LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1931

MARRIAGE

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

The President of France got married today; and his marriage came as quite a surprise. In fact the President of France had been a bachelor for sixty-eight years.

Pfesident Doumergue will retire from office on June
13th. He will be succeeded by President Doumer. I mention this
just because I want to keep those names straight.

Anyway, President Doumergue, who will retire, has been expected to take a wife unto himself, but it was thought that he would wait until he was out as president. The International News Service tells us that rumors of the President's marraige have been current for the last few days.

The President didn't wait until he stepped out of office.

He fooled everybody by going to the altar today with Madame Gaves.

The Associated Press, refers to the ceremony as a private affair as well as a surprise.

A note of rustic simplicity is added by the statement

that President Doumergue and his wife will retire to the President's farm, where they will live like simple country folk among the cows and chickens.

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Italy today - I mean signs of peace in From Italy comes signs of peace in

in the dispute between the Vatican and the Fascist government. Pope am Pius the 11th had an important conference today with 24 cardinals. In strictly private session the ecclesiastical dignitaries discussed the situation, which, as the Associated Press reminds us, has been caused by the attacks of the Fascist government on Catholic organizations in Italy. "The meeting adjourned after an hour, and no official statement was given out of what transpired. But it is said that the Pope told the cardinals that he does not want to bring to an end the Lateran Treaty between the Vatican and the Italian government. But The Pontiff added that he wished the Fascist authorities to regard the Lateran Treaty as an international agreement, subject to the regulations of international law.

The Pope then made what looks like a move for peace. He ordered the editor of the official Vatican newspaper not to print any more attacks against the Fascist students who have been acting against the Catholic organizations.

The international News Service tells us that the Pontiff also has bidden the Italian bishops not to hold any public processions or demonstrations for the present.

On the other side of the fence, Mussolini too has started a policy of peace. The Duce has passed word along to the editors of Fascist newspapers to stop their editorial campaigns against the Church.

The United Press has conducted a survey of the principal Italian cities and finds that in the majority of these the local authorities have closed the clubhouses of the Catholic organizations.

But night on the heels of the above news which indicated that seace might be in sight a later associated Press report tells of Mussolini dissolving all organizations of Catholic youths by decree and it is believed in Rome that the Pope may sever diplomatic relations with Italy. Well, all this sounds conflicting and complicated.

4.9.31 - 5N

Ambassador de Martino, Mussolini's envoy to the United

States returned to America today. Twenty-five patrolmen and

detectives guarded him as he came ashore in New York. Evidently

there was fear of attack by anti-fascists. The Ambassador simply

seemed to be amused and surprised, and not at all alarmed.

A dispatch from Moscow tells of a bandit raid which resulted in a disastrous panic.

At the town of Sucharevsky 5,000 people were jammed into a public market place.

Several men rushed into the crowd yelling: "Run for your life -- the police are coming. They're going to arrest all the merchants. They'll take all your property."

The men were bandits and they threw smoke bombs which exploded and gave off clouds of acrid fumes. In the panic which resulted the huge crowd of people trampled on each other in a mad rush to get away. Twenty persons were killed in the crush.

The bandits then plundered the deserted booths, snatching money and food. Then most of the robbers got away, although several were captured by mounted police who came galloping to the scene.

The International News Service

Roumania, which states that at Ekaterinberg, in Siberia, the head-quarters of the 4th Red Army was bombed. There were a number of casualties. The Soviet authorities are said to have made a number of arrests and to have declared martial law. This story has been denied by the officials of the Soviet legation at Bucharest.

The Stars and Stripes are waving merrily over at Carnoustie, Scotland. That is, Old Glory is waving as merrily as is possible in dismal weather.

Open Championship Golf Tournament. The skies have been pouring down floods of water while the golfers have been swinging their mightiest. The fairways, and the greens, and the sand bunkers are flooded. As the International News Service puts it, the boys are playing under water polo conditions.

The American golfers made out pretty well in today's qualifying round. Playing over a water logged course suitable only for web-footed golfers, most of the Yanks ran scores in the middle 70's, whilesome of the British golfers werein the middle 80 %.

