LOWELL THOMAS' BROADCAST FOR LITERARY DIGEST SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1931

SAILING SHIP

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

Now comes a champion, the world's champion sailing ship.

She is the Finnish four masted bark Herzogin Cecile. She just put into harbor at Falmouth after winning a long race from South

Australia to England, in which she outsailed a fleet of seven other windjammers.

According to the New York Sun this is no fluke victory for the Finnish bark. Four times in the last five years she has beaten all her rivals in the run around the globe from Australia to British waters.

This time the swift four-maater put out of Wallaroo,
Australia, with a cargo of wheat, and she made the run to England
in forty days.

One day the speedy bark ran 360 miles in twenty-four hours. During one hour she sailed $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles, much faster even that the average steamship.

That day's run is better than the record of the famous old clipper ship Cutty Sark, that greyhound of the old

era of canvas the wind.

On the best day the <u>Cutty Sark</u> sever sailed she made 353 miles in twenty-

Well, three cheers for that four masted Finnish bark Herzogin Cecile.

The brings back the magnificent old days of the sailing ship and the roaring life of old Jack Tar. May her tall masts stand ever straight and firm, and may the good ship ever have a brisk fair wind abeam.

Great Britain may soon have a 2 new member in the House of Lords, and 3 a curious peer of the realm he with 4 make. He is Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Ex-chequer in the Labor Government 6 of Great Britain. Snowden is a radical 7 Socialist and only recently aroused the 8 bitterness of the landed gentry of 9 England by professing to take from them 10 a certain percentage of their land 11 values as taxes.

12 The Daily Express states that 13 Snowden intends to resign his post in 14 the Labor Cabinet and if he does Prime 15 Minister McDonald will probably ask King George to make him a peer.

Snowden's wife denies that he 17 will give up his job as chancellor of the Ex-chequer.

The Associated Press, however, cables the word that the Chancellor's feeble state of health may bring about 23 his resignation, and It is pointed out that ordinarily Snowden's exceedingly socialistic views would not permit him to

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accept a peerage, but in this case
the Labor party wants to increase its
representation in the House of Lords,
and then In the interests of his party
Snowden might consent to become the a
peer of the realm, and that would indeed
the a strange climax to his socialistic
career.

A copious bit of debate was heard in the city of Geneva today. The debaters were Foreign Minister Eurtius of Germany and Foreign Minister Briand of France. The subject was that Austro-German customs union -- which the Germans defended and the French attacked.

Doctor Kurtius said that the agreement which Germany and Austria has made to abolish tariffs does not conflict with international relations. He added that Germany was willing to establish tariff agreements not only with Austria but with any other country.

According to the Associated Press, Briand replied by saying that France and Belgium wanted at one time to have a customs union. between themselves, But that the European powers opposed it -- and France decided that she had no right to do anything that might be harmful to Europe. And so the proposed Franco-Belgian customs union was called off.

And now, Briand went on, France cannot permit other nations to enter

ful to the whole of Europe -- and by that he meant agreement between Germany and Austria.

The debate took place at a session of the European Federation Commission. And you can bet there'll be a lot more debating before the matter is settled. thrashed out.

Well, it looks like some more of the same old trouble for Portugal. Another Portuguese island has revolted. This time it is San Thome, a bit of land off the west coast of Africa.

According to the United Press
the native police have rebelled.
They have deported the Portuguese
REXERDMENTX Governor. They grabbed him and just put him on a steamship and told him to head for Lisbon. XXX

That makes about the fourth rebellion Portugal has had in her colonies. It seems to be an epidemic. The Lisbon Government has sent a gunboat from Angola in Portuguese West Africa to put down the rebellion on the island of San Thome.

Yes and more trouble has flared up in Spain - in the country districts this time. Four men have been killed and ten injured near the village of Atarfe. A convent nearby had been attacked by radicals and set afire, and the peasants of the neighboring village believed the church burners were coming their way. So they armed themselves to protect their own little church.

