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Lowell Thomas broadcast for the Literary Digest, Friday, October 9, 1931.

Page.

Good Evening, Everybody:-

Germany has a new cabinet 2 tonight. Chancellor Bruening announced this afternoon that he had lined up a group of ministers to form a new government.

He had been trying to do this for days, and it was a hard job. The International News Service explains that the prominent politicians didn't want to co-operate, they didn't want to take the responsibility of becoming government ministers in a critical time such as Germany is facing.

But Chancellor Bruening kept on trying, and now he has succeeded.

One of the new ministers is General Groener, who is commander of Germany's military forces. He is both Minister of War and Minister of the Interior. Political observers say this is significant, because it's the first time that Germany has entrusted these two important jobs to a military man. As Mihister of War, General Groener is in charge of the military affairs of the

nation. As Minister of the Interior, his job is to preserve order inside of Germany. In other words, a sort of police job.

One striking bit of news comes in the announcement that Adolph Hitler, the leader of Germany's Fascists, will be received by President Von Hindenburg tomorrow. Handsome Adolph and his Teutonic Black Shirts are a loud and important element in Germany's disturbed political situation, but until now Hitler has never had an interview with President Von Hindenburg.

And sø tomorrow's visit will be the first conference between the old leader of Germany's armies and the much younger man who is the fire-eating

of the extreme Nationalists. Nobody
seems to know just what von Hindenburg
and Handsome Adolph are going to talk
about. Some think that the old warrior
is going to ask the Black Shirt not to
make any trouble during the present
crisis. Others believe that Von
Hindenburg is going to tell Handsome
Adolph that he'd better not make any
trouble or he and his Fascists are liable
to get hurt.

Meanwhile, the Communists have been making their share of disturbance. Red agitators are making fiery speeches and threatening civil war.

In the great industrial city of Essen the home of the Burgomaster was bombed. An infernal machine went off, but nobody was hurt. The Police say the Reds did it.

And now along comes a tempest -no, not in a teapot. It's a tempest up
at Columbia University. Or maybe you
might call it just a small but lively
whirlwind.

It appears that the students don't like the kind of English the Professors use. No, the students don't claim that the professorial English is too correct. They claim that the Professors make grammatical mistakes, errors of syntax, slips of diction.

Anyway, the student publication called "The Spectator." The New York Evening Post quotes the Spectator as accusing one Professor of having trouble with his relatives -- I mean, his relative pronouns. And this same Professor is said to have closed one of his lectures with a choice grammatical bull. Here's what he said: "If anyone has any questions, they should ask them now."

Yes, Professor, that was an That's the kind of set letters about regularly. unquestionable bull. And the students

are quite right in pointing out that
the Prof should have said: "If anyone
has any questions, he should ask them
now." And even that isn 't very graceful.

"Yes, how," demand the outraged
students, "can the ungrammatical
instructors have the nerve to take off
trom, our grades if we write poor English,
when they are terrible themselves?"

story that tells of the boys doing their level best accomplishing things. It the old Horatio Alger spirit.

which came out today we are told of a prize contest for boys. The lads tried their hands at building models - models of coaches. And those young fellows certainly worked their heads off. They were out to win the prizes offered by W. A. Fischer, university scholarships for \$5,000. each to the four winners.

The Literary Digest, quoting the Detroit Times, tells how one boys finished his model coach at a quarter of nine in the evening of the day when the contest closed. Midnight was the deadline. That lad drove ninety miles to get his model into the contest, and he arrived with fifteen minutes to spare.

Then another boy after building his model with the utmost care, woke up one damp rainy morning and found that

his modes had fallen to pieces. The dampness had warped it so much that it simply disintegrated. But he put it together again, and got one of the prizes.

one chap designed the wheels
for his model and then went to work

to cast these wheels in zinc. They
say he did a bit of foundry work that
would have done an expert credit.

And then there was another that who sold his bicycle to get money for materials out of which to build his model.

