Lowell Thomas broadcast for the Literary Digest Friday, December 11. 1931.

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Good Evening, Everybody: -

Here's a strange story from the mysterious depths of Central Asia. It tells of the tomb of Genghis Khan, the great Mongol conqueror and terror of the 5 world of the 13th century.

The man who claims that he has found 7 the tomb of Genghis Khan is a Russian a named Boris Kosloff, who has recently e arrived at Shanghai from Central Asia in 10 the garb of a Mongolian Lama -- that is, 11 a Buddhist priest.

Kosloff claims that for twenty years he has lived the life of a nomad among 14 the wandering tribes of the great barren land of Mongolia, and that after a while he became a Buddhist monk and was 17 admitted into the secrets of the yellow-18 robed Lamas.

Genghis Khan, who with his Central Asian hordes, spread havoc from China to the borders of Germany in the 13th century, is worshiped in Central Asia as the Lord of All Mankind and Conqueror of the World. But only the Lamas know of the location of his tomb, which is kept

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secret from the outside world. Kosloff declares that last spring the Lamas 3 finally consented to take him to the tomb of the great conqueror. It is near a small hamlet called Ka-Ra-Ka-Tu, to the o northwest of the Gobi Desert. This section is strongly guarded by a tribe of 8 Mongolians who are descendants of Genghis Khan. This is a country of barren 10 rocks far off the beaten track. The tomb of the conqueror is in a subterranean 12 chamber which is reached by means of a 13 long tunnel.

And there in a gorgeous sarcophagus 15 surrounded by ancient tokens of his glory 16 rests the mortal remains of the great destroyer, the most terrifying of all all 18 conquerors, the Land of all Manlaind, the Conqueror

Such, at any rate, is the story told 20 by the Russian adventurer, as printed in the New York Sun today. If it is true, 22 it's enough to make the archeologists of 23 the world want to start straight away for that box forbidding, isolated corner of Central Asia.

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In Kansas a man hunt was staged today, and it ended quickly. The successful hunt was for those six convicts who, as the Associated Press tells, as, broke out of the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas. They took the Warden prisoner, and forced him to accompany them in their escape. The Warden, too, has been found with one arm blown off.

The Associated Press reports that after the six men got away, with Warden T. B. White as their prisoner, they commandeered one automobile after another. They abandoned a car and forced the occupants out of another. As they were getting into the third car, the Warden tried to make a fight and escape. They shot him point blank with a shotgun, and left him lie. But he is only wounded in the arm, and is not in any danger. Then, after a four hour man hunt, the six convicts were reunded up.

The end of the man hunt came when the escaped prisoners were and

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surrounded by forces of guards and police. There was a gun battle, and when the shooting was over, three of the convicts were dead, and three were captured, badly wounded.

According to the International News Service it is believed that the three desperados killed themselves in order to prevent capture.

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The leading newspaper in Alaska is the Daily Empire of Juneau.

A copy of it landed on my desk today and the first thing that caught my eye was the following picturesque item. When the Chief of Police at Fairbanks recently arrested seven men in one day he had to release three of them on their own recognizance.

The capacity of the jail is four.

This speaks volumes for the peacefulness of life in Alaska these days; because Fairbanks is one of the principal cities of Uncle Sam's vast Northern Empire.

The word from Washington tonight is that increased opposition is developing in Congress against the proposals which President Hoover has made. Even Republican Regulars are said to be joining in the chorus denouncing the idea of extending the debt moratorium. Senator Watson, the Republican leader, is quoted by the International News Service as declaring that he is against any reduction or suspension of payments from abroad unless the European nations will do a considerable bit of disarming.

But the Associated Press reports that President Hoover has issued a call for common action. The President said he had submitted to Congress a non-partisan, program which if enacted would turn the tide of deflation and start the country toward economic recovery.

I'm afraid I'm going to have to repeat a certain word a few times. The word is "Minister", and it applies to one of the most versatile ministers any s government has ever known.

(The United Press reports that 7 today Winston Churchill landed in the 8 United States for a lecture tour. He. of course, is well known as one of the 10 most interesting and provocative magazine n persons in British public life.

I recall meeting Churchill in 13 London a few years ago. His appearance 14 astonished me. I knew him as a statesman 15 and a writer, and rather expected to 18 find the usual type of Britisher in 17 public life. But he looked more like a 18 huge ex-prize-fighter, with his massive 19 face, his broad, powerful physique, his stopped shoulders, lumbering gait, something like that of a fighting man crouched for a battle.

Well, Winston Churchill's career is really most amazing. He is 25 the grandson of the Duke of Marlborough.

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His father was Lord Randolph Churchill, one of the great political figures of 3 his time. His mother was Jennie Jerome, an American society woman. Winston Churchill began his career as a war correspondent. Before he was 26 he had seen more fighting 8 than the oldest general. He was a elmember of parliament before he was 27. 10 a member of the government before he was 11/31. a full fledged cabinet member when 12 he was 34. And that's where the word "minister" comes in. He's been Minister 14 of Commerce, Minister of Colonies, 15 Minister of the Navy, Minister of 16 Munitions, Minister of Home Affairs, 17 Minister of War, Minister of the Air, 18 and Minister of the Treasury - everything but

es, you might call that a

20 ministerial record.

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Every so often I am conscious of the feeling of gratitude toward Soviet Russia. There's one way at least in which the Red regime of Moscow 5 does deserve a bit of this praise,

I mean by way of industria! news, which as a general thing is 8 likely to be a burden and a bore.

From the land of the Soviets, however, we quite often get a touch of comedy in the reports about the 12 Five Year Plan, the progress of Communist industry, and so on.

