Lowell Thomas' Broadcast for The Literary Digest. Wednesday, January 21, 1931.

INTRO.

Good Evening, Everybody:

Well, all that shouting today is about the Wickersham report on prohibition. Everybody is talking about it.

The papers tonight are printing reams about it -- but there also is a bit of other news, some of it from places that have never even heard of the Wickersham Commission. For example --

Strange reports are coming out of the depths of the Sahara Desert. They tell of a mysterious wreckage, and from what the wandering Berbers say, that wreckage may be the remains of the French dirigible Dixmunde which disappeared mysteriously in 1923.

reminds us that the big airship was on its way for a flight to Africa and then it just vanished. The body of the captain was found in the Mediterranean, Soan, but no wreckage was ever discovered, and the may have drifted over the Sahara. This is perhaps the most famous mystey in the history of aviation.

It seems as though I never go through the day's dispatches without seeing something about India. And tonight we have a tale that sounds like the plot of a fantastic novel. It's about the former Maharajah of Indore, that fabulously wealthy potentate who has had such strange romances. You perhaps will recall that some years ago he was yanked right off his throne by the British government for the part he was charged with having played in the murder of Mumtaz Begum, a beautiful Nautch dancer who had lived at his palace. Then he married an American girl, Nancy Miller, of Seattle. And now he is being sued by a Hindu woman who claims that she and her daughter were in prison for eleven years in the former Maharajah's mp palace at Indore.

Well, strange stories are told about the goings on in those fabulously splendid palaces of India's great Maharajahs.

I have often listened to weird rumors in India of secret crimes and wild dramas that were said to have taken place in the alabaster and marble palaces of magnificent maharajas of the romantic states of Rajputana.

A wild scene was staged over in London today. and win It took place in the sedate old House of Commons. There were howls of:--"Resign, resign!" from the Conservative benches. They should were for the MacDonald Labor Government to step out.

The coossion for the outburst was a defeat which the government suffered. A school bill was up, and the Labor Party was backing the motion. When the question went to a vote, the government was defeated. According to the Associated Press, international News Service, and United Press reports, the Conservatives think that reason enough for the MacDonald government to resign, but so far the Labor ministers haven't shown any indication of taking the hint. seriously

an old complaint -- shortage of money. Was there ever enough to do round? This time it's the British treasury that's hard up. England is facing a deficit of \$100,000,000. And, according to the International News Service, Mr. Phillip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has ordered all departments of cut down expenses on a grand scale. And I suppose you might call it economy on a grandissimo scale when you're trying to cut expenses to the tune of a hundred million dollars!

Now comes confirmation of a rumor that has been floating around and that had the right ring.

It was reported that the German and the French
governments were talking about the possibilities of Germany
getting a big loan from France. Well, the International News
Service tells us that high German authorities say it's true.
Germany is trying to get a loan from France, and it's reported
that the French are inclined to shell out the france.

Interesting item, that!

It wasn't so long ago when the only currency France and Germany had to offer each other came out of the muzzles of guns.

It looks from this next dispatch as though Mussolini were still having his way about everything. He has been demanding an increase of birth rate in Italy. Last year it fell two per cent. But now, the New York Evening World tells us it is going up. This is shown by figures just given out at Rome.

There are in Italy some twenty thousand families of more than ten children each. Which means that twenty thousand papas are buying shoes for a quarter of a million youngsters.

But Il Duce insists that buying shoes for the baby is what papas are for. Perhaps he's right.

NICARAGUA

Yes, there is more trouble in Nicaragua. And this time it's about a band of one hundred and fifty of Sandino's rebels who attacked a town defended not by Uncle Sam's Marines but by the Nicaraguan National Guard. The attack was beaten off.

I saw a sensational picture today, in as tas thrilling a picture as I have ever seen. A picture of a train wreck--a train of cars loaded with gasoline.

The Accident Bulletin of the New York Bureau of Explosives says that it's the most wonderful picture of a combined wreck and fire that they have ever made - seem -- and they've seen a lot of them.

A gasoline train was rolling along at municipated thirty miles an hour when a rail broke. Nobody was to blame and the accident wasn't trages. But it certainly was spectacular. municipate Luckily somebody had a camera and snapped a picture when the big crash happened. And what a picture!

That picture appears in the new Literary Digest that comes out tomorrow.

Now for a dispatch that interests me a lot. I've been getting an endless flood of letters asking for the latest news about the soldier's bonus. A lot of the boys want the government to pay the amounts still coming in on the bonuses, and pay them now. Well, the whole question is still being debated in Washington.

And today, according to the International News Service, a parade of veterans swooped down on the capitol in Washington urging that something be done. They marched through the streets with flags flying and bands playing, and then drew up in front of the building with the great grey dome.

A couple of Congressmen came out and addressed them.

