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Lowell Thomas' Broadcast for The Literary Digest. Thursday, April 9, 1931.

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#### Good Evening, Everybodyl

In Washington and all over the country there are people who wonder was it a premonition. Members of the House of Representatives of the United States are vividly remembering a speech that was made a little over a month ago, March 4th. That speech, the International News Service reminds us, was made to the members of the House of contestives and in it occurred these words:

PERHAPS THIS IS THE LAST TIME ! WILL ADDRESS YOU FROM THIS ROSTRUM. THE DECISION LIES WITH NONE OF US HERE. IT IS A DECISION THAT LIES WITH AN ALL-WISE PROVIDENCE. IT IS ONLY AN ALL-WISE PROVIDENCE WHO IS GOING TO DETERMINE WHICH OF THE TWO GREAT POLITICAL PARTIES WILL ORGANIZE THIS Body.

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

The man who uttered these words was Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was referring to the unsettled political situation and to the possibility that

as a matter of fact the shouting is over right here, that is, it's time for me to follow Chicago's example and lapse into a discreet silence, and we so the say, so long until tomorrow.

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### LONGWORIH

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Good Evening, Everybody!

In Washington and all over the country there are people who wonder—was it a premonition. Members of the House of Representatives of the United States are vividly remembering a speech that was made a little over a month ago, Markh on March 4th. That speech, the International News Service reminds us, was made to the members of the House after the enternational and in it occurred these words:

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HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

The man who uttered these words was Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was referring to the unsettled political situation and to the possibility that

The Democrats might organize the House and elect a new Speaker.

But people are asking was it premonition when he uttered the

words:- PERHAPS THIS IS THE LAST TIME I WILL ADDRESS YOU FROM

THIS ROSTRUM.

It was indeed the last time. From all over the country are pouring in expressions of regret at the passing of Speaker Longworth. On all sides his brilliant career is recalled. The Associated Press reminds us that his marriage to Alice Roosevelt, was one of the famous romances of the White House. The story has been often told of how the personable and genial young man, then at the threshold of a brilliant career, won the dashing Princess Alice.

Thereafter Nicholas Longworth, with his wife ever at his side, rose step by step to a unique position in American public life. He was a brilliant member of Congress and a power in the inner circles of the Republican Party. He became Speaker of the House and was mentioned as a possible candidate for the Presidency.

He had talent. He had also a singularly genial and lovable personality. President Hoover expresses it well today in a telegram of condolences which he sent to Mrs. Longworth.

## LONGWORTH - 3

According to the United Press, the President spoke of Nick Longworth's happiness, his honesty, and his courage.

the Speaker and the former Alice Roosevelt made a charming couple, those years ago, at the brilliant White House wedding. As the years passed over them they seemed to increase in charm. They enjoyed the distinction of being just about the most popular couple in this whole wide land of ours.

A wild and wooly idea comes flashing from Soviet Russia today. According to the United Press, The official Communist newspaper, Pravda, charges that President Hoover was one of the plotters who formed that supposed big international conspiracy against the Soviet Government.

The Bolshevist leaders, as you may recall, have shouted far and wide about an international conspiracy which was supposed to have been headed by prominent French and British statesmen, and also by the mysterious Colonel Lawrence of Arabia. And now they go so far as to drag President Hoover into it.

The Communists point out that the Federal Farm Board has made gam huge purchases of grain. This, as we know, was done in an effort to keep the price of wheat from falling too low. But it doesn't mean anything of the sort to the Bolshevists. They say that the buying of wheat by the Federal Farm Board indicates that President Hoover's part of the big international conspiracy was to provide supplies for the international armies that were to invade Soviet Russia. Just another one of those nightmare pipedreams with which our Bolshevist friends seem to kid themselves.

Now comes something that is wrapped in considerable mystery. A sensational arrest has been made in the Vivian Gor don case, and that case itself kxx is one of the most sensational on record.

A Russian, named Harry Stein, is in the lower charged with the actual killing of the woman who was to have appeared as a witness in New York's ugly vice investigations. The United Press adds that three other men were

Press adds that three other men were arrested along with him.

