

LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST

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FOOTBALL

Well, I won the ten. The other night I told you about the wager I had on Notre Dame. Then Knute Rockne came along and said his team was going to lose by ten touchdowns. Too bad for you Knute, but I won on your team. You all know the score -- Notre Dame 21 - Carnegie Tech. 7. The Irish swept the field. That drive for the first touchdown -- the one headed by those three famous Irishmen -- Carrideo, Schwartz, and Savoldi -- started the rout that was never headed.

In this part of the world it was a perfect football day, and tonight the roads everywhere are jammed with traffic -- great throngs on their way home from a thousand gridirons.

A rather jolly little verse on football, from the spectator's standpoint, appeared in tonight's New York Sun in Hi Phillips'es famous column "The Sun Dial". The lines are by Wilfred J. Funk.

Here they are:--

"I watch the players plunge and grunt,
I hear their stout ribs crackling:
I see the poor guy with the punt
Knocked out by vicious tackling.

Football may be the big thing in sports today,
but there's many an old sailor who won't say so.

RACE

The final race for the International Fisherman's Trophy was at last run off this afternoon. For the second time, the American fishing smack, the Gertrude L. Thebaud, defeated the Canadian contender, Bluenose. On account of the weather seven attempts were made to hold the second race before it was successfully carried out. According to an International News bulletin from Gloucester, Massachusetts, the little Gloucester smack led the Bluenose across the finish line by nearly two miles. So the Americans have won the cup.

Well, you old salts up at Gloucester may be celebrating, but here's a high ~~society~~ society celebration - a wedding.

WEDDING

In Baltimore today the orange blossoms certainly were in full bloom. America's richest bachelor got married. Yes, girls, he and his fifty million have drifted gently out of your reach. His name, as a matter of mere academic interest, is John Nicholas Brown. Among his forefathers were the Rev. Chad Brown, who founded Providence, Rhode Island, and Moses Brown, who founded Brown University, together with other Browns, shrewd, capable Yankees who got rich in the East India trade. The bride is Miss Anne Kinsolving. The United Press tells us that she is a newspaper reporter and also a member of the Virginia elite, the Bruces and the Cabells. The guests at the wedding represented the pick of both the Virginia and the Rhode Island upper crust.

The bridegroom, ah, he has been talked about for years. When he was only two months old he inherited ten million dollars. And he was raised with an expensive care that would make a lot of royal princes seem brought

up in a back yard. The newspapers often mentioned the "golden spoon" baby, and wondered whether he would be spoiled. He had a mother-of-pearl cradle and a marble bathtub shaped like a swan. Well, that golden spoon baby became a young man, thoroughly unspoiled and devoted to both study and athletics.

A wedding of a rich bachelor always brings to my mind a sad, sad story. I heard years ago in the Klondike. The richest bachelor up there was to get married. He was known far and wide as the Big Swede, from Hunker Creek. He had struck it rich, and he decided he wanted to marry Molly Malone, the most beautiful dance hall girl in the Klondike. She told him she'd marry him if he gave her her own weight in gold dust. The big Swede said that was a joke with him, and in the Floradora dance hall they weighed first Molly, and then the gold dust. The wedding was set for the next day. The big Swede went out with some friends to celebrate and while he was painting the town red, Molly packed up the gold dust and boarded a Yukon flat^{boat}/that was going down stream. She was never seen again.

So long, Molly. I'll have to get along to more serious

matters. I've been going through the political news. Things are in the usual pre-election state, but here's a real human touch.

ROOSEVELT

Governor Roosevelt of New York is going on a campaign tour and before leaving he is being insured for half a million dollars. The policy is obtained by the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, to whom the benefit is payable. The purpose of the Foundation is to help those suffering from Infantile Paralysis. It was formed by Governor Roosevelt, who was long afflicted with that malady. The insurance doctors found the Governor in perfect health.

The Governor of New York is an important person, but so is Yvette.

