LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1931

COTTON

Good Evening, Everybody:

Here is some news for the pocketbook: - definite action on the plan of President Hoover to sell to Germany some of the vast mountain of farm produce stored up by the Federal Farm Board. And this will be cheering news for all the folks in the cotton belt.

Board for 600,000 bales of cotton worth between thirty and forty million dollars. And Fritz has also taken an option on 200,000 bales more. The price is a shade lower than the figure which the President first mentioned. And Germany will get the benefit of a three year credit arrangement.

Then to, the International News Service adds that Germany is going to buy a quantity of copper from the United States.

Also the Farm Board is still dickering with the Berlin authorities about wheat. Uncle Sam would like to sell Fritz one million, two hundred and twenty-five thousand tons of grain.

But mank nothing definite has been decided about this as yet.

MRS. COOLIDGE

Vermont. No, there's nothing to it. We can scotch that rumor. Mrs. Coolidge has not bobed her hair.

Gossip had spread far and wide that the wife of the former president of the United States had gone and got herself a summer-hair-bob. This aroused plenty of discussion, Some of the ladies saying year, and others declaring that Mrs. Coolidge without her long fluffy half wouldn't be the same woman any more.

reminds us that there were rumors several years ago when the Coolidges were in the White House, that the first lady of the land wanted to get her hair bobbed, but she refrained from doing so because Cal didn't want her to.

Recently Mrs. Coolidge has get herself some up-to-date, smart headgear. She's been wearing a small French beret with her hair tucked inside, and that started

10 the gossip at rest.

the rumor that she had got a bob.

Well, the United Press gives 3 us convincing testimony to the contrary. 4 Miss Florence Cilley, the postmistress 5 at Plymouth, Vermont, went to Mrs. 6 Coolidge and asked her point blank about 7 that bob. # Mrs. Coolidge replied by 8 taking down her hair and displaying her 9 long tresses. And that ought to set

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A mountain has exploded in the state of Vera Cruz down in Mexico.

The Associated Press that nobody even dreamed that Mount Tlanapa was a volcano. It had always seemed to be just another peak -- quiet, peaceable, and well-behaved. People lived along its slopes, never imagining that there might be any danger.

But recently there have been rumblings, and now there has been an eruption. Some tremendous underground force thrust up a mighty hand and burst open the top of the mountain. A great hole appeared, a huge fissure, and from it poured a flood of water and mud,

At the base of the mountain is a village. The people were surprised by the sudden upheaval, and 10 of them were trapped by the streams of water and mud that rolled down the side of the mountain. It is believed that all 10 have lost their lives.

The ancient name of Jerusalem doesn't seem to fit very well with such modern ideas strikes and walk-outs, but state the same a general strike has been ordered in Jerusalem. It's the Arabs who are going to leave their jobs, and their idea is to make a protest against regulations which the British government has put into force to prevent any possible future outbreaks between the Arabs and the Jews.

The Associated Press has word that the general strike of the Arabs is scheduled to begin on Monday. And then there probably will be more excitement in the City of Peace, the city that seems to have less peace than any other on earth.

It's a cheering thing to find something new in the way of sensational airplane flights. And tonight we have what is described as an aerial mystery.

Parker Cramer, a well-known American aviator, right at this very moment is getting ready to take off from Angmagsalik, Greenland. Yes, that's where he is, and he's getting ready to head eastward for Iceland. Cramer landed at Greenland unheralded and unsung. Nobody even knew what he was there for. Nobody knew he had even started out, although he had flown all the way from Detroit across Canada and Labrador to Greenland.

And so there has been much talk about Parker Cremer's mystery flight during the last few hours.

But the mystery has just been solved. The Associated Press quotes officials of the Transamerica Airlines of Cleveland, Ohio, as saying that "Shorty" Cremer was sent to make charts for a northern air route. It's to be a northern mail air route.

It's to be a northern mail air route.

It's A project is under way to establish an air service for mail between America and Europe, and the course will cover a northern circle with stops at Greenland and Iceland. Cramer

was sent on a secret mission to do the charting, and that's why no word had been given out about his flight. But now the news has been xx flashed far and wide, and the plan for the transatlantic air mail route is public property.

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over in Japan a transpacific air race seems to be brewing. Pangborn and Herndon, having changed their plans about beating Post and Gatty's round the world record, are now planning a flight direct from Tokio to Seattle - non-stop.

There's a prize up for the first aviator who makes the jump.

Meanwhile Don Moyle and C. A. Allen, two American fliers, have arrived in Japan, and they too plan to try that Tokio - Seattle hop.

