INIRO Lowell Thomas broadcast for The Literary Digest Page Eriday. Sept. 4. 1931.

Good Evening, Everybody:-

Uncle Sam has a new speed king tonight, and his name is Major James H. Doolittle. When I left Cleveland last night the topic of the hour was the big coast-to-coast air race today. Nearly everyone seemed to think that Jimmie Doolittle would win -- and Jimmie sure did. Jimmie won the Bendix prize, and he smashed the coast-to-coast record. Nine famous flyers took off in their speed planes from California this morning. Well, Jimmie flew from the West coast to the East coast in II hours, one minute, and fifteen seconds. It wasn't so long ago that Captain Frank Hawks, the speed demon, made his remarkable record. He made the coast-to-coast flight in 12 hours and 25 minutes. But now Jimmie Doolittle has beaten this by more than an w hour.

Jimmie made two stops on his buzz across the continent, the first at Kansas City, and the second at Cleveland. There

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was a \$15,000 prize up for that flight from Burbank, California, to Cleveland, where the National Air Races are being held. Eight other machines tried to give Jimmie a bit of competition for that Bendix prize, but he came into the Newark, New Jersey, airport roaring at 250 miles an machines hour, like a green and yellow projectile.

And so Jimmie Doolittle, as the International News Service sums it up, did two jobs today. He broke the transcontinental coast-to-coast record. He also won the prize for the flight from California to Cleveland.

But even then Jimmie didn't call it a day. He refueled his little Laird monoplane, rocketed into the air in a steep climb and vanished into the darkening clouds. Yes sir, after that Pacific to Atlantic jump he doubled back to Cleveland and made that return flight from Newark Airport to Cleveland in one hour and 51 minutes. In fact he made the round trip from Cleveland to the Atlantic coast and back to Cleveland in 4 hours, 38 minutes.

In the barren Arctic land of Spitzbergen, watchers gazing northward over the icy expanse of the Polar Sea, claim they have seen lights, which seem to be signal lights. Who can be up there amid the floating ice shooting off signal flares? The only reasonable surmise is that it must be members of the Wilkins Expedition.

Perhaps they are aboard their submarine, the Nautilus, or they may be marooned on the drifting ice. At least these are guesses that are raised by cables received today by the International News Service. There has been no definite word from Sir Hubert Wilkins now since last Saturday. On my way back from Cleveland, I picked up the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette this morning and read how faint wireless signals are reported to have been picked up from that party of adventurers headed for that submarine trip under the ice to the North Pole.

of course there are in the Polar regions curious phenomena of nature which would account for the silence of a radio, but on the other hand people are beginning to worry.

Those recent radio messages from Wilkins were so weak

that no sense could be made of them. And that has raised the supposition that perhaps the adventurers have had to abandon their submarine and the powerful wireless set that it contained and are now on the ice with nothing more than an ordinary portable radio set, which isn't capable of transmitting signals for any great distance.

Yes, there's a good deal of worrying about that submarine expedition that, day after day, forced its way through the Polar Ice. On my way through Philadelphia this afternoon I read in the Evening Public Ledger that the Norwegian government has ordered planes to fly north to hunt for Wilkins and his men. These planes are headed for the top most shore of Norway where they will be taken to far Northern Spitzbergen. Using that as a base they are expected to fly over the Polar ice, scouting for the North Pole going submarine and its crew. They are to investigate those lights that were seen glimmering faintly far out over the Arctic Sea, to the North of Spitzbergen.

Well, that trouble in Chile seems to be settled, that is, the mutiny in the Chilean navy. An Associated Press story in the Evening Bulletin of Philadelphia includes wax by a statement that was given out by the Government at Santiago today in which it said that the navel authorities and the revolting sailors on the warships have come to terms.

It looked as if the Chilean Government gave in and granted the demands which the sailors were making. These demands have to do with the old subject of money, cash, pesos.

Business conditions are not so good in that long strung out republic along the western coast of South America. The President decided to do a little economizing. Economy is a good thing, but the president of Chile seems to have made a slight mistake when he decided to cut the pay in the navy. The sailors aboard the Chilean battlefleet at Coquimbo were highly indignant when they heard about that cut and the next thing you know, they mutineed, seized the ships and,

1 demanded that the government forget all about that cut in pay. Now the 3 authorities at Santiago have said: "O. K. boys. We may cut our noses off but I guess we won't cut your pay."

