## LOWELL THOMAS' BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1931

HOOVER

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

During the next couple of months a lot of people are going to have a chance to see and hear the President of the United States. It was announced at the White House today that a speaking program had been mapped out for President Hoover. Between April and June he will make eight public addresses, the first four in Washington.

Then on June 16th, according to the Associated Press, the President will review the annual encampment of the G. A. R. at Columbus, Ohio, in the morning -- then he will motor to Marion, Ohio, to dedicate the handsome marble memorial to President Harding.

On June 17th the Chief Executive will re-dedicate the tomb of Lincoln at Springfield, Ohio.

On May 30th Mr. Hoover will make a Memorial Day address at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. And on June 15th he will appear before the Republican State Editorial Association at Indianapolis.

After that he is expected to continue on a tour of the West, but this has not yet been planned out definitely.

According to the International News Service, friends of the President deny that this speaking program has any particular political significance. But it is admitted that in some of his speeches President Hoover will defend himself and his policies against the attacks that have been made by his opponents in Congress.

accordance with the Neval Treaty of

Today, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, there was a loud clanging sound of a riveter. Well, that sound is not unusual at a Navy Yard, but this particular thrumming tune had an unusual significance. For one thing the riveter was operated by an Admiral and as you may surmise, Admirals as a general thing don't do much plain practical dock-yard riveting.

In this case, however, Admiral deSteiguer was performing the ceremony of officially starting work on a new United States cruiser, which will be called the New Orleans.

The New Orleans is the first of Same the 10,000 ton cruisers which the United States Government is going to build in accordance with the Naval Treaty of London.

And so the construction of what are called the Treaty Cruisers began today with a full-fledged Admiral operating the riveter.

And talking about the weather - which we were not - but we usually are. A luncheon was held in New York City today for a man whom most of you may not even know by name. But he probably has helped bring International fame to more persons than any man alive.

The luncheon was given by the International League of
Aviators, an organization made up of the greatest flyers of all
lands. And the purpose of the affair was to honor a certain
modest, shy, gray-haired little man.

They presented him with a gold plaque. On one side was engraved the words making him a member of the International League of Aviators. On the other side were engraved the signatures of some of the world's foremost flyers -- Bleriot, the first man to fly the English Channel, Santos Dumont, Lindbergh, Sir Alan Cobham, the Marquis de Pinedo, and many others.

Who was the little gray haired

man they were thus honoring? Who was
the little man who has done so much
to bring fame to a legion of others?
well, that where the weather comes in
He was Doctor James Kimball of the

He was Doctor James Kimball of the United States Weather Bureau.

The plaque was presented by Captain Lon Yancey, who made the trans-Atlantic flight to Rome. And among the many speakers who paid tribute to Doctor Kimball were Colonel Fitzmaurice from Ireland, Captain Courtney from England, Colonel Hartley, the American flyer of World War fame, Colonel Kerwood of the Lafayette Flying Corps and others.

So far as I know this is the first time Doctor Kimball has been thus publicly honored. All aviators take off their hats to him. All flying men sing his praises.

In fact, when they attempt a trans-Atlantic hop they pray to the Almighty and then telephone to Doctor Kimbal H. to find out whether or not he thinks they ought to start.

When they reach the other side they

give thanks to the Almighty,—and to Doctor Kimball, the modest gray-haired scientist who charts the winds and the clouds above the North Atlantic.

This afternoon pandemonium reigned in the big prison in Joliet, Illinois. I200 convicts rioted. 4 were shot, two of whom may be fatally. wounded. The casualties among the wardens consisted of one broken arm which was suffered by the Captain of the Guard.

The trouble started when the second shift of convicts filed in for the noon lunch hour. They began to yell and raise ructions. They smashed up the dining hall and milled out into the courtyard and wrecked a couple of workshops.

The guards fired a volley of bullets and then used tear gas.

