

Lowell Thomas Broad-
cast for the

LITERARY DIGEST

Wednesday, October 22nd, 1930.

INTRO.

From all six continents the news comes flashing across the world tonight. A picturesque ceremony was held in London. China contributed another bandit outrage. In Africa the Egyptians are again muttering against the British. Australia is celebrating the arrival of Kingsford-Smith, who raced half-way around the world to meet his fiancée at Sidney. Down in South America, the Brazilian civil war is still going strong. And of course our own continent chips in with all sorts of items, and the air is seething with political prophecy.

TROUSSEAU

Over in Italy fifty girls are working day and night to complete laces and embroideries for the trous-

seau, the one the Princess Giovanna is going to wear. Italy is famous for its laces, and the little Princess will be a radiant picture when she marries the King of the Bulgars.

Plans for the royal wedding are just about complete. According to a dispatch from the United Press correspondent in Italy, neither the American ambassador, nor any of the foreign diplomats, have been invited, because the ancient city of Assisi has so few accommodations for visitors.

Two hundred Franciscan friars will chant prayers and hymns during the ceremony. The Princess wanted Mendelssohn's Wedding March played -- just as most brides do -- but this could not be, for there is a Papal ruling that no modern music may be played in the church when a papal altar is used. The only music will be the chanting of the 200 monks.

Weddings are always cheery, in spite of the jokes about them, but here's something with a touch of melancholy.

SHAMROCK

Shamrock the Fifth arrived at Southhampton, England, today. Sir Thomas Lipton's defeated yacht com-

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Here's a new flash from Brazil.
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Brazil now except three states. The
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undefended south Brazil^{ian} town and killed
many women and children.

pleted her long voyage home across the Atlantic in 19 days and 6 hours, and she had a stormy crossing. According to the United Press the slender yacht had to battle her way through stiff gales. It poured rain every day, and heavy seas came sweeping over the tiny craft. One enormous wave hit her, and carried away her steering gear and her compass.

Well, old Shamrock, you really didn't have an enjoyable time at the races over here, and that rough voyage home was sort of piling things on a little.

BRAZIL

Here's a new flash from Brazil. The rebels claim to be in control of all Brazil now except three states. The International News Service wires that the Rebels claim, that a federal battleship fired on an undefended south Brazilian town and killed many women and children.

LIT. DIGE.

By the way, I saw two handsome dogs today-- a pointer and a setter. They're on the cover of the new Literary Digest, the one that will be on your newsstands

tomorrow. The Digest covers are always handsome bits of color, not that this one is any vivid splurge of violent reds and greens. No, it's Fall now, and that Digest cover with its hunting dogs is distinctly in the mood of autumn.

One article in the new Digest caught my eye right away, and I read right through it. It is called "Gangland's Challenge to our Civilization". It gives an analysis of the Legs Diamond Case, summing up the facts and drawing conclusions from them. And that's the valuable thing the Literary Digest always does. If something big happens, we usually know only a few of the facts. But the Digest marshals all of the more important facts, puts them in order, and draws out the meaning. It also gives opinion and comment from all over the world in a way that shows you various angles of nearly all the important topics of the day.

ADVERTISING

I noticed the large volume of advertising in the Digest, and that brings me to an article about advertising I saw today.

Here are some figures which are mighty encourag-

ing. Encouraging because they show that business men not only have faith in the economic progress of the country, but are backing their faith with the coil of the realm.

Herbert L. Stephen, writing in the New York Evening Post, tells us that sixty members of the Association of National Advertisers will increase their advertising appropriations for 1931. 121 will repeat their 1930 budget, and only 14 will spend less money for advertising next year than they are doing during the present year.

Of those who are increasing their appropriations, two will do so by 200 per cent. One will go up a hundred per cent. The others show increases of from 5 to 50 per cent.

The members of the Association invest approximately \$265,000,000 a year for advertising.

Well, those fellows usually know what they're doing, and if they come to a cool, hard-headed decision to stick by advertising and increase it--that's about the best indication we could want of how business conditions are likely to be in the near future.

They're betting that prosperity won't stay down. Oh yes, and what's this?

FORT VICTORIA

In New York Harbor there's a ship that won't

stay down. The wrecked Furness Liner, the old Fort Victoria, keeps bobbing up. Twenty-five tons of dynamite were set off under her the other day, in the hope that the hulk would roll into the hole. It did, for a while. But yesterday, all of a sudden, twenty feet of mast poked itself out of the water. So they set off a few more tons of dynamite and then the mast disappeared. So, maybe the famous old passenger ship has at last, once and for all, gone down to Davy Jones. The harbor authorities hope so.

The dynamiting of the Fort Victoria has caused at least one casualty, and I'm not referring to fish either. According to the New York Evening World, a famous white army mule over at Fort Hancock, on Sandy Hook, committed suicide yesterday, and the soldiers at the Fort attribute it to the dynamite. The name of this army mule was Jersey Lightning, and he had the reputation of being one of the orneriest gol-darned mules in captivity. Not long ago he narrowly escaped death, when an order came through for her to be shot. A firing squad was just prepared to perform the sad ceremony, when up dashed the Commanding Officer with the news that there was a typographical error in the orders. He had ordered Jersey Lightning to be SHOD--not SHOT.

But yesterday, old Jersey Lightning, while in the stocks, deliberately broke her own neck. And the

old soldiers shake their heads and say it was all because of that explosion of twenty-five tons of dynamite. Jersey Lightning had witnessed the big bang. And in that explosion she had seen a kick bigger and better than her own. It just broke her heart--so she ended it all.

