Lowell Thomas broadcast for the Literary Digest Wed., January 27, 1932.

Page.

Good Evening, Everybody: -

Tomorrow morning a bit of news will flash to the world, and that bit of news may be of the utmost importance. It may 4 tell of a turning point in current contemporary 5 history.

Today, cables the United Press, the 7 Japanese issued an ultimatum to the 8 Chinese. The authorities of the Mikado give the Chinese in Shanghai until 6 10 o'clock tomorrow evening to comply with Japanese demands, and give full satisfaction.

Well, 6 o'clock tomorrow evening in the Far East will be sometime tomorrow morning in these longitudes. And the answer which the Chinese give to the Japanese may start a series of important and sensational events.

The Japanese are threatening to seize Shanghai if the Chinese don't meet their demands. And that possibility is causing considerable agitation in the capitals of the nations of the worldtonight. The Associated Press cables that in London the British government is closely

13

16

18

12

13

14

16

17

18

19

20

22

23

24

25

watching the course of events. Q conversation has been held between Secretary-of-State Stimson and the British ambassador in Washington, and the ptopic talked about that threatening situation at Shanghai.

The United Press declares it has word that the State Department has been g considering three possible alternatives. The first is a warning to Japan to avoid military or naval action at Shanghai.

The second is a formal invocation of the 9-Power Pact. This Pact is a treaty which the principal nations made in guaranteeing the integrity of China. They say that if the BENERE 9-Power Pact were invoked it would probably mean that an international conference would be held.

The third possibility is that the principal neutral powers might in the last extreme take naval action, if Japan should use force in trying to settle that quarrel about Shanghai.

Well, in any case the Japanese have issued an ultimatum, and the Chinese have

until 6 o'clock tomorrow evening to
answer -- that is, tomorrow morning, our time.
according to our time.

bottom of that flare-up centering at Shanghai? It happens that tomorrow morning the new Literary Digest comes out, The Digest has a way of coming to bat at timely moments -- hitting in the pinches, as they call it in baseball.

The thing that irks Japan the most is the Chinese boycott. Japan has other grievances at Shanghai, for one of the things that they demand is that China shall call off the boycott. They want the Chinese officials to suppress organizations that are calling upon the people not to buy Japanese merchandise.

at the root of the trouble. And on pages 16 and 17 of the new Literary Digest is an article which tells us some startling things about that concerted movement of millions of Chinese who refuse to buy any Japanese goods.

eloquent and striking facts.

The Literary Digest quotes the China Critic, a Chinese newspaper printed at Shanghai, as giving figures which tell that during 1931 Japan's exports to China decreased by 143 million dollars. And that is a result of the boycott.

During the last three months of 1931 the boycott caused dozens of Japanese ships engaged in the China trade to lie idle and useless. Nine hundred thousand tons of Japanese shipping, in fact, was tied up, and that caused the Mikado's empire a loss of 64 million dollars. The Literary Digest goes on to quote the Chinese newspaper as declaring that the boycott has caused a dangerous financial condition in Japan, that a vast number of people are facing starvation, and that it may end by causing a financial collapse. The facts about the Chinese boycott, and it

makes clear the sharp financial

we will understand

23

10

15

17

sting which has caused Japan to issue the ultimatum that expires tomorrow morning.

Already the great city of Shanghai is taking on a warlike look. The Chinese are preparing to resist the Japanese attack on the city.

Today the American Consul General and the British Consul General issued a warning to their countrymen and are bidding them to remain inside of the International settlement when the trouble starts.

The International Settlement is distinct from the Chinese city. It's a sort of foreign Ex quarter, under the rule of the Consuls of the different nations. It's the Chinese city that the Japanese are threatening to capture.

Tonight on the dark choppy waters of the English Channel ships are working. They've been working all day, hunting at the bottom of the sea, searching with drag lines, sending divers down to look around. They are booking for the British submarine, the M-2.

