

LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST

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INTRO

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

I'm broadcasting from Chicago tonight; and it seems like old times to be sitting here in Chicago catching the news flashes as they come in from all over the world, because this is where I started out as a cub reporter, some seventeen years ago.

On my way out I kept wondering if I could still find the wind blowing in the windy city, or whether it was just my imagination that made me think it used to be a windy place. It still is all right. In fact when I rolled in from New York that same old breeze was whipping down Michigan boulevard at a thirty mile clip. But I like it. Even if you have spent too much of your time in the tropics and have gotten so you take life a bit easy, that old Michigan avenue wind gets behind you and makes you hustle along whether you want to or not. There's power in the air out here. The enthusiasm and vigor of Chicago is contagious. It's like a tonic.

Well, I arrived just in time to help officiate at the

opening of a new air service. In fact it was quite an historic occasion. Because I happen to be spokesman on the air for the Literary Digest, the National Air Transport, popularly known as the N. A. T. asked me to take part in the inauguration of the first through passenger air service between Chicago and New York. It opened today. And from now on you can fly from New York to Chicago, or Chicago to New York in six and a half hours. This also marks the completion of the through passenger air service along the northern route from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific.

An Indian chief, Chief Blackbird, of the Chippewa tribe, stood beside me during the ceremony. Chief Blackbird was in his full war regalia: eagle feather head-dress, blanket and tomahawk. Chief Blackbird had a spotted pony and an Indian drag with him. The drag, as you know, consists of nothing but two sticks like shafts that drag on the ground as the horse pulls it. He said it often took six and a half months to get from the Mississippi Valley to the Atlantic coast with a drag. And there we were helping inaugurate a service that cuts the time from six and a half months to six and a half hours.

Standing with us also was a veteran stage coach driver, Captain Laidlew. He had his old stage coach drawn by four handsome black horses out there at the airport just to show the contrast between stage coach days and the present. He said to make it by stage it used to take weeks to get from Chicago x to New York and it cost from two to three hundred dollars.

CONGRESS

The new session of Congress got going today. Vice President Curtis called the senate to order, and in the lower house Speaker Longworth banged a few times with his gavel, and started things moving. Nothing much was done, of course. There never is the first day. According to the United Press, the two houses merely declared themselves in session, and appointed committees to tell the President about it - as if he didn't already know. Some of the members made announcements about bills that they would introduce, and among these are farm relief and tariff changes. In the senate there promises to be a fight about Senator Davis of Pennsylvania. They say he spend too much money on his election, and some think he should be kept from ~~x~~ taking his place in the senate. Everybody is waiting for the President's message. Then business - or battle - will begin.

The United Press adds that the big crowd of senators and congressmen were in a fine mood, with plenty of hand ~~x~~ shaking and back slapping and talk and laughter. Everybody seemed to be feeling great.

Outside things were different. The Communists staged a demonstration - with the usual results. Five hundred reds gathered in front of the Capitol, and displayed bolshevist banners. And there was ~~xxx~~ a wild fight from the capitol steps, across the grounds all the way to the Peace Monument. There was punching and wrestling and clubbing. Some say a shot was fired - but most of the shooting was with tear gas pistols. The police were equipped with them. There was plenty of weeping, with tears streaming down cheeks, as that stinging gas did its work. The riot was finally squelched, and a number of arrests were made.

ARMAGEDDON

Chicago has bought Armageddon - that is, the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago has bought the locality of Armageddon so famous in the bible. They are already digging for ancient relics on the historic site. The Chicago Tribune states that the price paid was only \$3,500. and that seems cheap for Armageddon.

Archaeologists of the University of Chicago have been at work on the field of Armageddon for several years now, and Dr. James H. Breasted, the famous scholar, tells how at one time they were gypped. There's a racket out there, and the American scientists were taken in like a bunch of greenhorn suckers. For three years they rented the land from some native Arabs - that is, they thought they were renting it from the Arabs. As a matter of fact, those Arabs didn't own the land at all. They pretended they did, and collected. It was just the old, old story of selling the Brooklyn Bridge.