According to the Associated Press, an automobile with a number of men in it came along the road. Peasants tried to stop it. The men in the car opened fire. There was an exchange of shots. Three of the peasants were killed, the car hit a wall, and the chauffeur was killed in the crash.

The police arrested several of the occupants of the car, who claim that they are not church burners, but just the same the authorities are holding them for examination.

The church burning riots in the cities are said to have stirred up the bitter anger of the country folk who are gathering weapons and preparing to defend their churches.

Meanwhile all of Spain is anxiously awaiting the reply of the new Republican government to the protest which the Vatican

has made against the destruction of religious property. According to the International News Service, the general opinion seems to be that either the Republican authorities will apologize to the Pope or they'll have to break relations with the Vatican. It seems to be a case of either one or the other, and the Spaniards are wondering which it will be.

MADAME BUTTERFLY

And now for a moment let's just imagine - let's imagine we're hearing a bit of the music of Madame Butterfly, because here comes the true story of Madame Butterfly. And it's almost exactly like the tale in the story and in the opera.

In Tokyo there is an American missionary, Mrs. Irvin

Correll. She is a sister of John Luther Long, who wrote the

originial story of the Japanese heroine, upon which the composer

Puccini based his opera.

According to the Associated Press, Mrs. Correll at a luncheon of the Pan-Pacific Club in Tokyo, told about the real Madame Butterfly. And yes, that was her name too - Cho San in Japanese - which means butterfly. Her lover, however, was not an American naval officer, but a Russian.

Little Cho San lived near the missionary station. "She was as pretty as a picture," Mrs. Correll tells, "and everyone liked her. One day we heard that she had had a lover and expected soon to become a mother. The lover had gone promising to return. He said he would signal from the ship when he came back.

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We missionaries knew" adds Mrs. Correll, "that little
Cho San was always at her window which overlooked the sea, gazing
far out over the ocean, waiting for the signal - the signal that
never came."

On a trip to America the missionary told her brother about the little Japanese girl named Butterfly. Whereupon he sat down and write the story, and from his tark story, of the beautiful Japanese girl was written the opera that is now world famous.

My! What a big boy! No. the boy turns out to be Aunt Henrietta. That apparently is what things are coming to -- because an Associated Press dispatch from Paris tells us about a new fashion which the matrons abroad are said to be taking up this summer. They are wearing clothes of a cut ordinarily designed for small boys. ** That is, the same kind of clothes little Johnnie is wearing also decorates the ample form of Aunt Henrietta.

The new suits which the matrons are maindindinding wearing are said to consist of a Buster Brown jacket, kneelength shorts under a man wrap-around skirt. Yes, that seems to be something like little Johnnie's outfit -- although not exactly.

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I'll bet not many of you folks
have heard of a left handed tree no, not a left handed monkey wrench, — but
a left handed tree.
It appears that trees, like

human beings, are mostly right handed, with a few lefties among them. Often the grain of a tree twists and when it done it was usually to the right. That is, the grain slants upward to the right. But The magazine Current Science informs us that an expert of the United States Geological Survey has looked into the matter of left handed trees. In one forest he made a count. 384 trees were twisted to the right, 16 were were with slightly 13 left handed. twisted to the right. Three were violently left handed, as left handed as a pitcher buzzing them over to a baseball team that's weak against left handers.

This week's Literary Digest goes into that matter of left handed trees and prints a picture with the

caption - Can you find the leftie among these trees?

Yes sir it's interesting to study that picture, and pick out the grain growing upward and to the left.

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And now for a quiet peaceful picture - a picture of a policeman off duty walking along a Brooklyn Street with his wife and two children. The wife has the baby in her arms and the other youngster, a six year old, toddles alongside.

Yes, that makes an ordinary every day family party.

Ah, but then things began to happen. The policeman, Patrolman William F. O'Brien, out of the corner of his eye saw three men with drawn guns walk into a drugstore, a short distance off. Yes, a hold-up. The cop's wife stood there with the two children, while her husband drew his own pistol and dashed into the drug-store. As he entered the door one of the robbers shot at him but missed. Patrolman O'Brien returned the fire and shot the bandit down. The other two threw up their hands and surrendered.