The United Press relates that the undersea craft went out for a dive yesterday, off the harbor of Portland. She put her nose down and plunged beneath the waters of the English Channel. She has not been seen since. Something must have gone wrong. The M-2 must have encountered some mishap.

First there was surprise that she didn't return. Then there was worry. And finally frantic alarm. A busy and determined search was started, and while it went on, hope became brighter and then grew faint by turns. A ship with a grappling line caught hold of something at the bottom. They thought it might be the missing submarine, but found it

5

6

7

9

10

11

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

was only a wreck of some bygone time. Another boat had the same experience. Divers sighted hulks at the bottom of the Channel, but they were only wrecks of former days. The floor of the Channel at that point is strewn with scores of foundered vessels, because the sea off Portland comes under the heading of dangerous waters. For two thousand years ships have gone down off that coast, and, yes, the hulks of more than one submarine are down there too. That place was a graveyard of German U-boats during the war. The Channel was heavily guarded by the British against undersea raiders, and many a German submarine came to its end there in the Channel. And so it has a case all day of

tantalizing hope turning into bleak dismay for the searchers who are seeking the M-2. Toward nightfall a strong tide was running. The English Channel is famous for its swift running tides. and a strong breeze grow up, and the

surface of the water grew rough. That old is famous for its ugly, choppy seas, too

Some of the ships drew off and returned to harbor as darkness descended. The others stayed grimly at their task, cruising around with their drag lines out, investigating everything they find the bottom.

Yes, those boats are hunting with a desperate British persistency tonight, hoping to find the M-2 which went out so bravely for an undersea jaunt yesterday, and has failed to return.

I have a couple of figures here
that have to be expressed with decimals
they are so close to each other. They
tell that Gar Wood today broke the speed
record for motor boats. He just shaved
a couple of decimal points off the
record made by Kaye Don of England.

The Associated Press wires how near a Miami Beach Gar Wood went zipping along the placid waters of Indian Creek. And you can bet the spray flew high, xxx wide and handsome as Gar Wood drove that swift boat of his through the water.

He made a little over 110. miles an hour. Kaye Don's previous record was a hundred ten and a little more than two tenths miles an hour. If you want the figures with of ficial exactness, Gar Wood's speed was 110.785 miles an hour.

6

20

18

14

21

22

23

24

than ten years ago, I was in a strange city in a strange land. The city was Kabul, capital of the for bidden land of Afghanistan. There I was presented to King Amanullah, who since those happy days, has been dethroned and now lives in exile.

The king asked me if there was any favor he could grant me. I told him yes - I should like to have his permission to explore some of the Afghan rivers, track them down and find their sources.

But King Amanullah shook his head. The rivers originated in wild, craggy mountains, inhabited by fierce and warlike tribes, and no Westerner who might venture into those parts would come back alive, said the King of the alghane.

And that put an end to my hope, of doing some real exploration.

Now why all this reminiscing?
Well, perhaps it's just envy.
Let's take the case of the

22

23

24

RETAKE

Du Herbert
Spencer
Spencer
Dickey.

discoverer
The course
The course
The prince.

Jan. 27,

1932 - p. 10.

than ten years ago, I was in a strange city in a strange land. The city was Kabul, capital of the for bidden land of Afghanistan. There I was presented to King Amanullah, who since those happy days, has been dethroned and now lives in exile.

The king asked me if there was any favor he could grant me. I told him yes - I should like to have his permission to explore some of the Afghan rivers, track them down and find their sources.

But King Amanullah shook his head. The rivers originated in wild, craggy mountains, inhabited by fierce and warlike tribes, and no Westerner who might venture into those parts would come back alive, said the King of the Afghane.

And that put an end to my hope, of doing some real exploration.

Now why all this reminiscing?
Well, perhaps it's just envy.
Let's take the case of the

9-9-31 - 5M

Orinoco, one of the greatest rivers of South America, and of the whole world. Its source was unknown for centuries. In fact, it has just been discovered.

