Lowell Thomas broadcast for the Literary Digest Page / Luesday. June 23, 1931.

Good Evening, Everybody:

I suppose we'll have to call today the beginning of the 1931 open season for big airplane flights, long jaunts through the sky, and especially over oceans.

Today, the first of the season's trans-atlantic fliers took off for the great adventure of flying across the sea from continent to continent. The Several planes have made the preliminary hop from the flying fields around New York up the coast the toward Newfoundland. But, after all, the real thrill comes when the old bus goes zipping down the runway, climbs into the air and goes roaring across the vast expanse of sea -- right out into the blue.

Anyway, tonight somewhere in the sky, over the grey waters of the North Atlantic, a plane with two men in it is speeding eastward. The aviators are Wiley Post and Harold Gatty. They call Post the one-eyed aviator, for the simple and obvious reason that he

has only one eye.

Gatty, by the way, is the pilot who taught Colonel Lindbergh's wife how to fly.

The International News Service speaks of the spirit and precision of these two fliers. They landed at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland today, sat down for lunch, helped to get a supply of gas aboard their ship, and immediately took off. Four hours after reaching Newfoundland they were in the sky again, heading out across the ocean.

And they expect to use that same spirit and precision not merely in jumping the Atlantic, but all the way around the world.

Their immediate destination now is Berlin. They intend to stop at Berlin just long enough to start off again. From there they hope to fly on to Moscow, and then on around the world.

Their plane does 150 miles an hour and they expect to circle the globe in ten days. If they succeed it will be an epoch making record breaking flight.

Post and Gatty have won the race for the first getaway. They had two other immediate competitors. One was Ruth Nichols who, as the Associated Press reminds us, flew north yesterday but came to grief when she tried to land. A dazzling, blinding sun was in her face as she slid to earth. There was a crash. The plane was badly damaged. Miss Nichols was hurt although not seriously. There is some doubt now about when she will be able to attempt the trans-atlantic flight.

Meanwhile two other aviators are all set to shake the dust of North American from their feet, or from their undercarriage I should say. They are the Danish fliers Horriss and Hillig.

The Editor of the International News Service doesn't bother with those names. He just calls them H. and H. Anyway, H. and H. are at Harbor Grace, ready to shoot into the sky with Denmark the first stop. They say they are deeply disappointed about the accident that befell Ruth Nichols because they had hoped to take off for theocean flight at the same moment as Ruth. They wanted to make an international race of it.

The United Press competes the picture of sky adventure

by telling us of all the other planes that are getting ready to jump the ocean. At Roosevelt field, two Hungarian aviators, Captain George Endreas and Alexander Magyar are tuning up their plane. They intend to make a non-stop sky dash across the sea and then across Europe all the way to Budapest, the capital of their own native country.

And then there are Clyde Pangborn and Hugh Herndon, Jr. who are getting ready for an ambitious flight. They say it's to be all the way around the globe.

And last but not least come Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh who are getting set for their holiday sky cruise across the North Pacific to Japan. As yet no date has been set for their take off.

Yes, today's news brings forth a glamorous colorful pageant of sky wanderings and venturesome travel jaunts among the clouds.

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The art of aviation has received a sock in the eye in the stately academic precincts of the University of Arizona.

Alfred A. Hudgin is an Arizona aviator. He may be a gallant Arizona aviator, or, on the other hand, maybe he just made a forced landing. At any rate, it's costing him 25 bucks.

The United Press tells the world that Aviator Hudgin landed on the grounds of one of the sorority houses of the University of Arizona. He jumped out of his plane. looked up one of the girls and made a date.

The descent of the wa airplane created a considerable stir, and the Chief of Police arrested the aviator for operating a motor vehicle without a muffler. Everybody is agreed that that thundering airplane motor didn't have any muffler at all. The aviator claims that he couldn't help it -- he said it was just an accident that he came down. He had to make a forced landing, and it was merely a coincidence that he took

the occasion to make a date with the girl. Maybe so. The Tuscon cops, however, say maybe not. Or rather, probably not. In fact, they say absolutely not. — the sentimental aviator landed deliberately to make the date. If so, I think we'll all admit that it was one grand and noble way of dating up a girl. But just the same, it's costing the aviator 25 simoleans.