There had been some talk of 7 sending am airplane to bombard the mutineed ship, but in the end, as the International News Service reports, the government thought better. Negotiations were conducted by the Admiral/xxx the Chilean Navy. His name is Admiral von Schroeder, and that's a good old Chilean name, At the Admiral's advice the sailors' demands were granted, so the

mutiny seems to be off. The United Press comments that communists in thile took advantage of the naval mutiny to start a little disturbance of their own. There were battles in the streets between the Keds and the police. There is some talk that there is serious danger of communism in Chile, but The Commander in Chief of the army has issued a long eloquent circular, telling the soldiers about the perils and erross of Bolshivism and urging them not to pay any attention to Red agitators.

Here's a follow up on that story we had last night about the crisis between Mexico and China.

The jails on the Arisona side of the Mexican border are crowded with Chinese. These have come across the line from Mexico without permission and have been arrested by the American authorities.

The Associated Press reminds us that there is a bitter anti-Chinese campaign on in the Mexican states of Senora and Sinalao. The Chinese have been ordered to leave the country. They have been attacked by mobs. As the result thousands of them are trying to kampxanx get out of Mexico and many of them in their desire to get away, kept right on going across the border into Arizona, where they are picked up by the American authorities for violating the immigration law.

Over in Spain in the old city of 1 Barcelona, the trouble has been declared off - but there seems to be more trouble than ever. If The Evening Public Ledger, south out that a general strike has been going on in the city and today there was a conference between government authorities and the leaders of the strikers. When the conference was finished everything seemed tine and rosy with the announcement 10 that an agreement had been made and the 11 strike was over. 12 13

The International News Service reports that the good news doesn't seem to have taken with the bulk of the strikers who have been raising particular cain for the past few days. They act as if they weren't going to pay any attention to the agreement their leaders made.

The day just kept on with constant clashes between the police and rioting mobs. In several sections of the cities there was ugly fighting with the police charging the crowds. A number of people are reported wounded

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and the strike is said to be spreading throughout all of the four provinces of Catalonia. Fighting has been going on in Barcelona for several days now. The United Press gives us a description of the machine guns rattling in the streets along with the sharp pop of pistol and rifle fire. Four people have been killed. A church was set on fire by a mob of red radicals. The food shortage is threatening the city. The supply of illuminating gas is a most exhausted.

The Associated Press, says that the women of Barcelona are taking a hand in the situation which is threatening them and their children with discomfort and hunger. They are demanding that their husbands abandon the strike and go back to work. They declare that the men won't get any more meals served to them at home unless they put an end to the trouble.

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Well, here quick results. Last evening I told how the Austrians and 3 Germans had called off that famous 4 Anschluss. They decided to yield to 5 the opposition of other nations, France 6 in particular, and drop their plan to 7 form a customs union. Yes, and now 8 comes news that this decision has been 9 followed by xx swift results.

Today, so the International News Service sends word, the French government announced that it was lending 13 a bit of money to Austria. The sum is a hundred fifty million Austrian shillings. That means twenty-one million dollars in American money.

Well, the Austrians chucked the Anschluss out of the window and the result is expressed in terms of cash.

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This afternoon I read a story. I read every word of it right through. It was an experience related by a college girl. She wrote it as an original theme in the course of her studies in English composition. Her name is Rhoda Reynolds. She's at Wellesley, Class of 1933.

that story, because it really means something. It begins with a picture of a little girl, smiling yet always squinting her eyes. Somehow these two things don't seem to go together -- a bright childish smile, and a squinting of the eyes that looks like worry. The little girl smiled because she was happy. She squinted her eyes because she was near-sighted -- although she didn't know it.

It had never occurred to her that anybody mum could see any better than she did. In grammar school she couldn't distinguish the figures on the black-board unless she sat in the first row

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of seats. At hide-and-seek she was always it, because she seldom noticed the other kids hiding and peeking out from behind trees and bushes.

One day she was walking along the street when she saw three people. She thought they were her father, mother and brother. She aved to the houth but they didn't pay any attention to her. When they drew close she found the they were strangers, and she flushed scarlet with the embarrassment of a child.

When a beautiful landscape was pointed out to her she was saw mostly a green blur, but she was too proud to admit it. She merely had the vague notion that something was wrong with her, and all the time she squinted.

