LOWELL THOMAS' BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1931

CHICKEN

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

I fell that I'm failing in my duty a trifle when I take up this first item. It's about a chicken calling championship, and I ought to illustrate it by singing out CHICK-CHICK-With the right intonation for a chicken call.

But I'm not much of a chicken farmer and I'm afraid I'm unequal to the task, and about all I can do is inform you that the International News Service reports that loud shouts of CHICK-CHICK are resounding throughout the State of Maine today.

The folks have all been practicing up - limbering their vocal chords for the great chicken-calling championship - tournament which is being staged tonight in connection with the Farm and Home Week of the College of Agriculture at the University of Maine.

The chicken calling contest will be decided upon a basis of volume, clearness, variety, music, and appeal. I especially like that thought of appeal in chicken calling.

Song.

Anyway, at the University of

It'll be just CHICK-CHICK-CHICK!

Maine tonight it won't be the Steins

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President Hoover is on the high seas again. According to the United Press he left the Virgin Islands this afternoon and is expected back in Washington on Monday.

The President received a rousing reception. He was taken ashore through a lane of native boats decorated with palms, and musicians sang and played on native instruments in his honor.

Ashore there was a gay and colorful reception, with bands playing and dancers skipping around a May pole.

The President finds the Virgin Islands passing through a grave economic crisis and he is said to be seeking a solution.

Anyway, the chief executive is on his way back home. But that will not end his travels. In a short time he will be starting out on a speaking tour to various cities and tens of thousands of people will have a chance to see the President.

A lot of you folks after you have heard this next item are going to feel like giving three loud cheers for Sumner Kilmark of New York. Sumner has just come forward to assert the rights of jurors -- the twelve men good and true who sit in the jury box and listen to mile after mile of dull testimony and are bored stiff.

According to the United Press, Mr. Sumner Kolmark was/
called for jury duty and for fourteen days he listened to the
testimony in a \$500,000 suit and that testimony in was drier than
a Camel's tonsils. Sumner, driven to desperation by boredom took
out his pencil and wrote a poem. Here are a couple of stanzas:

FOR FOURTEEN VERY WEARY DAYS
THE CASE HAS DRAGGED ALONG,
AS EACH SIDE LOUDLY TESTIFIES
THAT THE OTHER SIDE IS WRONG.
THE JUSTICE NODS, THE JURORS YAWN,
THE HOURS TICK AWAY,
BUT STILL THE LAWYERS ARGUE
AND THE CASE DRAGS ON ITS WAY.
WE CAME HERE IN THE PRIME OF LIFE
THE CAUSE OF RIGHT TO SEEK,
BUT AGE IS CREEPING ON US
AS WE PONDER WEEK BY WEEK.

He showed the poem to his fellowjurors and they groaned along with him.
He circulated copies of the poem in the
Court, the attorneys for the defense
got one sees and were so touched by its
pathetic appeal that they announced
right then and there that they would
not call any more witnesses but would
conclude the trial.

And the Judge when he read the poem discharged the jurors and excused them from any further jury duty for four years and they certainly are shouting three cheers for Sumner Kilmark of New York.

and better poets on our juries.

Hold everything! Here comes

**want to pass along to you one

of the most amazing stories! have

seen in a long time and it certainly is

a vivid account of present-day conditions

Frank J. Lesch, President of the Chicago Crime Commission, tells of a secret meeting that he had with Scarface Al Capone, King of Chicago sangmen.

Crime Commission, went to see Capone just before the recent election in Chicago. He wanted to talk with Capone about the possibility of gang violence and disorder on election day. He was taken to see the Big Shot under conditions of great secrecy. He was led past a series of guards to a big room where Capone sat at a desk over which hung paintings of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Mayor, Thompson.

According to the Associated Press, Lesch asked Capone how long he expected to beat the law and the gun. Capone replied that he'd beat the law all the

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time--the law didn't bother him, but he expected that sooner or later he'd get his at the business end of the gun. But he added"they'll only get me when I'am not looking".

