WALL_SIREET

Lowell Thomas' broadcast for The Literary Digest, Wednesday, June 3, 1931.

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GOOD EVENING, EVENYBODY:

There were big doings in Wall Street today. The bulls put their horns down and sent the bears scurrying to dens, or to the berry patch, or wherever bears go in summertime.

The morning in the Street began quietly, but in the afternoon the somewhat unexpected upward surge came with a rush. Stocks advanced all along the line, railroads, public utilities, steel, and all the rest.

And the quotations today seemed to be celebrating cotton week. Cotton went up \$1.50 a bale. Yes, Cotton Week seems to be a great success.

International News Service points out that the causes for the big bull market today were the decision of the government not to interfere with the big oil merger and also the action of the banks today in cutting down the margin of security required on call money. Anyway, something got the bulls going, and the bears took to the tall, tall timber.

It looks as if there will be another row in New Hampshire, and the cause of it is Molly Stark.

Now Molly Stark is a cannon, an old muzzle loader of revolutionary war days. At present Molly is in the town of New Boston.

The New Hampshire state authorities want the historical old piece of artillery to be given a place of honor in Concord, the state capital. But the townsfolk of New Boston object. They've been objecting for a long time.

Molly Stark is a cannon which was captured from the Red Coast by General John Stark.

Just how the cannon got into the possession of the people of New Boston is a matter of some dispute, but it appears that it was at General Stark's order that the famous gun which he had captured was placed in New Boston.

The Associated Press reminds us that seventy-five years ago the New Hampshire legislature passed a resolution directing that Molly Stark be taken away from New Boston and brought to Concord. When the emissaries whom the legislature sent to get

the gun arrived in New Boston, Iron Molly had vanished. The old cannon had got lost somehow or other. Later it was found at the bottom of a New Boston pond.

In fact, on several occasions the New Hampshire legislature has tried to lay hands on the cannon. But Molly Stark vanished every time - only to appear later on.

Major Otis G. Hammond, director of the New Hampshire

Historical Society, declares that Molly Stark has been disappearing in the nick of time ever since he was a boy.

Molly, because only the New Bostonites know how to handle the old girl. If she were at Concord somebody might abuse her. It is taken for granted that on every Fourth of July a ringing and booming shot is touched off, why there is grave danger that Molly Stark will be blown to smithereens. The New Bostonites calim that they know just how to charge the gun, how much powder to use, and what kind of wadding, and if any greenhorn tried to fire Molly she'd blow up sume as fate, and heaven help the gunners.

Well, just the same, the New Hampshire authorities have started another movement to try and bring Molly Stark to Concord, and everybody in New Hampshire is certain that when the attempt is made, Molly will do snother vanishing act. And the New Bostonites will do marks some more heavy winking.

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Have you noticed the smiles on the faces around you these days? Why are we smiling?

Ah, that's easy. We're smiling because it's almost time for that annual vacation. And what could be grander than a vacation in the goofd old 8 Summer Time?

"Right now", as Maurice Chevalier says, most of us are building air castles, - air castles about that vacation.

What started me off on this topic? Well, here's the reason: - My 14 advance copy of the new Literary Digest, the one that comes out tomorrow, was placed on my desk this afternoon, and when I read it my old yearning to hit the trail sent my temperature shooting skyward. How come? Well, this weekls kxxxxx Digest is the Summer travel number.

And is it full of temptations? Oh oh, I'll say it is. It's brim full of breezy, fascinating dope on the places where we can go for a grand vacation.

It tells about adventurous trips deep into the wildest mountain country of our own Far West, remote places in the Black Hills of South Dakota, the wonder of the Pacific Coast, the beauty spots of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Quebec; all about trips to the glorious vacation lands of North America from Maine and New Hampshire the way to the land of big game, ice capped mountains, glaciers and the midnight sun in Alaska.

It describes trips through the White and Green Mountains, excursions to the Long Island and New Jersey bathing beaches; to the Catskills, the Adirondacks and Niagara Falls.

