Lowell Thomas' Broadcast for The Literary Digest. Page / Saturday, January 31, 1931.

Good Evening, Everybody!

Tonight, in the harbor of Las Palmas in the romantic old Canary Islands, a giant seaplane is riding at anchor. It's the DO-X, and that's a familiar name. There have been reports about that big German plane for months. She started out, but it seemed as if she'd never get anywhere.

But this afternoon the DO-X took off from the harbor of Lisbon, Portugal. The International News Service gives a graphic picture of how she rose from the water and then immediately plunged into a blinding fog bank. The Germans had intended to fly over Madeira and drop a bag of mail, but the fog was so heavy that they had headed straight for the Canary Islands.

They landed this afternoon, and are getting ready for the second leg of their trans-Atlantic flight, which will be en to the Cape Verde Islands and then out across the wide spaces of the Atlantic Ocean, and on to 5 outh america.

I'm afraid I'll have to tell you some bad news about one of those adventurous and romantic stunts that tickle the imagination.

It's the use of airplanes in making maps. There has been a lot of talk about photographing wild regions from the air and making maps of remote countries. But here's a United Press dispatch that states that after years of experience the French government has decided that airplanes are not so good at map making. French experts say photographs taken from the air do not give a true picture of distances and proportions on the ground.

Also, photographs must be taken from the same height and in the same light and that's difficult.

A plan for a ten year airplane campaign had been worked out for map making in remote Africa.

They say that half of Africa is practically unknown. But now that plan has
been a bandoned, and the map making will
have to be done by surveyors on the surface of the earth. The work of the aviators
is not satisfactory, and so It will be
necessary for men to go trailing along
over deserts and through jungles.

Well, maybe so -- but the results
have been different in America. Flyers
have been exceptionally successful in making aerial maps over here -- especially
maps of coast lines such as were recently
made along the Alaskan Coast. Our aviators
say there is a place for both types of
map making -- the old laborious way on the
ground, and the new way -- flying across
the sky in a high powered airplane.

WIDOW

Now For Colonel Widay. Page #

Colonel Widow is a curious expression, isn't it? Not the Colonel's 3 Widow. This person is a Colonel and she's also a widow. Yes, and she's 5 China's famous woman bandit. But what 6 brings her in the news is the fact that 7 she has just joined the armies of the 8 Nationalist Government and is in command of a force of soldiers.

Out in the East this slant-eyed 10 11 Amazon has been a figure of terror. The 12 Associated Press informs us that they call-13 ed her China's female Robin Hood. She com-14 manded a gang of bandits and they said she 15 was utterly merciless. She robbed, and 16 killed, and plundered.

The story they tell of her is that 17 18 she was the wife of a wealthy merchant. 19 Bandits murdered her husband and her chil-20 dren. And then she turned bandit to avenge 21 herself. She gathered a force of wild 22 brigands and hunted down the killers. of her 23 husband and children. She brought a whole 24 district under her control, and then she 25 levied taxes and reigned as a bandit queen. Not long ago China's female Robin Hood created considerable astonishment by announcing that she would be reafter devote her life to the service of the poor. For the merciless widow, that certainly was turning ower a new leaf. At any rate she has now joined the forces of law and order. And as a Colonel in the Nationalist Army this former queen of the bandits is now hunting bandits.

121-30-5M

This evenings dispatches from South Americam bring word of an interesting migration. Those wild horsement of the Steppes, the Cossacks, are moving into lands that lie in the shadow of the Andes.

The Associated Press states that the republic of Chile has arranged for the migration of 10,000 Russian Cossack families. These Cossacks are anti-Bolshevists who were driven out of their native Steppes, and now they're moving to form a dem colony on the plains and in the valleys of Southern Chile. They've already begun to arrive, and the South Americans are said to be greatly impressed with the physique and the vigor and the magnificent horsemanship of those wild riders of the endless, dreary Steppes of the Volga and the Don.

At this point I guess I'll have to pass out a few razzberries to all you big game hunters. I mean all you folks who shoot lions and tigers. And then I'm even going to toss a bit of asparagus in the direction of my stout hearted friends who collect wild and ferocious beasts and bring 'em back alive.

In fact, this dig at the mighty nimrods is my News Item of the Day. It was picked for me by my handsome friend, Arthur Hornblow, Jr. the playwright and author.