Tony Manero, the American pro, got around the course in 72, with Johnny Farrell and Gene Sarazen next. But the best score was turned in by McDonald Smith who also hails from the U.S.A. He was playing in a wind which the United Press describes as a gale.

His score was an even 70.

They say that Mac Smith is the popular favorite to win this aquatic golf tournament. If he does, a lot of folks in Scotland will be happy too because MacDonald Smith was born right over there on those stormy shores of the North Sea.

I ran across a good piece of advice today. It's something that ought to help me in my job, something to guide me in passing along to you folks the news of the day.

This bit of advice comes from Frank Mason, president of the International News Service. And Frank, naturally knows plenty about journalism and news.

Frank Mason comes out with a strong blast and tells us that journalists should not glorify the crook. An article of his in Editor and Publisher lays down an important rule for newspaper men, and that rule is:- Don't make a gangster, a thug or a gunman seem like a modern Robin Hood.

The Literary Digest, in quoting from Frank Mason's article, passes along to us a few practical rules:-

When a crook refuses to tell the police anything, his silence is not courageous. He's afraid of the underworld.

When a thug or a gangster keeps a dumb and stolid face, don't say he's got nerves of iron. He may be just dull and empty.

Don't make a gunman's moll a romantic heroine. She isn't anything of the sort.

Well, as I said, that's good advice, a good policy for news as printed on a page -- and also for news spoken over the air. I'm going to take Frank Mason's advice to heart.

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Former Secretary of the Interior Fall came out on the losers man end today. He had appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States for a review of his case. A dispatch in the New York American states that the Supreme Court has decided not to review the case.

From France comes word that Texas Guinan and her chorus girls must leave that country by Wednesday evening. Latest reports are that they will try to gain admittance to Germany or Austria.

A bit of real heroism is reported from Copalis, Washington.

An airplane with two passengers aboard caught fire in the air. The cabin was blazing. The pilot, Lana Kurtzer of Seattle, ordered the two passengers, one of them a woman, to climb out on the wings to escape the flames.

The machine was over the coastline. The pilot made a quick landing on
then gave her the gun and taxied
the beach, and drove, the burning plane
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The Associated Press reports that this grave and resourceful flying man was painfully burned, but the two passengers were uninjured.

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As I read this next dispatch I can't help thinking that it was kind of hard on the old lady. But, just the same, here's the story:

Mrs. Barbara Wise is 80 years old. and she doesn't like airplanes -- at least she didn't. I don't know how she feels about them now. Mrs. Wise lives in Detroit but she was on a vacation at Traverse City, Michigan. P|She had an accident and broke her hip, and was mending nicely in the hospital. But her family wanted to get her home, and there was no way of doing it except by taking her in an airplane.

Of course they knew how much she disapproved of those new-fangled flying machines. She was afraid to ride in one. She just dimmin wouldn't do it.

So they had her chloroformed. They had the doctor give her enough anaesthetic to last her over the hundred mile jaunt in the sky. And then they carried her aboard the plane. Her two sons accompanied her.

Associated Press reports accounted that the trip, was made without any mishap. The plane landed at Detroit and Mrs. Wise was taken home.

I don't know what she said when she came to, but maybe it was plenty.

In a Commencement address 10 at Berea College in Kentuckey the youthful 11 and bulliant president of the Univ. of Chicago 12 today gave his views on the ills that Reset 13 the world.

"The leaders of the next generation," said Doctor Hutchinia, "will not be those who have memorized the encyclopedia. They will be those who can see and learn essential facts and who can develop ideas."

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Now all of you seafaring men, any of you fellows who've sailed on ships, here's a bit of base news for you. The next time you're at sea on a liner, or an old tramp, or a windjammer, and you put into the port of Savannah--me, as you pass Elba Island, there won't be a girl waiting for you, at least not the "Waving Girl".

She won't be there on Elba Island, waving with a white cloth in the daytime or with a lantern at night. And your ship won't answer her salute. If you're on a steamer you won't whistle three times—or honk a horn if you're on a motor oraft—or dip your flag if the windjammer. on which you're sailing.

And something will be missing from life at sea for any of you old-timers who know the port of Savannah or have heard the story of the "Waving Girl".

Nearly all of you know about her, because for more than 40 years seafaring men have talked about her. And she has been a legend.

