LOWELL THOMAS' BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1931

FRANCE

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

Here's a follow up on that disarmament item I mentioned last night.

afternoon that France and England have come to an agreement about naval matters. This means that France will become a party to the London Naval Treaty. The agreement was signed by First Lord of the Admiralty Alexander and by the British Foreign Minister, Arthur Henderson.

The announcement adds that everything now depends upon

Italy. The International News Service tells us that immediately

after the agreement was made public Foreign Minister Henderson

and First Lord of the Admiralty Alexander took the train for Rome

to talk matters over with the Italian government. It is expected

that Mussolini will fall right in line and add his name to the

other signatures.

If the plan goes through as expected, why then that thorny

problem of how many fighting ships each nation is to have will be solved at last - at least for a while.

I've had occasion to refer several times to the fact that over in England there has been a split in the Conservative Party, a split that is tangling things up badly in British politics. But here comes a promised split in the Labor Party that will tangle things still more over there.

section of the Labor group is liable to break away and form a new party of its own. The British Labor Party is socialistic right now, and the new offshoot will be still more socialistic. Its' leader will be Sir Oswald Moseley, the millionaire radical whose wife is the daughter of that aristocrat of aristocrats, the late Lord Curzon.

the Labor government for some time. He recently proposed an exceedingly radical plan to help solve the employment situation, but the heads of the Labor government didn't think so much of it.

And so he's expected to break with the Labor Party and lead a number of other malcontents out of the Labor ranks. This young man comes from such aristocratic surroundings, expects to make himself a fiery leader who will carry England into red socialism.

A strange criminal case is reported from over in Ireland.

A man named Carroll was killed.

He was a prominent member of a revolutionary organization, one of those groups of extreme Republicans who are fighting the present Irish government. Nobody could suggest any reason why Carroll had been thing was a puzzling mystery.

The funeral of this revolutionary leader was attended by many members of the Republican organization, who mourned the death of their loyal brother.

But now, according to the New
York Evening Post, it is revealed that
Carroll was really a police spy who
was in the Republican movement merely
to keep the government informed of what
was going on. That comes as a
dramatic surprise in mysterious
case.

Here's my news item of the day. It was picked by Frazier Hunt, the well-known war correspondent.

Spike Hunt has been pretty nearly everywhere on this spinning planet of ours, and it meant something when he said THIS IS THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY STORY I'VE RUN ACROSS IN A LONG TIME.

It's an Associated Press dispatch from India. And it tells of an English woman who is associated with Mahatma Gandhi.

She worships Gandhi with almost regit religious fervor and looks after him like a child. She prepares his meals for him, and helps to keep his house.

Who is she? Why, she is Miss Madeleine Slade, daughter of Sir Edmund Slade, who for many years was the commander in chief of the British naval forces in Indian waters. She was reared in the aloof atmosphere of the British official class in the East - which is last word in being aloof. But the magic and mystery of India took hold of her. She renounced her

aristocratic British family and embraced the strange life of a Hindu ascetic. She shaved her head in monastic fashion and gave all her money to the poor. She burned her European clothes, and goes around bare-footed, wearing only the cheapest home-spun Hindu garments, She has taken the Hindu name of MiraBai and when any of her old English friends meet her and 10 ask her if she is Miss Slade she replies: NO. MIS'SLADE HAS BEEN DEAD FOR TEN YEARS. Her father has disinherited her and at times the British of ficials talk of deporting her from India. But still 15 she remains a devoted disciple of Gandhi 16 and an ardent supporter of his fight 17 against British rule. She has become 18 a Hindu of the Hindus and even more 19 devoted to the mysteries of India than 20 21 they. This is indeed a wierd tale that Frazier Hunt has selected as our News 22 Item of the Day. A tale of a white woman 23 going native - something that Rappens very, very rarely in romantic India.

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Well, all I can say is "Ouch" 500 lashes with a leather strap! Who
got that awful licking? Well, a few
trees, truit trees, pear trees, peach
trees, plum trees, and I suppose
mesquite. They may have even spanked
a few cactus plants. It happened down
in Mexico.

According to the Associated Press it's been a bad year for fruit down 10 in the vicinity of Texcoco. The 11 peons down there believe that if a 12 tree doesn't do it's duty, well, there to 13 are just like a man who doesn't do his 14 duty. they need a good licking. So a 15 series of festive tribal dances were 16 17 held and then twenty brawny young men equipped themselves with leather straps 18 and went through the orchards whipping 19 the trees. Fifty trees got ten lashes 20 21 a piece.

I don't know whether any of those trees said "Ouch", but the mere thought of all those leather straps in action makes me say "Ouch" squirm and feel like

25 saying it

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From Peru comes word of an olive branch. Provisional President Cerro has come out with a statement that he will not be a candidate for president in the coming elections. This is the olive branch, and it's extended to the revolutionists in southern Peru who are fighting the government.

The Associated Press states that the rebels are still in control of Arequipa, the second largest city in Peru. The government, however, has clamped a strict censorship on the news, and it's hard to tell what the military situation really is.

Well, we'll have to wait and see whether the withdrawal of the Provisional President from the forthcoming elections will smooth things over and put an end to the trouble.



Chicago seems to be having a queeter today than had been expected. Primary elections are on and there's a bitter fight among the Republicans. Big Bill Thompson has been waging the battle of his life to get himself renominated for the office of Mayor.

The International News Service reports that this afternoon three automobiles full of hoodlums drove up to a polling place. The hoodlums piled out and started to beat up people. There was a general fight and then the hoodlums were driven away. The M Chicago police state that the rowdies were interested not in the Mayoralty candidates, but only in the nominations for local ward offices.

At another polling place the voters staged a free-for-all diagh fist fight.

Yes, that makes it a quiet day.

