## LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST MONDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1930

## STORIES OF THE YEAR

Now for some news about news:- It has to do with the ten biggest news stories of the year, and they were selected by Kent Cooper, head of the famous Associated Press.

Mr. Cooper thinks the most important news story of the year was the one about the Andre expedition. Thirty three years ago Andre and his companions set out for the North Pole in a free balloon. They simply vanished, and their fate was one of the great mysteries of exploration. During the autumn past the mystery was solved.

The second of the ten principal news items of the year is the first non-stop western flight across the Atlantic, the one made by Coste and Bellonte.

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The third is a sporting event, the winning by Bobby Jones of the four big golf championships.

The trouble in India is number four, that non-violence revolution.

Fifth comes the most interesting baby in the world - the Lindbergh baby.

Sixth the terrible prison riot at Columbus, Ohio, when the prison caught fire.

Seventh the drought last summer, the worst in our history.

Then as the eighth news item comes the new planet discovered last March, the one that cuased so much discussion because scientists disagreed on a name for it.

King Carol's return to the Rumanian throne is the nineth.

Tenth and last, the tragic distruction of the great British dirigible the R - 101.

The American Magazine got Mr. Cooper to select those ten.

On the other hand this old year of 1930 isn't quite over yet, and I

may be telling you the biggest news story of the year tomorrow or

the next day. Anyway, let's see what's in the news tonight.

Down in Bland County, Virginia, they are mourning the death of Old Bob. He was the best bear dog that Bland County ever knew. He would tollow a bear until his feet were so sore that he would have to be carried. He was known to pick up bear tracks forty-eight hours and the whole county talk the way he corneres an angry bear, never give his enemy a chance to land that vicious side-swipe of a bear's paw which has put many a dog out of commission. According to the United Press Old Bob died of natural causes, and bear hunting down there in Bland County has lost one of its most important personalities.

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as you probably have heard by now,

President Hoover has won his unemployment relief fight. The bills he proposed for spending money to provide jobs for the jobless passed both houses. Meanwhile a x new fight has come up in Washington, and right in the center of it is Robert H. Lucas, executive director of the Republican National Committee. It has been revealed that Mr. Lucas sent money into Nebraska to help the Democratic candidate against the Republican candidate. In spite of this the Republican candidate won, and he was Senator Norris, famous as an insurgent who is always kicking over the traces.

Insurgent Republican leaders are now demanding that Mr. Lucas resign, because they cannot see why Republican money should be used to help the Damocrats. But Mr. Lucas points out that Senator Norris voted against Mr. Coolidge and also against Mr. Hoover in presidential elections, and says that he is no Republican at all. Well, if you want to get an idea of how wild and woolly those

can be, you want to read an article in this week's Literary Digest about that fight on unemployment relief. The Digest says that the government machinery for helping unemployment started out with the engines sputtering and gears clashing.

I like this next dispatch. It shows that we Americans are still sticking to our old ways.

When we go abroad we always think about buying something.

But what does the American tourist buy? The International News

Service tells us that in Berlin, at least, Americans buy

pocket-knives. Hardly any American tourist leaves Berlin with
out having bought one of those big, fancy German pocket-knives

which include a saw, and a nail scissors, and a pipe cleaner.

Well, the old-time jackknife was the universal favorite when

I was a boy, and I'm glad to see that it still is, even among

the swagger folks who travel in Europe.

The Americans are also the best buyers of all the tourists, says the International News Service. They spend the most money. Next to us come the Japanese. What do they buy? Well, the Japanese go in for cameras and the latest thing in radios. In other words, complicated gadgets.

New facts are being flashed across the ocean about that Spanish revolution which started out with a bang and then didn't get anywhere.

Ramon Franco, the Spanish ace, aviator, was one of the leaders of the revolt. And he was one of the aviators who flew over Madrid and dropped revolutionary pamphlets.

According to an International News Service dispatch, Franco, who is now safe in Portugal, states that he was to have dropped air bombs on the palace of King Alphonso. But he didn't drop those bombs. He couldn't, he says, because he saw a number of children playing around on the palace grounds. And he couldn't bring himself to release those huge bombs which might explode down there among the youngsters.

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I don't like the way those news flashes about revolts and revolutions come floating in day after day. But somehow I can't take this next one quite seriously.

trouble over in the little principality of Monaco, That swhere Monte Carlo. And It's hard to connect Monte Carlo with serious political troubles. However, they that have a disturbance over there. It was a riot, and the whole Monacan army of between 100 and 200 men turned out to suppress the revolution.

The disturbance started when Prince Louis II, the ruler of Monaco, returned to his dominion. He is seldom seen in his little kingdom. He lives mostly in Paris and devotes himself to scientific research. The inhabitants of Monaco say that he devotes too much time to science, and neglects his subjects.

Anyman Anyway, he to mantal returned to Monaco and his subjects gave him a

loud welcome, but not a very cordiel one. The boys started a demonstration against the prince, and it turned into a riot.

According to the Associated Press, 12 persons were injured and 50 have been arrested.

A way over in North Africa a lot of desert nomads are seeing the show of their lives. That flock of Italian planes, that intend to fly across the Atlantic to South America, have made their second hop and have landed in North Africa. One of the big planes and one of the supply planes were left behind in Spain on account of a minor accident, but they also are now on their way to rejoin the rest of the flotilla.

