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Lowell Thomas' Broadcast for The Literary Digest. Good Evening, Everybody! Saturday, February 7, 1931.

Page

Let's start off with a bang tonight. They were having a gala opening of a new motion picture. It was out at Angeles, and all the film stars were there. Suddenly a violent explosion shook the theatre. It is believed that accumulated gases in the basement blew up. The audience hot-footed it for the street - and the film stars led the way.

According to the United Press, a freakish thing happened outside the theatre. The explosion blew a whole section of the street right into the air. A taxi-cab was standing exactly on the spot that went skyward. It was hurled fifteen feet in the air and came down completely demolished. The driver had an almost miraculous escape. They had to dig him out of the wreckage. But he was O. K. Just scratched and a bit groggy.

Thirty-one people in all were hurt. Most of the injuries to ok place in the street.

A disastrous panic in the theatre was averted by the coolness of actors who were featured in the picture and who were appearing in person on the stage. When the big bang came they kept their wits and shouted dramatically that flashlights were being touched off in front of the theatre.

The performance had only fifteen minutes more to go. If that explosion had taken place fifteen minutes later, thousands of people would have been milling right over the exact section of the street that was blown into the air, and there would have been a ghastly disaster.

But Lady Luck was among those present.

unother thrilling story comes from the storm-beaten shore of Lake Erie. Allday a violent gale beating the eastern end of the lake around Buffalo. and Blinding snow is falling.

A crowd of men were fishing out on the edge of the ice which fringes the shore. The wind came with such a violent blast that it broke the ice loose and sent it drifting out over the lake. Four men jumped off the ice floe and swam ashore, but nineteen men remained, helpless, frightened and shivering as they drifted north.

According to the International News Service, that ice floe was only six inches thick and it was breaking up in the heavy sea. Boats put out to rescue the men. One was caught and jammed in the ice but another, the accoastguard vessel, forced its way to the ice floe and took off five of the fishermen. Ten are still on the ice and are being rescued. Four are missing, and they may have drifted away

on a chunk of ice that broke off the main floe. Boats are out hunting for them. Meanwhile the gale is still howling up there at Lake Erie.

Now for the sound of wedding bells.

Amelia Earhart, the trans-Atlantic
flier, today married George Palmer Putnam,
the publisher and traveller. It's not
just am a rumor this time. The report
has been out for a long time that the
couple were married, or expected to be.

At last the wedding has taken place.

According to the International News Service, it was celebrated at Noank, Connecticut, the home of the mother of Mr. Putnam.

So that persistent rumor has ended to the tune of wedding bells after all.

There's a manhunt on tonight. It's in Tennessee.

Police officers are looking for 14 inmates who escaped from the criminally insane section of the Central State Hospital.

They had a fire in the institution last night and it
was necessary to move several hundred patients. During the
confusion 21 broke away and escaped. According to the
International News Service, 7 were soon captured, but the hunt is
still on. They are scouring the hills for the other 14.

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Well, it looks as though the big battle down in Washington might be over. President Hoover has accepted the compromise offered by the leaders in Congress.

According to the Associated Press, he has 0.Kd. an addition of \$20,000,000 to be added to the \$25,000,000 already appropriated for tarm, relief.

As I explained last night, the basis of the compromise is in the expression "Farm rehabilitation". The Senate wanted to let the farmers use the money to buy food. The President was against that. So now they're going to let the farmers use the money for farm rehabilitation. The President says he has won his point. His opponents in the Senate say they 've won their point. apparently everybody is kappy. Well, we all hope so. Yes, and now that they 've finally got

together on that subject, it looks as if Congress will put through necessary bills in a hurry and thus avoid an extra sessionwhich the President doesn't want. Hon the other hand, insurgent Republicans are

still on the warpath. The New York Evening World says they're shouting for a few pet ideas of theirs -- government operation of Muscle Shoals, for example. That, of course, leaves a possibility for further trouble, but it looks tonight as if the main battle has been fought -- and compromised. And that's that.

With all that drought relief under way in Washington, here's some more - and it's drought relief as is drought relief. I mean - rain.

Old Mother Nature has taken a hand in the situation, and the New York Sun informs us that heavy rain storms were sweeping today eastward from the Rocky Mountains.

The farmers in the MiddleWest and Southwest have been just about
desperate because of the lack of
moisture. But to day the flood gates
of the heavens opened and there was a
good, hard, west rain.

one rainy day, of course, isn't enough, but it will help, and if the week wet season continues for a while a lot of tarmers are going to be mighty happy. And when the farmers are happy - well, the rest of us are generally happy.

Tomorrow will be the twenty first birthday of a movement that has five million members and all of them are boys.

I met the head of that movement in New York today -
Dan Beard, the National Boy Scout Commissioner of America, and I

asked what he thought was the most interesting news item in today's

papers. Well, naturally Dan picked one that ought to interest

every boy.

It tells about three boy scouts away up in Alaska who did a heroic thing. These boys were playing about on the shores of Eyak Lake.

Some other children were taking a joyride in a launch across the lake. Suddenly something happened. Just what nobody seems to know.

But the boat rolled over, pitched the helpless children into the icy water and then sank like a rock.

There were the youngsters struggling in the lake an eighth of a mile from shore -- and only one of them could swim.

Did those boy scouts hesitate. Did they lose their heads? Not a bit of it. They plunged into the cold waters, and

one of them rescued four of the children. Another dived down ten feet and brought up a five year old girl and saved her.

