Lowell Thomas broadcast for the Literary Digest Saturday, August 8, 1931.

Good Evening, Everybody:

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They say a bird hit the propellor

-- I mean that seems to be the official today to a big cross-channel airplane.

That huge bus is called the Hannibal, and she's one of England's crack passenger planes. She had 18 passengers aboard and had just crossed from France. She was over England when she suddenly started to dive and had to make a forced landing. The Associated Press describes the narrow escape. The plane just barely cleared the roof of a farmhouse and hit a telegraph pole on the other side. And yet so skillful was the pilot that nothing happened except a clean forced landing. Nobody was hurt in the collision with the telegraph pole, and the plane wasn't even damaged.

The reason the plane had to come down was a case of propellors. She was buzzing merrily along through the air when suddenly one propellor was shattered. The flying pieces hit the

No wonder that big plane had to seem a sed.

No wonder that big plane had to seem a second in the se

The International News Service declares that an investigation indicates that the shattering of that first propellor must have been caused by a big bird. Some flying creature of considerable size -- perhaps a sea gull -- must have flown into the whirring blade, snapped it, and caused pieces to fly right and left.

And so I suppose the only comment to make is dos come that bird and to make is dos come that bird and to the plane and there is work brought the plane and there is passengers safely to earth.

And next we have a picture of a black raging storm off a rocky coast. A steamer, a passenger liner, is wallowing her way along, pushed by the wind, beaten by the heavy sea. The dangerous rocks are ahead. There's desperate peril that the ship may be flung upon the reef. She has 87 passengers aboard.

Well, tonight those 87 passengers and also the crew of the vessel have been rescued -- because that storm-driven ship did go on the rocks.

She's the American passenger liner Western World. She was steaming along the coast of Brazil. A storm, almost a hurricane, was raging. The rocks ahead were the craggy shoals of Ponta do Boi, near the port of Santos. That's a bad place -- those rocks of Ponta do Boi are known among men of the sea as death to ships.

The Western World struck with a shivering impact. Big holes were torn in her bow at the water line. And the 87

passengers aboard, and the crew also, knew that they were face to face with the heavy perilm of the sea.

Meanwhile, the ship's radio was 4 hurling distress calls out into the 5 ether, and those constantly repeated 6 calls for help were caught in the radio shack of a German steamship. She is the General Ozorio, and she was beating her way through the storm not far from 10 the winame distressed American vessel. 11 From the account given by the International 12 News Service, that German ship did some 13 prompt and effective rescue work. She 14 steered for that steamer, the Western 15 World, and pretty soon the two vessels 16 were near each other, with the wind 17 still howling, the tropical rain 18 flooding down, and the waves lashing 19 themselves into fury. And now some 20 clever maneuvering was necessary. Well, 21 the maneuvering was clever. Passengers 22 and crew were transferred from the 23 American to the German ship. And tonight 24 those folks who were rescued are steaming 25 for Rio de Janerio aboard that German ship, the General Ozorio.

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There are two colorful bits of aviation news this evening. First come the Lindberghs. They landed today within the shadows of the Arctic ice pack at Point Barrow, the nor thernmost tip of Alaska and they certainly got an enthusiastic welcome from a handful of white folks and several hundred Eskimos. The crowd was waiting, watching the sky and then in the East a speck was seen, by the sky that grew bigger. It was a low-wing monoplane. A cheer rose from the white's folks and the Eskimos. on the ground. The next thing you know the Lindberghs had landed and were making themselves at home at the nor thernmost point of American territory.

The Associated Press describes how through the 500 mile flight along the shores of the Arctic Ocean darkness

came on. But only a few hours of darkness. He that is the land of the Midnight Sun, and at this time of the year night is brief and passes swiftly.

Then they had heavy fog for an hour but the Lone Eagle, pushed on and on and now half of their 7000 mile sky jaunt to the Orient has been completed.

Our second aviation item
concerns shorty Cramer who has arrived
at the Faroe Islands from Iceland.
He is doing the job of charting for that
projected transatlantic air mail route.

heading for those northern islands
westward of the British Isles and in
the middle of that jaunt he performed
a remarkable exploit. He was forced
down at sea; something went wrong and
he had to land on the water. You
know what that usually means when a
plane comes down on the stormy Atlantic
of those northern regions---well,

several planes have come down in those parts and they have never been seen as again.

