## RESIIIUIION

Lowell Thomas Broadcast, for the Literary Digest, Friday. August 14.1931

Page

## An interaetry document has int been filed with

 the county clerk at Mineola, Long Island. It's called "a notice to the world." It tells us that John $G$. Jenkins has paid up -- yes, paid up to the last penny. And what a story there is behind that simple statementTwenty-four years ago, as the New York Times tells the story, a chain of banks operating throughout Brooklyn and Long Island collapsed. mast of the depositors were personal friends of the banker and his family. Their losses amounted to one million dollars. Then the banker died soon after. His son, John G. Jenkins, who had been an official in the bank, was put on trial. He was acquitted. And right after the jury turned in its verdict of "not guilty" he got up and made his solemn promise that he would pay back every nickel of the money people had lost, every cent of the million dollars. That was twenty-four years ago. He had to start all over again. He went right to work, earning and may l paying, earning and paying. He was a success in business. He had to be, to pay off $a_{A} m i l l i o n$. dollars. For twentyfour years he keptaat ill, satisfying the innumerable claims, one after another. And today the final claim was paid. And it was one of the biggest, over 400,000 dollars. The papers were filed in the Nassau County Court, and with them that notice to the world which states that John G. Jenkins has paid up all of that million dollars which was lost by the collapse of his father's chain of banks. The man just laughs about his labor of 24 years. He says it wasn't so much. He's only sorry that $h$ is father isn't alive today to witness the clearing of the family $n$ ane and the settling of the family debts.

An interesting bit of news comes from Newark, New Jersey today, and it's about an interesting subject the $H$ IR D DEGREE

There has been a good deal of talk of late about the use of brutality by the police to force confessions from prisoners. The wickersham Commit tee, as you will recall, made a report which charged that the Third Degree was still being usedfor and wide.

The Police Department in Newark adopted a new rule today. Whenever a prisoner makes a confession a doctor will examines him right after, and makes a statement $h$ is physical condition. This is to prevent the prisoner from getting himself a few scars later on and saying that they are signs that the police beat him up.

The New York Evening Post quotes the Newark police officials as saying that the wickersham report, about the Third Degree, has encouraged prisoners to claim that they confessed merely because the cops beat them up.

## IHIRD_XEGREE_=_\#2

And they have found methods of getting bruises on their bodies to make it look like a case of police brutality.

One common method is for a prisoner to take the mattress of $f$ his at cot and ale ep on the springs. This will produce welts and marks on his back which make it look as if he had been beaten. Then he has his back photographed and picture is brought into court as evidence of the Third Degree.

A story is told of a man who confessed to a murder and took the detectives to the $p l$ ace where he had hidden the gun. Then he got an idea. He beat $h i s$ head against the bars of his cell so badly that he had to be taken to a hospital.

Later on, at his trial, the hospital record was brought into court to prove $h i s$ contention that the police had used a particularly savage Third Degree in forcing a confession from him.

Anyway, police in Newark say they are going to have every prisoner examined by a doctor right after he confesses.

## AVIATION

$\qquad$
5

It looks as though there might be a ${ }_{2}$ fen hard feel ingsor two between the Army and the Navy.

A squadron of 9 Army bombing the -Navy Ingalls wrote a letter to Secretary-of-War Hurley and offered to lend the Army a few Navy flyers to show
war
the Army birds how to find a ship at sea. The assistance, however, has been declined. Colonel Kirkland, commandant of Langley Field made a reply which the Admirals may consider a trifle snippy. He answered back and said the Army could find the ship as well as the Navy. In fact, it was the Army that taught the Navy how to fly.

And so the Army squadron under Major Largue was ordered to make another attempt to find and sink the ship.

Well, the Lindbergh are on their way to Asia tonight. In fact along about now they may be lending in Kamchatka. At latest reports they were well on their way form Nome. They have crossed Bering sea at any rate.

That Lindbergh flight looks bigger than ever today.

