LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST TUESDAY, JUNE 9, 1931

TENNESSEE

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

Well, let's start with an item from the South. The Governor of Tennessee seems to have a clean bill of health this evening. They were threatening to impeach him in the Tennessee Legislature, and there were eight articles of complaint against him. The Associated Press reminds us that last Friday the Legislature dismissed one of those articles. And today the other seven were thrown out the window.

And that apparently is a big victory for Governor

Henry H. Horton, of Tennessee, although the report is that some

of the folks down there are still hot under the collar and say

the fight isn't over.

It seems odd to think of a President of the United States as a squatter, doesn't it?

I suppose most of us have some sort of a mental picture of the old time squatter. In the West there used to be all sorts of people all the way from hardy pioneers to ne'er-do-well drifters who would just move on to a piece of land and settle there without bothering to ask anybody about it.

Well, it comes out that a President of the United States is a squatter.

No, this doesn't apply to any president of years ago, like Andrew Jackson or Benjamin Harrison. It means President Hoover, who is said to be a squatter, right now. As the International News Service reminds us, he is taking a vacation at the elaborate presidential camp deep in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia.

And it's claimed that the land on which President

Hoover's Rappidan Camp id situated, really belongs to a lumber

company. In fact the heads of the lumber company testify that

the camp was built without any permission. A battalion of Marines just walked in and took possession.

The Associated Press reminds us that the government wants to establish a national park in the Blue Ridge section.

The land on which the President's camp stands is included in the plan and the heads of the lumber company now are claiming their price. They declare in effect that President Hoover is nothing more than a squatter, although there doesn't seem to be any danger of anyone calling the sheriff and having him evicted.

Hardly:

Now comes a story that I'd call a mean trick. It's a swindle game. The Boston police have just uncovered it.

They've arrested a man who admits that he has been systematically stealing books out of libraries -- not ordinary books but rare editions, valuable books. Most good libraries have a number of volumes that are worth a bit of money.

The International News Service describes how the crook worked. He'd go to a library and get a card and take out valubale books, first editions, and such. Then he'd disappear rebind the books, and sell them to collectors.

34 New England libraries have complained of books stolen in this way. \$50,000 worth of valuable volumes have disappeared. A ring of crooks was operating.

When the police got their man in Boston they found . \$7,000 worth of expensive books in his possession -- also a list of bookstores and book collectors all over the world.

Well, cheating the libraries like that certainly does seem like a mean sort of thievery. But you can bet that the libraries are going to be on the lookout hereafter.

10

11

17

18

21

We Americans arex accustomed to sneer at the way mighty hunters in other parts of the world shoot game. is quite tame and placed in some convenient spot. There is grouse 6 shooting in England in which the hunters occupy comfortable shooting boxes and game drivers drive a game to within convenient distance.

Then there is tiger shooting in India in which the noble hunter has a tiger practically brought up to him. It 13 has even been said that some of the great 14 Maharajahs will dope a caged tiger and then have him turned loose in such fashion that some earl or duke can get a good shot.

Well, at Kos Angeles a similar idea has been put to work, and it may become quite a fashion. They do it with fish. In the center of the city a pool has been established, and that pool is stocked with trout brought down from the mountains. The mighty fisherman goes in 25 and drops a baited hook into the pool and FISH

1

the gam

10

11

18

RETAKE

We Americans arex accustomed to sneer at the way mighty hunters in other parts of the world shoot game." is quite tame and placed in some convenient spot. There is grouse shooting in England in which the hunters occupy comfortable shooting boxes and game drivers drive a game to within convenient distance.

Then there is tiger shooting in India in which the noble hunter has a tiger practically brought up to him. 13 has even been said that some of the great Maharajahs will dope a caged tiger and 15 then have him turned loose in such fashion that some earl or duke can get a good 17 shot.

Well, at Kos Angeles a similar idea has been put to work, and it may become quite a fashion. They do it with 21 fish. In the center of the city a pool 22 has been established, and that pool is 23 stocked with trout brought down from the mountains. The mighty fisherman goes in 25 and drops a baited hook into the pool and

catches a fish.

The New York Evening Post tells us that he doesn't pay unless he catches something. They have special attendants who even save the fisherman the trouble of xxx baiting his hook.

The lady fishermen especially **
like to have the wriggling worm put on
the hook for them and then the
attendants take the fish off the hook.

