# LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR LITERARY DIGEST <br> TUESDAY, SEPTMMBER 29, 1931 

INTRO

Thanks Neil for those kind words. Good Evening, Everybody. Yes, it is just a year today that I first went on the air to tell you folks the news. It really doesn't seem like a year. The time has gone by like a flash.

But I, well I want to make a sort of confession,

I mean about this year. It has been one grand education - for me.

When I began reeling off the news year ago, I was a greenhorn to say the least. I didn't exactly know what it was all about.

I was a newspaper man. I was accustomed to handing the news, but I didn't realize how little that meant on a nationwide broadcast. The daily local, paper is one thing. We have to depend on it in a host of ways. But this broadcast hasn't any local angle at all. So I found right of it the bat that I had plenty to learn. The editors of the Literary Digest for years have been conducting a nation-wide journal of the news. They were the ones to give me a national slant on the news. So I've
got plenty to thank them for. And that's one of the things I want to do - right now.

And then there's somebody else I've got to tank, a
lot of people, you folks. You have been making it your very kind duty to teach me. I have had countless tips, countless wise words of advice. Letters have come in. They have set me right on lots of things. They have told me how to improve the presentation of the news. Tho se thousands of letters have been one long continuous correspondence course, teaching me what you folks liked. And I've tried to learn as well as I could.

There have been letters of correction, showing me where I was
wrong. I have taken quite a few on the chin, and learned to like
it. Then there are letters saying - lay off this, - and - why don't you give us more of that. And don't let's forget those genial souls that write in and give me a story to pass on to the rest of the folks, maybe some curious fact of history, maybe some insight into a current problem, or maybe a Tall Story, a whopper with a big laugh in it.

In a way I feel that I am doing this Literary Digest news broadcast in collaboration. Yes, in collaboration with the newspapers and press associations, Heaven bless them, also in collaboration with the Literary Digest editors and also with you folks. And I want to thank you for that education that you've been giving me for one solid year.

And now let's see if I can show that that education has done me any good. For instance there's Cal Coolidge.
$\qquad$ isn't choosing to $r$ un again, and there's a good deal ot political commotion down in washington. It is caused, by that statement which appears in the papers today in which ex-president coolidge declares distinctly and decisively that he is not a candidate the Republican nomination for 1932, and he urges all good andture Republicans to back President Hoover to the limit.

The United Press explains that this statement by ex-president Coolidge is printed in an article in the Saturday Evening Post. The former president points out that it has always been the custom for a political party to give the president a nomination for a second term. He says that's a good custom, so he urges the Republican party to support President Hoover with all its strength. The International News Service has gathered a bit of comment from various sources in washington. The regular Republicans are tickled. "That
settles it" they are shouting, and they add that they never had any doubt that the republican party would renominate President Hoover in 1932.

The Progressive Republicans are not so enthusiastic. They also didn't have any idea that ex-president Coolidge was going to come out as a candidate, but they are not so strong for President Hoover. As for the Democrats, they say it doesn't mean anything much. And there you are. Now comes one of the most amazing bits of wild, barbaric drama 1 have ever encountered. It's from a story in this week's Literary Digest, entitled "AMONG THE HUMAN LEOPARDS". That Digest article tells about an extraordinary man, Doctor Albert Schweitzer, a learned German physician, a theologian, a musician, who is one of the great wa authorities on the subject of the composer Bach.

Well, this most erudite scholar took himself to Africa some years ago to live among the natives of the deepest
 of equatorial West Africa, and there he has been serving the natives of the tribes, trying to cure them of their maladies. The Literary Digest quotes from a book in which Dr. Schweitzer tells of his amazing experiences. The book is cal led "THE FOREST HOSP IT AL AT LAMBARENE". In it we are told of the human leopards whose story is as strange and gruesome as any that comes out of that dark 1 and

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 of mystery．The human leopards are a native secret society，the members of which believe they are leopards and that therefore they must kill men．They try to behave altogether like leopards．They go about on all fours．They fasten to their hands and feet real leopards！claws or iron imitations so that they leave behind them a trail something like that of a leopard．They spring upon their victims as leopards do．

The people are in dreadful terror of 女母区区XXXXXK this mad，crazy band Dr．Schweitzer，in that book， ＂THE FQREST HOSPITAL AT LAMBARENE＂，tel Is us of a native girl near his hospital． For some reason she seemed to live in mortal terror of the doctor．She ran away every time she saw him．What was she afraid of？Well，they inquired and found out．This girl had seen a patient come into the hospital．He was too sick to be cured．He died．She saw them carry him out．She had noticed the doctor

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 he died. She bel ie vel the doctor had killed him. She was convinced that the doctor was a white human leopard. She reasoned xixxxx女ox that the authorities punished the black human leopards when they caught them but because the white human leopard was white, he was allowed to remain free.That is an example of the problems which face the white physician and scholar who is devoting his life to the black natives of the tropical jungles of West Pica.

England, al on with it s economic crisis, is having a bit of a political crisis, too. The question which the heads of the Government are debating is whether the present cooperative cabinet should carry on, or whether a general election should be called to form a new government.

The Associated Press reports that Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, called at Buckingham Palace this afternoon and had a conference with King Gear ge who has just returned from his vacation in Scotland. It is bel ie ved that the King told the Prime Minister to carry on --that his Majesty is against the id ea of a general election right now and thinks the present government should stay on the job until the financial crisis is or er.

Well Prime Minister MacDonald seems to be in a tight corner. His cabinet is split on the subject of the general ${ }_{4}$ election. The Conservatives want to call an election right away. They want the Government to step down,.-put the matter

Ea, and they had a disturbance in London $n$ today. A committee ot Communists presented a petition containing two hundred and fifty thousand names to the House of Commons. The petition denounced the cut in the dole which the Economy Government has made.

