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Lowell Thomas broadcast for The Literary Digest. Monday, July 20th. 1931.

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Good Evening Everybody:

In Milwaukee eleven men are alive and rejoicing tonight after a hair-3 raising adventure.

They were working in a tunnel. A rain storm, a regular deluge, came along. The streets were flooded, and the water poured into the tunnel. The eleven men were trapped. The water was rising and they couldn't get out, but luckily there was an air-tight compartment. They scrambled in and slammed the door, shuts

They were safe from the water all right, but still they were trapped under the ground.

The fire department came to the rescue. They could hear taps. The men trapped in the compartment were hammering out signals. The firemen began to pump the water out of the flooded shaft, and they pumped like mad.

The story given out by the International News Service informs us that finally the men were released. There are rumors that there were two other workmen in the tunnel somewhere, but this does not seem to be clear or certain.

They had a wild storm at Snyder, control the Foctore. The wind howled and raged, and when the cyclone part of it was over a terrific hail storm broke enter loose.

Between the wind and the smashing deluge of hail, the houses, trees, and the crops in the fields were flattened.

One man was hurt when his the collapsed. A woman was injured when the crazy wind drove a plank through the screen of the porch on which she was sitting.

The International News Service doesn't give any estimate in figures of the damage done, because the telephone wires are down, and word is slow in coming through.

Of course, the Giants have not been going any too well on their present western trip, and that hasn't done McGraw's temper any good. And now we hear, on the authority of the United Press, of McGraw waiting at the entrance of the St. Louis ball park - yes, waiting for somebody, and that somebody was the President of the National League.

McGraw is under a suspension right now. He has been banished to

outer darkness. The reason is that the peppery leader of the Giants didn't 3 like a decision that the umpire made and he used some strong language. The result was that the President of the 6 League said: "Clear out. Make yourself scarce." And he banished McGraw from 8 the baseball parks for three days.

And so the old time battler of baseball was waiting at the entrance n of the St. Louis park for the President 12 of the League. And when the president came along things were exciting for a 14 minute. The United Press describes the encounter as a heated run-in. There were loud expostulations and replies. It didn't do McGraw any good. MoGraw declared that President Heydler was protecting an incompetent umpire and the president merely responded that McGraw would have to take his three dayx suspension just like any other baseball player.

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On my way down from the farm this morning, I was whizzing serenely along in my 1927 chariot. All was well with the world and I was day-dreaming. Suddenly something happened that brought me back to earth with a start, -- a one ree! thriller out of real life. Luckily I had just had my brakes relined and adjusted or I might have done a ground loop.

What happened was, a car was galloping down the Sawmill River Road about 100 feet in front of me. Wham! Bang! Crash! A blow-out. One of his front tires had gone. And you should have seen what that car did. My heart 17 was in my throat.

As the tire blew the car took a 19 crazy lurch, shot across the road, and 20 kept right on going. It mowed down a couple of young trees the landscape experts had just put in and then eased 23 Over on its side and dumped the driver out gently on his ear. If there had been 25 a cliff there instead of that flat open

stretch, it would have been just too bad.

I hopped over and took a look at the blow-out.

"Well, old timer," said I, "you're luckier than you deserve. You might have known that old, worn out tire of yours was going to pop at any minute."

He grinned sourly, then as he strolled over with me he started to laugh.

"Ha ha, big boy you should talk. Huh." And then he laughed again and added: - "Look at those tires of yours.

Ha, ha. You should tell me!"

Well, he flattened me flatter than that blow-out of his. I hadn't thought about my own tires for months, and there they were, just about ready to go boom. Well, the only excuse I could make was that tires have improved so much in recent years that we seldom give them a thought.

We just take them

for granted. As a matter of fact I've driven a hundred thousand miles or so in the last four years and I don't haven't recall having had more than two or three blowouts.

Well, the first thing I did on reaching the office was to pick up a copy of The Literary Digest and look for an automobile tire ad. Then I went each out and bought myself four new ones.