After the arrests were duly made, the cop rejoined his wife and children, and continued his stroll home - just all in the day's work.

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At Seattle, Washington, Mrs. D. D. Ringer made a big mistake -- or was it Mr. Ringer who made a mistake?

The United Press informs us that upon returning home minumed from a bridge party Mrs. Ringer walked into the bedroom and saw a man asleep on the bed. She ran out of the house and called the police -- saying that a strange man was sleeping in the house and that he must be a burglar.

The police arrived and laid violent hands on the man sleeping on the bed. The man jumped up roaring with indignation; WHAT'S THE IDEA? CAN'T A MAN TAKE A NAP IN HIS OWN NOME? Then Mrs. Ringer recognized him. He was Mr. Ringer, who had just been to a barbershop and had his mustache shaved off. It must have been quite an impressive mustache, because, with it absent from his face, Mr. Ringer wasn't recognized—even by his own wife.

At Chickapee, Massachusetts, Michael Lacek decided to end it all. He jumped from a bridge into the Connecticut River.

The United Press tells us that just then, along the bank below the bridge, sixteen Springfield College students were pathered while a teacher was giving them instructions in the art of life saving. The teacher was just explaining how to pull a drowning man out, when they all saw Lacek hit the water. They couldn't miss a chance like that for a practical demonstration. And so, using the most perfect form in life saving, they fished Lacek out.

He had picked about the worse place in the world for jumping into a river to end it all.

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No, this next item is no contribution from the Tall Story Club. It's all literally true. I suppose it belongs to the archives of the Dull Facts Club.

The United Press informs us that Henry Hollenbeck, a veteran airplane pilot of the National Parks Airways, was flying along between Ogden, (Utah), and Pogatella, when something hit him on the head and nearly knocked him out.

When he came to he saw a large mallard duck lying in the cockpit beside him, quite dead. The bird had passed through the whirring propellers, crashed through the windshield, and cracked the pilot, on the head.

TALL STORY

One of my colleagues of the Literary Digest, Mr. W. B. Hadley, has applied for membership to the Tall Story Club.

I don't want to seem to play any favorites, and so I am passing the application on to the other learned brethren who are devoted to the Great American whopper.

Mr. Hadley tells a story of a bad man of a regiment of United States Infantry that was stationed at Fort Yuma, Arizona, and Yuma as you know is one of the hottest places on earth. Well, this bird was the oneriest, toughest customer in that man's army, and one day he got into row and was killed.

Mr. Hadley states that there was no doubt in the minds of the regiment as to his destination in the next world, either.

You will therefore imagine the astonishment of a sentry at Sally Port several nights later when the ghost of the bad man appeared.

Who goes there?" The sentry challenged.

"It's me", responded the bad man's shade.

The sentry expected the ghost to go on with some story about the awful hot weather he was encountering in the other world,

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but instead the ghost piped up:

"Say, Buddy, "I've come back for my blankets. The place where Saint Peter has sent me isn't half as hot as Yuma!"

This narration is a little bit out of the vein of most tall stories, but I would suggest that we give Brother Hadley a full fledged membership just the same.

KENTUCKY DERBY

Well, today as you know was the big day of the year in Kentucky, the day of the Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs, near Louisville. A crowd of over 50,000 saw Twenty Grand win the big event - with Sweep All, second and Mate, third. But the race was described by radio right from the track so you've probably heard all about it.

There was a gay, carefree throng, with the women in summery costumes, carrying bright parasols. As for the men, they say it was one great panorama of Panama hats.

According to the International News Service, Equipoise, one of the favorites, was scratched, suffering from a stone bruise of some sort.

At any rate this year's derby has passed into the realm of racing history.

es. and here's e to a telegram 2 from Paul Gerrier, of Somerville, 3 Massachusetts. Mr. Gerrier reminds me 4 that on Saturday I customarily say --5 "so long until Monday". He suggests it would be snappier if I said -- "so

long until day after tomorrow.

Well, maybe it would. Anyway-so long until day after tomorrow.

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