

Lowell Thomas Literary Digest Broadcast  
Tuesday, September 30, 1930.

---

Announcer:-

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.

The Literary Digest speaking - to announce Lowell Thomas, the Digest 's new radio voice informing and entertaining you with the latest news of the day.

There are very few parts of the world where news comes from that Lowell Thomas has not seen either as a war correspondent, or traveler and explorer.

One of the most famous newspaper publishers in the world said of Lowell Thomas: "He saw more of the World War than any other man."

His opportunities to earn this tribute were unusual.

During the World War he was attached in turn to the Belgian, French, Italian, Serbian, American,

British and Arabian armies.

Although there had been romance aplenty in his life up to this time, the real atmosphere of the Arabian Nights came over it when he accompanied General Allenby during the conquest of Palestine and when he discovered and told the world of the amazing career of Colonel Lawrence, the British mystery man of Arabia.

More adventure and more danger he met in his two years' exploration of some of the wildest corners of Southern and Central Asia.

We now present Lowell Thomas.

-----

Politics

Hello, well | Roosevelt has been nominated. I suppose you all know that by now.

Al Smith and Franklin Roosevelt are the Alfonse and Gaston of modern politics. Franklin Roosevelt twice nominated Al for the presidency, and again today the tables were turned when Al nominated Roosevelt for governor of New York, for a second term.



With wild enthusiasm, the Democratic State Convention at Syracuse adopted Roosevelt as its candidate for Governor. The Democrats say that Al Smith's nomination of Roosevelt will start the latter on the road to the White House in 1932.

Was Al Smith's speech wet? I'll say it was! Even more so than the announcement of the Republican candidate, Mr. Tuttle. Al Smith stopped building the tallest skyscraper in the world, came out of his political seclusion, and dictated -- so the political dopesters say -- a repeal plank for return of liquor control to the states -- with no ifs, ands or buts.

Meantime, the dry organizations -- left out in the cold by both major parties -- retaliated by announcing they would back Robert Carroll, a Syracuse University professor, for the governorship.

But if Governor Roosevelt did quietly allow Al to dictate the liquor plank up at Syracuse, he was not so quiet on another matter. You will recall that seventeen or more Tammany men recently refused to testify before the New York grand jury. That is,

they wouldn't testify unless promised personal immunity. The jury is investigating charges that jobs are sold right and left, and their investigation seems to have New York by the ears.

"What do you mean by immunity?" demanded Governor Roosevelt.

So Mayor Walker declared that these members of Tammany Hall were to come out and speak up. They were all up at the state convention, and the report tonight is that Mayor Walker is waiting for their return tomorrow, when he will crack the whip and make them tell whatever they know.

But all the political fireworks today have been by no means Democratic. Secretary of Interior Wilbur came out with a flat, straight-from-the-shoulder denial of the charge that his department has been permitting the great oil companies to put over a \$40,000,000 oil grab out in Colorado. Shades of the oil scandals of the Harding administration are rising -- at least in Democratic minds.

Representative Garner, the latest Texas Cyclone, has been stirring up excitement with his charges that seventeen millionaire pillars of the Republican party have been granted income tax refunds totalling



one hundred million dollars. The G.O.P. leaders have been returning the fire today. Congressman Wood of Indiana scorchingly brands the accusation as "rank insinuation". He also says: "What about Raskob, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and the gigantic tax refund that he got?" Well, we are nearing election time, and all of these verbal bombs and high explosive shells are just part of the game.

-----

From England comes the report of the death of Lord Birkenhead, long one of the mainstays of the British Imperial Government, and one of the most glamorous and dramatic figures of our time. Writer, orator, statesman, and Beau Brummel. He was the prosecutor at the trial of Sir Roger Casement, the Irishman who was hanged after making a vain attempt to free Ireland with German aid during the World War. The Earl of Birkenhead, former Under-secretary of State for India, Lord High Chancellor of England, presiding officer of the House of Lords -- and he was born plain F. E. Smith.

-----

A distinguished visitor arrived in this country today -- General Gouraud, one of the heroes of the World War. With his one arm, he stands a strikingly martial figure, and a figure typical of France. Two incidents in his career are unforgettable. One was at Gallipoli, when a Turkish shell blew his right arm to bits. The other was in France, when he decorated a wounded American soldier, a colored man from Alabama. As is the French custom, the General bent over the prostrate colored lad and kissed him. The wounded man let out a terrible yell, and almost jumped out of his hospital cot.

