LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1930

POLITICS

The ring is all set for a big battle royal. - What I mean to say is that Congress is ready to go into session on Monday. It's to be a short session, a so-called Lame Duck session, and there are more lame ducks this year than usual. I mean there are more congressmen and senators who were beaten in the last election, but who nevertheless are still on the job making laws until this lame duck session is over.

President Hoover is plunging right into the thick of it too. He has announced that on Monday he will bring that old and troublesome World Court question before the Senate. Yes, and according to the United Press, that's going to start trouble with a beng down in Washington. The President thinks we ought to join the World Court. Well, so did President Coolidge and so did President Harding. But there are a number of senators who all the time have thought differently. They are the boys who led the fight against the Lesgue of Nations, and they're

Nations, and they're just as much against the World Court.

Senator James E. Watson is the Republican floor leader in the Senate, and ordinarily he is a strong supporter of the President. But, says the United Press, Senator Watson declares that Mr. Hoover has made a grave mistake. He thinks that this World Court business should not be brought before the senate now.

On the other hand, the president can count on a good deal of support from the boys on the other side of the fence, because a lot of democrats are strong for the world Court.

The appointment of the new Secretary of Labor is something like a bugle call to battle, too. As I announced last night, he is William H. Doak, of Virginia. President Hoover has given out a statement of why he appointed Mr. Doak, and that explanation contains a few hints of trouble. Mr. Hoover refers to the fact that William

Green, President of the American Federation of Labor was strong for an American Federation of Labor man as Secretary of Labor. Mr. Green said that only a men connected with the big labor group should be selected. But the President picked Mr. Doak. Mr. Doak is connected with the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, but that labor organization is not a part of the American Federation of Labor. Mr. Green is disappointed, and says so. But Mr. Hoover explains that he picked Mr. Doak deliberately because he didn't want to be dictated to. He says he wants to maintain the principle of freedom in appoint= ments to public office. As you all know the Cabinet is the President's official advisory family, appointed on his own personal choice.

Well, as I said, the ring is all set down there in Washington, and on Monday the battle royal will begin.

The biggest airplane ever built, the huge German flying boat, the DO-X, is floating in the harbor of Lisbon tonight as helpless as a sea gull with a broken wing. One of its huge wings has 6 been entirely destroyed by fire. Why? 7 How? No one seems to know. The International News Service tells us that mechanics had been putting hundreds of gallons of gasoline into the fuel tanks when suddenly the left wing burst into flames.

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Another woman has probably sacrificed her life in the cause of aviation. Mrs. Keith Miller, a little Australian flyer, hopped off yesterday from Havana, Cuba, for Miami, Florida. She was greatly worried about the flight. Before she left Cuba she had a premonition that she would never make it. And now it seems as if her worst fears knew had come true, for six airplanes have been out looking for her, but they can't find any trace of her or the plane. The Associated Press and the International News Service tell us that practically all hope has been abandoned for Mrs. Miller but at this very moment they are still searching for her.

TRAIN HOLD-UP

Down in Birmingham, Alabama two bandits stuck up a train today. It was on the Southern Railway. The International News Service states that they got away with between \$7,000 and \$8,000 in loot from an express car. The bandits jumped off the train on the outskirts of Birmingham and vanished.

Sinclair Lewis sailed for Sweden today to accept the Nobel prize for literature. Under his arm he carried a small book entitled: "Swedish in Ten Lessons". But he denied that he had any intention of making his speech of acceptance in Swedish.

A lot of people didn't like it that Sinclair Lewis was given the Nobel Prize. Dr. Henry Van Dyke of Princeton, former American Ambassador to Holland, declares that Sinclair Lawis' books, "Main Street", "Babbitt" and the rest of them, are nasty slams on the U.S.A. Dr. Van Dyke according to the New York Times, declares that the awarding of the Prize to Sinclair Lewis is a backhanded compliment to America, a literary poke in the nose, so to speak.

Just kidnapped another American missionary and her British nurse. Late in October, the American Mrs. Hayword, was taken ill. It was important that she have a surgical operation at the earliest possible moment. Her British nurse, put her aboard a raft headed down river for Peiping. But, according to an Associated Press dispatch, river bandits spotted them as they came bobbing along. The bandits swooped down on the raft, robbed the two women of every single thing they possessed, and then took them captive.

over in Paris the people are all agog over a curious storm. A rainstorm had fallen along about daybreak. When it dried off it left a deposit of reddish brown sand. Press dispatches refer to it not as a rainstorm, but as a max mud storm. According to the New York Times, French scientists attribute the muddy rain to a great sandstorm that must have swept over North Africa and then on across the Mediterranean.

And here is another story from Paris.

In the middle of the city there's an underground fort. It houses a billion dollars worth of gold, and is the most powerfully guarded stronghold in the World. It is the treasure hold of the Bank of France. It was built to withstand everything from robbery and riot to siege and revolution. It is far underground. No airplane bomb ever made could tear a hole in its immense steel roof. A thousand men -- soldiers and bank employees -- could live shut up in it for a month. There is food already stored there for them, and there is an underground river too.

An immense amount of secrecy surrounds this underground treasury. The newspapers of Paris have never described it. This week's Literary Digest tells the story of how a correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune was allowed to descend into the immense vaults and inspect them, and so the secret is out. This is one of the interesting stories in this week's Literary Digest.

