LOWELL THOMAS' BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1931

MYSTERY SHIP

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

There's a mystery of the sea to be told this evening.

During the night and early this morning frantic radio calls were received by wireless stations along the Atlantic Coast. They were clumsy and stuttering and full of wild alarm. They told of a ship sinking 30 miles south-southeast of Barnegat Lighthouse off the Jersey Coast.

"TAKING TO THE BOATS", one message said.

"RADIO ROOM FILLING WITH WATER, the call for help went

"FIFTEEN PASSENGERS," another message stated, "ARE IN THE LIFEBOATS."

And then, finally, LEAVING NOW, GOODBYE.

According to the United Press, the radio stations that received the messages flashed back the question: -- "What is the name of the ship?" That question was asked repeatedly while the distress calls were being received, but there was no reply.

Boats rushed to the windswept seas to the south-southeast

of the Barnegat Lighthouse, but they found no trace of a stricken vessel or of passengers in boats. They scoured the sea in all directions but without result.

The mystery deepened. Ship authorities began to suspect that it might be a hoax.

But a late dispatch to the New York World Telegram informs that a U. S. Coast Guard cutter has found a cluster of wreckage in about the position given by the distress calls.

It may be the debris from the sinking ship or it may be merely some other flatsam and jetsam - floating simlessly on the sea.

Old Mother Earth did a little more quivvering and shaking and shimmying today. The seismograph observatory at Pasadena, California, reports heavy earth shocks about 7800 miles away. 6 The earthquake has taken place somewhere out in the Pacific Ocean.

According to the International 9 News Service, the needle danced around 10 pretty much the way it did when it n recorded the earthquake out in the 12 Philippine Islands ten days ago. .

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There was an attempt of robbery in New York today and the police came charging out on the humane mission of helping one of the robbers. Six men tried to hold up an uptown branch of the National City Bank.

Post they seem to be operating according to a careful plan. But the beans were spilled when a burglar alarm went off, and the bandits dashed away. One of them was cornered by a mob and the angry citizens were about to take him apart when the police rescued him and escorted him safely to jail.

I can assure the folks down in West Virginia this evening that the Weirton Daily Times is still on the job.

Paul Glover, the city editor, telegraphs me that all say the editorial staff has been hard at work -- although early this morning a fire destroyed the plant of his illustrious sheet.

Such a thing as a fire is nothing to discourage
managing editor John Jones. With his newspaper plant a washout
he rushed his staff to Wheeling, West Virginia, twenty-nine miles
away, and there in the establishment of the Wheeling News they
got out the paper today. That's bit time stuff in a small town.

No sir. You can't discourage such a sturdy sheet as the Weirton Daily Times, and this country is full of small town newspapers just that sturdy and resourceful.

Baseball men this evening are talking and reminiscing of the old days. Ban Johnson is dead and he was one of the big figures of those old days of baseball.

figure in baseball, a pioneer and a fighter. He was one of the guiding spirits in the big that resulted in the establishment of the American League. Then he was president of that league for a generation. He directed its policies and was one of the important figures in the bringing up of the great prosperity of organized baseball.

A few years ago he was overthrown.

The coming of Judge Landis as the the czar of baseball broke his power.

Johnson fought against the new regime, in basebalt, but lost out. Since then he has been in retirement.

The International News Service Johnson

reminds us that he has long been ill; and white tonight it would onby be fitting if he were in some far land

listening to the thud of the ball in the catcher's mitt, listening to the crack of the bat, the bump of a runner sliding into second, and the howl of the mob as the pitcher burns across a third strike.

As a strange coincidence here a United Press dispatch that tells of the death of Ernest S. Barnard today. 10 He succeeded Ban Johnson as president of the American League at the time when Johnson was removed from power. Barnard served as president of the league right down to date, and he passes from the scene along with the man whom he supplanted.

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Here's an Associated Press dispatch which may tend to cast a moment bit of doubt on those 13 spades, hearts, diamonds, or clubs.

Ely Culbertson, the bridge expert, is most sceptical on the subject. He has played plenty of bridge in his life, and he says he never saw a player hold one of those perfect hands. The best hand he's ever seen contained believed trumps. And As for those 13 trumphands, he just diagrams shakes his head and wonders whether they might not have been held in the great bridge tournament staged by the Tall Story Club.

pass along which is the spicy - I mean salty.

During the year A. D. 1930, the people of the forty-eight states comprising the United States of America, consumed one billion pretzels.

Many people might think that the pretzel was on the down grade, but that isn't so. The salty, brown tid bit is constantly increasing in favor. In 1930 the American people consumed eight million pounds more effortive than they did in 1925. They consumed thirty-five million, seven hundred ninety-six thousand, six hundred fifty one pounds of pretzels, or nearly one billion in individual pretzels.

The fact is that this great country of ours is becoming pretzel minded. Pretzels used to exist for one purpose only, but now the pretzel has widened out its scope. It is used for many purposes.

According to the Philadelphia

Public Ledger baby cuts his teeth on pretzels. The pretzel is straightened out into a finger-like afternoon tid-bit.

Sometimes it's even like animal crackers. There are all kinds of pretzels, including pretty pretzels.

In other words, the pretzel has become fashionable in the nursery, in boudcirs, at swagger afternoon teas, and even at Sunday School picnics.

And so, henceforth, let no one point the finger of scorn at the lowly pretzel.

While in Philadelphia today I dropped around to the University of Pennsylvania Museum to take a look at those relics from Mesopotamia - things archeologists have dug up from Ur of the Chaldees where Abraham used to live. They date back to 3500 B. C.

I asked Mr. Horace James, director of the Museum to help me pick out my news item of the day. Did he pick something 5000 years old? He did not! And so I have an army air service report to read to you tonight.

