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Lowell Thomas' Broadcast for The Literary Digest.

Page

Good Evening, Everybody! Friday, June 5, 1931.

I don't imagine you will accuse me of exaggerating when I say that here comes the most extraordinary rescue in the history of aviation.

At Rantoul, Illinois, the army aircraft were holding parachute maneuvers. The flying machines were flying and the parachute jumpers were jumping.

The International News Service tells us that Pall went well until Private Harold L. Osborn, a parachute jumper of the Air Corps, stepped out of a plane, intending to drop down through space. No, he didn't drop at all. Something went wrong. Perhaps he rip card too soon. anyhow the ropes of his parachute got tangled in the tail of the plane, and Private Osborn hung there. He couldn't get free.

The pilot in the plane was afraid to land because if he hat, the impact of hitting the earth would have probably killed the man dangling on the ropes.

And so they flew around for

1 forty-five minutes, while other planes came up to the rescue. It was one of the most difficult stunts ever performed, 4 but they did it. The men in the plane from which Osborne was dangling, threw 6 a rope to him and he took a firm hold 7 of it.

One rescue plane came up from 9 behind. The rescuers edged the nose of their machine alongside ef the tail of the plane in front of them. They came so close that one of the men in the cockpit was able to reach out and cut Osborne's parachute ropes. When the last strand was severed Osborne dropped a little but hung on to the rope which he had in his hands. Then they hauled him up and pulled him back into the plane from which he had jumped.

When, it almost makes my hair stand on end to tell about it.

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The big German flying boat, the DO-X, is in Brazil tonight. The Associated Press reports that the DO-X landed at the island of San Fernando de Noronha last night. This island is right off the South American coast and has played a part in nearly every South Atlantic flight.

The DO-X came through in great style yesterday, with everyone of her 12 American Curtis-Conqueror motors humming a song of victory. Today the world's largest heavier-than-air craft took off for the mainland. She landed at Natal in Brazil where tonight the big flying boat is depicted lying in the harbor. Later her crew hope to fly her North for a visit to this continent.

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In Chicago an important indictment was returned today. Scarface Al Capone was indicted for *** federal income tax frauds. Under the charge he may possibly receive a maximum penalty of thirty-two years in prison. and an \$80,000. Fines

Scarface Al is at present under a sentence of six months in jail for contempt of court. He's out on bail and is taking an appeal to the higher courts.

This new indictment for income tax frauds revealed some startling things. The Federal authorities claim that they can prove that Capone defrauded the government of \$215,000. in taxes. This is tax which he should have paid on \$1,038,000. which he received during the four years from 1925 to 1929. But this is only income that they have been able to pin on him after a most elaborate investigation all over the country.

The Federal authorities, as reported by the International News Service, claim that Capone's income has been from five to fifteen million dollars a year,

for the past half dozen years or more. And that certainly is one grank grand income.

An account given by the United Press, reports Federal authorities as saying that in spite of all the **x**butta fabulous sums of money Capone has handled and of all the documents that have been found, not one check was to be located which the Big Shot himself had signed. He's just too cagey for words.

and Capone has just awarendered to the Federal authorities. They hunted for him high and low. But he just walked in and gave himself up. He was released on 50,000 bail. Capone was similing and apparently not disturbed over what was harsening.

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This evening's sad story is a case of somebody getting slapped by somebody else who ought to be a friend of his.

New York clergyman who is also a socialist, says he is going to appeal to the Soviets. They certainly ought to let him into Russia. Doctor Holmes declares that even his opponents have not accused him of being unfriendly toward the Bolsheviks.

The pastor of the New York's Community Church asked the Soviet authorities for permission to visit Russia. But the said No, they wouldn't let him in. The reason was that he is a clergyman. Religion isn't very popular among the communists, and they don't enjoy the society of religious leaders.

Well, it does seem like a case of a man getting a slap from an unexpected quarter. Doctor Holmes explains that he has been denounced for being fair to the Communists, and it seems he's rather surprised to find that they're not ready to give him a hearty welcome.

The New York Evening Post states that Doctor Holmes
wants to join Sherwood Eddy, the world famous International
Y.M.C.A. worker. Doctor Eddy who recently announced that he had
become a socialist, is now at the head of a party of Americans
who are touring Russia.

