Lowell Thomas' Broadcast for The Literary Digest, Friday, March 13, 1931.

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Good Evening, Everybodyl

They've just had another big blow-up in Oklahoma. This time it was near Tulsa. Four hundred quarts of nitroglycerin stored in a magazine some distance from the town went of f with a roar that could be heard for nearly a hundred miles.

Windows were crashed, thousands of people were scared stiff and the whole of the fine modern city of Tulsa was shaken.

At the scene of the blast
a yawning crater 20 feet across and
6 feet deep was gouged out of the earth
by the exploding nitro. Trees were
blown to splinters and bits of debris
were actually hurled thru the air for
miles. Folks living in the neighborhood
must have thought the end of the world
had come.

According to the United Press, it is believed that a grass fire caused the explosion. It is said that no watchman was on duty near that magazine of nitroglycerin. No lives were lost.

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This next item might not be news in some states, but it news in Missouri.

In the State Legistature today impeachment proceedings were begun against the State Treasurer, Larry Brunk. Now impeachments are just a part of the yearly routine in some states, but Missouri hasn't brought proceedings against an officer of the Commonwealth since EIGHTEEN FIFTY-NINE and that's a long time ago.

Such proceedings have been so rate in the history of Missouri that I suppose the Missourians think that an impeachment may have something to do with the famous Missouri peach trees.

In any case, the State
Treasurer has been accused on nine
different counts. One for example
charges that he got \$10,000 as a
commission, bonus, or gift for selling
real-estate bonds to banks in which
state money was deposited. The boys
from Missouri think that if the banks

hadn't bought the bonds the State Treasurer wouldn't have kept the State money in their strong boxes.

Anyway, the State Treasurer was impeached today and the people of Missouri are trying to find out just what is what.

I suppose the only thing to say is to end with the old refrain that they are from Missouri and will have to be shown.

New York newspapers tonight are brim full of those big political disturbances, scandals, exposes, and all that sort of thing. The movement to oust the district attorney is under way and a number of people are throwing a few particularly large bricks at dapper Mayor Jimmie Walker. In fact harsh words are being uttered to the effect that Jimmie ought to be ousted. The air is fairly blue with charges.

The New York World-Telegram carries an article on the Nayor and reviews mx Jimmie's fame as a wise cracker. Some of the wisest of his wise cracks are printed in that article. Jimmie is a wizard at this.

On a visit to Miami Beach he said: "IT IS NOTHING LESS
THAN A DELIGHT TO VISIT A COMMUNITY SUCH AS MIAMI WHERE EVERYONE
IS LAYING BRICKS AND NO ONE IS THROWING 'EM."

It has been a cause of some considerable comment that

Jimmie Walker has spent a little time now and then vacationing and

travelling. Some folks claim he hasn't been at his desk in the

New York City Hall often enough. Well, Jimmie turned that to

advantage when he was trying to persuade his former private

secretary to leave his newspaper job and go to work for the Mayor.

Jimmie pointed thru the window at a recruiting poster in the square which read:

JOIN THE NAVY AND SEE THE WORLD.

Then according to the New York World-Telegram, Jimmie wise-cracked:

BE MY SECRETARY AND SEE AMERICA FIRST.

Whereupon the candidate laughed and took the job.

Over in Europe Jimmie told the Parisians:

I DIDN'T COME TO EUROPE FOR A VACATION. I CAME TO GIVE THE TAXPAYERS A VACATION.

Another characteristic Walker wisecrack was uttered at the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. A float showing Columbus discovering America went by, and that caused Jimmie to get off a nifty. Here's what he said:

"AH THERE GOES COLUMBUS, THE GREATEST MAN THAT EVER LIVED,
FOR IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HIM I'D BE IN IRELAND NOW INSTEAD OF NEW
ORLEANS.

Yes, and that particular wisecrack hits me right between

the eyes and I'll tell you why.

Every once in a while I get a letter giving me a gorgeous dressing down for something I've said. The other evening I told about a discussion over in Italy. It concerned Ravioli and set forth that if Columbus hadn't eaten ravioli he wouldn't have discovered America, and if Columbus hadn't discovered America where would Tony sell his bananas.