And while doing so I found out that 22½ cents today will buy as much tire as a dollar did in 1915. I got a smile of satisfaction out of that. And I'll feel more comfortable riding on those new tires too--even if they're not paid for.

These modern automobiles, are a constant source of fascination to me.

I'm non-mechanical--"couldn't even repair a doorbell", so my wife says. And never quite get over the miracle of being able to hop in a car, let a powerful electric battery start me off when I tickle it with my foot, and then flash

down the road by the grace of a little gas and oil.

And while I'm on the topic of automobiling, a subject on which my ignorance is abyssmal, I'll tell you a tip a famous flyer gave me the other day. You've all heard of him. I mean Jimmy Doolittle, Major Doolittle, Dr. James H. Doolittle, the first American flyer ever to become a doctor of aeronautical engineering.

Well, Jimmy knows his onions -- his engines I mean.

And he said to me:- "LiT., the cheapest insurance policy you can have on that bus of yours, even it it is an old timer, is glass that won't shatter if you do have an accident; tires that won't let you down; and the best grades of oil and gas, so your motor will give you the best possible service."

At a rate of 1500 r.p.m. my motor must have turned over 250,000 times on my way to town, today - and every time it turns over it depends.

Well, that subject is particularly to the point tonight because --

a wild blaze is still burning at Mount Pleasant, Michigan, a flaming oil gusher.

The explosion of that oil well was a disaster. In the account given by the United Press we are told that the drillers had sunk the well to a depth of 3,502 feet. Oil was flowing at a rate of 25 hundred barrels a day. A crowd was gathered, watching. Suddenly there was a flash. Gas and oil blazed with incredible fury. The fire swept across the oil-soaked ground to the tanks. There was a wild stampede as the people dashed away to escape.

And tonight that well is still burning, lighting up the dark sky with an evil red glare.

Now this is a story of Mrs. Carmella Giamusso, who doesn't understand English. Mrs. Giamusso lives in Brooklyn. She has a son. He's been away from home, but he has written to his mother at regular intervals. Mrs. Giamusso's son is a good son.

Not long ago he wrote to her that he had moved to Atlanta, Georgia, and was in business down there. She wrote a letter to the Postoffice box he gave and then decided to pay her son a surprise visit.

The Associated Press relates that Mrs. Giamusso took a train to Atlanta and went to the Postoffice, and through an interpreter asked where she could find her son.

The clerks looked at each other.

"He's a good boy," she said, "he
must have a fine business in this fine
city. And he will be glad to see his
mother."

She gave the Postoffice clerks her son's box number, and that was when

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themannamenta/looked at each other. They

didn't know what to say. But as Mrs.

Giamusso was growing impatient, they had

to tell her.

And so Mrs. Giamusso found that
her son lived in a big castle with high
strong walls and spacious courtyards,
and mm many men on guard. It was a
magnificent looking castle run by the
Government of the United States. Mrs.
Giamusso's son was in there -- maybe
for not paying sufficient heed to one
of the amendments to the constitution
of the United States.

Well, Mrs. Giamusso's face grew
sad when she finally understood, but
she looked the Postoffice folks straight
in the eye and told them that she was
going to see her son anyway, because even
if he was in that big castle he was a good
son just the same.

The men in the Postoffice couldn't help thinking about various things, man about their own mothers, maybe. So they got together and made a

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few arrangements. Mrs. Giamusso had no money but they raised a purse and paid her hotel bill for a three days' stay in Atlanta, and arranged things so she could spend most of the time with her son in whom she has not lost faith.

And, now, Ladies and Gentlemen - We now come to the exhilirating vision of a swarm of bees chasing an Irishman with a bagpipe. Once more we have one of those \*\* stories that seem too good to be true -- but here's the United Press dispatch:-

In Chicago, Michael McAndrew, presumably a Scotchman, took his family away for a visit, and he carried along with him only the key to his back door. When he returned home to heard a loud buzzing. A swarm of bees had taken possession of McAndrew's backyard and barred the way to the back door of his house -- the only way he could get in. Bzzzzz, went the bees, thousands of them.

