LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1930

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

There's so much news tonight that I'm going to have a lot of trouble squeezing it all in. President Hoover discourses on child welfare, Mussolini does some broadcasting, The Man of a Thousand Mysteries is ill in London. Gypsies are becoming respectable citizens. The rumpus in Spain has quieted down. Germany's Foreign Minister makes some rather ominous remarks. In Hungary they celebrated the birthday of the young pretender. India's fabulously rich Maharajahs are dazzling London, and the President of Brazil goes into exile.

Let's stay at home for a moment.

Three thousand people are holding a conference in Washington on child welfare. President Hoover called the meeting at the White House. In his opening speech, according to the United Press, the President says that human progress marches only when children excel their parents. He calls upon every American to do something for the 10,000,000 unfortunate and defective children in this country, to keep them from becoming criminals and public charges. "One community nurse now will save a dozen policemen in the future," said the President.

Mr. Hoover is a grandfather as well as a father,
you know, and the three children of his oldest son are living
at the White House. "Children are the most wholesome part
of the human race," he says, "because they are fresher from
the hands of God."

There's another conference on - this time its a railroad conference. The International News Service says that officials representing 90 per cent of the railway lines of America are in New York. Today they pledged themselves to employ the greatest possible number of men throughout the coming winter -- in other words - provide jobs for thousands who they might otherwise be laid off.

The President of the University of Chicago announces his intention of introducing a new and rather startling system of education. The New York Telegram says he is going to make it possible for students who are geniuses to finish the usual four year college work in six months. Those whose minds are not geared up for speed can take six years to cover the same field if they like. His idea is to base graduation upon ability rather than upon time spent.

There'll be some controversy about this next one too.

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Herr Curtius, Germany's *Foreign 1 Minister, stated today that there is no way of knowing at what moment Germany 3 may be forced to take steps to throw off the burden of her reparation payments. He said Germany has never <u>quaranteed</u> that she will be able to carry out the terms of the Young plan. But he added that 8 he does not favor making the Versailles treaty a scrap of paper, as fire-eater 10 Hitler advocates. The International 11 News Servicexcables this important news which has a meaning for all of us. 13 We've been hearing a lot about 14 how they're tackling the unemployment 15 problem in our own country, but here's 16 a novel item about what is happening 17 in Europe. They have a lot of unemploy-18 ment over there, and the Germans are now 19 planning their first big drive for relief. 20 That new Literary Digest, which is on 21 the stands today, tell us that in Prussia 22 the school is to be raised one year. 23 Children will go to school one year

longer. This will help the unemployment

situation by keeping a lot of boys in school and out of the employment market.

During the coming year 225,000 prospective young workmen will stick to their studies instead of going out and competing for jobs.

Here's Mussolini in the headlines again. In an interview with a United Press correspondent, he utters the old platitude that "The best way to prevent war is to be prepared to defend peace." But, he sagely goes on to say that Fascist Italy would much rather build houses than battleships, and he adds that Italy is ready to disarm if other nations will.

That is a picture of Mussolini, the fighter and statesman. The New York Evening Sun gives another picture of him today—the picture of Mussolini the father. The Sun says that the stern-faced dictator of Italy throws off the cares of state when he is with his children. Then he swims and rides and plays games and laughs. In short, Leapretty much like other fathers.

Prince Otto of Hungary celebrated his 18th birthday today, but he didn't become king. If the world War hadn't come along and turned things upside down, this would have been a momentous day for young Otto, for he would have ascended the throne as emperor of Austria-Hungary, and reigning monarch of the oldest ruling dynasty in Europe. But the World War wrecked all that, and today was celebrated only by those Austrian and Hungarian aristocrats who still hope to see Hungary ruled by a king. Officially, Budapest paid little attention to the event except to arrest 27 people who got into a fist-fight during the mink celebration. Young Otto himself, says the International News Service is at school in Belgium, where his family is in exile. He is just another king without a country.

And here's a president without a country.

Washington Luis, ex-President of man Brazil, sailed from Rio today. He'll probably be away for rather a long holiday. They say he's going for his health. And that's one way of describing it. I suppose they mean he is sailing for healthier parts.

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In London the Man of a Thousand Secrets is seriously ill. He is Sir Basil Zaharoff. They call him the Mystery Man of Europe. He is said to be worth a hundred million dollars, but how he made it is not known. He once owned Monte Carlo, but it is said he never gambled. He married a Spanish Duchess, after waiting for her for forty years. She died two years after the marriage. For years Sir Basil Zaharoff has been a powerful figure in the world's statecraft -- but in just what way nobody knows. He is the man of a thousand secrets. He put the thousand secrets into a diary. Then he burned it. Britain made him a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Bath. That was his reward for important services to the British Government, although he was a Greek. Just what these services were was never made public. Now, according to the Associated Press, he is eighty years old, is seriously ill, and has sone to London for medical treatment.

Out in India, near the great British army base at Poona, they're being awfully nice to a man in jail.. He's a little brown man who wears a loin cloth. They call him Mahatma Ghandi. He's the leader of India's resistance to British rule. According to the Associated Press, his British jailers are doing everything to make him comfortable. He has three cells and a bath, and a flower garden. Sounds like Park Avenue. His food is cooked by a high caste Brahmin, and they have a special herd of goats to provide milk for the Mahatma.

