LOWELL THOMAS' BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1931

AUTOMOBILE

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

Let's chalk down a new speed record. A man drove an automobile today faster than an automobile has ever been driven before.

At Daytona Beach, In Florida, Captain Malcolm Campbell took a slant around this afternoon and said things didn't look so good. There were little wavelets of sand on the beach speedway.

The sun was shining, but there was a haze and he couldn't see more than half a mile ahead. Still, 10,000 people were gathered expecting the Captain to go out and break the record, and the Captain wanted to oblige.

So down the track he roared in that tremendously powered racing car of his. 231 miles an hour was the fastest an auto had ever been driven before, with official timing. According to the International News Service, Captain Campbell today drove at an official speed of nearly 246 miles an hour, while the huge crowd looked on in gaping amazement.

Now I wonder how long that record will stand?

This evening a giant airship is at anchor at Guantanomo Bay. The American dirigible Los Angeles is on its way to take part in maneuvers of the American fleet in tropical waters. The big ship left Lakehurst, New Jersey, last night. An International News Service correspondent is aboard, and he reports that the big airship expected to arrive at Guantanemo at about sundown today.

And down at Mitchell Field, on Long Island, this afternoon a small airplane appeared in the sky escorted by a squadron of bigger planes. The little plane landed on the field and a young woman stepped out. She is Mrs. Victor Bruce, an English woman who set out on a trip around the world from London last September. She's been at it ever since flying over land and crossing oceans by ship. Now she's on the home stretch.

Now for one that

of wartime when every so often there would be a move for peace. Here's another peace move--down in Washington. Republican and Democrate leaders of the House of Representatives and the Senate got together today and agreed on another compromise.

According to the Associated Press, the plan is to add \$25,000,000 to the \$25,000,000 already appropriated to enable the farmers to buy me seed and fodder. And then to make more elastic the conditions under which the seed and to the farmers in the drought stricken regions. In other words, the idea is to let the farmer have a little more leeway in spending the money which he gets from the government.

This proposal is to be submitted to President Hoover. Well, President Hoover turned down one compromise yesterday, and the only thing to do is to wait and see how this one appeals to him.

pause for a moment and

Let's pay a heart-felt tribute to H. M. Blodgett of Aberdeen, Washington. He certainly has that old gift of stick-to-it-iveness which we have all heard about.

During the past year Mr.

Blodgett has played twelve hundred and ninety-six games of Solitaire. And that must be a record.

And here's something else that must be a record. Out of those twelve hundred and ninety-six games of Solitaire Mr. Blodgett has beaten the game only sixteen times.

That's not only stick-to-it-iveness. It's also that remarkable quality of not knowing when you're licked.

over the country.

fere is a late item about

the steel industry. The International

Steel Corporation has merged with the

McClintick-Marshall Corporation. And

this means a lot to business men all

News Service reports that the Bethelehem

There has been a big merger in

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Home, all you members of the Tall Story Club, pull up your chairs, and listen to this one. I suppose the story is true, all right. But I've an idea that if a yarn is wild enough it doesn't dumm matter whether it's true or not. Even if it actually happened it may still be worthy of a place in the noble and illustrious list of tall stories.

Stephen Loughman, of Pawling, New York--and that makes him a neighbor of mine -- writes about a friend of whis who went from Brooklyn up to the Bronx in New York City one night. Brooklynites are curious people and mm Mr. Loughman's friend thought he was going into the wilds. and so he took a pistol with him He was riding on a crowded man trolley and in the jam a man jostled him. And then that man hurried out of the car and started down the street.

Mr. Loughman's friend instantly thought of pickpockets. And He felt for his watch. His watch wasn't there. And he just went tearing through the crowd,

jumped off the car, and ran after the man who was going down the dark street. He had his gun out, and he put the muzzle against the man's side and said: "Give me that watch!" The man instantly forked over the watch. Mr. Loughman's friend put it in his pocket. He didn't want any more bother, so he just hailed a taxi and went back to Brooklyn.

When he got home his wife said:
"Say, you'll be forgetting your head
some day. You left your watch on the
dresser upstairs."

Mr. Loughman's /x mr looked at the watch he had taken from the other man and flopped into a chair, realizing that quite unwittingly he had been a hold-up man and a robber.

Well, that may have happened, all right. But it's a fine tall story just the same.

Russia chimes into the evening's news with a war-like Communistic rumble.

Stalin, the Red Dictator, made a threatening speech before an industrial conference over in Moscow. According to the International News Service, Stalin was very belligerent, although he never is exactly meek and mild. He malled for action:

LET US FAN THE FLAMES OF WORLD REVOLUTION; he shouted, AND WE WILL OVERTURN THE WHOLE WORLD.

Well, maybe so, Woseph. But again, maybe not.

Meanwhile, a report about the food situation in Russia has been issued by the Soviets. They promise that Russians will get a little more to eat next year. than they've got now. The workers will get 10% more in calories. The manual workers, who are the favored class, will be able to get as much as 2‡ pounds of bread a day, and that's a lot according to Soviet standards.

They say that this next incident was <u>not</u> an attempt on the life of Mussolini.

A young Sardinian who had lived in the United States for a while, was arrested in Rome. At the police station he drew a pistol and opened fire. These policemen were wounded, one seriously. Then the prisoner shot and wounded himself.

