LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1930

INTRO

Eastern Belgium where the German seige guns once boomed and crashed, a heavy fog came drifting down a valley - and Death was in that fog. Cattle fell and died when they breathed it. And men and women and children died too -- 48 of them.

According to the Associated Press, there was some sort of poisoned gas in that fog. Just what, nobody knows. Where it came from nobody can tell. It just drifted along unseen - undreamed of - and struck down animals and men. A strange

Here is an Associated Press story from Pennsylvania, and it has a touch of weird mystery, too. Wellington de Groet of Matamoras, New York, went hunting out near Milford, Penna.

They found ix him dead. His gun was at his side, his hunting knife clutched in his right hand. A few feet away lay a big buck, shot through the body.

Well, they naturally thought that the buck had killed the hunter. It seemed as if de Groet had wounded the animal and gone at it with his hunting knife and that the buck had fallen on him and crushed him to death. That seemed to explain the case well enough until the doctors examined de Groet. They found that he had been shot through the chest.

Up in Beloit, Wisconsin, there was a lot of excitement today. A gas main blew up and lifted a dry goods store right off its foundation. It also blew out windows all over the town. Fire followed xx the explosion and in no time at all four stores had been burned to the ground, and a million dollars' worth of buildings and merchanside had gone up in smoke.

A policemen was standing across the street when that gas main popped. The United Press reports that the explosion was so terrific that the cop was blown right through a plate glass window. Another man was knocked galley west and then got up and started running and hasn't been seen since.

This next item gives me a shock.

I'm a football fan and I wonder whether it can be an indication of things that are going to happen. A college prominent in football, has dropped the game. Loyala University, here in Chicago, announces that there will be no more inter-collegiate football at Loyola.

The President of Loyola, according to the United Press, declares that foot-ball has become nothing else but a popular entertainment, does the student no good, and merely provides a big show for the public. He adds that the way football is pown, it does not help the sound health and physical development of the student body, and the enthusiasm for football is spoiling the true ideals and right purposes of education. I wonder if any other colleges are going to follow suit.

Walter Dill Scott, President of
Northwestern University, says, "It is a
debatable question. Northwestern abolished
football about 25 years ago and then brought
it back."

In Washington, President Hoover is
pushing his plans for unemployment relief.
He has told Congress how he intends to
spend the \$150,000,000 he wants and now
the Appropriations Committee of Congress
is considering the matter. Meanwhile, the
Agriculture Committee is taking up the plan
for an appropriation of \$25,000,000 for
agricultural relief. The President wants
that sum for the farmers who are hit hard
by the drought so they can buy seed and
fertilizer and feed.

The Washington correspondent of the
United Press reports that both the Democrats and the Republicans are having
trouble with the insurgents.
the old story of cantankerous congressmen and senators who won't "follow, the

19 leader II.

And just how much insurgency you are liable to find in one insurgent is shown in a little poem. It is by Senator Norris the insurgent Republican who takes a whack at the President. Here is Senator Norris poem:--

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"Once to every man and nation Comes the moment to decide, In the strife of truth with falsehood, For the good or evil side.

But the case presents no problem To the White House engineer; He appoints a big commission To report some time next year."

That 's #ather caustic, and the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Daily News wires that we may soon have a 13 transformed President, meaning that Mr. Hoover has reached the stage where he may com show himself as "a"second Teddy Roosevelt," While he hasn't the pugnacity of "T.R.", the Chicado Daily News assu is plenty of fight in Hr. Hoover". and start fighting back.

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You no doubt have read about the White House

Conference on Child Health and Protection -- a gathering of

3000 men and women, who assembled at the national capitol

to fight for a square deal for children.

Press dispatches are warm in their praise of President

Hoover's work in connection with this. As David Lawrence pointed

out: "Here is another striking example of the moral power of

our Chief Executive."

There is an interesting full page article on this White House Conference in this week's Literary Digest you will enjoy it.

