LOWELL THOMAS' BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1931

WASHINGTON

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

The big meeting of the Progressives got under way down in Washington today and from the opening gavel until the final gong the halls rang with oratory.

According to the Associated Press Senator Norris opened the proceedings with what the press boys call a ringing declaration in which the Senator said that the big issue in American politics today is power.

He claims that the power trust is trying to throttle that powerful issue. Well, nearly all of us use electric lights and electrical gadgets of one sert or another, and I suppose the issue of the distribution of electrical power does hit pretty close home.

announce that the great issue before the people is the control of great wealth. Then he proceeded to the subject of agricultural relief and declared that while he recognized the Farm Board has done some good work, on the whole it was a washout.

Representatives of farm organizations told the gathering that the situation of the farmer was desperate.

Senator Blaine of Wisconsin attacked the tariff. He said it should be reduced.

A committee of Filipinos appeared before the meeting and asked that the Progressives endorse the principle of Philippine independence.

It looks as though the regular Republicans tried to throw a monkey wrench into the progressive machinery. How?

Well, Senator Watson, the Republican leader wrote and suggested that the Progressive conference take up a lot of very thorny and controversial questions. Prohibition for instance - things that would be sure to cause endless arguments. The Progressives, however, intimate that they are not going to fall into the trap.

headlines about the big attack that is being made on Mayor

Walker. Various civic organizations and religious bodies demand
that the Mayor's administration be investigated. Some think he
ought to be removed.

The New York Board of Trade joins the chorus by urging that a big searchlight be turned on the city government to reveal the reason for recent scandals.

The gay and wise-cracking Jimmy is on his way to California. And the International News Service states that when he was informed of the agitation against him he did not seem greatly concerned. In fact, he made one of his usual snappy come-backs and said that apparently the people who are making the outcry took good care to wait until he got out of town before starting anything.

Now comes something which sounds at bit like a hay pitching contest.

At Berlin, Connecticut, members of the State Police got busy with hay forks today in a big barn turning over hundreds of tons of hay. Why all the heavy exercise? Well, they are looking for six thousand dollars in greenbacks.

Robbers held up the Berlin Savings Bank and got away with thirteen thousand dollars. According to the news dispatch two of the bandits were sons of a local farmer. They were captured hiding in the hay loft of the old barn. They had seven thousand dollars on them. The other six thousand they had hidden somewhere deep nown in the hay.

And so, according to the International News Service, the police have been busy all day breaking their backs with the pitch forks - pitching hay as they never pitched it before.

There's going to be an exhibition of sculpture in New York which certainly brings to a climax a strange, strange tale. It will be a sale of marble bas reliefs which were denounced and exposed not long ago as fakes and frauds.

Over in Italy to the sculptor

Dossena, a sculptor of singular talent.

He works in a style that closely resembles that of the old masters.

Dealers bought his marble pieces from him for small sums and then palmed them off on rich collectors as antiques, and got large sums for them too.

Then the supposed antiques were exposed and found to be the work of the obscure sculptor, living in Rome. The declared that he didn't know the his pieces were being fraudutently sold as antiques. He sued the art dealers who had done the selling.

The upshot, according to the New York Evening Post, was that Dossena's talent was recognized. And now those

sculptures which had been denounced as
fake antiques are being put on
exhibition in New York and are fetching
large prices as fine modern works. Yea,

Dame Fortune is a strange lady—but
sometimes she does reword the right
people—one of whom is this obscure
sculptor in Italy.

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as if most everything on wheels is going to look like a bullet pretty soon.

The Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph carries an article today which states that recent experiments at the Westinghouse Research Laboratories are going to revolutionize the construction of vehicles. It has been found that operating costs could be greatly cut on transportation lines by having the vehicles streamlined, which points to streamlined trolly cars, and streamlined railroad cars, a streamlined automobiles, and streamlined everything.

In other words, it may not be long until all the rolling stock scooting hither and thither will look like bullets on wheels. Not canons to the right of us and canons to the left of us — but bullets.

And along comes one of those solemn questions which agitate the minds of solemn statesmen. Anyway, it's agitating the minds of the city fathers of Sierra Madre, California.

The question is: SHOULD A COW SAY MOO?

Of course, you may reply that you could hardly expect a cow to go woff woff, or MEOW, or HEHAW.

Anyway, a man out at Sierra Madre has a cow that's lost her calf and she's been mooing all night long. Neighbors complained and the district attorney drew up an ordinance making it illegal for cows to "moo". The owner asked just what did they expect his cow to do - jump over the moon?

So a meeting of the town council has been called to decide whether the mooing of a cow is legal and if not why not?

An important document was published today. It's the text of the naval agreement between France and Italy.

As reported by the United Press, the agreement reveals that France and Italy have agreed not to build more than two big warships each until December 31st, 1936. Each fighting craft will be of not more than 23,333 tons, and will be armed with guns and the biggest guns they will parry will be twelve inches.

France has been planning to build a super-cruiser and the tonnage for that proposed super-cruiser is 23,333 - the exact figure mentioned in the agreement.

So it seems as if France, who was fighting for an arrangement that would allow her to build this new type of craft, had won her point.

The International News
Service states that France is going to
toss one old battleship into the scrap

heap, and that Italy will junk 16.820 tons of worn out cruisers.

According to the Associated Press the publication of the agreement is being received with cheers in both Paris and Rome.

GERMANY

along with that comes news of _ Page //

Now here comes - no, not a mix pocket knife or a pocket handkerchief - but a pocket battleship.

The Germans are going to build another pocket battleship. According to the International News Service, the Reichstag today approved of the navalestimates for building a naval craft.

