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Lowell thomas broadcast for the Literary Digest vongay_-Sept.-14._1931.

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:-
After a day of doubt about the $\mathrm{m}^{\mathrm{m}}$ latest trans-Atlantic flight, here's good news. The captain of the steamer Fenland sent wireless word today that a big German Junkers plane was sighted off Newfoundland. Aboard the Fenland they could clearly distinguish the markings -- D-2072, as the plane circled over the ship. It is believed that the flyers will reach Roosevelt Field, L.l., in another two or three hours.

There are two Germans and one Portugese on board. They started off unheralded and unknown, on a mystery flight.

New hurricanes are sweeping along the West Indian waters. The Associated Press reports a violent storm sweeping westward across the Caribbean Sea. It hit the coast of Yucatan. No word has come about damage it may have done. And then a second hurricane was reported by the International News Service to be sweeping in the general direction of Belize, the capital of british Honduras which was devastated by a hurricane just

The latest word from the cotton belt seems to be that some cotton at least will be grown next year. The drop-a-crop idea doesn't appear to be catching on -- at least not in Texas. A good many Texans are in favor of the plan to plant no cotton at all next year in on effort to raise the prices, but the Associated Dressmizes un the situation by saying the in the legislature of Texas the majority favor merely a reduction. The drop-a-crop idea is sponsored by Governor Huey Long
of Louisione.
1.a law has already been passed by the Louisiana State legislature which provides that no cotton shall be grown next year. However, that law is not supposed to take effect unless the other cotton states also decide to kill the 1932 crop. And so if Texas refuses to follow suit, why the drop-a-crop idea is OUT.

Texas grows one-third of the cotton in the country, and without the big Lone Star state in the line-up, why any scheme to help the cotton situation to amount to much.

Over in Austria three thousand people, including one prince, are under arrest tonight. And this marks the end of a spectacular although somewhat comicopera attempt to overthrow the Austrian government yesterday. In German they call this sort of thing a "Putsch", but yesterday's putsch didn't get very far. All day to day the authorities at vienna have been cleaning up the remains of the disturbance. They have arrested Prince vo Stahrenberg, one of the important leaders of the xaxixaxixx R Austrian Fascists.
there had been rumors for sometime that the fascists, or the Heimwehr as they are called, were going to have a putsch. These Austrian Heimwehr are pretty much like handsome Adolf Hitler's Fascists in Germany Welt Yesterday it happened in the Austrian Province of Styria. That's to the south of Vienna. The when all over the province the Heimwehr
appeared in uniforms and with rifles and machine guns and took possession of towns and cities. The Associated Press dispatches make it clear that the Putsch looked like an easy success, just a push over, but it didn't last long. The leader of the Heimwehr, Dr. Pfriemer, declared himself dictator of Austria.

Then the soldiers began to arrive. The authorities at vienna ordered a couple of regiments to act against the Heimwehr. There was a bit of trouble here and there. There were two casualties; but that whole Putsch evaporated as so on as the soldiers began, to appears. The He imwehr boys didn't seem to think it was a real revolution. It was more like a beerhouse putsch. They simply called off the war by taking off their uniforms and putting on civilian clothes and crowding the beer gardens. ur. Pfriemer. says the united Press, then declared the Putsch off. He got into an automobile and headed for the Italian frontier.

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The International News Service explains that the cause of the failure was a lack of organization and cooperation. The Hel niwehr detachments didn't work with each other, and they weren't supported by their comrades in x恇义 other parts of Austria. It would seem as though a nationwide uprising had been intended, but the Hi nidehex in Styria, from some misunderstanding got their Putsch going first. And it at was all premature. The prisoners, the government has made are charged with treason. But this does not carry the
 The chances are that they will get off rather easily.
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Austria's old partner, Hungary, has some trouble to report too. But this was no comic opera affair. It was a savage outrage. The United Press reports how a passenger train was crossing a bridge twenty-five miles from budapest. Et was out on a bridge When two bombs exploded, one at each end of the bridge. They were powerful infernal machines and wax they wrecked the structure. All of the train except three cars was thrown from the trestle and rolled down a hundred and twenty foot embankment. Twenty-two people were



Near the scene of the outrage two notes were found. They were from communists and denounced the capitalist class. une of the notes threatened the Communists were going to carry out other outrages of the same sort.

