

NOTE TO ANNOUNCER: (Make local announcement every fifteen minutes except on dramatic programs which depend on a succession of thought)

6.45 - 7.00 P. M.

LITERARY DIGEST

MONDAY

SEPTEMBER 29, 1930.

LITERARY DIGEST BROADCAST BY LOWELL THOMAS AT THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT:

The Literary Digest speaking - to announce Lowell Thomas, the Digest's new radio voice informing and entertaining you with the latest news of the day.

Of course you remember Lowell Thomas, famous war correspondent of whom the late Lord Northcliffe said, "He saw more of the World War than any other man".

You know him also as a world traveler, explorer and author.

You know the Lowell Thomas who was sent to Europe by President Wilson to be with the Belgian, French, Italian, Serbian, American, British and Arabian armies, and bring back a popular account of the Allied campaigns.

You know the Lowell Thomas who accompanied General Allenby during the conquest of Palestine, and who was the first to discover and tell the world of the amazing career of Colonel Lawrence, the mystery man of Arabia.

You know the Lowell Thomas who began life out in the Cripple Creek mining district in Colorado and who since then has been a ranger, a traveling salesman, and who was managing editor of two daily newspapers before he was twenty.

You know the Lowell Thomas who toured India with the Prince of Wales and spent two years in exploring remote parts

of that country as well as Malaya, Upper Burma and some of the wildest corners of Central Asia, such as Waziristan and Afghanistan.

You know the Lowell Thomas who was the first person of the outside world to reach Central Europe after the Armistice and bring back a record, both in picture and story of the German revolution.

You know the Lowell Thomas who has addressed audiences of 4,000,000 people in various parts of the world, who have been held by the magic of his voice and have traveled with him to the ends of the earth.

And this is the Lowell Thomas you are now to hear recording the latest news of the day for the Literary Digest.

INTRODUCTION:

I wonder if any of you will believe all that, or all of the awfully nice things that Floyd Gibbons said about me Saturday night? If you do, I am sure you must put me down as an old man with a long beard trailing in the dust.

I called Floyd Gibbons on the telephone Saturday night, and told him what a great fellow he was to spend so much of his final hour in giving me a boost. But the things he said were much too flattering. After all, I am just a chap who started out as a newspaper man, and with an overwhelming desire to see the whole world, and to spend my life acting as an observer. It's rather curious that Floyd Gibbons and I have followed somewhat parallel trails much of the time. Before the War, when he was a star man on a morning paper in Chicago I was a city police reporter chasing news for a Chicago evening

paper. Then as the years went by, we both travelled to the ends of the earth. I crossed his trail hundreds of times during the war and after - Africa - Asia and almost everywhere. And here I am, asked to take up his trail of radioing the news for the Literary Digest. When I talked to him on the telephone Saturday night, that was the closest I had ever come to actually meeting him in the twenty years or more that we have been dodging each other around the globe. One of the things he said to me was: "It's interesting how you seem to get to know people over the radio. Although you may be talking to millions you have the feeling that they are all your friends". And I can understand this in the case of Floyd Gibbons. For I doubt if the man ever lived who endeared himself to more people in as short a time as Floyd Gibbons. It was fine of him to give me his blessing and such a send-off.

As I take up his trail to scan the last editions of the newspapers and pass on to you the dispatches that have been coming in to me all day, I fell as though I had been abruptly pulled away from my farm up in the New York hills and tossed back a dozen years or more into one of my old jobs in the whirl of a modern newspaper office.

September
Trouble has been expected in Germany for some days, and an afternoon dispatch brings a report of what may easily be the beginning of serious disorders. A procession of German Fascists was attacked today by Communists in the town of Unterbermsgruen (Oonterbeartsmsgrooen) - A hot fight followed in which 29 Fascists were injured, four critically. The Communist casualties are not known, as the injured radicals

were taken into houses and hidden.

Adolph Hitler, the German Fascist chief, is snorting fire. There are now two Mussolinis in the world, which seems to promise a rousing time. Adolph is one. He has written a book called the German Fascist Bible. In it this belligerent gentleman states that a cardinal policy of his now powerful German party is the conquest of Russia. That's a tall assignment Adolph. You just ask Napoleon.

