## LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1930

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

I suppose you have all finished your turkey dinner.

Or maybe some of you prefer evening, instead of the good old

fashioned dinner time at noon. Anyway, here are a few bits

of Thanksgiving day news to go along with the nuts and raisins.

A curious story about the first presidential

Thanksgiving proclamation comes over today in a dispatch

from the Associated Press. George Washington signed the

proclamation. It was in the year 1789. Then the document

was lost for 132 years, until it turned up in some strange

fashion at an auction in New York. The Congressional Library

of Washington bought it. In it George Washington called upon

the citizens of the new nation to set aside Thanksgiving Day

"to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the

beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, or that

will be."

as a national holiday was due to a woman? I didn't until I picked up a copy of the famous Hartford Courant of Hartford, Connecticut, this morning. In it I saw that it was in 1864 that this really became a national holiday. Mrs. Sarah Josephine Hale, of New Hampshire was responsible. She had been left a young widow with five small children, but she fought her way to success in the business world, and was a

woman of prominence from 1828 to 1877. She edited women's magazines, founded the Seamen's Aid Society of Boston, was largely responsible for the building of the Bunker Hill Monument, and she was famous for her skill at roasting turkeys and suckling pigs and at making mince pies. Well, for twenty years Mrs. Hale campaigned for the establishment of Thanksgiving as a national holiday, and in 1864, as the result of her campaign, the Hartford Courant points out that Abraham Lincoln issued the first proclemation declaring Thanksgiving a national holiday.

The New York World points out editorially today that at a time like this when things look a bit glum to many, at any rate not so cheery as they did, say two years ago, it is interesting to recall that the Pilgrim Fathers who established Thanksgiving Day hadn't very much to be thankful for. They were cold, they were hungry, they had holes in their shoes, they had aches in their hearts for those who had died in the preceding year remarks the New York World, and as for the Pilgrim Mothers, well the less said about their plight the better. In fact, about all

that can be said for any of the surviving pilgrims was that they had survived and hoped to survive a little longer.

The papers are full of Thanksgiving Day news items.

For instance, you can imagine the joy in the heart of Joseph

Barbato. The New York Herald Tribune tells the story. For

five months Barbato had been in the death house up at Sing

Sing awaiting execution, but today he is free at last. The

Judge who pronounced his doom has now dismissed the charge

against him because of lack of evidence when his case was

appealed. Reporters went to question him on what he thought

Thanksgiving Day would mean after all those months in the death

cell, Barbato's hand shook and he was too overcome to reply.

KELLOGG and here's one american wh received a fine Thanksgiving present. The Honorable Frank B. Kellogg, formerly Secretary of State and one time Ambassador to Great Britain, today was awarded the Nobel prize for peace for the year 1929. At the same time, the prize committee named the winner for 1930. This year's winner is Dr. Nathan Soderblom, the archbishop of Upsala, Sweden. The International News Service says that Mr. Kellogg was named for the prize because of his work in framing the Kellogg Peace Pact. He is the XXX fifth American to get the peace prize. The others were Roosevelt, Elihu Root, Woodrow Wilson, and Charles G. Dawes. The new Literary Digest, which is on the stands today has a strong article on the subject of peace. It is headed - SHOUTING FOR PEACE AND ARMING FOR WAR. If you want to get a real insight into all those peace and disarmament discussions that are going on, you ought to read that article. Well, now we have to go on to a few things that are not exactly in the spirit of Thanksgiving.

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The reporters at that dramatic trial over in Moscow have sent in more grim stories. to day. They describe the setting in the court room as being like a Russian film tragedy. According to a the United Press dispatch, the 6 of the 8 professors who have testified all teld the same story, and they apparently repeated with monotonous regularity \* - the story that while they held important posts in the Soviet industrial organization they were secretly working against the Bolsheviks. One of the defendants tells how he gave secret military plans to the French government. Another describes how they were forming an secret anti-Communistic organization right within the ranks of the Red Army.

They all tell how they were conspiring with French and British statesmen. They point out Poincare, Briand, Winston Churchill, Sir Henry Deterding, the oil magnate, and the legendary Colonel Lawrence as conspirators.

