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GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

616-31-5M

Here's a story that brings back memories of one of the most picturesque incidents in American history.

It seems to me there was a song in the old days -- maybe some of you folks will remember it. One line went like this -- "Coxey's army got drown-ed, oh Mary, don't you cry."

Well, those days that seem so far away now, when Coxey led his army to Washington, are brought vividly to mind by a bit of political news from Ohio.

In the town of Massillon they've had a primary election. There was a hot fight for the Republican nomination, because the Republican candidate is nearly always elected. The International News Service says there were six mandidates in all. And guess who won out -- why, that same General Coxey who led Coxey's army. Yes, and Coxey himself.

He's an old man now, but the light of battle still shines in his eyes. No, this isn't the first political experience. He has run for office at various times before. He made several attempts to get himself elected to Congress, but each time he failed.

Mow in the late evening of his life the immortal Coxey has achieved a political triumph and stands the Republican nominee and undoubtedly the next mayor of the town where he lives, Massillon, Ohio.

And that certainly does bring back memories of the raggedy, tattered line of men who demanded work and unemployment-relief at Washington those many years ago -- Coxey's army, famed in song and story.

616-31-54

There was a bomb explosion in Pittsburgh today. The infernal machine went off on the front porch of the Italian vice-consulate. This is a 3-story building in a fashionable residential section of Pittsburgh. The bomb went off with a terrific roar and demolished that front porch. The plaster was knocked off in several rooms and windows, shattered.

The Italian vice-consul was in the building at the time. He heard footsteps on the porch, and then BANG, the bomb went off. The Associated Press names the amount of damage, \$4,000 worth.

No reason is given for the outrage, but the natural supposition is that it was the work of anti-Fascists.

It looks like four years for Legs Diamond. Federal Judge Richard J.

Hopkins made a little speech in his New York court today in which he said it would be four years in the Atlanta penitentiary and an \$11,000 fine for the notorious gangster. and as the United Press informs us, that doesn't seem to be all. The government may do the New York State authorities a favor and make them a small loan. That is, they may lend Diamond to the officials of the State so that they, can put him to trial.

The gangster was acquitted of beating up and torturing a farmer in the Catskills. They say it was perjury that got Diamond free of that charge. And the word now is that the case may be revived and that he may be tried again on that same charge.

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They're having a Communist roundup in Canada. The Ottawa government has ordered what is called a check-up of Communists. Tim Buck, secretary of the Communist party in Canada, was arrested today in Ontario, and headquarters of the Reds in various cities were raided.

The International News Service gives a bit of light on the subject by saying that the Canadian authorities have found that \$18,000 of Soviet money has been sent into Canada from New York. And Soviet money is usually supposed to be donated for the purpose of making troubles preservation of law and order.

That's one of the reasons for the drive against the Communists that began in Canada today.

How about that revolutionary outbreak in Cuba? Well, the Government of President Machado seems to have the lid on again. But the pot is still boiling, and now through the Associated Press comes news of an attempt to blow up the Havana water supply. A gang of rebels raided the reservoir, but were driven away by soldiers.

Another rebel gang is said to have tried to set fire to the huge storage oil tank. But a hail of bullets sent them running.

In various provinces on the lovely isle that is oalled "The Pearl of the Antilles" there have been numerous skirmishes between the rebels and the forces of the government. But this of course doesn't affect life in Guba to any extent and the traveller wouldn't even know there was trouble brewing.

616-31-5M

from England comes word that something will have to be done to balance the British budget. The Benk of England had to go to French-American financial interests for a large loan the other day. Now the United States declares that the Labor Government in London is going to ask for the sympathetic cooperation of the opposition in Parliament in an effort to do something that may enable England to better her financial position.

That is, the Labor Government wants/work hand in hand with its old enemies, the Tories, in the present crisis. England is facing a huge deficit. The International News Service reminds us that this defific is largely because of the immense cost of socialistic measures which the Labor Government has put through.