It was inevitable that sooner or later a child like that would be fitted with glasses. They put a pair of spectacles on her nose.

"It was almost like being born again," writes Rhoda Reynolds. "Every-thing became clear and distinct. I

could recognize people on the other side of the street. I could sit in the back row at school and read every figure on the board."

And here's a curious thing -- what surprised the girl the most was the floor. Heretofore it had seemed nothing more than a brownish surface. But now she could tell that it was made of planks, neatly fitted together. She was so astonished and delighted that she counted every plank.

She had never observed before that her father's hair was so thin at the top. And she never knew her mother's hair was turning gray.

Well, that is the human little story which Rhoda
Reynolds, Wellesley '33, tells us. And I think it's an
appropriate tale to pass along in connection with that article
in this week's Literary Digest on the re-opening of school.

There are thousands of children who are suffering from weak eyes, defective vision, as Rhoda Reynolds suffered.

Did I say thousands? Well, I meant millions. Of 25 million school children in this country, 5 million have bed eyes. And

a large proportion of weak eyes can be permanently cured by wearing a pair of spectacles for only a couple of years.

Eighty-five per cent of all knowledge is gained through the eyes. Eighty per cent of all muscular activity is controlled by the eyes. All those millions of youngsters that are about to begin a new school season need 100 per cent normal vision if they are going to get a fair chance at their studies.

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There seems to be a slump in the divorce market. That Man depression has done a lot of mean things, but he seems to be less of a home breaker than the radiant spirit of prosperity.

An Associated Press wire from San trancisco quotes a local judge as pointing out that the number of divorces is decreasing, It has gone down considerably since the last year of the booms. But The San Francisco, judge points out the reason: When the stock market was high level, says he, it seemed almost everybody was either getting alimony or paying alimony.

Yes, that's the key to the situation - alimony. Husbands haven't got so much money nowadays, and don't part with it so easily. And what is divorce without alimony? Any modern woman can answer that question without a bit of trouble.

And so, with the slump in the alimony market there is also a decrease in the number of divorces.

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21-31-11

And that same mean looking fellow, Old Man Depression, seems to be a good friend to man's familiar friend, the horse.

The Department of Agriculture 5 reports that there is an increasing demand on farms for horses and mules. The Associated Press gives a reasonable explanation. Farmers are short on money but long on crops. You can't feed the 10 crops to a tractor but you can to a 11 horse. Of course, the farmers heard 12 all about the glories of mass production. 13 And Old Dobbin isn't so good at mass production. That's where the tractor comes in. More recently the farmer has been accused of the crime of over-17 production. Well, how can he do the 18 noble deed mass production without 19 committing the mortal sin of over-20 production? Well, that's a puzzler that's 21 a little too perplexing for Hiram's 22 brain, and you can't blame him if he's 23 inclined to say that the grand and glorious doctrine of mass production

was just a bunch of hokum so far as he was concerned.

Anyway, the Department of Agriculture reports that the farmer is turning against mass production and against the tractor. He isn't thinking so much about hitching his wagon to a star any more. He's just hitching Old Dobbin and Dobbin's cousin the Missouri mule in their familiar places in front of the plow.

21-31-12

I realize that at this point I ought to let out one loud deep note, and try to roar like a lion. Because that would be the proper way to illustrate the little trick which Ed Stevenson pulled at the Zoo down in Washington. Yes, Ed roared like a lion. In fact he roared at the lions.

with a sense of the appropriate. He was Zoo and the lions roared at him so he just roared back at them.

This is the place where I ought to exercise my voice and give a demonstration of just how the lions roared and how Ed roared in reply.

Keepers came rushing along and told Ed to shut up, but Ed just roared like a lion at them.

I don't know if he roared at the

cop who was the next arrival but anyway the cop took him to the lockup.

The cop testified against Ed and xxix told the Judge that Ed sounded more like a lion than the lions themselves. And just to make his testimony stronger that Washington policeman, with there in the courtroom gave what the Associated Press calls a "mild duplication of a lion's roar." The Judge was shocked by Ed's sense of humor. "If I had been the keepers" declared his honor," I would have taken this man, opened the cage and thrown him to the lions".

And I suppose Ed let out a roar when he heard that.

well, as I said before, I am not so good at this roaring, I'll kex that kind of vocal exercise for Ed Stevenson.

I'll content myself with a mild and peaceful bleat, something a lamb, as I say:

So long until tomorrow.