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A ...

Lowell Thomas' Broadcast for The Literary Digest. Page Friday, May 8, 1931.

Good Evening, Everybody!

Well, it's apple blossom time--no, not in Normandy--in Germantown, New York.

The big Hudson Valley Blossom
Festival began today. And, by heck,
it's a place for any of us farmers to be.
They're having all kinds of highjinks
for us country fellers. Yes sirree,
Silas, you can just bet your pet hayfork
the blossoms are on the apple trees, and
the blossom festival is on at Germantown.

They're having a baseball game tomorrow. The New York Giants will play the Hudson Valley start. Some people say them Giants is a pretty good team. But this whole country knows that them Hudson Valley stars sure can better balt. And I'm betting those country fellers will whale the tar out of McGraw's city slickers.

And us agriculturists will have a blossom queen. The last couple of weeks Newburg, and Beacon, and other towns in the valley have been picking their own pet queens. And those gals are all coming to Germantown where one of them is

4-9-31 - 5M

going to be picked as the queen for the whole valley.

Yes, sir, there's a big crowd at Germantown. The population of the burg consists of 300 people, but 50,000 folks from all over America are there for the blossom festival.

And that's a powerful big crowd for Germantown.

They had a jail break at Bridgeport, 2 Connecticut, today. Three prisoners 3 tried to get away, and two succeeded. 4 One was a man who claimed to have been 5 an aviator during the World War. But 6 that wasn't what got him in jail. He 7 is said to have passed a flood of bad 8 checks from coast to coast.

The three convicts held up a guard with a gun. The gun had no firing pin in it and couldn't possibly shoot anybody. But the guard didn't know that. 13 They went to a window and gave the bars a push. They had already prepared those iron bars by cutting them. And, so the bars fell right out. Just then another prisoner, a trusty, came up and tried to interfere, but the three convicts threw red pepper in his face and blinded him. Then, according to the Associated Press, they climbed through the window. The first two got through all right, including the supposed-to-be war aviator. But the third got caught in the window and was hauled back. It all

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PRISON - 2

has something of the character of a comedy, but just the same the two escaped prisoners are at large.

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I suppose many of us are bewildered by that big crime story of the day. I mean the capture in New York of two desperate killers and a girl, after one of the wildest battles the police have ever fought.

One of the men was mere youth, but a cold-blooded assassin just the same. The other is a thug who has confessed that he is guilty of the killing of the ten-cents-a-dance girl which made such a stir in New York not long ago.

The girl in the case is just to.

but she's a fantastic edition of a crook's moll.

The police trapped the two men and the girl in a top floor apartment.

And then the shooting began. The police chopped holes through the roof above the apartment and fired down. Tear gas was used. And finally the three were captured.

While the two gunmen were shooting at the police, the girl carried on in

the manner prescribed by cheap movies and cheap magazines. She reloaded the pistols of the two men and between times sat down and wrote hysterical notes. She wrote the weird sort of gush and trash that you find in cheap movies and cheap magazines.

She played her part according to the standard of the crack-brained heroines in the foolish stores she was accustomed to read.

The whole story does give one a sense of bewilderment. And it's hard to get away from the old, state rule-town question:—what's this world coming to?

It looks as if the big exploration story of the day has taken an ironical twist. The tortoise has won the race from the hare; the dog team has beaten the airplane.

The young scientist, Augustine Courtauld, was marooned up there on the Greenland icepack. Six expeditions set out to rescue him, at the way from dog team to airplane. And it was a dog team that made the rescue.

The big airplane show was put on by the spectacular Swedish flier, Ahrenberg. With a plane equipped with skiis, he took off, flew far over the Greenland ice, and located the cabin of the missing man. Ahrenberg landed his plane, but found that his man had gone.

The Associated Press tells us that a few hours before the daring aviator reached his goal, the dog team got there and started away with Courtauld on the road back to civilization.

Yes, sin the dog team, the electrusty dog team, the old traditional conveyance of the north, beat the swift, modern airplane

4-9-31-5M

It looks as if a famous painting or two might be on its way to the United States.

The London Daily Herald states today that the Soviet government of Russia has secretly sold several priceless old masters. These valuable pictures were part of the art treasures of the famous Hermitage Masseum in Leningrad, part of the makes immense collection of art treasures gathered by the czars.