According to the International News Service, trouble has been brewing out there ever since three convicts were killed in an attempt to escape.

that microarried. Recently another convict died after three days in solitary confinement and that added to the ugly feeling. in the prison.

Tonight 45 of the ring leaders are in double irons.

But let's pass on to something less sinister and ominous.

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I've been having a good time this week reading the animal stories in the 3 Literary Digest. Maybe it's the influence of spring on the Digest editors, but in any case they certainly 6 have gone far and wide and picked up 7 some of the finest tales I've ever read 8 about bears and lions and elephants and penguins -- and one nifty little thriller 10 about a Georgia wildcat.

That wildcat put on a rip-snorting, snarling, tooth-and-toenail fight with a railroad locomotive.

"Toot-toot, chug-chug!" is the way 15 the Digest begins, and quotes the 16 Louisville Herald-Post as saying that 17 the train was the early morning fast 18 train of the Savannah and Statesboro 19 Railroad roaring along through Georgia. 20 Ahead somewhere in the brush was a particularly onery specimen of Georgia 22 Wildcat. And that mean little critter 23 didn't like the noise of the train and the glare of the headlight.

of the track and crouched. The engineer saw it in the glare of the headlight. The locomotive bore down on the wildcat. Did the cat turn tail and run? Not a bit! He gave a wild snar!, leaped on the cowcatcher, and climbed up muto the searchlight, biting and clawing. He scrambled over the light and got on to the scorching plates of the boiler. It was hot, plenty hot, and Mr. Cat wriggled and squirmed. Then he climbed on to the cool surface of the bell and stayed there, glaring at the men in the lighted cab. The fireman was a negro.

He got a red hot poker and made his way along side of the locomotive to do battle with the enraged wilcoat.

And right there the old terror of the Georgia brush made his last leap. He sprang at the fireman who caught him on the end of the red hot poker. For an instant the wildcat clawed at the dimensional flaming iron, and then tumbled down the side of the boiler over the piston rods and on down to the ground.

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That red hot poker had finished him off. And the great state of Georgia was minus one large and mean-tempered wildcat.

## PRINCE OF WALES

This afternoon a big show was opened down in Buenos

Aires. That British Trade Exposition. His Royal Highness the

Prince of Wales was the center of attraction and formally opened
the affair.

It was a much ballyhooed event although there was a small fly in the cintment. According to the Associated Press, many of the British exhibits were not ready, and that caused much dismay. Only the Canadian section is complete. H.R.H. is said to be somewhat peeved. But, just the same, the Prince of salesmen did his part with his usual grace and finesse, which, as we all know, is about the last word in finesse.

next item and I suppose a good thing. There's a meserret in it which might as well be kept a secret.

The world's deadliest poison has been discovered. A single <u>drop</u> would be enough to kill 10,000 people! And one whiff would prove fatal, a deadly perfume that no one would want to smell.

According to the International
News Service, this most lethal of all
drugs has been discovered in South
Africa. It's made by chemical process
from a tropical bulb which grows amid
the dank vegetation of Africa. They
say it leaves no trace in the victim's
body and might be turned into a terrific
menace.

And so it's being kept a profound secret. The South African government has ordered that all facts concerning how to make it shall be kept a dark and impenetrable mystery. and I hope they even forget what it is.

Out on the strange and far away island of Madagascar three men are in a hospital, slowly regaining their strength after a long, bitter ordeal. They are survivors of a party of fisherfolk from the old French Province of Brittany, who were left and almost forgotten for a year on a sunbaked speck of land in the Indian Ocean I wither details regarding their storm of the world.

a lobster canning factory on thet
tiny island of St. Paul in the New
Amsterdam Archipelago, The workers in
the factory were sturdy fisher folk
from the stormy coast of Brittany. There
was a fire in the canning plant, and the
company took away the workers, all
except eight, who volunteered to remain
on the sun blistered island until new
machinery could be installed. One of
the eight was a woman.