I happened to pass through one German revolution, and it was complicated enough. But the present political situation over there is getting to be another frightful tangle. I understand it a bit better now, after having read the article on "Germany's Radical Ballot Revolt," in the current issue of the Literary Digest. At the top of the article are three photographs of the leaders of the principal elements in the confused German political mix-up - the Fascists, the moderates, and the Communists. A study in faces, and that is always interesting and sometimes revealing.

From across the Atlantic drift other reports - all the way from grave agitations in Spain to new sentimental sidelights on King Carol's love-lorn court. The rise of the Fascists of Germany is an anti-republican, monarchist movement. In Spain the drift is the other way. Madrid witnessed a great political meeting in a famous old bull ring there. Political meetings and bull seem to be natural together, but the Madrid gathering appears to have been very much in earnest. With government machine guns trained on the crowd, a succession of prominent speakers denounced King Alfonso and demanded a republic. There

was a wild demonstration, fortunately without bloodshed, against the monarchy.

Right next door to Spain there are violent threats of war in the tiny republic of Andorra. This miniature nation lies on the Franco-Spanish border, and is under joint control of France and Spain. The Andorran government is ready to go to war with the French. An ultimatum has been sent. The Andorran army of seven men and two guns has been mobilized. The cause of this imbroglio lies in the desire of the Andorran republic to have a race track and a gambling casino, which would attract the festive francs of foreigners - including Americans. This would help the republic's finances considerably, but the French government cruelly forbids it.

You may recall the excitement stirred up last week by a so-called revelation to the effect that Bolshevik representatives from Russia were trading on the Chicago wheat market and driving down the prices of grain. John Bunnell, president of the Chicago Board of Trade, according to an AP dispatch that has just come in, today told a special congressional investigating committee that Russian operations on the Chicago exchange were what is called a "hedging operation", and not a gamble. He said he had investigated and was certain the operations of the Russian representatives in Chicago were not carried out to depress the market.

Whether there is anything wrong with what Russian representatives do, they get blamed for most things these days. For instance, the last time I was in India, my British friends were telling me that the Indian revolution was largely due to Bolshevik agitators and Russian gold.

The New York Times presented an alarming picture this morning of the dumping of products on the world market by the Soviet. The Times correspondent in Hamburg tells us that Hamburg is the center of the vast dumping operation, and that fruits, meats, hides, wood pulp, petroleum, manganese, and dairy products from Russia are now being offered for world sale at from 10 to 30 percent below world prices. It takes only half an eye to see what this may do to price levels here in America. I have a farm where I sell dairy products, and it may hit me right between the eyes, too.

Walter Duranty, the Times correspondent in Moscow reports that the Soviet authorities admit the dumping but state that it is merely a part of their internal socialization scheme. They are dumping products in vast quantities to provide funds for their Five Year Plan. Walter Duranty by the way is one of the most brilliant newspaper correspondents in the world. I stayed at his home in Moscow two years ago. Walter has only one leg but he covers Russia more thoroughly than anyone I know. I believe he is the only correspondent whom the Russians have allowed to stay in the country from the early days of the Revolution right down to the present. They admire his brilliant mind, and allow him to say critical things that they hardly would take from anyone else. Every dispatch that Walter Duranty writes is worth reading.

Although this news about what the Bolsheviks may do to price levels all over the world is rather alarming, we have some cheering news from Washington, where Julius Barnes, the chairman of the National Business Survey Conference, declares that there are small but encouraging gains in business

throughout the country.

Right on the heels of the reports concerning the Soviet manipulations in Germany there is another dispatch from the radical front which is in a lighter tho more warlike, vein. An election has just been held in a strongly communistic section in Paris. A fiery Red leader was addressing his followers in a cafe. You know how it is in Latin countries. Grave political events often start in cafes. Anyway, the Parisian agitator had just reached the highest pinnacle of his inflammatory eloquence when a whole truckload of police happened to have engine trouble and stopped by chance squarely in front of this particular cafe. The revolutionists jumped up from their wine and declared the breaking down of the police truck in front of their tables was an insult to world revolution and the Red flag. So they proceeded to bombard the unfortunate gendarmes with wine bottles, seltzer syphons, and soup plates. The gendarmes retaliated as best they could, and one of those gaudy riots which enliven Latin politics was on, amid showers of wine bottles and beer glasses. Evidently the gendarmes got the worst of it. Numerous arrests were made and 19 police had to be given first aid, because of the bottles that had bounced off their heads.