And the story Dan Beard chose tells how those three boy scouts, Philip Lydick, Lew Cochran and Jerry Cochran -- who live away up North in Cordova, Alaska, have just been awarded the Boy Scouts' Gold Life Saving Medal. And they deserve it.

Now for a story with a warning. The moral is: If you travel on shipboard look out for strangers who want to play bridge.

Sydney Lenz, famous bridge expert, tells a few things about how the card sharpers on the Trans-Atlantic liners fleece innocent contract and auction bridge players. The wise words that Mr. Lenz utters are printed far and wide today.

He tells first about crooked bidding. Card sharpers have a complete code of bridge signals, and that code consists of just nine words. According to Mr. Lenz, with the proper use of those nine words they can signal to each other every important card in their hands.

Then there are ways of marking the cards and of dealing the second card instead of the top one. And sometimes they ring in a cold deck, that is, a deck with the cards stacked. Which means of course that they are able to run up scores that would astonish most bridge players.

Getting back to politics again -- tropical politics this time.

Down in Havana an event took place today which causes everything to remain about the same.

President Machado has decreed that Cuba is to get along without a Constitution for another ninety days more. He had previously suspended it for sixty days.

This, of course, is practically martial law, and the International News Service points out that the strong hand is being held over Cuba for the duration of the tourist season. President Machado prefers not to take any chances while the tourist rush is on.

At the top of a page in this week's 2 Literary Digest is a row of mysterious, cryptic messages, in handwriting. You'd think they were coded messages used in some dark conspiracy. For example, you see the mysterous, occult phrase "SWEET 7 SPENHEAD." Now what does that mean? Well, the Digest informs us that 9 these strange cryptograms are notes which 10 people send to the corner drug store, 11 asking for some item or other. And oh, 12 what a headacke those druggists must get 13 trying to figure them out. For instance, a customer wrote a note asking for SWEET SPENHEAD. What was 15 meantwas SWEET SPIRITS OF NITER. Another 17 customer's note asked for MENTAL SOLESSOLAY 18 That mean METHYL SALICYLATE. Then there was ABERIGAIL OIL. That's 19 AGAROL Another masterpeice reads: "PLE ASE 20 21 GIVE CHILD 10¢ HORSESEFETTEE." What the lady really wanted was ASAFETIDA. 22 Well, the Digest further informs us that 23 24 these strange hieroglyphics were all 25 disciphered and the orders were filled.

Yes, the druggist is a mighty man.

12-1-30--5M

They've had another riot in the Japanese Parliament, something like the disturbance I told about adm last night.

This time the scrap took place in the lobby of the House of Parliament and in the room where the Budget Committee was to meet.

According to the International News Service, the fight started when members of the opposition tried to stop the Budget Committee from holding a meeting. Fists flew and missles were hurled, and several members of the Japanese Parliament were battered and bruised.

Here's a funny racket. The majestic statesmen of Great Britain are taking up American gangster lingo. Noble lords and learned M.Ps. have been introducing into the stately House of Commons gags something like this:

"I say, old chap. His Lordship is a big shot, you know." Or: "There, there, your Grace. They're endeavoring to put you on the spot."

The Associated Press informs us that Colonel L. C. S. Amery, former Colonial Secretary, is making a tour of England and is attacking the alliance betweenment the Liberal Party and the Labor Party. And here's the way he explains things to the electorate:

He declares that "Scarface Mac"-meaning Prime Minister MacDonald--and
"Slippery Dave", meaning Lloyd George,
the Liberal leader--have fixed up a deal
to take "Honest Stan", meaning Conservative
leader Stanley Baldwin--for a ride.

Well, tours all to can say is that the dear old chappies are giving each other the works.

This evening's news from India is 2 not too optomistic -- that is, there doesn't seem to be much prospect of peace in that vast Asiatic subcontinent.

Ghandi and the Nationalist Party apparently are going to turn down the 7 British of fer of self-government.

According to the Associated Press. 8 one of the delegates to the Round Table 10 Conference is on his way to confer with Ghandi. And the Mahatma is said to 11 12 believe that Delegate Sapru is bringing 13 him a private message from Prime Minister 14 MacDonald. But Sapru has no such message.

And so that strange and paradoxial 16 movement of non-violent rebellion seems likely to go on and on.

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Now comes word of wild doings out in one of the wildest parts of the world.

On the northwest frontier in India the British have fought an important battle with the Afridi tribesmen. Those wild mountaineers are always in a state of chronic rebellion and of late they have been more troublesome than usual. The British Tommies advanced against the Afridi. Artillery, armored cars and airplanes advanced also. After a severe fight among the jagged hills the tribesmen were driven from their strongholds.

That word Afridi brings back memories. I did a lot of rambling over those wild mountains. For months I lived with those fierce Afridis giants. One thing that struck me was the constant evidence of their blood feuds. They are never at peace. When they're not fighting the British they are fighting among themselves.

I noticed that the women at work in the field all work bright red baggy trousers and an Afridi told me why. The tribesmen have quite a chivalrous idea about women. No woman is ever killed in those savage feuds. Of course, there might be a

fighter might accidentally mistake a woman for a man in the distance, and shoot her, and so when a feud is on the women always wear bright red trousers, which distinguishes them from the men and saves them from the flying bullets.

Well, our time is up - and as the Afridis say:-Salaam Alicum, and,

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.