LOWELL THOMAS' BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1931

JAPAN

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

Exciting and peculiar political doing are reported from

Japan today. One of the parties opposed to the Government staged

a demonstration, and it turned into a riot. The police had a

fight on their hands. Eleven of the rioters were hurt and several

policemen were bruised up a bit.

Also, the Japanese Parliament resumed its session today, that is after it had made peace with the official stenographers.

Yesterday some of the members accused the stenographers of not taking the speeches down as they were spoken -- in other words, of falsifying the records. The members were so hot under the collar about it they attacked the stenographers and gave them a sound beating.

The stemographers naturally were indignant and went on strike. But, according to the Associated Press their bruises are healed up a bit today, and their feelings assuaged, and so they went back to work.

Ols

^

٥-

2-1-31-5M

Well, I had always thought of the profession of stenography as one of the most peaceable in the world, but writing shorthand seems to have its thill and adventures, too -- at least in Japan!

Ah, I say, I say there, Hawkins! Hawkins, old chap! How are you feeling today, my fine fellow?

You must imagine that the exceedingly aristocratic and snobbish Viscount Cholmondley) is addressing his butler. The Viscount is very condescending which he seldom is, things are a different just now.

An Associated Press dispatch from London tells about the political crisis in England and states that the existence of Labor Government depends upon which way the members of the Liberal Party vote. The dispatch goes on to tell us about a red-hot political campaign that is being fought in the fashionable Mayfair district of London. Two candidates are conducting a whirlwind campaign.

Now there is one thing peculiar to that social paradise of Mayfair -- the servants who live in the exclusive houses of the aristocracy are considerably more numerous than their masters and mistresses,

3

5

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

win Hawkins' vote.

and the servants have a vote.

Consequently, the servants are the dominating political element and their vote will decide the bitter fight that is going on in Mayfair. mous And so the Lords and Ladies of Mayfair are taking a peculiar interest in their servants just now. They are holding political rallies in their drawing-rooms and the servants are attending them. The candidates make their electioneering speeches and are especially polite to the butlers, the maids, the footmen and the kitchen helps Viscount Cholmondley is supporting one candidate, and so he is particularly polite to his butler, Hawkins. It is a case of a Cholmondley chumming with the butler -- and that s never been heard of before. At the same time, Lady Cynthia Bolingbroke is supporting the other candidate and she, too, wants to

So its, "I say, Hawkins, my fine fellow", and "Look here, Hawkins, old thing". And Awkins -- as he calls himself,

is the object of the blandishments of his titled betters.

I suppose that when they are 3 below-stairs. Hawkins tells the kitchen maid. "Hi s'y, but they're talking a h'orful lot of 'umbug! # these dies!"

Well, politics do stand a lot

of things on their heads in this political #6F | Charles Composition with the Flore to

was thrown into the Tower where he died.

bestify Philip Howard, Earl of Artindal &

10

7

11

12 13

14

15

16

17

18 19

20

21

22

23

24

Both the morning and evening papers today carried the story of how 3 they have dug up the body of the British Earl of Arundel, who died more than four hundred years ago. He was Philip 6 Howard, the first Earl of Arundel.

He was a Catholic during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and because of his supposed connection with the Plot he was thrown into the Tower, where he died. 10

The body was brought to light 11 after all these years at the request of Pope Pius XI. There is a move en to beatify Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel. and 14 Beatification is the first step in the 16 canonization of a saint.

There was some question about the death of the Earl. He was comdemned to death, but died before the execution could take place. At least that is what the records state.

Well, exhumation of the body took place in the presence of high ecclesiastics and also the Duke of Norfolk, who range first among the Catholics

15

17

19

20

21

22

23

er langules in terrored

Wome . to The Present Cangle . With

present day

England. He is of that same ancient and most aristocratic Howard family at to which the Earl of Arundel belonged. the ancient coffin was opened, the skeleton was found to be complete, and it was to be seen that the Earl of Arundel had not been beheaded way back in 1595. but had died a natural death. So and historic mystery has been solved.