Well, according to the Associated Press, when that flock of giant sky voyagers arrived there on the edge of the Sahara Desert, tribesmen of the sands by the thousands came streaming afoot, by horse and camel, and even in dilapidated automobiles to see the strange sight. And now they are all camping around the planes waiting for the take-off.

I remember the first air lane that flew over Holy

Arabia during the World War. It was a German plane and the

Arabs of the Army of the King of the Hedjaz had never seen an

airplane. When it flew low over one of their encampments they

were lucky enough to shoot it down with their rifles. Then they

all ran out and clipped off its wings so it couldn't fly away.

And now for an answer to an old question - or rather several questions. Why do British boxers get knocked our so often, or, as W. O. McGeehan would put it - why are they always so horizontal? And why do British tennis players miss their shots? And why do British golfers curl up and pass out of the picture when Bobby Jones is playing over there? Well, here's the answer-it's the fog. The British don't get enough sunlight, and that's why they can't hold their own in sports. This big secret, the New York Sun tells us, was let out by the femous British surgeon, Sir William Arbuthnot Lane. Sir William Arbuthot Lane says that sunlight quickens people, hence the British are alowed up by their lack of sunlight. He adds that the vitality of the whole British nation is being sapped by the foggy weather, and he advocates the use of the Mercury vapor lamps, which provide the health giving rays that are necessary for building up wim, vigor and vitality. He suggests installing these Mercury lamps every where in England. So if you go to the British Isles on your winter holiday trip, maybe you will see Mercury vanor lamps shining from the windows of every thatched cottage and every castle from Land's End to John-O'Groats.

Literary Digest Questionaire: What metal is at the earth's core? That's the question. Well, science holds that the world has a core, much as a baseball has a rubber core. The earth's core is a metal. But what metal? Well, the answer is contained in an article in this weeks Literary Digest and that article has a very snappy title. The title is "The World has no heart of gold." I'll tell you the answer to the question tomorrow night. But probably you will want to look it up in the meentime. It's an interesting story.

This evening's note on etiquette is how to behave at the opera.

It is printed in the New York
Evening Post and comes from Arthur
Bodanzky, director of the Society of the
Friends of Music and conductor of German
opera at the famous Metropolitan Opera
House. The first thing Mr. Bodanzky
tackles is the problem of people who
come in bate to the opera. He says they
help things greatly, And he advocates
that the Metropolitan Opera House adopt
a rule not allowing any opera goer to
enter the auditorium until the opera
has begun.

Herr Radxnskyx Bodanzky also urges opera goers to make as much of a clatter with their seats as possible. In other words, slam 'em down with a bang! He says the banging of seats is sweeter to the ear of the great singer or the conductor than the heartiest applause.

There ought to be a rule that everybody should buy a program and a

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libretto -- not to read, however, but merely to rustle. He says it's astonishing what a striking and picturesque effect you can get by having a few thousand people rustle a few thousand pages simultaneously.

Herr Bodanzky adds that the ladies can cooperate by bringing handbags and vanity cases that have a particularly loud snap. He even suggests tuning these snaps so as to be in key with the music on the stage.

He insists too that every opera goer should remember that it is a good thing to talk when the music is being played. And he particularly urges that people in the front row talk as loudly and interestingly as possible so as to keep the conductor and orchestra amused.

XEXX All of which leads us to believe that Herr Bodanzky is razzing us and being slightly sarcastic. But I guess we'll all agree that he is right and that we deserve to be scolded now and then Well, that reminds me of my friend

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Count Luckner, the jolly old Sea Devil, who went to the wrong opera once and got into the wrong seat. Yes and he were even forgot it was one of those seats that snap up, and when he went to sit down he suddenly found himself sitting on the floor!

I wonder if Herr Bodanzky would approve of that.

Well, those remarks about arriving late at the opera bring me to a dispatch than which I am using as perhaps the most interesting item in the news this afternoon.

My News Item of the Day was picked for me by Mrs.

William Brown Meloney, the brilliant editor of the New York

Herald Tribune Sunday Magazine. "I don't know what you men

think", said Mrs. Meloney, "but this story about brides amused

me more than \*x anything I read in the papers today."

It certainly is tough break for lovely young would-be brides, but then when a Cardinal speaks he expects obedience, and generally gets it. Here's the story:

A United Press dispatch from Paris says that the clergy in France have been having a lot of \*\*\* trouble with brides who show up late at their own weddings. The ceremony is ready to proceed and everybody is there:- that is, everybody but the bride, who comes in anywhere from a half hour to two hours late.

Well, this finally came to the notice of Cardinal Verdier who thought something ought to be done. So he issued an order that parrish priests should not xixox wait more than fifteen minutes for the arrival of a bride. If the lady wasn't there, why the priest was to go right ahead with the mass and call off

the rest of the ceremony. Evidently a lot of brides thought the Cardinal was just joshing. But they didn't know the Cardinal. Marriage ceremonies went right ahead and as a result brides soon were rushing breathlessly. But many a French bride, says the United Press, arrived to find herself too late for her won wedding, and with the wedding definitely wit called off.

Well, it's surely tough luck for a young bride to be late at her wedding. But it's exxime even worse for a radio news broadcaster to be late in finishing up his piece. There isn't any majestic red-robed Cardinal frowning at me here, but there is a stern and gloomy Scotchman. I mean Mac here in the control room, and I can see from the look on his face that if I don't quit right now I'll be late. I'm going to a banquet tonight with a lot of famous aviators. I wish you could all EXEMPE come along.

Well, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.