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Lowell Thomas broadcast for the Literary Digest Tuesday, September 1, 1931.

Page\_

Good Evening, Everybody:-

An amazing bit of rescue work was done at Rochester, New York. Today. Two steeplejacks were working at the top of a hundred and fifty toot chimmey. The scaffolding which supported them broke. One man plunged down and was killed, but the other, James Kemp by name, managed to catch hold of a rope and support himself on a ledge about & eight feet from the top of the chinmen. The ledge on which James Kemp stood was ten inches wide. Well. just measure out ten inches and you'll have a vivid idea of the predicament of that chap stuck up there on the ten inch ledge 150 feet from the ground. It was just a question of how long he could xxx stick it out.

There was no way the rescuers could climb the chimney to help him. The only thing to do was to try to get a rope to him, so that he could make it fast and descend. But how could you get a rope up there?

The International News Service

A plane went up and tried to lower a rope to Kemp as he clung to his perilous support. It was too windy. And the plane couldn't maneuver in a way so as to get the rope within Kemp's reach.

Next they tried a rocket. Coast guards swung into action with a rocket gun. They fired one of those projectiles with a rope attached to it. And it worked. They kept shooting the rocket up Kemp's way until the rope passed near enough so that he was able to get hold of it. He hauled up the rope to which the coastguards had attached a swing, and he made the contraption fast and xx was lowered to the ground.

well, that chap had a hair raising adventure, and he carried it through with a splendid coolness and courage.

GOLE

were busy out in Chicago today. They

Well, the golfers in Chicago finished their qualifying rounds this afternoon. The 32 have been selected who, beginning with tomorrow, will compete for the National Amateur Championship.

John Lehman of Chicago, and Arthur (Ducky) Yates of Rochester, were tied for the lowest score. Each one, says the International News Service, completed the 36 holes with a score of 148.

The golfers played over a wet, soggy a course. The United Press described how they trudged along in a downpour of rain. The mud was so bad in places that the golfers were allowed to lift the ball out of the ooze and clean it off before making a shot. But rain or no rain, the boys kept plodding along and played some excellent golf.

There's been a bit of talk about a couple of Maine guides, dead shots, deer hunters from the northern woods, who have come to New York to clean up the gangsters. Up there in Maine they heard about those baby-killing gun-men of the metropolis and they figured they'd come to New York and show them thar gun men just what some real Maine rifle shooting was like. They guarantee to pick off gangsters at 200 yards.

They warrived in New York today, and at last reports were looking around

and at last reports were looking around the streets for underworld killers. Just how they are going to recognize an underworld killer when they see one is not related.

But the New York newspapers are giving those two gangster-exterminators from Maine quite a bit of a play. 
We're told that they look like real rough country pioneer fellers.

The New York Evening Post sent a reporter around to Police Commissioner Mulrooney to ask him about the

possibilities of the deer hunters 1 opening fire on the gangsters along the sidewalks of New York. The Commissioner 3 replied that if the deer hunters wanted their services accepted by the Police 5 Department, they'd have to wait a 6 little while, because they were right down at the tail end of a long waiting list. It appears that hundreds and hundreds of amateur enemies of gangdom 10 have offered their services to the 11 Police Department. They all want to 12 come to New York and start blazing 13 away at the gunmen. 14

The Commissioner declared that 15 if the offers were accept the Police Department would have to appoint a 17 special squad of detectives to go around 18 with the gangster-exterminators and 19 point out the gangsters to be exterminated. 20 In fact, a suggestion has been made that 21 such a squad of detectives should be 22 called the Finger Squad. The two duties 23 of the detective would be to walk up to 25 a gangster and put a tinger on him,

whereupon the Maine guide or the Western two gun man or who ever the volunteer enemy of crime might be, would blaze away and effect the extermination.

have come from the broad sweeps of the western prairies, from the pampas of the Argentine and the belt of South Africa. There are two-gunmen three, four and even five-gunmen. There are hatchet men, knife throwers and stone throwers. And they all tell what they're going to do when they start exterminating the gangsters. A number are guides from Maine and elsewhere. And the Police Commissioner is of the opinion that these guides that show up in New York will have to be provided with guides to show them around.

