INTRO

Lowell Thomas broadcast for the Literary Digest_{ge}_Saturday. Sept. 26. 1931.

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GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY: -

A strange and dramatic story
tomes along in the news tonight. And Charles
Lindbergh is going to remember that m
experience for a long time. He was
nearly mobbed over there in China, and
was just able to get away.

The famous aviator who has been making flights to aid Chinese flood relief, set out today on another errand of mercy. He had in his plane a Chinese doctor and an American doctor, and the fuselage was crammed with medical supplies. Lindbergh was bringing medical help to the flood sufferers. He steered his plane through the sky up the flooded valley of the Yangtse River. His destination was Hinghwa, in the northern part of the Kiangsu province. The town there has been flooded for a month. The whole country is under water. How the people mm have been able to live is a mystery. They make their way around in sampans, these small, shallow native

craft so typical of the Orient.

The Associated Press tells how the Lindbergh plane landed on the flood waters at Hinghwa. And from every direction the sampans came paddling. Those little boats swarmed around the plane, Hundreds and hundreds of them. And there was wild pandemonium out there in the flooded valley of the Yangtse.

an airplane, never heard of one. They saw the big bird come down from the sky, carrying three men. They thought it was some miraculous help sent from Heaven. They were starving. They had been calling upon the spirits of their ancestors. They had been praying to the good powers of the sky. And now their prayers were answered. Here was the big bird. Perhaps they thought it was a benign dragon, And they thought it must be bringing food. to them.

They saw the fuse lage of the plane crammed with packages. Yes, there

was the food. They didn't know it was only medicine. They had never heard of medicine.

And so the swarm of sampans close gathered/around, and the starving people went wild, snatching the packages out of the fuselage of the plane. The Chinese doctor tried to explain that it wasn't food, it was only medicine. But his voice was drowned out by the din of hundreds of shouting, joyful, hopeful voices.

The people in the mmmmm sampans had the packages now, and were tearing them open, eagerly, hungrily. They were sure they had food in their hands, and food was what they had been longing for during all these dreadful weeks of flood and faming.

Well, you can carry out the rest
of the story. for yourself. You can
easily imagine the despair and the
anger of those simple-minded Chinese,
when they tore open the packages and
found -- no, not rice or millet, but

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some strange-looking stuff -- little round pellets, bottles of funny-looking liquids. Well, maybe this was food, some strange food from the sky. They took a taste. It was bitter. It tasted poisonous. No, this was some mockery. This was some devil bird with devil men, that had come to play a joke with their sufferings.

And all the while colonst Lindbergh and the American doctor looked on helplessly, easily guessing what those people were saying, what they were thinking. And the Chinese doctor was still trying to make a speech, still trying to explain.

Lindbergh tells of his feelings as he sat there in at the controls, watching:

"It was " he declares, "the most heart-rending experience of my career,"

The man Colonel didn't have much time to do any meditating or philosophizing. Things were happening -- just what you would expect. The Chinese in the

sampans were wild with disappointment and anger. They screamed with rage. And high above the clamor rose the voices of women and children.

The sampans began to move closer to the plane, in memacing fashion. An angry hands reached out, sticks were brandished. The Lindbergh plane could easily have been badly damaged -- or destroyed -- it's occupants have been maltreated or killed -- if the crowd had had its way.

Lindbergh acted promptly. Slowly he began to taxi his plane. The sampans in front of the roaring monster got out of the way, and soon the plane was racing on the flood water for a take-off.

Back in Nanking Colonel and his two co-workers told their story, and right there it was decided not to send Lindbergh on any more of those medical relief flights. They will try to find some other kind of work for him and his plane to do to aid the flood sufferers.

The Lone Eagle has been doing

his brave bit out there in main has just received a stricken China. medal from the Chihese government to prove it. It has been a moving experience for that young man who is the most famous aviator in the world. We and help never going to forget the time he flew with medical supplies for the flooded town of Hinghwa.

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Reports from Hongkong this evening tell of riots against the Japanese at Kau-lung, which is on the mainland just across from the island on which, Hongkong is situated.

The International News Service relates that at Kau-lung British troops had to be called out. They charged the mob, which was carrying on an anti-Japanese demonstration. The Chinese looted Japanese shops and burned goods in the streets. Several subjects of the Midm Mikado were injured. The British, who are in charge, are restoring order.

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James King Steele. Far East traveler. exec. sec. of Philippine Tourist Assoc. sept. 26, 1931p. B: Ne. a Philippine i stand.

