## LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1930

## RESCUE AT SEA

The Maurentania was the dark horse in a thrilling rescue at sea today. A disabled Swedish steamer, the Ovidia was sinking 1000 miles out at sea. Her seems had burst during the recent storm. Water was rushing in. Her pumps were disabled. Distress signals went crackling out over the ocean, and every ship that picked them up turned off its course to rush to her aid.

The Associated Press says the Ovidia was due east of Boston on her way to France, and her captain knew he couldn't keep afloat much longer. Four ships answered her calls for help. One of them was the America, and the skipper of the America is the femous Captain Fried who has two thrilling rescues to his credit. Well, four ships were rushing to the side of the Ovidia. And then came the news that the Ovidia had been reached -- not by one of those four -- but by snother, a dark horse. That Atlantic greyhound, the femous Cunarder Mauretania, got to the scene before any of the others. The crew of the Ovidia had already taken to their lifeboats, and

the Mauretania picked them up.

Another ship was wrecked on the European side of the Atlantic. The British passenger steamer Highland Hope went on the rocks in a fog off Portugal. There were 550 passengers and crew on board. According to the International News Service they were all taken off in lifeboats.

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From down in Oklahoma comes news 1 of a terrific cyclone. The United Press wires that a storm cut a 300 foot swath through the village of Bethany which is only a few miles from Oklahoma City. Sixty homes were destroyed. The Associated Press story on the twister reports that 17 people were killed and nearly 100 injured. Four companies of the Oklahoma National Guard had been ordered to 10 Bethany, as well as fire tighting, or ganiza-11 tions from surrounding towns, ambulances 12 and police. 13

Out in Colorado the state seems to be buried in snow. The International News Service wires that many of the passes are blocked. Hundreds of motorists are stranded in snowdrifts three feet deep. Arizona has been hit by a sleet storm, and in Montana the thermometer dropped down to twelve below, which is just about the lowest temperature recorded anywhere this season. The New York Evening World tells us that up in Massachusetts some of the residents can't

roses are in bloom on Came Cod; and out in Wisconsin a weather prophet insists that he can prognosticate the approaching changes in weather by studying the lowly onion.

And he insists that he is one man who knows his onions.

And the weather has been bothering that big German seaplane.

From Portugal comes an announcement that the DO-X will not hop the Atlantic this year. The present plan seems to be for her to fly only as far as the Azores, and then hop back to the continent.

The Do-X will not be with us, but here's somebody who is, and the story comes as  ${\bf x}$  quite a surprise.

(Late U.P. for Lowell Thomas)

LEBEC, CALIF.

The wreck of a Pacific Air transport mail plane with the mangled bodies of its three occupants, including one woman passenger, was found late today in a snow pile on a mountainside.

charles V. Bob, the aviation enthusiast and promotor who disappeared so mysteriously a few weeks ago, turned up in New York today and surrendered to the authorities. Two of his associates also surrendered at the District attorney's office. According to the New York Sun, Bob has been hiding right here in New York City all the time and simply keeping away from busy corners where he might be recognized.

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Down in Haiti they have a new President, and what's more he's a bitter enemy of America and Americans. Our marines have been down there now for fourteen years. Today, the National Assembly chose Senator Stenio Vincent, and one of the planks of his presidential platform was a demand that our Marines clear out.

Now comes a story about a grand reformation. The playboy of Rumanis is an entirely different young man since he has returned to the throne. No more parties for King Carol. He has buckled down to work. A fascinating account of this appears in the new Literary Digest that will be out tomorrow. The Digest article tells how even while he was in exile and supposedly busy enjoying himself, he really was keeping in close touch with Rumanian affairs.

