LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR LITERARY DIGEST TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1931

INDIA

Good Evening, Everybody:

Over in London the Round Table Conference on India came to an end today. The conference died a gloomy death, with open admissions of flat failure. The representatives of Great Britain and India said they were unable to reach an understanding. They failed to formulate a plan for the independence of India, - I mean a plan satisfactory to both sides.

Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister of Great Britain, closed the proceedings with as much hopefulness and cheer as he could muster. The United Press quotes him as declaring that while the conference could not achieve any satisfactory results, its work must nevertheless continue. There have been two Round Table Conferences on India to date, and the Prime Minister looks forward to a third. He even offered to go out to India to attend another confabulation. His words were friendly

though a bit subdued.

The Associated Press describes
Mahatma Gandhi as speaking friendly
words also, but they were uncompromising.
He declared that he and the British
government had finally reached a parting
of the ways.) He implicated that the
struggle/xxx India for independence had
arrived at a new phase, a most
unpromising, a dark phase.

And so came to an end that
Round Table Conference which weeks ago
opened with high hopes and loud blaring
trumpets. The next act of the drama
will be played in India.

And during the next few weeks the eyes of the world will be & focused on the great tropical peninsula of Hindustan.

The Council of the League of
Nations today rounded out its plan to
settle the trouble in Manchuria. All the
members of the Council, except the
Japanese and Chinese delegates, voted to
put the scheme through. Its terms have
been told before. The Japanese are to
withdraw their troops from Manchuria,
and a neutral commission will study the
situation and try to work out an
agreement.

The United Press makes the comment that one feature in the plan may meet with the opposition of Japan. The authorities of the Mikado want to reserve the right to send troops into the neutral part of Manchuria for the purpose of suppressing bandits. This the League of Nations does not want to allow.

From Tokyo come a few emphatic words from the Japanese war-office. The military leaders of Japan have come out and tell the world that the withdrawal of Japanese troops from the neighborhood

of the Chinese city of Chinchow was not a result of pressure by the United States, or of any outside pressure whatever. It is declared that General Honjo, the Japanese commander, ordered his troops to withdraw for strategic reasons only. He issued the order 12 hours before the protests by the United States had been received.

The International News Service quotes the spokesman for the war-office in Tokyo as making the further statement that the Japanese army cannot be influenced by outside nations. It is under the command of the Emperor and obeys only the imperial command.

Meanwhile, various skirmishes are reported in Manchuria. In one case a force of Chinese cavalry drove back a Japanese detachment. I suppose they'll go on scrapping until peace has finally been made.

There is a bit of new light this evening on one of the perplexing problems with which scientists and scholars are wrestling - perhaps instead of new light I should say new darkness.

It's a case where some mighty interesting things are disclosed, but they seem only to make the puzzle more puzzling.

A wire to the New York Evening Post from Mexico City tells of various objects that have been dug up among the xuning ruins of Aztec buildings, ruins that pre-date those spectacular years when Cortez and his small band of fighting men conquered the vast empire.

Among those Aztec ruins were found figures modeled of clay. They were heads of animals, and among those animals were the camel and the hippopotamus. So far as is known, none of these ever flourished in the Western Hemisphere. Both are old world creatures. The hippopotamus is distinctly

African. And so the inference is that the people who modeled these heads of the came! and the hippopotamus must have been from Africa.

There are many theories that

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The United States Senaters going to have at least one husky gentleman in its ranks with whom it won't be wise to pick a scrap. He is the new Senator from New Jersey.

Governor Larsen today appointed W. Warren Barbour, a wealthy thread manufacturer, to take the senatorial seat left in vacant by the death of Senator Morrow.

Well, a few years ago Warren Barbour was quite well known in the world of pugilism, although not in a professional way.

The International News Service reminds us that he was boxing champion of Princeton during his college years, and later on was amateur heavyweight champion of the world. He was a good boxer and a hard hitter, and they say the society pugilist would have given many a professional a stiff battle.

Of course, in the Upper House of Congress, the new Senator's pugilism is less important than his politics. Mr.

Barbour is a Republican. His appointment bears out expectations. New Jersey recently elected a Democratic governor, but it was up to the present Republican governor during the remainder of his term, to appoint a law-maker to succeed Senator Morrow. It was only natural that he should appoint a that was what he Republican, and

Well, Jimmie Walker spoke his piece in San Francisco today. He made his plea for Tom Mooney. New York's jaunty mayor is still suffering from a cold, but they say he made the most brilliant and dramatic talk of his whole career.

The International News Service describes a scene of a packed courtroom in San Francisco, with the Governor of California presiding. Mooney's senior counsellor spoke, and then Jimmie Walker arose, and made his defense of the man who is serving a life term in prison for that Preparedness Day bombing explosion in San Francisco years ago.

Among other telling phrases, Mayor Walker of New York declared that no man with an understanding of tragedy could bring himself to plead the case of Tom Mooney, knowing he was guilty, without making himself, for the rest of his life, an unhappy person.

And thus did the dapper Jimmy eloquently defend the convict at San Quentin who's case he has crossed the continent to plead.

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And now for that football game on Thanksgiving Day between Holy Cross and Boston College, which has attracted so much comment.

I have a telegram here from John P. Curley, graduate manager of athletics at Boston College. Mr. Curley presents some facts in briefly and succinctly. The forthe unemployed it seems, football game was played, at the request of the Mayor of Boston. Through the Kindness of President Lowell of Harvard, the Boston football classic was transferred from Fenway Park, where it is usually played, to Harvard Stadium, which holds many more spectators. It is perfectly well known that this game is a steady, yearly box-office feature. And it was believed that with the greater seating capacity at Harvard Stadium, it would draw a lot more than usual. And the idea was to donate to the unemployed the excess gate receipts that were expected this year.