The two Congressmen are advocates of the immediate payment of the bonus, and they told the veterans they are making the hardest fight they know how, to see that the ex-soldiers get the money as soon as possible.

A treasure hunt was on today.

Two rival groups are out scouting for \$400,000. This fortune is said to have been buried by King David, I mean the founder of the House of David, spectacular Michigan prophet who founded a cult.

His followers are now having a grand free-for-all among themselves and have gone to court. In the proceedings it was revealed that King Davis had buried about \$400,000.

Just where, seems to be a bit uncertain. But, according to the International News Service, both factions have equipped themselves with picks and shovels and they are out digging furiously.

MOIHER Clong comea a thing that Page 13

like this next one occurred only in novels. and plays.

William Wysong and Mrs. James Bucy, of Indianapolis, knew each other for for years. She was much older than he, and almost regarded him as a son. And now she discovers that he is her son!

The United Press tells us that
Wysong was adopted by another family
when he was a child. His mother
married again and lost track of him.
And it's by pure accident that they've
just found out that they are mother and
son.

Many an author has used a theme something like that, in a work of fictions and now it happens in real life.

The Juneau Empire tells us that there have been several new gold strikes in Alaska, in the Fairbanks district.

One on a creek called Lower Goldstream, and the other on the Little Eldorado--creeks that have already yielded millions in yellow nuggets and dust.

The story also states that a large fleet of gold dredges is still forging its way through the pay gravel of the creeks around Fairbanks.

A pui pal of mine once took out a fortune of about \$50,000 from one of the creeks in that district, in a few weeks. Then he went to Fairbanks and blew it all in on organizing and supporting a midnight sum sun baseball team, that played its games around midnight, during the summer months when it never gets dark.

I had an embarrassing experience today. I met a man from Podunk. And Podunk is a name of sorrow and thorns for me.

Some of you may have heard me say, in a rash moment, that there was no such place as Podunk, and I got thoroughly bawled but for that. Anyway, I was talking today with a gentleman from Podunk, Connecticut. He lives in Hartford now. In fact, he is H. C. Parsons, a prominent Hartford theatre owner. But he was born and raised in the village of Podunk, Connecticut.

He looked at me in a sad way and assured me there was a Podunk, and told me stories of his boyhood among Podunk's hills and dales. But I don't want to bring up that fighting subject of Podunk again. I merely want to say that Mr. Parsons picked out my News Item of the Day for me.

It's about an airplane in Africa. The pilot was one of Germany's greatest aces during the War--the famous Udet.

Well, Udet was flying low over open country. The plane swooped down to within a few feet of the ground. A bad-tempered old lion was down there, and when he saw that plane come near him he just crouched and sprang, and his claws got hold of one of the wings.

Now, when a lion gets tangled up with a fast airplane it's liable to be too bad for the lion. I don't know what happened to old Leo out there, but I do know what happened to the plane. The lion's claws badly damaged one wing and the machine went bumping along.

It had just come to a stop when a rhinoceros charged it. Old Mr. Rhino hit the plane like a tank in full cry and there was a crashing and splintering of wood. Then the rhino backed off, gave a few snorts, stuck his tail in the air, which is a way rhinos have when they are angry, and then he charged again. He reduced that plane to kindling wood, and the men inside were lucky to escape with their lives.

"I wish I had been there to see that," Mr. Parsons meditated. So far as I know, we never had anything like that happen at Podunk."

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Well, & Great Guns, I can sympathize with this tellow. He was robbed of his voice. Luckily he was not a radio news gatherer, but on the other hand he was a movie actor, and movie actors need voices too in these days of talkies. However, he wasn't rendered 8 speechless. Like that It was merely a case that his voice was separated from his personality. He was himself. But his voice wasn't his own.

HOW COME? XMMXX Say you?

Well, here's how, say I.

Over in London a film actor sued a motion picture company. He had made a silent film. They turned it into a talkie. That is, they just made sound strips to go along with the action, but they didn't use him to make the sound strip. They used another actor. And in the picture he was put there on the screen, but he was talking with somebody else's voice.

He said that was all wrong, because his voice should be a part of

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his personality and as an actor he was selling his personality to the public. To tack another man's voice on to him was just depriving him of a part of his personality. And the court decided in his tayor.

That curious | tttle story is told 8 in the new Literary Digest, the one 9 that will be on the stands tomorrow. The Digest quotes the London Evening Standard, and goes on to give some very interesting things about the voices of famous people.

The giant Bismark, the man of blood and iron, had a small piping voice.

The poet Tennyson wookedx boomed when he talked. Byron had an affected drawl. Shelley squeaked.

The Duke of Wellington who conquered Napoleon, had a voice of child-like softness and Napoleon - well, nobody seems to know quite how he talked. It is known, of course, that when he got excited he talked French with a strong

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