MOTHER JONES

Mother Jones is dead. The Associated Press states that she passed away quietly down in Maryland. She was more than a hundred years old, and had been sinking for some time. For two generations she was famous as a labor leader, a fighter, a fire eater. That little old woman was in the thick of battle in most of the bitter labor troubles of our time, encouraging the strikers and inciting them to violence.

She was born in Ireland, and later on taught school in a convent in Michigan. She married an iron moulder. Her husband and her four children died in a yellow fever epidemic. Child labor in the South turned her into a labor crus^ader, and from then on she was one of the foremost agitators in the country. She was an organizer for the miners' union. The savage Colorado coal strike of 1913 made her a person of national prominence. The Rockefellers had her put in jail as a dangerous character.

On her hundredth birthday last May she made peace with her old enemies, the Rockefellers. John D. senior sent her a telegram of congratulation, and the old woman said: "He's a good sport, and we've made peace."

Well, Mother Jones has made her peace with the whole world now - the last and final peace. She will be buried in the Union Miners cemetery at Mount Olive, New York.

MINERS

Ninety thousand British coal miners have gone on strike.

The trouble is about working hours. The British government has decreed a seven and a half hour day for coal miners. The mine owners, according to the Chicago Evening American, want the miners to work for five eight hour days and then one five hour day. But the miners want a straight seven and a half day.

A general coal miners' strike throughout Great Britain has been threatening for several days, and today ninety thousand Scottish miners failed to show up at the pits. That may be only the beginning - but the British Government hopes to prevent a strike of all the coal miners, which would mean plenty more trouble over there.

RUSSIA

Strange news continues to stream in from Moscow, where they're holding that amazing trial. The eight professors and engineers on trial for their lives ~~xxx~~ have made full confessions, telling about an international plot against the soviets, and about their own secret plotting against the Bolsheviks. And now, two other witnesses, according to the Associated Press, have testified. One was a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. The other was a Commissar of Finance in the service of the Soviet government. And they both admitted that they were working secretly against the soviets. The International News Service tells us that these two men were members of a secret anti-soviet group called the Progressive Party, and not so long ago one of them acted as prosecutor in an important trial. And at that trial he prosecuted several members of that same Progressive Party, of which he was secretly a member, and sent them to death or exile.

News of a very different sort comes from Paris. A grand demonstration was staged there and it was a demonstration of loyalty to the Czar - that is to the man who claims to be the Czar of All

the Russias. He is the Grand Duke Cyril, and he stands next in succession to the Russian throne - if there is ever a Russian throne again. The Chicago Tribune Press Service states that white Russian exiles in Paris held a secret military review in the presence of the Grand Duke. The Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess gave a reception in a house a door or two away from the American Embassy.

TRANS-ATLANTIC

From Rome comes word of something brand new in the way of trans-Atlantic flights. It won't be a matter of one plane winging its way on a non-stop flight across the ocean. A whole flock of planes will start across, a formation of twelve big bombers. But that flock of mechanical birds won't come up this way. They will cross the South Atlantic at about the equator, from Africa to South America.

According to the Associated Press, the flight will be led by Italo Balbo, Mussolini's air minister. The machines will be sea-planes of the same model as those big Italian bombers. They will start out on December 15th from Italy, and go on down the West African Coast - and then across the South Atlantic. New Years Day will come somewhere in the middle of the flight - and that voyage of twelve giant planes swinging across the ocean will certainly be one grand way of ringing out the old and ringing in the new.

ITALY

Over in Italy there's some fast unemployment relief under way. They had a little trouble, which stirred things up a ~~little~~ bit. In the big industrial city of Turin thousands of unemployed workmen paraded along the streets, and they all had their pockets turned inside out, to show how they ~~xx~~ stood financially. They plundered a bread wagon, and put big signs on walls. This is what these signs said: BREAD FOR OUR CHILDREN OR THE HEAD OF MUSSOLINI. According to the Associated Press, the police put down the disturbance, and the authorities acted immediately. They got busy with a big public works program to provide jobs for the jobless.

