INTRO.

LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1931

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GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

There are some stories of extraordinary heroism, in the news tonight. They have to do with & disastrous fire in Pittsburgh, which destroyed the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, a home for the poor and aged.

The account of the fire has been in the newspapers all over the country today. a story brief and tragic. In the Little Sisters Home for the aged and poor, there were 213 inmates and 18 nuns. A fire broke out last night in the dead of night. It wasn't noticed at first; and it spread with alarming and awful rapidity.

Then came a scene of pity and terror. Most of the inmates were too old and feeble to move fast and some of them were blind. 31 lives were lost. The injured number 200.

I received a copy of today to the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph by airplane mail late this afternoon. The first three pages are solid with stories and pictures of the catastrophe -- and the stories are gripping in the heroism they reveal.

The firemen displayed their usual

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bravery in carrying half-suffocated victims from the plazing building; but there firemen declare that many more would have perished if it hadn't been for the volunteer rescuers. Citizens of the neighborhood, roused out of their sleep, dashed into that inferno of smoke and fatmes and carried out the helpless old people.

One boy of 16 climbed through a window to make a rescue. His arms were ripped on the broken glass and then he fell choking with the smoke. They dragged him out and the First-Aid Squad had to work on him for 45 minutes before they could bring him to.

Both firemen and volunteer rescuers tell us of astonishing courage and calmness displayed by those old folks and by the nuns in the face of death. Let me give you an incident or two, of which the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph tells us.

Frank B. Michaels, one of the first men inside the burning building says that he saw no panic. "I carried

4 people out", he relates. "I saw many on their knees praying. One little woman was at an upper window, crying for help. As the smoke started pouring through the window around her, we saw her make the Sign of the Cross and close the window. We never saw her again."

Hugh L. McConnville was except among the rescuers who forced their way through the smoke of the third floor.

"All the old mën", he tells us, "stood by the women comforting them to the end. We had to rescue them almost against their will.#

"Up on the third floor men and women were on their knees praying. The women were even calmer than the men".

The firemen found a nun wandering about in the smoke. She told her rescuers to let her alone. "I can't leave now", she said, "Mother Superior is still in here. I am her assistant and I must find her and help her." They had to take hold of the black-garbed Sister by force and carry her down the ladder.

It was only after those old people had been rescued and were safe outside the burning building that their calmness deserted them and many became hysterical.

Well, there are a number of men in Pittsburgh who worked bravely as rescuers in that dreadful fire and they'll be talking to the end of their lives about the serene courage of those people in the face of death, of those aged part whater in the Foor.

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A plot against the King of Belgium is reported by the Associated Press. King Albert and the royal family presided at the dedication of a statue to commemorate a royal anniversary. It is just 100 years since the present reigning dynasty of Belgium ascended the throne. The King and his family were placed on a sort of elevated stage. The beams of this were by the conspirators. had been partly cut through was that the weight of the persons standing on the platform would cause the beams to give way and there would be a collapse, with perhaps fatal results. But the plot didn't work out right, and there was no troubles mishap.

The police say Flemish agitators are to blame. The people of Belgium are divided into two nationalities, and the Flemish claim they are being down-trodden.

This attempt against the royal family of Belgium took place last Sunday, but the news has just leaked out.

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In a small bleak room in the Soviet city of Moscow a motherly middle-aged woman had a ray of light and hope brought to her today. A Russian correspondent of the Associated Press had hunted for her and found her. And now he told her a story that had been flashed to the outside world yesterday.

A great deal of noise and flub-dub is surrounding the visit of Lady Astor and George Bernard Shaw to Soviet Russia. The newspapers of the world have been following that visit, expecting to be regaled with all sorts of witty wisecracks from the brilliant I rish dramatist and also from Lady Astor, whomas who is noted for a sharp and ready tongue. Thus far Shaw seems to have been keeping silent. Lady Astor was doing the talking.