And so, as the United Press puts it, there may be a Tokio to Seattle air race between the two pairs of fliers, right straight across the mightiest of all the oceans.

The Lindberghs are still in the far northern town of Aklavik tonight at the month of the Mackenzie River, in the Land of the Midnight Sun. The weather is bad in that region up there above the Arctic circle, and the famous young couple are waiting

for things to clear up.

The International News Service tells us that Mrs.

Lindbergh has been given a brand new nickname. It's an

Arctic nickname all right. Up there at Aklavik they're

calling her the little Blue Goose.

Anne Lindbergh observed an Eskimo woman talking to her baby. She asked what the woman was saying. An interpreter spoke to the boy and the Eskimo lad related that his mother had just said to him that the wife of the great American bird man looked just like a little blue goose.

The Lindberghs will find plenty to interest and to amuse them in that tiny village of Aklavik up there in the Arctic. Aklavik contains a population of twenty white folks. The rest are Eskimo. But anyway, the Lindberghs will find a copy of the Literary Digest in that remote town. Among the twenty white people at Aklavik there's a Literary Digest subscriber. She is Mrs. J. W. Baker. Every week she received her copy, a little bit late sometimes, because it's a long, long way to Aklavik,

Let's have a brief memory test.

I have a list of a few names here, and
I wonder how well you remember them.

During the past couple of months a number of remarkable aviation flights have been made. Yes, we remember them. We have the names of the air heroes fresh in mind. But how well do we remember men who made similar flights that were the sensation of the day a few years ago? This is a question that comes popping right out of an article in the new Literary Digest which same out today.

Of course, it has become a well known ironical fact that in the history of the great flights across the oceans and continents, the men who did it first are forgotten. There are mighty few people who could name the U.S. Navy fliers who made the first airplane trip across the Atlantic. And then there's the famous case of the first non-stop flight across the ocean. Alcock and Brown, the two Britishers

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who made the trip dropped out of sight within a few weeks.

And of course, we can't miss the first flight around the world

by U. S. Army aviators, Captain Lowell Smith and his companions

whose names are quite forgotten.

Well, all of this is obvious and well known, but the new Literary Digest which came out today gives us some of the less known but equally vivid facts.

Lindbergh caught the imagination of the world in 1927, and the two other flights that followed right after his, those of Byrd and Chamberlin - they're also remembered. But how many of you folks remember Brock and Schlee, who made the transatlantic crossing that very same season.

Amelia Earhert is remembered, but how many of us know the names of the two flying men who actually flew her axex across the sea? I mean Wilmer Stultz and Lou Gordon.

And then on the transatlantic list is the flight of Assolant, Lotti and Lefevre.

Here I am, an aviation enthusiast, and I've almost

forgotten them. Then how many of us recall the sky journey of Roger Williams and Lou Yancey from the U. S. A. to Rome?

Let's reel off a few more transatlantic names, Boyd and Conner, Koehl, von Huenefeld and Fitzmaurice, Kingsford-Amith, Van Dyk, Stannage and Saul, von Gronau and his crew, Coste and Bellonte. These are all transatlantic fliers whose names ar were flashed in the headlines not so long ago.

And how many times do you think the world has been circled by airplane? Most of us would say, well, that first time by the U. S. Army fliers, and just now by Post and Gatty. But mighty few of us recall that between those two flights, Kingsford-Smith, the Australian whom Fokker calls the greatest flier of them all, in the Southern Cross circled the world in one of the greatest flights on record. The individual jumps that he made to Mawaii, the

Island of Suva, and to Australia, were masterpieces of aviation in themselves. This is pointed out in an article in the New York Times from which the Literary Digest quotes.

Well, it's just another instance of how short and fleeting is fame.
That's an old truth and the blazing heroics of transatlantic flying are giving it new meaning every day.

Let's imagine we're in the deep jungle of New Guinea, one of the few wild places of utterly primeval barbarism that this rather thoroughly civilized globe of ours has to show. Imagine we're deep in the interior among ferocious savages, with the dreaded Cooka-Cooka tribe. Even in New Guinea, with its miasmal climate and almost impenetrable bush. a few genuinely fierce and untamed tribes still remain. But the Cooka-Cookas who live in the deep shelter of the jungle remain as they have always been -utterly fierce and untamed.

Well, the picture that is called to mind is of the black warriors of the Cooka-Cooka tribe dancing in a barbaric dance around a white man -- and that marks the tragic climax of one of the strangest stories that has come over the wires in a long time. The Associated Press tells the tale.

