Lowell Thomas' Broadcast for the Literary Digest. Tuesday, November 25, 1930.

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If I were a newsboy, I'd be shouting "extra--extra". The wires have been popping with news today:--Important flashes from Washington; a good one about a congressman who wouldn't take an aeroplane ride; a weather prophecy for Thanksgiving Day; a bit of football; something sensational from Russia; more excitement down in Peru; a new Viceroy for India; a strange prehistoric monster up in Alaska; and so on, and so on.

President Hoover comes out today
with a denial that he intends to put
through any new Federal laws to put a
stop to racketeering. He rather pours
cold water on the whole idea of the
Federal Government taking up the tight
against the racketeers. This spikes
some recent rumors. According to the
International News Service, the President
said that there are plenty of state laws
to deal with racketeering. He added
that what is needed is enforcement.

Mr. Hoover had a few plain words to say about prosecuting prominent gangsters for income tax frauds. He pointed out that things must be in a fine fix if the state governments must fall back on the Federal income tax law to stop local crime.

who rushes in where even Presidents might fear to tread. He says, give him twenty-five Texas policemen and one Texas ranger, and he'll clean up thereChicago racketeers in three weeks. In reply to which Chicagoans any "Ho ho" and likewise "Ha ha."

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Senator Robinson of Arkansas, Democratic leader in Congress, comes forth with an announcement that he is against the congressional uprising that has been threatened recently. The present session of congress is short. Republican insurgents who are not working in harmony with President Hoover, say they want a special session to follow, so that farm relief bills can be put through. They threaten to hold up important bills in the present Congress, so that the President will be forced to call a special session. And the way they want to do it is by a filibuster by endless palaver until the time of the present session is up. But Senator Robinson says he will not felp the filibuster, and does not want a special session.S. President Hoover and the Democratic leader agree on this point.

Here's the one about that

Congressman

sman of the avipla

He is William R. Coyle, of Pennsylvania, and he is a Republican. The Republican majority in the next Congress will be just two. Therefore, any Republican Congressman is helf of that Republican majority. Anyway, Mr. Coyle, who is a member of the Naval Affairs Committee of Congress, arrived at Camp Kearney, in California, to inspect the site of a proposed dirigible base. He came by train. He said he intended to take an airplane, but changed his mind. "You see," he pointed out, "it wouldn't do for one-half of the Republican majority in Congress to take any chances."

But, according to Department of Commerce figures on the hazards of travel by air over the regular commercial air lines, Congressman Coyle's fears are imaginary. The weather man reports that another wave of snappy weather is sweeping Eastward. It's on its way down from Northern Alberta. The rumor is that the Upper and Middle Mississippi Valley will get a frosting of snow to go on that Thanksgiving pumpkin pie. Snappy but cooler weather is forecast for most of the country -- grand weather for football, and grand weather for working up an appetite for Thanksgiving dinner.

If there is a little tang in the air, we'll all like that. But here is even better news. The New York Sun declares that Thanksgiving dinner is going to be a lot cheaper this year, and that even those with a slender purse will be able to indulge in a good old-fashioned spread. Here's hoping an no one get's left out.

Right in line with Thanksgiving comes a story about a turkey.

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Old Tom, a turkey gobbler up in Colchester, Connecticut, was snooping around a cider mill, says the North American Newspaper Alliance. Filling himself on the cider the Turkey gobbler took off down a hill and crashed headlong into a horse owned by Miles Standish, Not the ariginal Miles Standish to be sure, but one said to be a direct descendant of Miles Standish, one of our famous Pilarim Fathers. The frightened horse broke his shafts and bolted, leaving Miles Standish seated in the road making somewhat unpuritanical remarks at the XMXXXX turkey gobbler. The story appears in the New York Evening World, and goes on to say that Old Tom, the x turkey, gobbled angrily in reply and then went back to the mill for more cider.

From the Associated Press comes word that at the rate tickets are selling a crowd of about 120,000 people will see that Army-Notre Dame football game at Soldier Field, Chicago, next Saturday. The dispatch adds that although the West Point team came through the season without defeat, Notre Dame seems to be a five to one favorite.