And then I got a letter giving it to me hot off the bat for that wisecrack of mine. It is signed "SOMEBODY WHO IS ANNOYED."

It's from an Italian who doesn't like the remark about Tony. The letter goes on to say:

IF COLUMBUS HADN'T DISCOVERED AMERICA WHERE WOULD YOU BE BROADCASTING?

Well, that's sharp and to the point, and I'll admit I'm licked. There's no doubt of it. If Columbus hadn't discovered America I wouldn't be here reeling off the news, and telling you

prinstance that today 150 progressive political leaders are back at home, or on their way back, ready to do a lot of a gitating this summer.

The upshot of the big political rally down in Washington, which lasted for two days and ended yesterday, was that the delegates, who include members of both the Republic an and Democratic parties are lined up--or supposed to be lined up--to be apostles in their various neighborhoods. and spread the good word of progressive doctrine.

In other words, They to try to convert, neighbors to the ideas that were discussed down in Washington.

The New York Sun states that committees appointed by the meeting will keep at work drafting a program for the progressive members of Congressive follow when the two houses of the government go into session again next December.

political manusering and tation the part of the progressives.

I like this next item. Of course I can sympathize with the hotel man, but just the same a farmer and his horse should have certain rights even in this automobile civilization of ours.

Thirty-five years ago Reuben Curtis, of Chatham Fourcorners, Columbia County, New York, went to Boston with his father. Reuben was 12 years old then and they stopped at a mighty fine hotel.

Rube hasn't been to town since—
that is, to a big town, but last night
he rode to Boston driving 42 head of
cattle. Before he left, his father,
who is now 97, reminded him of that
Boston hotel where they had stopped
thirty-five years ago and said he might
as well go there again. It was a durn good hotel,
by head and say often he had disposed of

And so, after he had disposed of his cattle, Reuben rode up to the hotel and sought accommodation for himself and his horse. According to the international News Services the hotel man said he could furnish a garage for a car, but he wasn't running a livery

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stable.

But Reuben knew his rights, and he went to the police. There's an ancient passage in the laws of Massachusetts which provides that every hotel must furnish suitable bedding for each guest, and also a suitable stable and hay for the guest's horse.

And distant that was a horse on the hotel man. He was compelled by law not only to provide Reuben with a room, but also to get hay for the horse and look up a livery stable. Yes Rube, that's showing them, city slickers that we country fellers know a thing or two!

By Jimming whilebens!

Giddap there Dobbin - let's see what's this here next news item in

evening bugle.

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which read--A TREE THAT KILLS BEARS.
That sounded odd. Reading on I
discovered a strange animal story.
A surveyor working down in

I saw a head-line today

the dismal swamps of North Carolina saw a bear standing as if caught in a trap. The bear was dead and the hunter discovered that it was impaled on what is called a "cypress knee". The roots of a cypress tree are liable to throw up wedge-shaped knots out of the ground. These are called "knees".

The bear was under a giant drismal swamp cypress which had thrown up a dozen of those wedge-shaped knees stood out of the ground like blunt chisels.

The hunter then discovered under that same tree the skeletons of half a dozen more bears -- a weird tragedy of nature had been enacted again and again in that remote corner of the dismal swamp.

The story is told in this

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week's Literary Digest, which quotes from a collection of bear stories by John Frances Ariza, in the Baltimore Sun, Magazine, and goes on to say that high above that clump of cypress knees a great branch of the tree stuck out horizontally. The branch was hollow and in it bees had made their nests and collected their honey.

The bears, eager to get the honey shimmied up the tree and started out along the limb. The limb was dangerous footing. It had been worn smooth and slippery by previous bears going after that same honey. Well--Mr. Bear goes out toward the home of the bees and the insects began to bother him. In his annoyance 61d Man Bear loses his footing on the smooth limb and falls -- and down below are those threatening cypress knees on which the bear falls and impales himself. A giant cypress tree is a death-trap for bears and is the scene for one of those weved tragedies of nature which occurred to the A big trial began over in Spain today. It is being held in the little town of Jaca in the presences Mountains. Seventy-two commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the Spanish army are being court-martialed. They are men who are implicated in the military revolt staged last December which ended in something of a farce.

