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Lowell Thomas' Broadcast for The Literary Digest. Thursday, May 14, 1931.

Page.

Good Evening, Everybody!

Trouble has flared up in Egypttoday. A strike of railway shopmen is on, and the strikers clashed with the police in the city of Cairo.

According to the Associated Press, several thousand workmen started to raise cane in the railways shops. The Egyptians police surrounded the buildings. The strikers kept them off by playing a fire hose on them.

There was severe fighting in the streets as the police and strikers engaged in a wild melee. The police used machine guns on the rioters. 10 men are reported to be killed and many wounded. Among the dead are said to be three English constables.

While this strike trouble was going on, Egypt held an election today. In the afternoon trouble broke out in the center of Cairo. Mobs attacked and burned trolley cars and busses. Lamp posts were torn down and thrown across the streets to block traffic.

But this evening, according to

4-9-31-5M

the international News Service, order has been restored, in the city.

4-9-31 -5M

News from China tonight sounds
like a promise that there won't be much
news. The Chinese government today has just
announced that all International cable
messages would be subject to a strict
censorship. This will go into effect
within the next few days.

According to the Associated Press the Nationalist Government states that this is an emergency measure which is considered necessary.

Just what the emergency is, is not described, but foreign observers believe that the emergency consists of the political situation in South China. A movement against the Nationalist leaders is under way in the southern part of the country, and apparently the government does not want the world at large to know the troubles that are expected. Anyway, it looks as if the real news from China for a while may be hard to get.

It's reported that Foreign
Minister Briand of France may retire
from his post soon--that is, after he
has finished his work at Geneva as the
representative of France on the Committee
on European Federation and the Council
of the League of Nations.

Right after he was beaten in his effort to become president of France, Premier Briand immediate presented his resignation as Foreign Minister. to the Cabinet. According to the Associated Press, the resignation was refused, and the Foreign Minister was commissioned to go ahead with his work.

Briand is said to feel that the enmities that have sprung up around his long political career have prevented him from becoming president, and also may interfere with his task in guiding French international policies.

Meanwhile, the Parisian newspapers are giving three cheers for the election of President Doumer. They say he's a good man and will make a good president,

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although a few of the socialist papers are denouncing him as a reactionary.

But I guess you can't phone please everybody.

4-9-31-5M

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A group of newspaper men gathered 2 this afternoon in the government offices 3 at Madrid and listened while Zamora, the Prime Minister of Spain, explained 5 to them the reason for the recent 6 disturbance.

According to the International 8 News Service Zamora told them that all 9 that rioting and destruction of churches was caused by - King Alfonso. In other words, it's is the same old story that 12 the Spanish politicians have been 13 repeating for the past several days.

When it came down to specific facts, Zamora stated that it was likely 16 that King Alfonso had a hand in the monarchist demonstrations which have 18 taken place. in Spain. He added that the immediate cause for the riots and the destruction of the churches was the fact that the monarchist demonstrations came just at the same time as a bunch of m communist demonstrations. Both factions were trying to injure and discredit the Republic, and while doing

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so they clashed with each other. The result was an orgy of rioting.

The Premier stated that there
were so many religious buildings in
Spain that the government had not been
able to protect them all, but he admitted
that some of the officials of the
republican government had not done their
duty in suppressing the carnival of
violence. He ended by declaring, all
was quiet in Spain tonight.

well, it and seems a little
bit complicated to a simple fellow from
the west like me - I mean complicated
to figure out how King Alfonsom was
to blame for the burning of the churches.

A new member was elected today to the Royal Yacht Squadron of Great Britain. He is Sir Thomas Lipton, who time and again has tried to win the yachting supremacy for Great Britain--or, as he phrases it, get the old mug away from the United States and take it back home.

The Royal Yacht Squadron is one of the most aristocratic and exclusive organizations in the world. The time was when Sir Thomas was not considered high enough socially to get into the Royal Yacht Squadron. But now, after years of fame as a sportsman, Sir Thomas has been admitted into the sacred precincts, and gains the coveted right to fly the white ensign service flag of the British navy at the masthead of his yacht.

According to the Associated Press, Sir Thomas announced on his 81st birthday, which was last Sunday, that he was going to issue another challenge to the United States, and once more, for the sixth time, try to get the old mug back.

A seaplane has been found in a small bay of the Kurile Islands, that rocky archipelago that lies to the north of Japan.