By the way, Jumping Joe Savoldi, the spectacular full-back who recently resigned from Notre Dame on account of his matrimonial problem, has signed up for professional football. He will play Thenksgiving Day with the Chicago Cardinals. His back field team mates will be Red Grange, the former Galloping Ghost of Illinois, and Bronko Nagurski, the famous plunging fullback formerly of the University of Minnesota. What a back field: Red Grange, Nagurski and Jumping Joe Savoldi. I'd hate to see that trio of Juggernauts come tearing through the line at me.

Nibs Price, who gained considerable fame as coach out at the University of California, has turned in his resignation.

The Associated Press wires that he resigned because of the

unsuccessful season his team has had. Price adds that he had poor support. His Berkeley team this season received two humiliating defeats. Two weeks ago it was beaten by the overwhelming score of 74 to 0 by the University of Southern California, and then last Saturdey Leland Stanford continued the parade to the tune of 41 to 0.

In Moscow today there is a courtroom scene worthy of some grim drama of the stage. Eight men are on trial for their lives. They are prominent engineers and professors, and they are charged with being Russian representatives of what the Soviet authorities claim is a gigantic international plot. In a sense, the nations of Western Europe are on trial in that Moscow court room.

According to the United Press, the Bolshevik leaders are making that trial as dramatic and sensational as they can. They are playing up the idea that the nations of Europe are plotting against their communistic experiment. They want to put that idea across de with the Russian people. That's the main thing. The eight engineers and professors are menely incidental. Apparently they haven't a chance. Eugene Lyons, of the United Press, cables that the Reds from all over Russia are howling for blood, and there have been wild parades and demonstrations. The son of one of the

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defendants has even written to the newspapers demanding his father's death. So you can see how dramatic the trial is.

The United Press also cables that, in addition to these eight men on trial, a total of two thousand persons have been arrested for alleged connection with the supposed international plot. 70 have already been dealt with by the Bolshevik secret police. Many were killed without trial.

Last evening I told of the escape from prison of Commander Ramon Franco, the famous Spanish aviator. Today, the United Press cables a story telling us that when the Commander vanished from his cell in the military prison he left behind a letter to the Premier of Spain. In the letter he said that he had left Spain to serve the cause of liberty, and he also added, as an explanation for his escape, that he was "born to fly". 

No sooner does trouble quiet down in South America than up it pops again. This time it's in Peru. 15 persons were injured in a clash between workmen and students, says the United Press, and Soldiers are patroling Lima, the peruvian capital, tonight.

I have a letter here from Dr. Archie Boudreau, who tells us what they're doing about unemployment up his way in the Berkshire Hills, one of the beauty spots of 5 America. They're turning back the clock at the town of Hinsdale, Massachusetts. 7 That is, they are abandoning machine 8 labor and going back to hand labor. It's less efficient, but they're putting more men to work, and that's the big idea. A story in the Boston Globe tells us that \*\* it was all Dr. Boudreau's idea too. talked Hinsdale into the scheme, and it which is creating a lot of discussion. Hinsdale is a small mill town. The mills shut down when the business depression came, and <del>one</del> hundred men were out of work. And that's a big unemployment problem at Hinsdale. Hur. Boudreau said: "There's that road we've got to build. Four men, a steam shovel and two 22 motor trucks can do it in a couple of weeks. But let's go back to old fashioned 23 ways. With picks and shovels and horse and wagon, it will take twenty tive men

a couple of months to to it."

The doctor pointed out that it would be a little more expensive to the tax payers, but that the tax payers would have to help to support the men out of work, anyway. So, Hinsdale took up the idea, and twenty-five men are going to work.

Well, there's a good deal of discussion about the idea of helping the unemployment situation by discarding machinery and going back to hand work. And, as usual, the Literary Digest is right up to the minute in discussing the latest question of the day. This week's Digest carries an article headed "Going Back to Hand Work."