This was the arrangement. But things didn't work out as had been expected.

that it was just a case of showmanship gone wrong. We are told that the whole plan was engineered by the Mayor of Boston. It was at his suggestion that the game was played on Thanksgiving Day. He believed that Harvard Stadium would be packed, and that there would be plenty of excess gate receipts for the unemployed.

However, it would seem that in Boston the only people you can get to a football game on Thanksgiving Day are the alumni of the colleges that are playing.

The editorial page of the New York Evening Post, which I quoted in my original account of the affair, makes the comment that the letter gives a fair statement of the situation, and that the original editorial was based on incomplete information. The whole plan was outlined in the Boston Herald before the game was played, and, as I said before, the only mistake in the matter seems to be one of showmanship that didn't work out as the colleges and mayor had figured.

Lowell Bayles, of Springfield, Mass., the young aviator who shot into the limelight last summer by breaking a few speed

records, zipped into the headlines again today. The Associated Press tells of his matthix setting a new world speed record for land planes at Detroit. Over a three kilometer course he averaged 284.72 miles per hour.

Captain Frank Hawks had both tough luck and good luck this afternoon. At nine A.M. this morning he took off from Vancouver, B. C. on a flight to Mexico. But this afternoon he landed in a cow pasture near Grenada, California, tumbled from his plane and fell unconscious. The International News Service states that a passing motorist picked him up and carried him to town where he was revived. The doctor who attended him declared that Captain Hawks was simply suffering from exposure and fatigue.

And now let's have a few jokes.
But please be quite serious, because
these jokes are not intended merely for
laughter, but are designed to illustrate
a few psychological socialogical, and
other kinds of logical points. It's a
case of a German writer analyzing
American humor, and figuring out why the
Americans laugh at those jokes -- and
why Germans don't.

The subject is treated to a hilarious analysis in this week's Literary Digest, which goes all the way over to Germany to give us the German win viewpoint. It's the important German newspaper, the Vossische Zeitung, which tackles the thorny subject of American humor. And Fraulein Helene Levinger is the profound psychologist who figures out those American jokes. For example, take this one:-

Jonathan Brown wanted to put out the fire in the fireplace. But he made a mistake and took a can of benzine. His clothes fit his widow's second

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husband beautifully.

The German lady psychologist tells that one, and then proceeds to draw a diagram of it for the benefit of German readers. She explains that American humor largely takes the form of surpressing the main facts and telling them by inference. Thus nothing is told of what happened when Mr. Brown poured the benzine on the fire. In fact, there's no statement of the frightful explosion, the melancholy end of the absent-minded Mr. Brown, and the re-marriage of his widow. All these events are contained in the statement that the unfortunate Mr. Brown's clothes fit his successor admirably.

And then the Digest gives us a man second sample of humor which Fraulein Levinger takes up. It's from "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

The beautiful dumb-bell tells how she invited her friends to an intellectual party, and the next day she wondered how long it would take to

have the chandeliers hung again.

In this case/the author tells by inference what kind of party it was and the events that took place.

The next analysis of a joke in that humorous article in the Literary Digest tells us the German viewpoint about still another American joke.

It's the case of a man who says:"I'll find out if good old Bill is at
home. If he is at home I'll ask him for
that money he owes me."

And in the next picture you see the unfortunate chap lying on the sidewalk with a couple of black eyes and his hat bashed in. The text below the picture reads:- "Yes, Bill was at home."

Once more we don't have any description of what happened when the unfortunate victim asked "good old Bill" to pay that money back. We don't even see a picture of Bill.

"But," remarks the German analyst, "the result attains an unsurpassed unity of effect, and a reader

gains a profounder impression of Bill than any pictorial treatment of his features could afford."

And, speaking American, I'll say he does.

GRAY and now speaking English Page 17

Yes, the curfew tolls the knell of parting day, and the Elegy was written in xxxxxx a country churchyard - but it was in a different country churchyard. At least, so says the London Daily Express today.

It has always been supposed that the poet Gray wrote his famous Elegy in the ancient churchyard at Stoke Poges, a quiet ivy-clad village of old England. The venerable churchyard has long been a favorite place for American tourists to visit. Most Americans who go to England include in their sightseeing a visit to the romantic place where the melancholy poet heard the curfew toll the knell of parting dayx.

But now word comes from London
that it's all wrong. The International
News Service cables that the London
Daily Express, after considerable
research, has found that the Elegy could
not have been written at Stoke Poges.
It must have been written in the

neighboring village of Upton-cum-chalvey. (I wonder who owns real estate in that village?)

One of the reasons is that the curfew which tolled the knell of parting day could not have been heard at Stoke Poges. The curfew referred to by the poet rang at Windsor Castle. It still does. Stoke Poges is too far away for the tolling sound to be audible, but it can be clearly heard at Upton.

Then there's the ivy mantled tower referred to in the poem. It could not have been the tower at Stoke Poges which in the time of Poet Gray was not covered with ivy. It is not old enough to have been covered with ivy then. On the contrary the tower at Upton is of sufficiently ancient date. And it was covered with ivy when Gray wrote his verses.

And so now it seems as if the curfew were tolling was the knell of the parting legend that Gray's Elegy was written in the Churchyard at Stoke Poges.

Also, the curfew tolls the knell of this evening's news. The knell tolls ding-dong, and,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.