10

8

11 12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

The world of aviation has lost one of its important and striking personalities. Colonel Maddelena, Italy's for emost aviator, was killed in a crash today. and With him perished two others aviators, one of whom was Maddelena's inseparable companion, Captain Cecconi.

According to the United Press, Maddelena was testing a big seaplane, in which he intended to make a flight from Rome to the Panama Canal. With his two companions he was winging his way along the Italian Coast near the city of Pisa, along one of the most beautiful stretches of rocky shore line in the world.

Suddenly one wing crumpled. The aviators must have seen that the plane was a goner. All three jumped, but their parachutes failed to open. Probably they were so near the ground the chutes didn't have a chance to billow out.

The United Press recalls some of the exploits of Colonel Maddelena. Here they are.

He was the first flyer to sight the survivors of the g tragic Nobile dirigible flight to the North Pole.

Then he and Cecconi made a notable endurance flight record.

Maddelena was also the second in command of the great formation flight which the Italians recently made from Rome to South America.

And from out in the Philippine
Islands word comes of an aviator who is
missing. Glenn Brophy set out on a
flight from Shanghai to Manila. He made
a stop at the Portugese port, Macao, on
the China coast, and then started out
across the China Sea. According to the
International News Service he is long
overdue now, and it is feared that he
was forced down at sea.

According to the United Press, the powerful wireless station at Sayville, New York, reports that it has picked up a call for help from the pilot of that plane away over there on the other side of the world.

The pilot said his plane was disabled. He said he was somewhere between Hong Kong and Manila. This message came through very faintly, and then died out and there was silence. Undoubtedly the message was from Brophy's plane.

And then, according to the Associated Press, down off Panama, where the American fleet is holding maneuvers, a plane is missing.

Chief Aviation Pilot Harshman took off from the U.S.S. Langley. The plane rose from the deck of the ship and headed out over the jungles of Panama. It failed to return; and today two hundred Army and Navy planes have been scouting over the tropical wilderness in search of the missing aviator.

There has been another earthquake. This time it was out in the South Pacific and it was felt all up and down the entire Philippine Archipelago.

According to the Associated Press, there were two shocks and the main island of Luzon got the worst of it.

Many buildings collapsed, church towers toppled over, and a number of people were injured by falling debris.

Well, let's have a bit of ancient history. It's a long time since the World War was fought and won. But just the same, new, odd <u>little</u> stories keep coming to life, those human touches which are so delightful.

Here's one which is told by the FRANKFURTHER ZEITUNG, one of the best known newspapers in Central Europe. -- My German is a bit rusty. I haven't used it for a number of years. But I can still say YA and NEIN, and WIE GATES!

The tale is about one of the sons of the great contraito, my old friend Madam Schumannheink. Schumannheink, as nearly everybody knows, was one of the really tragic figures of the World War. She had sons serving on both sides, in the American army and in the German army, and also in the German submarines—brothers fighting brothers.

One of the famous singer's sons, who was an American lieutenant, ran across a bunch of German prioners one day. They had just been brought in, and were in bad shape -- wounded -- exhausted -- hungry 6 covered with mud -- in tatters. One of 7 them turned to Schumannheink's son and 8 asked for a cigarette.

I HAVEN'T A CIGARETTE, replied 10 the American lieutenant. BUT PERHAPS YOU 11 WOULD LIKE A CIGAR: and he handed the woe-12 begone German a first rate Havana that had 13 been sent from the States.

The German's eyes bulged as he 15 took the cigar. He started to smoke it, 16 and a radiant expression came over his 17 face.

The wartime cigars in Bermany 19 were something frightful -- usually cabbage, or something of the sort.

The prisoner, as he smoked away, 22 pulled a handsome watch out of his pocket 23 and handed it to the son of Schumannheink, 24 turned, and quickly got under way with the 25 other prisoners.

1

9

14

18

20

Years passed. Schumannheinck(s son became a second officer on a ship, and 3 one day he was strolling along the streets of Hamburg. A man dashed up to him; it 5 was that same prisoner.

HAVE YOU STILL GOT MY WATCH? he 7 exclaimed.