Their mention of Colonel Lawrence

puts the finel touch on that fentastic melodrama in Moscow.

For the past 12 years, every time there has been trouble
anywhere someone has attempted to put the blame on Lawrence.
Two years ago, when he was serving as a private in the Royal
Air Force out on the Afghan frontier, and at a time when I
happened to be in Moscow, the Russians gave out a report to the
effect that Colonel Lawrence was behind the Afghan revolt. That
story went all over the world and was rather generally accepted.
At any rate, it so embarrassed the British that they had to take
Lawrence away from India and have him stationed in England again.

From Russia let's make a flight across the globe to South America, where there's more fighting down in Peru.

Lest night I told you about rioting between workmen and students in Lima. Now the trouble has grown more serious.

According to the International News Service, several leaders of the revolutionists have been executed.

Peru is just through with one revolution. At the end of that session of trouble a provisional government was established, and now this new government seems to be having difficulties. They are blaming it on the communists, for a change.

Things are quiet in Spain today, but there are ominous signs of trouble. In Madrid the people are nervous because there are thousands of soldiers on duty in the streets. The city is under such a heavy guard that you can see the government is expecting trouble. Leaders who are opposed to the government are constantly shadowed by detectives. The New York Times correspondent states the people believe that the republicans are ready to start a revolution to overthrow the king Office.

Trouble started a few days ago with an outbreak of strikes and riots.

And these were caused by hard times.

According to the new Literary Digest, the labor disturbances in the Spanish cities are just another troublesome angle of the world wide business depression. But when strike riots began, they soon took a political slant. Political agitators who are for a republic and against King Alfonso, took advantage of the trouble and tried to turn it into a revolutionary movement.

The Digest article points out that the Spaniards are getting ready for an election in January, the first election they have had in eight years.

I suppose you've long ago heard how the football games came out. But in case you have missed them I'll reel off a few.

Cornell trounced the University of Pennsylvania 13 to 7.

Colgate 27 - Brown 7.

Syracuse walloped Columbia 19 to 7.

Oregon State and West Virginia tied.

Pittsburgh 19 - Penn. State 12.

St. Mary's 7 - Oregon 6.

Tennessee 8 - Kentucky 0.

Texas 26 - Texas Ag. 0.

Alabama 13 - Georgia 0.

Tulane 12 - Louisiana O.

Florida 55 - Georgia Tech. 7.

Utah 41 - Utah Ag. 0.

Notre Dame and Washington State ) unbesten.

In Japan, some 30,000 people haven't as much to be thankful for as the most of us. Their homes have been destroyed by that earthquake. Relief workers are still searching through the ruins of towns and villages in Central Japan. Airplanes flew over the devastated regions to find the localities where the destruction was worst, and also to supervise detachments of Japanese soldiers who were rushed out to do relief work. Press cables place the total number of dead at 300, and the injured at 500.

Talking about people who have no reason to be thankful --

Here's a Scotsman tore up two five dollar pills. There's a news item that would attract anyone's attention. The New 4 York Times assures us that it really 5 happened. Who was the Scotsman? Why he 6 # was Sandy McNeil, skipper of the 7 Mauretania -- the man who saved that 8 shipwrecked crew in mid-ocean last week. 9 Here's how it happened: - Captain Sandy 10 McNeil came back to his ship with his 11 pockets full of clippings about that ocean rescue. But this hero stuff means so little to him he didn't bother to 14 read them. He tore them into little bits and threw them away -- and then discovered he'd torn up ten dollars along with the clippings. 18

"To tear up ten dollars is un-19 lucky for anyone", said Captain Sandy McNeil, "but for a Scotsman to do it, hoot mon, that's terrible. " - and unbelievable.

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Here's one of the strangest stories
I've seen in a long time. Out in Los
Angeles a writer is suing a convict.
He wants damages for the loss of five
years of his life. He wasted the five
years in hunting buried treasure.

The convict is known as Bluebeard 7 Watson. Ten years ago Watson was given a life sentence for doing away with one of his twenty-five wives. He boasted that 11 of the twenty-five wives, he had polished off sixteen. Five years ago the writer named 12 Hill, while on a visit to the prison, 13 met Bluebeard Watson, and the convict 14 told the writer that he had buried a 15 fortune of \$87,000, which he had got from 16 his victims. He told where the money 17 was. The writer went searching for it. 18 He searched for it for ax five years. But 19 and never tound it. and how he is 20 suing the convict for \$25,000 - damages 21 for those five years he wasted in that useless hunt.