When you walk up to your news stand tomorrow morning to get your copy of the Literary Digest to read that story you will get a glimpse of three majestic mountains. And if you are a Canadian the new Digest cover will give you a bit of a homelike feeling. The three peaks are the femous Three Sisters out near Banff in the glorious Canadian Rockies. Just look at them and you'll want to go to Canada next summer. The Canadian Rockies is a grand place to go in winter too, ideal for winter sports.

and talking about sports

Fate seems to be evening things up
between those two crack football teams
from Notre Dame and West Point. When
they clash on the gridiron each team will
be minus its star fullback. Notre Dame
lost Jumping Joe Savoldi a few days ago
because he had been secretly married.
Now news comes from West Point that Cy
Letzelter, Army's plunging, driving
fullback will be out of the game for the
rest of the season simply because he
didn't know when he was born.

According to the North american 13 Newspaper Alliance it has just been discovered that fullback Cy was twenty-three 15 years old when he entered the Academy, but gave his age as twenty-two. The story goes on to say that apparently it 18 was not Cy's fault. His mother died 19 when he was nine years old and he never 20 knew much about his age. The trouble 21 evidently arises because some Ohio neighbor, of Cy's wrote in to the Academy 23 and told that the plunging Army fullback 24 was born on December 8, 1906, instead of 25

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August 8, as he thought. It is all very complicated but the cadets are decidedly fed-up over losing their crack fullback. So plunging Cy and Jumping Joe will not face each other in that big Army-Notre Dame Game.

Well, well, here's Charley Paddock making a 100 yard dash into matrimony.

Do you remember when Charlie
2 Paddock of California was smashing track
3 records and when he was called the
4 "World's fastest human"? Well, news
5 comes from California today that Charlie
6 Paddock is to be married shortly to the
7 daughter of a California publisherx.

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Out in Chicago, too, an interesting wedding is announced.

It's not exactly a society metch, nor yet a royal romance -although it has angles which do demand one of royal matchmaking. Well, the Chicago Tribune says that Scarface Al

Capone's sister is going to marry the brother of a gang leader
known as Frank Diamond.

The interesting thing is that Capone and Diemond are leaders of different and not always friendly factions in Chicago gangdom. The alliance between the Capone and Diamond families will insure peace and harmony so the story goes. The sister of one king marries the brother of a rival king, and there we have a treaty between two modern kingdoms, kitigdoms of the Underworld.

The new Literary Digest, the one that will be out tomorrow, has a story on Al Capone. It's about an amazing proposal that the overlord of gangdom made to the Chicago authorities. It tells how Al offered to be a good boy if allowed to run his Chicago racket in peace. The Digest explains

just how that cool proposition was received. It's a picturesque story. And here's another of the same sort.

It looks as though they're going to have a gold rush over in Wales. That country used to produce quite a lot of the yellow metal, but after awhile the miners thought the pay-streaks had played out, and mining was gradually abandoned a generation or so ago. Now, says the Associated Press, prospectors have discovered there's still gold in them that Welsh hills, and everybody is talking of making fortunes over night.

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Down in South Africa, it isn't a gold rush they're having -- it's a diamond rush. A prospector found some diamonds along the coast of Namaqualand below the low tide mark. And some time before this, according to the United Press, a magistrate had ruled that such territory was free-for all, first come, first served. So now they've had to mobilize the police to keep order among the prospectors who are rushing in.

And the police are being mobilized in Shanghai too.

The rickshaw coolies of Shanghai are going on a strike, and the report is that, as a result, traffic may be tied up worse than during that taxi strike in Pittsburgh a year ago.

Most Chinese streets are too narrow for automobiles.

So the rickshaw is about the only answer to their transportation problem. Now the Associated Press tells us that John Chinemen is throwing down his shafts and saying:

"No catchee more money, no pullee rickshaw."

A news dispatch from the main European office of
the United Press over in London states that Hussein Ibn
Ali, former king of the Hedjaz, has not died, as yesterday's
dispatches indicated. The cable explains that King Hussein
is Ex seriously ill at his home on the island of Cyprus where
he has been living in exile. It adds that his son, King
Feisal of Irak, is flying from Bagdad to be with his father.