Yes, it was a display of the kind of spirit that makes dauntless men, and I'll bet W. A. Fischer, the donor, was kkaxhaxaxxxxxxxx a happy man as he passed out the prizes.

I think we ought to give a salute to this bird, I mean a real bird with feathers and a bill and all the rest.

Several months ago John P.
Lehrer, a pigeon fancier of Elmont,
Long Island, sold eight carrier pigeons
to John Brophy, the manager of an oil
company in Venezuela.

The New York World Telegram explains that Mr. Brophy took the eight birds to South America with him. A few weeks ago, down there in Venezuela two of the carrier pigeons escaped.

Well, back up this way in Long Island John Lehrer, the pigeon-fancier looked over his stock of birds and there to his astonishment he discovered one of the pigeons that had been taken to Venezuela. He made a check-up, and now the story comes along of how that carrier pigeon made a record flight of 2000 miles across seas and mountains, all the way from the South American Republic of Venezuela, to its old home in Long Island, in less than two weeks.

A plan to help the farmers dispose of their grain is under way in the Middle West. The idea is to buy grain and feed the birds.

An Associated Press wire from Minneapolis declares that the Isaac Walton League has begun a state-wide movement, the purpose of which is to buy up some of the surplus grain that is on the farmers' hands. It will be much stored until the snow is deep. That's when the quail and the pheasants and other game birds have a hard time scratching a living.

The grain will be scattered on the white, wintry expanses of the fields. And the birds will flock and peck at the grain.

I suppose that if the plan goes through in a big way, the winter of 1931-32 will go down in the history of the birds as one of the best on record.

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I guess we all have a good deal of sympathy for the fireman who fights his way into a burning building and puts the fire out. And here's a bit of news that ought to make us doubly sympathetic.

There was a fire in a match factory. No sir, I don't think there are any of us who would want to walk into that. We all know how a match smells when the it flares. There were millions of matches flaring as that match factory went up in smoke. But the firemen went in just the same, and 30 of them came out somewhat the worse for wear and ready for the ambulance surgeon. The New York Evening Post tells us that it happened in Brooklyn. The match factory was operating at full blast. Yes, and full blast is the right term to describe what happened. There was a sudden cry of FIRE. No, there was no panic. The men and women at work had been trained for just such an emergency. They got out in good order, and very fa

And as they came out, the firemen went in. And a little later, as the

suffocating smoke rolled with choking black billows, ambulance surgeons went to work on 30 coughing, gasping firemen -- and brought them around all right.

that this is fire prevention weeks. And it would be well if we all kept in mind what the White Fireman tells us in this weeks I terary Digest.

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Well, business is booming in Cleveland - at least it's booming for the pants pressers and the dry cleaners. Today thousands of men flocked to the shops to get their suits pressed and cleaned and also to get their hats pressed and blocked. The cleaners and pressers were simply swamped.

No, it isn't that/spick and span set of cleveland has suddenly become wild over the idea that the creases in the trousers must be just so. It's a case of the price war.

reports that an outbreak of wild competition between the pressers and cleaners is on, and they are slashing prices right down to the vanishing point. In some parts of the city you get your suit pressed for five cents, and dry-cleaned for twenty-five cents. And the price for cleaning and blocking hats was ten cents. And the boys took full and enthusiastic advantage of the opportunity. As the result there

baggy trousers are conspicuous by their absence, hats all look like new and you can no longer read a restaurant menu on a coat lapel.

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They say that a certain famous lady is getting a lot of credit that she doesn't deserve -- I mean, the or whatever you call her Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon the Third. The idea is that those Eugenie, or were not invented by her at all. hats In fact, she just copied the ladies of a previous age, just as the ladies of this 9 age are copying her in the matter of head-gear.

At least that is what we learn from Frank Russell, a member of the faculty of & Southern Methodist university. He has been making a study of the origin and history of costumes. And he is quoted by the Associated Press as saying that those cocky, foxy little hats were worn in England during the reign of Charles the Second. And that was more than 100 years before the Empress Eugenie was born.

