## LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1930

INTRO

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

I've got an unusual item to start off with tonight. It includes news from all over the world. News from everywhere all in one story. How can that be? Well, there has been a mysterious shaking of the shell of this old planet of ours. The Seismograph of the Harvard Observatory has been catching it. They say the distrubance has been going on for a week now and it reached its climax last night. According to the International News Service it doesn't indicate a big earthquake anywhere, but just a lot of small shakings of the earth's crust. Scientists say that tiny tremors like this have been observed every once in a while for years, but nobody knows just what they mean.

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Two things happened to today that made me long to strike out on the trail again. Much as I love staying at home, about this season of the year there comes the old, old itch to be off. The first thing that made me restless today was a luncheon tattended where I met a lot of my friends from Africa, India, Australia and other far corners of the earth. We were all old friends who had crossed each other's trails time and time again. We recalled how we had lunch and dined together out in Cairo, in Bombay, and Singapore; and it was all I could do to keep from going down and hopping on the next boat.

And then when I got back to my office the second thing happened. On my desk I found an invitation to go on a tour of the Sunny South, down through Virginia, the Carolinas, the blue-grass country of Kentucky and Tennessee, and then continue on to winter resorts of XXXXXXX Georgia, Florida, and along the Gulf of Mexico.

And under that invitation I found another urging me to run down to Texas and then take a jaunt across the Painted Desert of New Mexico and Arizona, to California the land where it is always afternoon and never the time to work.

And under that was still another invitation. This one was to spend the winter in Hawaii and then voyage on around the world to the romantic isles of the South Seas, to New Zealand and Australia.

Where did all those invitations come from, and will I accept them?

well, much as I love travel, this year I can't get away and I'm going to pass all these invitations on to you. So here and now just consider yourself invited to Bermuda, to the romantic isles of the West Indies and the Caribbean, to South America,

Mexico, Europe and Africa. How will you receive the invitation?

Why, just turn to the new Literary Digest, the one that comes out tomorrow. It's called the Winter Travel Number, and it tells you all the fascinating places to go in winter time.

On the cover is a colorful picture showing how they traveled in this country a hundred years ago. It's a picture of a coach rolling up. On the roof sits a guard with a Long-Tom rifle and a coon skin cap. A lovely maiden in her Colonial costume is jumping from the coach to the arms of a man who looks a bit like George Washington.

It's a handsome cover, and I couldn't help thinking which I'd prefer, those picturesque old days of stage coaches, or the present day of swift travel by luxurious trains, and palatial steamers that take us around the world in less \*\* time than it once required for a trip to Western Canada.

With the passing of the stage coach a little of the romance and glamor of olden times disappeared. But modern transportation has added immensely to the joy of life. It has made it possible to for us to spend our winter holidays traveling to all the fascinating places that are described in this week's Winter Travel Number of the Literary Digest. So if the kx magic of the open road appeals to you, just turn to the Digest and pick

out the holiday spot that tickles your fancy most.

But for a moment now let's see what's going on both here at home and in far countries.

The United States Government is soing to fight that prohibition decision, Judge William T. Clark, Federal Judge in New Jersey, handed down the opinion that the Lighteenth Amendment was unconstitutional, because it had not been adopted properly. That aroused plenty of controversy, and the Associated Press tells us that there was an immediate conference of government officers. They announced that an immediate appeal from Judge Clark's decision will be taken to the Supreme Court.

Out at Gibraltar two British 2 submarines ran into each other, and were 3 damaged so badly that they may need dry-4 docking. According to the Associated 5 Press, they were on their way to Hongkong 6 to join a squadron which is going to try 7 to mampa suppress piracy in Chinese waters.

From Seibraltar to Hong Kong-there's magic in that. How'd you like to make the trip?

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And here's action and thrill. Down in Honduras they were staging a bull fight. The bull was charging. The matador slipped and fell, and the maddened bull lowered his horns. to gove time to death. This was all taking place right in front of the grandstand, and among the spectators was Major Geyer, an American military attache to Honduras.

In a flash he whipped out his pistol and fired. The bull fell dead just as it has the matador.

According to reports from Europe there was street fighting over in Rumania today. The United Press reports that the police in Bucharest battled with five thousand students who ar were making a demonstration against King Carol. They were angry with the king for being too sympathetic toward the jews of Rumania.

Well, Rumania is a fascinating place, and travelers over there are listening to tales of Ballean politics and intrigue which would provide material for several melodramatic novels. Rumania also is a glorious place to go on that Winter holiday that the new Digest tells all about.

Bythe way

That revolt in Spain seems to have quieted down. There wasn't any more particular fighting today, and a special cable to the New York Sun says that the general strikes in various cities are petering out. The United Press states that queen Victoria of Spain had a long-distance talk with the editor of the London Evening Star. and she said that everything was absolutely quiet in Madrid and there was no need of alarm. The Queen is English, and she said member of the English royal family.

