INTRODUCTION

Good Evening, Everybody!

Lowell Thomas' BroadcasHage for The Literary Digest. Tuesday, March 3, 1931.

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Tonight the United States of America has a national anthem. I suppose some of you will say, "Yes, but why tell us that? We have a national anthem tonight and we've also had one every other night since Hector was a pup".

Why, of course. Hasn't the Star Spangled Banner always or nearly always, been the national anthem?

The answer to which is:- "No, it hasn't."

purposes, but not officially, not by government decree.

But today the Senate passed a bill, which had already been passed by the House of Representatives. That bill sets forth that the Star Spangled Banner shall be the national anthem. So that just about settles it.

Of course the bill still has to be signed by the President. To be sure Mr. Hoover is in a vetoing mood just now, but the story going the rounds in Washington tonight is that the President is not likely to veto the Star Spangled Banner.

Well, "long may it wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." And long may we sing it-at any rate, long may you sing its Cuttery !!!! not be much help because I never could hit those high notes.

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President Hoover has vetoes the Muscle Shoals Bill. According to the International News Service, the President, in his veto message, states that he so opposed to the government going sinto business in such a way as to compete with its own citizens.

This is the Muscle Shoals compromise that was agreed upon by the Senate and the House of Representatives. With the President firmly saying No, it looks as if the bill would have to wait until the next session of Congress.

Among the disturbances of the day
was a riot at Albany, New York.

the hundred Communists crowded into the
galleries, while the State Legislature
was in session. today. They broke out
into a terrific uproar. and the state
troopers took a hand.

According to the Associated

According to the Associated Press, it was a wild fight before the rioting Communists were ejected thrown out on their ears.

the shock.

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a disturbance in the form of occurred

There was an explosion in a motion picture house at Youngstown, Ohio. The theatre was completely destroyed. Luckily it was empty. The blast hurled 4 the ticket booth all the way across the street, and for blocks houses were shaken and people thrown sprawling. Nobody was hurt seriously, but one girl was reported to have lost her voice as a result of

According to the International News Service, the fire department blames the blow-up on gasoline, and there's a suspicion that fire bugs were at work.

Philadelphia had an explosion too. It partly wrecked three apartment houses in West Philadelphia. A score of people were im hurt, one seriously. police believe that the explosion was a case of somebody planting a bomb.

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Now here's a solution to one of the most curious mysteries of recent months.

Edna May Cooper is a Hollywood film actress and an aviatrix. Together with another young woman, Bobbie Trout, she established a world's endurance flying record for women. That occurred last January. A week ago she took off in an airplane intending to fly to Santa Monica, and she vanished, dropped out of sight, and all California hunted for her.

And now she has reappeared at Monterey, California. She had lost her memory. She registered in a hotel as Caroline Hope and called a doctor to treat her for a headache. The doctor, noticing something curious about her, began to question her. He found she thought she was in Santa Monica. When he told her she was in Monterey she said she knew Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, the wife of the novelist, who lives a mile from Monterey.

At the doctor's suggestion she wrote a note to Mrs. Morris, and she signed it - Edna May Cooper. She kept looking at the signature she had written and them said - WHY THAT'S MY NAME.

Then her memory came back all except what had happened to her
after she had started out in her
airplane from Hollywood. She showed
evidences of having been battered and
bruised. The doctor said it might have
been the result of an airplane accident
or of a beating.

According to the United

Press, it is thought that the explanation of the strange episode that Miss

Cooper underwent so great a strain in breaking the endurance record that it caused her to lose her memory.

Today the Texas Rangers are in command of Kilgore. They didn't come in as in the old days, galloping along mustangs, and singing a song. They swooped down into town by automobile and by train.

The trouble with Kilgore is that it is so rich. It is the center of a wild and hilarious oil boom.

The owner of the general store found himself worth a couple of million over night.

A gusher was brought in on a miserable little cotton patch and a poor-white farmer had wealth beyond all his dreams piled into his lap.

Well, naturally things began to buzz around Kilgore and they buzzed in something like the old Wild West way. Gambling houses and speakeasies sprouted like a bed of mushrooms.

According to the New York
Evening Post things got so scarlet in
Kilgore that the state had to intervene.
So the Texas Rangers pounced down upon

A couple of hundred of them were herded into an old shack. Not a single pistol was found in the entire collection, and that's not like the old Wild West. A dope needle was found on one man and that's not like the old Wild West either.

But in any case, Kilgore, a bad town in the oil boom land, is a much chastened and sobered down place today.

Here's a real note on unemployment.

Along the coast of Maine there is no need of anybody being jobless so long as there is an ocean in the neighborhood, and believe me there is plenty of ocean up there off the Maine coast. Men without jobs have simply become fishermen. They gox out and catch x the food they need for themselves and families, and what they don't eat they sell.

According to the Associated Press, there are six thousand new fishermen along one section of the Maine coast.

Jobless men go in for ice
fishing. KEKKEKKE For example, they
knock holes through the ice on the
inlets and tidal rivers, and can catch
ten pounds of smelt at a tide hour and
they can sell fish for twenty-five
cents a pound.

Well, I've always envied a fisherman's life. It seems like a glorious combination of work and fun, although I know, of course, the work is long and hard.

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Now I don't like this next item one bit.

The Associated Press informs us that the International Garment Manufacturers Association have decreed that overalls are not in good form. Of course, we know they are not in good form at a banquet, but those garment manufacturers say they are not good form for a man laying bricks or ploughing a field.

They say that a working man had got to wear more formal garments, and they explain that the proper costume for the well dressed brick layer or farmer is 18 ka cotton suit well tailored and with

We've all heard comic talk about street sweepers and farm hands dressed in tail coats and plug hats. I suppose that's what the garment manufacturers are driving at. Well, so far as I'm concerned, the garment manufacturers can wear those tailored cotton suits with knife creased trousers

trousers neatly creased.

themselves. When I putter around my house repairing something - and usually making it worse - I'm going to stick to my old pair of overalls.

