LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1931

INTRO

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

Good news tonight! Word has just reached me that the country is saved. At least that's what Tom Marshall would say, if he were still with us. It's a familiar story and a good story - how Vice-President Marshall listened to a long and tiresome debate in the Senate when all the statesmen were telling what the country needed. He stood it about as long as he could, then got up and exclaimed:- "What the country needs is a good 5-cent cigar."

An article today in the Hartford Times tells us that this year the Connecticut tobacco farmers are specializing in growing tobacco for nickle cigars. Connecticut is one of our great tobacco growing states, and 75 per cent of the 1931 crop will be sued in making smokes of the 5-cent variety.

Yes, the country is saved.

DAYLIGHT

But, let's not get so excited about that as to forget to set our clocks ahead tonight -- that is, those of us who live in a daylight saving zone.

Many of the small towns refuse to have anything to do with that new-fangled idea of tricking the old sun into giving us an extra hour of daylight. And they just go on with their clocks keeping normal time. But the larger cities insist on saving all the daylight they can.

Well, don't forget -- the time for changing is at two o'clock tomorrow morning - 2 A. M. I suppose we'll all be up at the stroke of two, stumbling sleepily along, candle in hand, to turn back the hands of the old Grandfathers Clock. Yes, we will!

Well, this time it looks as if General Smedley 2. Butler had crashed through the lines for a touchdown. He claims that he did capture Fort Riviere—and apparently he's right.

The fiery General has made a flaming complaint to the Navy Department because of a statement said to have been made by the minister who represents the republic of Haiti washington. The Haitian minister is quoted as saying that General Butler get one of his two Congressional Medals for the capture of Fort Riviere in Haiti, when there was no such place as Fort Riviere.

General Butler complains that this is a reflection on the Navy Department. It certainly would be odd if a Congressional Medal were granted for the capture of a fort that didn't exist. He asks if an MMMMMM American general is not to be protected from misrepresentations like that. His complaint has been taken up by the Navy Department and is being put through the usual

routine channels.

And apparently General Butler is right about the existence of Fort.

Rivieres The United Press has looked up the records, and finds full confirmation of the capture of Fort Riviere on November 17, 1915. The files of the Navy Department contain a detailed account of the battle.

General Butler charged through a breach in the walls of the fort. He had 23 Marines with him. The General was fighting at the head of his men. Two Marines, entered the breach ahead of him. They Bevil Bogs dashed in front of him so as to prevent the General from being the first to receive the fire of the defenders. The fort was captured and General Butler got the Congressional Medal. for it.

And that isn't all. The Haitian minister says that he was misquoted. He declares that he didn't say that there was nom such place as Fort Riviere. He claims that all he said was that

nobody in Haiti knew about the existence of the fort. And nobody knew where to find it--naturally, because General Butler himself says that after the fort was captured it was completely destroyed.

And that seems to clear up the latest controversy in which the impetuous General has become involved.

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This afternoon I read through a 2 list, a long list, but it was interesting. This week's Literary Digest makes a wise observation. It is to the effect that when a storm is blowing you'll bet on your ship pulling through -- if it's a good. staunch one. Naturally there isn't much use betting on a weak, leaky vessel when there is a full gale blowing.

The list I'v have been reading is a long catalogue of firms that have been advertising in the Literary Digest for the last three months. The weather for business has been stormy, as we all know. The firms in that Literary Digest list of advertisers have backed their products with their money in spite of the rough going. That must mean that those products advertised in the Digest are like strong ships. Their backers figured on weathering the gale. They had faith in their products -- faith enough to back them no matter how fiercely the winds of adversity blew.

So it was with considerable interest that I scanned that list. And I imagine that hundreds of thousands of readers of the Literary Digest have been doing the same as I have been doing.

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From the wide open breezy plains of lexas comes a breezy or even breez story about a Communist plot.

Captain Frank Hamer, of the Texas Rangers, gives out a statment that large quantities of explosives have been stolen from the oil companies of the Southwest. He explains that these explosives have been stolen by Communists who have been plotting to blow up oilwells.

According to the International News Service, he adds that a large quantity of stolen nitroglycerin was found hidden near Oklahoma City. And he goes on to say that there have been two explosions on oil properties in Kansas.

The Texas Ranger claims that enough explosive has been stolen by the Communists to turn Pike's Peak into a dimple--and that's a graphic phrase, if nothing else.

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A solemn, simple ceremony was held today at Duxbury, Massachusetts. A small crowd of people gathered in the old cemetery near the site of the first Duxbury meeting house -- the meeting house which the Puritans built 300 years or so ago. A coffin was lowered into a grave; and thus they lowered Capt. Miles Standish to his last resting place. Yes, it happened today.