Sitting here with me is a man who probably knows the Far East as intimately as any living American. For twenty years he has been an official of the largest Japanese steamship companies and intimately associated with the developing of commerce and travel across the Pacific. When he came back to America recently it was his 56th crossing of the Pacific.

Since the organization of the Philippine Tourist Association in Manila in 1929 he has been its executive secretary. His services in the building up of good relations and betterment of understanding between the nations whose shores are washed by the Pacific have been recognized by many foreign governments.

Mr. James King Steele has just come from the Orient. By the way, Mr. Steele, if we ever come out to the Philippines is there any marvel there that you would particularly like to have us see?

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Wellin, Lowell, here's one place you haven't been. At St. Paul's Bay on the island of Palawan, one of the sparsely settled islands of the Philippine archipelago, a sheer cliff rises from the sea. In the fact of this cliff is a grotto, like the famous grotto of Capri in Italy -- I mean in coloring and appearance. Entering the grotto. which is high and vaulted, the boats make their way to the farther end and pass into a broad stream. This is the beginning of the famous underground river of the Philippines which extends for more than ten miles under a lofty mountain range. The roof is of stalactite formation with gleaming white, pink and green colors. There are lace curtains of rock, grand pipe-organs, high roofed halls and long corridors of startling effect. Thousands of bats aroused by our torches and the noise of our power boat make a terrific din of rushing wings.

No one has explored this river to

its full length, although natives have gone in for over ten miles. There, ten miles under the mountain, the river appears to end under a tall subterranean cliff. Where it comes from no one knows.

But that mysterious, silent, and legendary river, hidden away in the bowels of a high mountain in the Philippines, is indeed one of the marvels of the world.

I'd sure like to explore that subterranean river with you Mr. Steele. That's a strange tale. And here's another item from the Orient in this pile of news dispatches.

Out in India the American Consular authorities are interested in the case of a mix child bride who is an American citizen. The case comes up in a divorce action in Southern India in which a rich elderly merchant went to court and asked for the annulment of his marriage to a girl of thirteen.

The girl's name, says the New York Sun is Jasoda. She was born in New York City, of Hindu parents. She is of the highest caste, a Brahmin. Her parents died when she was quite young and a year ago she was taken back to India and placed in charge of guardians. They tried to find a husband for her, but that was difficult. There are not so many prospective husbands in India who are of that high god-like caste of the Brahmins.

Jasoda's guardians consulted a marriage broker. They were anxious to procure a husband for the girl. The marriage broker was a tricky fellow and he talked the guardians into a cunning scheme.



scheme.

At Jalgaon in Southern India was a merchant named Nandlal. He was rich, he was old. He already had two wixe wives but wanted a third. He was of the Vaisya caste and this is two degrees lower than the lordly Brahming.

Now, it is against the ancient law of the shastras for two people of different castes to marry. Nandlal wanted a wife of his own vaisya kind.

The marriage broker went to him and told him of the thirteen year old Jasoda. He didn't say she was a Brahmin. The marriage broker told Nandlal that Jasoda was of the Vaisya caste.

Nandlal saw the child. She was a comely maiden. He was well pleased. He paid a handsome fee to the marriage broker and gave splendid gifts to the girl's guardians. The wedding was celebrated in magnificent style. The girl went to live with her old husband and his two other wives.

then M Nandlal learned of the

1 deception. He found that X Jasoda was a Brahmin, of a higher caste than his own. 3 He trembled with the knowledge that he had violated the ancient law of his Shastra. He acted immediately. He 6 appealed to the local courts asking that his marriage to Jasoda be annulled. The 8 judgment of the court has been announced. 9 It annuls the marriage. Nandlal is 10 highly commended for his obedience to the 11 Shastra/xxx refusing to take a wife whose 12 caste was above his own. The child bride from New York, who is an American 14 citizen, is thereby divorced. But the court considered the fact that Nandlal was a rich man, and that the girl didn't know that she had been represented as a 18 member of a lower caste. The judge has 19 ordered Nandlal to pay her \$700. in gold. He must also give \$200. to a benevolent society in whose care the divorced child bride was placed. 23 The incident is causing wide discussion in India. It's just another example of the fidelity of the Hindus to

25 their ancient laws, when a rich merchant

rank was above his own.

divorces his child bride because her social

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Now let's see who is the women's Golf Champion this evening?
She is Helen Hicks, familiarly called "Billy". She beat Glenna Collett Vare today in a hard-fought game.