I read a thrilling, dramatic, story today. It is Sir Hubert Wilkins' own description of the adventures and misadventures of his submarine the Nautilus in getting across the Atlantic. The famous undersea craft bound for that under the ice trip to the North Pole, as you know, broke down in mid-Atlantic and had to be towed.

They had an exciting and dangerous time aboard the submarine while the battleship stood by, trying to pass a towline to the adventurers -- and on the rest of the wild voyage thru angry seas. Here are a few bits of Sir Hubert Wilkins' vivid description, as printed in the Hearst newspapers throughout America today:

"Our slender deck, every time the Nautilus dipped into the sea, seemed like an arrow plunging into destruction. The play of the battleship's searchlights on our wireless tripods cast long black shadows like gnarled roots in some subsea forest.

"At times when we sank into the trough of the sea, an oncoming wave would swing high above us. When that happened between me and the searchlights, I could see weird wriggling forms silhouetted against the water, myriads of fish.

"A passenger ship went past, her deck and saloon lights glaring. A waning moon glowed fitfully in the scudding clouds.

"Our men were now practically exhausted. Still they heaved and shouted, but the shouts were feeble. And all this time the men aboard the submarine were struggling desperately, trying to make fast a towing line from the battleship."

It's a thrilling account of a wild adventure, a voyage that Sir Hubert and his companions regard as more dangerous than the trip they now propose to make thru far quieter waters under the ice of the Polar Sea.

At a New Jersey shipyard today a bit of a ceremony was held. No, there wasn't any grand pageant blazing with romantic color. It was all quite simple. The keel of a ship was laid down. The new vessel is to be a 16,000-ton passenger liner, and it will be the first of 4 similar vessels. They are being built by the Grace Line for service between New York and San Francisco.

This, as the International News
Service points out, is a real prosperity
item. It is a good sign for the
shipping business. And it has a still
more immediate significance -- it means
that for 2 years 2,000 men will be kept
steadily at work on those 4 ocean liners.
Heads of the company told the workmen
on the job that they could be assured
that they would have 2 years' of solid
work, without any chance of their being
without jobs.

Now I am sorry to say, folks, there won't be any use in dashing outside tonight to take a look at the sky. It's cloudy and rainy here, but even if the skies are clear out your way, you won't be able to see Encke's comet.

That far wandering celestial vagrant is a visitor to our skies. The International News Service tells us that the observatory at Harvard has been informed that Encke's comet has been found by a South American astronomer, using the latest scientific device of telescopic photography.

And so there is no use - at least just at present, of looking for old man comet unless you are an astronomer equipped with the latest scientific apparatus.

There was a tremendous explosion over in England today. The British navy has a factory for making cordite, that savage high explosive that savage high explosion of that naval cordite factory, nitroglycerine is handled, and in that nitroglycerine section the blow-up took place. Ten men were killed, and scores were injured. And the International News Service tells us that the country around was shaken for miles, as quantities of high explosives went up in one immense explosion.

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Over in France they still refuse 2 to become enthusiastic about President 3 Hoover's plan to call off for one year 4 all payments on war debts and 5 reparations.

The New York Evening Post quotes 7 the leading French newspapers as being a 8 bit critical and sour about the whole 9 idea. They point out the familiar 10 fact that France has been getting most 11 of their reparations money from Germany, and will make the principal sacrifice 13 if the year's holiday in war debts and 14 reparations goesthrough.

The French Prime Minister in an interview with the newspaper correspondents had a bit of sharp comment to make: -

"It is easy for those to rejoice who have nothing to lose", he declared.

A new angle comes in the suggestion that President Hoover's plan may be held up in the American Congress. Congress will have to give its O. K., and the President took care to SECKEXTHE secure the approval of the most important congressional leaders. But it is pointed out that things are going to be awfully mixed up when Congress meets in December.

evenly both the House and the Senate are divided between the Republicans and the Democrats. There will probably be one grand free for all before either House gets organized, and President Hoover's stroke of international diplomacy may be delayed in the scramble.

Well, now that the excitement has died down a bit, many of us are refreshing our minds on the subject of the International situation that lies behind President Hoover's bold stroke of state. Many of us have been going to the Literary Digest for our information. As usual, the Digest is right on the job. The leading article in this week's issue gives a full account of that German reparations, mix-up.

