LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST MONDAY, AUGUST 10, 1931

WHEAT

Good Evening, Everybody:

A report comes through from London today that the Chinese Government has just ordered two and a half million dollars worth of wheat from the United States. The Chinese Government needs all that grain to feed the teeming millions who are facing famine as a result of the floods along the Yangtse River.

Huge sections of the richest farming land in all China have been inundated by the unruly waters. Right at this moment ten million people are said to be faced with starvation. The United Press declares that the present floods in China are worse than any in fifty years. Food is needed, needed badly and in a hurry.

The American Farm Board has on hand immense stores of wheat and so it would seem to be a wise move if the Chinese Government has ordered a large batch of it to feed the victims of the Yengste flood.

3 4

From all sides today wames come expressions of satisfaction over the result of the telection in Germany—the metal yesterday.

The present government of Germany won out, and the is taken as a sign of the stability of the moderate regime that is in power at Berlin.

The voters of Prussia went to the

The voters of Prussia went to the polls to decide whether the present Prussian diet should remain in power or whether a new one should be elected. The Government came, out strongly for the present Parliament of Prussia, and was against the election of a new diet.

The demand for a change was backed by the Steel Helmets, the reactionary organization of Germany's War Veterans.

Nearly all the reactionary elements that are against the Government were for throwing the present diet out of power and so were the enemies of the Government on the other side of the fence, the Communists. Still the reactionary ica

and the Communists in their opposition to the Government lined up a lot of votes. The Associated Press figures give them a total of nearly 10,000,000. But the supporters of the Government had nearly 13,500,000 and that's a substantial majority:

On the other hand some uneasiness is expressed because of the fact that the reactionaries and the Communist enemies of the Berlin Administration could muster as many as ten million votes in Prusing

Yesterday's election day Reservices was not altogether peaceful.
There ** were riots and disturbances in various parts. Two Captains of Police were killed. There was rioting and shooting. More than twenty people were wounded in fighting last night.

The United Press reports the discovery of a plot to assassinate Chancellor Bruening, and Doctor Curtius the German Foreign Ministers, who have been in Italy conferring with Mussolinia A threatening letter declared that

neither of the two statesmen would return to Germany alive.

The police are inclined to connect this threat with a train-wreck last night. An express train went off the tracks near the town of Jueterborg and sixteen persons were hurt. It was found that about six feet of the rail and track had been loosened. They say it was the work of Communists.

Cuba is under martial law tonight, after an exciting weekend. All kinds of rumors are floating around about revolutionary activities, and a distributed lively little battle has been fought at Havana. The police were searching a section of the city for suspected revolutionists when they were met by a burst of rifle fire. Then for an hour there was continued shooting, while the police beseiged a band of insurgents who fortified themselves in a house.

The result of the scrap, as the Associated Press gives it, was a victory for the police, and two of the revolutionists were killed.

The government believes that General Menocal, a former president of Cuba, is at the back of the disturbances, and several of the General's relatives have been arrested.

lost.

On the Mediterranean coast of France they've had a storm that certainly seems to have been a terror. The United Press calls it a tornado which swept across the sea and lashed the water to a maddened fury, The waves are said to have been of mountainous size. Fifty vessels, caught in the maniac rage of that cyclone at sea, were wrecked.

Twenty lives are believed to have been

The wind swept along the shore and left a line of wrecked houses behind it. Roofs were taken right off, and trees blown down.

That storm seems to have been something like a West Indian hurricane or a China Sea typhoon along that balmy southern shore of France where the water of the Mediterranean so blue-that is, ordinarily. It probably wasn't quite so blue while that tornado was howling.

The Mediterranean is really one of the stormiest seas of all--when it

wants to be, That's because it KXXXXXX is rather shallow and a storm stirs it up quickly. I happen to know because I X was on a destroyer, once, during a storm in the Mediterranean, and every man jack on board was seasick, including the captain, the chief engineer and the doctor.