A poet is going to become a real king of kings. When he gets his job he will receive a salute of guns greater than is accorded to many kings. A hundred Sultans, Maharajahs and other oriental rulers will be under him. Name of the man who is going to get this position is Lord Gorrell. The New York Evening Post reports that he is to be appointed Viceroy of India, ruler of 320,000,000 people. The dispatches state that Lord Gorrell not only is a poet but he is a novelist, composer of music, a landscape painter, a publisher, a former newspaper reporter, and a star cricket player, and now he is to be succeed such famous men as the Marquis of Curzon and the Earl of Reading. He will have a palace in the ancient city of Delhi and another magnificent summer residence at Simla in the Himalayas. He will have special trains at his disposal, and strings of elephants.

From Cordova, Alaska, comes a weird tale. The Associated Press wirelesses that the body of a giant, lizard-like creature, evidently a prehistoric monster, but covered with heir and in perfect condition, has been found nearby on Glacier Island. The strange creature is said to be 42 feet long, and has a tail 16 feet long. The head alone of this fur clad lizard of a bygone age is 6 feet in length.

It is believed that the monster was caught in the ice tens of thousands of years ago, and as the years have rolled by it has gradually been carried down to the sea coast by the slow moving Columbia glacier.

Columbia Glacier is one of the most spectacular ice fields in the North. The face of it, as I recall, is a mile or so in width and several hundred feet high. As the miles and miles of ice in this glacier move irrestibly towards the sea, inch by inch, great masses break off the face, masses of ice as big as New York buildings. When they break they crash into the water of Prince William sound with a roar like thunder. It is one of the most spectacular sights in the world, and worth a trip to the North to see.

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The Associated Press carries a pathetic item today about an aged woman out in Adel, lowa. For thirty-five years Samantha Burns had lived in the County Home. Her special work was to peel potatoes, and evidently for those thirty-five years she peeled a bushel and a half, never once the missing a day. The Associated Press adds that in 12,784 days Samantha peeled 19,175½ bushels, enough potatoes to fill 32 freight cars -- a whole train load. But Samantha has passed on to her final reward, and her last sentence was a pathetic question:

"Wre the potatoes being peeled as well as when I did them?"

Evidently she peeled them well, and as the philosophers tell us, it is not what we do but bow we do it.

3,000,000,000 pickles are produced in the United States every year. According to the Associated Press, that means 4,000,000 bushels of cucumbers. Please pass the pickles.

Let's wind up that "old maid" discussion tonight.

More letters have come in making suggestions about what

we should call ladies who do not choose to get married. The

other night I told about one lady who proposed that they should

be described as "unclaimed treasures". Well, there have been

several more votes for that.

George E. Lynn, of Pittsburgh, seconds the motion that "Batchelloress" is the right word. He says that it is a term that is "becoming, pronouncable and good lexicography".

Another proposes to substitute for "Old Maid" the phrase "unappropriated blessing". A lady who signs herself Julia N.A., of Fort Wayne, Florida, suggests "solo-ette". While Mrs. Marion Miller, of Raleigh, North Carolina, rites to say that she xer prefers "Lady in Waiting".

Jane Perry, of Concord, Massachusetts, informs me that several years ago a Boston attorney advertised for a word to take the place of "Old Maid". He got

fifty thousand replies, and the winning word was "anti-gander". Well, girls, how would you like to be called anti-ganders?

Appropriately enough, today is Saint Catherine's day, and the United Press reminds us that Saint Catherine is the patroness of -- well. what shall we call them? Old Maids, Unclaimed Treasures, or Anti-ganders? Anyway, Saint Catherine is their patron saint -at least in France. And in Paris the day is celebrated with an ancient and very popular xmxmxm ceremony. Any young woman past twenty-five and not married is supposed to wear a green and yellow lace bonnet when she goes promenading. And any man is permitted to kiss her. Yes, and believe me, the men of Paris take enthusiastic advantage of the opportunity.

By the way, in Paris Old Maids are called "Catherinettes".

Well, you never can tell. Some of our American girls may be adopting that

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Parisian fashion of wearing green and yellow lace bonnets.

Maybe the day is being celebrated over here. I think I'll
go out right now and see if I can find an anti-gander. If I
do I'll say quack, quack.

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.