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I suppose a lot of you folks have been tuning up the old bus these days. Perhaps that Travel Section in the current issue of the Literary Digest has made some people start thinking about the open air, and the green trees -- also about spark plugs, that funny knock in the engine, and how much mileage is left in those tires bought last Summer.

And, by the way, I have a prosperity item here right along those lines. The other day I told you about a boost in the amount of automobile insurance business, and I pointed out that this was an indication that pointed toward good times for the automobile industry,

And here's another strong indication. An announcement given out by Harvey Firestone shows that the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company made nearly twice as much money during the past six months as it did during the entire previous year.

The profit for the past six months was \$2,908,553.20

-- just to be exact. During the year previous to this six months
period the earnings were a little over a million and a half.

That Firestone report certainly makes it look as if business were on the upgrade. In fact it sort of looks as though the return to normal flourishing conditions is coming so rapidly that it may be here before we know it.

Well, it does no harm to hope so.

Some more economy is in the news this evening. And this time it's the Navy that's going to cut down expenses.

Chalk down a new seven million dollar saving for President Hoover's economy drive.

The President will discuss a cut in naval expenses with Secretary of the Navy Adams tomorrow. And the Secretary is going to tell the President that seven million what is the figure by which the cost of the Navy can be reduced.

The Associated Press outlines various ways of economy, such as the abolition of useless shore stations, and a concentration of naval activities, so that a few stations will do the work of many.

And so one after another the departments of government **a** fall in line with the policy of economy which President Hoover has initiated.

This evening a strange low-lying craft is plying through the waters of the North Atlantic. It is Sir Hubert Wilkins' submarine, the Nautilus--that adventurous under-sea craft which was originally designed for war, but which now has been made over for scientific purposes and a trip under the ice to the North Pole.

Without any hullabaloo or hurrah, the Nautilus put to sea and is now on her way across the Atlantic, bound first for England and then for the Arctic land of Spitzbergen. Wilkins just pushed off *x in the middle of night--without benefit of bands or publicity or speeches. And that is characteristic of Wilkins who is as genuinely modest as any man I've ever known. From her base at Spitzbergen, the Nautilus will head north and plunge under the polar ice.

Meanwhile, the United Press informs us that Donald Macmillan, the well-known Arctic explorer, declares that in his opinion the submarine journey will be exceedingly dangerous.

The Associated Press cables from Norway that the Norwegian Professor, Dr. Sverdrup, who will be a member of the

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expedition, thinks that perhaps the 1 whole adventure ought to be postponed 2 until next summer. He says it will 3 be necessary to give the under-sea 4 5 craft a thorough test in the Arctic 6 before the trip to the Pole can be made, and that there may not be enough time left this summer for the under-sea 8 9 voyage to the top of the world. 9:00 oclock tomatit -10 radioed that she was 250 miles 11 out, the seas were calm 12 13 all was well. 14 15 16

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In the studio here this evening are four visitors, two gentlemen and their wives. And perhaps it makes this next story all the more dramatic.

It's the story of a boy, a marvelous boy. And his father and mother are sitting right here next to the microphone.

In this week's issue of the Literary Digest is told the story of Larry. 11 Larry was a model boy in grammar school, in high schook, and in college. He was an athlete who could run, jump, play ball and fence with the best of them. He could sing, and he made a mark at debating. He was quite a writer too. As a student, he waska made Phi Beta Kappa marks. The hand of inscrutable misfortune intervened. Larry went to Arizona for a cowboy outing. One day he set out riding a broncho toward the sunset. He never returned alive. A frightened horse--an accident--that was all.

And now a book has come out. It

is called--"Larry: Thoughts of Youth".

And it's published by the Y.M.C.A.—

Because Larry left behind him a diary, and some letters, some poems that he had written. They were never meant for the printed page. They were just unstudied, unpremeditated outpourings of a young man's mind.

They are, as the Literary Digest calls them, when an involuntary legacy to all youth who may doubt that the good life is best". For Larry knew that the good life was the best, and he told why.

Here's a thought that he confided to his diary:

"The days are divine. Honestly, no matter what beliefs I might have in regard to religion, a day like this proves to me that there is a God.

"The grass is a vivid green, shrubs are just bursting with yellow and red buds, trees have a downy yellow-green foliage.

"Gosh, beautiful? Heavenly! And some fellows walk to class looking down

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at their shoes and never a smile on their faces. Why, the poor prunes, they're missing the most gorgeous picture ever painted."