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Over in Poland that picturesque fire eater and patriot, Marshal Pilsudski, is taking life easy today for the first time in quite a while. The dictator recently won a big victory in the Polish elections, and it was supposed that he would continue to head the Polish government for a long time. But with dramatic suddenness, he handed in his resignation. Poor health is the reason. He was not forced out. He is sure that his policies will be put into effect, and now he will merely supervise the government from behind the scenes.

Poland still remains the enigma

of Europe - politically.

Australia, is over run not only with rabbits but with admirals, - sea-going admirals who haven't any way of going to sea. The Associated Press tells us the Australian Federal Government has gone in for disarmament in a serious way. Although Australia has a coastline twice as long as the coastline of the United States, it only has three naval vessels that are actually in commission. Australia has four full admirals and eight naval captains. So whenever the Australian fleet of three vessels streams out to sea there are an admiral and two captains to manage each ship, and another admiral and two more captains to stand on shore and wave goodbye.

Last evening I told about a question asked in this week's Literary Digest: Where does the typical Bowery bum come from? What nationality, I mean. Well, you'll find the answer is something of a shock. Some of us have been thinking of Bowery bums as a lot of "foreigners". But we are wrong.

Most of them are native-born Americans. Think of that. And most of these tragic failures, according to this article in the Literary Digest, are over forty, and most of them are unskilled, unmarried, and, of course, unemployed.

These facts in the Digest article are taken from the first accurate census ever made of the Bowery's migratory population.

It tells of one situation that speaks mighty well for marriage. Four-fifths of these "derelicts" had no wives.

The other evening among the oddities of the day I mentioned an item I had noticed in a newspaper to the effect that a new movie theatre was about to open in Sudbury, Ontario. Just as an advertising stunt, the news item went on to say that the theatre had arranged a parking place for dog teams.

Well, no sooner had I mentioned this than letters began to pour in, eloquently assuring me that there were no dog teams in Sudbury, that Sudbury enjoys one of the finest climates on the continent, and that automobiles operate there all the year round. For instance, Mrs. Fred Adair, of Sudbury, states that she and her and neighbors have never even seen a dog team.

So, the press dispatch was all wrong. The popular pastime of traveling by dog team which has even penetrated New York State, and New England, and many other localities here in the States, has not yet spread to Sudbury.

These letters, however, give me

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an opportunity that I don't want to miss. I have lived in Canada, and have traveled up and down it all the way from Halifax to the Klondike. For years I have been telling folks face to face that Canada some day will be about as thickly populated as the southern half of North America, that the climate even as far north as the McKenzie Valley and the Pezce River country is ideal. Some day I expect to see Canada become the hub of the British Empire.

The city of Sudbury, by the way, is the capital of the world so far as the production of nickel is concerned. 90% of all nickel comes from that locality. Sudbury also has the reputation of being one of the most prosperous cities in North America just at present.

Here's the News Item of the Day.
There's an auction going on up at
Irvington-on-Hudson. At least, that
auction is trying to go on. The
auctioneer has threatened to quit--because
the crowd is so big. It's mostly a
crowd of sight-seers, and, the says the
New York Telegram, the bidders who are
there to buy can scarcely push their
way through the milling throng.

Why? You say. Well, they are auctioning off the Villa Lewaro. That's the six hundred thousand dollar home built by the colored woman who was known as Hetty Green. Her name was Madam C. J. Walker, and she made a million and a half out of a preparation to take the kink out of kinky hair.

She was just another washerwoman, and she always said she had a wonderful dream, in which she dreamed of a formula to take the permanent wave out of the colored folks' hair. Anyway, her anti-kink hair tonic was a huge success, and she made millions. Then she built that

Her mansion is one of the show places of America.

It has a huge pipe organ, so arranged that it pours music into every room of the house. There were fabulous paintings and tapestries. Mme. Walker imported a Japanese prayer tree for her gardens, and it cost ten thousand dollars. She received distinguished guests. One of them was Enrico Caruso, and it is said that he invented the name of Lewaro. He compounded it out of Leila Walker, the name of Mme. Walker's daughter.

Well, the black Hetty Green, died eleven years ago, and now her daughter is mut auctioning off the treasures of Lewaro.

Child prodigies are not uncommon, but here's one of a different sort. A ten months old baby in Harrisburg, Pennsy Ivania, is an expert whistler. The Boston Clobe authority for the story and tells us that every day little Ralph Emerson Hipple lies in his crib, chuckles and coos and kicks his little feet and then entertains his mama with a whistling concert.

Several weeks ago I told you about a parrot that could sing, but that parrot had to be taught. Ten months old baby Ralph discovered his whistling talent all by himself.

A lot of us in the States have been feeling the cold snap a lot more than they have up in Canada. But here's one big fellow who's reveling in it. He's just in from a rather sultry trip, and he's a polar bear. The German Liner, the Hamburg, put into port at New York, and landed a polar bear for an American zoo. That polar bear had been kept in the hold, and it was warm down there. He growled and grumbled. It snowed one day, and they opened a hatch and let some of the snow down on him. He certainly enjoyed that. And now he has arrived right in the middle of New York's cold spell. And they say he's so tickled over the cold weather that he wants to hug everything and everybody in sight.

Well, it's nice and warm in front of the mike. But outside b-r-r-r, it's cold. Ideal for Polar Bears. If that bear would just take my share of the icy breezes I'd hug him.

If he were up here right now I'd shake the shaggy old fellow by the paw and make him a present of my share of the icicles for the rest of the winter. So I think I'll ramble out into the Polar night and wander home. SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.