Take for example, an article 15 in this week's Literary Digest, which 16 goes to the Soviet newspaper Pravda 17 for a few facts about the distribution 18 of merchandise under Communism.

We are told, for example, of 19 20 a Russian village that received a large 21 Consignment of lamps without wicks, 22 While another village a few hundred 23 miles away received an equally large 24 Consignment of wicks without lamps.

The Literary Digest gives us

a whole series of amusing blunders which all trace back to the Soviet shipping clerk who xxx sits in the dingy office and proceeds to play tricks that bewilder the inhabitants of countless towns and villages.

He gets an order from the
Central Bureau to send to a certain
place a quantity of shoes. The order
doesn't give any further details. The
shipping clerk doesn't use any
intelligence. He sends the kind of
shoes he has nearest at hand, and the
result is that some village or other
receives a large shipment of shoes, all
of one size, every one pair of them
probably big enough for the feet of
giants.

The next day the Soviet shipping clerk receives a similar order for shoes from another village, and the next thing you know that village is flooded with carloads of children's shoes.

The Literary Digest gives us

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1 one particular amusing instance of the 2 way the Soviet shipping clerk can bungle.

A baby's bottle is a useful implement, but even a good thing can be overdone. A Russian village of several 6 hundred people was astonished recently to receive an enormous consignment of & bottles for the babies . There are bottles and nipples sufficient for of babies. whole nat

You can't blame those villagers for cussing out the Saviet shipping clerk with a Russian enthusiasm.

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Over in England today there were widespread expressions of disquiet 3 about an announcement made in the House of Commons, that the British government 5 would be unable to give the Cunard 6 Steamship Company any financia! 7 assistance in building xxxxx the new 8 75,000 ton liner under construction at 9 Glasgow, Work on that huge ship has 10 been suspended, and the International 11 News Service points out that three 12 thousand men will be thrown out of work.

The London Daily Express states 14 today that the suspension of work on the 15 big ship comes like a slap to every 16 British face. The vessel was to have been 17 the largest and most luxurious 18 in the world.

The Evening Standard in London 20 points out that England will now be without 21 a single postwar luxury ship on the Atlantic, to compete with Germany's new xx boats, with giant modern liners that 24 France and Italy are building. It was 25 stated in the House of Commons that the

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done to enable the company to recommence work on the big ship at an early date.

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MISSISSIPPI

Rand lovels some more navigation Page 14

A rowboat arrived at Burlington, lowa, today. It came paddling along has the Mississippi River. In it was a 63-year-old woman, and she was operating the oars in vigorous style. As my old friend Count Luckner would say, "Pull, sailor, pull -- pull for the shore, to low low."

The Associated Press tells the story of how Miss Randi LeRoyl, a scrubwoman of Superior, Wisconsin, is rowing a boat down the Mississippi River. She intends to keep on rowing until she winds up in the Gulf of Mexico.

She declares that she has worked for years scrubbing floors to earn enough money to accomplish what to her is the purpose of a lifetime. Somehow or other she formed the grand ambition of rowing a boat down the Mississippi River, from its source to its mouth. And that's quite a heroic idea for an old lady of 63.

And she is well on her way. In a boat 23 feet long she has reached lowa now, and intends to keep on going. She has been warned that Old Man Winter may

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make the going a trifle hard. The river is liable to freeze over, and she is likely to find herself marooned in the ice. But that doesn't daunt her one bit. She says Old Man River be hanged! If the river freezes over she'll just climb out and skate the rest of the way. Yes, Auntie, that's the spirit.

all with you.

I'm sorry to have to report some unseemly doings at Lynn, Massachusetts. It appears that a man in that pleasant town hurled his landlady out of a window three times.

The United Press reports that There was an argument between a lodger and his landlady. The lodger proceeded to throw the landlady out of the second-story window. She came right back into the house and renewed the argument, and he threw her out of the window again. Once more she returned, and he threw her out a third time.

That was plenty. The landlady was injured to the extent of a broken rib, and the lodger was taken to the lock-up, where he is lodging tonight.

Let's have another endurance record.

The Associated Press reports that the

longest poem in the world has been written.

It is the work of Father John Blatter,

a former Chicago Parish priest who now is

in Rome. That record-breaking poem mandam

contains 25,000 verses. The Father

started to work on it when he was twenty.

He's been working on it ever since, and
he is now 71.

The poem is 15,000 verses longer than Dante's "Divine Comedy." In Dante's work there's one descent into the infernal regions. But the former Parish priest of Chicago includes in hir record-breaking poem three descents into the evil domain where Old Nick reigns in sulphury terror.

Well, I often find 25 verses of poetry a pretty stiff dose, but as for 25.000 verses -- well, that's a long, long poetical road to travel.

Last night I ended my remarks by saying that if I didn't hurry up and cut it short, why the joke would be on me.

Well, the joke was on me anyway. I made a prize bloomer.

I don't know whether you noticed it, but the story I told about autographing books must have seemed rather pointless. I said the anecdote had a particular reference to something that Announcer Howard Petry would have to say.

It was about the famous author, George Barr McCutcheon.

I told how he was riding on a train when a boy came through selling books, including McCutcheon's own sensational success, Graustark.

Mc Cutcheon took a copy and autographed it and told the boy he could now sell it for twice the regular price. But the boy came back with a roar. He said McCutcheon had ruined the book, and would have to pay for it. Which the author did.

Well, when Announcer Howard Petry, follwing me, started to speak his piece, I was astonished and bewildered to find that he wasn't saying anything that applied at all to that autographing story. I had made a miscue. I was one night ahead of time. It was tonight that he was to have something special to say. All right, Howard, the

coast is clear. Let her go.

And -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.