Some financial authorities in England are demanding that the Government cut down those socialistic expenditures, the dole for example.

The New York Evening Post states today that the London authorities may declare a patriot loan—that is they will call upon Englishmen to lend money to the Government in the name of patriotism.

They say that England's financial prestige must not be allowed to sink. It must be put back to its usual high level and the way to do it is to balance the budget and cut down that \$600,000,000 deficit which Britain is now facing.

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Rad from Old Erin for a long while:-

It seems like old times in Ireland
this evening -- that is, those bad old
days of trouble and disturbance, when
there was fighting and turmoil,
oppression and revolt.

At Cootehill on the Wister borders to the Irish Free State, things had a war-like look today. Cootehill was selected as the site of a mass meeting of the Royal Black Preceptories -- this

The Irish Republicans declared that they would not allow this meeting to be held. And that made it look like considerable trouble. The Free State government at Dublin sent troops of civic guards to see that there wasn't any disturbance.

Well, at any rate, the Orangemen gathered at Cootehill, and then along came the civic guards to preserve order. When a detachment tried to get into Cootehill they found that the roads had been blocked by barricades of tree trunks. Trenches had been dug. The

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tracks of the Great Northern Railway Abeland, had been torn up at several places.

The Associated Press finds that telegraph and telephone communication has been cut off. Cootehill is isolated. And there is intense excitement along the border. The Orange and Green are at it again.

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Pangborn and Herndon seem to have run into quite a bit of trouble as a result of their projected round-the-world flight. They appeared in court today over in Japan, and the Associated Press describes them as smiling but tense.

These trans-Atlantic flyers are accustomed to expect to receive a grand hurrah anywhere they stop on their sky journeys. And Pangborn and Herndon did get a good deal of welcoming ballyhoo all the way from the United States. across Europe, and then across Siberia. But they made a mistake when they flew to Japan without the permission of the Japanese government -- and also when they had a camera in their plane. The Japanese have an idea that they had something else in mind than mere roundthe-world flying. At any rate, there are many folks out there in the Land of the Rising Sun that are convinced that Pangborn and Herndon were doing a bit of espionage, for whom the press cables don't

say.

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The two flying men are being held by the authorities and are being questioned. The authorities are particularly keen to find out about Pangborn's experience as an aviator in the American Army. The Japanese War Department thinks the affair should be taken seriously. Newspapers, some of them at least, declare that Pangborn and Herndon took pictures from the air and that these pictures include views of Japanese fortifications.

Red-hot patriots are waving the Japanese equivalent of the stars and stripes, and are demanding that the two American aviators should receive drastic punishment. The Black Dragon Society, a Nationalist organization, is holding meetings to launch a nation-wide movement urging that the law be allowed to take its course in the case of Pangborn and Herndon.

Japan has a severe law which forbids the unauthorized taking of photographs of fortifications and

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military establishments.

On the other hand, the Japanese foreign office is inclined to poo-poo the whole affair and to accept what seems to be a natural explanation, that although Pangborn and Herndon may have infringed upon the Japanese law a bit, they weren't doing any spying but were just a little bit gay and care-free in the course of their exhilarating flight from New York to the fartherest shore of Asia.

to hope acrossto steria, and Shorty Cramer is still missing, and the Lindbergha are stallat Mome. The United Press cables from the Far North that the holiday apirit of the gold rush days returned to Nometoday as the cty entertained the Colorel and his celestial as well as matrimoral navigator. Not since the days when hewhishord navigator. Not since the days when hewhishord their posses full of gold dust has their been their posses full of gold dust has their been so much excitement along Front Street in Nome. I excitement along Front Street in Nome. I have seen the Lindbergha will leave american reindeer steals the Lindbergha will leave american

soil and make a flight of over a thousand miles to rapaginale, siberia. These probably make that dangerous hoptomore

That's about all for aviation. The

we now come to the subject of mutti --no, not muddy. It's spelled with a "t" -- in fact, with two t's. It's m-u-t-t-i. It so unds some like muddy, and, to be sure, that's what it is -- mud.

when I lived in India and traveled around everywhere over the land of the Ganges and the Brahmaputra--it was mutti this and mutti that. The new Literary Digest, which comes out tomorrow, tells us that mutti comes pretty near to being the staff of life out in India. It takes the place of wood and bricks and glass and even food.