On two occasions within the last month or so I've heard Dr. Herbert Spencer Dickey introduced to audiences. On one occasion the speaker described him as the discovered of the Orinoco River. And the other time he was described as the man who discovered the mouth of the Orinoco. I'll try to get it right and say we have with us tonight (that's the way a speaker should be introduced, isn't it Doctor?) We have with us tonight and we are now going to hear a few well chosen words from none other than Dr. Herbert Spencer Dickey, discoverer of the source of the Orinoco River.

Here Doc, take the Mike.

22

5

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

23

24

7

13

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

Well, Lowell, it is rather curious about my being called the discoverer of the Orinoco, and the discoverer of the mouth of the Orinoco. 5 | 'm not the man. It was another fellow. 6 It was Christopher Columbus.

It was on his third voyage to 8 America in 1498, that the great navigator 9 Criftoforo Colombo ne ared the South American coast and found fresh water in the sea. He guessed that it came from a gigantic river. He was right. Columbus was in fact near the mouth of the Orinoco. But he was a long, long way from its source--1700 miles away in fact. And it was 433 years later that the source of the Orinoco was at last discovered.

I was fortunate enough to head the party that forced its way week after week up the river, through rugged mountains and tangled jungle. We encountered more than one hundred rapids. We were

able to push our way through some of these cataracts. We had to go around others.

Finally we got to a place
where our maps were no longer of any
use. The Parima Mountains were not
where they were supposed to be. They
were farther way than the maps
indicated.

Guesses had been made as to
where the Orinoco had its source. These
guesses were wrong. They were sixty
miles wrong.

Well, we pushed our way up
the river until it was no longer
navigable even for the smallest canoe.
Nearby was a high mountain. We climbed
it, and from its dizzy peak we looked
over a huge expanse of land, and there
we could see the Orinoco, now a puny
little stream. We could see it in the
process of formation. Scores of brooks
rushed down the mountainside, tumbling
little rills of water that flashed in the
light. They wandered here and there

until finally they came together at the bottom of the valley. and there they formed a larger stream, the beginning of the giant river, the Orinoco.

The day was July 14, 1932, and as we stood on the tip of that mountain looking down, we knew we were 8 beholding what civilized man had sought for centuries to find. Immediately my Spanish speaking companions gave the stant a name. They called it, __ translating directly from the Spanish

the birthplace of the Orinoco.

14

5

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

Well, Doctor, let's come down from that mountain.

You're through with your speech, so light up your pipe -- no, I

mean your orchards. Put some electric lights in the trees.

Down there in Australia they have a crittur called the flying fox. The Associated Press explains that the flying fox is really a giant bat. It's habits are strictly nocturnal.

In New South Wales flocks of these giant bats have been stripping the farmers' orchards. The farmers tried shotguns, but they couldn't kill enough bats in the darkness to do any good. They tried poison gas, but that didn't seem to work.

And now they are using electric lights. They are putting lights in the trees. The bats hate light and they won't go near orchards that gleam brilliantly in the dark night.

Well, it's been x windy today in these parts. A high gale has been blowing. all day. And that brings us to one of those xxxxxxxxx inoidents that are funny because they might have been tragic.

In New York, at 48 49th Street and Madison Avenue, one of the busiest parts of the metropolis, an advertising sign 75 feet long and 40 feet wide, was blown loose from the top of a forty story building, and it came crashing down into the street. It was made of tin and wood, and struck the sidewalk with a terrific impact. The street was crowded with traffic at the time. It is a miracle that nobody was killed. Ten people were injured, but not seriously. They were hit by splinters which flew left and right when the big sign hit the sidewalk.

On its way down the sign did quite a bit of damage. It came hurtling along, turning somersaults along the side of the building. And it broke a

6 7

3

5

10

12

11

13 14

15

16 17

18

19

21

22

23

whole lot of windows. It knocked out window panes all the
way down on its fall of forty stories. But it made such a
hullaballoo that the folks down below had time to see it coming.

And -- when they saw that sigh seventy-five feet long -- and forty feet high -- coming, they uttered my nightly refrain, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

2-1-31-5M