BRITISH NAVY

FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST
THURSDAY, JANUARY 8TH. 1931.

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Well, right now at this hour a lot of British Jack Tars are singing, "Yo ho for the Spanish Main".

The British Atlantic fleet, one of the most powerful naval squadrons ever assembled, is steering in full array across the ocean tonight. According to the New York Evening Post, there are 40 ships. Great dreadnaughts, swift cruisers, mosquito-like torpedo boats, and slinky submarines.

They are on their way to the West Indies for a visit and maneuvers.

The flagship, the giant dreadnaught <u>Nelson</u> is the only one that will go on to Panama for a visit with the American fleet.

BRITISH NAVY

LOWELL THOMAS BROADCASTE FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST THURSDAY, JANUARY 8TH. 1931.

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In the day's news dispatches one constantly runs across items that reverse the usual order of things -- when the midget knocks out the pugilist, and so on.

That's just what happened on that big flight of the 12 Italian giant seaplanes across the Atlantic.

Atlantic squadron saw only one ship during the flight, and it was a vessel that had lost its bearings in a storm. That ship saw the formation of Italian planes in the sky and wirelessed to them. Yes, sir. Believe it or not, that ship asked the planes for its position, and the planes wirelessed back and told the ship where it was.

The mystery about the accidents during the Italian flight has not been cleared up. The Italian government kept the details from being made public so as not to spoil

the granted jubilation. The 12 big

Savoia-Marchetti bombers took off and
two of them never really got started.

One of the overloaded planes was forced
down and damaged a pontoon, and had to
give up the attempt. A mechanic was
killed. According to the United Press,
a second ene wabbled in the air with its
tremendous load and then plunged. It
burst into flames, and the four men in
it were killed.

Well, there were two supply planes.

***End of the ocean flight. But when two of the giant bombers come to grief, the two supply planes were ordered to strike out across the Atlantic. They did, and they almost made it. Both were forced down near the South American coast.

A mandam late flash from the International News Service states that one of these supply planes that was forced down took off this afternoon to complete the flight.

While we're on the subject of

aviation -- the American plane, the TRADE WIND is now at Bermuda making minor repairs. According to the International News

Service, Captain McLaren and Mrs. Hart the flying widow, intend to continue their air voyage to Europe, tomorrow.

From Rome comes a grave and solemn pronouncement.

It comes from the Vatican. For some time now Pope Pius XI
has been expected to issue an encyclical on the subject of
marriage. This encyclical has just been given out, and it is
grave indeed. It is just about what we would expect. The
Vatican isn't going in for new fads and fashions, and the Pope
strongly reaffirms the old traditions of marriage.

Divorce is denounced with a solemn pontifical anathema. On the subject of the modern woman, the Associated Press sums up the Pope's declaration by saying that the wife owes obedience to her husband but <u>not</u> at the sacrifice of any dignity on her part. The International News Service tells us that the Pope calls for a new marriage law -- but a stricter one.

Well, there a lot of prominent

people who are coming out for all sorts of innovations and new fads in the line of marriage, but not the Vatican. The head of the Catholic church stands four-square for the traditional moralities of old.

Next comes an item that means much to millions of people of Africa and Asia. It states that the Indian Moslem leader, Maulano Mohammed Ali, will be laid to rest in the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem.

Mohammed Ali was one of the most powerful figures among the Mohammedans of India, and he died on Sunday while attending the Round Table Conference at London.

According to the New York Evening Post, he is the first Indian ever to be granted the honor of burial in the beautiful Mosque of Omar. Indeed that is one of the greatest honors that a Mussolman can have, because the Mosque of Omar is the third holiest place in the Mohammedan world.

The Prophet Mohammed declared that one prayer offered in the Mosque of Omar was worth a thousand prayers elsewhere.

Tradition has it that the shade of the great prophet ascended to heaven from here on a miraculous steed.

Yes, and the Mosque of Omar is reputed to be built on the site of the Temple of King Solomon.

Lord Allenby told me a curious story out there during the Palestine campaign. Newspapers all over the world, told of the capture of Jerusalem. Well, Allenby told me that he received hundreds of letters from women in England and the United States and Canada imploring him to rebuild Solomon's Temple. They evidently failed to realize that the site of the Temple of Solomon is occupied by the third holiest building in the Mohammedan world, this beautiful Mosque of Omar that is mentioned in the news tonight.

going to say in reply to this question. At the here it is: - ARE WE REALLY HAVING HARD TIMES?