And Larry had a Girl. He called her an ideal girl, and in a letter explained to her what he meant:

"You still don't see what I mean,"
he wrote, "about a boy having a girl for
an ideal. I don't mean that the girl
must be ideal--'they ain't no sich animal,
I guess'. The girl is his standard--his
ideal. He thinks 'What would she think
of me if I did this?' or 'What would she
want me to do now?'"

And Larry had another "best girl".

She was his mother.

Mrs. Foster, as I is sitting right here in the studio. And I guess she would tell me that all any man would have to do is to remember his mother, in order to understand what Larry meant when he wrote to Mom:

"But you know all the things you should and shouldn't about me, without my

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saying a darn thing; I've started to tell you loads of confessions--and then seen in your eyes that you knew a 'em minimum all the time."

In another letter Larry wrote:

"Loads of happiness and success to the very finest Dad that a fellow could have. But no matter how many things people say of me, good or bad, the thing that makes me swell most with pride is to be called

"'Tom Foster's Son!'"

The other two visitors in the studio here are Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Alley. Mr. Alley is connected with the Board of Publishing of the Y.M.C.A. He tells me that the "Y" felt that the "Thoughts of Youth" which Larry left to be published to be story of Larry.

A peace move was made today over in Italy, in that controversy between the Pope and Mussolini.

The Duce made a gesture of conciliation. He offered to permit some of the Catholic clubs to re-open -- but only the clubs for women and girls. The Catholic men's clubs, so the Associated Press reports, *** will have to remain closed. The answer of Pope Pius the 11th to this was a flat refusal. The *** Pope declared that all of the Catholic clubs, for men as well as for women, must be restored to good standing. It is a case of all or nothing with the Vatican.

Secretary of War, Stimson, announced today that the marines are out of Nicaragua - that is, as many marines have left the Central American Republic as are going to leave. Only a skeleton force of 800 Bevil Bogs are idleft.

The Associated Press in telling of the government plans, says mentions that this sekeleton force of less than 800 will remain in Nicaragua until after the elections next year in which the Nicaraguan voters will go to the polls and xexex and decide, what they want in the way of government.

We now come to a forbidden word. It is one of those fighting words. The word is "blather." It is a forbidden fighting word in the British House of Commons.

The Associated Press relates how a member of Parliament was ordered to leave the House because he said -- "blather."

A debate was on in the House of Commons. Sir Dennis Herbert, a

Conservative member, was making a speech. He said something

that wasn't to the taste of Elijah Sandham, a Labor member. And

Elijah spoke up and said right out loud -- Blather!

The speaker instantly interrupted. He declared that Blather was a forbidden fighting word in the House of Commons, and ordered the Honorable Elijah M. P. to leave at once. And so Elijah M. P. was given the gate, and he'll think twice the next time he feels inclined to say -- blather.

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Perhaps you have heard the news about the British Open Golf Championship. For the tenth time in eleven years it was won by an American, Tommy Armour, Detroit professional. Jurado of Argentina was second and Saragen of N. Y. and Allis an Englishman tied for third.

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I'm afraid it would be unappropriate to sing ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND at this point, because apparently John Bull isn't going in so much for roast beef any more.

The New York Sun informs us that the portly fellow with the red face is going in for a fruit diet. And if he keeps that up, old John Bull isn't going to be quite so far or red in the face -he'll acquire a rather pale and poetic look.

At any rate, Englishmen are giving 14 up the big bacon-and-egg breakfasts of 15 their forefathers and are taking to the 16 American fruit breakfasts. Apples are 17 the Englishman's favorite fruit -- next 18 come oranges and then bannanas.

Well, that's a healthy diet, and 20 although roast beef may be considered 21 more characteristic of the English, why 22 old John's health is probably going to 23 improve with a new fruit diet.

Well, I'm going home to dinner 25 now, and I'll enjoy an apple, an orange

Now comes a sporting event which must have been a barrel of fun for a lot of boys. It was a balloon race, a competition of toy balloons. It was held at Cooperstown, New York. One hundred lads of school age gathered to compete for the Stephens trophy. The idea was to see which balloon would sail the farthest. On each is written the name of a boy. The balloons were released and are now drifting toward the stratosphere, or maybe toward Europe. At any rate the lad whose balloon drifts the farthest will win the trophy.

Which brings me to the hour when a too can send up toy balloons or most any thing the will permit someone clse to take my place on the fire. So, Solong until tomorrow.

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