The paintings are said to include a portrait painted by Van Dyke; a work by Velasquez; several Rembrandts; and Botticelli's painting, "Epiphany".

The International News Service cables that the London Herald has information that one of the pictures is now in the possession of an American millionaire.

Now for a bit of luxury and splendor -- that is, some striking information about the people who live the most luxurious and glamorous lives in the world. And who are they?

Why, the great princes and maharajahs of India.

As a traveler who has wandered around a good deal in India, all the way from the Malabar Coast to the lofty

Himalayas, I have had occasion to observe the magnificence of the glittering potentates of Hindustan. I remember the case of the Maharajah of Kapurthala, who gave a house party. He invited 2,000 guests to that house party. Most of them lived in Europe, and the Maharajah paid their traveling expenses to India and back, and elephants to ride upon while they were thems.

There wasn't quite enough room in his palace for the 2,000. So he had magnificent tents and pavillions set up in his palace grounds; tents equipped with the most sumptuous magnificence, priceless rugs, Oriental tapestries -- and each tent had a modern, up to date bath.

Well, this week's issue of the

Literary Digest has an article entitled--INDIA'S PRODIGAL PRINCES. It tells some amazing things about the fabulous extravagance of those Oriental maharajahs. "The world's greatest spenders," the Digest calls them.

These strange tales are quoted from a book by the Indian writer, Kanhayalal Gamba, who writes with a scathing pen.

What interested me particularly was a set of win figures which shows how far the native rulers of India rank above the kings of Europe--so far as money is concerned. For example, take the income of the King of England. For every \$1600 of the national revenue, King George receives \$1.00. The King of Belgium gets a little more, He receives \$1.00 for every thousand dollars of the national revenue of the sangdom.

The Emperor of Japan gets \$1.00 in every \$400. The King of Denmark tops the list. He receives \$1.00 for every \$300. of the national revenue of his kingdom.

Well, those kings are in proportion just poor men compared with the potentates of India. The Maharanee of Travancore takes \$1.00 out of every \$17.00. The Maharajah of Mysore gets \$1.00 out of every \$14.00.

And the Nizam of Hyderabad and the Gaekwar of Baroda take \$1.00 out of every \$13.00. And even at that they don't get as much as the Maharajahs of Kashmir and Bikanir. For every \$5.00 of the national revenue of their principalities, these mighty lords take \$1.00.

And more astonishing still, there are other princes in India who take one dollar out of every two! In other words, their income is one-half of the national revenue of their little kingdoms.

Well, with figures like that, it's no wonder that a maharajah of India is able to throw a party now and then, and it's no wonder the princes of Hindustan are loyal to the British crown.

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From Russia comes word of an earthquake in Russian Armenia. According to the International News Service, 900 people were killed and 2,000 injured.

There has also been a big flood in Soviet Russia.

The waters of the Dnieper River rushed down the valley and flooded the city of Kremenchug, - there's a good one to look up in the Literary Digest Atlas. Well, in Kremenchug the flood carried away homes and battered everything in its path with its terrific force. 60,000 people are said to be marooned.

add another earthquake in New Zealand. According to the Associated Press, repeated shocks were felt today in the neighborhood of the town of Gisborne. And more than a hundred separate shocks occurred in the township of Tiniroto. People were panic-striken and fled from their homes. Some damage has been reported, but not a great deal.

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It looks this evening as though the troubles of the Portuguese government were over--at least so far as colonies are concerned.

The International News Service cables that the rebels have surrendered at Bolama, in Portuguese Guinea, on the west coast of Africa.

And that seems to end the flare of revolution is the Portuguese colonies. The government had to put down uprisings in the Azores, and the Madeiras, and, lastly, in Guinea.

And all is quiet on the west African coast-except the bugging of mosquitoes.

But things are not too quiet and serene back at home in Lisbon. The United Press informs us that the Portuguese government has uncovered a large assortment revolutionary plot, and seized a quantity of bombs, which had been intended to blow things up a bit

The word from Rumania tonight is NO -- No, Queen Helen was NOT asked to leave.

The Associated Press informs us

that the story was that the Queen was
looking after her son, the Crown Prince
of Rumania, who has been sick. At 10
p.m. King Carol called upon her. The
couple have been on bad terms for some
time. In fact, they are divorced. The
King is said to have asked the Queen
to leave Rumania at once. And the Queen
did. She took the midnight train for
the neighboring kindgom of Yugo-Slavia.