Some people at least don't think so -- the Germans, for instance. When the subject of hard times in the United States comes up over in Germany, German newspaper editors break into ironic whomas laughter. They say that times in America during a depression are a whole lot better than boom times in Europe.

German writers insist that all they can find over here are evidences of prosperity: high priced restaurants doing a brisk business; the beauty industry booming; women's clothes are more elaborate than ever; more and better automobiles like the ones on exhibit at the New York Auto Show this week, and so on.

The Germans say that hard times over here are more psychological than anything else. They tell us we're not having a real business crises. Merely

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having a confidence crises. And they
think this confidence crisis is about
over and that America is due for a huge
boom. They have a lot more to say
about it too and you will find their interesting
views in the new Literary Digest that's
just out.

12-1-30-5M

CARPENTIER

The New York police announce that this next item is not a publicity stunt. That's real news. But the whole thing is also somewhat mysterious.

Lita Grey Chaplin, former wife of Charlie Chaplin, is playing in a New York theatre. She left the theatre and with her was the socalled "orchid man" of France, "gorgeous - Georges" I mean Carpentier, the chap who was knocked galley west by Dempsey a few years ago.

They got into Mrs. Chaplin's car, and four gunmen got in with them. The gunmen drove them around for awhile, and then just let them go. Nobody seems to know just what it all means. The principals in the little melodrama are not talking. But the motive seems to have been one of robbery, and the police say it was not publicity.

Out in Chicago the police claim to have solved the famous Lingle murder. According to the Associated Press, they've arrested a St. Louis gangster named Leo Brothers, and he is said to be identified by several witnesses as the man who shot "Jake" Lingle, the Chicago Tribune reporter. The State's attorney declares that the St. Louis gangster will be tried for the murders shooting.

The International News Service tells us that the State's attorney implied that the full story of the Lingle murder was known, but that it would not be revealed until the trial.

This afternoon Ben Adams walked in and on me with a clipping in his hand. You may remember that I had an evening off Saturday before last and Ben was here in my place.

"HOW'S THIS FOR A DOG STORY",

he said, "AND IF I WERE PINCH HITTING

FOR YOU AGAIN TONIGHT I THINK I'D USE

IT AS THE NEWS ITEM OF THE DAY."

Here it is:

Nemo is a fox terrior who last summer wandered into the Metropolitan Airport over in Newark, New Jersey. (By the way, the other night I mentioned a cat that walked all the way from Missouri to Mx Newark. That was up at Newark, New York.) But Nemo the stray fox terrior arrived at the New Jersey Newark airport, scraggly and skinny and hungry.

Aviators are fond of dogs, and particularly stray dogs. So they made Nemo the mascot of the airport. And how Nemo loved it. He grew devoted to flying. In fact, if ever a dog

plane came in Nemo was there to greet it, barking and wagging that stubby tail of his at the rate of 400 revolutions a minute.

It was a happy summer for Nemo, but things changed when winter came.

one. It got cold and they had no place to keep xx a dog warm at the airport, so the aviators decided they had better provide Nemo with a warm home xxx for the winter.

A farmer offered to put the dog up during the cold months and an automobile carried Nemo to his farm twenty-five miles away.

The next morning one of the aviators sort of rubbed his eyes. There was Nemo curled up as leep on some airmail bags.

Well, they still decided Nemo had to have a better home, and one of the mechanics around the hangar offered to take him to his house. He drove Nemo by a complicated route so the dog couldn't possibly find his way

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back and gave the little terrior comfortable quarters. An hour later there was back at the hangar.

Yesterday a chauffeur drove up to the field in a big limousine, and said that Nemo belonged to his employer, Colonel Long.

The story of how Nemo had returned twice to the flying field had been printed in the papers, and the Colonel recognized the dog from the description as a pup that had belonged to him and strayed away.

So Nemo was driven away to Col. Long's office. When he saw his old master Nemo barked and jumped with joy. A couple of hours later Nemo was back at the airport and curled himself up on the mail bags.

Well, the Colonel came looking for his dog and then he talked the situation over with the aviators.

It all ended happily because the Colonel agreed that Nemo was just a born aviator and he guessed he'd better

live right there at the airport. So the fliers said they guessed they'd have to build a fine little hangar for Nemo to live in. And that's what they're doing.

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The other night we had a story about mosquitoes in the news and in connection with it I happened to remark that the biggest and most ferocious of all mosquitoes were to be found up in Alaska. And that has brought a regular snow storm of letters from folks who assure me that the real mosquito honors belong to their native state.

