

(Song * "On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine")

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

Yes, I'm down in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia,
tonight --"On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine," in the hill town
of Norton. I'm at a Blue Ridge ^{Kiwanis} Dinner of Lonesome Pine nobilities.

The two rival ^{town} ~~schools~~ editors are sitting on either
side of me. Like all Virginia editors they are full of ---news.

What's the news down here, boys, ~~down~~ here ^{along} ~~on~~ the Trail
of the Lonesome Pine? How about a few important items, Mr. Pres~~ter~~
Atkins? From the Five-Star Final of your paper, the Coalfield
Progress?

FOR MR. ATKINS.

~~All right, Lowell, we've got lots of news down here.~~

~~I am a country editor and that's the kind of news I've got.~~

~~Lo-^u-~~u~~~~

~~All right, Pres, you're the news editor right now~~

sheet!

Mr. Atkins:-

Well, Mrs. W. N. Surface and her Sunday School Class are having a picnic and weenie roast on Highknob.

Si Thomas' latest baby is doing fine. It's the same baby that weighed twenty-five pounds when it was born. I told about it, ~~in my paper~~ and my rival, Bruce Crawford had it in his sheet. The Associated Press picked the story out of my paper.

Time Magazine also printed the story. And Brother Crawford claims they copied it from him. He's claiming everything these days.

He'll be claiming the baby next. Maybe it ^{is} his, for all I know!

Fleetwood McCoy was home from college over the week- end

to attend the big dance. He also attended the funeral of his grandfather, Fleetwood VanOveries McCoy.

L. T.:-

I suppose he's one of the Hatfield-McCoys?

MR. ATKINS:*

Yep. He is. The old boy was eighty-five years old. He had twanty-seven notches on his old feud rifle,--but we are grateful to know that he made peace with his Maker before passing to his reward. He died a Christian.

Our correspondent from down on the Daniel Boone Trail tells us how he went to dinner at a mountaineer's cabin and everybody was at the table but the old grandfather. When asked why he didn't join the family at dinner, Grandpap replied:- "I am waiting for the old woman to get finished. She's using the only set of false teeth we got in the place."

Well, we're welcoming you, Mr Lowell Thomas in that spirit. We'd even lend you our false teeth. Now what you got to say?

L. T.:-

Thank you Mr. Editor for your Southern hospitality. I don't suppose I have anything so important as those news items of yours -- but let's see.

ROOSEVELT

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Today the President of the United States had a dramatic moment celebrating the first anniversary of his inauguration. He did it by addressing the general NRA conference in Constitution Hall, -- Washington. On his first anniversary he made a formal declaration concerning the giant enterprise that has signalized his first year in the White House and upon which rests the probable success or failure of his administration. And he arose to the occasion, with his telling radio presence at its best, and his clear lucid simple manner of speech at its most effective.

I suppose that after today there are few who are not convinced that the President intends to carry on and push through with his present policies. He declared in tones of peculiar emphasis that industrial cooperation under government control has become a permanent thing in American life. He was drastically plain spoken in his statement that the New Deal has for its purpose not only a cure for the depression, but also a permanently greater economic and social justice for the workers of the land.

ROOSEVELT - 2

He was forthright and bold in tackling the opinions of those who say that his plans savor of Russian Communism or Italian Facism. Mr. Roosevelt came back with the ^{biting}~~snappy~~ contention that we are not importing any ideas from abroad, that the New Deal is a native product, American in its plan and American in its methods.

He observed that his anniversary NRA speech today was the longest he had ever made. But ~~it~~ being longer, it was none the less one of those examples of clear, simple, incisive radio speech that we are accustomed to expect from Franklin D. Roosevelt.

ADD ROOSEVELT

We all remember how dizzy we were made a year ago by the swiftness with which the new administration began to act, with drastic strokes right and left. And the pace has been kept up pretty steadily during the twelve months that have elapsed: The way he handled the banking situation, the free hand he got from Congress for cutting down expenses, the repeal of prohibition, the NRA, the several methods for effecting unemployment relief, the recognition of Russia, the drastic air mail stroke. Not in our time have we seen such a swift kaleidoscope of changes in a presidential year. And now the second year of the administration has begun. We will be waiting. We will be seeing. What will happen next?