YVETTE

Quebec has a new idol. She has taken the town by storm. No flamingly emotional actress, or dashing stage beauty. It's a twelve year old girl, and her name is Yvette. They're having a folk song and folk dance festival up in picturesque old Quebec. The object of it is to revive the simple art of the old French people of the land. Have you ever heard the songs of the Habitants, as they sing them? I have, and they're charming. Well, the hit of the festical is the rosy checked Yvette from the island of Orleans, near Quebec. She wears a pink apron and a linen bonnet. For two consecutive nights now she has carried off the honors on the stage of the Chateau Frontenac. The New York Sun prints the lines of her song hit - an old ditty sung for generations by the girls of Quebec Province. The refrain will show you how far it is from Broadway. These are the two lines:

But we would rather have no shoes,
Than kiss the naughty cobbler.

Good for you, Yvette. That's the spirit. I'll give your regards to Herr Adolph Hitler, Yvette. He's next in these news dispatches that I have before me.

GERMANY

Today a Socialist member of the Reichstag violently denounced Hitler, the obstreperous German Fascist leader. Just how much power Hitler really has is still uncertain. But he certainly has achieved more international publicity than any other German since the war. "All Europe is guessing about his future," says the current issue of the Literary Digest in a vivid and dramatic story about the striking personality of this new German leader. The Digest says he is reported to be a women hater. Yet, the article goes on to say that the women of Germany look upon him as a national idol and call him "their handsome Adolf." It's a corking article, and you'll enjoy it.

There's news from Asia. Yes, there always is. That huge continent sends us more strange dispatches than all the others combined.

KURDS

A wireless flash from Constantinople states that the revolt of the Kurds against the Turks has been crushed. The Turks claim that the Kurds are so thoroughly beaten that they are showing no more resistance. But the New York Times correspondent at Constantinople reports that guerilla war is still going on, although the Kurds have been heavily defeated. the Kurds, meanwhile, say that the Turkish losses have been 40,000 men, and that's half the Turkish army. The Turks talk back, and say that's all foolishness, although they admit they had a bad time at first. Meanwhile, a Kurdish spokesman in New York states that the Kurds are winning, and have beaten off several Turkish armies.

It's all very confusing, but it's simple enough to figure out one thing: That the Turks have been having a hot time with the Kurds. Those Kurdish mountaineers, in their jagged hills, are certainly wild fellows. But, then, old Abdul Turk, himself, is no ~~xx~~ shrinking violet. But the strangest flash comes from points east of Turkey.

CHINA

China is governed by a lot of turtles, apparently.

At least, the Chinese people think their armies are commanded by turtles. Constant civil war has brought the distracted orientals almost to the limit of endurance, and Edward Hunter, a special correspondent of the New York Sun, says there has been a revival of old superstitions as a result of the desperation of people.

The Chinese now say that all their military leaders are reincarnated from land turtles, and they are convinced that drought and famine will continue and there will be no more rain until the present military leaders are overthrown. General Chiang Kai-shek, head of the Nanking armies, is regarded as a sea tortoise because of the floods that have swept over the parts of the country that he has captured. There also is an increasing epidemic of mythical dragons. The Sun correspondent says the time is ripe for the rise of a new leader in China - a great big turtle, no doubt.

And in China there are jazzy doings these days which don't seem at all in harmony with the turtles. I've just read

about them in a spicy article in this week's Literary Digest. It's about China's Jazzy Youth. While the Chinese peasants all over that vast country are going back to old superstitions, the younger generation in the cities are stepping right out into the jazz era. Cabarets and modern dancing are all the rage with the sons and daughters of stately mandarins. That Digest article certainly does turn the spotlight on a strange condition in the Far East.

KINGSFORD-SMITH

Saturday afternoon is time off for most people -- although not for me. Anyway, I couldn't easily get hold of anybody to pick the news item of the day. So I selected it myself. It's about that airplane race between the two Australians -- I mean the two chaps who are racing each other half-way 'round the world? One of them crashed yesterday, a few hundred miles south of Borneo on the southern side of the Island of Java. The race is between that great Australian flier, Wing Commander Kingsford-Smith, and Flight Lieutenant Hill. Hill is the man who piled up yesterday when he was trying to hop from Sourabaya, Java, to Atamboea on the Island of Timor. Up until yesterday, Hill was leading. But now he has repaired his plane and he and Kingsford-Smith are reported to be neck and neck. According to the latest news they may fly together across Timor Sea, to Port Darwin, at the northern tip of Australia.