The colonel at a dinner party up at Nome announced that he and the Mrs, aren't going to stop with any mere flight across the ton of the continent and then across the North Pacific to the orient. They have decided to make it a round-the-world affair. The United Press explains that that the famous couple will have vacation
their Asiatic xxtiexn, all right. They won't try to break any speed records. They' ll see the sights of the Far East at their leisure, but after that parts all over they expect to keep right on going westward all around the globe.
Their lan is to cross from Europe to America by
making the Atlentic passage via the Azores.

More severe fighting is reported in cuba. President Machado is sad to ben negotiating for peace with the leaders of the revolution, but me anwhile the trouble seems to be increasing.

The Associated Press reports a whole series of clashes. Trouble is said to have broken out even in the oriente Province, which until now had been comparatively quiet.

The United Press cables the report that President Machado's attempts to negotiate a truce with the rebel leaders mama haven't met $w i$ th any success.

Anyone who has travelled in the far-flung domains of the British Empire, on which the sun never sets, will have a lasting impression of the statues of queen Victoria. They are famous for their ugliness. Yes, the British are the first to admit it. Her Gracious Majesty was a dignified, plump old lady, but with her balloon skirts, her bustle and her old-fashioned hairdress she isn't exactly an ideal for the art of sculpture. Some of the statues show her when she was young - and they are funny too.

These reflections have some bearing on the discussion that is going on over in Ireland just now.

The Dublin corresnondent of the New York Evening Post cables the word that the signs and memorials of the long British occupation of the Emerald Isle are slowly disappearing. Just recently in the course of some repairs that were made, the Royal British Arms were removed from the front of the Law Courts of Dublin. And a little while ago the Royal Arms were chipped from the facade of the General Post office. And now there's a perisitent demand for the removal of the statue of queen Victoria which stands in front of Leinster

House, where the Parliament of the Free State holds its sessions. It is pointed out that the monument is particularly ugly. Everybody admits that. The Dublin statue of queen Victoria is one of the least attractive in the British Empire, and I know that's saying a good deal because seen those statues all the way from Ottowa to calcutta.

But there seems to be small reason for any patriotic Irish indignation about that Dublin monument. The Irish, with their sparkling wit and humor, explain the whole matter clearly. They say that the Sublin statue of queen Victoria is so ugly that it is Ireland revenge.

The is, Ireland got even with England by putting up the dreariest of all the dreary statues of Her Britannic Majesty.

## WARSHIPS

Now comes another industry that has been hit by the depression--and it's an odd industry.

For eight years mean have been working of $f$ the east coast of England raising warships from the bottom of the. sea. These are the giant fighting craft of the former High Sea Fleet of the Kaiser. We will all recall that when the German Navy was surrendered to England it was anchored of $f$ the English coast.)

And then one day the German sailors aboard the ships opened the valves and scuttled the whole huge fleet that had fought at Jutland and had been the pride of Germany.

Well, salvaging firm has been raising the vessels from the bottom of the North Sea. One after another those fighting giants have been broken up and sold as scrap iron. Pots, pans, buckets and farm implements have been made of the metal that once had fought the British Flee et at Jutland.

HARSHIRS_=_\#2
$\qquad$

And it has been a profitable venture, until recently. The market for sen scrap metal is not good nowadays. The giant battle cruiser Vonder tan was raised a few months ago but nobody has come forward to purchase the metal.
 battleship Prinz Regent Lyitrold has been raised. Un d the salvaging company is a trifle sad about it.

The New York Sun quotes the of ficials as explaining that according to their contract they have to break those German warships up into scrap metal. If it weren't for that they could make a lot of money out of the Prinz Regent Luitnold. She's in good shape and could go to war any day, They say they get eleven million pounds or or er fifty million dollars for her, but they are compelled to turn her into material for pots and pans.

The strange old city of Macao, is a Portuguese colony in China. It is a quaint, bizarre, back wash city on the china Coast, famous for its gambling dens. In recent years it's become a sleepy place, but today Macao was suddenly awakened from its slumber. A catastrophe occured in which 26 people lost their lives. A powder magazine blew uv. The International News Service explains it as a case of spontaneous combustion. 10 tons of gunpowder went off with disastrous results in that old Portuguese city on the Chine Coast.