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I had a telephone call today from Cy Caldwell. Cy is am veteran aviator who is known far and wide among flying men for his satirical remarks. He has the caustic type of humor. Well, Cy opened up in his usual vein and said: --

"Aviation seems to be important, at least it is to the aviators who make a living out of it. And I'm not trying to put over any air-minded propaganda on you because that air-minded stuff is usually hot air minded. But, just the same, your news item of the day ought to be that big flight that the Italians started this morning."

Well, I guess Cy is right. That certainly is a monumental flight which Mussolini has started on its way, mad 12 big bombers which are to flymin in formation, across the South Atlantic. According to the United Press, they started out from Rome this morning, and landed in Spain this afternoon. They'll hop over to Africa and then take off 25 from the West African coast for South

America, Two supply planes are along with the 12 bombers. are carrying a lot of spare parts. This is the first time such a big formation of planes has attempted a non-stop ocean flight, and a lot of people are wondering whether that flock of mechanical birds will be able to keep together on the long hop across the Atlantic. Well, I happened by chance to be the historian of the airplane flight around-the-world. The one when that group of U.S. Army aviators circumnavigated the globe several years ago. 4 planes started out and 2 finished the entire journey. Yes and those planes kept together remarkably well. They were nearly always in sight of each other. Of course they did get separated a few times, especially in sand storms over India and in the fogs over the North Atlantic, on the way from Scotland Italian to Iceland, Greenland, and down the Labrador. So the 12 planes may make it without such a lot of trouble.

Literary Digest, in addition to the stunning one on the cover.

They are pictures of the photographs of the ill-fated Andre Polar expedition which tried to drift to the North Pole in a feww balloon.

One shows the balloon, after it came down on the ice; another shows the camp which the adventurers built for themselves in the Arctic; in the third picture two men are standing over a polar bear they've shot. These photographs were developed from films recently found at the camp of the ill-fated explorers. The negatives had been lying there since 1898, and still were in a good condition.

The Literary Digest tells us that these Andre pictures remind us of similar films found with the men who perished in the Scott South Pole expedition. These Scott megatives lay on the ice for nearly a year and then were found and successfully developed.

For the last few days the news has not been complete without something about Professor Einstein. He has been getting into the limelight about as often as Lindbergh, the Prince of Wales, and Lady Astor. Well, he is on his way to California the goal of many traveler who will be enticed there by the Winter Travel Number of the Literary Digest that comes out tomorrow.

Legion Post out in California. A motion was introduced declaring that the famous German scientist should not be permitted in California. Now, don't make any mistake and think that the boys out there have been studying relativity and find it's all wrong. The Associated Press informs us that they don't object \*\*The Professor Einstein's mathmatical theories at all. What they don't like is his pacifism -- the way he says that there shouldn't be any more preparation for war.

Henry Ford has just been in an automobile accident, out at Youngstown, Ohio. A. N. Bare, of that city, was driving along when suddenly his car and Mr. Ford's car collided at a street intersection. According to the Associated Press, nobody was hurt-both cars were just banged up a bit.

That's a little like the famous old yarn about the sheriff who was locked up in his own jail.

All of which proves nothing except that Mr. Ford, the great builder of cars, has his traffic troubles like the rest of us.

This next bit of news should go off with a bang -- at least those tornedoes went off with one.

An Associated Press dispatch from Orengeburg, South Carolina, tells us that Johnny Bradford aged ten was all set to celebrate approaching Christmas. He had some fire-crackers and 26 torpedoes. He had the torpedoes in his hip pocket. Well, Johnny was bending over and one of the other boys came up behind him with a maddle. And the maddle landed on that mocket-full of 26 torpedoes! Bang went the torpedoes! Johnny wasn't hurt, at any rate not seriously, but his trousers were blown into the next county.

At the end of my evening's broadcasts I have been signing off with the selutation - "So long until tomorrow," and several radio listeners have written in asking me about the expression - so long. For example, there is L. Anderson of Newark, New Jersey, who asks where the phrase So long comes from and whether it is good English or slang.

Well, I didn't know. So I went to Dr. Vizetelly, the Digest's learned Lexocographer.

"Hello Doctor said I, "tell me about 'So Long'", whereupon the learned doctor held forth as follows:

"My boy, if you'll look in the Funk & Wagnalls Stathdard Dictionary you will see that So Long is a corruption of the oriental salutation 'salaam'".

Then Dr. Vizetelly added that some authorities connect

So Long with a somewhat similar German expression. As to whether

So Long is slang or not, the Standard Dictionary describes it as

a colloquialism rather than slang, and Dr. Vizetelly told me

that some of his ponderous books say that So Long criginated in

England and first came into use along about 1860. Later it

migrated to America and became more American than English.

Some radio listeners asked whether I was correct in using what might be a slang phrase. Dr. Vizetelly rerlied: "Bay all means go ahead. It's a colloquialism all right, but that makes it all the more vivid and lively."

I might use the original word for So Long now and say "Salaam" to you. But along with that should go a low and sweeping oriental bow, and unfortunately I can't see you to make the bow. Anyway "salaam" sounds pompous and stately, and I'm afraid I'm not a bit that way. So if it's all the same to you folks, I'll just end as usual tonight with,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.