CHILE

Lowell Thomas boradcast for the Literary Digest Monday. Sept. 7. 1931.

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Good Evening, Everybody:

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I have here an eye-witness account of that tremendous spectacle of war that was put on off the coast of the South American republic of Chife. Thousands of people lined the shore of the port of Coquimbo when the air service of Chile took wings into the sky and delivered a terrific aerial attack upon the mutinous fleet.

Here's a picture that's given us by the International News Service:- The fleet -- battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines -- was lying off the shore. A drone of motors muni was heard and a flock of sky-fighters appeared like specks in the blue heavens. There were planes of all sorts, small, swift fighting machines, observation planes, and big bombers.

The main attack was delivered by a squadron of 6 bombers, and it was seen plainly by those thousands of people who lined the shore and who

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cheered wildly after the attack was

They bombers shot high into the sky, and then down they plunged in dizzy nose dives. Then each plane flattened out just above the mutinous ships and dropped its bombs. The spectators saw huge columns of water shoot skyward. There was a roar of heavy detonations. There was an incessant rattle of rifle-fire as the mutinous sailors blazed away at the machines overhead.. And there was a babel of voices thank as those same mutinous sailors, threatened with the terror from the sky, yelled and shouted. One huge bomb hit a submarine. The deck of the low-lying craft was shrouded with smoke. Several men were killed. The disabled draft started for shore and surrendered. Many of the men aboard jumped into the sea and swam ashore.

And three of those huge bombs registered square hits on the flagship

of the mutinous fleet, the big battleship Della Torre. Yes, those bombs came down with a frightful inpact against steel and exploded, with awful havoc.

The Associated Press reports that the 8500-ton cruiser O'Higgins was set on fire by a bomb. The min sailors put the min man fire out. Then immediately another bomb whistled down out of the sky. It missed the ship but hit a launch full of mutinous sailors nearby. That was the end of the manny launch. It sank immediately. And all me the men in it are believed to have been killed.

The attack lasted for nearly half an hour, and then the big bombers flew off.

But still the threat from the air remained. Patrols of scouting planes kept circling in the sky, watching the rebellious fleet. And the mutineers aboard the warships knew they could never get away from that droning in the sky that sounded like angry bees and

which might at any time turn into the more dreadful sound of bombs whining downward and then exploding with earbursting roars.

Well, the latest report is that the mutinous fleet has surrendered.

After that one attack from the air the government spoke briefly, "Surrender at once" was the word, "Or much you'll get another dose of it." And so the mutineers announced that they would give in.

surrender.

The governments intends to punish the mutineers severely. It was announced that every tenth man would be shot. But later reports indicate that harsh severity might not go that far, but that only the leaders of the mutiny would be executed.

The United Press indicates that even though the mutiny of the fleet may be over, the authorities of Chile intend to go ahead and eliminate every vestige of the rebellion that has shaken the country. Reserve troops

have been called to the Army. And the military forces are scheduled to stamp out the sparks of Communism that ha ve flared up. In the South American republic.

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There was and explosion in the city of Genoa in Italy today. A bomb went off. No, it wasn't another one of those bombs that have been terrorizing Fascist Italy. The bomb went off in a private house, occupied by a man and his mother. He was a manufacturer of bombs, and one of the infernal machines that he was making went off prematurely. The mother was killed, and the man himself was badly wounded.

International News Service, believe that this man was the maker of the 30 or more bombs that have gone off in Italy during the past two months. They suspect that he may have manufactured the infernal machine that was placed in Saint Peter's and which, upon being removed, exploded in the gardens of the Vatican.

And again tonight comes the ugly word FLOOD from .

China. This time it's the Yellow River that has gone on a rampage. No sooner had the floods along the Yangtze subsides than the unfortunate country of China is further afflicted by a new series of overflowing waters.

The United Press declares that already a million people are reported dead in these new Yellow River Floods.