"Man, yo' git right away frum me. Ah don't want no man with no beard to kiss me. No, suh."

But the General had beat him to it.

General Gouraud is here to attend the American Legion annual convention in Boston, and I hope that colored man will be there to greet him.

-----

I have just had a glimpse at the New Literary Digest -- the one that will be on the news-stands



day after tomorrow, and immediately I was reminded of the season of the year, summer gone, the chill of autumn in the air. The cover is a gorgeously reproduced painting of flowers shot through with the tones of autumn -- the green and gayety of summer turning into the brilliant, slightly melancholy tints of fall. The painting is by Dorothy Ochtman, and appropriately called "Autumn Light".

-----

In a spread of up-to-the-minute articles I see one that takes us back to what seems a long time ago -- the famous monkey trial at Dayton, Tennessee. The anti-evolutionist university conceived by William Jennings Bryan has opened its doors. The prospectus, as reprinted in the Literary Digest, is certainly Fundamental. You will find it interesting.

-----

Cousins, Financial Editor of the International News Service, runs this story:

"Thrown into confusion by the dumping of

thousands of shares on the market in the late trading today, the stock market broke to the lowest prices of the current movement with losses of one to eight point records at various sections of the list. Announcement of the suspension of a Wall Street house for insolvency spread fears of the possibility of similar weakness in other prominent members of the Stock Exchange. An avalanche of selling orders struck the market. Four and a half million shares of stocks changed hands in the largest trading day since June."

-----

The world-famous passion play at Oberammergau, Germany, is over for another ten years. This year the unique and spectacular portrayal of the story of the life of Christ from Bethlehem to Calvary was given eighty times -- a record, by the way. 383,000 persons from all over the world saw the great spectacle. The receipts exceeded one million, two hundred thousand dollars. A sixth of that came out of the pockets of fifty thousand Americans who were there.

Among the spectators was our own Henry Ford and his wife. So delighted was the automobile king



that he gave a flivver to Anton Lang (long famous in the role of Christ). And now in the soft moonlight, to the tinkle of monastery bells, high up in the snowclad Bavarian Alps, the Thespian Christ and Pontius Pilate, the Oberammergau Judas and Mary Magdalene climb into their Ford at night and chug home.

I used to know Anton Lang and his picturesque fellow townsmen. Back in 1918, when the World War ended, I crawled through the lines to see what had been going on in Central Europe. And on Christmas Day I went to Oberammergau and brought the first news from the outside world to the Passion Players.

-----

Here's a Flash: - Captain Hawks today set a new speed record of 256 miles an hour in a flight from Detroit to New York.

-----

### Afghan story

The A. P. carries a story that has a special interest for me. It concerns an oriental monarch and his jewels. The A. P. correspondent in Teheran,

Persia, today flashed a wireless across the world stating that the Afghans are demanding that their former king, Amanullah Khan, divy up the Afghan crown jewels and send them back to Kabul, so Nadir Khan, the new king, can use them. You doubtless will recall that Amanullah Khan was deposed from his Central Asian throne last year. I knew him and was his guest before he was ousted. Afghanistan is one of the so-called forbidden countries of the world.

While Amanullah Khan was still king out there, and when he was still wearing these state jewels that the Afghans are now demanding, I tried to get into Afghanistan. But they wanted no travelers there. However, after trying for two years Amanullah relented, sent a camel courier down from the mountains of Central Asia, and invited me to his court. I journeyed through Khyber Pass, the most strongly fortified mountain gorge in the world, and then plunged into the Afghan desert. When we got to Kabul -- or Kabool as we used to call it in school -- King Amanullah placed one of his palaces at our disposal.



Afghanistan is the most orthodox Mohammedan country in the world. An Afghan will often go wild with religious frenzy, and when that happens ~~to him~~ he is called a ghazi -- a conqueror -- and he starts out with a knife in his hand, his mind made up not to stop until he kills an unbeliever, preferably a dog of a Christian. So whenever we wanted to prowl around the romantic but rather dark and sinister bazaars of Kabul, King Amanullah would insist on sending his personal bodyguard along -- much to our satisfaction!