But as I said before, the latest report from Bucharest is an emphatic NO.

According to the International
News Service, the Queen left Bucharest
because she received an urgent telephone
call from the Queen of Yugo-Slavia
asking her to come over for a visit.
The statement continues that Queen
Helen expected to return from that
visit in a few days and make her
appearance in Bucharest once more.



In spite of the denial, the rumor still persists that Queen Helen was asked to leave. And the reason is said to be a question of etiquette.

An important wedding will take 6 place soon when Princess Ileana of Rumania walks to the altar with Arch-Duke Anton of Austria. Queen Marie will be there, and the report is that they don't want Queen Helen present also because that would result in a battle of etiquette, with everything hinging on the question of which Queen should enjoy the greater honor, Queen Helen, the ex-wife of King Carol, or Dowager Queen Marie, the King's mother.

Meanwhile, Queen Marie puts in a word or two. She declares that King Carol owes Queen Helen no matrimonial obligations because they have been divorced. Then she takes up the subject of Madame Lupescu, who has figured prominently in Rumanian affairs as King Carol's romantic idol. Queen Marie denies that the King will marry

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the charming Madame Lupescu.

Well, it all sounds like an exceedingly complicated family situation, even for the Balkans, where things are generally complicated.

4-9-31-5M

Recently I attended a most unusual luncheon, in a dining car -- a dining car that isn't on wheels. It was in the Long Island yards of the Pennsylvania Railroad. This particular dining car is a model of its kind. In fact it's a school for dining car chefs and waiters.

My host was Mr. A.H. Shaw, Passenger Traffic Manager of the Pennsylvania. It was a picturesque luncheon. And I saw just how the boys are taught to turn out those marvelous meals in such tight quarters. In fact, I've never had a better luncheon.

Well, this afternoon I met my host Mr. Shaw and I inveigled him into picking my News-Item-of-the-Day.

He suggested a story printed in the New York Sun -- a picturesque story about -- not a chef, but a butcher, a butcher from Newark, New Jersey, who has received an invitation from a King. Yes sir, the 23 King of Abyssinia has invited him to pay 24 a visit to the far-off African Kingdom 25 and live as a royal guest in the palace

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at Addis Ababa.

How come this singular honor to the butcher in Newark? Well, thereby hangs a tale:-

The man is Giuseppe Adonnizio. He is an old man now, but 36 years ago he was a young, dashing Corporal-Major in the Italian Army. Italy

was then at war with Abyssinia and the young Corporal-Major was fighting his bravest against the army of the country to which he is now invited as an honored guest.

The day came when that same Corporal-Major, with a squad of men, had a wild encounter with some of the great tribal leaders of Abyssinia. He drove them off in flight and then pursued them relentlessly into the jungles and swamps. Well, the Abyssinians admire courage. They admire a brave enemy and a record of the deeds of the Italian Corporal-Major was put into the Abyssinian archives. And they were forgotten. That is, until recently.

The new King of Abyssinia has been going through the archives of his He discovered that long-forgotten account of the heroism of the young Italian. He inquired further and found that the dashing Corporal-Major of thirty-six years ago, now an old man,--was a butcher in Newark, New Jersey, and

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that's how the invitation comes to
Giuseppe Adonnizio to pay a visit to
Abyssinia, as a royal guest. And I
suppose if Giuseppe goes the King will
have some of the old-time warriors of
that war with Italy, and they will talk
over old adventures and fights and
marches, with Giuseppe.— and maybe
they ever the a Tall Story or two.
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I think I'll close tonight with a few inspired lines sent in M by John H. Peterson, of Medford, Massachusetts.
John has dashed off a stirring poem entitled "The Tall Story Club," and it goes like this:-

"Strange tales are told
By explorers bold
And the men who sail the seas.
They've seen their share
Of wonders rare
And come home and tell of these.

But the strangest tales
Are told by males
With minds which show great promise,
Out in their barns
They think up yarns
To send to Lowell Thomas."

Well, I guess that just about makes
John the poet-laureate of The Tall Story
Club, and after crowning him with a
suitable wreath of laurel I guess I'd
better say --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.