The German navy is severely restricted by the Versailles treatty, but the naval experts over in Berlin the naval experts over in Berlin type of cruiser which aroused so much discussion not long ago. It's only a ten thousand ton ship; but, is supposed to have a striking power all out of proportion to its size.

that new type of warship, which the Germans have developed, and this has had a good deal to do with the French demand for a large fleet. The Germans seem to think well of that first pocket battleship of theirs, because, they are now building a second one.

Here's an item about a celestial stork bringing us another planet. What I mean to say is:- The solar system may have a new addition to the family.

An Italian astronomer claims to have discovered traces of a new planet. He declares that photographs made of the stars show its existence,

According to the United Press the new member of the planetary household has provisionally been am named B - A - Bah, Bah Bah Black Sheep, of the solar system. I wonder if that's the idea?

Well, well, upon my word, here is a familiar subject the subject of borrowing money. Only this isn't a case of
borrowing a fiver or touching somebody for a ten spot.

The Republic of France has loaned the Kingdom of Roumania fifty million dollars - and that's a sizeable financial transaction as you will agree.

The International News Service states that about eight million dollars of the loan was taken over from France by American interests.

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There's another political row getter under way over in England. This time it's a battle in the ranks of the Conservative party. And the cause of the trouble is the declaration of Conservative leader Baldwin that his party is against another general conference on the subject of India.

The agreement recently made between Gandhi and the British Viceroy in India provided that such a conference should be held.

A number of Conservatives have come forward and have denied that the Conservative party will not take part in the proposed conference. They say that Mr. Baldwin's declaration merely meant that the big get-together should not take place until there has been preliminary discussion. In other words, they are going on record as being rather in favor of the big pow-wow which is to take place between the representatives of Great Britain and India.

India is also in the news tonight with another story of riot. This time the trouble was in the city of Ahmedebad - the home town of Mahatma Gandhi. Hundreds of women staged the disturbance. They were trying to storm their way into a hall where Gandhi was speaking. In the wild and eager stampede to hear the words of the Holy Man who seems to be the voice of voiceless India, several women were badly injured. And one, the wife of the former president of the municipality of Ahmedebad, was finally hurt. According to the International News Service the turmoil was so wild that Gandhi had to discontinue his speech.

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I got a telegram today about the story I told the other night on how in Russia motion picture houses accept farm produce from the peasants as the price of admission.

Well, that same sort of thing seems to happen in our own country. At least so says that telegram. It is from Harry Moller of BelleFontaine. Ohio.

He tells me of a food matinee they had in a motion picture house at Belle Fontaine. Twelve hundred children went to the pictures and the admission that each paid consisted of cabbages, carrots, beans, oranges, grapefruit, honey, jelly, bread and so on. Not thrown. Fustured as money, All that food is being distributed among the poor of the town.

Two weeks ago a potato matinee was held and it brought in over 45 bushels. These were all given to the needv.

It has been a bright sparkling day in these parts. The sun was shining and it felt as though Spring was just around the corner. And that always makes me want to go places and do things as they say. At any rate when Spring is in the air I want to be off on the long trail for strange lands and far-away places. Beyond the Utmost Purple Rim as Colonel E. Alexander Powell puts it.

That's the feeling I had today, and then something came along to make that feeling all the stronger--and that something was my advance copy of the new Literary Digest, the March 14th number which will be out tomorrow.

On the cover is a reproduction
of a painting of tall trees and quaint
cottages and blue hills in the distance.
It's called "Spring in Wicklow"--in
Ireland's old, romantic county of Wicklow.

You've all heard how beautiful Ireland
is, the land of the River Shannon and
Lake Kilarney. I've been in Iteland
a few times--not as often as I would like;
to have been there. But long enough to
make me fall head over heels in love
with old Ireland.

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Well, that painting on the Digest cover is by Paul Henry, the Irish artist. The Digest tells us how he studied in Paris and had a fine career in London, but couldn't forget his native Ireland. So he went back to stay and work among his own people. Since then he has been painting the beauties of the romantic green Isle. And among his finest works is that painting--"Spring in Wicklow", which you will see on the Digest cover tomorrow.

That outbreak of the wanderlust which I felt today made me rest a lingering eye on a picture in the Digest showing a handsome bay with a white sailboat scudding before the wind. It's printed in an advertisement about California. And then there was another ad about France--a picture of an old street, a scene in Montmartre restaurant. And there are advertisements in the Digest telling about old English cathedrals, lakes in Switzerland, Sweden, Stockholm, Germany, and many, pleasant

alluring places throughout the world.

If I had an itching foot to <u>start</u> with, well those advertisements in the Digest made the old travel itch ten times worse.

And then, I picked up a book of poetry in which I've been reading bits of verse on and off all this week. I've mentioned the author before. He is Wilfred Funk, delicate, satirical, gay. His book of poems has a snappy ultramodern title - "Manhattans, Bronxes and Queens," is what it's called.

Well, I turned to it to quiet my restless mood - but it wasn't to be.

The first poem turned to was entitled:"Silken Chains." It goes like this:-

"Could I go here, could I go there?
And could I, please, go everywhere?

Just put my finger on the map,
And pack, and never give a snap

About my wife and children, or
A thing this side of Singapore,

Or worry over this or that,
Or if I set the thermostat.

How very simple it would be
If only walls surrounded me,

But I am held by slender strings
That bind my wrists like iron rings."

And what a lot of truth there is in those lines!

Ah, well we can't always travel just when we please. We can't all start out for Singapore. But I know a place that's even better than Singapore. It is spelled H-O-M-E, home! And that's where I'm bound for now.

So long until tomorrow.

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