The New York afternoon papers and the wires of the A.P. U.P., and International News service are all carrying long stories about one of America's most picturesque figures, who passed away yesterday of a heart attack. The late news is that Daniel Guggenheim, world famous mining man, philanthropist and patron of aviation, will be taken to his final rest tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock following services in temple Emanu-el

in New York.

I have known that name Guggenheim from childhood. My youth was spent in a mining camp, and out in Colorado Guggenheim to us meant wealth and power beyond all dreams. Later, when I went to Utah, I found still more Guggenheim mining properties, more than I had supposed any one man or family could control. Then when I went to Alaska I travelled over a Guggenheim railroad up the Copper River to Kennecott, the richest copper mine on earth. Hundreds of miles still farther north, in the Klondike, I found Guggenheim dredges eating up thousands of tons of gold-bearing gravel along El Dorado and Hunker creeks, those magic tributaries of the Klondike River made famous by the early miners in the days of '98.

Years afterward, on an expedition through the jungles of the Malay Peninsular I took a string of elephants and crossed a region where I thought no white man had ever been. Deep in the forest I came to a hut, and from the door emerged a man with a long beard. When I asked him if he could speak English he roared with laughter and said "Why man I'm from Trenton, New Jersey, and I can tell by your accent that you're no Britisher either. I'm a mining engineer working for the Guggenheims. I've been buried out here for two years hunting for some of the lost tin mines of the Malays." Wherever I went, no matter to what continent, I found the representatives of the Guggenheims.

Daniel Guggenheim who has just died was the second of seven sons of Meyer Guggenheim, who came to Philadelphia from Switzerland to engage in the lace business. But the family soon shifted from lace to metals. Some promoter talked the

immigrant merchant into buying shares in a mine out in Colorado. They didn't suddenly strike it fabulously rich, but the elder Guggenheim and his seven sons turned definitely to extracting rich metals from the earth and every one of the seven sons became a multi-millionaire. One of Daniel Guggenheim's sons is our present ambassador to Cuba, Harry Guggenheim.

Daniel Guggenheim was perhaps the most prominent of his family, a clan that dominates in the wealth of the world second only to its original prototype, the Rothchilds. Daniel's most notable work aside from mining and innumerable philanthropies was the establishment of the famous Guggenheim Foundation for the Advancement of Aviation. He supplied the funds that enabled Lindbergh to make his triumphal flying tour of America. He supplied the funds that enabled that amazing flier, my friend Jimmy Doolittle, to experiment with ways of overcoming the grim hazzards of fog flying. And he gave vast sums for the promotion of Aeronautics in other ways. What a man and what a family - these Guggenheims!

James J. Patterson, a prisoner in a West Side court in New York City, accused of stealing hosiery off a truck, got tired of waiting for his case to be heard and simply walked out of the courtroom without anybody stopping him. The hosiery thief hasn't been seen since. The court attendants are still trying to explain where they were - probably looking at some hosiery outside the window.

The Department of Agriculture has found a variety of corn that weeps when cold weather strikes it. This is as it should be. Corn makes people weep, they say, and now the weather
makes the corn weep.

Its people of old Gaelic stock knew no agriculture for their land was only rock - no fishing - for they were poor sailors - though surrounded by wild expanses of sea. Their only source of livelihood was the birds. The island was the dwelling place of hundreds of thousands of sea fowl. These were to the people of St. Kilda what the date palm is to the Arab, the source of life. They sold the feathers of the birds and the oil pressed from their bodies. Their bird catching craft was one of endless peril, with the scaling of precipitous cliffs its principal art.

Of late the islanders have been decreasing in number. Life has been too hard. Now they have asked to be taken from their old stormy home and the British government has transferred them to mainland Scotland. The island of St. Kilda remains alone to the birds.

That small bit out of the odds and ends of the news gives me a brief moment of wonder and musing. Well, tomorrow evening we shall have another news item of the day. What will it be - comedy, adventure, romance, tragedy, science, business, or some international event of cardinal importance? What is your guess? In any case, there will be news aplenty.