It tells of the lure of the South Seas, the beauties of Hawaii, the fun of a summer cruise around the Great Lakes, the delights of a holiday jaunt to Switzerland, Norway, the 30,000 lakes of Finland, and to that oriental paradise, the far famed Vale

of Kashmir - and gay Paree and the Mediterranean.

How about Canada? Well, all of Canada is a playground and of course Canada comes in for lots of space, - enough to make me want to pack my bedding roll and start for the trails around Banff, or for the Mackenzie River country.

The cover of the new Digest made me want to don my panama and sprint for the nearest ticket office. Because that cover is a picture of my old home - no, not the log cabin where I wasn't born. Not hardly. It's better than that. It's a sparkling, bottomless lake, in the crater of an old volcano, with one of those glorious peaks of the Rockies right behind it. Where? In Colorado where I spent my childhood. Naturally that's the region I love best of all. My Father and I still have a scrawny ranch out there - which I'd like to sell by the way, sage brush, jack rabbits and all. It's a mile and a half above sea level, in a remote valley, right among the snow-capped peaks of the Sangre de Christo range on the Ute Indian Reservation, good for practically nothing and on the road to nowhere.

Yes, when that travel number of the Digest blew onto my desk I tilted back my chair, looked out at the roofs of the tall buildings and dreamed of all the places I'd like to go this summer.

The Digest editors tell me there is to be more vacationing than ever this summer. The world has had a headache this year.

A lot of people have been worried. And they need vacations. They
feel they owe it to themselves and their health to get away from
business and from work, and treat themselves to a fine bit of
rest and recreation.

I've been a traveler all my life and I know how new spirit, new life and a new fire of youth comes into one under the influence of fresh surroundings, beautiful scenes, impressions that delight us and that linger with us during succeeding menths of work.

Here a curious coincidence. That same subject of vacations was taken up this morning by ex-president Coolidge in his daily column, and he has a few things to say which are right in line with what the Digest editors teld me about vacations this year.

New York Tribune today. He remarks that we have had a difficult year and xxx there are many problems to solve.

The fact is, observes experimentally coolidge, that the brains of the country need relaxation and refreshment more than ever this season. They owe a duty to themselves, their business and their associates to get more than the usual period of rest.

Well, that's sound New England shrewdness.

And the Digest editors pointed out to me one big novelty of vacationing this year. They say people are getting more impulsive -- they are not planning their vacations so far ahead. They are

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remaining undecided for a longer period of time. Then they just get a sudden hunch and off they go. And I prefer that spirit, too.

time ahead and then make your trip - but there's nothing quite so exhilarating as suddenly saying: "LET'S GO." "Where?" Well, I'm going to have my vacation this week -- in imagination, I mean. I mam going to take time off the very day and read through that travel issue of the Digest and imagine I'm making all those wonderful trips and adventurous jaunts.

Maybe some night this week

I'll turn my account of the news into
a vacation time travelogue, and whisk
you off on a tour of the places where
the events of the day happen.

At any rate, I hope you get the same kick out of this week's Summer travel number of the Literary Digest that I did -- just browsing through it, making out a list of places that strike your fancy---and letting your imagination do the rest.

ERANCE

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An xxx official report from Paris contirms a rumor that France is negotiating with Soviet Russia for the purpose of establishing a commercial treaty between the two nations.

The United Press reminds us that the tre used to be a commercial treaty in force between France and the Soviets, but this treaty was denounced and thrown into the waste paper basket sometime ago, when the outcry first began about the way Bolshevik Kussia was dumping merchandise on the European market. The French didn't like the way the Russians were dumping their products in France and disorganizing trade, so they called off the commercial treaty.

The supposition is now, that since the French are negotiating another treaty with the Soviets, why the Soviets must have guaranteed that there wouldn't be any more dumping of Russian merchandise on the French markets.