## Shootxxxxxxxxx

Shorty Crame, rested on the surface of the ocean for a brief space, made his repairs and took off again. He landed in the Faroe Islands xxxxx quite safely and as the Associated Press referres us he has started out once more. He is heading now for Norway, which will complete his trip from island to island crossing the Northern Atlantic.

At Winthrop, Massachusetts, a man has found a bottle on the beach, a bottle washed in by the tide. He picked it up and inside found a message. Here's the way that message reads:

NO FOOD FOR EIGHT DAYS, AND NO WATER. PLEASE HURRY. NOT MUCH CHANCE TO LIVE.

And that grim message is signed with the name McCray -- M-c-C-r-a-y. A chemist has examined that note and believes it had been in the bottle for two or three years. A sea captain who knows the ways of the winds and currents is of the opinion that the bottle has drifted from the Great Circle -- that is, the span across the Northern Atlantic.

Well, it's just two years ago that
Lady Elsie Mackey and Captain Walter
Kinchcliffe took off from England for a
flight to America. They intended to
follow the Great Circle, from East to
West. Their plane disappeared flying
toward the setting sun. And neither
plane nor aviators were ever seen again.

They must have come down, like Shorty Cramer, on that northern sea. But their luck wasn't so good.

This may account for the message that has been found in the bottle, although that message seems to be signed McCray, while the lady flyer's name was Lady Elsie Mackey -- M-a-c-k-e-y.

By the way, that Legs Diemond case came to an end this afternoon. The International News Service sends word that the gangster was found guilty on both counts - conspiracy to violate the national \*\* prohibition law, and operating an apple-jack still. His chief henchman Quattricchi was found guilty of the first charge. Sentence will be pronounced next Wednesday. Diamond faces a maximum pemalty of 4 years in prison and \$11,000 in fines.

This afternoon at Akron, Ohio, the first lady of the land pulled a red white and blue cord. Yes, Mrs. Hoover gave that cord a smart tug and immediately things happened.

A hatch popped open and a flock of pigeons flew out, 48 white pigeons, one for every state in the Union.

That was the official dedication of the biggest dirigible in the world, the ZRS4. This giant of the sky is the latest **x**\$\vec{x}\$ addition to the air force of the United States Navy.

The International News Service names a quantity of important persons as among those present. Also a crowd of about hundred thousand people.

This new big American dirigible, states the United Press, is twice the size of the Graf Zeppelin, and considerably more than twice the size of the Los Angeles. The ZRS4 has a cubic content of 6,500,000 cubic feet. The capacity of the Graf Zeppelin is 3,700,000 cubic feet. The ZRS4 is 785 feet long and that's as big as some of the giant ocean liners.

Well, Mrs. Hoover was her usual

graceful self as a sponsor. She pulled the red white and blue cord with a vigorous zip, out flew the 48 pigeons and the ZRS4 was officially inducted into the United States Navy,— the world's largest lighter than air eraft.

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Work was stopped today on the huge Boulder Dam project out amid the blazing sands of the West. The builders ordered an immediate stopping of the work for an indefinite period.

The International News Service names two reasons for this. Firstly. there was a strike. One hundred and twenty-five men walked out, demanding higher pay, And then there was the heat That alone enough to cause construction operation out there on the borders of Nevada and Arizona to cease. They say they've been having a bit of weather. They say that the temperature has got up to 140, 140. Yes sir, when it gets that hot it's time to suspend construction operations, or almost any kind of operations, and reach for a long cool drink -- of --manaman lemonade.

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And now let's have a guessing contest. There's something they call a brand new art. They say it's the 7th art. Where do they say it? Why, in this week's issue of the Literary Digest.

The Digest quotes an article Prom the French theatrical daily Comedia in which the cry is raised "it's up to you to prove that the 7th art is the most glorious and his to become the crown of them all."

Well, what art is it that gets all this high hymn of praise? ### it's the animated cartoon in the motion picture. The Literary Digest shows us that a vogue of the animated cartoon is sweeping over Europe. The Digest editors go to a number of European newspapers which resound with a chorus of grand ballyhoo. Some theaters abroad are devoting themselves almost entirely to the production of those funny pictures in the movies. Well, this week's Literary Digest prints a most informative article which tells us why the critics across the water are talking so much about the 7th art.