That mule tragedy isn't much stranger than a new type of aeroplane that's being demonstrated in Germany. It's called "The Duck" because of its peculiar shape, and it's supposed to be foolproof against stalling and capsizing during landings. According to a wireless to the New York Times, when in the air it appears to be flying backward.

GERMANY

An element of mystery has been added to the German mine disaster. The dynamite stores underground have been reached and found intact. Now the officials are absolutely in the dark as to what caused the first explosion. According to the International News Service, there were 231 victims, and a hundred more are still trapped in the shaft. Only four mine disasters in all history have been more serious than this, and all of the other four were over here in the United States.

That German mine disaster was tragic, and here's something sinister and menacing from China.

CHINA

Ten million dollars is the ransom demanded by Chinese Communist bandits for the Catholic priests and nuns they captured at Kian, in Kiangsi.

The Communists, when they captured these missionaries at Kian, staged a general massacre of the Chinese population of the town. The United Press gives sixty thousand as the number of the victims, and states that the Kan-Kiang river is red with blood, and victims are stacked in a huge pile.

With so many outrages against the missionaries, people are asking whether the missionaries hadn't better let China alone. That question is considered in an article in the new Literary Digest that will be on your news stands tomorrow. The Digest quotes the Reformed Church Messenger as saying that the Christian churches must not abandon China in her present crisis. A number of reasons are given, and the Digest graphically summarizes them.

It's a relief to turn from the state of affairs in China to happenings yesterday in the middle of the Pacific.

ECLIPSE

Well, those scientists out there in the romantic South Seas on Tin Can Island, had a successful day yesterday. But for a while it looked as though they had traveled thousands of miles for nothing. Tropical rain poured down during the night and again shortly before the eclipse. But a little while before the moon slid over the sun and cut off its light, the skies cleared, and the American and Australian scientists were able to take forty-one pictures with their special camera that weighs a ton. Professor Samuel Mitchell, head of the U. S. Naval Observatory-Expedition-to-Observe-the-Eclipse wirelessly that they were surrounded by a group of naked savages during the spectacle and that the natives appeared tremendously interested in the eclipse but were not in the least excited or frightened. Yes, that was quite a ceremony out there on Tin Can Island yesterday. But they also are having quite an interesting ceremony in London today.

NEWS ITEM OF THE DAY

To us Americans the old formalities they love so much in England are stately, and sometimes a bit funny. They frequently give us a laugh -- but usually a sympathetic laugh. Because they're really charming. Here's one for our

News Item of the Day:--

LONDON

The city of London today is paying its rent to the King. Every year for seven hundred years now, this picturesque ceremony has been solemnly performed -- and performed exactly as it was in the 12th century. The city of London rents various things from the king, including an iron forge and a piece of land in the country of Shropshire. The forge was destroyed more than 500 years ago, in the days of Richard the Second, and nobody knows any more just where that bally piece of land in Shropshire is located. But the rent is still paid every year to His Majesty the King. And what's more, it's paid in exactly the same kind of currency that was used 700 years ago. Instead of pounds, shillings, and pence -- it's being paid with two bundles of twigs, a hatchet, an iron-hook, ten horseshoes, and 61 horse-shoe nails.

Just picture that stately panell'd chamber in the ancient Law Courts of London. Standing ready to receive the rent is a solemn dignitary known by the high sounding title - the King's Remembrancer. Just see him as he stands there in his flowing silken robes and his white full bottomed wig.

The solicitor of the City of London brings in the red-handled hatchet, the iron-hook, and the bundles of

faggots tied with red tape.

The King's Remembrancer bows low and accepts them. Whereupon the rental for the city of London is paid for yet another year. What ho! And that's the way they jolly well do the thing over in dear old London. But, I say, here are a few freak flashes:

FREAK FLASHES

Pepper is the name of a pet Airedale dog, and he lives over in Belfast, Ireland. Now Pepper suffered from toothache. So his owners, according to the United Press, took him to a dentist, where Pepper sat gamely in the dentist's chair and had four of his front teeth filled with gold.

Out in Oakland, California, Denny Wright was starting the motor of his plane. He was out in front, turning over the prop. His wife, sitting in the cockpit, decided it had too much gas. She pushed the throttle the wrong way. The next thing she knew, says the United Press, the plane was whizzing across the field. It took off and there was Mrs. Wright flying without her husband. She might be going yet, except that the plane hit a fence and crashed. Mrs. Wright wasn't hurt - - but hubby is now shopping around for a new airplane.

After that airplane mishap, let's go back to something old-fashioned:

BUGGIES

If you want to give anybody a buggy ride, you'd better do it quick, because pretty soon there aren't going to be any buggies left. The Department of Commerce gives out figures today that are reported to us by the Associated Press, and these figures show that from 1927 to 1929 there was a decrease of thirteen per cent in the value of horse-drawn vehicles. Last year approximately 122,000 were sold by manufacturers, and they bought a total of about ten million dollars. Pushcarts likewise went down -- 16.8 per cent. But it's cheering and heartening to note that the sales of wheelbarrows decreased only four-tenths of one per cent.

Out in Burma several years ago, at a place called Yenanyaung I tied my boat up one night and went ashore, and discovered some oil drillers who were Americans. They had an American Club, and all the way around it was an old-fashioned hitching rack. In order to make things as much like America as possible, these drillers had sent home for old-fashioned buggies, and they drove them about this little Burameze village.

END

Well, old Dobbin is champing at the bit out there at the hitching post. Our day's canter with the news is over.

So I guess I'll climb in my buggy, wrap the lines around
the buggy whip, say giddap, and be on my way to see if
I can find my best girl. So goodnight.