Pres. Hoover has been observing his 57th birthday, by sticking as usual at his desk. Hundred of letegrams have been powing to upon him

S\$\$

616-31-5M

A curious story comes along this evening of a young man who is in prison merely because he has the wrong kind of face. He looks wierdly like Two-gun Crowley, the young desperado who is in Sing-Sing condemned to death for the murder of a policeman.

well, Two-gun Crowley committed a number of robberies before justice finally overtook him. And the wrong man was convicted for one of these crimes. His name is Pat O'Brien, and her that he is a for Crowley. The New York Evening Sun declares that their own mothers would find it hard to tell the two apart from a short distance.

O'Brien, quite innocent of the fact that he looked so much like the desperado, wandered into the Washington Heights court last spring just to look around. A victim of one of Crowley's robberies promptly identified him as the man who had committed the crime. He was tried, positively identified, and given a sentence of from 20 to 40 years.

And only now has the curious coincidence come to light. A movement is on foot to have him released. A man who was with the real Crowley at the time of the robbery has testified that O'Brien had nothing to do with the crime at all. He was just a dead ringer for another man.

Police officials all over the country have been talking today about the latest report of the Wickersham Committee, which deals with the subject of the Third Degree.

The Wickersham Committee, as the United Press informs us, declares that the Third Degree is still with being used. Physical violence is used on prisoners xxx to make them talk.

The report admits that in many cases beating and slugging has been replaced by less violent means. Prisoners are questioned for long periods and are threatened, and efforts are made to break down their resistance and frighten them into talking. But the report adds that while this is true in many cases there is still plenty of the old-time brutal Third Degree in which prisoners are beaten with fists, or clubs, or lengths of rubber hose.

61631-5M

3

8

10

11

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

Airplanes and ships have been scouting over the sea near the Shetland Islands in search of Shorty Cramer. He took off from the Shetlands and headed for Denmark. He is long overdue now, and it is feared that he may have been forced down.

The International News Service explains that it was thought at first that he might have come down in one of the many fjords that indent the coast of Norway, but as time went by and there was no word from the flyer, the fear increased that something more serious might have happened. And so a search has been started for the missing aviator who left Detroit on a flight across the North Atlantic with stops at the various islands. Shorty Cramer was engaged in charting a route for a projected airmail line across the ocean. The Shetlands were to be his last island stop.

Yesterday afternoon a plane took off from Floyd Bennett field in New

York. In it was the Honduran aviator Captain Garay. With him were 3 other men, one of whom said he was Bert Acosta, the famous trans-Atlantic flyer. Acosta was Admiral Byrd's pilot on the Byrd flight across the ocean.

Well, the four men who took off from Floyd Bennett field said they were going up on a practice flight, a loadtest. They mi winged their way into the sky, and then were not seen again.

Inquiry was made and now it develops that something more than a mere practice flight may have been the plan of the four adventurers. A friend of the Honduran pilot declared that he had been told that if the plane got into the air safely on its load-test flight, why the four men would keep on going and try to make a non-stop flight to a Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras.

Well, that sounds like a dashing stunt, but the International News Service injects a slightly harsh and discordant note, telling us what the Honduran consul

York. In it was the Honduran aviator Captain Garay. With him were 3 other men, one of whom said he was Bert Acosta, the famous trans-Atlantic flyer. Acosta was Admiral Byrd's pilot on the Byrd flight across the ocean.

Well, the four men who took off from Floyd Bennett field said they were going up on a practice flight, a load-test. They be winged their way into the sky, and then were not seen again.

Inquiry was made and now it

develops that something more than a

mere practice flight may have been the

plan of the four adventurers. A friend

of the Honduran pilot declared that he

had been told that if the plane got

into the air safely on its load-test

flight, why the four men would keep on

going and try to make a non-stop flight

to # Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras.

Well, that sounds like a dashing stunt, but the International News Service injects a slightly harsh and discordant note, telling us what the Honduran consul

8

15

21

22

23

24

25

49-31 5M

had to say when he was informed of the flight. He declared that Captain Garay would not get a cordial welcome in Honduras. He related that the aviator, who was a Honduran officer, is wanted down in his native country on charges of military insubordination.

However, Captain Garay and but the always-colorful Bert Acosta and their two companions seem to have headed for Central America.

Away up in the North at Point Barrow the Lindberghs are still held up by bad weather.