The little mountain hamlet is crowded with officials, newspaper men and visitors.

the pursuanter prosecutor is demanding that five of the ring leaders shall be condemned to be that and that the others be sent to jail.

fifteen hundred were arrested after what is described as the biggest political raid in German History.

According to the Associated Press the Communists planned to put one over on the Fascists. They planned something big and loud. The Fascists were holding a mass meeting in a hall at Hamburg and they didn't want any interruption. Only people with tickets were to be allowed in.

The Communists went to work and forged thousands of tickets. The police found it out and they were smart. They just waited until the Fascist meeting was ready to get under way and the hall was tilled. Then they examined everybody in the place and took a good look at the tickets. Fifteen hundred were Communists who had got in on forged tickets. It took eighteen to jail. Three hundred were released and but twelve hundred will be held for trial on charges of forging the tickets.

And it happened in the jolly old burg of Hamburg and this evening the Hamburg jails are filled to overflowing and the Hamburgers are all talking about it.

A Now comes what is said to be the first successful scientific experiment with a rocket. A German explorer named Poggensee got up a contraption containing photographic apparatus which is shot into the air. It's a rocket which takes pictures.

According to the International
News Service, he touched off the
miniature comet. It went sailing to a
height of 1500 feet and snapped its
pictures. The photographic mechanism
was fitted with a parachute and it
floated gently to the earth. The
inventor hopes to use his photographing
rocket to take pictures of the earth
attenormous who heights.

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Today a toothless little brown
man over in India, followed by a crowd
of disciples, went down to the sea shore,
dipped out sea water, and boiled it
to make salt. Yes, that happened today.
It also happened just exactly a year
ago.

The toothless little numbrown man, of course, is Mahatma Gandhi, who is celebrating the first year anniversary of his famous salt manufacturing expedition which initiated his non-violent rebellion, the campaign of civil disobedience in India. That campaign is now called off, and in making terms with the British authorities Gandhi secured the right to make salt in spite of the British salt monopoly.

And so today, according to the International News Service, he celebrated the anniversary of his first salt making defiance of the British. He said he wanted merely to make a practical test of the agreement in which the British allow Hindus on the sea coast to make

salt.

Not long after his salt making
expedition a year ago, Gandhi made a
trip to mail. This year, however, he's
expected to make a somewhat longer trip.
They say he will visit London soon, to
open a main series of conferences with
the British cabinet.

Over in France, in the Alpine Province of Savoy, two
were
villages buried when part of a mountain broke and came sliding
downhill.

It has been raining cats and dogs over there in the Alps, and all that rain is blamed for the enormous landslide.

According to the International News Service, 6,000,000 cubic yards of rock and earth got under way, in fact a whole chunk of a mountain cut loose. It slid slowly down at the rate of only 300 feet an hour. But it come on and on as inexorable as doom.

Two villages were in the past of avalanche and they were destroyed.

There was plenty of warning and the people had no trouble in getting away to safety. But their homes were pulverized.

And now I want to introduce a charming young lady to you folks. Her name is - "Obedience-to-Heaven-and-Generosity-to-those-on-Earth." Yes, that's her name.

Well, young Miss Obedience-to-Heaven-and-Generosity-tothose- on-Earth is just seven days old. She is a Japanese Princess
the latest arrival in the family of the heir-apparent to the throne
of Japan.

Picking a name for the little lady was quite a task.

According to the Associated Press learned scholars searched through the ancient Japanese Scriptures and they picked the name of Yori

Atsuko. Yori means Obedience-to-Heaven, and Atsuko means

Generosity-to-those-on-Earth.

And thus we have that remarkable and really lovely

name - Princess Obedience-to-Heaven-and-Generosity-to-those-on-

And after those honorable and magniloquent words I can only exclaim -- Banzai, and

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.