According to the Associated
Press the police found two bombs in his
room. There was a rumor that the
prisoner had made an attempt
on the life of Mussolini, but this
is positively denied by the authorities.

acrosa the Mediterranean,

among the sandy wastes of the Sahara Desert a stately ceremony has been held. In a magnificent fairy book palace amid the brilliant sands a group of smart French of ficers came to salute in front of an old sheik of the desert. One officer stepped forward and pinned the medaille mil of France on the white bernouse of the old Lord of the Desert. He is the Lord of the Atlas Mountains and his name IS EL HADJ THAMI BEN MAHOMED MEZOUARI EL GLAOUI. PACHA OF MARRAKECH. and the French say that they owe much of their great dominion in North Africa to this same Pacha of Marrakech.

He is the absolute monarch over thousands of square miles of the Sahara, deserts, and has the power of life and death over half a million Moorish tribesmen. He has a large harem and more than * a hundred and fifty wives, and his palace is a marvel of the desert.

When the World War broke out
Marshalk Lyautey represented the power

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of France in the heart of the desert. The Marshal was in command of a small body of French troops. He sent a message to the Pacha of Marrakech asking him to come for a conference. The Pacha paid no attention to the invitation. The Marshal sent a second summons, and it was unanswered. Then the Marshal sent a third message which read like this:

YOU DO NOT COME, I WILL KNIKKXXX GET YOU AND SARES YOU ARE IN THAT CAGE.

The Pacha was amused by the boldness of the Frenchman who had only a handful of soldiers. He obeyed the summons and went to call on the Marshal accompanied by a whole army of his fighting tribesmen. The Marshal received him with honors. He sent a whole squadron of dancing girls to scatter roses along the path of the old Sheik. Then the Marshal said to the Pacha:

WE ARE AT WAR WITH GERMANY. HOW

DO YOU STAND?

The Pacha replied:

WITHDRAW YOUR MEN FROM MY
COUNTRY AND I PROMISE YOU WE WILL BE
ON THE SIDE OF FRANCE, AND WILL KEEP
THE GERMANS FROM COMING INTO THE LAND.

So the French withdrew their soldiers and the old Pacha was the soldiers and the old Pacha was the his word. He kept that great territory loyal to France. Naturally the French were grateful. Each year they sent the Pacha two magnificent automobiles. The old RXXXXXX Sheik visits Paris each year and he is growing very fond of golf. The United Press informs us that he shoots a good game. And now France has honored him with the his prized medaile Militaire.

This afternoon I heard a hearty
laugh, a real ringing chuckle right off
the funny bone. And I thought right off
when a man has a whole-souled laugh like
that, it's no wonder that he was voted
time and again the most popular professor
at New York University.

The man in question was Charles Gray Shaw. He's tall, and has a Van Dyke beard, and a magnificent intellectual head.

He's a dignified and learned man, but what a human and humorous chap he is.

I was interested in meeting him, because I had just acquired a copy of a book of his called "The Road to Culture." I had dipped into it and it caught my imagination. In fact I hope to read most of it when I go home tonight. Anyway, I was curious about the man who had written "The Road to Culture." What sort of a fellow was he?

Well, I got my answer in that rib-shaking, whole-hearted laugh.

He was sitting in my office and glancing idly through a sheaf of news dispatches.

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"Look here, old man!" the genial 2 Professor shouted. "You see things like 3 this in the movies, but the most amusing thing in the world is life."

I looked at the dispatch which had so heartily amused the author of "The Road to Culture", and it certainly was a story better than the movies. In fact. I'll recommend this story about Berlin policemen to some producer who's getting up one of those screen comedies full of funny cops.

A burglar burgled a house over in Berlin. He was climbing up a wall. The cops saw him. And they climbed right up that wall after him. But the burglar then jumped down and went scooting off.

Did the cops jump after him and continue the chase? Oh, no! Nothing doing! They didn't like the idea. It was too high. They work up on/that wall -but they couldn't get down. According to the International News Service, the fire department was called, and the firemen up a ladder to rescue those courageous cops "I only wish I'd been there to see

that", laughed Professor Shaw. "And by the way, why don't you use that story as your News Item of the Day?"

"Right you are, Professor," we'll do just that."

And I think we'll all agree with what Professor Shaw tells us - that a sense of humor is a valuable asset to all who want to journey along "The Road to Culture."

begins with a vividly descriptive lines which reals: A TOOTHLESS, SCRAWNY, HALF NAKED WISP OF A MAN WHO HOLDS THE FATES OF SCORES OF MILLIONS IN HIS EMACIATED HAND.

of course, you know who that
is - the amazing little Hindu Mahatma
Gandhi. The Digest in article on
Gandhi characterizes him further as
the sixty-one-year-old, ninety-six-pound,
bird-seed-eating xx man.

Gandhi, as you know, was recently let out of prison, and the Digest tells us that the British prison officers were greatly bothered by his

peculiar diet. Always a strict
vegetarian, he gave up even milk, and
in his life in jail existed on a daily
meal of a handful of cracked corn and
bird seed flavored with raisins.

And then in this pen picture of the astonishing Mahatma, the Digest MXXXX goes on to give a sharply pointed analysis of the secret of Gandhi's power. His two-edged sword, says the Digest, is non-cooperation and non-violence. Where force would lose, his gentleness wins. He symbolizes the terrific MXXX might of meekness.

And now for the almost fantastic bit of contrast that I mentioned.

The new Digest in a second article gives a pen portrait of another personality, a striking figure that stands squarely in opposition to the bird-seed-eating holy man. Here are two leaders of battling for oes, and they make an almost impossible contrast.

But wait a minute. My time is about up. I'll have to let that second

personality go until tomorrow. Times up, so he'll have to wait until our next session.

Oh, by the way, I had intended to tell you about an interesting telephone call today. It was from a man who is more than a 100 years old. He is Leprelet Logee, the oldest Mason in the country. He is celebrating his 105th birthday up in Charlton, Massachusetts. Well, I hope you all live to be a hundred and five - and,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.