Meanwhile, with all these disasters from floods,

China's political condition continues to grow worse. An army

of the rebellious government at Canton is advancing in the Hunan

province. And in the Northern part of China, in Manchuria,

the Chinese and the Japanese are having a serious quarrel because

of the killing of a Japanese military officer.

This week's Literary Digest m gives us a striking picture of the combination of evil circumstances that have descended upon China. First they had a flood, and then a typhoon. Central China became a tideless sea. And then, says the Literary Digest, a typhoon came to lash this sea into fury and add to the tragedy. And now the Yellow River has a few floods, of its own, just to make things worse.

The Literary Digest gives us a picture of those characteristic Chinese junks sailing on muddy waters beneath which lie villages and towns. An airplane flew over that inland sea and spied many islands. These were hills that remained above the water, and each island was covered with swarms of people who had taken refuge there. And then, the typhoon came and whipped up ugly waves that broke swishing over those islands covered with people. If you want to get some striking new ideas about those Chinese floods, why you should consult this week's Literary Digest.

Let's have a few words about
Stenographer Espinosa -- no, I mean
about Professor Espinosa. Jose Espinosa
is now a professor of romance languages
at Cornell. He's made a steep jump from
the stenographer's notebook to the
scholarly dignity in the academic halls
of one of America's leading universities.

of course Jose Em Espinosa wasn't just a common-garden variety of stenographer. He had what is probably the top-most stenographic job in the country. He was stenographer to the President.

of the young shorthand expert from Albuquerque, New Mexico. During the presidential tour of the West Indies the only stenographer and interpreter that the President took along was young Jose Espinosa.

Well, while he transcribed thousands and thousands of those funny little hieroglyphics in scores of notebooks, the young that was busy studying.

He qualified himself for a professorship.

And now, as the United Press
relates, he has become professor of
romance languages at Cornell, thus proving
once more that stenography is an ideal
stepping stone to other things.

bulls, Kaye Done; the famous British racer, capsised at Detroit and his boat

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There's one automobile driver in this country who certainly must have been born under the sign of Horse-shoes. He bears the classical name of Orzio Lasagina. He was crossing a bridge near Long Beach, Long Island. Now that bridge is a draw-bridge. It was open, A signal light was burning, meaning STOP. Also a chain was drawn across the bridge. But these didn't Lasageera mean a thing to driver Lasagina. Driving at a lively clip, he passed the light and then ripped through the chain and kept right on going to the gap in the bridge, beneath which was 60 feet of water. And right here is the place where it becomes clear that Mr. Lasagina was born under the sign of Horse-shoes. A slight rise of the bridge led

to the gap. That draw-bridge has two leares -- one was open, The car went zipping up the rise, took a nice long jump and made a clean landing on the other side.

The United Press Adds the detail

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that two passengers in the car were sham shaken up in the course of the bump, but the driver himself wasn't hurt a bit, as the astrologens would say: "because he was born under the sign of florse-shols."

Yes, this is another golden age of adventure, Right at this Very moment I suppose there are fully 200 expeditions exploring the Polar regions, digging for lost cities in the depths of Central Asia, tracking down rare animals and birds for museums, and plumbing the depths of the seven seas.

Never a month goes by but what an expedition leaves America for some remote corner of the earth; and another expedition comes home.

Expedition, endorsed by the American Geographical Society and the Harvard Geographical Society, was met at the pier in Brooklyn by a committee of famous men headed by Doctor John Finley, President of the American Geographical Society.

There were five American members of the expedition who sailed for Peru nine months ago. They took along two airplanes and did most of their exploration from the sky, mapping remote regions in the Andes. One of the heads of the

American Geographical Society remarked today that the "ShippeeJohnson Expedition has blazed a new trail in geographical
exploration and it now remains for geologists, physiographers,
geographers and archeologists and other ologists to examine the
thousands of aerial photographs taken." And all of those ologists
are going to interested in the "Lost Valley."

Robert Shippee, of Red Bank, New Jersey, and George R. Johnson, of Monmouth Beach, New Jersey were the leaders of the Expedition, and they are right here in the studio with me this evening.