Inspector Sullivan, the head of the Detective Force expresses a kindly wish regarding the various gangster exterminators that come to New York. He says he only hopes that none of those deer hunters or other pioneers get picked up by detectives and have any dangerous weapons on them. Or

any dangerous weapons on them. Or
they might get six months on Blackwell's
Island. And that would be a terrible
thing to happen to a gangster
exterminator.

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I am afraid I'll have to give you this next dispatch in a sad, sad tone of voice. What's in a name? Well, I don't know about a long name, but there doesn't appear to be necessarily any heavenly virtue or angelic innocence in a short name.

Some time ago I told you about a short-name contest. A number of people entered the event, each one claiming to have the shortest name in the country. Among these was Ed Py. Yes, that's a short name, P-y. Well, I have here an Associated Press dispatch which relates that this same short-named candidate has sawed his way out of the Henry County jail in Indiana. Yes sir, Ed Py was in the cooler on a charge of larceny, but a jail doesn't seem to be able to hold a man with as short a name as that. Anyway, Ed sawed through the bars and got away.

Well, this follows right on the heels of another sad occurrence. The winner of the short-hame contest was

A. A. Yes, his last name A, and he spells it just that way -- A.

That is, he seemed to be the winner of the contest until a little later he admitted that his name wasn't A at all. It was just the first letter of his name. He had merely cut down his legal moniker, And right after that he was accused of forgery, which he denies.

Well, with these interesting events following the short-name contest, I suppose they ought to hold a long-name contest and see what would happen then.

(Ben Adams
(an editor of
the Literary
bigest)
Sept. 1, 1931.

P. 10 ->

Wow, this looks like speed. Yes, it sure was speed.

At the Cle veland Air races the American Land Speed record was broken. Lowell Dayles of Springfield, Massachusetts, pushed along the course this afternoon at an average speed of better than 267 miles an hour.

Yes, that's a record and it certainly was fast.

And by the way, Ben Adams, one of the editors of the Literary Digest helped to break a record today, a record for carrying passengers in the air and Ben is right here to tell us about it.

What happened, Ben?

Well, Lowell, I never thought I would help break an aviation record. But I did it this morning. I went up over New York in this big Germen plane the DO-X, as guest of the Vaccum Oil Company. Do you know that there were actually 89 of us in that airplane -- 17 members of the crew and 72 guests and officials. I can just hear that German officer counting up to neun und achtzig. Just think of it. This was the record for the number of people ever carried fax in any kind of flying machine in America. This big DO-X once carried 169 passengers on a short European flight. But 89 is a record for America.

not like the cramping cabin of an ordinary sirplane, but like a big room. 89 of us aboard - and we didn't seem crowded.

There we were in the main cabin of this three story DO-X:

Engine room and control room above us. A storage deck below us.

And we sat in comfortable armchairs arranged in groups for four or six people each. In fact that big cabin reminded me very much of a parlor car -- but no jarring, no bumping, no vibration, the noise of the engine kept out of our tight cabin. We could

have written letters or eaten meals in perfect comfort. Grand place for a bridge game. You know they had a dance on the way up from Norfolk. I wonder if one of these days we won't all of us be making long distance trips in big planes like the DO-X.

Aviation experts who went along just raved over the delicacy of the controls. Anyway, I got a big thrill out of that ride.

Well, Ben, here's another German ship of the skies breaking into the news. The Graf Zeppelin landed at Pernambuco, Brazil, this afternoon. Earlier dispatches from the giant air liner said that she had a damaged stern.

The big dirigible was caught in a heavy rain and wind storm along the South American Coast, and as she **EXEM** struggled along the rear part of the ship was banged up a bit. The damage was not serious.

The International News Service reminds us that the Graf Zeppelin has made just another voyage across the ocean. She has flown all the way from Germany to South America in a non-stop flight. And many she has landed.

This seems to have been a German field day - in the air. News comes from the Middle West that Cast Wolfgang von Gronau, Landed in Chicago this evening having flown all the way from Germany by way of Iceland Greenland, and Canada, just the severse of the route talsen by Slorty cramer on his tragic flight.