Well, when Amanullah fled from Afghanistan with the jewels that his people now insist upon having returned, he got away just in time. The Afghans are now calling Amanullah hard names for taking the State diamonds and rubies and emeralds. But when I was with him they called him "The Light of the World". They kept right on calling him that until he made the mistake of leaving his country for a trip to Paris. In fact Amanullah was the first Afghan monarch ever to visit the outside world. But Amanullah and his Queen wanted to see Paris and the wonders of Europe. And when they

arrived in Europe the King took off his bulging turban, his loop-the-loop shoes and his baggy pantaloons, and he bought himself a silk topper, a tail coat, striped trousers, spats and a cane. You should have seen Amanullah in Paris! But that wasn't the half of it. The Queen took off her veil, and appeared in knee-length Parisian frocks. She was easy to look at too. But Amanullah's enemies got hold of pictures of them dressed like that. The pictures were rushed back to Central Asia. Thousands of copies were spread about the country, and when Amanullah got home with his top hat and all of his comical new western ideas, the warlike Afghans shook their heads, stroked their beards and got busy. They quickly pushed him off the throne. But he was luckier than most Afghan kings, for he escaped without having his throat slit. Poor fellow, he got away with only about fifty million dollars, and now he lives in retirement in Europe, on the Italian Riviera.

It's a long way from Italy to Afghanistan so maybe Amanullah will laugh at his former subjects and refuse to return the crown jewels. Knowing the



Afghans as I do, if I were Amanullah Khan I think I'd give them up. Yes, boy! Because if he doesn't - - well, some Afghan knifeman may come half way round the world to get them! And he may do it stealthily. And I can think of a lot of unhealthy things that might happen to Amanullah, on a dark night.

-----

Women

Switching from Afghan queens to queens in our own country, women certainly are coming into their own. We've known that a long time. But this time it's nothing so ordinary as ballots and public office. Advices from Paris carry the report that the French Tobacco Monopoly has put on sale a cigar made and designed particularly for the ladies. There are more than 100,000 women cigar smokers in France, say those who know. Just how the new cigar for women differs from the old stogie the men have used all these years, the report sayeth not. Presumably, it has a baby blue ribbon instead of a band.

-----

Ha, here's a pippin. Unless all signs fail, the United States is to have a beauty "czar". The same as Judge Landis in baseball and Will Hayes in Hollywood. There is an American Beauty Congress, meeting in New York today, and the representatives are having quite an argument over the beauty czar idea. The idea is for the "czar" to regulate prices of massages and permanent waves, and strive to replace girl beauty workers with men. It seems men are far better beauticians -- yes, beauticians is what you are supposed to call them. There are 45,000 beauty shops in these United States, and the delegates say they haven't been hit by that old bugaboo, business depression. That's real good news. We want beautiful girls around us all the time -- and particularly in hard times.

-----

Yes, and here is even better news for some. Dr. Louise Powell Brown, of Hunter College, says that girls should go to parties. It isn't the girl who goes to too many parties that has trouble in the class room, she declares. On the contrary,



the faculty at Hunter College has its worst moments with the lass who doesn't go to parties, but who burns the midnight oil and then appears in class next day all fagged out. So, hop to it, girls. Dr. Brown says it's O.K.

-----

### Shorts

A few freak flashes come clowning along.

Here they are:

A Detroit man had twenty hens and a rooster, and the neighbors complained to the police about the cackling and crowing. Thereupon the chicken fancier went out and bought four more roosters, a phonograph with a loud-speaking horn, and a fire bell. He turned the four roosters loose to add their crowing to the previous barnyard disturbance. He put the loud-speaking phonograph in his window, horn facing the neighbors, and played a Swiss yodelling record all day. He hung the fire gong up in the back yard and at midnight hammered it with all his might for an hour or two. Well, you can be the jury. How long? Ten years? It's not enough.

-----

Harry Olson of Chicago had his automobile stolen, and turned hitch-hiker to get a ride home. He was picked up by his own car, in which was the man who had stolen it. That's luck, Harry.

-----

Add this to your list of Scotch stories: Four residents of Aberdeen are touring their country in a second-hand hearse which they picked up cheap at an auction.