When Arthur was an Intelligence Officer in France during the War, he helped me out of a couple of scrapes.

When I asked him what he thought was
the most interesting bit of news today, he
looked through the dispatches and said:
"WHY, HERE'S A BIG GAME HUNTER WHO HAS
COLLECTED WILD ANIMALS FOR YEARS AND HAS
BEARDED THE FEROCIOUS TIGER IN ITS LAIR.
AND HE SAYS IT'S ALL AS EASY AS PIE. HE
SAYS HIS REAL TROUBLE DIDN'T BEGIN UNTIL
HE BECAME DIRECTOR OF THE DETROIT ZOO.

What could be more interesting than that? Well, that did sound kind of peculiar.

The man referred to used to be a big game hunter. and is John T. Millen, and he certainly does tell of the troubles that have come to him since has has become the Birector of the Detroit Zoo. He explains that hunting lions is not him live making the lions keep the peace in that Detroit Zoo where they are always getting into fights. Over in Africa, why you just let 'em fight. But in Detroit, that's different.

Then there were the badgers. All day they sit around moody and silent.

But just wait until night comes!

They live in a den that has a cement floor, but the badger is a great digger. They dig right down, cement or no cement. Mr. Millen says that, give a family of badgers two weeks, and they'll make the rock of Gibraltar look like a Swiss cheese. Out in Detroit a bunch of badgers dug a 21 foot tunnel right through the cement and

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on out into the open air.

The tiger may be a ferocious monster in the jungles of Bengal, but Mr. Millen reports he'd rather face a whole regiment of tigers in the jungle 6 than keep his eye on a half a dozen caged 7 badgers.

So, to suppose when he gets a vacaoltion out there in Detroit I suppose just 10 for a little real relaxation and rest will go over to the jungles of 12 Malaya, and put on a wrestling match 13 with a python or a boxing match with a 14 Barnes ouran - u - tan.

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Here are a few people who don't seem to agree. They are start shouting "Yes" and "No" at each other. And the subject of the disagreement is nothing less than that famous report of the Wickersham Commission.

This week's issue of The Literary Digest gives the following summary of how the country has reacted to that much discussed report. The Digest article starts of f by telling us how confused a lot of people were and quotes the Boston Herald as saying that "THE REPORT IS TOO DRY TO BE CHARACTERIZED AS WET AND TOO WET TO BE CHARACTERIZED AS DRY.

what prohibitionists think. The Nebraska State Journal, says: "IT IS A DRY REPORT." In the Los Angeles Times, we find the opinion that "WITH BEINFORCEMENT ALONG THE LINES THE COMMISSION POINTS OUT, THE ATTITUDE TOWARD PROHIBITION IS LIKELY TO BE CHANGED AND PRODUCE BETTER OBSERVANCE." The anti-prohibitionists naturally

have their ideas and many of them th

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that the Wickersham Report is a blow to prohibition. This attitude is summed up by The New York World which that "THE REPORT HAS OPENED UP TO THE DRYS A VISTA OF DEFEAT AND TO THE WETS, A VISTA OF VICTORY."

While we all cannot think the same, every week there are articles in The Literary Digest which sum up the various contrary reactions which the people of the country have to the important news of the

12-1-30-5M

They had a freak tornado out in Los Angeles today,
A sort of Tom Thumb tornado, but it had plenty of zip to it.

They've been having drenching rain on the Pacific Coast, and eye witnesses described the tornado as the usual funnel-shaped cloud, although this one was rather small.

It hit the airport out there and messed things up.

It damaged the hangars and took parked automobiles and boosted them along. According to the International News Service, nobody was hurt, but the aviators and mechanics in the hangars at the time thought sure they were going to be blown right over the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

here's the story of one that has been waged by one of America's best loved men.

Today Booth Tarkington packed his grips and left John's Hopkins Hospital.

And he was able to see and recognize the faces of people he knew. He could even distinguish the colors of the landscape, something he has not been able to do for a long long time.

For four teen years the author of "Penrod", has been fighting against blindness, and it seemed a losing fight. His eyesight dimmed until he was blind. Recent the he went to John Hopkins and there the surgeons operated. And now Tarkington is able to see once more.

