

Lowell Thomas Broadcast
For the Literary Digest
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BASEBALL

The Cardinals won in today's game of the World's Series, 5-0. Perhaps you have heard that. Everybody seems to be shouting about the beautiful shut-out Hallihan pitched. I just saw the International News Service man, and he was enthusiastic over that home-run Doughitt smacked. Doughitt, you know, has been until now a particularly weak sister at the bat, which makes it all the more dramatic.

AVIATION

There is drama too in the huge silvery ship of the sky that is gliding through the air over Europe tonight. The R-101, the biggest dirigible in the world, ^{is} ~~begin~~g a 4000-mile flight from London to India. The R-101, you remember, was the dirigible that flew across the Atlantic to Canada a few weeks ago. And she is bigger even than the Graf Zeppelin.

According to the United Press, the giant British dirigible will cut straight over Europe, swing out over the Mediterranean, and cross the hot barren deserts of North Africa and Persia to the Indian frontier city of Karachi. It will be the first airship in history to fly over such torrid regions, and the voyage will be more or less of an experiment to test the effect of great heat on the buoyancy of the gas that fills her cells. For this reason, there are no passengers on the airship except British aviation officials. The only stop will be at Ismailia on the Suez Canal, where the British passengers will give a banquet, on board, to Egyptian officials while the giant ship swings from a mooring mast 130 feet in the air.

One object of the flight, of course, is to impress the restive peoples of Egypt, Arabia, Persia and India with the might of old England. The New York Times has received word from its Moscow correspondent that the Soviet government intends to establish a regular air service from Moscow to Alaska--a distance of 8000 miles, or twice as long as the London-Karachi route. And most of it will be over almost uninhabited country--the frozen tundra and barren wastes of North-

ern Siberia. The service will continue winter and summer. When the landing fields are covered with snow, they'll simply use skis instead of wheels.

CUBA

Let's make a long glide from the frozen tundra to the cane-brakes of Cuba.

Well, now we have a Mussolini on this side of the Atlantic. He's none other than General Machado, president of Cuba.

The United Press reports that the Cuban Congress today handed real dictatorial powers to the general. The Havana legislature voted to give the president the right to suspend Cuba's constitution at will.

Henceforth, the general can imprison his fellow countrymen whether they have broken the law or not. And he can keep them in jail without any trial until he decides they've had enough. He can sentence them to anything from rock breaking to sudden death. Freedom of the press and freedom of speech are abolished. A man's home is no longer his castle. No citizen will be able to change his residence from one house to another, without the president's O.K. Revolution has

been in the air and all this is intended to check it.

Surely it will be a great job--being dictator of Cuba. Yes, but there's a catch to it. The president can play Mussolini only for 20 days. It's all because the Cuban election is to be held November 1st, and with so much revolution in the air, the government expects trouble. With all powers in his own hands the president believes he can squelch it.

BRAZIL

The Associated Press sends us an account of a pitched battle fought in Brazil. Revolt has been brewing ever since the recent presidential elections.

The battle was fought at the city of Santa Ana do Livramento. The rebels stormed the barracks of the local federal garrison, where 200 soldiers were living. After heavy firing in which ten were killed, they captured the commandante, killed two of his staff, and routed the government forces.

The revolutionists are up in arms because Getulio Vargas, governor of the state of Rio Grande do Sul, was beaten for the presidency.

Here's another flash just in from Brazil.

The Associated Press wires from Buenos Aires that 300 persons are reported under arrest in Rio de Janeiro today, presumably in connection with the same rebellious outbreak south of Rio.

ALPS

Twenty-six mountain climbers were lost in the Alps during the past summer, more than in any recent year. According to the Associated Press, one reason for the large number of casualties is the high cost of guides. For Mont Blanc, the cost to the climber is eighty dollars, with a guide. The trip takes two days. The cost without a guide is five dollars. Amateur climbers save money by going alone, and taking greater chances of freezing or of falling into crevasses.

KING ALBERT

We always thought Albert, King of the Belgians, was a regular fellow. I saw a story the other day about how he dunks his toast in his coffee-- that is, when there are no guests and when the queen isn't looking. And it somehow warmed my heart.

Now comes an Associated Press dispatch from the Adriatic, telling of how he recently saved two mountain guides from death. The king was hiking up the steep sides of Brenta--one of the mightiest of the Dolomites. The two guides were a few paces behind and below him.

Suddenly, they shouted a warning. A huge rock had broken away from the mountain side above the king's head. Not only the king but also the guides were directly in its path.

"Jump," shouted the guides.

Albert braced himself, so the story goes. The rock was only a few feet above him. He took the shock of it on his chest as you might catch a football and retarded it long enough for the guides to jump aside. Then he too jumped and let the rock go crashing into the valley below.

