Lowell Thomas' Broadcast for The Literary Digest. Friday, January 16, 1931.

DIGEST

Good Evening, everybody:

Here's a slogan I thought you might be interested in.

That slogan is: CONSERVATIVE PROSPERITY. It's being repeated around quite a bit among business men and financial experts just now. This year the prophecies about business conditions are not so carelessly optimistic as they were last year. Business men are examining and analyzing. And what do they expect? Well, they expect -- conservative prosperity. That's the term.

Mark Sullivan, in the New York Herald Tribune, tells us that the economic leaders of the country have a deep-seated conviction that conditions will be better, but they also believe that the country has been suffering not only from over-production but also from over-prediction.

The New York Evening Post has just made a survey and gotten opinions about prosperity from a list of the biggest business men in the country. 51 of these captains of industry said they thought recovery would begin some time in 1931. 10 put it in the first half of the year. 6 put it in the second half.

4 thought the recovery would occur in 1932. About half of those that replied said they didn't want to venture any prediction at all.

The magazine called Business Week made an analytical study of every phase of business depression, and the result that came out indicated that the recovery will begin in March of this year and that things will continue to pick up gradually until Narch of next year at which time conditions will be back to normal.

The Harvard Economic Society expects the turn of the tide to take place early in this year. On the other hand, David Lawrence, of the Consolidated Press, believes the change will be gradual and that the/quarter of the year will be the time of definite improvement, and that 1932 will see prosperity back in full swing.

I wish I had time to give you more of these really important opinions about prosperity. However, you can find them all in an illuminating article in this week's Literary Digest. There is striking information concerning CONSERVATIVE PROSPERITY in the new Digest. It gives a comprehensive resume of what financial thinkers are expecting for 1931. And I am making this my first item tonight because I think it's of great interest to all of us.

New York was the scene of an accident today in the famous Hudson Tubes. Two cars jumped off the track, and there was a roar of buckling steel as the rushing cars piled on each other. Nobody was killed luckily, but fifteen people were hurt. The New York Evening Post informs us that most of the injuries were slight. Nevertheless, it was one of those weird subterranean accidents.

And, by the way, there's a lively argument on in New York over the naming of that new giant bridge which hurls its span of steel across the Hudson. The authorities have decided that it is to be called the George Washington Memorial Bridge, but that name has aroused the furor of opposition.

Nearly all the New York newspapers are against it, and say it's much too long and that it would eventually be turned into the Washington Bridge, and there are already two Washington bridges in New York. So why add a third to the confusion?

Many people think that the bridge ought to have the name which the public has already unofficially given it - the Hudson River Bridge. But of course there are plenty of other bright ideas. You know the arguments that you can have about choosing a name for the latest arrival in the family. Well, you can have just as much controversy about baptizing bridges.

Now let's see - what's this? Sixteen candidates. Yes, sixteen. And they all want to be mayor of Chicago. Midnight of last night was the dead line for entering your name as a candidate for Chicago's approaching city election.

Among the sixteen candidates listed by the Associated

Press is King George's old friend "Big Bill." Bill Thompson is

running for re-election. And there's Judge Lyle who has made a

reputation for being rough with gangsters ax who are hauled before

him.

There also was a late hour sensation when Representative Oscar de Priest entered his name. Mr. de Priest happens to be the only negro representative in Congress.

Well, with those sixteen candidates, that coming election should help to maintain Chicago's reputation for being a lively place.

A strange story comes from Oregon today. A woman witness at an important trial was stabbed and badly hurt.

According to the Associated Press a man attacked her in her home with a knife. And this is the second attack made on her.

A little more than a month ago a man beat her and threatened her with death if she testified at the trial.

Well, she is Mrs. H. W. Howard, and the case, in which she is a witness for the prosecution is one in which a young Portland millionaire and his former secretary are accused of being responsible for the death of the young millionaire's wife. Indeed a strange and bewildering case.

I suppose we might say that this next item is about -CATCHING THE DEVIL -- OUT IN MINNESOTA I mean. They caught him
all right, Old Nick with his horns and hoofs and tail.