YES. HERE IT IS.

The German took the watch, 10 looked at it, almost fondled it. That 11 time-piece had been a precious keepsake 12 for him. Schumannheinck's son wanted to 13 give it back to him.

NO, cried the German. I MERELY 15 WANT TO LOOK AT IT ONCE MORE. IT IS YOURS 16 NOW -- FAIR EXCHANGE; THAT CIGAR WAS WORTH 17 MORE THAN A WAGON LOAD OF WATCHES.

He handed the watch back, turned on his heel, and darted away in the crowd. This unusual story is one of the

many interesting articles in this week's Literary Digest -- the new Digest that came out today.

24

8

14

18

20

22

23

This evening's principal sporting item concerns a series of important athletic events to be held on the Pacific Coast. So far North Carolina, California and Florida have entered teams, and their athletes are busy getting into condition. That is, they are hopping about in ponds -- and croaking merrily. They are also being fed with a choice diet of insects.

Who are these unusual athletes?

They are FROGS! And the great athletic event is the International Frog Jumping Competition. It's to be held in Calavaris County. California.

According to the United Press,
North Carolina is jumping into the frog
jumping contest with great gusto. The
Kiwanis Club, of Kingston, North Carolina,
is selecting a team to represent the great
state of North Carolina, and that team
will consist of the jumpingest frogs that
ever did a hop skip and a jump over the
historic hills and dales of old North
Carolina.

- Well, it will be JUMP, FROG, JUMP, and now for a long running jump right into the middle of the next news item.

The guns of gangdom roared out in Chicago today. William J. Rooney, a powerful labor leader who was connected with the Sheet Metal Workers Union, was shot and killed on a Chicago street.

According to the Chicago Daily Times, Rooney was walking along when a car drove up, and from it a shotgun flashed with deadly fire.

Some time ago Rooney was tried for the murder of a rival labor leader, but was acquitted. It is believed that the shooting today was just another case of the "Racket".

A group of Chicagoans called on me today and told me that before leaving this fair city it was my pious duty to visit the Cook County chapter of the TWLL STORY CLUB. I discovered that telling tall stories is an old Chicago custom, and that the local Tall Story tellers specialize in lofty yarns about the glories of Chicago.

The grandmaster of the Cook County
Chapter is my old friend, Burt Massee,
director of the Geographical Society and
charter member of the famous Skeeters
Club, of Chicago, to which many big
business men, jurists and editors belong.
Mr. Massee is an enthusiastic booster
for Chicago, and you should hear him
text and his associates tell about the
wonders of the Windy City.

He was telling me about the speed with which things run in Chicago. For instance, there's is one big executive who works so fast that his office catches fire. This occurs so often that the Fire

Department keeps an engine stationed right around the corner in readiness.

This hustling business-man just goes right on working with the smoke and flames drifting around his ears, and even when the firemen play the fire hose on the great executive, he just keeps on dictating and shouting to his stenographers:-

Some Chicago offices equip their employees with roller skates, and in one live-wire concern they use skiis, and their floors are covered with snow so the stenographers can ski around with the utmost rapidity. In fact, they have a small ski-jump so they can come sweeping down to the chief executive's six desk like old Ty Cobb bound for the home plate.

On one occasion a book-keeper took it on the run, but forgetting to put on the brakes when he approached the great executive's desk he just went right through the wall and on out across Michigan Boulevard.

Well, after those tall stories of Chicago's speed I

feel about as slow as, as a tortoise. I guess I had better

speed up a bit. I have one more item here, and I suppose I

ought to tell it with a bit of Chicago speed:- Here goes:

Over in Russia they had a race between dog sleds, and those dog sleds traveled fifteen hundred miles. The Chicago Daily News informs us that while they were on their way the dogs caught a wolf and ate it. As they trotted along the snow covered streets of Moscow, a big crowd gathered. In the crowd were a few dogs -- just dogs, common dogs, pet dogs. The racing dogs caught one of the pets and immediately devoured it.

Well, that leaves me a bit breathless. In fact with just enough breath to say:-

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.