Part of New Guinea used to belong to Germany. When the war broke out the Australians invaded the German mmm

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the enormous island a New Juinea province, and over-ran it. Most of the Germans were taken and interned -- but not Eric Baum. He was an officer of the German Imperial Army, and life as a prisoner made no appeal to him. He dodged away into the bush. He wandered through the jungle to an isolated section, and there lived among the natives. Eric Baum, as they say in those parts, "went bush."

When the war was over he remained among the natives. He lived their life, as one of them. Years went by and the former officer of the Kaiser seemed lost to the white man's world.

Then in his journeys among the black men of the tropical forests Eric Baum caught a rumor, a tale of particles of yellow in the rocks -- gold. He followed down the story to its source, and that source was gold. He discovered a rich deposit of the precious yellow metal.

And now the German officer who had "gone bush" saw himself fabulously

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wealthy. He could mine his gold, collect his horde and return to civilization like a second Monte Cristo, rich and powerful.

The mine was near the country of the Cooka-Cookas. But Eric Baum was not afraid. He had "gone native," was used to the ways of the black men of the dark southern islands regions of for off Papua.

He gathered a force of ten kanakas as workmen and settled down in a little camp to work his mine. He went to the neighboring Cooka-Cooka tribe and made arrangements with them. An agreement was concluded according to which they would sell him daily supplies of yams as food for himself and his workmen.

And now Eric Baum set to work to extract his treasure from the gold-bearing quartz. Week after week the labor went on, with the white man accumulating a store of gold. His clothing consisted of a tattered piece of cloth. His beard was long, and the blazing sun had burned him almost to the black of the natives.

untamed but they are also treacherous.

Every day they delivered their sacks of yams to the white man. But in time the number of yams in the sack became smaller. The Cooka-Cookas were cheating. Eric Baum protested and demanded a fair trade. The surly tribesmen merely demanded to them.

Then one day the Cooka-Cookas brought in an almost empty bag. It had about two yams in it. This was too much for Eric Baum. He threw the sack at them and told them to take it away.

And that was when the ceremonial dance began. The Cooka-Cookas rushed the white man and his kanakas and danced around them. It was the dance of death. They danced until they were maddened. Then they killed Eric Baum and nine of his kanaka boys. Three of the kanakas managed to dodge away into the bush and escape the pursuit of the Cooka-Cookas. Days later they wandered tired and bedraggled into a white settlement and

told the story of Eric Baum, the officer of the German Imperial Army who had "gone bush," had found gold and had lost his life deep in the wilds of New Junea

Holy Smoke, what a noise! The United Press calls it a charivari. I looked the word up in the Funk and Wagnalls Standard Dictionary and found that charivari means a kind of burlesque serenade of tin pans and horsn and whistles sometimes given in rural districts in honor of a newly-married couple.

Out in Colorado in the old days we used to call it shiveree, and I never missed one.

Well, here's a charivari all right, or a shivaree if you prefer. And it's been brought to the solemn attention of the Governor of Wisconsin. Governor Phillip LaGollette has been asked to bring the authority of the state to bear and stor that charivari.

Two weeks ago there was a wedding at Ashland, Wisconsin.

Arvo Juori took a wife unto himself, and ever since the young couple have been having trouble. Ashland is a settlement of Finns and the charivari is an old Finnish custom. The night of the wedding the neighbors gathered and organized a shiveree - charivari I mean. They played one tremendous concert on tin pans, squaky horns, and shrill whistles. It was a dreadful racket. But the young couple didn't mind.

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But the next night the same thing took place. There was another charivari. And every night thereafter there was the same wild serenade of unholy noise. The nights were made hideous for Arvo Juori and his wife. They couldn't sleep.

The reason was that the father of the bride didn't give the charivari serenaders any presents. It's the custom to pass around gifts to the boys who are making the awful music. The bride's father refused to kick in, and that made the boys indignant. They declared they would continue the charivari every night until they had received the customary presents. The bride's father was still stubborn, and so the charivari has gone on for two weeks. The young couple appealed to the sheriff. He arrested the serenaders but turned them loose, and they started their charivari again, this time demanding 15 dollars for treats for the party. And the young couple tried other modes of legal redress but got no satisfaction. Now they have appealed to

the highest authority of the state, asking him to stop the charivari.

I don't know what the Governor is going to do, but I do know what I'm going to do -- I'm going to stop this stadio charivari of mine and say -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

616-31-5M