From the jungles of Guatemala comes a romantic tale of hidden treasure. Stories of hidden treasure are always floating around, but this one has more color than most of them. In fact, it's a story of a discovery that may concern the treasure of Montezuma, the famous Aztec King, whose riches were supposed to surpass man's wildest dreams.

According to the United Press, Dr.
Thomas Cann, a German scientist, was wandring through the jungle of Guatemala when
one of his guides stumbled upon a cave,
a cave hidden by jungle moss and creepers.
Inside the cave they found the walls all
richly carved. They also found a number
of iron casks secured with strong iron
bands. They haven't opened those kegs yet,
but in them the German scientist expects
to find the Aztec treasures of Montezuma.

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Over in Great Britain, 90,000 Scot-2 tish miners who were out on strike, have decided to go back to work on Monday. The United Press reports that the employers and the miners, after talking things e over a tot, finally came to an agreement. So the Scottish miners and lairds are singing merrily over their hagis tonight.

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The United Press cables from Russia 2 that the spectacular trial over in Moscow, the trial that all the world has been watching, reached its climax today. As was expected, the Bolshevik prosecutor demanded the death penalty for a eight engineers and professors. That prosecutor, by the way, is famous for his merciless bitterness. He is KRELENKO short, blond, mocking.

He summed up his attitude in one savage phrase: "DEATH FOR ALL AND CLEMENCY FOR NONE".

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I saw Charlie Hackett today -- you 1 know, Charles Hackett, the famous tenor of the Chicago Opera Company. He is a busy man this week, getting ready for the world premier of a new opera next Wedneseday. at the Chicago Civic Opera House. The opera is "Camille" and Hackett has been assigned the leading tenor role. He told me they are to being "run ragged" with rehearsals. 10

He found time, however, to chat a 11 bit about his tussels with high notes. and 12 tong phrases. And we also yarned some 13 concerning my nightly skirmishes with the 14 News. In fact, the great tenor picked 15 out the news item of the day for me. 16 Charlie was particularly interested in a 17 story he had seen in all the Chicago evening papers. A story about an old news 19 boy - a newsboy of about 60 who for forty 20 years, has been selling papers, at the 21 corner of Adams Street and Wabash Avenue,.... 22 here in Chicago.

But let me tell you the story: They are giving a banquet for a doc-

tor who has just come from Italy. He is Dr. Nicola Pintozzi. And at that banquet the old newsboy will have the honored 3 place, because he is Dominico Pintozzi, the father of the young surgeon. You can't make much money selling newspapers and if you have a family of sight children, sledding is mighty rough most of the time. 8 But old Dominico sold his papers; raised his nine children and saw to it that they 10 all got a real education so they could 11 amount to something. He scraped and he 12 saved and tow he sold papers. He was on 13 the job literally from sunrise until long 14 after sunset. 15

Old Dominico had one grand dream. He 16 had set his heart on having his oldest 17 become a great surgeon. Well, medical 18 education comes high, and a newsboy's pro-19 fits are small. But old Dominico managed 20 it. He sent his oldest son, Nicola, over 21 to Italy, to the medical school in Naples. It was hard to raise the steamer fare and 23 of course it was harder still to keep on paying the boy's expenses. But Dominico just kept on scraping and selling papers.

And now his boy is back in Chicago - and He's a full. fledged doctor, and Dominico thinke he is going to be the greatest surgeon in the world. And a lot of Chicagoans are giving the young doctor a banquet and of course old Dominico, the 60 year old newsboy is to have the place of honor.

That is the story that Charles Hackett, the great opera star, micked as the most interesting news item of the day.

Charlie Hackett knows that there is heart-throbbing drama - on the stage of life as well as the operatic stage.

In looking through the questionaire in this week's

Literary Digest I saw one that aroused my curiosity. The

question was: "How fast can the bullet car go?" So I turned

over to the article containing the answer and here is what I

found:--

The Bullet Car is a new German idea for railway travel.

