Lowell Thomas' Broadcast for the Literary Digest. Wednesday, January 7th, 1931.

INTRO

Good Evening, Everybody:

Well, here's news, real news. No, a man didn't bite a dog, but down in Washington they've at last agreed about Muscle Shoals.

An Associated Press dispatch informs us that the Senate and the House of Representatives have come to a final agreement.

You'll recall that the question has long been whether the government should develop that vast project for producing electrical power, or whether private industry should do it. Well, the decision is that Uncle Sam is to have the job. The question came up as to who should operate the transmission lines to carry the electric power to the public -- the government or private industry? The House of Representatives came out for private industry, but the Senate came out for the government.

That quarrel was the last obstacle in the way of getting something done about Muscle Shoals, and now they've

come to an agreement. The House agreed
the Senate should have its way.

Uncle Sam is to control not only the
great power plant but also the
transmission lines.

And now that the Muscle Shoals matter is settled, maybe the world will get back to normal again.

Well, the New Year may have marked the turning point. and the beautiful lady Prosperity who jilted us so cruelly a little over a year ago may be knocking at our front door. Anyway, the year 1931 is just a week old today, and \$60,000 men have gone back to work, already.

The New York World informs us that the automobile industry in Detroit has recalled 22,000 men. Railway shops have taken back 18,500 men who wax had been laid off. Steel mills at Youngstown, Ohio, have given jobs to 2.000.

And so it goes.

Many men taken back here and 18 a few men taken back there - a total of 60,000. Lets hope the second weeks of 1931 will do even better than that.

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I want to say right here that even if so lookit, I am not a solemn fellow myself, and I can appreciate Bill. And by Bill U mean REMERK Senator-elect William J. Bulow, 5 of South Dakota.

He was elected last November 6 7 and the Associated Press informs us that 8 he won out by telling funny stories. The newspaper men told him that if he was elected he would have to wear a full n dress suit in Washingtonn, but Bill said: 12

"I GUESS NOT". I WAS AT A 13 DEMOCRATIC BANQUET IN WASHINGTON A FEW 15 YEARS AGO AND WILL ROGERS AND I WERE THE ONLY ONES THAT DIDN'ST HAVE ON SOUP AND 17 FISH. AND DO YOU KNOW, WE WERE THE ONLY 18 ONES THAT YOU COULD TELL FROM THE WAITERS." Bill is a tobacco chewer and 19 the Republicans said that he entered the campaign with great expectorations. Well, 21

that wasn't a bad one either, but Bill came back with a statement of his

philosophy:

"I MAY CHEW TOBACCO BUT YOU CAN

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BULOW - 2

ALWAYS HAVE A BITE OFF MY PLUG."

Well, it looks as though Bill might liven things up

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l always look forward to
Wednesday. It's my lucky day. Although
the new Literary Digest comes out on
Thursday I get my look at it a day
ahead of time.

Well, tomorrow's copy has a handsome winter scene on the cover. And when I looked inside the first article that caught my attention concerned an somewhat dull sounding but extremely important subject, the subject of unemployment insurance.

There seem to be many people who think this country ought to adopt a scheme of unemployment insurance. Others are just as positive that we ought not.

There seem to be plenty of strong arguments on both sides of the question, and the Digest gives them.

"We had better look before we leap", the Digest quotes the New York Journal of Commerce as saying. And then adds: "Let's not be stampeded towards something like the dole."

The dole, of course, is
British unemployment insurance, and it
amounts to paying wages to folks who are
out of work. The complaint against the
dole in England is that many of the
unemployed who get the dole just prefer
to go on living on it without ever going
to work again. Why get a job if you
get money for doing nothing?

The San Diego Union, on the other hand, says that the worker who invests his life in American industry is entitled to protection just as a stockholder's money is protected.

The Digest goes on to give the views of other authorities.

when your new Digest comes tomorrow, you will get both sides of one of the most important questions of the day.

From Montreal comes a story of a blizzard that has been sweeping over Eastern Canada along with a sixty mile gale.

The Associated Press informs us that motor bus transportation in the Province of Quebec is at a standstill, and railway schedules have been affected. Hundreds of automobiles are
marooned along the highways.