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In Mexico a lot of people are hunting African lions, Burmese elephants, and Himalayan bears today. That sounds impossible, I know. But you see a circus train near Guadalajara jumped the track, and a number of people were killed. A tank care full of gasoline caught fire, and blew up. Soon the coaches were ablaze. The cars with the wild animals were shattered. Some of the wild beasts were killed. Others escaped. According to the United Press, several lions started out on a cross-country dash, and maddened elephants and bears went tearing through the smaller town of Guadaloupe, wrecking everything in their path. Hunting parties, with all kinds of guns, have been organized and are now scouring the hills for the animals.

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Ohio,

out at Painsville, they're having a dancing marathon. Oscar Pronto is out on the floor shuffling a long, and the has a bad tooth. A doctor has told him that the tooth will have to be pulled right away. Did the doctor's verdict put Oscar out of the running or rather out of the dancing? Not by a jugful. He's having that tooth pulled out right there on the dance floor. And he's going to be dancing while tooth is being yanked. I suppose the dentist will be his dancing partner.

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Near Morristown, New Jersey, three railroad linemen were stringing wires 5 from a platform mounted on a handcar. Suddenly they saw the New York express 5 rounding a curve. There was no time to eget that handcar off the tracks. Those 7 linemen just made one leap to a network of wires, and worked their way, hand over hand, to the cross arms of a telegraph 10 pole twenty feet away. The train hit 11 their hand-car, and splintered it into 12 kindling wood. The linemen shinnied 13 down the telegraph pole, mighty thankful 14 to be alive. and they unanimously voted that they had plenty to be thankful for. 16

It is never very difficult for a traveler to remember where he spends a sholiday. He usually devotes part of it to wishing that he were home in America with his family. In 1917 I was with the 6 Italian Army and had just come from the Front. An Italian officer, WXX Major 8 Totsk, the ramous portrait painter, was with me. He had been in America and 10 wanted to arrange some special way of n celebrating Thanksgiving. We traveled 12 most of the day on a troop train and 13 at dark x arrived in the City of Bologna. The lights were out because of the fear 15 of air raids. We could only tind one 16 restaurant open. It was one of those 17 meatless days too. But when we explained 18 to the waiter that it was an important 19 holiday and that we wanted to cele brate, 20 he winked and in a little bit came back a with a special dish for us consisting of a platter of fried eggs, but x the eggs were only camouflagett. Hidden 24 underneath those eggs were delicious 25 steaks.

Then we prowled around the streets looking for a place to sleep. There wasn't a room to be had in a hotel.

But an officer directed us to a building which looked like a palace. We banged the heavy knocker and the caretaker came to the door with a lantern. We explained what we wanted, and he said there was only one place in the palace where he could put us and that was in a tiny bathroom. Major Totsi curled up on the floor and I slept in the tub and that was the way we celebrated that Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving is a great day for the poets. Hi

phillips, the famous humorist who conducts the Sun Dial

column of the New York Sun, bursts forth with a string of

verses which he calls "Thanksgiving Meditation." Maybe a

few of the verses would make an appropriate ending for tonight.

Here they are:

Well this Thanksgiving

I am glad

For lots of things

That weren't so bad.

I'm thankful, and
I'd have you note,

That I was not

A Lipton bost;

And I give thanks

In strident tones

That I did not
Play Bobby Jones

I'm glad that I
Did not, oh man:

Campaign as a

Republican;

With gratitude

I deeply thrill

That I don't rule

In far Brazil;

And this I think

Is also true

Of Chile, Spain

And of Peru;

And I give thanks --

As who should not? --

By racketeers

I was not shot:

And this, too, cheers

Me much, for sooth;

Against West Point

I was not Booth!

Well, Hi, as a Thanksgiving rhymster is quite some pumpkins.

That poem's good,

That poem's fine.

And now I think

I'll add a line.

I hope for you

The day's been bright.

So long until

Tomorrow night.