International News Service tells us that for a while it looked as if Billy were not going to win but she made an uphill fight. So tonight Helen Hicks of Long Island is the Queen of tollers.

Over in France they've just had a curious celebration. It was at the old chateau of Aubigny, which is not far from Orleans. Strange sounds were heard at that festivity -- a skirling of pipes. Yes, a band of Scotch pipers in kilts was the principal attraction.

The ceremony was in honor of the Scots of old France. It recalled those old medieval days when France was perpetually at war with England, and England was perpetually at war with France, and the Scots fought shoulder to shoulder. Many a doughty Scotch soldier went to France to battle against the English, and many of them remained there. The New York Evening Post tells of Scotch names that you will find in the telephone directory of the city of Bordeaux.

The celebration was held at Aubigny because the chateau there was given by King Charles Seventh of France to Sir John Stuart, who fought valiantly in France against the English. Sir John

Stuart was killed in the Battle of the Herrings, in which the English, who were convoying a load of herrings, were beaten. The commander of the English was Sir John Falstaff, from whom Shakespeare probably derived Falstaff, the fat, funny knight.

Well, at that feast at Aubigny it was only appropriate that a band of pipers from the Royal Caledonian School was invited to furnish music. And the skirling of pipes resounded amid the romantic trappings of old France.

Today is a royal birthday, which doesn't mean so much, except that it does give an occasion for telling odd stories about the tallest King in the world. He is Christian the Tenth of Denmark and he stands 6½ feet tall. He is 61 years old today.

The Crown Head of Denmark is not only the tallest but he is also the least formal and the least fussy King in the world. He likes to roam around the streets with nothing to distinguish him from other men except that he is taller than they are.

The United Press recalls how on a visit to Sweden, King Christian was taking a stroll through the poor section of the city. In a store he saw a fish that caught his eye, a big pike. He went in, but he had scarcely opened his mouth when the woman who ran the place started talking a blue streak. She was a tremendous gossip.

"My goodness, Old Fellow, but you're xxxx big. You must be 7 feet tall"

"Oh, yes, you're a Dane," she rattled on.
"I can tell it from the way you talk.
I have some relatives in Copenhagen.
Maybe you know them. When you get back
to Copenhagen, take a message to them
from me. Tell them Sophie has had twins
and John got out of the army on account
of flat feet." Shexinst

She just kept on and on giving his Royal Majesty instructions where to find her relatives and what to tell them.

The King promised to do the errand when he got back to Copenhagen and the woman out of gratitude made him a present of the big pike. King Christian returned to the palace of his brother monarch, the King of Sweden, carrying the fish under his arm. When he returned to Copenhagen he duly carried out his mission. He went to the house of the relatives of the woman in Stockholm and gravely informed them that Sophie had twins and John got out of the army on xxx account of flat feet.

Then he sent his photograph and a letter of royal courtesy to the gossipy fish-wife in Stockholm.

I suppose she never got through chattering about the fact that that big Danish fellow was the King of Denmark.

Two kings in exile shook hands and made up today. Until now they and their families have been hereditary enemies.

One of the two was until recently an actual reigning monarch. Yes, he was Alfonso 13th of Spain, now in exile in Paris.

The other king in exile has never been more than a pretender to the Spanish crown. He has been in exile all his life. He is Don Jaime De Bourbon, and he represents a cause that was at one time sacred to many and raised a great noise in the affairs of the world.

During the 1800's there were constant outbreaks of what they called Carlist disturbances. Two branches of the Spanish royal family staged a fight for the Spanish throne. One was headed by Don Carlos. His followers, called the Carlists, put up a long struggle, but finally they were beaten. King Alfonso 12th, who was the father of the present ex-King Alfonso, was the man who

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squelched the Carlist movement and placed the Spanish crown firmly on his own head.

Well, Don Jaime is the present representative of the Carlist claims to the crown of Spain. Naturally, he was the bitter blood-enemy of King Alfonso, while the latter was a ruling monarch.

But now things have changed. The two kings in exile, as the Associated Press relates, were publicly reconciled today by a common misfortune. They shook hands and established brotherly relations. What's the use of their quarreling any further? Each claims to be King, but neither wears a crown.

lets eal it quits. Yes, and my time for this week is up, and Ill have to call it quits, so also Mr. Steele from the Philippines Ill say mahbookigh and say solng until Monday.