Lesch then asked the King of the Gangalem to keep his hoodlums from interfering with the polling booths on the Chicago North Side. Capone replied that he would see to it that Gang didn't monkey with the election on the North Side and that he would help to keep the election clean atso on the West Side. The Gang Chief explained that through his influence with the police he would have police scout-crews make the rounds before the elections. "I'll have them 'jug' all the hoodlums", he declared, and "keep them in the cooler" until the polls close".

The President of the Crime Commission had carried out his mission successfully. He had Scarface Al's promise that there would be a clean election and as a result, adds Lesch,

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"that election turned out to be the squarest and cleanest we have had in forty years".

That yarn may sound like a Tall Story Whopper but it comes as a definite statement by the President of the Chicago Crime Commission. And what a confectory it is on the era in which we live!

And while we're on the subject of gangs, here's a welcome bit of news. According to the Associated Press the President of a Chicago Business Mens Association, announces that the rackets in Chicago are on the down-grade.

They are not doing so well as they used to. Three years ago 92 rackets were operating in full blast in the Windy City. Now there are only 53.

It looks like hard times for the racketeers and here's hoping they get harder and harder.

There was a wild battle over in Madrid Spains, today. Students of the San Carlos Medical School rose in rebellion and fortified themselves in one of the school buildings and were there besieged by the police.

The trouble began when the students tried to stage a Republican parade through the streets. and were stopped by the police. According to the Associated Press they returned to the college, seized one of the buildings, and hoisted a red flag and declared for a republic.

The police surrounded the building, the students were armed with rifles and from then on it was a case of rifle and pistol fire. One policeman was killed and a score of police and students were wounded. Finally the students dashed out through a rear door into the streets and the police let them to and merely occupied the building. Tonight the Medical School is under guard to prevent further trouble.

A bit of a storm seems to be brewing on the never too quiet waters quarters of international affairs.

A lot of statesmen over in Europe are considerably agitated. The cause of the trouble is that customs union which has been agreed to between Germany and Austria. It's a proposal that the Germans and the Austrians should go easy in the way of putting tariffs on each other's merchandise.

That doesn't seem very formidable, but anything that contains a suggestion of an eventual political union between Germany and Austria seems to causes all kinds of bothers alarums in Europe.

The Versailles Treaty
forbids Germany and Austria to unite and
become one nation. The An article in the
New York Evening Post states that
Foreign Minister Henderson of Great
Britain has asked both the German and
Austrian Government not to jump too
fast and not to put that proposed
customs union into force until it has

been studied by the League of Nations.

On the German side Chancellor Bruening declares that Germany and Austria are going to put that customs union idea through in spite of any and all opposition.

The United Press sends in a late flash that the British and the French Governments have made diplomatic representations to Germany and have asked Berlin to take it easy and not rush things. Tomorrow we'll probably hear what Berlin has to say to that request.

Wild and savage doings are reported from out in India. In the city of Cawnpore between 40 and 50 people have been killed, and 100 wounded in fierce fighting between the Hindus and the Mohammedans.

It started when the Mohammedans refused to join the Hindus in mourning for several Hindu rebels who ve been hanged by the pritish Government on charges of murder.

According to the International News Service, there was wild fighting in the streets. Troops were prought up and suppressed the immediate trouble.

Soldiers are patroling the streets. But gangs of religious fanatics hide in doorways and wait until the mititary patrols go by, and then dash out with knives and other weapons and attack passers-by. Fires are blazing in the eith and the infantation of the supposed is a city of grim.

Well, Cawnpore is a city of grim memory. During the Indian Mutiny, in the middle of the last century, it was to a scene of horror. And today's

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happenings bring back the sinister mood that's attached to the name of Cawnpore.

