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Lowell Thomas Broadcast for Literary Digest, December 7, (Monday), 1931. Page 1

Good Evening, Everybody:

We might as well begin our tour of the news with the stately city on the Potomac. The opening of the new Congress XXX is always a momentous occasion at Washington.

The 72nd Congress went into session today and it promises to be the most interesting gathering of law-makers since the World War.

In the Lower House the expected took place. The Democrats had everything their way and elected John M. Garner of Texas as speaker. The Democrats have a majority and besides some of the Republicans bolted and wouldn't vote for REPMETIXXXXX Representative Snell of New York who was the Republican choice for speaker.

Five of the Western insurgents Republican group voted for Representative George A. Sayder of Wisconsin. Except for this slight disruption in their ranks the Republicans worked in harmony. They had been having something of a scrap, with two Republicans out for the Republican

CONGRESS - #2

be delivered.

Page 2

le adership, but says the United Presstell that was ironed out. Republican Snell of New York was the Republican choice for the speakership. And as he failed to be chosen he now becomes the Republican floor leader.

The Senators gathered with their figurative togas draped around their shoulders.

A few reports were read and then the law-makers adjourned until to morrow when the President's Message to Congress will

In the Senate nothing much happened.

Most of xxx today's excitement was caused by the hunger marchers. And that wasn't much. The crowd that is gathered from all parts of the country to protest about the unemployment situation, satisfied in front of the Capitol and were refused admission. Then they marched to the White House and were refused admission there. Everywhere strong forces of police were in readiness for trouble.) The hunger marchers finally contented the themselves with listening to speeches

International News Service reports that the

denouncing the authorities. The

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11-23-31 = 5M

expects to get along by issuing short-term credits instead of longer-term bonds. This is the moral drawn from the issue of short-term securities announced by & Secretary of the Treasury Mellon.

Uncle Sam, state the United Press, wants to borrow one billion, three hundred million dollars. But he is going to pay it back soon. He's not issuing bonds which are payable further on in the future.

dollars is important news.

11-23-31 - 5M

A dispatch from Budapest tells that the Hungarian government has put its visa on a passport for Handsome Adolf Hitler, the Black Shirt leader of Germany's Fascist party. This makes it 0. K. for Hitler to pass through Hungary on a trip to Italy.

It is stated that he will confer with officials of the Italian government. The report does not state whether Handsome Adolf would have a talk with Mussolini, but it would be interesting to sit in and listen to what the two Fascist leaders might have to say to each other.

But it is stated that Hitler
will call upon the Pope. And this is
said to be important. In fact,
Handsome Adolf & is described as being
on his way to Italy to make his peace
with the Vatican. If he does, he may
become Foreign Minister of Germany.
At any rate, such is the report cabled
by the International News Service.

For sometime now Hitler's

1 fire-eating Fascist party has been at odds with the Catholic Church in Germany. The Prelates have xxxx refused to sanction the strong methods of the Black Shirts in opposing the present government. As the result, the Catholic Centrist party, of which the present Chancellor Bruening is the leader, has refused to form any coalition with the Fascists, and apparently they won't have anything to do with Hitler's men until Hitler has made his peace with the Vatican.

This is the situation which exists as Hitler prepares to make a trip to Rome.

It does look as if we might see some serious political changes in Germany in the near future. The German Black Shirts have been gaining in strength all the time. Handsome Adolf has been talking with an air of extreme confidence, And he isn't eating so much fire, His pronouncements have become quite calm and conservative.

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Page 7

It looks as though he might be toning things down in preparation for his entrance into the German Government as a Cabinet Minister.

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Here's something; it's called Dermatalgia. That's a malady which causes a burning, stinging sensation. And it's caused by old Man Depression.

So says Dr. Charles F. Pabst, one of the country's prominent dermatelgists. In this week's Literary Digest, quoting the New York Evening Journal, the Doctor points out that the World War caused a marked increase of skin troubles. It was the worry of wartime that was to blame. Worry affects the nerves. It affects the ends of the nerves that lie near the surface. And this is what brings about various kinds of skin irritations.

And ever since the depression has been on, why that has caused a new wave of Dermatalgia. People have been worried.

The answer is stop worrying. Easier said than done - but let's try.

Major Arthur Radclyffe Dugmore. "The Rolling Stone" alventurer Dec. 7, 1931-P. 9

1 1931 SM

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Now let's go lion hunting for a minute. Let's imagine we're on the Frican veld in the lion country. We're deep in the hush of the tropical night, and suddenly a lion roars. It's a maddening, blood-curdling roar. How can I describe it?

DUGMORE:

Oh I say, Lowell, you can't describe it. There aren't any words in the language to give an impression of the roar of the lion, as it comes rolling out of the tropical night.

L. I.

Well, Major, you show us how it sounds. I might explain, folks, that the Major is known among travelers and explorers for his ability to imitate the roar of the African lion. He is Major Arthur Radclyffe Dugmore, the Rolling Stone. He has spent years traveling about in Africa, photographing wild lions - yes and painting wild

enimals and scenes in Africa. Major Dugmore is recognized as the foremost of ertists who depict African subjects.

In exhibition of his beintings is being shown now at the Milch gelleries in New York.

But, as I said, Major Dugmore is not only a lion in artistic circles, but he also can roar like a lion. And so Major, let's suppose that we're on the African weldt and the king of beasts roars. Give us an idea how it sounds.

DUCKORE: Rightho! It's something like this: DODDDDDDDDDDDD.