It runs on a regular railroad track and is cigar shaped. It has a 400 horse power airplane motor and is driven along by an airplane propellor. It looks something like a zeppelin on wheels. It scoots along the track, with passengers and baggage at 100 miles an hour. After reading that Literary Digest article I began to think that it might not be so long before we will all be traveling in Bullet Cars.

And another question in this week's Literary Digest questionnaire reads:

"WHAT IS THE DISPUTE OVER APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION?"

Well, I knew that in the Episcopal
thurch they were having quite a bit of
controversey about Apostolic Succession,
but I was hazy about the fime points of
the argument. I am a lot clearer about
it now, since I read the Literary Digest
article on the subject. It is a full and
clear explanation of that thorny matter
of Apostolic Succession. I'll tell you
about it tomorrow night, unless, of
course, you are too impatient to wait.
In which case I hope you will turn to your
copy of this week's Digest and read it
tonight.

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A fresh-water man-eating-shark has been found in the far off tropical water 3 of Malaya. Dr. Homer W. Smith, an American scientist, found these sharks forty miles up the Perak River, where the water 6 is perfectly fresh. All other sharks live in salt water. According to the Associated Press, there's a theory that sharks were originally a fresh water fish, and that theory is bucked up a bit by the discovery of those fresh water sharks in Malaya.

Well, that item hits home, with me, because I once made an expedition up that same Perak River in Malaya. I traveled by native boat, with six brawny oarsmen and a Malay headmah, who was an opium fiend.

We caught some of the queerest looking fish that any mortal ever saw and we shot a few enormous crocodiles, but we saw nothing of these fresh water sharks that Doctor Smith now claims to have found in that same river.

The Perak River is one of the most picturesque rivers in the world.

It runs through the heart of the Malay jungle. It is full of rapids, and every time we approached a rapid, the chief boatman, (the opium fiend) would order the oarsmen to pull in to the shore. Then all of my native crew would get out, say their prayers to the spirit of the rapids, and bathe their faces and go through a picturesque ritual.

Then they would swing the bost back into the current again and we would go racing through the cataract, shooting in and out among great boulders. The parsmen would paddle at double speed, in perfect rhythm, and shout a wild Malay song.

After coming through the white water the chief boatmen would stand up in the prow, deliver an eloquent oration, thanking the spirit of the rapids, and then he would throw an offering into the river, a large jungle leaf in which was wrapped some rice and fruit.

paddles pull over to the shore again, so he could stretch out on the deck, roast a pillof opium over his little **xxxxx** alcohol

lamp, and spend a half hour or so in blissful dreams.

nave to get out and shove the boat off the rocks. I'm glad that I knew nothing about the existence of the men eating sharks of the Perek River. If I had known, they were there, I xxx might have lost some of my enthusiasm for the expedition, especially at the moments when we had to jump into the river.

Here is an item about two mighty hunters up at Ashland, Wisconsin. Their names are Dr. Nolan and Mr. McCall, and these two gentlemen would rather hunt than eat. This week they are out for deer. But it's against the law to shoot deer in Wisconsin right now; that is, it's against the law to shoot deer with guns. So they got themselves bows and arrows, and decided to use the old-fashioned hunting methods of the noble redskin. Then they discovered to their disgust that the law would not allow them to hunt Wisconsin deer with bows and arrows either.

But were they discouraged? No, indeed! Dr. Nolan and Mr. McCall are made of sterner stuff than that. This time they've gone out and gotten themselves a couple of spears and a couple of lariats. If they can't spear a deer, by jimmy, they're going to rope one.

Well, that sounds like a good sporting idea. In fact, I think I'll join those two fellows. I'm going out now and buy me a speer. Maybe I won't be able to buy one on State Street, but I think Charlie Hackett can help me from the prop room down at the new Chicago Civic Opera House. I'll just borrow a speer from one of the boys who carry the spear every night. Anyway, If I can't spear a deer, perhaps I can at least lasso a few news items for our next session. So, so long until we all meet at the big hunt tomorrow night.