Both Kingsford-Smith and Hill started out determined to beat the record of Burt Hinkler, the man who flew from London

to Australia in 15 and a half days. It looks as though both men may do it. If they get their planes in shape today and reach Australia tomorrow, they'll beat Hinkler's time by several days, and then Kingsford-Smith will be the record holder because he left London several days after Hill.

This brings to a climax a series of just about as spectacular flights as any airman ever pulled off. Two years ago Kingsford-Smith was in San Francisco -- dead broke. He and several of his companions wanted a plane and backing for a flight across the Pacific to Australia, a thing that had never been done. They walked the streets until their shoes were worn out, their clothes were shabby, they hadn't eaten for a day or so, when Lady Luck gave them a break. A wealthy Californian decided to finance their flight. Kingsford-Smith and his companions were in tears they were so overjoyed.

So they bought a plane, the old Fokker monoplane that Captain Wilkins, the Australian explorer, had used in the Arctic. They named it the Southern Cross, and in it Kingsford-Smith, and three companions jumped the Pacific on what was then

proclaimed the greatest flight ever made. Then he flew on around the entire world, returned to America and presented the Southern Cross to the generous Californian who had given him his great chance. And now, as the climax to his flying career, he is trying to lower the record between England and Australia. If he makes it, he not only will become a greater national figure than ever in Australia, but he will have realized his dream of arriving in the shortest possible time to marry the little Australian girl, Mary Powell, who is waiting for him.

Few ships are ever seen in Timor Sea where Hill and Kingsford-Smith will be flying tomorrow while you are at church or reading your Sunday papers. So Timor Sea would not be a pleasant place for a forced landing. Some years ago, another Australian flier, named Raymond Parer, was flying across there in a land plane at that -- when his plane suddenly burst into flames. But he was flying high and he cleverly sideslipped and whipped his ship around and put it out.

NEWS FLASH

Oct 18 7:45 P.M.

Los Angeles (United Press) Oct 18 - - Glenna Collett
won the Women's National ^{Golf} Championship for the fifth time ~~here~~ today
when she defeated Virginia Van Wie, 6 and 5 in the finals of the
Natioanl Amateur tournament here.

FREAK FLASHES

Here are a few freak flashes:-

The smallest town in the United States listed by the Census Bureau, is Arundel, Maryland, with a population of one person. He's the caretaker, and the only all year-round inhabitant. The other residents are summer people.

A letter written two hundred years ago by the mother of George Washington has just been sold at auction in Philadelphia for \$1450. Boys write home to mother. George did.

A traffic jam was reported at the Panama Canal, with ships waiting in line to go through the locks.

18,000 acres of peat bogs in the Dismal Swamp of North Carolina have been on fire this week.

Automobiles in Mexico City are forbidden to toot their horns at Crossings.

A railroad coach shaped like a Zeppelin and driven by a 500 horse-power motor was tried out near Hanover, in Germany. With 25 passengers aboard, it made 95 miles an hour.

WHIPPING

Those of us who served our school days in country school houses, in the day when rulers and straps were still used to give learning and good behavior a little painful assistance, will have a deeply sympathetic interest in this one:- A Hindu schoolmaster at Mercaba, South India, says an Associated Press Dispatch, gave 183 boys a licking in a single morning. Well, that ought to be a non-stop spanking record. The pupils had gone on strike, and when the teacher caught them he gave every one of them a sound caning, as they call it out there. Then, says the Associated Press, the spankees went home and told their parents, and most of them were taken out to the Indian equivalent of the traditional wood shed, where they got another licking. Two boys went to a hospital and asked to be treated for acute and prolonged soreness. But the surgeon simply gave them a third licking. My editorial comment is: OUCH !

END

Well, up home I've got a boy -- age seven. You know about boys. I'm going straight home now, and -- well, I hope he's been listening in tonight and I hope he heard that bed-time story about the Hindu schoolmaster. Anyway, I'm going to talk the matter over with him. So I'll be on my way.

GOODNIGHT.