However, the highspot of that
Russian tour does not come in any
scintillating epigram. It takes the form
of a bit of lurid play-acting. But
there's also a vein of deep human feeling

in the episode.

We were told yesterday how there was a grand Bolshevik reception for George Bernard Shaw and Lady Astor. Even the Bolsheviks throw parties. And right in the middle of things Lady Astor put on her big act. She walked up to Maxim Litvinoff, the Commisar of Foreign Affairs of the Soviet government. Her Noble Ladyship threw herself on her knees before Litvinoff and cried in a thrilling voice:

"I present you this as a peasant to a Czar."

To Your telegram. It was addressed to Lady Astor, and this is the way it read: - IN THE NAME OF HUMANITARIAN PRINCIPLES, I APPEAL TO YOU TO HELP MY WIFE.

And it was signed by Professor Dmitri Krynin of Yale University.

It was further explained that
Madam Krynin was being held in Russia
by the Soviet government and was not been
allowed to join her husband and her son

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in the United States.

The cynical Commisar of Foreign Affairs read the telegram and replied coldly to the man noble English lady who was still dramatically kneeling before him, that he couldn't do anything about it. The matter was not in his jurisdiction.

Later on Lady Astor tried to appeal to the heads of the Soviet police. but they wouldn't see her.

The theatrical outbreak that she staged at the big party doesn't seem calculated to impress gentlemen as hard-boiled as the Soviet leaders -- or maybe Her Noble Ladyship was having a bit of a joke. Maybe she was using the appealing telegram as a means of having a little fun. Shaw got an identical telegram from the Professor. And if he's doing anything about it, why, the playwright is using somewhat less theatrical tactics. He isn't getting on his knees to amybody. The next thing on the program was for an Associated Press correspondent

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to look up Madam Krynin. He found her in a dingy room which she has occupied ever since she was separated from her husband and her son. He told her of her husband's appeal and of how Lady Astor had presented it to Litvinoff. He added that Lady Astor would pay her a visit within the next few days. "The middle-aged woman who for years has lived under the curse of being a member of the intellectual classes in Soviet Russia, replied simply that it would not be well for a noble British lady to visit a poor woman in such poor livingquarters.

She explained that she wasn't so badly off. Her husband sent her packages of food from the United States. And so she was not hungry. But she was not allowed to leave Russia. She had tried her best to get permission from the Soviets to leave the country and join her husband at son at Yale. But they had refused. She didn't know why, except that her husband was a Professor, a

member of the intellectual classes and opposed to Communism. During the War he was an officer of road construction and then became a Professor in the Moscow Technical University and a consulting engineer for the government. But she still hope that some day she will be allowed to this leave and go to her husband and her son.

Meanwhile here in America
Professor Krynin of Yale explains that
he sent a telegram to Shaw and Lady
Astor just as a means of focusing public
attention on the plight of his wife.
He hopes that Shaw and Lady Astor will
do something to help him to re-unite
his family and bring his wife to live in
the pleasant home in the shadow of the
elms of Yale.

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folice

Well, things seem to be brightening a bit for the intellectual and technical classes in Russia. They are putting into effect that new policy announced by Stalin, the Red dictator; Le according to which engineers and scientists will get better treatment even though they're not Communists.

Some time ago a large group of aviation engineers were tried and sentenced to death by the Soviet courts. They were convicted of what the Bolsheviks call "economic counter-revolution" -- that is, those engineers were not working with any enthusiastic efficiency for the cause of Communism.

Many a technician in Russia has been condemned and shot dreaded G.G.P.U. under similar charges. But the sentences of these aviation engineers were commuted, and they were condemned to life imprisonment. The United Press tells us that while in confinement they went ahead with their aviation work. They designed new types of planes and new instruments of aviation.

