# LOWELL THOMAS' BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST <br> 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 $16 t h$, 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 17 th the Chief Executive will rededicate 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 lith 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.

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. Far one thing the riveter was operated by an Adm ir al and as you may surmise, Admin ais as a general thing don't do much plain practical dockyard riveting.

In this case, however. Admin al deSteiguer was performing the ceremony of of ficially starting work on a new Unit ed States cruiser, which will be called the New Orleans.

The New Orleans is the first of the 10,000 ton cruisers which uncle Sam ter nt is going build ing 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

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man they were thus honoring? Who was the little man who has done so much to bring fame to a legion of others?

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

The plaque was presented by Captain Lon Yancey, who made the transAtlantic flight to Rome. And among the many ${ }_{\wedge}$ 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 1 know this is the first time Doctor Kimball has been 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 Gimbal, to find out whether or not he thinks they ought to start.

When they reach the other side they

## GIMBAL - 3.

give thanks to the Almighty, $\cdots$ and to Doctor Gimbal, 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. 1200 convicts rioted. 4 were shot, two fatally. 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. 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.
l've been having a good time this week reading the animal stories in the

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That wildcat put on a rip-snorting, snarling, tooth-and-toenail fight with a railroad locomotive.
"Toot-toot, chug-chug!" is the way the Digest begins, and quotes the Louisville Herald-Post as saying that the train was the early morning fast train of the Savannah and Statesboro Railroad roaring along through Georgia. Ahead somewhere in the brush was a particularly onery specimen of Georgia wildcat. And that mean little critter didn't like the noise of the train and the glare of the headlight.

Old Mr. Cat jumped into the middle

## QIGESI--WILDCAI - 2.

${ }_{1}$ of the track and crouched. The engineer ${ }_{2}$ 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 snarl, leaped on the cowcatcher, and climbed up mint 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. He fireman was a negro. do battle with the enraged anat 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 dimming flaming iron, and then tumbled down the side of the boiler over the piston rods and on down to the ground.

## RIGESI--WILDCAI - 3.

That red hot poker had finished him off. And the great state of Georgia was minus one $l a r g e$ and mean-tempered wildcat.

This afternoon on a big show was opened down in Bueno 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 ointment. According to the Asseverated press, M any 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.

I cant tell you much about this next item and I suppose a good thing. There's a secret in it which might as well be kept sore

The world's deadliest poison has been discovered. A single drop 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 $\forall$ hope they

Out on the strange and far away is 1 and 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 $I$ and. in the Indian
ocean F wither detail regarding
stain ing xめ® HA French Company established a lobster canning factory on the tiny island of St. Paul in the New Amsterdam Archipelago, ${ }^{\prime}$ 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

1 ran low. ${ }^{2}$. They had only canned lobster 2 to eat. H Now canned lobster may be a

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 nev 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 $I$ anded them at Madagascar. news

## LANDSLIDE

Over in the Alps aid alice of mountain is still moving.

Last evening 1 told how it had

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: already engulfed oovial 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 olimbitser It looks like a mud wall 50 feet high.

## that is creeping atony:

The fairly large town of Grangers is right in the path of those millions of tons of stone and earth that are advancing like some quant rang 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 mar e of the relics and customs of the past.

Mussolini has ordered that all municipal import duties shall be 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 lit tie 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 loft in Ensope Where cities still levy a-tariff ate their boundary lines.

So, let's chant the old refrain about how the old or der passeth, giving way to the $n e w$, 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, renounced 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 fount 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.

ATHOS -2

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 el se.

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.

