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Lowell Thomas Broadcast for the Literary Digeste Thursday, January 28, 1932.

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

Well that important news from the Far East we were expecting last night, certainly came through today. Shanghai, the New York of the China Coast, is a scene of battle tonight. The armed forces of the Mikado seized Shanghai today. Bitter fighting has been going on, a battle with machine guns in the crooked, crowded quarters. And there were bombs from the sky.)

At first it looked as if there wouldn't be any trouble. The Associated Press tells how the Chinese authorities at Shanghai seemed to give in on every point to the demands of the Japanese, but just the same, the Commander of the large Japanese naval flotilla lying in the harbor, was not satisfied.

The Japanese ultimatum expired at midnight, and at just about that time the fighting began. The warships

a a a a a a b om bardment on the forts which guard the harbor of Shanghai. 3 The big buns belched flame, and the heavy shells went screaming and struck 5 the forts with deafening bursts. And so the Woosung Forts, famous in the 7 history of China, were silenced by the 8 gx big guns of the warships. At the same time landing parties of militons went ashore ships, and they fought 11 their way into the Chinese city. 12

Through the darkness, and the 13 black shadows ex streets advanced the 14 little men of Nippon, seizing houses, 15 capturing Chinese soldiers and disarming them.

The battle was fought largely with machine guns. When day came the Japanese rapidly took possession of most of the Chinese city. The soldiers of China made a determined stand behind the Roukasan Gardens, a popular resort in Shanghai, and bitter fighting took place. They also made a determined standat A late dispatch of the United

rth Station, which is strategical

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mportant. That was when the Jap

airplanes went into action. Now the 2 United Press declares that the North 3 Station has fallen. The Chinese fought well, but when the bombs came raining out of the sky that was too much.

During the battle bullets fell in the International Settlement, the sfamous section of Shanghai.

A United Press wire from Washington 10 declares that the United States is determined that the Japanese in their occupation of Shanghai, shall not seize the International Settlement. There is mention too of the Open Door, with warnings that the Japanese must not interfere with the commerce of other nations in China, -- in other words, they must not try to close the Shanghai door to other folks! business.

The authorities at Tokio are said to be annoyed by the fact that the government at Washington has published documents relating to negotiations between the United States and Japan on the subject of Manchuria. One suggestion

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has been that the neutral nations of the world might undertake economic measures against Japan. That would mean a boycott by the United States and other countries. The hint is given in Tokio that if any boycott were declared was against Japan, why the Tokio government would break diplomatic relations with any country involved.

Well, the whole world is watching --- wondering what is going to happen next on the China Coast.

9.9.31 - 51.0

All the news to be told this evening about the lost British submarine, the M12, consists of rumors. Le search has been going on but the mis sing under-sea craft has not been found.

One report was given today by the Captain of the Danish Schooner. He declares that on Tuesday night, when the submarine disappeared he saw strange lights on the sea, followed by two explosions like the detonations of a big gun. The position he gives for the supposed explosions would fit the general stretch of the North Sea Channel where the MA2 was operating.

Another report, passed along by
the Associated Press, tells of the
discovery of a great patch of oil on
the Channel. The ships that have been
searching steamed to the sea and started
the hunt over the bottom. But until now
no definite word has come through about
the vanished under-sea boat and hope for
the sixty men aboard is almost at zero.

Another kidnapping case has come to a close, and they say that no man ransom was paid. This ends a wholesale police hunt throughout northern Indiana and Illinois. Howard A. Wolverton of South Bend, Indtana, has returned home. after being kidnapped and held for 8 50,000 dollars ransom. He has come back exhausted and unnerved by the ordeal 10 through which he passed.

The kidnappers captured him and 12 took him, blindfolded, to a house somewhere. They told him he must pay 13 50.000. dollars. He said he couldn't -he didn't have that much money. Apparently, the kidnappers became convinced of the truth of this. But 17 18 Wolverton didn't know that. They told him they were going to take him for a ride, and he thought his end had come. They blindfolded him, and put him in a car, and drove him around for a long time. The Associated Press describes how, near Michigan City, Indiana, they released him and told him to go home.

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It looks as if those new taxes that are coming will not be retroactive. An Associated Press wire from Washington m declares that the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee agreed 6 today that the new and heavier taxes will not apply to incomes received before the date the new tax law goes into effect. In other words, we won't have to pay those increased taxes on our incomes for 1931.

Speaker of the House Garner issued this afternoon a statement, saying that in the Tax Bill which the Democrats are preparing, that retroactive angle will be eliminated.

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9.9-31-5M

I had a reat sentimental thrill today. How come? Well, the reason for that thrill will be displayed on all the news stands tomerrow. It's a painting in warm, vivid colors. It shows a lovely tropical harbor, with mountains in the background, and palm trees on the left. In the foreground is the wall of an old fort, and on it are six cannons of a bygone day, those antique mussle-loaders that used to shoot cannon-balls.

Well, when I got my advance copy of the new Literary Digest, that picture, which is on the cover, made me sit back and do a bit of reminiscing. The picture, painted by the Scottish artist William Rigg, shows the old fort at Antigua, a town in the British West Indies. No, I have never been to that particular island, but those old cannons reminded me of Santo Domingo. I made a voyage to Santo Domingo several years ago aboard the big sailing ship navigated by Count Luckner, the Sea Devil. We put into Santo Domingo, and after running

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on a mud-bank, we came to anchor under the frowning walls of the massive castle built by the son of Christopher Columbus. of course, we went rambling around the ancient fortress. We were told a story about how upon one warlike occasion a number of cannons had been thrown off 8 the walls and into the water just below 9 -- to save them from the enemy, or 10 m something like that. And as we looked down into the clear water, which 12 sparkled like crystal, we could see 13 dimly on the bottom the forms of those 14 ancient guns, relics of the great age of 15 discovery.