And that ends the anxiety that has been felt for Yoshihara, the young Japanese flying man who is on his way, making a sky trip from Japan to the United States by way of the string of islands that stretch across the north Pacific.

Several days ago Yoshihara took off from one of the northernmost islands of Japan and headed for the Kurile group. Then he vanished, and no word was heard from him.

According to the International
News Service, a steamship was sent in
search of him. And today, after poking
among the many small islands of the
archipelago, the steamer found Yoshihara
and his plane, okay. He had run into
a heavy fog and had been forced to take
refuge on that sheltered bay in the Kuriles.
He intends to keep on and continue his
flight to the United States.

I met an old friend today. At any rate he seemed like an old friend--all sea-captains seem that way to me. Although they have fists of iron and shoulders like wrestlers, and voices that boom and roar, did you ever see a sea-captain who didn't have friendly, sparkling eyes and an infectious laugh? Maybe there are a few, but not many.

encountered today to the something interesting about radio. Although he is an Englishman and skipper of a vessel that belongs to an American-owned shipping line, he lives in Antwerp, weken Belgium. He said he got me nearly every night on his short-wave set over in Antwerp, --that is, every night except occasionally when some station ever in Australia buts in or when there's is interference from a station in Moscow.

That sort of staggered me. I hadn't the remotest idea that my voice was ever heard so far away, and it took all the wind out of my sails.

I wish I had time to tell you about this particular Captain's adventurous career. His name is Henry Harvey. During his first seven years at sea he was in sailing ships. During the World War he had three ships shot out from under him--three of his ships torpedoed. One was a troop-ship picked of f by a U-boat at the Dardenelles--two others were in the Atlantic, with thousands of American soldiers on board. And in both cases he saved every man. The British decorated him for it, and

although they were American troops that he saved he never even got thanks from Uncle Sam. Of course there are many instances like that. There always are. And there are many Captain Harvey's who deserve the undying gratitude of every American.

Well, now this jovial sea-dog is the Commander of one of the finest ships afloat, the ocean liner <u>Lapland</u>.

I asked this jolly skipper to pick out the most interesting story in this

afternoon's papers. And sure enough he picked one with lots of excitement in it--the story of a rescue.

Let's try to picture an amazing bit of drama. The scene is on the immense ice cap that covers the interior of Greenland.

A party of men with dog teams are trailing along. They're looking for a man. They left him there on the ice eight months before. He had taken his post there on the frozen waste, to camp and live in an igloo and make weather observations.

"We must be near the place where we left him," remarked the men with the dog teams. But in all directions the expanse of ice is unbroken.

They make reckonings with instruments. No, they decide the place is further on, and they keep trudging along over the dreary frozen plain. Then a storm blew up and it was cloudy, and they could take no further bearings. They had to wait for days. When it finally cleared they continued their search. The place where they left the man must be in the near vicinity.

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cinally they are making observations once more. Yes, this is the place. Their calculations show it must be. But on all sides there is nothing but ice.

Nearby there's an immense drift of snow, covered with a thick layer of ice. The men begin to recognize their surroundings. That snow drift--that's where they had left the man they were looking for, but it wasn't a snow drift whether. His igloo had stood on the flat ice right there. And now it's covered with a great hill of

They climb to the top of the drift, and there they discover a small hole--. a rabbit's hole? a fox'es hole? No, it can't be that.

"Hello!" they shout into the hole.

And from deep below, down in the depths of that huge snow drift, comes the reply:--

"Hello! I'm here!"

That, according to the Associated Press, is how they found Augustine

Courtauld, the young British scientist marooned on the Greenland ice pack.

The word went all around the world how rescue parties were searching for him, and how at last a party of men and dog teams had found him, a party of fellow adventurers who had accompanied him to the north and left him to kmammi remain as a weather observer.

Courtauld tells how two months ago, while he was living comfortably enough in his igloo on the ice pack, a tremendous blizzard blew up and raged for several days. The snow covered the igloo. It kept piling up until the snow hut of ice was buried deep beneath the drift.

He couldn't dream of digging himself out. Firstly, because if he had tried, he would merely have loosened the snow which would have fallen on him and buried him. And, secondly, because he had left his shovel outside.

So all he could do was to remain there those two months in the igloo and

keep the chimney open by poking an air hole to the top of the snow drift. He had salt meat to eat, and a little gasoline lamp with which he could melt the snow and obtain drinking water. There was no light except the dim, glimmer that came through the deep covering of snow.