Business men stop in on their

way home from the office and catch
enough for supper. Of course, it looks
fine to amble on home with a splendid
string of fish dangling from your hand,
and I suppose those fishermen tell tall
stories about their fishing expeditions
to the pool in the middle of Los Angeles.

Well, I guess the doped tiger out in India is in about the same class with the artificial fishing here in the U.S.A.

No sir, as a father I don't see this one at all.

It's am amplifier for baby, a megaphone, a loud speaker to make a yapping baby yapp stibl louder. In fact, it magnifies a kid's howl a hundredfold.

Why should anybody want to do that, ask you? Well, the Associated Press tells us why.

In Chicago they have a baby alarm system. In one case a mother has her apartment linked up with a neighbor's apartment, so that when baby cries, the sound is magnified and transmitted to a neighbor, who then hurries over to see what's wrong with the brat little dumpling.

In another case a father has a telephone hooked up in such a way that no matter where he is he can call his house and listen to see whether baby is crying. The infant's howls are magnified to such an extent that they come blasting right through the telephone. The idea is, of course, that parents can go away from home leaving the child

asleep and/play bridge or attend a party and be reassured that the baby is all right.

But just the same, the idea of amplifying, magnifying and making louder the infernal uproar which the little angel can make - well that to doesn't have the right kind of sound at all.

	201
1	
2	
3	
4	
- 144	21
	=1
5	ы
u	27
	zd
	- 1
	-1
	-
	=1
	m)
	- 1

10

11 12

13 14

15

16 17

18 19

20 21

22

24

23

25

In every city in the world there are places where soldiers get together, see their old friends and swap yarns. I had lunch at such a place today, -not anything formal. Just a place to eat, the In came Colonel MacNab who was

with Ambassador Morrow in Mexico. I met an English Captain who fought the Turks in Mesopotamia, in the days when the British were advancing on Bagdad.

General "Wild Jim" Parker, getting along in years now, grey-haired, but still a giant and straight as a ramrod-joined us for a few minutes.

I was talking over war days with three men who have given their lives to Uncle Sam's regular army service:-General Robert Lee Bullard, and Colonel Hobbs, of the Yankee Division, and Colonel Pearson, of the First Division.

General Bullard, as you will recall. was one of our two army commanders in France. The other was General Liggett.

They all told some great tales. But one that comes to me at this minute

concerns a certain shiftless private
soldier who spent considerable time
in the guardhouse. His name was Michael
J. Perkins and he hailed from Boston.
Mike wasn't much good on dress parade.
But when it came to fighting he was
all there.

With a platoon he was advancing in the Argonne. His outfit was held by a whole forman concrete machine gun stronghold. The Americans were being moved down on all sides. Well Mike crawled around through the grass, jumped right down into the midst of the Germans and took them completely by surprise. He captured twenty and marched them back and silenced seven machine guns.

The news of this spread around and he was recommended for the Congressional Medal of Honor. But a few days later when they tried to find him, to tell him of this, he was missing. He had been killed a few hours before in another action.

Colonel Pearson also told us of the

heroism of a man who was certainly not a regular soldier. He was just a clerk, way back at headquarters, but one day he turned up in the front line. An of ficer asked him if he had been sent up under orders and he replied:-"UH-UH--NOT EXACTLY".

Yes, he was AWOL. But he said he wanted to fight so they let him stay. After the battle was over and that division was relieved he was missing. It was found that he had gone AWOL again and had joined the division that had been sent up to the line to relieve the one that was going back to rest. At the end of the war when his record was checked over it was found that he had shifted to four different divisions in all, just so he could stay continuously in the front line. And technically he was only a field clerk.

All these regular soldiers were loud in their praise of the valor of the men who went to France, many of whom had never had a rifle in their hands.

On the China Coast a British submarine has gone down. The undersea craft Poseidon collided with a merchant vessel off the Shantung Peninsula. Five officers and 26 men were saved. 18 men are missing.

The Associated Press reminds us that this is the second accident to a submarine within a month. Ships of the Soviet are still dragging the floor of the Gulf of Finland, trying to find a Russian submarine which lies on the bottom.

4 5

11 12

4-9-31 -5M

There is joy this evening among thousands of peasants on the broad farmlands of Rumania. And they are singing the praises of King Carol.

That merry monarch, after breaking into the news with all sorts of high jinks, now seems to have done something which ought to make him popular among the peasant classes of his country. At the same time, the money lenders of Rumania are probably gnashing their teeth, because King Carol, by dictatorial decree, has freed the Rumanian peasants from a lot of bad contracts which they have made with the money lenders.