We all felt a pleasant antiquarian interest -- especially Sherm -- although 18 I'm not quite sure that Sherm has any antiquarian or archeological passions in the depths of his soul.

Now Sherm is my motion-picture operator. He is a youth whose mind is 22 commonly devoted, with a magnificent singleness of purpose, to such questions as, "When do we eat?" or "What are we

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My gallant assistant, named Sherm, waited until none of the local soldiers or police were around, and then he proceeded to dive. Pe is a magnificent swimmer. Pe may even have had the idea 6 that he could bring up one of those huge pieces of artillery. He couldn 't do that, of course, but after a number of attempts, including some really firstrate diving, he discovered on the bottom a small cannon, about a foot and a half or two feet long. Then, with truly heroic labor, he dug it out of the mud and brought it up.

It was a marvelous bit of antiquity and history, rusted heavily by sea-water, and bearing eloquent marks of great age.

A little more than a year ago when I went to Chicago to broadcast for a couple of weeks, I took the cannon along with me, intending to present it to Burt Massee of the Chicago Geographical Society. But when we took our baggage off at Chicago the cannon was missing, and it's still missing.

So that s why when I saw that old fort with those splendid-looking ancient guns on the cover of the new Literary Digest, that came out today, it brought back memories of Santo Domingo, the castle of Columbus, and that cannon fished from the sea.

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There is an exceedingly human and slightly whimsical story behind a gala event that is taking place at the New Metropolitan Opera House tonight. The Metropolitan is performing an opera called "Simon Boccanegra," by the composer Verdi.

The tale to be told relates how that particular opera was the composer's favorite, but it never made wuch 11 4a success.

Verdi wrote the opera in his vigorous maturity, shortly after he had achie ved ovations with "Rigoletto" and "II Trovatore."

He thought "Simon Beccanegra" was one of the best things he ever wrote, but When it was produced it fell flat. That didn't make him lose faith in it. He loved that unsuccessful opera all the better. At other performances, however, it still fell flat.

Twenty years went by, and "Simon Boccanegra" seemed to be as dead as an opera can be. But Verdi ne ver gave up

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hope. He kept the score in his trunk, and still thought it some of the best music he had ever written.

Then in his old age, when he was one of the most famous figures in music, he resurrected the old opera. He changed it polished it up a bit.

And "Simon Boccanegra" was produced again, and once more it failed to make a success that Verdi hoped for.

The great composer died with that beloved opera of his still a comparative failure.

And now, many years later, in a land across Simon Boc canegra" is getting another chance, and it may be that Verdi's dearest hope may be fulfilled, while the dearest hope may be fulfilled, tens the world of after he has passed into the world of the Shades.

Now comes a question about Moses. No, it isn't that old puzzler -- Where was Moses when the light went out? This time it's -- Who found Moses in the bulrushes?

Well, we all know it was Pharoah's daughter. But which daughter of which Pharoah? And what was her name? The United Press (quotes Professor

John Garstang, a British archeologist. as declaring that Moses was found in the bulrushes by Princess Hatasu. It is claimed that this fact has been discovered in the course of excavations made at the site of the ancient city of Jericho, that same Jericho whose walls fell down when the Israelites blew a blast on their trumpets.

The Professor goes on and tells how Princess Hatasu was the greatest woman in Egyptian history. She ruled over the land in partnership with Pharoah Thotmes the Third. Thotmes afterwards was one of the greatest Egyptian conquerors. He was a sort of Napoleon of his time. But as

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long as he had the Princess Hatasu for a partner he was considerably handicapped by the dominance of that masterful lady. 4 He hated her bitterly, and after she had passed from the scene he had her 6 obliterated from all the great monuments 7 she had erected.

Well, the story that seems to be grevealed by the excavations of Jericho 10 is that Princess Hatasu made Moses an in important court official. He was one of her principal supporters. After she died 13 Moses naturally wasn't any too popular 14 with Pharoah Thotmes. That's why he had to flee to the desert for forty years.

The dispatch concludes with the statement that in the tombs of the ancient Kings of Jericho various evidences 18 where discovered confirming a number of dates of Old Testament events.

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Here's a story that most of the papers today have been carrying - its that unusual. My admiration goes to everybody concerned, except the cobra.

One of the cells of the prison at Puna in India is occupied by L. B. Bhopatkar, one of the co-workers of Mahatma Gandhi. A prison guard happened to see that there was a large cobra in the cell with the prisoner. He called a warning - "A cobra. Don't move. Don't move. "

And the prisoner didn't move. Le He remained stock still while the deadly reptile coiled and swayed before him, with hood spread out, If he had moved the snake would have struck, and the bite of a cobra is deadly.

And so the still, silent, immensely dramatic pantomine was enacted in the cell, while the guard ran and fetched a club. Then he entered the cell and killed the cobra with a club.

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At Irvington, New Jersey, two detectives had a warrant against Meyer Rosenburg, and went to arrest him. They saw Meyer driving along in his car and ordered him to stop. Instead, Meyer stepped on the gas, and went buzzing away. The detectives opened fire with their pistols. Four bullets hit the car. One of them went through Meyer's hat.

Meyer just stepped on the gas some more and went speeding to the local police station. He rushed in and gasped out breathlessly that two racketeers had been shooting at him.

The story, as related by the New York Sun, comes to a natural conclusion. When Meyer told who he was, the cops said: "Oh yes, yes indeed." The two supposed racketeers, appeared presently and Meyer was left to think things over in a nice comfortable cell.

a gentleman who stepped on the gas.

But, well, I've got to step on too. and s-l-u-to-m

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