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A rather startling new development is reported in the controversy
between the Vatican and the Fascist
government of Italy. The International
News Service has a cable that The
Fascist police today rounded up a
number of leaders of Catholic organizations in Italy. These leaders were
held and were questioned about any
supposed political activities they may be
have undertaken.

The Associated Press suggests the possibility that these arrests may mean that the leaders of the Catholic organizations may be exiled to the islands of Lipari were Mussolini's government keeps its political enemies isolated. It seems clear that the quarrel between Mussolini and Pope Pius the IIth is becoming more serious all the time.

If you were over in dear old London this evening, strolling through White Chapel or Limehouse, you'd be very likely to hear something like this:

"Blimme, you should 'ave been there, 'awkins old boy.

You know, at Hepsom Downs. There must 'ave been 'arf a million

blinkin' people there. King George was there, han today is 'is

Majesty's birthday -- 'e's 66. Hi got a squint hat the King's

'igh 'at. And Queen Mary was there in a white coat. The Prince

of Wales and Prince George, the Dooke of York and the Dutchess

of 'arwood, and hall the lords 'han liedies, the dookes an the

Hearls. Blimme, you should 'ave been there 'awkins me lad.

"Oo-o won the blinkin' Derby? 'Aven't you 'eard?

Why "Cameronian" won the bally race, 'Awkins, old boy, 'an I lost three quid."

Yes, that's what you'd hear, or something like it.

My blinkin' cockney dialect is rawther rusty. But as the United

Press informs us, Dewar's "Cameronian" won the Derby, and millions

of dollars changed hands, the world's most famous race.

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Now comes one of the strangest accidents in the history of aviation. It happened down in Uraguay.

Albert Wolkof, the Internationat News Service tells, us, is an aviator who has been flying quite a bit at Montevideo.

Last night he walked in his sleep. Just like any other somnambulist he went meandering around while still deep in slumber.

The sleep-walking flying-man strolled out on to the aviation field. He climbed into an airplane, started the motor, and still fast xxx asleep went zipping down the field. The plane crashed into a wall. It was badly damaged. And the aviator? Why, he just woke up. Yes, he woke up good and proper, and that was all. If as the Int. News 21 Service remarks, Re just rubbed his eyes and said: "Where am !?"

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who said he was a poor man. Abdul is a Turkish farmer of Asia Minor. He brought his son to a doctor in a nearby town.

"Allah is great," cried Abdul, "but my son is sick."

The doctor looked over the boy and said he'd have to have an x-ray made.

"Allah is merciful," chanted Abdul, "and he loves a merciful physician. How much would it cost, this thing you call x-ray?"

The doctor responded that it would cost 7 dollars.

"Allah loves the true believer, but that is too much money. I am a poor man. It is more than I can pay."

The doctor, taking pity on the poverty-stricken patriarch, brought the price down to 4 dollars. And Abdul, still calling upon Allah and the prophet Mohammed, forked over the 4 bucks.

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But his son was afraid of the x-ray machine and didn't want to get near the strange contraption. Abdul, in order to encourage the youth, volunteered to have the x-ray shot through him, just to show they didn't hurt. And so for the purpose of encouraging the boy, the doctor took an x-ray picture of the venerable old Turk. And right there a strange thing was observed. The x-ray didn't show that Abdul had any organic disorder. It merely revealed that he had around his waist a belt filled with gold pieces. That poverty-stricken old Moslem chap had 2,000 dollars in gold strapped around him.

Then, the New York Sun tells us, it was the doctor's turn to call upon Allah.

"Does the prophet Mohammed command men to be liars?" he demanded. "Does the Koran teach that you are to say you are a poor man when you have gold hidden away?" "Allah is great," sighed old
Abdul, "He is wise and He is merciful."
But just the same, the venerable
old rogue had to pay the 7 dollars for
thetx-ray picture.

Yes, allah is wise and merciful, and he makes the minutes fly by - and that is why I must say in the language of the unbeliever - solong until tomorrow.

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