The Tall Story Cub this evening introduces a new member, an oldtime newspaper man. He is Bob Ament who for years was the Sunday art director on the old New York World.

Bob tells the story of his Uncle Fritz, who lived in Upper New York State, and was a caviar fisherman. Bob Ament declares that in years st sturgeons' eggs were a regular source of income in those parts.

One year, for some reason or other, the caviar fishermen were instructed to catch sturgeons and put tags on their tails. This for some scientific purpose of studying the migration of fish. And so one day Uncle Fritz caught a fine sturgeon and sat in his boat fixing up the tag. And just at that moment a few reflections on marriage came into his mind. With his pencil he scribbled a priceless thought or two. And here's what he wrote:-
"The man should be the boss. He should make his wife obey. If I ever

## IALL_SIORY_=_\#2

$\qquad$

1
get married and my wife tries to tell me what to do l'Il put her over my knee and use a fence picket on her." And he he signed his name.

Yes, these were priceless thoughts. So priceless, in fact, that Uncle Fritz thought that he might as well pass them
on to some unfortunate soul who might sturgeon need the good advice. He put the message in water-proof container and tied it onto the tail of the sturgeon. Then he let the fish go.

In the course of time Uncle Fritz in spite of all his wisdom yielded to common human frailty. A buxom widow got hold of him and the next thing was the familiar tinkle of wedding bells.

Uncle Fritz took his bride on a sestch honeymoon. That is, he took her out for a boat ride. He was rowing her on the lake when there was a sudden commotion. Something popped out of the water and landed in the boat. It was a fish, a sturgeon. That malicious sturgeon flopped over to the bride and wagged its

IALL_SIORY_=_\#3_
tail. She saw something tied to the $x$ tail. And the next thing you know she was reading those wise words which Uncle Fritz had written several years before:
"The man should be the boss. He should make his wife obey. If I ever get married and my wife tries to tell me what to do I'Il put her over my knee and use a fence picket on her."
"Is so?" exclaimed the bride, as- she h nt her newly-wed husband over the head with an oar.

And that was the beginning of the marital unhappiness of Bob Ament's Uncle Fritz, which lasted for many a ye ar.
$\qquad$
have a neat little anecdote heres位s about the Man of Iron who used to be Germany's war leader and now is the President of the Government of Berlin. "Old Granite Face" he is called in this week's issue of the Literary Digest.

The Digest tells us that the mighty patriarch with the big mustaches is just as solid and imperturbable as he looks. And that's where the anecdote comes: in.

Non Hindenburg and several friends were talking about what people did when they're nervous and flustered.
"When I'm nervous and flustered I whistle," rumbled Vo Hindenburg.
"But, Your Excellency," objected one of his friends, with a puzzled look, "l've never known you to whistle."
"No," responded Germany's Iron Man, "I never do."

They say that Non Hindenburg doesn't like displays or a big hurrah of any sort, But just the same he never gets atage-fright. He doesn't oven get "mike" fright, although, he doesn't enjoy

## DIGEST - 2

making a talk through the microphone. He hates to go on the air.

That article in the Literary Digest quotes Thar. Ybarra, writing in colliers', and goes on to give us a radio story about the former Commander-in-Chief of the Teutonic War Machine.

Yon Hindenburg was persuaded to go on the air. He didn't want to, but he thought it was his duty. As he walked up to the "mike" he looked like a man who has a severe pain, He read his speech in a stilted, unnatural voice. The thick German gutterals went out into the ether without any expression, something like a parrot speaking a piece.

When it was over the chap who was in charge of the broadcasting apparatus was so overwhelmed to be near the great Vo Hindenburg that he forgot to switch off the microphone.

And that was when millions of Germans heard the voice of Vo Hindenburg, simple and natural -- and full of expression.

Thinking that the micron one had been switched off, Old Granite Face let out these heartfelt words:
"Ach himmel -- thank Heaven that's over! Ja wohl." Well, I myself do e bit of mumbling once in a while
after I've had my turn on the air. But whet I mumble to myself
is something like this -- "Why can't they let a fellow have a
little more time: I've got another story or two, but there's no chance, so each himmel and, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