The latest reports today were that the police weren't saying much about the arrests. There were only a few strange hints. In Vivian Gordon's diary according to the United Press, was a mysterious entry relating to a bank in Oslo, Norway. The men arrested had been in Oslo, Morway.

A valuable fur-coat which Vivian

Gordon was wearing at the time of the

crime was mis sing when her body was

found. The police are said to have the

the trail of the coat and that trail
led to the prisoner Harry Stein.

He protests that he is innocent.

Now comes a story told in figures. The new Literary Digest, the April 11th 3 number which came out today, pays its homage to Knute Rockne.

Immediately after the girplane crash in which the greatest of all 7 football monny coaches lost his life, newspapers all over the country spoke their tribute. The Digest sums it all up in an article packed full of information. That article points out that figures tell Rockne's story better than words.

The Digest editors go to the All Sports Record Book compiled by Frank G. Menke, and give the record of the great coach in one brief summary.

During 13 seasons, from 1918 to 1930 inclusive, Rockne's Notre Dame football teams played 122 games. Of these they won 105; they lost 12; and they tied 5. Yes, sir, those figures certainly do talk.

Then the Digest sums the influence of Rockne on American football,

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and again it's a case of figures. Football is taught by coaches, and it's amazing how many coaches were taught by Rockne. The New York Times is quoted by the Digest editors to show that boom throughout the mmm United States -north, south, east, and west--there are 8 23 head coaches of football who learned the game at Notre Dame. For example, prominent among them are Rip Miller, the old Notre Dame man who this year has been made head coach for the Navy. In addition, there are dozens of Rockne taught pupils serving as assistant coaches in colleges from one end of the country to the other.

Well, as a final tribute to the great genius of football, I know of nothing better than that same line, out of this week's Literary Digest--FIGURES TELL ROCKNE'S STORY, BETTER THAN WORDS.

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Today was a nervous day over in Lisbon, Portugal.

There have been rumors on all sides that a revolution is
scheduled to break out at any moment.

According to the Associated Press, the government is holding its forces in readiness to meet the expected revolt.

All soldiers are being kept in their barracks and under arms, ready to march at an instant's notice and suppress any trouble that may start.

No word has reached Lisbon for 24 hours from the Portugese colony of Angola in Africa. This has caused many people to believe that a revolt has already broken out among the troops who are stationed in the African colony.

Meanwhile, the revolt of the Portugese garrison in the Madeira Islands is in the familiar state of status quo.

The rebellious regiments are in control of the city of Funchal, the capital of the Madeiras. British warships are in the harbor to protect British residents. A report has been flashed to London that Portugese troops, who have been sent to

Madeira, have themselves mutinied, and have refused to fight against the revolting soldiers at Funchal.

A late report from Lisbon states that the rebels have offered to negotiate with the government for an armstice, but the government turned the proposition down.

Well, Lisbon is a beautiful and, ordinarily, a quiet placed old city on the River Tahgus. But it's a nervous city tonight, and I suppose all I can do is report -- all unquiet along the Tahgus.

And, this evening across the sea a great airship is headed southward. It's Germany's giant dirigible, the Graf Zeppelin. She set out today on a jaunt across the Mediterranean, bound for Egypt and Palestine.

According to the Associated Press, this is a trip that
was planned for the big dirgible back in 1929, but it was then
forbidden by the British government. The London authorities
objected to the Graf Zeppelin passing over Egypt, which was in
an unsettled political state.

The Graf made a southern trip at that time, but when she reached the Egyptian border she shifted her course so as not to pass over British protected territory. Dr. Eckener, her commander, smoothed things over by reporting that his ship had simply changed course on account of unfavorable winds.

But now, three years later, the British government has given the Graf Zeppelin permission to visit Egypt. And the big globe trotting silver cigar will land at Cairo on Saturday.

Along comes a story that is reported in Jerusalem and denied in Paris.

The Associated Press wires that word has reached

Jerusalem that the French government has signed an agreement

to appoint a king to rule over Syria. The Paris Foreign Office

however says tut tut - there's no such agreement. However, you

never can tell in diplomacy or state craft where no so often means

yes.