The Digest, quoting from the Boston Globe, gives us the picture:

A crippled, restricted and defeated Germany snared in a world depression, finds herself unable to go on further in the struggle to maintain government, meet terrific domestic charges, foster industry, and pay reparations.

On the other hand, the Boston
Globe is a trifle sarcastic. The Digest
quotes the Globe as saying that if the
United States will agree to the postpone
payments on the debts and the late
Allies will agree to postpone reparations
payments, Germany will agree not to
throw an epileptic fit, and this is only
part of the account that the Literary
Digest gives us of the complicated
political and financial situation that
lies behind President Hoover's leap into
the middle of the great international
muddle.

Now let's see, if any of us were elected to Congress -- would we like it? Well, I guess we would. And as a general thing you don't see any Congressmen at Washington who are itching to throw up their jobs as law-makers, depart from the halls of the national capitol, and go back home to the farm.

It appears to be different over in Turkey. The New York Sun tells us that a new Turkish parliament has just begun its sessions in the city of Angora. And already many of the new deputies are sick of it and want to go home. They are Turkish farmers from the rugged plains of Asia Minor. They admit they don't know much about law-making, but they are sure they know plenty about farming.

Abdul, the farmer, has shown up at the capital city of Turkey, and he's just a Mohammedan hayseed. He's got straw in his whiskers, and all of his clothes are genuine homespun. Fatima, his wife, runs an old-time spinning wheel, and spins the

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cloth. And then she's a tailor and
makes a suit for Abdul. He gives praise
to Allah, and is thankful to the
prophet Mohammed, because he has such
an industrious wife.

They say the new Turkish parliament is an exceedingly quaint collection, largely because it contains so many countrified Turks from down on the farm. And there's some difficulty in persuading them to stay. They want to be back where the green grass grows on the hills of Asia Minor. And they are singing: I LOVE THE COWS AND THE CHICKENS - or - WE'LL SING ONE SONG OF OUR OLD ANATOLIAN HOME -- or something like that.

You might expect that Mrs. Maria
Caruso should know how to sing. Anybody
by the name of Caruso ought to be capable
of a few high notes. However that may
be, Mrs. Caruso is a hot letter writer.
The New York Sanitation Department is
in receipt of a communication from her including a claim for seventy-five
cents.

She declares that she was crossing the street near her home, and the street was covered with tar. It was sticky.

Mrs. Caruso was crossing the thoroughfare at a lei surely gait when a taxicab came bounding along. It came so fast that Mrs. Caruso had to got a quick. move on.

Mrs. Caruso tells a sad story.

But the tar was so sticky that her shoes got stuck. She had to make one leap right out of her shoes which remained embedded in the tar covered street.

Mrs. Caruso had to make the rest of the journey across the street in her stocking feet and if you think walking in

soft gluey tar in your stockings is any fun - you just try it.

When she recovered her shoes from the tar a showmaker charged her seventy-five cents to scrape the tar oft. She doesn't add what happened to the stockings in which she traveled through the tar. She merely demands justice, to the tune of seventy-five cents.

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I've a letter here which tells of a curious incident. There are so many jokesters in the world that you never can tell what's serious and what's supposed to be funny.

Recently I was one of a group of judges who presided in a slogan contest. A big company was giving a series of prizes for the best slogans.

And now I'm informed by one of the officials of that company that the winner of the first prize is an old-time newspaper man who certainly needed the money.

The amount of the money was <u>five</u> thousand bucks.

When they called up the newspaper man to tell him he had won the \$5,000, they thought his response would be one of astonishment and delight. Well, it wasn't.

"Look here," he said. "If this is a joke, it may turn out to be a serious joke."

He thought some alleged humorist

was trying to kid him--and it's cruel when a fellow trying to be funny raises sudden high hopes, and then those hopes are dashed.

"If it's a joke," the newspaper man repeated, "I think it's a mighty bad one."

It was only after a bit of persuasion that he could be convinced that he had actually won the \$5,000. And then he manifested the customary pride and delight to find that it was no joke after all.

Well, I see the timer signalling to me that my time is up--and that's no joke either, so--

So long until tomorrow.