They've been telling me about the Lost Valley, a nameless valley, some seventy-five miles long. The Spaniards visited it a century ago but since then it has remained isolated from the world.

First they flew up and down a number of times, taking a long series of pictures with our aerial cameras. Later they went down into the valley and explored it on foot and on mule-back. In it they found some fifty extinct volcanos.

Very few Indians live there because the valley floor is all lava, and there are not many fertile spots.

Shippee and Johnson say that on festival days the Indians offer sacrifices to the Gods of the volcanos, thus hoping to keep them from awakening from their slumbers. The valley is 13,000 feet high, right in the midst of the central Andes.

Bob Shippee, co-leader of the expedition, and the historian has been telling me about a curious marriage scheme they encountered in the Lost Valley.

The religious leaders among these Indians seem to run about everything, and for many years it has been their custom to stage a wholesale marriage ceremony whenever they want to raise any money.

They would take a hundred young ladies and a hundred young men and lock them up in one room for a night. Then the next morning they would open the door and pull them out, two at a time. Each girl and boy that came through the shuffle was thereupon pronounced man and wife, and had to pay a fee. One of these mass marriages would bring in quite a little spare change.

Well, while these gentlemen have been flying in South America, exploring the Andes by airplane, the boys up here in North America have been burning up the sky, getting ready for the Cleveland Air Reces. And the main event at Cleveland came off late this afternoon. I mean the 100 mile speed race for the Thompson Trophy. Many had thought that Jimmie Doolittle would win it but Jimmy was forced out by trouble of some sort on the seventh lap and Lowell Bayles won it in his tiny low winged black and yellow Gee-Bee, Boeing nomoplane.

The Associated Press tells how earlier in the day an attempt was made to beat the world's speed record for land planes. But it failed. Or maybe it didn't fail. You can't tell. /Just the trouble. Lowell Bayles, that same lad from Springfield,

Massachusetts, did some fast flying around the course and he may have broken the speed record. However, the timing system went on the fritz. So Bayles may try it all over again tomorrow.

A windmill safety plane burned up completely at the Cleveland races. It backed fired and burst into flames as it taxied across the field. But the occupants escaped.

A wild misadventure and a narrow escape was also witnessed yesterday when one of those speed planes took fire in the air. Walter J. Hunter of Sparta, Illinois, was out making a speed test in preparation for the big Thompson Trophy race.

He was zipping along at 200 miles an hour. There was a burst of flame as gasoline fumes exploded and the next thing you know that racing plane was blazing furiously. The aviator himself was burned painfully, though not seriously.

Well, the burning plane was out of control and shot to earth like a fiery meteor. It barely missed a girl flyer who was up in her racing machine.

Hunter had to make a quick jump. You bet, that jump was quick. He was near the ground when the plane caught fire.

Jump, boy jump! He was just forty feet from the ground when his parachute opened. There was barely time for just one swing of the parachute before he landed. He came to earth safely and went straight to the hospital where his burns were looked over and pronounced not dangerous. It was one of the most exciting episodes thus far at the Cleveland Air Races.

Another **Exic** exciting race was held today in New York harbor. It was a life-boat race. No, it wasn't so fast as those Cleveland air races, but just the same those old Jack Tars pulled a strong stroke. at the oars and made splendid time.

Fifteen boats were entered. They represented all the big steamship lines.

The International News Service
gives us a picture of the Norwegian flag
fluttering victoriously tonight. The
Norwegians took both first and second
place. Those hardy Scandanivian tars
of the Good Ship Belgensfjord, of the
Norwegian American Line, captured the
first prize. And the lifeboat of
Steamship Argonaut, of the same line,

came in second.

Those hardy Vikings pulled a strong oar and captured the laurels of the day. Yes, sir they know how to paddle their own canoes. Yes, and to take forme to paddle their own canoes. Yes, and to am paddling the right out of here, with a hearty hasty

SO LONG UNTIL TO MOR ROW.

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