A special dispatch to the New York Evening World tells of the splendors of the Indian princes at the Round Table Conference in London. There's the Maharaja of Kashmir, who is spoken of as the richest man in the

world and who has a jewel—studded robe worth fifteen million dollars. And there's the Maharaja of Dholpur, who travels around his oriental dominions with a retinue of gold and jewel bedecked elephants. Then there is the Maharaja of Rewa who has among his officials a Lord High Executioner who struts about with his jeweled-beheading sword. And the Maharaja of Patiala with his pearl necklace worth five million.

Well, those Maharajas make a dazzling display at the Round Table Conference, but none of them mean as much to the future of India as that little brown man in the loin cloth who squats on the floor in the jail at Poona and who is not at the Round Table Conference.

Spain, after all her recent

labor unrest and disorders, is quieting down. The Associated Press reports that the government is meeting violence with an iron hand and that the monarch is not likely to be overthrown just at present.

A few minutes ago, I phoned Mr. Keats Speed,

Managing Editor of the New York Sun. I asked him to pick

the News Item of the Day for me. He did, and the story he

selected is a piece that appeared in the Sun about gypsies.

Well, Gypsies are always romantic, but there's a sad note

about this, because apparently the Gypsies are not going to

be romantic any longer. That is, they're going to hold an

International Gypsy Conference at Warsaw, Poland, and they

say the plan is to modernize the Gypsy and take the romance out

of this ancient race of nomads and rogues.

There's a Gypsy Royal family. It's the Kwiek

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Bohemian Royal Highness Michael II, King of the Polish Gypsies.

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Before the War the Gypsies in Eastern and Central Europe had a fine roving life. True, they did a bit of cheating

and stealing, but that was overlooked. Life was dull for land owners and peasants on the great plains, and the wandering tribes of Gypsies were entertaining. The men did marvelous magic tricks, and the women told fortunes. Then there were the Gypsy bands, and the people xx of those parts could not live without Gypsy music.

But that's all changed. Since the War, times have been hard on the Steppes. The landowners are poor. The people have no time for amusement. And when the Gypsy does a bit of stealing, the people can't afford the loss. So the Gypsies are welcome no longer. In fact, there have been pitched battles between the peasants and the nomad tribes. More recently, the talking pictures have been putting the Gypsy bends out of business.

And so His Bohemian Royal Highness, King Mike, believes that the Gypsies will have to give up their old wandering lives. They must settle down. And now the King of the Polish Gypsies has called this International Gypsy

Conference to turn the world's most femous nomads into ordinary citizens by abolishing their romantic wendering life.

That history of the United States in five hundred words, the one that Calvin Coolidge wrote, well, it's not going to be engraved in stone. At least, not in Gutzon Borglum's stone. Borglum, you know, is the sculptor who is carving a whole mountain out in the Black Hills in South Dakota.

He wants to engrave on the face of a huge cliff a brief history of the United States. Five hundred words was to be the limit.

Ex-President Coolidge of course is renowned as the man of few words. He was asked to write that history in five hundred words, which Mr. Coolidge did.

But now that history is out. Borglum thought it wasn't right, so he made changes. And Mr. Coolidge says he won't stand for the changes. And so the Mount Rushmore National Memorial Commission is in session out in Chicago, trying to pick a new historian to write those five hundred words.

A dispatch from Paris tells of a druggist who was an aviator during the World War and who now has invented what is said to be the smallest airplane in the world. It is only thirty feet long, but the poor inventor has been arrested because he flew his tiny plane without bothering to get a license.

Out in San Francisco they are getting ready to build the longest single suspension bridge in the world. It will be swung across the Golden Gate. The big Central span is to be a little more than 4,000 feet long and 220 feet above the water. The bridge will be suspended on steel bables from towers 740 feet high. The towers will be surmounted by aerial beacons and observation platforms from which it will be possible to get a magnificent view of San Francisco Bay on one side and the Pacific Ocean on the other.

This has been an unusual day for brevities in the news. The dispatches are full of interesting short paragraphs. For instance, the Associated Press wires an item from

Washington telling us that the War Department has found it pays to pay bills promptly. And here's how. Last year the War Department, by paying bills as quickly as they came in, saved nearly \$400,000 on discounts. In ten years these prompt payments have saved them over a million.

An aged negro woman in Louisiana, a former slave, named Martha Harrison, is lll years old, says the United Press. And she told the reporter that she considers this modern world very, very sinful.

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Montana's first official gavel has been presented to the State Historical Society, says the Associated Press. That gavel is an old fashioned six-shooter.

I saw a whole collection of sparkling lines in the new Literary Digest. They are on the Topics in Brief page, and are culled from newspapers all over the country. Here are just a few of them:--

Take this one from the Florence
Herald: Many autoists seem to think
warning signs at railroadm crossings are
merely intended for the locomotive
engineer.

And here's one that's appropriate for the football season. Our American educational system, remarks the San Diego News, may have its defects, but nobody can deny that it has developed a high order of punting and passing.

And here is an item from the Jackson News about royalty: Concerning the report that Queen Mary of England is going in for antiques, one is prompted to ask how conspicuous a place her hats are given in the collection.

A survey, says the Chatanooga Times, is planned to discover in which state women have the most rights. Speaking offhand, we'd say the State of Matrimony.

Somebody put an iron bolt in Michael Sheehan's piece of pie. Anyway, Michael started to eat the pie, and broke several teeth on that iron bolt. According to the New York Evening World, the judge ordered the pie bakery to pay \$200.00 damages to Michael.

In concluding this evening's resume of the news,
may I express the home that you will not find any iron bolts,
screws, hammers, or other hardware, or even any oriental
tiger's whiskers in your pumpkin pie:

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.