The Associated Press tells us that his progress will be gradual, and that he is still required to have three pairs of glasses. for various uses. But in any case, the creator of Penrod can see once more, and I'm sure we're all delighted to hear that.

As I ran through the news dispatches today, I found one phrase that I liked particularly. Here it is: THE MAN WHO FIRST CARRIED THE AMERICAN FLAG OVER THE NORTH POLE IN AN AIRSHIP, SHOULD ALSO BE THE FIRST TO CARRY IT UNDER THE NORTH POLE IN A SUBMARINE.

altogether proper Well, that seems to be week and fitting, and perhaps it may turn out that way. The man who first carried the American flag over the North Pole in an airship is Lincoln Edlsworth. He carried the flag over the pole on that famous zirship flight of the Norge, the one expedita headed by Ellsworth, Amundsen, and Nobile. Ellsworth also accompanied Amundsen on a polar airplane flight. made by the great Norwegian polar explorer. And, by the way, Lincoln Ellsworth was just recently given the Congressional Medal of Honor as a reward for those epoch making flights.

Well, all the newspapers today inform us that Ellsworth is Joining forces with Sir Hubert Wilkins on that

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marvelous voyage by submarine to the North Pole, which will be attempted next summer. That amazing trip will be called the Wilkins-Ellsworth Expedition. Ellsworth is helping Wilkins to put the thing through, and it's announced that he will be among those present in that North Pole going submarine unless other exploration plans that he had been working on previously preventit.

One thing that we have been saying to ourselves is that the submarine will certainly have a long trip under the ice on its way to and from the North Pole. But that Wilkins-Ellsworth submarine the Nautilus is going to have a drill with which it will bore a way up to the surface. Just the same it looks like a long long trip under the ice.

But an International News Service dispatch tells us that according to Sir Hubert it won't be any such thing. He says that he has already done some 20,000 miles of polar travel and that he has never seen an ice field more than 25 miles long. That is he has never traveled more than 25 miles without coming upon a break in the ice, a stretch of open water.

He adds that in the undersea craft he is going to take, it will be possible for the men operating it to live under water for from five to seven days. And so he believes that the polegoing submarine will always be within reach of the breaks in the ice field, those stretches of open water where the submarine can rise and lie on the surface.

At any rate it all sounds tike it might be the most romantic adventure of our time.

Ellsworth in announcing his joining the expedition referred to Sir Hubert Wilkins as a man who talks little and does much.

12-1-30 - 5M

Here's a letter that has just come in. It's from Roswell Frisbie of Valencia, Pennsylvania and it tells us a curious discovery. If we let our imaginations run free we can picture all sorts of romantic situations around the incident that Mr. Frisbie refers to.

He says that a friend of his sawed into an old beam used a long time ago in rigging up a Pennsylvania oil well. As he sawed into the wood, he found a wooden plug which apparently had been burned into the tree from which the beam was cut. Inside that plug he found a lock of hair a perfectly preserved, lovely lock of girls hair.

Evidently it dated back for a hundred years or more. Probably some sentimental lover had taken a lock of his sweetheart's hair and enclosed it in a wooden plug and burned that plug into a growing tree.

Well, just start with that now and let your imagination work out the rest of the story.

This afternoon, down at Daytona Beach, Florida, Captain Malcolm Campbell zipped along at the rate of 200 miles an hour--not in an airplane, but in an automobile.

Captain Campbell is out to do 250 miles an hour, which will break all speed records for vehicles running on the ground. According to the International News Service, he said things weren't just right this afternoon, and that's the reason he couldn't do any better than 200%

Well, that bit of speeding reminds me that I'm going to attend the big show of the N. Y. Policemen's Benevolent Association tonight at Madison Square Garden, along with 25,000 other people, which means that I won't be able to start for the farm until late.

I understand from the International News Service that there a tremendous snowfall in New England, and I live two miles from the borders of New England. So I suppose I'll run into plenty of snow and blizzard. Captain Malcomm Campbell

may be doing his 200 or 250 miles an hour in Florida, but I'll be doing - let's see, I'll be doing about 22 flat if the old bus doesn't break down.

Aside from carburetor trouble, a leaky radiator, sand in the transmission, and mysterious noises in the differential, my old bus is in first class shape.

Here's hoping she gets me there --

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.