All sorts of trouble was expected, and only two fights of major importance occurred.



By the way, while on the subject of politics, here's a good one which this week's Literary Digest quotes from the Lynchburg News:

A LOT OF PEOPLE MAKE NOISES
BECAUSE RASKOB IS FINANCING THE DEMOCRATIC
PARTY, BUT NOT MANY OF THEM HAVE COME
FORWARD WITH OFFERS TO RELIEVE HIM OF THE
JOB.

I've a telegram here from Bob
Harris, City Editor of the Cincinnati
Times-Star. He tells me of a man out
in Cincinnati who seems to have
established something of a record for
voting illegally.

He's John Kratz, who is 81 years old. He can't remember in how many elections he has voted. But he has been voting for 51 years, and he has always taken an enthusiastic interest in politics. He has voted for hundreds of candidates. And every vote he cast was illegal, because until today John Kratz was not a citizen of the United States.

He didn't know it. He was born in Germany and came to this country when he was a child. He was never aware that his father had failed to take out his second papers in the process of becoming a citizen. Pecently however, had no occasion to look up some old matters, and then he discovered that his father hadn't been a full

citizen. And that made it evident that John himself wasn't a citizen.

He remembered how long he had been voting when he had no right to do so, and he thought of the penalties for illegal voting. So he made a beeline for the Naturalization Bureau and filed his papers. And now he won't vote illegally any more, but just the same he seems to have established a record.

Yes sirree, this looks like another record.

According to the Associated Press, Tex Rankin, an aviator at Portland, Oregon, claims to have set a new record for outside airplane loops. He went up in his plane and looped-the-loop the wrong way round, seventy-eight consecutive times. It took him eighty-eight minutes to do it. It was just round and round again for Tex. And doing outside loops is quite a chore as flyer Jimmie Doolittle would say.

Now comes a case where not only the robbers are in jail, but also the victims of the robbery.

Three Chinese tried to steal \$3,000 worth of opium. They were arrested. The New York Evening Post informs us that the men they tried to rob were drug peddlers. And they're in jail also.

This next item gave me a shiver.

In Washington, James Carroll was at home, and tried to take things easy.
There was a terrific racket in the basement. His twelve year old son, Jimmie, and another boy were down there playing.

Well, James Carroll is a patient father and he'll stand a lot from Jimmie. But finally that terrible pounding and clankadee clank, bang, zing, boom, got on his nerves. He went down into the basement to make them stop. He saw/the two boys were hammering on a big round metal, sphered. The father had been a dowboy in France during the World War, and he recognized that round object as a big aerial bomb. He nearly jumped out of his skin, and the yell he let out made the boys stop their hammering.

According to the Associated

Press, the two lads had found the bomb
in a pile of junk and the huge missile
was in perfect working order, full of
high explosives. It might have gone off
with the next hard knock. Yes Sir, that gives
me the shirtness.

this item is not about one
horse towns. It's about one man towns.
There are two towns in this country with
only one inhabitant a piece. Bourne,
Oregon, has a population of just one.
So has Arundale-on-the-Bay, which is
in Maryland.

According to the Associated Press there are also two towns with a population of exactly two. Gunn, Wyoming, is inhabited by two people. It's gone down a bit because ten years ago it had a population of 313.

Only two people live in Nevadaville, Colorado. Fifty-one lived there in 1920.

The figures given out by the Census Bureau show that Missour has more towns of less than one hundred inhabitants than any other state in the Union. It has forty, to be exact.

I don't know how many horses are in a one horse town. But a one man town ought to be a great place to live in if you want care for company.

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This evening's beauty hint is on the subject--no, not of rosy red cheeks, but of green cheeks.

The Associated Press reports that a great French authority on feminine beauty has told the Philadelphia Hair Dressers Association that the ladies ought to start in using green face powder.

He explains that the startling, knock-your-eye-out type of scarlet, crimson, and vermillion makeup is out of date. Those cheeks that flame with a blush bought at a drug stroe, those lips that smeared lipstick on everything they touched--they're just old-fashioned now.

The mm Parisian expertm says the whole topoxem type of feminine makeup will have to be toned down. In fact, it will go to the opposite extreme, and a pale green face powder has been compounded for the new style. That will make beautiful ladies look pale and fragile.

For use in the evening, however, the ladies are taking to a lavendar face powder, and that makes them look even more delicate and pale.

Well, if those styles of beauty keep on changingm, I suppose the ladies will be using burnt cork next.

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a statuto wanan.

In this week's issue of the Literary Digest there's a picture of a sturdy lad in overalls. He's the Literary Digest baby and Here's the story:--

A dozen years ago, while the World War was raging, a batch of magazines arrived at a training camp. You know how people were sending reading matter to the soldiers. Well, one doughboy grabbed into the stack and fished out a copy of the Literary Digest. On it was the name and address of a young woman. He wrote to her, thanking her for helping provide the boys with something to read. She wrote back, and a correspondence began. Then they met. A romance grew up between them—and they were married.

They are Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Van Court, of Los Angeles, California. Now they send the Literary Digest a picture of their son and they also tell how husky and bright he is, and they say he is known as the Literary Digest baby.

And that is the story of one of the happier romances that began in those troubled times of war more than a dozen years ago.

The other night I said something on the subject of thimbles, -- that a flapper doesn't know what a thimble is, or something of the sort.

Well, I have a letter here from Miss Icida Ripps of Gardner, Massachusetts, and she tells me that she's one flapper who knows exactly what a thimble is. Says Icida Ripps "I make all my own clothes and I, therefore, am well acquainted with the diminutive, argenteous, truncated cone; convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations!

Which is Icida's Bostonian way of describing the lowly thimble.

To which I can only say -- is zat so? And SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.