There's a peculiar puzzle which some people have been wondering about. It concerns Mahatma Gandhi and that Round Table Conference which he is attending in London.

It often has been told how Gandhi has a day of silence each week. On that day he won't say a word. He devotes himself completely to silence. And that day is Monday.

Well, it also happened that the opening of the Round Table Conference in London was scheduled for Monday. Yes, it opened its sessions today.
wham And so the puzzle was:-- HOW COULD THINGS BE ARRANGED, WITH GANDHI KEEPING HIS DAY OF SILENCE? No, he couldn't do much debating. Well, that question was answered. today:

Gandhi kept his day of silence as usual. He also attended the opening of the Round Table Conference. He announced in advance that he wouldn't say a word at the session. He would just sit there mum as the sphinx. If any expression of

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opinion were needed from him, why he would just write it down in a note.

And so the United Press draws a picture of the silent Mahatma attending the big talk fest. He was dressed in his usual loin cloth, with a shawl around his shoulders. He had along with him a flask of goats' milk. The others did the talking. The Mahatma didn't say a word.

But the novel idea seemed to work all right. The Round Table Conference was opened with speeches of greeting and so on, suppose that Gandhi felt that they didn't amount to a groat deal anyway

Gangway, there -- step aside, folks, while this chap comes skating into the news! Yes sir, here he comes, breezing along on his roller skates.

His name is Jack Highland, and he's just finishing traveling 1900 miles on roller skates. He skated into Detroit ma today to attend the National Convention of the American Legion, and he came all the way from his home in Wilson, North Carolina.

Yes, Jack is an enthusiastic Legionnaire. The Legion convention doesn't open until September 2lst, but Jack allowed himself plenty of time. He left his North Carolina home in the early part of August. He has skated for 34 days. He also put in 8 nights on his skates. And he used up 4 pairs of roller skates in making that trip of 1900 miles. And now let's spate on to the

Albert $E$.
Andre.
traveler in Sepia: 14,

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re. Tibet.
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## Wee, its in

In connection with the book of Marvels that the Literary Digest has just published. I asked a traveller from Asia to come along tonight and tell us of some astounding sight that he has seen. This traveller who has journeyed for many thousands of miles in the footsteps of Marco Polo and for many thousands of miles where Marco Polo didn't go, is Albert E. Andre, an American, who was born in Malmo, Sweden. But when he was still just a youngster his family moved to what he calls "the Elysian Fields of migrating Swedes." And where is that Mr. Andre ?

Ans:- WHY MINNESOTA, WHERE ELSE COULD IT BE ?"
But I'll just mention a few more things about him before he tells us of some marvel. Mr. Andre here, must have been a precocious youngster, because when he was thirteen he was a school teacher on the Chippewa Indian Reservation, at Mlle Lac Lake, Minnesota. Then he returned to school for a few months, and when he was fourteen he left America to become a missionary in India and along the borders of Tibet. For five years he lived in remote parts of Central Asia, along the Tibetan border, and associating much with the Lama $a^{S_{1}}$ the hermit monks of Tibet.

Then for ten years he wandered among the peoples of far distant, and seldom visited parts of Chins. And in time he became quite an oriental scholar. Now he is back in America organizing an expedition to Tibet, to study the origins of the strange people who live high up on the lofty Tibetan Plateau on the Roof of the world.

Well, Mr. Andre, in all your travels off the beaten path, was there any marvelous sight that you wald call the greatest marvel of the all ?

Yes, Mr. Lowell Thomas, there is. And the marvel I have in mind is in Tibet. The Tibetan people call it "GANG CHEN DZOD NGA." Translated into English that means: "The Five Great Glacier Stores." And these five great glacier stores are five giant mountains, five peaks of eternal ice. One of the five is the highest mountain on Earth. The people of Tibet call it TSOMO LHA RI, the goddess mother of the world. We call that tremendous Himalayan peak - Mount Everest.