He spent most of those two months in his sleeping bag, hibernating -- something like a bear, a snake, or an Arctic fox -- waiting until a rescue party came along, and hoping that they would find him.

Yes, there's plenty of drama in that. No wonder Captain Harvey picked it for the News Item of the Day.

DIGEST -- PHOTOGRAPHS

Yes, this fellow is a tough tax collector, all right.

He's got a mean, hard face. I have a cartoon here, a piece of anti-war propaganda from the Memphis Commercial Appeal, and the caption is "The World's Hardest Boiled Tax Assessor".

At a desk you see a big fellow marked "Militarism". And he's calling off the tax bill to a poor little guy marked "Ordinary Citizen".

That cartoon is the illustration of the leading article of the new Literary Digest, the one that came out today. This week's Digest has a splendid layout of drawings and photographs.

I'm always for the kind of picture that tells in itself an important part of a story, For example, this week's Digest takes up those hard things that the English writer Chesterton had to say about the United States.

Chesterton is out knocking our villages. He says they're not very beautiful. He declares they don't compare with the villages of England.

well, the Digest shows us just what Chesterton means, and it prints a lovely photograph of an English village.

A lot of ashes are falling in Alaska. Over a 20-mile area the country is covered with a dark smudge. of ashes.

According to the United Press, the cause of it is a volcano called Chignik, about half way down the eastern side of the great Alaskan Peninsula. The mountain is belching fire and smoke and is spreading a rain of ashes far and wide. Some have fallen a hundred and fifty miles away at the town of Squaw Harbor.

Chignik volcano looms above an Indian village. There used to be quite an important salmon cannery up there too. I wonder what happened to it when the eruption occured.

It looks as though the government in Washington might give the foreign diplomats a bit of police protection. At least the State Department is the inking the matter over.

Why should the foreign diplomats need police protection? Well, the answer is thieves.

An attack has been made on Dr. Carlos Leiva, who was in charge of the legation of the republic of San Salvador.

According to the Associated Press
Dr. Leiva upon returning to the Legation
met a man at the door who ordered the
Doctor to throw up his hands. Instead
Dr. Leiva grabbed the robber. One shot
was fired but the Central American
diplomat was not hit. A lively wrestling
match took place. Dr. Leiva was hit
several times with a flashlight and was
cut about the head and face. Finally
the Doctor bit the robber in the finger
and then managed to get in a good punch
and knocked the man down. While the

Diplomat ran for the police the crook got away.

Secretary Stimson in a letter to Dr. Leiva today promised that the police will do their best to catch the burglar. And on top of that comes the idea of giving further police protection to Diplomats in Washington.

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I don't want to do anybody an injustice, but somebody's been plagarizing -- somebody's been swiping his stuff from somebody else.

Last night in New York the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers held a banquet. Chet Shafer of Three Rivers, Michigan, the Grand Diapason, presided 9 over the boys who used to pump the pipe organ in the local church. Well, the pumpers are initiating a movement -- a highly humanitary movement. But I wonder if they didn't get the idea from Cy Caldwell. #Cy Caldwell is the cynic of aviation. He tells the flying men 16 those unpleasant truths which are good 17 for the soul -- sometimes. A favorite 18 story of Cy Caldwell's tells about his 19 Uncle Cuthbert who is a great hunter. 20 His favorite sport was to shoot those cast-iron deer that used to ornament so many front yards.

Well, that's Cy's story. And now the pipe organ pumpers come along and start a movement for the preservation of

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cast-iron animal life. They don't want anybody to go around shooting the iron deer, as Cy's Uncle Cuthbert did.

It looks as if either Chet swiped the idea from Cy or Cy swiped the idea from Chet. Anyway, they both qualify for membership in The Tall Story Club. But Chet seems to be very serious in that movement for the preservation of cast iron animal life. He is going to launch the new idea and launch it right. His plan is to ascend to the 106th story of the Empire-State Building and release 20 cast-iron pigeons. Yes sir, and when he does I'm going, call The Tall Story Club into session on the street below to catch some of those pigeons.

The banquet of the Former Pipe
Organ Pumpers also took up the important
question of the two kinds of office
boys -- namely, the office boys who
have their eyes on the next *rung of
the ladder and the office boys who have
their eyes on the stenographers.

Well, when I used to be an office boy I had my eyes on the next rung of the ladder. And after that tall one I'll say --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.