Miles Standish, hero of those first
New England days, needed a new coffin.
He was buried three centuries ago in a simple wooden box. Then in 1895 he was transferred to a new coffin, which again was of wood. But now they have given him an enduring metal casket and have lowered it into a receptacle of massive cement. The United Press adds that over the grave they have placed a boulder which weigh 3 tons and on which is carved the name of Miles Standish.

It all brings back memories of that famous romance of early American history -- the one immortalized by Longfellow in

his poem "The Courtship of Miles Standish." The doughty captain leved the maid Priscilla, but like a rough soldier had no soft words for courtship. So he asked his literary friend John Alden to present to the maid a proposal of marriage from Miles Standish. Do you remember how John Alden secretly leved, Princilla, but how he placed his loyalty to his friend Miles Standish before his own desire? How he spoke to Priscilla in flaming words, pleading the cause of his friend, Capt. Miles Standish? Perhaps you remember those well-known lines of Longfellow telling us what happened:-

Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes overrunning with laughter,

Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

And thus it was that John Alden courted Priscilla for Miles Standish, but won her for himself.

That long-vanished romance was recalled vividly today
in the simple ceremony at Duxbury, Where they lowered Capt. Miles
Standish to his final rest.

There's a new Bob Fitzsimmons in the world today—that is, there's a boxer who has equalled Ruby Bob's record of having held three championships. The great Cornishman, as all followers of boxing know, was the Middle Weight Champion, then the Light Heavyweight Champion, and then he wore the Heavyweight crown.

Well, the new Bob Fitzsimmons is Tony Canzoneri, who was the Feather weight Champion and then became the Lightweight Champion and now he has won a third title.

Last night he knocked out Jack
"Kid" Berg, of England, in a unique
bout--unique because two titles were at
stake. Canzoneri risked his own
Lightweight crown. Berg held the Junior
Welterweight title, which Canzoneri now
has won--thereby adding it to the two
other crowns which have graced his
swarthy brow.

The International News Service tells us that the Italian won his fight with one perfect manuax punch. He set himself

for a supreme effort as the pride of the London Ghetto rushed him. Berg came in with a left poke to the head which Canzoneri countered with a short inside right to the jaw. Berg went down like the proverbial ton of seek. It was a clean, and decisive knockout to be scored to the credit of the new Bob Fitzsimmons.

Baseball has lost another one of its colorful and prominent personalities. August Hermann died today in Cincinnati, at the age of 71. He was commonly known as Garry Hermann, and was one of the owners of the Cincinnati team of the National League.

For years he directed the baseball destiny of the Cincinnati Reds. He also was head of the National Commission which ruled over baseball until Judge Landis became the czar of the game. He was a prominent Elk too. Garry Hermann's pithy, racy sayings were known far and wide and he was famous for his generosity.

I want to take my hat off this evening to old Reynard,
the Fox. At Richmond, Virginia, a big red fox was traveling and
fast across the country -- hounds and hunters on horseback were
after him. In his wild flight old Mister Fox passed by a
farmer's barnyard. He saw a big fat hen. He just couldn't
resist the temptation. He killed the hen and then, according
to the United Press, got away safely. He dodged the hounds
and the hunters and escaped to a safe retreat in the mountains with
the hen. How's that for a scrambled situation?

Well, I seem to hear an echo of music; the tune of a sentimental song-
The kiss you gave me". The echo comes from the noble State of Maine. But the boys up there are singing--the mountain you gave me". Yes, singing-somebody gave them a mountain.

Well, a mountainm is an interesting gift. It's what you might call a large gift; Ess a gift that comes high.

Ex-Governor Percival Baxter, of Maine, is the man who has given away a mountain. It's Mount Katahdin, the highest summit in Maine. He's presented the peak to his fellow citizens as a public park.

This new present, which the State of Maine has received, is described as the most mountainous mountain in New England, because of its steep trails, its rocky slopes, and dizzy cliffs.

And so the boys are singing--the most mountainous mountain you gave me."

Time out for a minute now while I fold forth on a subject that interests me just as it seems to interest William S. Gilmore. Mr. Gilmore is the managing editor of the famous Detroit News.

Monitor of Boston, tells us tonight of the discussions yesterday at the Conference on the Press, held at Princeton. Mr. Gilmore told the Conference that the relations between the Press and the Radio were essentially co-operative and not competitive. In giving the news, although the radio has the important power of being able to spread some news items far and wide, only the newspaper has the space to give the full details and the why and wherefore of the events of the day.

Three cheers for that idea, say I. I have always felt
that what I for example do is merely give you a flash of the news,
with a bit of my personal slant. My hope has been that I might
simply lure you into wanting to read the full detailed account with
the why and the wherefore in your favorite morning or evening paper.

And then Mr. Gilmore had another interesting thing to say. He declares that radio advertising holds the best results when followed up by advertising in printed periodicals- newspapers and magazines.