There are many items from the farm in the news today. Well, I happen to be a farmer of sorts myself although I can't give you any secret tip on how to make the farm pay; but I am interested in farming, so I'm going to get out the old cracker box now, seat myself on it for a moment and give you some of the farm news that has been coming in.

Let's take them there Pinto beans down on Neighbor McDaniels' place near College Station, Texas. Neighbor McDaniel says he has some rows of pinto beans that are 180 miles long. Now match that one if you can. Them there beans, I reckon, must be planted in a spiral.

But here's another one, Hiram. Have you heard about those two chaps down in Louisiana with funny names? Farmer Mick Tedesco and Farmer Angelo Centineo are their names. Well, down they went to a nearby swamp and there they ketched themselves a turtle, and that turtle sure was a whopper. He weighed nigh onto fifty pounds. And these two farmers intended to have some fine turtle soup. But Mr. Turtle is still alive.

When they were hauling him to town in a truck, he sneaked up and bit Farmer Angelo, who let out a howl that could be heard all over Louisiana. Then the turtle started after Nick, who made a dive off the truck, with Mr. turtle right out on top of him. Well, Nick jumped up and started to run, but he was so excited that he stumbled and broke his leg, while the turtle rambled back to his home in the swamp.

Maybe some of you farmers are interested in mules.

I am a sorter mule fancier myself, and here's a mule story that

comes from out there in Colorado Springs just a few miles from

where I used to work on a ranch.

I've known some gol-darn fool mules too, but this
Colorado Springs critter has them all beat. The Associated
Press says that this mule worked down in a mine for twelve
years. They fed him hay down there in the darkness. His
job was pulling cars from the stopes out to the shaft. For
twelve years that mule never saw any daylight and when they
brought him up the other day they turned him out on some green
pasture, and he had actually forgotten how to eat grass. He
just looked at it and didn't know what it was for.

Ten thousand spectators cheered a slender youth from Lambertville, New Jersey, when he was announced as the outstanding student among 30,000 American boys who are preparing themselves to be expert farmers. The Governor of Missouri presented the boy with a \$1,000 check out at Kansas City. The lad's name is David Johnson. He is seventeen years old, runs his own ninety acre New Jereey farm, supports his mother and sister, and represents the fifth generation of a family of farmers.

And then here's one for you chicken farmers.

Out in Kenkekee, Illinois, Farmer Rucker's hens won the big egg laying contest. Farmer Rucker had five hens and their egg laying race lasted for 365 days. Each one of his five hens laid 320 eggs. In other words, they only went on a strike forty-five days out of the whole year. And the Associated Prees says, that By Cracky, that beats the record. Each one of those five hens exceeded the previous world's record by eighteen eggs. But it's no wonder Farmer Rucker's

hens turned out to be champions when we hear what swell names he gave them. One was called Flaming Mamie, another Big Bertha, and the others were Theda Bara, Julia Marlowe, and Clara Bow.

Well, those are our evening's farm bulletins.

And now here's

wastion with a tribe of cannibals?

Held, Bill Seabrook, an American writer,
has just some back from Central Africa
with a lot of late bulletins on cannibals.
According to the New York Telegram,
museum Mr. Seabrook says that cannibals
are the most hospitable people he ever
encountered.

Maybe you're right, Bill. But we wonder what testimony a lot of missionaries would give on that subject, if they were still alive to testify.

In Roselle, New Jersey, two police dogs were on a rampage. According to the New York Evening Post a street cleaner named Joseph was sent to capture them. The dogs, however, decided to capture Joseph. He was running as fast as he could when he spied a role. He made a jump for it, and started climbing. Then he discovered that on the pole was a police box, so he telephoned the police and then hung on until the cops came.

well, that was a good jump, Joseph. And your news item brings us to the moment when I must jump too, so, goodnight until tomorrow.