Well, while some folks are trying to salvage their cars along the snow choked roads of Quebec, a lot more are buying the handsome new high-powered chariots that are on exhibit at the New York automobile show.

I dropped in at the Grand Central Palace today just to see what it was all about. Apparently there are more new features in the cars on display than at any previous show. Engine designs have been improved. Body styles have been changed in order to provide more beautiful lines, and to give the appearance of speed.

Then there are changes in gear shift, brakes, bumpers, lights and so on.

Whether we are going to be feeling optimistic this year or not, we are certainly going to look optimistic. At any rate those who have new cars will. Nearly every color of the rainbow is represented at the auto show.

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Well, that copy of the Literary
Digest minimum is on its way to Europe-- mean
the one I told you about the other night
the methat which, is making the trans-Atlantic hop
with Captain McClaren and Mrs. Beryl
Hart, the flying widow.

The two aviators in their plane, the <u>Irade Wind</u>, landed at Bermuda today. They started out several days ago for what is intended to be the first cargocarrying trans-Atlantic flight. They had a copy of the Literary Digest along. with them in the plane.

They were forced to put in at Norfolk, Virginia. But this morning they took off again and made the jump to Bermuda in high style. According to the International News Service, they expect to start for the Azores tomorrow morning, and then on to Paris.

Let me ask you all now, how would you like to be 126

years old? And how would you feel if you also had two counties

depending upon what you could remember of a few things that happened

about a hundred years ago?

Well, that's what big Chief Little Axe is up against.

He is a member of the Shawnee tribe, and, according to the

Associated Press, the Shawnees are demanding that the State of

Texas turn two whole counties over to them.

They say that 95 years ago, when Texas was fighting against Mexico, the Shawnees sided with the Texans. And in return they were guaranteed the ownership of land which is now.

Cherokee and Smith Counties on the Brazos River. They never got the land, but they want it now.

And their claim depends largely upon what old Chief

Little Axe remembers about the treaty made nearly a hundred years

ago. And some of the Texas authorities think that the Shawnees

have a valid claim to those two counties. And Old Chief Little

Axe counts over his 126 winters and says he thinks so too.

Here's an odd one. We've all eard a lot about curious wills that eople have made.

Well, over in England a retired - manufacturer has had a talking picture 6 made of himself reading his will. When 7 he dies, the New York Times tells us, 8 his heirs will have to sit there while 9 they put that talking picture on. And 10 there they will see and hear the crusty 11 old gentleman tell each individual just 12 what he thinks of him.

For instance when he comes to 14 his dissolute nephew Reggie, the old gentleman in the talkie will say:

MNOW YOU BLITHERING YOUNG IDIOT. DO YOU REMEMBER THE DAY YOU GALLED 18 ME A SILLY OLD BEAN? WELL, JUST FOR THAT, YOUR SHARE OF THE ESTATE IS 20 THRUPENCE."

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"NOW YOU BLITHERING YOUNG IDIOT, DO YOU REMEMBER THE DAY YOU CALLED 17 18 ME A SILLY OLD BEAN? WELL, JUST FOR 19 THAT, YOUR SHARE OF THE ESTATE IS THRUPENCE."

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RETAKE

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Now for the most popular bit of scenery in the world. Whats your guess? Well, a United Press dispatch tells us what the favorite scene to for artists to paint. It's the Grand Canal in Venice. An expert over in Paris estimates that 100,000 views of that same Grand Canal hang in museums and homes around the world.

The next most popular subject with artists is the great cathedral in Paris, Notre Dame.

Lawrence of Arabia is in the news again today. The New York Herald Tribune correspondent in London wires a story telling how Edinburgh University wanted to confer an honorary degree on Lawrence, but they couldn't find him anywhere. So the degree was never conferred.

Radio listeners are constantly writing in asking me to say something about Lawrence, how he became famous and what he is like.

From way down on the Rio Grande comes a letter asking me to tell something about this man who has become perhaps the most romantic figure of our time. J. C. Brooke, a lawyer of El Paso, Texas, wants me to tell something of the personality of Lawrence.

To most people Lawrence is a man of mystery, and of course all the world loves a mystery. His mother once told me that even she didn't understand him.