She's not there any more, sailor. And when yousee she's missing, you'll sit around in the fo'c'sle with the other old salts and tell the story of the "Waving Girl" -- how 41 years ago her sweetheart went to sea and his ship never came back. And how day after day and at night she watched and waited at the Savannah lighthouse on Elba Island. She waved at every ship with a cloth by day and a lantern by night, hoping that her sweetheart might be aboard. He never returned, and she never married. But she never lost hope and just kept on waving to the passing ships -- for 41 years.

That, is the legned of the sea, the story that Jack Tar tells about the "Waving Girl". In reality she's Miss Florence Martus. Her brother, George W. Martus, is the keeper of the lighthouse on Elba Island. She went to live with him those years ago, when she was only 19. And there she sat waving at the passing ships.

Now her brother is 70 years old, ans he has retired.

She has left the lighthouse with him and they have moved to

Savannah.

A strange sight was seen in Washington today. A traffic jam was caused by a snapping-turtle which waddle along the street smoking a cigar.

Some jokester must have put the lighted cigar in the turtle's mouth. A turtle, as we all know, gets a grip on something and the turns loose. And that shapping-turtle in Washington certainly had a great grip on that cigar. Then the jokester turned the turtle loose and the critter went strolling down the street with the cigar still burning.

The Associated Press reports
that the demonstrated traffic jam was only
dispersed when a policeman carried
the cigar-smoking turtle away to jail.

We ought to have a theme song all this week, and that theme song ought to be:- "Down where the Cotton Blossoms Grow" - or if you prefer something not so languishing, a little more brisk, and just as appropriate, we might sing "Dixie", starting in: "I wish I were in the Land of Cotton". - Why? - Well because this happens to be Cotton Week.

All over the country, commencing today, honors will be paid to King Cotton. Merchants everywhere in America are displaying cotton goods. Manufacturers are holding meetings, talking about ways of improving the cotton industry. Below the Mason-Dix Line it's cotton picking time, and darkies are in the fields chopping out the weeds between the cotton stalks, and singing tarky songs.

I had a chat today with the President of The Cotton Textile Institute of America, Mr. George Sloan, and he was bubbling over with news about Cotton Week and the importance of Old King Cotton.

Mr. Sloan told me that five billion dollars are invested in one way or another

in the cotton industry, and twelve million people in this country gain their living from the fluffy white ball that grows on the green stalk. Of course anything that interests 12,000,000 of us, intimately, is pretty vital to all of us.

This week II,840 retail stores in all of the forty-eight states are observing cotton week, and are putting cotton goods on display in their show windows. Governors in ten states have telegraphed their enthusiastic interest and support.

Mr. Sloan pointed out that this year women's fasions everywhere are featuring cotton fabrics. The smart new styles are going in for cotton batiste, voile, lawn, and dimity, with stunning embroidery effects. I don't suppose the fashionable girls are taking up calico, but it might be a grand idea if they did.

And then the big industries, such as automobiling, are finding more and more use for cotton in their manufacturing process.

It looks like a big year for cotton, and that's a good thing, because Old King Cotton has been one of the great figures in American history.

The Tall Story Club is celebrating 2 cotton week with a truthful ammadamx 3 aneedete. Anybody who has been to the 4 South during a time when the cotton is 5 ready to be picked, will have an 6 unforgettable impression of the snow white 7 fields that stretch dazzling in all 8 directions. In the light of a bright 9 southern moon the snowy expanse of a 10 cottonfield is a thing of eerie loveliness.

This fact is pointed out in 12 considerable detail by G. S. Clark of 13 Savannah, Georgia, who tells a sad story of the Georgia farmer who got a chance to buy a California mule cheap. That Georgian should have known that there is no mule like the southern mule, but as Mr. Clark emphasized, he bought the california mule cheap.

He planned to use the at in his cotton field, but that plan didn't work out at all. When the mule got one look at the white expanse of cotton stretching to the horizon, he began to shiver. He thought the cotton was snow.

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That old mule just lay down and froze to death.

And with that the band will strike up - "I wish I were in Dixie, hurray, hurray."

And while the merry southern strains are sounding in honor of cotton week, I'll be gwine down the road wishin' good luck to all you folks in the Land of Cotton, - and Solong until tomorrow.