

Lowell Thomas Literary Digest Broadcast
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Announcer:-

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.

You are now about to hear the latest news of the world by the new radio voice of The Literary Digest -- Lowell Thomas -- internationally famous war correspondent, editor and explorer.

On elephants, on camels, on yaks, by horseback, canoe, motor and airplane Lowell Thomas has penetrated the farthest ends of the earth. He has also personally met the crowned heads, civil, military and industrial leaders of almost every country on the globe. So you will not only get the news of the world every night by listening-in to Lowell Thomas. You will get the news behind the news, too.

To make this news more interesting for you The Literary Digest is publishing a new 1931 Atlas of the World which you may have with a trial subscription. This will be the first Atlas to include any of the United

States latest Census figures. It has been ten years, you know, since the last Census.

Details of this new Atlas are being mailed to you as fast as possible. Tonight more than one million letters will be sent through the mails to residents of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Watch for your letter.

Now, Lowell Thomas, and the news of the day, for The Literary Digest.

Flash

Here's a flash just put in my hand. It doesn't mean a thing to me, but it may sound good to a lot of you. The stock market today experienced its first real rally in two weeks. The net gains were from 1 to 10 points.

King Feisal

How would you like a news flash from the Garden of Eden for a change?

The New York Times correspondent wirelasses that King Feisal of Iraq has purchased an airplane, and is going to learn to fly. King Feisal says also that his country is soon going to have an air force of its own with three squadrons of fighting planes.

Irak, where Feisal rules, is the ancient land

of Mesopotamia, the land of Babylon and the Garden of Eden where Mother Eve got us all into trouble.

At any rate, the British have had a mandate over Mesopotamia, or Iraq as it is now called, ever since the World War, when they took it away from the Turks. They made Feisal king of the country. His capital is Bagdad, and he rules as the direct successor to the Caliphs of the Arabian nights.

The British and the people of Iraq recently drew up a treaty which provides that Iraq is to become a totally independent country by 1934. The British are going to give up their mandate. This, of course, is why King Feisal is getting busy now with his plans for a separate air force. In fact the British have been ruling over Mesopotamia with squadrons of airplanes. Whenever a wild tribe of Kurds or Arabs, somewhere on the edge of the country, got obstreperous, a couple of big British bombing planes would fly out and drop a score of eggs on the trouble makers. Boom! Whang! and when the smoke cleared the revolt was over.

King Feisal of Bagdad happens to be an old friend of mine. I was with him in the Arabian desert during the World War. He and his father and three brothers started a revolution against the Turks in 1916. For

years the Arabs had looked forward to a chance of throwing off the Turkish yoke which had been around their neck for five centuries. When the World War came along and they saw that the Russians, British, French, and Italians were all fighting against the Turks, they thought their chance had come too. So they started a revolt. The first battle was fought at the holy city of Mecca, which only a handful of Christians have ever seen, and where any Christian is torn to pieces if he is caught. But after the first victory the Arabs ran out of ammunition and called on the Allies for help. About that time an amazing young Englishman named Thomas Edward Lawrence went down into the desert. He joined the Arabs, and he and Feisal became close associates.

Then after the War Lawrence was largely responsible for Feisal being made King of Mesopotamia, the land of the romantic Tigris and Euphrates Rivers, the land of the Garden of Eden.

Now Feisal is going to have his own personal airplane, which he will fly himself. And he is going to have his own squadron of planes with which to fight and defend his country. But this will not be his first experience with airplanes.

During the World War, the Germans sent some planes down to fly over and bomb the Arabs in the desert.

They were the first that Feisal's soldiers had ever seen. One of the German pilots foolishly flew too low, and the Arabs shot the plane down with their rifles. When it landed in the desert, these wild Bedouins dashed out and clipped off its wings--so it wouldn't fly away.

The Arab is trained to shoot from childhood. He always carries a rifle across his back, and he has an irresistible impulse to shoot at anything that is moving fast. If he sees an airplane flying low he wants to shoot it, whether friend or foe.

Several years ago a great English aviator, my friend Sir Alan Cobham, who has made more remarkable long distance flights than any other one flier in the world, set out for a long flight from England to Australia and return. His only companion was his mechanic, Elliot. All went well until they got out to Feisal's country. They were flying just south of Bagdad, over the Garden of Eden, and they had to come down low on account of a sandstorm. One of King Feisal's subjects was looking up from the ground. He couldn't resist the impulse to take a pot shot. By mere chance the bullet went through the bottom of Cobham's plane and killed the mechanic.