And so they were left there on that island of St. Paul. There were no fresh vegetables. Their food supplies

ran low. They had only canned lobster
to eat. Now canned lobster may be a
luxury for some, but it isn't after you've
eaten it day in and day out. There was
no water. The apparatus they used for
distilling fresh water from the sea
broke down. They repaired it, but it
never worked quite right. Three of
them died of scurvy, including the
woman.

A negro servant dragged himself away to die alone.

In October, Pierre, the powerful, hardy Breton fisherman, arose one day and quietly put on his old Breton costume of handsome velvet. He dressed himself with the greatest care and at night embarked alone in a boat. He wanted to die at sea. He disappeared in the darkness and was next seen again.

Then, after a year, according to the International News Service, a ship put in at St. Paul Island, and took off the survivors who were more dead than alive, and landed them at Madagascar. But the news comes now that they are all on the

21.31-5M road to recovery.

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Over in the Alps a big slice of a 2 mountain is still moving.

Last evening I told how it had already engulfed a couple of villages. and this evening the news is that the enormous avalanche, which was caused by recent rains, is still on its way down the mountain slope and is threatening to blot out town after town. On and on it comes thundering as it olimbs its ways It looks like a mud wall 50 feet high. that is creeping along.

The fairly large town of Granges is right in the path of those millions of tons of stone and earth that are advancing like some grant Juggernaut of nature. The people have fled from the town, which seems certain to be destroyed.

According to the International News Service, military engineers are trying to stop that moving chunk of mountain. They're attempting to do it by splitting it up, by opening channels which will divert part of it one way and part

another.

The Associated Press states that the dry weather has slowed down the landslide somewhat. Yesterday it was ambling along at the rate of 300 feet an hour, but now it has slowed up a little. It doesn't slide so easily over dry ground as it did over a wet slimy surface.

It's a terrific and unearthy phenomenon, as you might expect when a slice of mountain gets under way and goes marching.

Now comes a big, ruthless hand sweeping away some more of the relics and customs of the past.

Mussolini has ordered that all municipal import duties shall be according to the a. F. abolished in Italy. These were duties that had to be paid on goods passed from one town to another. They were old relics left over from the Middle Ages when Italy was split up into many little city states, which half of the time were at war with each other.

Well, American tourists will rejoice, because those municipal import duties were a prime source of annoyance. A tourist motoring along would be stopped at the boundary of a municipality, have his baggage examined and have to pay duty on one thing or another.

According to the Associated Press, Greece is the only country left in Europe where cities still levy a tariff at their boundary lines.

So, let's chant the old refrain about how the old order passeth, giving way to the new, and see what we have next.

Huh! This next is another case of how the old order passeth.

In Greece is the famous mountain of Athos, renouned in song and story. In the classical times of Ancient Greece, Mount Athos, which stands on a promontory that juts out in the sea, represented a dreaded danger point for mariners.

Later on it became the cite of a monastery, one of the most historic in the world.

Of recent times, the monastery of Mount Athos has been one of those places where time stands still. It was like a bit of the Middle Ages, lingering on into modern life.

But now the monks of Mount Athos have appealed to the Greek Government and have won the right to keep hens in the monastery - that is, chickens that lay eggs, and that's a decided break with the past. The monastery has always been one of the strictest and severest in the world. No woman was ever admitted within its precincts -- not even a female animal or bird. That was sternly forbidden by the ancient laws of the monks of Athos.

Well, the old ways disappear, and, according to the Associated Press, the austere brothers of the holy mountain have acquired a desire to have eggs for breakfast. In order to have eggs you must have hens. So they had to appeal to the Greek Government to get permission to establish a barn-yard and now for the first time in 1500 years, hens are cackling and clucking within the precincts of the monastery on the holy mount of Athos.

Well, I suppose we might as well repeat that refrain about how the old order passeth, giving way to the new, and see if we can get along to something else.

Ah yes, yes indeed, I know what comes next. Just one look at the clock tells me that. It reminds me that not only does the old order pass, but so do the minutes, and so do I. And the time has come when I must say,

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.