This evening a few million Germans are busy talking politics. The Germans have been talking politics a lot of late but tonight is an especially good time for heated arguments, of ja und nein.

An exceedingly important election
will be held in Germany tomorrow. The
voters of Prussia will go to the polls.
They will decide whether the
present diet, the Parliament of Prussia,
shall be dissolved, or whether it shall
be kept going as it is.

The United Press interprets the election as a straight way fight to decide whether the moderate party shall continue in power or whether the Fiery Fascists will leap into the saddle. The moderate parties want the present Prussian diet to continue as it is. Handsome Adolf Hitler's Fascists want a new deal of the least on the Hitler boys and the Communists, the moderate parties will probably lose out and the Fascist expect that they will climb gracefully into the driver's seat.

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Meanwhile Chancellor Bruening of Germany has had a cordial reception in Rome. He and Mussofini exchanged many polite speeches. The German Chancellor has invited Mussoline to come to Germany for a conference and the Duce has accepted. They say some nice quiet place in Germany will be picked out-some well-guarded place where the Black Shirt Dictator of Italy can talk things over in suret and safety.

Somebody, so the Associated Press relates, suggested to Mussolini that he ought to visit America and attend a conference at Washington, but the Duce replied that he hadn't time to make such a long trip. In a way it's too bad because the Dictator of the Black Shirts would certainly make a the show in 19 Washington.

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The Government of Hungary today

issued a few strict regulations for the

purpose of easing up the stringent tightened

financial situation of the country. The

new decree forbids anybody to send any

money out of Hungary without the permission

faim the National Bank, Neither gold nor

bank notes nor bonds nor stocks will be akk

allowed to be taken out of the country.

to pay any money to outside houses except interest on debts. They can pay the interest and that's all.

The United Press states that anybody who violates the regulation will get two months in jail.

Hungary needs money and has decided to keep all the money she has inside of her own borders.

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Well, the great Charivari is over. The noise-makers have stopped bothering the young couple at Ashland, Wisconsin. Every night for weeks they have been banging on tin pans and playing on horns outside the home of the memky newly-wed couple, just making a charivari, in other words an infernal concert.

The Associated Press reminds us that the noise-makers demanded the usual hospitality, which the bride's father refused to pass out. The young couple appealed to the authorities. They even went so far as to bring the matter up before the majesty of the Governor, Phillip LaFollette of Wisconsin. But nothing could be done, that is without a compromise. the Sheriff of the County has worked out an agreement. No, the bride's father didn't provide the entertainment which the noise-makers demanded. He stuck it out to the end, but it was the bride's sleep that was being distumbed, also the bridggroom's sleep. So it was the bride who made the

compromise. She dished out sandwiches and coffee to the boys who were making the chiraviri and that satisfied them. In fact they showed conclusively that it wasn't the sandwiches and coffee that was on their minds. It was the a matter of principle. After they had the sandwiches and drunk the coffee, they collected \$30. among themselves and donated it to the young couple, just to show that were no hard feelings.

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proudly showing a cup around to his friends, a handsome silver mug. It's the Wightman cup, which symbolizes the women's tennis championship of the world.

A team of sprightly American girls was out yesterday and today on the tennis courts at Forest Hills to bring the cup home to their old Uncle. Well, those girls did pretty well. They had to win 4 matches out of 7 from the English girls. They won three straight yesterday and were required to win only one more today. Well, the play this afternoon began between Helen Jacobs and Phyllis Mudford, of England. Helen beat Phyllis. And it was all over but the shouting. Yes, the shouting and the other games because the girls went right on playing -- for exercise, I suppose.

The next match too was a victory for one of Uncle Sam's fair nieces. Of course it was, because Uncle had his favorite niece, Helen Wills Moody, out there battling for the cause of the Red,

White and Blue. Helen won her match in her usual decisive fashion.

And so this evening Uncle Sam is proudly displaying his cup, while his charming bevy of nieces are crowded around him beaming with bright eyes and smiling lips on the whiskers of their old Uncle.

And now the English girls are saying "Solong Uncle", just as I am saying,

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.