The man who will become king is said to be my old Arabian friend, Emir Ali, one of whose brothers is king of trans-Jordania, the Land of Moab east of the River Jordan. Another of his brothers is King Feisal of Iraq, or Mesopotamia.

The report from Jerusalem explains that the French want to pay a debt, something of a debt of honor, incurred during the World War.

It's an old story with me, and I've told the tale again and again: The tale of how that almost fantastic young Oxford scholar, Colonel Lawrence, aroused the tribes of the Arabian Desert in revolt against the Turks. And how he led them on a fighting

campaign which greatly assisted Lord Allenby's British Army in the conquest of Jerusalem and the Holy Land.

Perhaps the most important thing that Lawrence did was to line up on the side of the Allies a venerable old Emir who was perhaps the foremost Arab leader of his day. I mean Emir Hussin, Ibu Ali, descendant of the Prophet Mohammed and Grand Shereef of the Holy City of Mecca.

Lawrence pledged the word of Great Britain and her allies that if the Arabs rose against the Turks they would be given their ancient lands as an independent nation.

When the end of the war came, that promise was not kept.

And the Arabs naturally were bitterly disappointed. One of the things that rankled with them most was the fact that Syria, which they claimed as their own, was given to France as a mandate.

However, two of Hussein's sons are kings. And now comes the rumor that France is about to do something further in repayment of that war-debt-of-honor to the Arabs by putting Syria under the rule of another of the sons of the old Emir.

And if that comes to pass there will be much joy and jubilation among the black tents of the Bedouin.

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Now comes my News Item of the Day, and, while some people may not think it of world shaking importance, it nevertheless means much to me.

Week after week I've had to broadcast a succession of news dispatches 7 about the little brown man in the loin cloth. Of course you know who I mean--Mahatma Gandhi, the leader of the Indian Nationalist Party, who makes it a point to dress like the humblest Hindu that ever durg in a Bengal rice field.

And Here comes an Associated Press dispatch which states that Gandhi is to be the little brown man in the loin cloth no longer. He's going to put on a pair of pants. That's because he's going to London to represent India at the next # great Round Table Conference to decide the fate of the ancient land of Hindustan, so they say.

At first Gandhi planned to appear among the high dignitaries of the British Empire in his usual garb. Amid the evening clothes, gorgeous uniforms, and

1 blazing decorations, he would appear clad only in his loin cloth. But now he has changed his mind.

He will wear his loin cloth only part of the time -- that is when it's warm enough. Whenever it's a bit chilly, and one of those dank London fogs seeps over the city and makes things seem so very different from the hot plains of Bengal, why then Gandhi is going to put on pants, and blossom forth in striped trousers and maybe spots and a topper by sove. He swears by Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, however, that he will not submit

to the torture of wearing a boiled shirt and a choker collar. He swears in a still louder voice that he will not put on silk kneebreeches, which are the the fashion when anybody appears before the King in Buckingham Palace. Gandhi, the man of peace, becomes almost warlike at the thought of those knee breeches. He says he's ugly enough already, without such designation foppery and frivolity.

The report adds that the little

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holy man will also appear at the Round
Table Conference without his customary
pigtail. Gandhi wears the chuta, a long
lock of hair arising in the middle of
a head shaved perfectly bald. According
to Hindu belief, a man wears a chuta
so that his friends will be able to
get hold of it after he is dead and
pull him out of the infernal regions.

But the real news item of the day is that the Gandhi is going to put on pants. And so we won't say any longer-the little brown man in the loin cloth. we'll say--the little brown man in pants.

I have a brief item here which tells us how many meals--breakfast, dinner, and supper--are eaten each day from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sun-kissed shores of California.

According to the International News Service, Colby Chester, a food industrialist, stated in an address to Boston business men that the people of the United States consumed each day 350 million meals. And that means a lot of "poke" chops and bread and gravy. Ooh uh!

And that item mum reminds me that it's dinner time right now. And as I've just driven by in by car all the way from Scranton, Pennsylvania, those 350 million meals sure sound good to me.

So here's wishing you all a good appetite too--and,

So long until tomorrow.