I have seen Mount Everest from many places. For five years I lived in the regions not far away from it. And what a sight ! No wonder the people of Tibet worship it.

Most travellers who see Everest catch their glimpse of it from Tiger Hill, wish is -at an altitude of shout ton thousand
 near the fascinating city of Darjeeling, in the Land of Tea.

The clouds that hover around the Summit of Mount Everest are jelous of $i t s$ beauty, and unless you arise at dawn, and climb to the summit of Tiger Hill, you may live in India for years and never see the Tibetan Goddess Mother of the world. But at dawn, through an atmosphere as clear as crystal, you can see Everest almost a hundred miles away. Tiger Hill is IO, 000 feet high; but Everest is almost 20,000 feet higher still. And that panorama of the Himalayas from Tiger Hill is the most awe inspiring of all the Marvels I've ever seen.


Well, Mr. Andre, I'm inclined to agree with you. I too climbed Tiger Hill to see Mount Everest. And it so overwhelmed me that I camped there for two weeks, and spent the time writing a book, - and looking at those giant Himalayan peaks. If you ever need inspiration, there sure is one grand place to get it.

I almost feel at this point like making that old and familiar remark--" "unused as I am to public speaking." I really do feel a little bit diffident and bashful as 1 come to this next dispatch, because to do it justice one ought to have the ringing declamatory tones of Cicero or William Jennings Bryan. It's politics, but it's also poetry.

The New York World-Telegram today tells us how at New Rochelle, New York, they're having an election that has become so hot that the politicians are bursting into verse.

This is an unusual thing, but then they have an unusual political situation at New Rochelle.

It was Brison Howie, Republican candidate for Councilman, who first got the bright idea of saying it with poetry. He wrote a poem. Here it is:
$E N D=-\# 2$

If you want your fair city good rule to enjoy
Ele ct Anderson, McHarg, Roberts, Howie and Troy. Fir st mark your ball ot at Number One, Thus making a mayor of Jim Anderson. Then come Mrs. McHarg at Number Ten Because la dies should always come before men.
Next, Fourteen, that's Roberts And Fifteen, that's Troy; Last Howie, at seventeen, That's the ticket, my boy.

How come - what's the reason for that, you ask? Well the reason is as xu funny as the poetry.

The boys at New Rochelle are wrestling with a newfangled ballot. It's a most complicated ballot. It takes an income-tax accountant to make heads or tails of it. In fact, that New Rochelle ballot is so balled up that you've got to use poetry to explain it.

Three ye ar ago they had a wave of civic righteousness in New Rochelle. The voters decided to purify the gax®xa government of their town.

They hit upon the idea that the root of the trouble was partisan politics.
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And so they decided that now and forever New Rochelle should be non-partisan. Henceforth there should be neither Republican nor Democrat within the sacred precincts of the city.
undo they went ane ad and cooked up that © mplicated bal lot. The idea was to scramble the names on the ballot in such fashion that you could n't ever mark off a ${ }^{2} R e p u b l i c a n$ or Democratic slate.

Well, since that time the wave of civic righteousness has subsided a bit, and ptisan politics is right back on the job-only instead of two parties in New Rochelle, they now have three ee--the Republicans, the Democrats, and a third party. But they still have the same old complicated bal lot. Nobody can tell who is $s_{1}^{a}$ Republican, or who is ${ }_{\wedge}^{a}$ Democrat on it. And it's up to the politicians now to make the voters remember which candid ate is which. Hence the Republican poetry.

Well, obviously the Democrats had
to do something --they had to meet poetry
with poetry, So Corporation Counsel Patrick Rooney, a Democratic leader, sat down and wrote some priceless lines of his own which he passed along to the voters. Here is Pat's poem:-

Hoch for Koch, and Tommy Manning, Sure the boys will not be panning.

Stanley Church and Adam Kist -
inger should be upon your list.
But the dandy mayor you got to Re-elect is Walter Otto.

Well, I'm getting a little bit hypnotized myself.

That lIne about how "you gotto reelect Walter otto" is enough to hypnotize almost anybody. I think I just gotto end the horror by saying,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROR.