That was an adventure, and here is another!

MAIN STORY

An Associated Press dispatch from New Orleans tells of a thrilling fire at sea. The Japanese steamship, Santos, was on her way from New Orleans to Yokohama. Fire broke out in her hold when she was in mid-

Pacific. Every man on board had to fight fire for the rest of the voyage.

Luckily, they managed to keep it below decks, and the Associated Press tells us how they managed to keep her afloat until they got to Yokohama.

Fire at sea has long been considered one of the most terrifying of human experiences. And last winter I ran into a tale of fire at sea that surpasses anything I ever heard of. It was out in Cleveland. I was autographing books in a department store one day when two rather unusually large men entered the room and came over to the desk where I was writing.

One of them had an immense savage scar over one side of his cheek. His face was covered with beads of perspiration. It was a cold winter day, and I couldn't understand why he was in such a sweat. But he leaned over and said:

"Did you ever hear of the wreck of the Dumaru?"

And before I had a chance to reply he continued:

"We ate the chief engineer."

I was indeed interested in hearing his story, and later on invited him to my home in eastern New York so I could write a book about the wild adventure.

His name is Fritz Harmon, and at the present moment he is chief engineer on one of the big steamers on the Great Lakes.

The Dumaru was a marked ship from the day she was launched; because when they tried to launch her at Portland, Oregon, she broke loose, slipped down the ways, and crashed across the Wilamette River into some houseboats. In the eyes of seamen this meant that she was a ship of ill omen--and they had a hard time getting a crew for her.

It was during the war, and because she was made of green timber, she should have been sent into cold northern waters. Because when a ship made of green timber goes to tropic waters her seams open and she lets in the sea. That was what happened to the Dumaru. It was during the war and they sent her to the tropics, loaded with ammunition--high explosives--and high test gasoline. They sent her on a cruise to Honolulu, Guam, and the Philippines. Her crew was as wild a crowd as ever put to sea--a crowd of men that would have delighted Joseph Conrad. There was George the Greek, Karl the Russian, Graveyard Shaw, Honolulu Pete, and more like that. They fought with each other from the beginning to the end. In their feuds on board the Dumaru they even hurled glowing coals at each other in the firehold.

Well, when they were off the shore of the island of Guam, a terrific tropical storm came up, and the Dumaru, loaded with her explosives and gasoline, was struck by a bolt of lightning. The gasoline caught fire.

Most of the high explosive was in the after part of the ship, and it took a while for the fire to burn back. Fritz Harmon, the man that told me the tale, had the side of his face seared by the flames. The crew expected the Dumaru to blow up any moment. They were frantic to get off. In their haste nearly all of them got in one lifeboat, more than twice as many as the boat was built to carry. They shoved off, and a few moments later the explosion came. Burning bits of the Dumaru spread over the sea for miles.

On account of the storm and the dark night, the men in the boat decided not to try to get to the island of Guam until daybreak. They were afraid they might run onto a reef. But at dawn the wind changed. It was a seasonal wind--the trade wind--and it started blowing the other way. When the trade wind changes, it blows for six weeks in one direction. So they couldn't get to Guam. They were carried out to the middle of the Pacific, and for 25 days, 32 men lived in that lifeboat. They had almost no food and their water gave out in a short

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time.

On the 13th day the first man went insane and died. That was Graveyard Shaw. And from then on others began going mad. 25 days later, a thousand miles away from where the Dumaru was struck by lightning, 13 haggard survivors drifted ashore on the island of Samar in the Philippines.

All these years the survivors kept their secret, and it was not generally known that they had turned cannibal.

In a forthcoming issue of the Literary Digest the whole story will be told.

FASCIST

Here's an International News Service flash. Three young lieutenants of the German Reichswehr, who were accused of Fascist activities, have been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment each. As they left the courtroom in Leipzig spectators staged what is described as the wildest demonstration ever seen in a German court.

BEAR

According to an Associated Press cable from India, an American consul has just had a terrific hand to

hand encounter with a giant Asiatic bear.

The bear fighter was Rutherford Stuyvesant, our vice-consul in Calcutta. He, and his brother Alan, were on a hunting expedition in the Jalaswar jungle in the province of Bihar and Orrissa near the old Hindu city of Puri.

In the half light of the jungle the American consul saw a great animal moving through the forest. He may not have known whether it was a young elephant or the rare one--horned rhino, or what it was.

He fired. The wound was not fatal. With a snarl a huge Bengal bear came crashing through the creepers and the dense under-growth.

Before Stuyvesant could fire again the bear was upon him, and had him in its hug. The consul fought desperately for his life. While the bear gnawed one of his arms the American hunter swung his gun with his free arm and finally beat the animal off.

FREAK FLASHES

Here are tonight's Freak Flashes.