There has been a scare in the country around Hitterdale, Minnesota. People said that Old Nick himself was abroad. Yes sir, they saw him. Motorists and pedestrians along the roads at night saw His Satanic Majesty dancing in the moonlight, cavorting in the fields and skipping across ditches.

An investigation was made, and the Associated Press

dispatch that I have in my hand informs us that a farmer boy has

been arrested. He modestly admits that he is Old Nick. He became

inspired with the idea of impersonating the Enemy of Mankind.

So he made himself a costume, including horns, hoofs and spiked

tail, and then went around frightening the Yonsons and the Svensons.

Well, that's an interesting whim, and I suppose all we can do is to ask the classic question -- How do they get that way?

And talking about matters diabolical, here comes the subject of vaccination.

I mean the Turks think that vaccination is diabolical. The New York Sun tells us that the progressive government of Turkey wants all Turks to be vaccinated against typhus, but they're having trouble about it. Old-fashioned Turks don't like new-fangled Western ideas of medicine. They think there's something satanic about it all, especially about vaccination. They flee in a panic when the doctors appear to the vaccinating.

A still more peculiar situation existed during the World War. Wounded Turkish soldiers commonly would not take anaesthetic. They would lie there unflinchingly and have legs and arms taken off and never a whimper. But the idea of putting them under ether seemed to fill them with terror. They thought it was a process of being put to death, and then being brought back to life. And there was diabolical magic in that.

The Turks seement to be different

from the Albanians, because there's a story about an Albanian who was asked: -- How would you like to go to the hot place -- down to Old Nick's realm where they have all the fire and brimstone? His laconic reply was: Well, how much is the salary?

There's a new entry in the competition for building big transatlantic liners. The ship building race has been on for some time now with one nation trying to outdo the other in launching giant liners for the transatlantic service. And now France jumps in with an announcement of a ship that will be more than a thousand feet long.

The Leviathan, the largest American vessel in is 906 feet long. The British Majestic is 915 feet from stem to stem, although not so broad as the Leviathan.

The two biggest German craft are a shade less than 900 feet in length. The Associated Press states that the new French giant will have a speed of more than thirty knots an hour, and that will be going some.

I see by the evening papers that the new government of panama has just been recognized by Washington. And that's wuick work.

That government down there was put into power a week or so ago by a revolutionary outbreak. Well, Uncle Sam's policy is not to recognize any Latin-American president who gets his job through a revolt. But President Alfaro, the new ruler of Panama, made the claim that he was by law entitled to the job and that the revolt merely enforced what was legally right and just.

That claim has been okayed by the American government.

According to the International News Service, Secretary of State

Stimson announced this afternoon that it would not be necessary

for Washington to issue a formal note recognizing the government

if Panama. Our recognition of the former government would simply

be continued, on the assumption that President Alfaro went into

office according to law.

Here's a later dispatch regarding Panama: The
International News Service cables that President Alfaro was
inaugurated this afternoon to the accompaniment of wild acclaim.

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Well, I thought somebody must have made a mistake in this next dispatch, see it's correct.

the United States - no, not of America - the United States of Europe. Of course, we've heard that phrase before, but not in connection with anything really happening. But this International News Service dispatch tells us that the first session of the United States of Europe Commission began todayat Sometime ago Foreign Minister Briand of France came out with a proposal to form a union of European nations, in other words, the United States of

Europe. And now that idealistic plan has progressed so far that a commission is meeting in Geneva for the purpose of talking over ways in which the 20 United States of Europe can be achieved

Briand dominated the meeting and in a fervent appeal to all nations declared that there must be a United States of Europe in some form or other, or that European civilization may vanish #Isappear because of wars and international rivalry

The Associated Press informs us that both the German and the Italian delegates urged that as a first move Turkey and Soviet Russia should be invited to become part of a United States of Europe.

I wonder what Ivan and about that!

12-1-30-5M

An epidemic of influenza is sweeping over England.

It has sent thousands of people to bed, and business and

transportation are being crippled a bit by Old Man Flu.