GERMANY

Democracy was suspended in Germany today. The Chancellor has lost the support of the Reichstadt, and so, according to the International News Service, President Von Hindenberg is putting through a set of financial laws by merely proclaiming them, whether parliament likes them or not. This amounts almost to establishing a dictatorship, but the German constitution permits it in an emergency.

DIGEST

Here's a line that hits me - or rather it hits that car of mine. It's out of the Topics in Brief, that collection of bright lines in each week's Literary Digest. And most of us who have a car can take it to heart. Anyway, the Digest quotes the Boston Herald in saying that from a motoring standpoint, the trouble with the machine age is the age of the machine.

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TRAP

A New York barge captain was afraid of burglars, so he rigged up a burglar trap. It was a sort of shot gun arrangement, but according to the International News Service, the barge captain was away for a month. When he returned he forgot all about his burglar trap, walked right into ~~xxxx~~ it and was ~~ix~~ shot through both legs.

I remember hearing about a similar incident out East. In Singapore and on the island of Sumatra, they tell about it. I got the story from Frank Buck, the most famous wild animal man in the world, Frank Buck, the man who brings 'em back alive for our zoos and circuses, the man who once knocked an orangutan out with his bare fists.

Well, Frank Buck tells about an Australian who set some traps for tigers, enormous steel spring traps. He caught no tigers, but he did catch himself. He went out to inspect his traps in the Sumatran jungle and walked right into one. The enormous trap caught one of his legs and took it off. The Australian was a high-spirited fellow and it didn't dampen his enthusiasm for life in the least.

RAT

The other evening I told you about lavender mice at the New York pet show, and now comes the tale of an ink drinking rat. It comes to me in a letter from Joseph M. Stencil, Assistant Post Master at Kenly, North Carolina. Mr. Stencil tells me that the post office at Kenly had a real mystery. Every night for five nights the ink wells were turned over, and nobody could guess who did it. Then Mr. Stencil made himself an amateur Sherlock Holmes. He hid himself and watched. And what he saw certainly surprised him. A big rat came along, and started to drink out of the ink wells, one after another. And when he was through drinking out of one, he turned it over. Then they set a trap, and ~~x~~ caught the ink drinking rat. Mr. Stencil thinks the animal became addicted to ink drinking, ~~xx~~ but there was no water around for him to drink.

YAK

At the Lincoln Park Zoo, in Chicago, there's a homesick Yak - that is, he was homesick, but he isn't any more. The Chicago Daily Times says that this yak came from far off Tibet, and his first few months in Chicago were not happy. He was restless, and he was sad. He was home-sick. Now, a homesick Yak is enough to bring tears to anybody's eyes. The keeper did what he could, but it didn't do any good. The only similarity between Chicago and Tibet is that it's windy in both places. Only Tibet is ten times windier. The winds blow in Tibet all the time. The keeper figured that if he could import ~~of~~ the Mimalaya Mountains and the vast plateau of Tibet to Chicago, it would make that yak happy - but the Himalayas and Tibet are far away, and they're rather large, too.

Then that yak suddenly became happy, and wasn't homesick any more. He was satisfied and frisky, and, if you've never seen a frisky yak, you ought to. Well, the reason why that yak changed his mind about Chicago was because they put him in a new cage, and that cage was next door to one in which was a herd of American buffaloes - regular old time Buffalo Bill buffaloes. It was the

buffaloes that cheered up the Yak. The keeper says the yak's eyes are bad. He's near-sighted, and the buffaloes are shaggy, something like himself. He thinks they're yaks. Well, that Yak gives me an idea. Although I lived here in Chicago many years ago, I've been around New York for so long now that New York is my home, and like that yak, during my two weeks in Chicago, I may get homesick for Broadway. If I do, I'm going out to that zoo and get into a cage. Maybe I'll get them to put a Chicagoan into a cage next to mine, and then maybe I'll kid myself that he's a New Yorker. And, like that yak, I won't be homesick any more.

Meanwhile, I guess I'll go out now and sample some more of this well-known Chicago breeze that is whistling in off Lake Michigan and I'll try to be as vigorous as a Chicagoan.

So, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.