In Portland, Oregon, Oswald West, former governor of Oregon, announced he would make an address exposing Julius Meier, independent candidate for governor. Today

he cancelled this engagement, saying he won't make the speech, because his wife won't let him.

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In Berlin a delicatessen dealer was prosecuted for cruelty to a lobster. He had the crustacean displayed on a tray of ice. A retired Turkish army colonel saw it, and sympathized with the lobster kept in such chilly discomfort. He brought the delicatessen man to court, and charged him with cruelty to lobsters. The shellfish was introduced as evidence. There was expert testimony about how much a lobster feels the cold, with remarks about the heat when a lobster is boiled. The judge set the defendant free, saying that while the defendant was certainly indifferent to the lobster's feelings, it did not appear that he was deliberately cruel.

DUEL

Constantine Apostolides, former Greek minister of the Interior, had a falling out with a Greek land owner. The landowner challenged him to a duel. Apostolides said that suited him. Dueling is illegal in Athens, so the duelists took ship for Italy. But

again the police stopped them. They went on to Budapest, still as angry as ever. They rounded up some Hungarian seconds and then they faced each other with pistols at 25 paces. The firing lasted for a whole half hour. They certainly must have had a lot of ammunition. Honor was satisfied. You've guessed it. Neither was hit. But that wasn't all. The New York Times correspondent wirelessly today that Hungary has preferred charges against them. And the home folks in Athens are waiting for their return so they can prosecute too.

NEWS ITEM OF THE DAY

The last evening or two I've been having some interesting person, or other, pick the news item of the day. But this time I am selecting it. I'll tell you why. In the New York Telegram this afternoon is a story by Walter Chambers. It's about a famous character of the frozen wastes of Alaska--United States Marshall Bert Hansen. Great Scott, but that took me back fifteen years. I knew Bert Hansen up there in Alaska. I called him up, and he came around, and we had a chat. The story in the Telegram tells how Bert is looking for Mike.

Mike was a husky dog--a leader. It takes a splendid dog to be a good leader. Bert and Mike were pals, the way man and dog can be. The last time they saw each other was some years ago. Mike may still be alive. Anyway, Bert is in New York looking for him. He's had an uneasy conscience about that dog all these years.

Mike was on a pension. He had worked hard, tugging day in and day out at the head of the pack, dragging the sled over the ice. Dogs are driven so hard up there that they are good for only five or six years on the trail. They'll do twelve or fifteen thousand miles in that time, and then, between frozen feet or heart strain at sixty below, they are ready to retire. So they are pensioned off. They just lie around the shack, eat with the others, and don't work. Well, Mike was always a willing dog, and had earned his pension doubly. Bert saw that he got the best of food. They were cronies.

Up to Fairbanks came a couple of New Yorkers who were out to do some prospecting. One was named Islen, the other, Belmont. They wanted a team of dogs, and Bert sold them several huskies, but hadn't a leader to spare. Leaders were scarce. The New Yorkers heard about Mike, and offered a thousand dollars for the dog.

They wanted him to lead the pack for a while and then they would take him back to the States. Bert refused.

When a dog has worked hard and earned his pension, he's got a right to take it easy. Especially Mike, who was Bert's pal.

Some people in Fairbanks gave a banquet for Messrs. Islen and Belmont. There was plenty of good fellowship. Bert had his share of both. Then the toastraster asked the guests whether there was anything more that the town of Fairbanks could do for them, and Islen got up and said, yes, there was one more thing they wanted, and that was Mike.

"It must have been the good fellowship", Bert says, "because I'd never have done it otherwise. I told him I'd give him Mike."

Bert woke up the next morning mighty sorry for his rash promise. But he had given his word. The two New Yorkers were taking the stage to Valdez. He drove his dog team down to the stage. Islen and Belmont put the dog on the seat between them. The stage drove off.

"I was feeling sick and sad," Bert relates. "I drove my team after the stage for twelve miles, keeping along with the stage. And Mike sat there, never taking his eyes off me. That's the last I saw of him, and it was many long years ago. I can still see Mike

looking back at me and wondering why I was doing that to him."

And so Bert Hansen is in New York looking for Mike.

FOOTBALL SCORES

Here are a few final football scores:

YALE	40	FORDHAM	75
MARYLAND	13	BUFFALO	0
HARVARD	55	NOTRE DAME	20
VERMONT	0	SOUTH.METH.	14
MICH.STATE	0	ILLINOIS	7
MICHIGAN	0	IOWA STATE	0
PRINCETON	23	PITT	16
AMHERST	0	W.VIRGINIA	0
VANDERBILT	33		
MINNESOTA	7		

The whistles have blown on football fields all over the country and here on this gridiron a referee is blowing his whistle to end my nightly scrimmage with the news.

So until Monday, goodnight.