He called the police. The cops arrived in with a flourish, and started to chase the bees.

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cops. And, Bzzzzz, went the bees.

I suppose the cops tried to club the busy insects with nightsticks, but that didn't have any effect. The bees stung the cops, and THAT had plenty of effect.

Then the unfortunate and homeless
McAndrew remembered that somebody told
him once that bees could be tamed and
pacified by the music of a bagpipe.
Yes, just as I thought -- he's a Scotchman. But the only bagpiper he could find
in his neighborhood was a musician named
Sullivan. Well, I suppose that an Irish
bagpiper would be better than no bagpiper
at all. Anyway, Sullivan started to play
on his bagpipe. He played an Irish tune.
The bees didn't budge. They buzzed many
as angrily as ever.

Then Sullivan tried a Scotch tune on his bagpipe. Bzzzzz, went the bees, and they stung the musician as he yodeled away on the bagpipe. "Ouch," yelled Sullivan, as he ran away.

Some helpful bystander told



Ma

McAndrew that if he would walk right up and catch the Queen that the others would fly away.

"Yes," responded the despairing McAndrew, "but which one is the Queen."
No one could answer that.

The disconsolate McAndrew family could only wait. They couldn't get into their house for five hours. At the end of that time the bees buzzed away with a loud bzzzz. And McAndrew thinks he knows why they left.

witho look for that Irishman with a bagpipe."

In the beautiful old city of Seville tonight the people are under a reign of martial law. Regiments of soldiers are in command of the romantic old town.

This is because of a big strike in Seville. On Saturday a striker was killed in a fight with the police, and at the funeral today serious disorders broke out. There was a big battle between a mob and a force of civil guards. Six people were killed.

Right after that the anarchist organization in Seville called a general United Press strike and, as the international News Service tells us, the government made a swift countermove -- and that countermove was martial law.

The big 7-power conference has been in session over in London this sevening. Representatives of the principal nations of the world gathered at the close of day in the Prime Minister's room in the House of Commons. Ramsay MacDonald delivered a speech in which he warned that Germany's financial crisis must be overcome at once. As the alternative he drew a picture of Central Europe succumbing to a new social, political and economic life based on Bolshevism. He referred to the present moment as one of the turning points of history for good or ill.

And the Associated Press gives us the prediction that the statesmen will finish their job in a week. This confidence is based on the belief that France and Germany in their preliminary get-together at Paris have arrived at a satisfactory agreement between them ælves.

From Washington comes an International News Service
report that President Hoover held a conference at the White House
today with Senator Watson of Indiana, Senator Morrow, General

Davies and other leaders. The reports that President Hoover will announce a new plan tomorrow, a plan for helping Germany.

No hint is given as to what this plan will be.

Anyway, the week beginning with this Monday seems likely to be an important 7 days in the history of our times.

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Well, I wonder how the old world looks to you folks this evening. Do you think it seems 0. K. and in good health? Or does it seem about to kick the bucket?

Well, out at Zion City, Illinois, 4,000 people believe the end of the world is at hand, and they are preparing for the grand climax. Glenn C. Voliva told them so, and he's their prophet.

about Zion City founded by that strange prophet, Alexander Dowie. Voliva is the local prophet now. Ordinarily he spends much time proving that the world is flat, but right now his big idea is that the world is at an end.

He declares that the muddled situation in Europe shows that the end of the world is at hand. He says the present financial difficulties in Europe will be followed by the re-establishment of the Roman Empire, and this new Roman Empire which is about to conquer the world will be

headed by the anti-Christ. Voliva declares that from where he is sitting Mussolini has all the earmarks of the anti-Christ.

And then the Zion City prophet is quoted by the International News Service as making the further prophecy that next year will witness the death of the Republican party - and that would look like the end of the world sure enough.

Well, the end of the world may or may not be at hand, but the end of this broadcast is at hand, - right now, this minute, so,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.