And that's true too. Suppose the voice from the loud speaker tells us about a product and then we see that product and then we see that product and then we see that product and of advertising that strikes home.

Now for that rumor of Last night we had a rumor to the effect that the troubleance which stated that the pestilential sanding had captured the town of Gracius Adios. Apparently he hasn't captured the town, Because here's an International News Service dispatch which states that Sandino's bandits are attacking the forces of the Nicaraguan government in the minutes neighborhood of Gracius Adios.

American airplanes flew over the battlefield, but didn't interfere with the fighting. While off the coast were American warships standing in a readiness to take aboard American refugees.

4-9-31-5M

I have a latter here from Rueben Sawyer of Topsham,
Sagadohoc County, Maine, and Rueben just tells me that I ain't
been nowhere.

He writes:- Transference and Agent Market Ma

DEAR LOWELL: I AM JUST WRITIN' TO YOU, SEEING AS

HOW YOU BEEN SAYIN' YOU BEEN TO A LOT OF PLACES ALL OVER THE

WORLD. WELL, MAYBE SO. BUT I WANT TO TELL YOU IF YOU ARE

HANKERING AFTER A LOT OF TRAVELIN' YOU CAN SEE LOTS OF NATIONS

AND LOTS OF FURRIN CITIES OF EUROPE, ASIA AND AFRICA IF YOU JUST

COME UP HERE TO MAINE.

WE GOT A TOWN NAMED NORWAY, AND WE GOT A TOWN NAMED SWEDEN, ALSO DENMARK. AND IF YOU WANT TO SEE THE ANDES MOUNTAINS WE GOT A BERG NAMED PERU. MAYBE YOU LIKE ASIA -- WELL, WE GOT A TOWN NAMED CHINA.

MAYBE YOU LIKE HISTORY. THEN YOU OUGHT TO COME UP TO

MAINE AND GO TO THE BURG OF ATHENS, OR CARTHAGE, ROME OR TROY.

WE ALSO GOT TOWNS NAMED BELFAST, BELGRADE, PARIS AND CALAIS, OF

Callus -- AS WE CALL IT UP HERE. THERE'S DRESDEN, MAINE; VIENNA,

MAINE; LISBON AND PALERMO, MAINE. HOW'S THAT FER A RECORD?

WE OLD FELLERS UP HERE IN SAGADAHOC COUNTY SWEARS AS HOW THERE'S

MORE FURRIN CITIES IN MAINE THAN IN ANY OTHER GOLDARNED STATE

IN THIS HERE MAN'S COUNTRY. AND LISTEN, LOWELL, I BEEN HEARIN'

YOU TELL ABOUT THAT TALL STORY CLUB, BUT UNTIL YOU HEAR OUR TALL

STORIES UP HERE IN SAGADAHOC COUNTY, YOU AIN'T HEERD NOTHIN'.

DID YOU EVER HEAR ABOUT JONATHAN SPIGLEY UP HERE WHO CAUGHT A BIG BLACK BEAR AND TRAINED HIM TO DIG POST HOLES? YOU SHOULD JUST SEE THAT ANIMILE OUT THERE IN JONATHAN'S FRONT YARD STANDIN' AND TURNIN' THE AUGUR AND DIGGIN' A POST HOLE.

ONE DAY ONE OF JONATHAN'S COWS WAS LYIN' DOWN IN THE PASTURE AND THAT THERE BEAR MADE A MISTAKE. HE TOOK THE SIDE OF THE COW FOR A PIECE OF GROUND. HE STARTED IN AND DUG A POST HOLE RIGHT THROUGH THE COW. AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT YOU CAN JUST GO UP TO JONANTHAN'S FARM AND HAVE A LOOK FER YERSELF. YOU SURE ENOUGH CAN SEE DAYLIGHT RIGHT THROUGH THAT THERE HOLE IN THE COW'S SIDE AS SHE'S GRAZIN' IN THE PASTURE.

AND LISTEN, LOWELL, WHEN YOU OR ANYBODY ELSE COMES UP
HERE TO MAINE, THERE'S ONE THING YOU'LL HEAR. IT'S WHEN A
VISITOR IS LEAVIN'. WE JUST SAY -- "COME AGIN, FOLKS." AND IT'S
GOT A REAL YANKEE TWANG-- "COME AGIN, FOLKS."

Well, that's Reuben's letter - even if my synthetic, phony Yankee dialect doesn't do it justice.

And it reminds me that this is my last day in New England for a while. On Monday I'll be back in New York reeling off the news as usual. New England hospitality has been great.

And as I leave I somehow feel that I hear a friendly Yankee echo saying -- "Come agin, folks."

And so I'm saying to New England -- so long until we meet again. And to all of you --

come a parting of artillery fire. Bader this pariage at landing

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.