The New York Evening Post
explains that the ixxxxxxxx farmers in
Rumania got into difficulties when big
landed estates were broken up right after
the world war. Huge plantations
belonging to the nobles were divided
up among the peasants. The farmers got
the land and also a peck of trouble.
Under the old system a noble

owning a great estate, took care of the peasants living on his lands. He took 3 care of them in good times and also in bad times. But when the peasants became 5 independent owners of their own farms 6 and bad times came along, they didn't 7 know what to do. They had to borrow 8 money. And the money lenders tied them g up with mortgages on their crops, 10 contracts which took from the peasant 11 the better part of what he produced. 12 But now King Carol with one sudden stroke 13 has freed the peasants from the heaviest 14 clauses of those contracts. All they'll 15 have to do will be to repay the money 16 they borrowed with ten per cent interest. 17

The money lenders consider that 18 interest rate of 10% as not so much, which gives us an idea of the kind of terms they were accustomed to make with the farmers over in that comer of the Earth.

22

19

23

24

New troubles have broken out in Spain. There have been strikes and riots at the town of Bilbao. A mob of strikers fought with police. They were shooting all over the place, and one man, said to be a communist, was killed.

The International News Service reports that seventy-five people were arrested at a mine near Aviedo. A lively fight was staged between striking miners and the civil guards. At the town of Solana a prominent monarchist politician was assassinated. He was a mayor of the town, but had lost out in the recent elections. A Republican was elected, but the monarchist mayor refused to turn over the city hall to him. A mob waited until the advocate of King Alfonso was on his way home and then attacked him.

*** Spain has been quiet for the past few weeks, but now trouble seems to be springing up again.

I've just received a few letters about this topic of vacations. This week's Travel and Vacation number of the Literary Digest seems to be drawning wide attention. And, anyway, vacation time is at hand.

Now one of these letters complains mournfully about the few things I had to say the other night on the subject of the delightful places to visit.

"Oh, Lowell Thomas," the writer exclaims, "how could you omit Cape Cod from your list of playgrounds! And we thought we were so important!"

The note is signed, "A chastened Cape Codder."

And S. M. Shinn, a Pennsylvanian, rebukes me for omitting Delaware Water Gap.

Well, it was unintentional on my part because I'm strong for both Cape Cod and Delaware Water Gap, have been to both several times and think they're grand.

But here's a letter that strikes a deeper note. It's from a lady in Indiana who refers to the Travel and

Vacation section of the current Literary Digest. She points out that there are many men and women in American today who have never enjoyed one hour of vacation. She mentions girls who began to work early in life, married, and have raised a family--without ever a let-up/

"Still," writes the lady from Indiana, "these same simple souls (I'm one of them) are absolutely content until somebody comes along and tells about beautiful vacations and upsets their universe."

"I began work before I was eleven," she goes on, "and the married, and have an ideal family--three wonderful sons of 18, 15 and 3, and one lovely little lady, age 9."

"Please, Lowell Thomas," she asks, don't talk in unrest--that's what vacations amount to."

well, a letter like that does make one sit back and think. All I can say about the lady from Indiana is that she deserves one fine outing. And there

are thousands of splendid mothers like her all over the country.

And, what's more, I'll bet she does get a glorious vacation before long. Because pretty soon those sons of hers are going to be big enough to say--COME ON, MOM. I'VE SAVED UP A LITTLE MONEY, AND I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU OFF ON A TRIP. WHERE WILL IT BE?

And then Mom will have that feeling of unrest which she talks about in her letter. And she'll begin trying to figure out places to go.

Something is always coming up to take the joy out of life and make a man feel uneasy, just a trifle worried. Take this next story, which tells us about a man who appeared at Logan Field, the Baltimore airport, today, and cried out in an excited voice:

"Where's your plane for Pittsburgh. I've got to get there fast. I've just received a telegram that my wife is going to play contract bridge this evening at ten cents a point. And you ought to see the kind of game she plays! I've got to get there quick or I'll be bankrupt:"

And, as the United Press informs us, the aviation officials put him instantly into a plane. And away he sailed through the sky bound for Pittsburgh, to put a stop to that bridge game with his wife playing contract at ten cents a point.

Yes, sir, that does make a man feel just a shade uneasy.

In fact, I'm a trifle worried as I start home now. Just suppose

when I got there I found my wife playing contract at ten cents a

point!

No, I don't suppose that could happen--at least, I hope not. But, just the same, I can't supress a slight qualm of

uneasiness as I say --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.