King Feisal had better use some special royal color for his private plane. If he doesn't! Well, his own people are liable to shoot at him when he flies past.

Ger. Rev.

October

"In Germany Chancellor Bruening, whose cabinet has been repudiated lately by the German people at the polls, and which now finds itself in a minority in the new Reichstag, announces a breath-taking scheme of reforms. He also states that President von Hindenburg has approved every item of the program, and is ready to back the government and fight all opposition -- 'even to the extent of creating a dictatorship'.

"On top of this, like a thunderclap, Adolf Hitler, Germany's would-be Mussolini, threatens President von Hindenburg with impeachment if he backs the Bruening reforms. In fact, Hitler seems to be heading Germany toward another revolution."

British Imperial Conference

In London the British Imperial Conference opened today. It is expected to have a large bearing on the future of the British Empire. Just the other day, J. H. Thomas, one of the most influential of the Labor Ministers, announced that the British Dominions did have the right to secede from the Empire, another step in loosening the bonds between Britain and her far flung colonies. Is the British Empire gradually and quietly breaking up? The present

conference is going to debate just that.

The London Government has another important conference opening tomorrow--negotiations with Russia for the payment of the Russian debt--that is, the money loaned to the Czar's government by England. The Bolsheviks have consistently refused to pay the debts of the old regime, but now there seems to be some possibility that they may pay up to England--minus certain deductions. The Soviets will demand that England pay damages for British participation in the white revolts against the Communist rule at Moscow.

Talking about Bolshevists--I see in the new Literary Digest, which will be on the stands, from coast to coast tomorrow, an article showing why the Soviet leaders believe that world revolution is not only coming, but actually raging now. It's always interesting to see what the other fellow thinks.

Poem

I took a moment off this afternoon and turned to the poetry page of the new Literary Digest. There are some things you can say in verse that can't be said half so well any other way. I read through a strong little poem in the Digest which might appeal to lots of people right now. Let me just give you the lines with which

it ends. Here they are:

You can battle all day,
When you're getting your pay,
And a cup of hot Java,
And a cool soothing smoke.
But it's hell when you're jobless,
And broke.

I guess there are quite a few who can testify to
the truth of that!

Jobs

But there is some cheerful news about jobs
too. A United Press dispatch from Detroit says that
21 of the city's millionaires--including Ford, Chrysler,
and Fisher--have agreed on a program to create 25,000
new jobs for the unemployed out there.

And they sure need 'em. The automobile city
is reported to have 75,000 out of work, and 12,000
actually in want.

The big business moguls propose to cut down
the hours of those already at work. That will give them
a chance to connect another 25,000 with their various
pay rolls.

Frank Murphy, the boy mayor of Detroit, who
has only been in office a week, gets credit for the idea.
Hats off to Frank! Here's hoping the Detroit idea
proves catching.

Advertising

I'm making myself a committee of one tonight to enter a nomination for the good sense prize. Here's a piece of good sense about business and advertising that caught my eye: Quote. "The American business man neglects to use the business tool about which he has boasted so long, which has performed such business miracles in the past, and this at the very time when it is most needed." End Quote. This is from a report in the New York Evening Post of an address by Ernest Elmo Calkins before the Magazine Club. "It was advertising," Mr. Calkins went on, "that made last year so prosperous-- advertising and the conviction behind it that it was a prosperous year." If advertising helped bring us that prosperity boom, perhaps it can bring it back.

Eskimo

Taking a quick look into the Far North--this world-wide depression seems to stop dead at the Arctic Circle. The New York Times prints an article which may revise your ideas about Eskimos. It is stated that Eskimo families earn as much as \$40,000 a year, and believe me that's enough to pay the rent on anybody's igloo.

In case you're interested in the ways of making \$40,000 a year, the Eskimos do it by trapping and selling

white fox furs. What do they spend it on? Perfumed seal oil and hand painted icicles? Well, not exactly. They pay \$300 a ton for coal, and they think nothing of forking over \$375 a piece for airplane trips to the northern Canadian metropolis of Edmonton, where they find plenty of ways to blow in the rest.

I was talking to Sir Hubert Wilkins, the famous Australian Polar explorer, today. He was telling me about some of his experiences with the Eskimo up north. Wilkins used airplanes on three expeditions into the Arctic regions, and often he had to depend on the Eskimo to pull his plane around before he could take off. He said the Eskimo were always glad to work-- that is, provided Wilkins would pay them five dollars a day, plus food. They wouldn't wait until the end of the week for their pay either. They had to have it every night.