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Well, the World Series is tied up again. Those two powerful teams are certainly putting up a nip-and-tuck battle.

The bats of Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics certainly got busy this afternoon. The score was 8 to one, 8 with the St. Louis Cardinals on the 9 losing end. Before the game started the 10 word went out that foxy old Connie Mack 11 wasn't going to take any more chances 12 with that wild young St. Louis sensation, 13 Pepper Martin.

The report was that Grove, the 15 Philadelphia pitcher, had been ordered 16 to pass Martin in the pinches. Whenever 17 there were men on bases, why they 18 weren't going to give Pepper a chance to 19 bat in a flock of runs. Therewe was just supposed to give him four wide ones and a ticket to first.

Well, Grove had good control today. The United Press box-score showed that he walked only one man -- and that man was Pepper Martin. He didn't make

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any hits, but he got a base on balls. Well, in spite of the fact that the Cardinals lost today -----

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called Pepper Martin, otherwise the Oklahoma drugstore cowboy, and also the wild horse of the Osage. How that boy has been hitting them, and how he has been running the bases! I imagine it's the way he's been going wild stealing bases that has done more than anything else to make Connie Mack's team see red. Well, that kid Pepper Martin has

has been that rip-snorting young fellow,

Weth, the hit of the World Series

abreal, become famous in song and tall story. I can't sing a song, so let's be satisfied with a tall story -- which the Associated Press telegraphs from the open spaces of the Southwest.

It is told by Roy Moore, a baseball player and member of the Tall Story Club. who was a team-mate with Pepper Martin on the Houston, Texas, club in 1929.

Roy just gives us an example of how fast Pepper is on his feet.

"Old Pepper," he relates, "used to go out on the prairie and scare up a bunch of rabbits. He'd chase the rabbits and run up next to one of them. Then he'd reach down and feel the rabbit's side. If the rabbit was skinny, why Pepper would pass him up. Then he'd reach down and feel the ribs of another one. He'd keep this up with 20 to 30 rabbits until he'd find a couple really fat ones.

Yes, Pepper Martin is a great base-runner, but the Tall Story Club is compelled by its love for truth to point out an instance of base-running far more remarkable than anything that Pepper flashed on either the Philadelphia or St. Louis diamonds.

An extraordinary instance of base-stealing comes from Warrant-Officer C. R. Heron, of the United States Army.

The truthful Warrant-Officer is stationed at Governors Island.

He relates how during the trouble out in the

Philippines a large supply of baseball paraphernalia was

provided for the soldiers. His outfit was stationed in an

outlying section of Mindano, and the boys used to stage regular

games in an open clearing which was surrounded by the trees of

the jungle. And those trees were always filled with big monkeys who watched the games.

Then a mystery cropped up. That baseball paraphernalia began to vanish. Thieves were at work.

camp carrying a flag of truce. And he challenged the soldiers to a game of ball. Uncle Sam's brave warriors instantly accepted, and a game was arranged.

On the appointed day the monkey team showed up, and sure chough they were equipped with all those baseball supplies that had been stolen.

The monkeys went to bat first. One big ape took a stance at the plate. And the soldier pitcher began buzzing them across. The pitcher gave the big monkey a base on balls.

The monkey ambled down to first. He had a very long tail. As the pitcher wound up to put the ball across for the next batter, the monkey just held the tip of his tail on the base and walked down towards second. He was half

way to second with the end of his tail still touching first.

Then as the pitcher threw the ball, that old monkey made a swift movement. He just turned around. He swung his tail around from first base and touched second. Yes, it was a clean xxxxx steal. And how could you expect the soldier catcher to throw out a base-runner under circumstances like that?

Yes, the monkeys won the game.

Well, after those monkey-shines, 'm afraid it will be a put-out for me, unless I clear out ---- and,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.