As you perhaps have heard, Lawrence when he was still a youngster

in his twenties, led an army and drove the Turks out of that part of the Arabian peninsuad which is called Holy Arabia. At various times during his campaign he had a total of some 200,000 wild Arabs under his command, Bedouin nomads mounted on thoroughbred Arabian horses and racing camels.

When Lawrence would return from a successful raid he would invariably give all the glory to some Arab, usually a different Arab sheik each time. And, of course they all loved him for that. Yes, he was a born diplomat.

The true desert dweller, the Bedouin, is the most independent man on earth. He doesn't like taking orders. So Lawrence cajoled them into doing what he wanted. He even got them to put aside their century old blood feuds, and in so doing he accomplished what no sultan and no caliph had been able to do in more than 500 years.

During the Arab revolt Lawrence was wounded some 20 times, and the Arabs

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1 loved him for his daring and courage.

He made it a particular point 3 to excel the Arabs at those things in 4 which they excel x other people camel riding, shooting, and nimble wit.

Lawrence is a scholar, a poet, 7 a philosopher, a man of letters. From childhood he has kept pretty much to himself.

The World War transformed him into a man of action, and he emerged a world figure, one of the most romantic, picturesque and dramatic personalities of our time.

He virtually created three oriental monarchs. He was largely responsible for Shereef Hussein Ibn Ali becoming king of the Hedjaz. He helped Hussein's son Abdulla become sultan of Trans-Jordania. And he was largely responsible for his close friend Prince Feisal becoming King of Bagdad, where he rules today.

But Lawrence himself cares little for wealth, for position, or for

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honors. Most of the things that mean so much to the average person apparently mean nothing to him. He enjoys being with other people, so long as they don't make a fuss over him. If they do he vanishes.

Here's some late news from Washington. Word came through over the United Press ticker a little while ago that the House of Representatives, late today passed the Urgent Deficiency Appropriation Bill. This provides for the distribution of approximately \$92,000,000 including 36,000,000 for the Veterans Bureau, 19,000,000 for Army and Navy Pensions, 34,000,000 for Federal Aid Highways and 533,000 for the Prohibition Bureau.

At the same time the United Press sent word that the

Wickersham Commission's prohibition report will be sent to Congress

by President Hoover with the next few days. The United Press states

that this will increase the likelihood of an extra session of

Congress after March 4th because it will throw the prohibition

controversy directly into the hands of Congress at the height of

the present already over crowded short session.

I ran into a phrase today that caught my imagination.

The phrase was, "the moonlight lady". Well, who is the moonlight lady? The question occurs in the Digest questionnaire.

I turned to the article which tells who the moonlight lady is and found a lot of interesting information about those romantic schools down in the mountains of the South which are held at night and which teach the picturesque mountain folk the elements of common education. The mountaineers are of old pioneer stock but they have been isolated in the mountains mf for generations, and have not kept up with the times.

Well, the moonlight lady is Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart.

She started the movement for night classes among the mountaineers.

And they call her the moonlight lady because those classes were

held so often in the moonlight, with the people of the hills-
children, grown-ups, and old folks too -- all sitting there

learning their abc's.

And another question in the Digest questionnaire interested me. I think we're all pretty much like small boys and we all love enything that goes off with a bang. That question

asks: WHAT IS THE GREATEST RECORDED EXPLOSION? I'll tell you about that tomorrow. Meanwhile, just make a list of all the big noises you can think of and then see whether you've guessed it right.

(II)

men who are listening in tonight had better rise and sing exet the old xxxx song BULL DOG, BULL DOG

BOW, WOW, WOW

because here's an item which tells the origin of Yale's famous mascot, the bull dog.

The United Press quotes the Yale Alumni Weekly as saying that xx it all began with Handsome Dan.

Handsome Dan is a thorough bred bulldog that won more than one hundred prizes at dog shows. Back in 1890 he was bought by Andrew & Graves, a Yale sophomore, who is now a Paris banker. The dog became a favorite on the campus and then was paraded at football games. Songs were written about him, and ever since, Yale has had a bull dog for a mascot.

was stuffed and it now stands in the Trophy Room at Yale.

He was a great old dog

and he made history.

Well, I'm not a Yale man myself but Yale is a great old college, so I'll close tonight with three rousing cheers and a Princeton Tiger for the old Yale bulldog - and,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.