The Associated Press reports rain and fog in those parts. Mrs. Lindbergh says she is a trifle homesick. She saw the 18-months-old daughter of a radio 19 operator for the United States Signal Corps, and that made her homesick for her own baby.

I don't know why it is, but writing men are usually fond of taking a crack at their own profession. A newspaper man whom I know tells the story of how he broke into the game and went to work in the Sunday Magazine office of the old New York World. He was young and full of the glories of being a journalist. He thought it was a noble thing to be a newspaper man.

At the desk next to his sat an old-timer in the game. His name is Charley Sutherland, a kind but crusty chap, as disillusioned and hard-boiled as old-time newspaper men are likely to be. He must have seen something of the pride and enthusiasm that glittered in the eyes of the cub.

Anyway, he suddenly leaned over to the young fellow.

"Did you hear the latest scandal?"
he demanded in the tone of a man who
wants to tell a piece of important and
exceedingly scandalous news.

"The latest scandal?" responded the

616-31-5M

4 5

"Well," growled Charley Sutherland,
"a newspaper man married a white woman."

Yes, that's seconds to illustrate the

spirit of the game, and I guess that's at

spirit of the game, and I guess that s why I take something of a ghoulish delight this evening in passing along a few rough things that have been said about authors.

This week's Literary Digest quotes an article from The Bookman. And in that article a crusty, hard-boiled publisher gives his opinion of authors. The Digest informs us that this publisher calls authors "publicity hounds and camera lice." He tells how the scribbling ladies and gentlemen are always rushing to the telephone and calling the publisher and denouncing a mum conspiracy to keep their books away from a palpitating, eager public.

And then the Literary Digest goes on with a neat story. It has been told before, but it's worth repeating. It tells of a successful author whose

conceit got a terrible wallop. He went to a bookstore and, never telling who he was, asked the clerk for a copy of one of his books. The clerk handed it over and said the price was \$2. The conceited author thought he would have a gay little joke. When the clerk wasn't looking he autographed the you know many authors take great pride in autographing their books and think they're doing the public a considerable honor. I may have had that notion, myself.

When the clerk returned, the author displayed the fly leaf of the book, autograph and all, and asked:

"How much did you say this copy would cost?" the scribbler demanded proudly.

"Oh," responded the clerk, gazing at the autograph, "that's different.

It's a damaged copy. You can have it for 75 cents."

Yes sir, as an author who has autographed many a book, I take a ghoulish delight in telling that one. Yes, maybe my signature has damaged a few copies.

Time out for a moment. How. My conscience is hurting me and I've just got to express my gratitude to a lot of folks who have tipped me off to a bloomer I made. It's a bloomer I'll never make again. No, never again will I say that a screech owl goes HOO-HOO.

About ten days ago I told a story concerning some screech owls. I said that those screech owls were hotting all night long, just going HOO-HOO. Well, that slip has brought me a flood of letters, some of them bawling me out to a fare-you-well. For example, take this one:

The Reverend Doctor John Grant
Newman, pastor of the Chambers-Wylie
Memorial Presbyterian Church at
Philadelphia, chides me with a whimsical
sadness:-

"Your story," writes the Reverend

Doctor Newman, "about somebody going out
to shoot screech owls to silence their
slumber-disturbing HOO-HOO was a good
one. You are somewhat short on owl-ology.

(1)

Hoo-Hoo-Hoo ever heard of a screech owl crying Hoo-Hoo-Hoo? Your story initiates you beyond a doubt into the Tall Story Club."

Well, I feel sort of crushed. I should have known better. It's af course the screech owl that screeches and the hoot owl that hoots --that's as plain as the nose on your face. I can only say that out in Cripple Creek, Colorado, where I came from we didn't make any clear distinction between screech owls and hoot owls. In fact, we didn't have any owls except the human night owls who hung around the Last Chance Saloon. Anyway, I want to thank all those who put me right on that hoo-hoo business.

Yes, I can still hear that unfortunate sound HOO-HOO-HOO -- and also Ha-Ha-Ha, as I say ----SO LONG UNTIL TOMOR ROW.