-----

Out in Oklahoma some archaeologists were making excavations and found three live toads in an ancient Indian mound built at least three hundred years ago. The toads took their release from three centuries of imprisonment quite calmly and hopped off to see the world.

-----

A pair of dice have been found by scientists of the Field Museum which were used in the time of Cleopatra. Apparently rolling the bones was merely another in the long list of accomplishments



of the Enchantress of the Nile. Anyway, now we know why they call them African dominoes.

-----

A cafeteria garage has been started out in Kansas. Motorists can save money by helping themselves to tools and equipment and making their own repairs. Then, after they have done their best, they can visit a non-cafeteria garage and have their machines put together.

-----

Word comes from Portland, Oregon, that bears have eaten more than four hundred dollars' worth of road signs in the last year. It might not be a bad idea to bring a few of those bears East and turn them loose on our billboards and hot dog stands.

-----

Here's another flash:-

President von Hindenburg is going to have his salary cut twenty percent. That may add one more revolutionist to Germany's long list.

-----

News Item of the Day

As I've been tearing through the papers and dispatches, one short article in particular held my attention. You know, I'm selecting each day the bit of news that hits me the hardest, not the most important, necessarily, or the most spectacular, but the most interesting -- the news item of the day. Well, the inconspicuous item I have selected today is a story to hearten us and give us a fresh confidence in the much condemned new generation.

A family lived over in Brooklyn. Sarako was the name. A mother and her five children. The father, in the course of domestic troubles, had pulled up stakes and left them flat. He vanished. The mother worked and supported the children as best she could. Two years ago she became ill and bed-ridden. The oldest child was a boy, William by name, who was sixteen. He got a job as a tailor's helper, and with the small wages he earned he supported his mother and four brothers and sisters.

For two years Bill played the part of the father, and then a week ago a further misfortune



came, which compelled him to play the part of the mother too. The long-ailing woman died. The lad, now eighteen, went right ahead, carrying on. The brood of orphans remained in their stuffy tenement. Every morning Bill fixed breakfast for the younger ones -- as good a breakfast as he could afford -- and then he got them ready for school. Then he went to the tailor's shop and worked all day. At night he came home, gave them all the dinner he could scrape up, and then put them to bed.

The neighbors noticed this, helped the boy as best they could, and then reported the case to the local police station. They said this burden was too much for an eighteen-year-old boy to bear. The lieutenant thought so too. He rounded up the youngsters and took them to the Children's Society. They are being taken care of for the present -- and here's hoping something real will be done for them -- especially Bill. I'd be proud to be that boy.

I wonder how you like this idea of picking a news item of the day. For me there is a real

thrill in it -- finding the story that somehow hits me hardest -- guessing what it will be tomorrow. Of course, what is the most interesting to one may not be the most interesting to another. Some prefer comedy, others pathos, adventure, science, romance, important events. What's your choice? It's always interesting to get the other fellow's slant. And that gives me an idea. Tomorrow I'm going to ask someone else to do the picking. Let's see. Just before I go on the air I'll put my sheaf of news before the editors of the Literary Digest and ask them to pick out the news item of the day. I wonder what they'll select. And let's see if we'll all agree with them. Good night.

-----

Closing Announcement

That was Lowell Thomas, ladies and gentlemen, the new Radio Voice of the Literary Digest, the world's foremost news weekly.

The colorful career of Lowell Thomas is so closely woven with stirring events in many strange



lands that his daily news stories seem to take us, as on a magic carpet, to all parts of the world.

To make it easy for everybody to locate the scenes where the big events are happening, the publishers of the Literary Digest are now offering a new World Atlas with a special trial subscription for the Literary Digest.

The complete details of this amazing offer are being mailed all over the country as fast as possible. Half a million went out yesterday to people in New York City, and more than a million go out today to people in the states of New York and New Jersey. Be sure to watch your mail tomorrow, New Yorkers and Jersey folks, for that important letter from the Literary Digest. It will tell you all about that new World Atlas, and how to get it.

You are invited to be the guest of the Literary Digest at this same hour tomorrow night, to hear again Lowell Thomas, world-famous war correspondent, traveler, and explorer, who presents to you the latest news of the day.

\*\*\*