Yom Kipper

Sundown today saw the beginning of Yom Kipper, the Jewish day of Atonement, the most sacred in the Jewish Calendar. The observance lasts for twenty-four hours--a period of fasting, prayer and meditation. In

temples and synagogues throughout the world, this evening the chanting of Coal Negray will stir the hearts of the Hebraic people.

The New York Sun estimates that in New York alone more than 2,000,000 will observe the sacred fast. Because of Yom Kipper, approximately 400,000 seats in the public schools will be vacant tomorrow, says the Sun. And at least 10,000 non-Jewish children, knowing that their Jewish friends will stay away from the class room, are expected to play hopkey.

JACK DONAHUE

Jack Donahue, dancer and star comedian, died today at his New York home. He was 38, only half way to his three score and ten.

A lot of us laughed at Jack as he clowned his way through the vaudeville sketches that finally landed him on Broadway. Then when he got his name in the big lights, the goal he'd been working toward since he was fourteen, thousands of us chuckled and squirmed with glee at his stuttering comedy in Sunny, and in Sons-of-Guns.

One of the funniest fellows in the world, was Jack. His salary--which is one measure of success--

was over \$5,000 a week. The best in the world was ahead for Jack. But his heart gave out last week in Cincinnati. He came home. Overwork brought on the illness that proved fatal today. He expected to be on the road again soon. But fate said, "no".

Somehow, I can't help but hope that death doesn't end laughter for such as Jack Donahue.

X-Ray.

Here's an item that makes me want to stand at salute or take off my hat or something. Today Doctor Christian Deetjen, one of the pioneers of X-ray, is having his left arm amputated in a Baltimore hospital. Dr. Deetjen was a co-worker with Dr. Roentgen, the discoverer of X-ray. In those early days, when they were dealing with a little-known force, the dangers of X-ray were not quite understood. For instance, the X-ray expert would flash the penetrating ray over his hand, to test it, before applying it to the patient. The ray did no harm to the patient, who was subjected to it only once, but when applied repeatedly to the physician's hand it caused severe and insidious

burns. These increased progressively, eating away the flesh. In this way, Doctor Deetjen's left hand was affected. The burn increased slowly, year after year. Now his arm must be taken off.

Washing Dishes

"There is joy in washing dishes," says Miss Marion Van Liew, director of the Home Making Center of the N. Y. State Federation of Womens' Clubs. That is what I've told my wife a thousand times, and right tonight I'm going to see that she reads Miss Van Liew's illuminating article, which is printed in the Evening World. It goes on to say that the reason why women hate dish washing is because when they were girls their mothers made them do it, instead of letting them play. The new and modern idea is for mothers to make dish washing a pleasure for their daughters. But how are you going to do that?

Freak Flashes

Every day freak flashes come popping up right amid the important news.

The tenants of a big apartment house were kept awake by the crying of new babies in a maternity hospital next door. They went to court. "Very well," said the

magistrate, "if the tenants of the apartment house will tell me how babies can be kept from crying, I shall be glad to pass on their recommendations to the babies." The case is pending.

An ex-burglar in London was paroled and got a job selling burglar alarms.....

The only inmate of the county jail in Loveland, Colorado, has petitioned the sheriff to move him to another jail where he will have some company - some partners in penitence....

News Item of the Day

You know, I promised last night to have the Literary Digest editors pick the news item of the day. And what do you think those serious gentlemen selected? They said: "Why don't you know the World Series is on? Take that home run that Simmons hit."

Well, let's take that home run. Philadelphia is the place. The players are fighting on the field. The stands are packed and roaring. In a box are President Hoover and members of his official family. One is Secretary of Labor Davis. Another is Secretary of Agriculture Hyde. They are having a hot argument all through the game. Secretary Davis, from Pennsylvania, is

a Philadelphia rooter. Secretary Hyde, from Missouri, is throwing up his hat for the St. Louis team. The President is neutral. They ask him for support in their discussion. He takes neither one side nor the other, but roots for the teams impartially.

Philadelphia scores. Secretary Davis whoops it up. Then St. Louis puts a couple of runs across, and is one ahead. Wow, from Secretary Hyde. Then up comes Simmons. With two balls and a strike on him, he lashes out. The ball sails into the bleachers. The score is tied. In all that howling crowd nobody cheers louder than Secretary Davis. "There goes your old ball game", he shouts. Secretary Hyde argues belligerently that the score is only tied, and St. Louis is sure to win. Both appeal to the President, who laughs, and is still neutral.

Well, Philadelphia won.

It was a grand home run, but the timer has called strike three on me, and I'm out until I come to bat again tomorrow evening. Good night.