the name of Marty Brill. And no wonder. That Saturday game in Philadelphia between Notre Dame and the University of Pennsylvania was one of the classiest exhibitions of scientific football the gridiron has ever seen, and Marty Brill? Well, he was the hero. He was the Frank Merriwell of the game, and the human story behind the blazing brand of football he played is a grand yarn, in fact about the best sport story of the years - so I'm picking it as the News Item of the Day.

Marty Brill of Notre Dame was the star of that Saturday game and he knew something about the University of Pennsylvania. In fact, he used to be a student there. But he didn't stay. Why? Well, because he couldn't make

the football team. They said he wasn't good enough. But Marty's father thought differently. He knew his son had the stuff. He was sure he had the makings of a great football player. So, he took the boy out of Penn, and he sent him to Notre Dame to see if he couldn't make the team there.

Well, Marty did make the team. And then on Saturday Notre Dame came East to play Penn. Was Marty anxious to make good against Penn? He was, but Brill senior was even more anxious. He offered Marty a thousand dollars for each touchdown he scored. The game began, and then came Marty's first play. They threw him a pass. There was his chance. But he fumbled the pass. He went right over to Carrideo, the quarterback.

"Give me that ball again," he said. Carrideo did.

Brill caught the ball, and dug his cleats into the ground. He ran 68 yards for a touchdown.

But that wasn't all. A few minutes

later Brill romped over for another touchdown. Then a bit later galloped across the line with a third. In the stands Brill senior was watching. Was he mad about losing that three thousand dollars? Not he.

There's Frank Merriwell for you, but, even outside of that, everybody agrees it was a wonderful game. Marty Brill said that the way the Notre Dame team was playing, all he had to do was run. Lynn Doyle, writing in the Philadelphia Bulletin, ~~xxxxx~~ remarked that "The interference Brill got on his second touchdown was so perfect that he could have wheeled a baby carriage full of twins along, and given them a smooth ride."

Rus Colony

A Russian syndicate has bought 9,000 acres of land down in southern New Jersey for the purposes of establishing a Russian Cooperative Community. According to the Evening Ledger of Philadelphia, the colony is now

living in Canada, but its members have investigated the land in New Jersey and believe it ideally suited to the raising of hemp, which is the crop they are particularly interested in.

Camels

Now hold on to your seats. Volstead is dead. He died from drinking something that didn't agree with him. But the Volstead I refer to is Volstead, the camel, that majestic dromedary at the N. Y. Central Park Zoo. Well, as I said, drinking killed him, and now they're importing a new mate for his widow. Her name is Josephine II. The new husband is on his way from Germany. He is called Question Mark, because they haven't given him any real name yet.

Dumb-Bells

Why is a dumb-bell dumb? Because he

lacks Vitamin B. So says Dr. Siegfried Maurer, a scientist at the University of Chicago. Children who are not fed on whole grain cereals, milk, vegetables and egg yolk are only half as intelligent as children who are. The doctor, according to the Evening World, discovered this after experiments on rats.

Shorts

Here are a few oddities. According to the Evening Bulletin of Philadelphia, out in Oklahoma they fined a woman \$5 for firing two shots at her husband, "presumably as a penalty for her poor marksmanship", adds the Bulletin.

According to the Minneapolis Journal a street worker left a man-hole cover off and one of the new midget cars disappeared through it like a squirrel going into its hole.

The new Emperor of Abbyssinia now wants

to build a million dollar palace, says the Associated Press, but his coronation cost him three million dollars and he is about out of funds.

Although the newspapers and press dispatches are full of aviation these days, evidently there are some spots where air mindedness has not gone so very far. The Beacon Journal of Akron, Ohio, says it has discovered a new way of figuring up the population of the town. Just fly over it and count the number of cows in what is marked on the map as a landing field.

The Evening Bulletin of Philadelphia quotes Rebecca West, the English novelist, as saying: "Morality reminds me of a young man who is asked, 'Do you think it right for a girl to sit in a man's lap even if she is engaged?' To which the young chap replied, 'Yes, if it were our girl and our lap. Yes, if it were some other chap's girl and our lap. But if it were our girl and some other chap's

lap, no, absolutely no'."

Out in Egypt nearly every Mohammedan boy is named Moses and most of the girls are named Fatima - or Fatima as they call it. The Associated Press cables that an Arab woman of Cairo has given birth to quadruplets - one Moses and three Fatimas.

End

The law students out at Northwestern University, have just been given some profound advice by one of their legal advisers. Said the scholarly doctor, not only should you study law, but you should get married. Your wife should be broadminded. She should have tact. She should be desirous of raising a family. She should know all of your faults in advance. In short, said the doctor, my advice is young man, marry your secretary.

Meteor Swarm

You may be able to see a few strange visitors in the sky tonight, and they will be the advance guard of a vast swarm of visitors that will drop in to see us later, three years from now. They are shooting stars. We may see some of them tonight, and then we should see more all the rest of this week.

Out in space is a huge swarm of small bodies, meteors, and they hit the earth's atmosphere three times each century. And when they do, well, that's one time when you want to stay up at nights and be a star gazer. The sky is one glorious blaze of shooting stars, and this happens just three times every hundred years. Well, you won't see that big show for three years. The real big meteor show is due in 1933, but it is so vast that a few thousand stragglers along its edge ought to be along about now.

The astronomers will be out watching tonight. They want to know if there are more shooting stars in the sky than usual this week. The astronomers are asking amateur star gazers to cooperate, and count shooting stars from now till next Monday.

So get your secretary, or your girl or your boy friend and let's all go out now and count shooting stars. Goodnight, and mind you keep your eyes on those stars.