Yesterday and today, both in Virginia and West Virginia I have been talking to many people about how the Codes are affecting them down here. Bill German, a prominent soft coal executive in the Pocahontas field, tells me the Code is enabling them to get a business running on a more satisfactory basis, a better price for coal, better wages for the men. He sees profits for the first time in quite a while. At Holden, where they have the best looking camp I've ever seen, they have the same story to tell. There was the same optimism at Gary, West Virginia, the United States Steel camp, and at the lively town of Williamson, and at Welch, and at Dante and Tom's Creek, Virginia. And I'm glad to see that the miners are getting a better break.

LEIPZIG

Today is a big day in the old and learned city of Leipzig. It is the opening of the great annual Leipzig Fair. That Fair has been held every year for the past seven hundred years. It is the oldest going concern in the world. I had a trans-oceanic telephone call from Leipzig this afternoon. A European acquaintance of mine told me of crowds of traders and a bustle of trading. And he reminded me that today they are celebrating the one-hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Leipzig Fair's first contact with America.

This great annual market in the old Saxony Capital has long been considered an accurate barometer of trade conditions. Over the trans-oceanic telephone I learned that 145,000 buyers and sellers, businessmen have gone to Leipzig; forty percent more than attended last year's Fair. There are over eight thousand exhibits, eighteen percent more than last year. These are indications of the world wide recovery that is taking place.

(For Monday, March 5)

DILLINGER

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There are several angles to that Dillinger affair which make one stop and wonder. It is hard to understand how prison authorities would allow a desperate killer to have razor blades in his possession. You would think that such sharp edged objects would be kept but of reach of a notorious desperado.

It seems almost unbelievable that Dillinger could have escaped so soon after he was put in prison with all the blaring of publicity that went with it. The fact that he escaped by means of a pistol carved with those razor blades out of a piece of wood caps the climax of incredibility.

The description of conditions inside the prison show a free and easy condition, with dangerous ^{criminals} ~~prisoners~~ hob-nobbing with the jailors. Misogynists are pointing out that the Sheriff in charge is a lady sheriff. Her husband had been sheriff and she was elected to the job when he died. I suppose some people will be saying that it was because of feminine administration with too much kindness and good nature, that the discipline was lax and dangerous convicts had too many privileges.

MANCHUKUO

Here's a problem, not for you or for me, but for John Bull.

John doesn't know what to do about Manchukuo. When Japan grabbed the country from China and erected a new government John did the same as Uncle Sam. He refused to recognize the nation created by Japan. He said: "So far as I am concerned the state of Manchukuo doesn't exist." So when Henry Pu Yi became Emperor Kang Teh there were no gold braided British diplomats at the ceremony. Now, Manchukuo may not exist for John Bull, but it does for his Postmaster General. The ~~English~~^{British} overland mails to the far east have to cross Manchuria. And now^{that} the Emperor Kang Teh has mounted his throne, his government speaks thusly to Great Britain: "Pay us! No pay, no mail across our territory." That puts it up to John. If he pays he recognizes his Manchurian Majesty. If he does not pay British letters to the Far East will have to go around by water through ~~the~~ Suez and the Indian Ocean, a difference in time of several weeks.

(For Monday, March 5)

COSTE

I never knew until today that Dieudonne Coste, who sometimes is called "The Lindbergh of France," hates flying over water. Sounds like a paradox to learn this of the man who has eleven medals for his exploits ~~in~~ aviation and who with his comrade Bellonte made that spectacular trans-Atlantic flight from Paris to New York.

In his latest adventure Coste took off for Paris, from Copenhagen, and was not heard of for three days. It was feared that he might have come to grief in the North Sea. But his friends reported: "Not a chance. Coste won't go anywhere near the water if he can help it."

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What they said was corroborated when it turned out that all the while he was resting ~~quite~~ comfortably at Muenster in Germany, where he had landed.

They asked him: "Didn't you know the whole world was worrying about you?" He replied "Mais Non, I was just tired and sleepy. I was having a good rest." *And that's the end of another scare story which seemed as though it might be another tragedy of adventure in the sky.*

FLOOD - 2

Floods high water and washouts all over the country. And down here - what a thaw! As if the planet were melting away. Last Friday I came over the mountains through snow drifts sixteen feet high. Now, there isn't enough to make a snow-ball. And the way it thawed and raced down these steep mountains was a sight! Water-falls everywhere. Creeks transformed into wild rivers. Banks torn away. Streams overflowing fields and roads.