All India is in a ferment on account of those hangings. Chambri Gandhi. the head of the Indian Nationalists, who recently has agreed to an alliance with the British Government, went to the city of Karachi to attend a mass meeting of the Indian Nationalist Party. A huge crowd received him. There was wild cheering, but there were also howls of anger. There were yells that Gandhi should do something to avenge the executed Nationalists. There were demands that he should break his truce with the British. And there were screams of DOWN WITH GANDHI. And the little holy man narrowly escaped injury when one **Emg** enraged Hindu struck at him savagely with a flag pole. For the first time in a long dim while, according to the Associated Press, the little man heard enraged compalaints instead of hysterical applause from his fellow countrymen.

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in the country Up at my house l've a weird assortment of headgear--hats, caps, fezes, tarbushes, and those big umbrella hats they wear in Malaya and Indo-China. That collection of headgear, which I've picked up in my travels, comes in handy every once in a while, when there's a costume party in the offing. And particularly I've a rare and luxurious layout of fezes, those nifty, red eaps, that are the traditional head decoration for Turks in Turkey and Shriners in America. It has long been the custom for the traveler who gets anywhere near Constantinople to pick up a satchel full of assorted fezes.

of the new Literary Digest, the one that will be on the stands tomorrow. In my advance copy I read an article headed--BOOTLEGGING THE FEZ IN TURKEY-- and it goes on to tell that a hidden store of II4 boxes of fezes were pounced upon by government sleuths at the ancient

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city of Brusa in Asia Minor.

It's a sad fact at least sad to meet that the modernist government of Turkey has passed a law against the wearing of the traditional fez. And that's almost as bad as putting the kibosh on the tarbush, the traditional fez.

Mustapha Kamel Pasha, the Mussolini of progressive Turkey, wants old Abdul to dress up in the style of London, New York, or Chicago. of the Turkish Parliament, wear morning coats and plug hats. But still old Abdul loves his fez. He yearns for the rakish red cas perched on the top of his head. Law or no law he insists on wearing it, in secret. And so it's the same old story, secret illicit trade, government suppression, police raids, and so on. Old Abdul is pursued from pillar to post for the terrible crime of wearing his traditional fez.

nifty little red hat? The Literary Digest

tells us why. The Digest editors quote from the Central European Observer, a Czechoslovakian publicantion which informs us that in the East headgear has always meant more than in the West. A man's race, nationality, religion, social rank, or caste might be expressed by the kind of turban or tarbrush that he wore. And so the picturesque red fez symbolized the old fiercely Moslem Turk. And that's just what displeases the Turkish modernist, the fez.

And now, folks, hold that cat,

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dodger.

Over in London they're betting a mine mouse show, an exhibition of fancy mice. 79 varieties of mice have been entered. There are pure white mice with coal black eyes, silver and tan mice, black and tan mice, and even blue mice. The only variety that's conspicuously absent is old Mr. Mouse himself, the ordinary house variety, the old gray cheese eater and trap

The International News Service informs us that strange as it may seem, the keenest mouse exhibitors and mouse fanciers are women. They don't jump on any chair at all. They just gurgle and gush:--MOUSIE DEAR. ISN'T HE JUST TOO SWEET? Que of which sounds a but fishy to me.

A famous British physician invades the news headlines tonight with a bit of advice to wives. He announces that if a wife wants to keep her husband tame and placid, she should feed him less meat and more vegetables—especially spinach and parsnips. Maybe so, says I, maybe so.

According to the International News
Service, the famous physician goes on to
explain that human beings are like
animals. The vegetable eating animals
are milder than the meat eating animals.
And the same way, the more meat a husband
eats the more ferocious he becomes.

A Bengal tiger eats antelope, and if a wife fed her husband on antelope it would make him bite like a Bengal tiger. The African lions eat zebra, and if a lady fed her husband on zebra would make him roar like a lion. The anteaters eat ants and I suppose the fabled hippogrif ate snakes and scorpions. A diet of ants or of snakes and scorpions fed to a husband, there's no telling what

he'd do.

I suppose I'd better run along home now and eat my usual fare of fricasseed zebra, a la Maryland, in order to be in good form to do a bit of roaring at this same hour tomorrow night.

So, solong until tomorrow.