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Now let me introduce a hero. He's a big fellow with a fierce look. He has scales on his back and a long powerful tail. And as for his face well, it's one of those faces that only a mother could love, a long scaly snout and a gaping mouth full of ferocious teeth. Yes, it's old Brer Alligator - our hero.

And now let's have a loud hiss hsss. The villain appears. Hsss. He has an oval shape and a long wicked snake-like neck - hsss. His name is Cooter, yes, Cooter, the villain of the piece. Hsss. He is the soft shelled turtle of southern waters.

The current issue of the Literary Digest comes out with a trumpet like blast in defense of good old Brer Alligator. He's a noble soul, be Bror Alligator, but the world ain't doing right by him. And folks are going to be sorry for treating him like like that.

The Digest, quoting an article

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from Nature magazine, warns us that if they don't stop **xxxx** killing off the alligators, why pretty soon there won't be any more fish left in the lakes and streams of the South.

The advance of civilization and the work of the hunters is reducing the numbers of southern alligators to a low level. I suppose there are a lot of people who won't shed any crocodile tears about this, but The alligator has been accused of being a destrover of valuable game fish. But this false idea the Literary Digest proceeds to refute. Alligators do eat fish, but mostly that hardboiled tish known as the gar. The gar is not good for game fish anyway. and besides he's a destroyer of the spawn of the valuable fishes. And so in destroying the gar the alligator was doing his country a good deed. No, the alligator is not in any sense the fish destroying villain.

And now is the time where old man Cooter enters the scene. The

1 Literary Digest tells us that he's the 2 boy that ruins the fish. That soft 3 shelled turtle is no good. He's just a 4 plain destroyer.

Well, if you have a hero and a 6 villain, why the right thing is for the 7 hero to foil the villain and that's 8 where old Brer Alligator shines. When 9 stomachs of dead alligators are opened 10 there are commonly found to contain the 11 remains of a few Cooters. The 12 alligator regards that soft shelled tartle as a choice delicacy.

That article in the Literary 15 Digest is illustrated with three of the most illuminating pictures. One shows our noble hero, the alligator, asleep on a muddy bank. The other shows Cooter, the villain. And still another shows us a whole raft of fragments of cooter shell taken from the stomach of the alligator taken from the stomach of the alligator.

Well, the logic of the matter is clear: - Cooter eats fish alligator eats cooter - alligator saves

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fish.

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The Digest tells us that there's a lake in Louisiana which used to be 4 full of both alligators and superb game fish. A town grew up nearby. e The alligators were killed off. Today 7 there are neither alligators in the lake 8 nor fish. But there are thousands of 9 cooters.

Some distance away is another lake. The alligators are there in force. There are mighty few cooters in that lake, but it's full of fish.

All over the farther South the cry is being raised that it they don't stop killing off the alligators, why, there won't be any fish left.

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A strange racing event was put on today, with crime and kidnapping in the background. An airplane flew a race with a carrier pigeon. The pigeon was released and started homing. The plane followed it, just kept right after that bird over the mazes of city streets and houses, and the plane tracked the pigeon to its destination.

News Service tells of the disappearance of the son of a former, Judge. of New York. A gang sent several carrier pigeons to the father and told him to use them in forwarding the money which would procure his son's release. It seemed a good way to get money to a kidnapping gang in such a way that they could not be caught.

Well, the police decided to follow one of those carrier pigeons as the bird winged its way home. But how can anybody follow a carrier pigeon? The answer was -- an airplane. Well, the plane did follow the pigeon all

right, and the trail led to a bird house in the back yard of a house in the town of Flushing.

The police immediately went to the owner, but he told them a story that convinced them as being true. He said that he a little while before a young . man had rented the bird house. He said he wanted to keep a few pigeons in it. And for days the young man kept the bird pigeons in the bird house and fed them daily. In that way the bird house was established as the home for the carrier pigeons. The police are now looking for the young man.

And talking about homing pigeons, here's one that's going to do a bit of through the gloaming homing right now, because it's time to say --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.