The Digest in quoting the Manchester Guardian remarks that in India the poor man lives by means of three invaluable things -- the cow, the river, and mutti.

This last is the deep, rich soil of Central India. It's hundreds of feet in depth, and for that reason crops can be grown on the same land year after

year, century after century, without an ounce of fertilizer. You can dig down a long way and you'll never find a stone.

And the deep bed of that peculiar soil stores up water and thus provides against drought.

It's white and powdery, and minimum is of the finest texture. A girl might powder her face with it.

The Literary Digest tells us the many uses to which the poor Indian puts that inexhaustible supply of mutti. He builds the walls of his house with it, also the wall around his little piece of land. He makes pots for his water and his grain out of mutti. Also his chairs and his bed. His tobacco pipe, the dolls for his children, and the altar for whatever God he may choose as his special divinity. Yes, and he even makes his idole and muttic.

Yes indeed, so the Literary Digest tells us, that white powdery soil called mutti is the staff of life for the Hindu. He uses it as material for the mason, the plumber, the carpenter, the

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upholsterer, and just about everything. In fact, you can do almost anything with mutti except eat it. But we must admit that there are some tribes in India that do eat mutti. Yes, they eat mud, although apparently it isn't very good for them.

Maybe it was mutti that Kipling meant when on the road to Mandalay he wrote about the -- "bloomin' idol made of mud that they called the Great God Bud."

Anyway, mutti seems to be to the Hindu what the camel is to the Arab and the reindeer is to the Laplander.

Every day or so, upon meeting some body and starting to talk things over I just can't help remarking about the number of fine stories that come along in the course of the day's news. It is amazing the strange things that happen in this world of ours and how often by going through the events of the day you will find a story that is simply a peach. Take this one about a life-saver.

At Sheboygan, Wisconsin, lives J. P. Wor thington, who sometime ago won a medal for saving a man's life, in Sheboygan Lake.

The United Press describes Mr. Worthington as a man good strong swimmer who is always ready to jump in and save a life. In fact he's a natural born life saver.

Well, Mr. Worthington happens to be at Port Townsend, Washington, a visit or something of the sort. He was walking along a pier, at just about dusk, when he heard a strangled cry

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coming from the water and saw a head bobbing up and down. That life-saving instinct came right to the front.

"Keep paddling", shouted the life-saver - "I'll give you a hand."
He kicked off his shoes, threw off his coat and took a dive off the pier. He started swimming toward the bobbing head. That same strangling voice was still uttering inarticulate cries.

The life-saver swam with a powerful stroke. There was just one thing that astonished him. The swimmer that he was trying to rescue disappeared below the surface, then came up some distance away, then took another dive and came up again. The life-saver, powerful swimmer though he was, had trouble to keep in sight of the bobbing head, in the gathering darkness. But he was spurred on by that inarticulate choking voice, which seemed to be that of a man in the last gasp of despair. He kept swimming on and on. Hadn't he won that medal for life-saving back in

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Wisconsin? Yes, he had, and he was going to deserve another medal out here on the Pacific Coast.

And so he just kept swimming on and on with that powerful breast stroke of his But he never did catch the swimmer he was trying to rescue. Instead he became exhausted himself and had to call for help. Luckily, a couple of men in a boat heard him. They came up and pulled him out of the water. "Ohim" they exclaimed, when he told them of his life-saving attempt. "you don't mean that head that was going along in front of you there? Why that was a seal."

Yes sir, that heroic life-saver had been swimming his head off trying to save a seal from a watery grave.

And hereafter anybody who needs to be rescued from a watery grave wood will have to holler HELP in plain English, or that particular life-saver will turn around and say what I'm saying now SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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