In other countries too the pesky germ is busy, but fortunately there is nothing in sight that threatens anything like that fearful epidemic of 1917.

According to the Associated Press, the Flu in Europe is of a mild type this time, especially in Spain and Portugal.

Just the same, Old Man Flu is a nuisance whenever he comes around.

Let's see -- I don't know if the moon is shining outside or not. At any rate, this next item ought to be told in the moonlight.

over in the County of Suffolk, in England, is the village of Bungay, and it has a famous Lovers Lane. Well, the young men and the maids of Bungay complained to the District Council that Bungay's Lovers Lane wasn't all it should be. It was getting dilapidated and overgrown with weeds. A stream had started to run through it, and now when lovers wanted to sit and gaze at the moon the only place they could sit was in the mud. Also the cows were getting into Bungay's Lovers Lane and a bad tempered bull strayed in once in awhile and made things generally uncomfortable for spooning couples.

The International News Service tells us that the

District Council listened to the arguments of the young people

and took prompt action. They ordered that the weeds in the lane
should

## LOYERS LANE

be cut, and the muddy stream should be diverted. Also, a fence with oak posts and rails should be built to keep the cattle out.

In other words, the moon once more is shining brighting in Bungay's Lovers Lane, and all is well.

121-30-5M

Well, I have been descended upon by swarms of letters about swarms of mosquitoes; most of them containing tall stories, real whoppers.

C. G. Howes of Parkersburg, New York, insists that the biggest and most ferocious mosquitoes in the world inhabited the Philadelphia Navy Yard back in 1887.

On one occasion, the balloon Great Eastern, appeared flying low and then came down. And then the men on the ground were dumbfounded to see that four mosquitoes had caught hold of the giant gas bag and were pulling it to earth.

Captain Fagen who was in charge of the guard of marines, ordered four sharpshooters to open fire on those four mosquitoes.

They wounded two of them and the other two helped their disabled companions to fly away. And when those mosquitoes let go that old balloon simply shot skyward again.

about some Arkansas mosquitoes. He saw a bunch of them attacking a team of mules. He says he wasn't astonished when he saw them eat the mules, but what did surprise him was when those mosquitoes

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pulled out the wagon tongue and began picking their teeth with it. Yes, that would surprise most any of us!

And here comes Roy Ryan of Fort Pierce, Florida, who tells how a Jerseyite down in Florida was bragging about Jersey skeeters. He said those Florida mosquitoes were amateurs. Well, a Floridan bet him ten dollars that he wouldn't lie there with his back exposed to the mosquitoes and stand it for ten minutes.

The Jerseyite took him up on it. He removed his shirt and lay with his back uppermost and the Florida mosquitoes got to work. But that Jerseyite was plenty accustomed to the old Jersey mosquitoes and the Floridan variety didn't make any impression on him whatsoever. Eight minutes went by and the native son of Florida saw that he might lose his bet. So he took out a magnifying glass and focused the sun's rays on that Jerseyite's back. After a couple of seconds the Jerseyite began to wiggle and squirm, and finally he said:

"BOY, THERE'S ONE JERSEY MOSQUITO ON MY BACK AND IF HE KEEPS PUSHING ANY HARDER I'LL HAVE TO QUIT."

Well, I enjoy those tall stories folks have been sending in to me. In fact I think they're a sort of contribution to American folk lore.

But now for a true one, right out of the news.

They have just had a man hunt up in Warkworth, Ontario. Two old men disappeared suddenly. They hunted for those old fellows for two days. The New York Evening World says they finally found them upstairs in a vacant house. What were they doing? Why, playing checkers.

They had gone to that vacant room to decide a hot rivalry. Their games seesawed back and forth and they chalked their wins and losses on the wall, until the wall was practically covered with chalk marks.

When found, both old boys were suffering from lack of food and sleep, but they still insisted they would rather play checkers than eat. Well, that's one way of looking at it. But as for me, I'd rather eat than play checkers. Yes, and something tells me it's dinner time now -- and it's my move. So, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.