It's written in the usual way of routine service reports
-- that's why it's funny.

A baby was born in the family of an officer at the Fairfield Air Depot. Major A. L. Snead sent a report of the event to headquarters at Washington. Major Snead is just one hardboiled aviation officer.

Here's the way his bulletin to headquarters read:about the baby!

"A girl (complete with mess kit) was received for service tests at 9:44 P. M. February 10, 1931 by the Fairfield Air Depot Detachment.

"A careful inspection disclosed following unsatisfactory features in the article:

"The fabric of the fuselage is wrinkled in a number of places, and finish is not standard olive drab.

"The landing gear is of very light construction, and it is believed that it would buckle under the stress of a hard landing.

"The navigation lights are both blue and it is considered they will tend to produce considerable confusion and uncertainty

to other craft in their vicinity." The report goes on - still about the baby.

"Under certain flight conditions this article emits
a high pitched noise which would be detrimental to the merves of
those exposed to it for any appreciable time.

"The article is approved, however. It is believed the characteristics complained of are not uncommon to all similar equipment."

This report was received by General James E. Fechet, chief of the air corps. He is still laughing.

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The Dove of Peace won a big victory over in India today. The Indian Nationalist Congress meeting at the city of Karachi voted to support Mahatma Gandhi and his plan for making peace with 6 the British authorities.

The Associated Press tells us 8 that Gandhi won by an overwhelming vote. 9 And so, he will not starve himself to 10 death as he threatened to do if the Nationalist assembly decided against him and his plan for peace in India. Instead he will go to London as the 13 principal Hindu delegate at a new Round-Table Conference on India, which is to be held at the British Capital.

The Associated Press tells us 17 that Gandhi in London will wear his usual garb, which consists of a loin cloth. If he finds the weather and the London fog a bit chilly he may throw a piece of cheese-cloth, across his shoulders. At any rate he will appear among the dignities of the British Empire clad in the loincloth of the humble Hindu. And he w be allended as usual by the English admirals

daughter who cooled his food and is

In Europe

An ominous word was spoken today, and that word was--war.

Foreign Minister Briand of France declared that he would fight to the bitter end the proposed economic union between Germany and Austriam.

According to the International News Service, Briand said it could only lead to grave trouble and perhaps war.

In Germany they have what amounts to a dictatorship tonight.

Chancellor Bruening suspended seven articles of the German constitutions today, as a move to stamp out the trouble created by both the Communists and the Fascists. The right to hold public meetings and political demonstrations and a variety of other things are for the present help up in Germany. And this practically amounts to a Hindenburg dictatorship.

United States Daily, As \$86

the little Prepressive pow-wow was an

Today I stumbled

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information today which gave me a few ideas on the subject about which I have been pretty vague. The subject was that Progressive conference down in Washington which took place right after the adjournment of Congress.

What did it accomplish? What did it mean?

up in an article in this week's
Literary Ligest. The Digest editors
quote David Lawrence, Editor of the
United States Daily, as *** saying
that the Progressive pow-wow was an
attempt to drive both parties into
the acceptance of certain Progressive
documents.

Mark Sullivan writes in the
New York Herald-Tribune that the
Progressives hope to torce the
Democrats into making a nomination for
the Presidency which they, the
Progressives, can support.

The Richmond Times dispatch

is of the same opinion and sounds a note of warning to the Democrats. If a Democrat is elected, says the Richmond paper, the Progressives will say they did it. If the Democrats lose the Progressives will refuse any responsibility.

The Digest shows that a number of papers throughout the country hold that the Progressives did good work in bringing important economic and political questions into the limelight of public discussion. On the other hand, the Washington Post, the Progressive conference came to a lame and importent conclusion, and the Chicago Evening Post calls the Progressive leaders master critics who have no constructive remedies for the ills they describe.

It looks as though the boys had their eyes fixed on the big 1932 presidential election. I wonder whether you will get the same impression, from that Digest article:

When President Hoover gets back to Washington on Monday he will face a political storm that has been brewing during his trip to the West Indies.

The rumor has been floating around persistently that the President held a few serious political conferences with young Teddy Roosevelt, the Governor of Porto Rico. The report holds that the President wants the son of the mighty Rough Rider to be his running mate in the 1932 election. In other words, he wants to shelve the Vice-President, Mr. Curtis, and put young Teddy in his place.

It's only a rumor, but the New York Evening Post reports that Vice*President Curtis and his friends are seriously concerned about it, and that they're going to ask Mr. Hoover a few questions when he returns.

And then there's another thing that may worry Mr. Hoover a bit--or again it may not--probably not.

Joseph Fehr is an attorney at Washington and an authority on the law of the Republic of Switzerland. He points out that according to Swiss law a native of Switzerland can never give up his citizenship - and perhaps never lose his skill as a yodler. He remains a Swiss - and a yodler. Neither can his descendants give up with their citizenship - or yodling. They all remain subject to the laws and regulations of the Alpine Republic. They are technically subject to Swiss taxation and they can also be called upon to yodel in the Swiss Army.

Now genealogists nearly all agree that President Hoover's great grandfather immigrated from the yodeling mountains of Switzerland to Pennsylvania 150 years or so ago. And in the eyes of Swiss law that seems to make his descendants Swiss Citizens, including President Hoover.

And so, according to the United Press, the President
may be called upon to pay Swiss taxes; yodel Swiss tunes; shoulder
a musket in the Swiss Army, or swab the decks in the Swiss Navy.

Well, that's something to think about. Most of us may

find that we are citizens of somewhere else. Some of us may discover that we are subjects of the King of Siam or the Sultan of Swat.

Maybe over the week-end I will find that I am a citizen of the Gilbert and Sullivan Kingdom of Barataria. Well, we'll see--- and meanwhile I'll yodel my old refrain of,

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.