And now the Red dictator's new scheme of going easy on the technicians has had its effect. The aviation engineers have been pardoned and released from prison. And added to that, they have been given cash rewards. Two of them have been given 10,000 rubles -- 5,000 dollars each. And the others have been rewarded by smaller, though substantial sums of money.

Yes. it does seem as if the

Yes, it does seem as if the harshness of Communism Es easing up a bit.

Here's a good subject for a guessing contest. How much money did Shakespeare make? What was the salary that the Bard of Avon drew down?

In this week's Literary Digest we are told of an Illinois Professor who has been working for years, examining all the documents that bear on the subject -- and that subject is, HOW MUCH MAJUMA DID SHAKESPEARE TAKE HOME EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT TO THE DARK LADY OF THE SONNETS?

The Literary Digest informs us that the Professor has figured out that the average earnings of the greatest English poet was about 250 pounds per year, -- in other words, about 12 hundred and 50 dollars.

And that certainly sounds like a meagre, paltry, sniveling sum for the man whose plays are the top-ranking classics of the English language. However, the Literary Digest quotes the London Diarist as pointing out that 12 hundred and 50 a year was not to be sneezed at in Shakespeare's day. The cost of living was less. Money was worth more. And according to modern valuations Shakespeare's 1,250 dollar income would be figured

to be worth about 2 thousand pounds a year -- that is, 10 thousand dollars in today's coin of the realm.

And that isn't such a bad income, -- 200 bucks a week.

Most writers nowadays would be tickled with it. But just the same there are many playwrights of the present day to whom the money that Shakespeare got would be just small change, just chicken feed.

In New York today a politician from across the river in New Jersey was found walking along without shoes, coat, or hat -- and a pair of handcuffs were on his hands. It's all a good deal of a mystery.

The New Jersey politician is Johnny Hanna, who disappeared last Wednesday under highly melodramatic circumstances.

He is a lieutenant to a prominent political leader in Hudson County. He was taking it easy at political headquarters when a couple of men entered with guns in their hands. Warning the others in the place not to interfere, they snapped a pair of hand-cuffs on Hanna's wrists and marched him out to a waiting automobile. The car went speeding away. And the general supposition was that Hanna was being taken for a ride and that it wouldn't be long before his body would be found at some roadside.

But today he re-appeared in New

York City with those same handcuffs still on his wrists. He tells how his captors blindfolded him by binding strips of courtplaster across his eyes. They kept him a prisoner in a house for three days, tied to a bed.

This morning they put him in a car again and with one man driving h was whizzed along. The strips of courtplaster over his eyes had worked loose, and he could see through one corner. Observing that they were passing beside a vacant lot which was covered with bushes, he jumped out of the car, dashed away and hid in a clump of green. The police are inclined to believe that the kidnappers didn't mind his escaping. They intended to set him free anyway.

Hanna's explanation of the strange incident, which the International News Service gives sur, is that he was being held for ransom. He thinks so anyway. However, it appears that no demand for ransom was made. And that makes the case all the more mysterious.

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I'll just keep one eye on the clock here while I hurry through a story about a clock.

In Paris is the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires. The Church has a big outside clock which is said to be the finest timepiece in Paris -- that is, it was considered the finest timepiece until it started doing some funny tricks.

One day it stopped at 10:45 in the morning. They started it going again, but the next day it stopped again at 10:45. The clockmaker examined the big timepiece and said the works were 0.K. There was no reason why the clock shouldn't keep perfect time. But just the same every day the clock stopped at 45 minutes past 10.

Somebody did a bit of sleuthing, and the mystery was solved. The International News Service gives the explanation.

Every day at 10:40 a pigeon

flew up to the clock and alighted on the minute hand. The clock kept going all right. But at 10:45 this pigeon was joined by his mate. And the combined weight of the two birds held down the minute hand and stopped the clock.

well, unfortunately there aren't any two pigeons to perch themselves on the minute hand of the clock here. That minute hand just keeps moving on and compels me to say -SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.

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