L. T. : Well, Major that sounds terrifying enough, I meen here in the studio. And I think it's just about the right beginning for a lion story. How about telling us one of your experiences with the King of beasts?

Oh I say, I don't quite know which one to tell.

But what about those three old lions. That was a rather amusing experience.

don't believe in killing wild beasts. I'd rather photograph them. It's foolish to kill ones models you know. It is only when one needs food, or there is some other particular reason that it is excusable to shoot big game. But on this occasion those three old lions were prowl'ng about us. Our natives insisted they must be killed. Otherwise they would stelk us for days, and might kill somebody.

The natives seemed to be right. The three lions did stalk us. The black fellows were uneasy, and finally we decided we'd have to use our rifles.

Another chap, James Clark of the Museum of Natural History, and I climbed up among the branches of a thorn tree to wait for the lions. I took a loaf of bread with me to eat while waiting. Darkness came on - and quickly as it does in the jumple tropics then came the low roar of a lion: 000000000.

The three lions were evidently very near us. Up there in the tree I was just about to have a bit of bread. But I quickly thrust the loaf in a crotch of two branches.

Vaguely I could see a grey shape beneath the tree for it was almost dark. Then another lion appeared beside the first. I shifted to get my rifle into position and get a little nearer the ground. I reached to grasp a limb of the tree. But my hand touched that loaf of bread, and I almost lost my balance. If I had fallen it would have been right on the lions and that's a poor place to fall.

It was a critical moment. But what happened was, that that loaf of bread fell with a loud thud and that thud nearly scared me to death and I nearly dropped. Fortunately it also frightened the lions and frightened them on badly that they left in a big hurry.

So I may say that we nothing in all my adventures in Africa frightened me half as badly as that harmless loaf of bread.

In the Swiss city of Basle a committee has gathered to look into the subject of German reparations. It is the Young Plan Advisory Committee and it will try to decide how much money Germay is able to pay. by way of reparations.

today. He is named by the Associated Press as Alberto Benduce of Italy.

There was a bit of sharp discussion between the French and German delegates, but otherwise everything went off smoothly.

and little, and also of those sad instances where somebody gets set for a thousand points or so. If you are bridge fan you can follow the play in your favorite newspaper.

Eight rubbers will be played tonight and the grand tournament will go on until 150 rubbers in all have been completed.

That big bridge extravaganza is on tonight in an apartment in the a New York hotel. Four players are sitting at a table while a referee is looking on. There are psychic bids and complicated finesses, false carding and all the other def devices for making game and rubber.

The United Press gives us the names of the players which are well-known in the world of contract. They are Sidney Lenz and Oswald Jacoby playing the official system and Mr. and Mrs. Culbertson playing the Culbertson game.

There is no gate or gallery or

bleachers full of excited fans. The

four experts thought they couldn't play

their best game with a crowd looking on.

So they are playing all by themselves

with only a referee to see that nobody

accidently gets a card up his sleeve or

accidently gets a card up his sleeve or

the stacks a deck or anything like that.

Ent the public will not be kept in ignorance. All of the four bridge experts will inform the palpitating bridge public throughout the country of the slams, grand

Well, Major, now it's my turn to roar. Let's go from the land of lions to the land of tigers - India.

In the old sleepy city of Goa on the West Coast of
India they have just held a magnificent ceremony. There was
a booming of cannon, a pealing of bells, flaming of fire-works
and a crash of military music. A scene of gorgeous Oriental
splendor was enacted as they opened the coffin of St. Francis
Xavier.

Well, Goa is a sleepy quaint old City, beautiful and full of strange mood half European and half Indian. It is a Portuguese city. It is all that remains of the once mighty empire that Portugal possessed in India and the islands of the Indias. The day was when Goa the Golden was one of the great cities of the East. It was there that Vasco de Gana, who first sailed the round tip of Africa to India, held his stately court and in Goa the Golden too reigned the haughty Alfonso Albuquerque, the greatest of the Portuguese viceroys.

But there was another great person known to Goa in its Golden days -- a man quite different from those

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resplendent grandees. He was St. Francis
Xavier, one of the companions of Ignatius
of Loyola. He conducted that remarkable
series of early missions, the results
of which one still can see in many parts
of the East.

When St. Francis died he was laid to rest at Goa. His mortal remains have stayed there these 400 years. His tomb is in the glorious old church of cathedral.

The Associated Press relates that this is the thirteenth time in those 400 years that the tomb of the saint has been opened. Today the body was exposed with glowing ceremony while 10,000 people were crammed into the venerable church. The earthly form that was once Saint Francis Xavier is said to be in an excellent state of preservation. The in state for a month and it is anticipated that a million pilgrims from all over the East and even from Tark Europe will bourney to Goa the Golden and pay their homage to the great

missionary.

Several years ago I was at Goa and visited the Cathedral. I stood before the bejewelled shrine and gazed at the coffin beautifully carved, of massive silver. I was told a curious story.

It had been many years then since the coffin had last been opened. They had not exposed the Saint for long time. I was told the reason why.

A native women broke off two of the toes. These were taken away from her and enclosed in a silver monstrance. After that the coffin was not opened again, that is until now, when the mortal shell that was Saint Francis Xavier was once more given to the light of day while Goa the Golden rejoiced with magnificent ceremonies and vest throngs knelt in prayer.

Well that news dispatch makes me feel as though I
were once more back in Golden Goa, with its palm trees we and
its Cathedral bells. But I must snap out of this and come back
to earth - and say --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.