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VANISHING BATHING SUITS

Now comes a mystery that has been solved. It's the mystery of the disappearing bathing suits.

An American with a villa on the Mediterranean Coast of France, was said to have procured a number of the disappearing garments. They were like ordinary bathing suits except that when they became wet they dissolved, and vanished.

The story was that this American would invite large companies of companies of guests to his villa and arrange it so that they came without bathing suits. Then he would suggest a swim and would bring forward the vanishing bathing suits. The guests innocently would put them on and then merrily plunge into the water of the Mediterranean and the bathing suits would promptly dissolve.

And that's when the fun began. There were exclamations of dismay and shouts of astonishment and consternation. Friends of the distressed bathers would come running with barrels.

Meanwhile the host would be rolling around on the sand in serious danger of laughing himself to death.

That's the story the New York Evening Post tells tonight.

And it explains how an American business man cabled the tale back
to his firms, and presently those firms were inquiring who were
the French manufacturers that made the vanishing bathing suits.

They wanted to order them by the thousands.

The French manufacturers looked up the American with whom the story started. He said it was just a yarn. He had merely told it around as a tall story. (Well, I think we ought to elect him Grand Prevaricator of the Tall Story Club.)

Meanwhile a number of people over here in the United

States who were all set to buy those vanishing bathing suits,

are wondering whether some clever chemist won't come forward and

find a way to produce them.

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Well, after the vanishing bathing buits, let's take up the case of the disappearing ink.

At Upper Darby, Pennsylvania, Mrs. J. W. Neilson, Bywood, advertised that she wanted to sell a fur coat. A couple of strangers called and after a bit of bargaining bought the coat for \$65.00. According to the United Press, they gave Mrs. Neilson a check for \$65.00.

A few hours later she looked at that check again. By this time it was a blank. check. It had been written with disappearing ink and every trace of the writing had vanished. Mrs. Neilson cant cannot remember the name of the stranger who signed the check, and there is nothing in the vanished signature to give any hint.

I have just been looking at one of the most unusual pictures--photograph I mean--that I have seen in years. It is a picture of a water-spout at sea. In fact, it is more than that, it is a picture of six water-spouts all in a row--all six whirling and swirling from dark somber clouds that are milling above the Sulu Sea.

The Sulu Sea is a sort of far eastern Mediterranean. It lies between the Philippines and the north coast of Borneo.

Water-spouts are quite uncommon. In approximately 100 voyages at sea, I have only encountered one water-spout and that was in the Caribbean. But in this picture, there are six. One water-spout is awe-inspiring to behold, but six of them in a row--well that seems impossible.

A French sailor snapped this strange photograph and it appears in this week's Literary Digest.

 The London News-Chronicle prints a cable from its Indian correspondent, Robert Bernays. And that cable starts off in a somewhat startling fashion.

"Gandhi," it says, "has suddenly swung over to the side of peace. That's the miracle which has transformed the situation in a few hours from one of desperation, even despair, to one of considerable hopefulness. This sudden change in Gandhi's unyielding attitude can hardly be exaggerated, "continues the London reports,

Add to that another amazing fact.
According to the New York Evening Post,
Gandhi has compromised with the British
authorities on the subject of salt.

Now, that question of salt has been the chief moral issue between Gandhi's Hindu Nationalists and the British Indian government. The British have a tax on salt in India. And this the Nationalist Party resents. Gandhi's non-violent rebellion began when the Mahatma and his followers went to the seashore, boiled seawater down, and made salt.

Gandhi's recent negotiations with Lord Erwin, the British Viceroy, were held up by a couple of thorny questions on which they couldn't agree. And the principal one of those thorny questions was that same subject of salt.

The International News Service states that In that compromise on salt the British will still keep the salt monopoly, but they will permit Hindus along the seacoast to manufacture and sell that prime necessity of life--salt.

Gandhi is still conferring with the Viceroy, and the report is that all signs point toward--peace.

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And now let's try to imagine a terrific honking of horns, the blowing of traffic cop whistles, and angry shouts in Spanish.

Yes, folks, we're in Mexico, and where a traffic jam is threatened that will make even New York and Chicago traffic jams seem like a wide open road.

The Associated Press states that in Mexico City the taxi drivers' union is demanding recognition but by the city authorities, and they don't want any independent, non-union drivers to get hacking licenses. They've informed the city fathers that if they don't have their way they'll proceed to tie Mexico City up with the most terrific traffic jam in history. They'll just park their cars in a series of impenetrable jams and tangles at the intersections of the principal streets of the Mexican capital. The city fathers * Mexico City are stroking their whiskers and wondering what to do. And talking about whiskers --

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Now boys--duck. I am ducking myself because there is a big brick coming our way. At the same time there is a big gold medal awarded to the ladies. It seems that it's the wives, and sisters and daughters who are the possessors of culture--and not uschape.

This comes from Dr. Charles Gray Shaw, the author of a highly successful book called "The Road to Culture". I read it a week or so ago and found it mighty fine.

Dr. Shaw says that we men have gone in for business and for physical culture, while the women folks have gone in for intellectual culture. Men began to turn away from cultural education a generation ago and the women began to turn toward cultural education about the same time. The result, according to Dr. Shaw, will be that the great works of art in the future will be produced by women.

Well, that certainly is a big brick thrown in the general direction of the

of the men-folks. I guess the only thing you boys can do is brush up on your culture by reading Dr. Shaw's book. In fact, I think that tonight, I'll re-read a tew pages from "The Road to Culture" myself. And as we less-cultured fellows say, so long until tomorrow.