On my way from the delightful college town at Athens we drove through water a couple of feet deep.

Along with the thaw came land-slides. Roads were blocked with avalanches of rock. So we had to take to the railroad, The Norfolk and Western. Along Tug River, at Red Bird we saw a house that had been carried down the mountain side by a land-slide. Ten people, who were asleep in it, had a narrow escape from death as their house was swept away. It happened at one o'clock in the morning. J. D. Payne and his wife and four children, and four boarders, cut their way out

FLOOD - 3

the rats were actually sitting on the backs of the hogs.

Which story auto-matically entitles the Judge to a diploma
in the Tall Story Club.

At any rate, the thaw seems to be universal.

Murray Gibbon of the C.P.R. tells me they're having it in
Canada too.

RETAKE

of the house with axes. They were shaken up and injured, but not seriously. I passed that house and it certainly looked as though it had had a wild ride down the mountain!

On the Norfolk and Western we passed another place, right in the heart of those beautiful mountains where ten thousand tons of earth and rock came plunging down at Sam's Hollow. A hundred families were marooned.

The "Pocahontas", crack train of the Norfolk and Western was wrecked, the locomotive overturned and mail and baggage cars yanked off the rails. No casualties. And they seldom have accidents on that line, which is said to be the most successful railroad in America. It taps all this rich coal country, with a down hill run to Norfolk.

At Holden, West Virginia, in the heart of the Hatfield-McCoy country, I was talking to a Circuit Judge, Naaman Jackson, about the flood.

Judge Jackson told me about an island in the Guyandotte River where somehogs were marooned. As the water rose rats swarmed on the island until it was so crowded that

FLOOD - 3

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LAGUARDIA

When Major Fiorella LaGuardia was elected Mayor of New York some folks said:- "He may make a better mayor than Jimmie Walker but, he'll never be as good a showman." Word comes through to me from the big town that the fiery Fiorella is proving himself to be an even better showman than Jester Jimmie. For instance there's the slot machine show he is staging at the R. C . A. Building in Rockefeller Center.

For several weeks the Gotham Mayor's coppers have been raiding and seizing slot machines. People have been asking:- "Why ^{the} waste [^] time and energies of the police on such trivial matters as that?" So LaGuardia replied:- Let's show New Yorkers and out of town visitors the truth about swindle on which they're throwing away four million dollars a month! So in the Concourse of the R. C. A. ^{Bldg.} [^] there are now on exhibition ^{the gambling} samples of [^] machines confiscated in the police raids. The exhibits are enough to demonstrate even to the most gullible that it's impossible to win on these gadgets.

I suppose there are other towns whose mayors might profitably follow LaGuardia's example. Let's ask the mayor of Norton, Virginia about it. Any slot machines down here Mayor Fuller?

FOR MAYOR FULLER

No sir, we don't allow swindles like that in this town.

Slot machines and other things that belong to the Devil would be
sort of out of place in these lovely Blue Ridge Mountains. Our

people are all law-abiding citizens *no matter what these two
editors print in their papers.*

(CHEERS.)

INTRODUCTION TO CRAWFORD

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Somehow, the events of the great world don't seem so important down here in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. So just to get around to vital things, the things that count I'm going to ask that rival editor to give us some last minute flashes. He's Editor Bruce Crawford, of Crawford's Weekly, also On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine. This is Wise County, so let's have some wisdom Brother Crawford.

Lowell, the wisdom of Wise County is being careful about what you say.

I was talking to Sheriff Adams about the high mortality rate around here. Andhe said the high mortality rate is due primarily to gun play, just plain shooting. The second reason for the high mortality rate is heart failure -- among the bystanders, when the shooting begins.

So you see an editor has to be careful down here or a lot of folks will die of heart failure while he's getting shot. In fact mr rival, Pres. Atkins, ought to be shot for some of the things he says.

But I'm playing safe and I'm going to make an apology. I said in my paper the other day that half of the City Council here are idiots. The City Council has been kicking about that so I'll reverse my self right now and say that Half of the City Council are not idiots.

FOLLOW CRAWFORD - Ending

(song: Chorus - "In the Blue Ridge Mountains of
Virginia, On the Trail of the
Lonesome Pine."

L.T.:- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

LT in
Black
Mountains,
Kentucky.

American
Legion
meeting.
Mar. 6,
1934