One lady from (well, maybe I'd better not tell you what state she lives in because that would get me into more hot water). Anyhow, the lady declares that fifty years ago when she was a child her mother instead of threatening to call the "Boogey-man" when the children were bad, would just take the dinner bell down from the shelf and threaten to call the mosquitoes. And that always made the children behave.

Winfield Hill of Princeton Junction states that he was traveling through a certain locality - not New Jersey, of course - when his car bumped smack into a mosquitoes' nest.

"YES", says Mr. Hill, "AND THAT WAS ALL THE MOTORING I DID FOR A WHILE 3 BECAUSE THOSE ANGRY MOSQUITOES ATTACKED MY CAR AND PUNCTURED ALL MY TIRES." 5 A Mr. Bamgol of Huntington, West Virginia, tells about an adventure he had. "IT WAS DOWN SOUTH IN THE 9 CRACKER COUNTRY". he writes. "THERE WERE SOME MOSQUITOES IN MY ROOM, ENORMOUS 11 FIERCE FELLOWS. I TRIED TO GET THE BEST OF THEM BY GOING AFTER THEM WITH A CANDLE - SINGE THEIR WINGS YOU KNOW. 14 I GOT 'EM ALL - THAT IS, ALL BUT ONE. 15 AND HE WAS THE BIGGEST VILLAIN OF THE 16 LOT AND SEEMED TO BE THE LEADER. FINALLY 17 I CORNERED HIM AND WAS ABOUT TO BURN 18 HIM TOO WHEN WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT 19 MOSQUITO DID? WELL, SIR, HE JUST TURNED 20 AROUND AND BLEW THE CANDLE OUT." 21 Be all that as it may, I 22 was gratified to get a bit of confirmation 23 for what I said about mosquitoes in the 24 25

Far North.

J. S. Hanson of Kockville Center,
New York, writes me that on one
occasion he was up in Labrador xxx
visiting the Grenfell Mission, and the
famous Sir Wilfred Grenfell was telling
him about Labrador mosquitoes.

"YES SIR", said Dr. Grenfell,
"THE LABRADOR MOSQUITO EXCEEDS ALL
OTHERS IN SIZE AND FEROCITY. BUT THERE
IS ONE ESPECIALLY BIG AND FEROCIOUS
MOSQUITO YOU WANT TO LOOK OUT FOR.
I HAD AN ENCOUNTER WITH HIM. IF YOU
HAPPEN TO RUN ACROSS HIM YOU'D BETTER
LOOK OUT. YOU'LL RECOGNIZE HIM", added
Dr. Grenfell, "BECAUSE YOU'LL SEE
THE IMPRINT OF A MAN'S FIST BETWEEN

THAT MOSQUITO'S EYES."

12-1-30-5M

Last night I asked the question out of the Literary

Digest questionnaire: WHAT IS THE GREATEST EXPLOSION ON RECORD?

Well, the Digest tells us that big bang was the eruption of Krakatoa in 1883. And then the Digest goes on to give some startling facts about that record-breaking bit of fireworks.

But the article is more than a piece of fascinating history. It tells us about that tremendous eruption of Krakatoa in 1883 for the reason that the scientists are wondering just whether this celebrated volcano is going to blow up again in the near future.

Krakatoa is on an island between Sumatra and Java, and in it's former eruption it created a sort of daughter volcano -- a small island with a crater. And that crater has been showing dangerous signs of activity. If you turn to your new Digest you will see three remarkable pictures of what that daughter of the giant Krakatoa is doing. And you will see why the scientists are all steamed up about it.

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Before we end tonight, let's take a glimpse into the future. The first television tea in history has just been held. It was at the Bell Telephone laboratories in New York. The guests were members of the Engineering Women's Club, and they weren't really there at all. They stayed right in their homes, and took part in the tea party just the same.

They allexchanged greeting by television, chatted, passed around a few choice bits of gossip, I suppose.

Even the hostess, Mrs. Frank Jewett. was a couple of miles away.

Well, they say it won't be long until we'll be living a large part of our lives by television. The children will be going to school by television, maybe. We'll attend banquets by televisionand thank science for that. Perhaps even Congress will meet by television.

And when that day comes I'll be able to say "So long" to you face to 25 face by television. But for the present -- 1 for tonight, at any rate, I'm still just a voice, saying--So long until tomorrow.

12-1-30-5M