There was a Communist meeting in Hyde Park. When it was over the Red delegation went to the House of Parliament. That was all right. The petition was presented in due form, but while this was going on x/dhewd got out of hand. It consisted largely of Red sympathizers and they broke through the police lines. The London Bobbies charged and there was a lively scuffle before order was restored.
before the voters. The Liberals are absolutely opposed to this. They don't want an election now. And the Laborites are of the same opinion as the Liberals. The Labor le aders think this is a bad time to go before the vote ers.

The internat regal News service report ts that the problem is being discussed with considerable heat in the British cabinet. There will be a cabinet meeting tomar row in an endeavor to decide what to do about that election proposition.

Over in Holland tonight there's a bit of agitation in royal circles. Queen Wilhemina has called off all official audiences. This is on account of communist demonstrations which have been staged.

The International News Service explains that the Queen paying one of her regular visits to the big seaport city of Amsterdam and the Communists have taken the occasion to make a loud noise. Crowds of reds gathered before the Palace and shouted: "Down with Royalty." They passed out handbills calling upon the people to storm the palace. A crowd of loyal supporters of the Queen gathered and they gave resounding cheers for her Majesty. but when they were gone the communists got busy again with their chorus of protest.

Vietoz Berqe.
Bettle with octrypas while peare diving
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the proverbial sailor spends his money. So he came to the united States and got out a book about his adventures. It is called ${ }_{4} \wedge^{\text {was }}$ written for him by Henry Whys hen Lancer, a well known writerandeditor. W But now let's get along with that battle with the octopus. Tell us something about it, Mr. Berge. What did you do to the octopus and what did the octopus do to you?

All right. But $1^{\prime} m$ afraid that some people are liable to think that battle with the vctopus is just tall story club of yours. But it's all the truth, and nothing else. Here's how it happened.

We were off the coast of borneo, and 1 was in my diving suit at the bottom of the sea looking for pearl oysters. The water was about twenty fathoms deep. I just stooped over when I felt something touch me lightly on the left arm. It was just instinct and under-water training that saved my life. As quick as a flash l grabbed my razor sharp knife my belt and slashed out again and again, and $I$ was lucky enough to cut in two a couple of long slimy arms that were crawling snakelike around me. And right away I knew I was having a battle with a giant octopus. I felt something grabbing my ankles. Two other arms had mex hold

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1 of my legs and they pulled with a jerk 2 that almost threw me down.

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There isn't any way that 1 can tell you the horror of that moment. could see a mass of tavernas squirming arms.

I tried to cut my ankles free, but as I bent over, the creature jerked me so violently that 1 had to straighten up to keep my footing. My head was banged against my helmet and it almost knocked me out. un jerk threw me against a rock and almost pounded the breath out of me. I couldn't get free. The octopus had me. I kept slashing away at the creature but it did no good: I was afraid to pull my emergency line because there was a good chance that my air-pipe and lite line might get tangled up in the jagged coral that was near me.

More arms were reaching out to take hold of me. I kept fighting with my knife, slashing and cutting. but 1 began to feel a cold despair.
? feltfoula never cut off all the arms of the a octopus. $\mathbb{H}_{1}$ could scarcely see anything now. The black inky fluid $\begin{aligned} & \text { pom } \\ & \text { a }\end{aligned}$ octopus was making the water seem like night. A slight current in the water would carry away the ink for a moment. Then I would catch an indistinct glimpse of the octopus. The creature was coming nearer to me. ${ }^{T}$ Then the ter cleared for a moment and I got a close look at that disgusting mass of squirming legs, 1 found myself gazing into a pair of diabolical eyes. The octopus has the weirdest most terrifying eyes of any creature in the world. That decided me. No matter whether my airpipe and lifeline did became snarled, nothing mattered now. caught hold of the safety line and gave four jerks, meaning - pull until it breaks. A moment later 1 had a wild feeling of sailing through space. I don't remember any more. I was unconscious.

Up above my partners pulled frantically. They couldn't get me up.

They tugged with all their might. Something was holding me down there. They didn't know it was the octopus. They didn't know that devilish creature still had hold of my ankles and had taken a firm grasp of the rocks with his other arms. $1 t$ was a tug of war:- the men in the boat against the octopus, - and with in the middle. And the octopus was stronger than the men. What they finally did was to take advantage of the way the boat was heaving in the swell of the sea. One hitch of the rope, and the upward swing of the boat as a wave came rolling and that broke the dead-lock. ${ }^{\text {P}}$ They hauled me to the surface and there they saw those ugly arms wrapped around my legs. du w there was the octopus. He was still holding on to me. Une of the men jumped into the water and with a quick swing of the knife cut loose the grasping arms, and 1 was hauled aboard - still unconscious. story all right, but it's as true as gospel the that's the way things happeneas.

You've got me so excited Mr. Berge, that I can almost feel one of those grasping arms around my ankles.

Now let's see what's next. Every so often in the day's news there come tidings of some chap who has raised a record-breaking potato, or an enormous pumpkin, or something of the sort. Those championship vegetables and fruits are pretty common, but here's something that does seem almost startling. It's a champion mushroom and it certainly is a whopper.

At Fitchburg, Massachusetts, says the International

News Service, Joseph Semmino, is displaying today a mushroom that weighs thirty pounds. It is l2-feet around and is $15^{\prime \prime}$ thick. Yes, sir, that's some mushroom, and Joe could go on eating it for a week or so.

Well, there's just time left to say that my radio
anniversary and New Year is up now - and

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

