BRITISH NAVY

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Lowell Thomas Broadcast for Literary Digest Thursday, September 17, 1931, Page

Good Evening, Everybody:

The situation in the British Navy tonight is something like this:

The mutinous ships are on their way to English ports. They raised anchor this morning and steamed southward along the coast of Scotland, but only after the officers had had quite a bit of xxx trouble in getting the discontented seamen to obey orders. The sailing was delayed while the officers argued with the men. Those unruly British Jack Tars were told that the government was going to do something about those cuts in pay which had made the sailors angry in the first place. The grievances of the men would be considered by the Ministers at London and concessions would be made. The sailors' pay would not be cut drastically enough to inflict any real hardships.

But even with these assurances from the officers the seamen were still not satisfied. They were afraid that the plan was to separate the mutinous ships of the British Atlantic Fleet and scatter them in various ports.

In this way the various crews
could be dealt with separately. The
sailors had in mind the old principle
that in union there is strength and they
demanded that the fleet should be kept
together.

The Associated Press reports that
the officers were compelled to promise that
this would be done, that the ships of the
fleet would not be scattered. And even
then they had to use threats of stern
disciplinary action before the seamen
finally consented to weigh anchor and
take the ships down the coast.

In London Sir Austin Chamberlin,

First Lord of the Admiralty, has issued

a warning today telling mutinous sailors

that unless they immediately return to

duty the government would take drastic

measures.

"Any further refusal by individuals to carry out orders", declared Sir Austin, "will be dealt with under the Naval Discipline Act."

He didn't have to add that the

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Naval Discipline Act is a pretty stiff affair.

Yes, the British government intends
to make concessions to the sailors in the
matter of those slashes of pay, but just
the same it is threatening to treat the
mutinous sailors severely unless they
see the light and obey orders.

The International News Service gives a brief petition which the sailors have made to the government. It begins:

We, loyal subjects of his Majesty, the King, want thus and so.

In their plea the sailors ask the government to amend the drastic pay reductions.

As a background for this whole
amazing business of the mutiny of the
British Navy we are given the fact that the
wives and families of the sailors have been
bombarding their men and also the newspapers
with letters complaining that if the sailors
pay was cut in accordance with the government
schedules, why the sailors families would
be reduced to dire distress. They would
not be able to get along if the wages of
the fleet were scaled down as low as the
government intended.

There's an awful lot of bidding going on these days in a big room in a 3 New York Hotel. Four hundred bridge teachers are gathered from all over the 5 country. They are holding a convention, and they are getting an education in the 7 new official bidding system.

They are gathered around tables, 9 bidding on hands, putting into practice that new system, and when they are all 11 through they'll have to pass examinations to show their familiarity with the mysteries of contract all the way from psychic bids to low card tricks.

The New York World Telegram gives a sample of the questions kkey that are asked as a test of one's knowledge of bidding. Here's one:

If opponents were within a few points of rubber and had bid one spade, and you were not vulnerable, would you, as second hand, make a minor suit bid of four on seven probable tricks.? Well, how would you answer that?

As for me, I'm not going to answer it at I'm just going on to the next news dispatch.

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Here's another one of those bits of news that sound likem at Tall Story but really are quite true. We are told of how a storm of wind came along and blew away a lake away - yes, blew it away.

It was Summer Lake, near the town of Lakeview in Lake County, Oregon. Yes, there's plenty of LAKE in that description. The United Press explains that Summer Lake has been suffering from the drought. It was quite shallow when a violent blast of wind started to blow. The wind swept the water over a parched bed of dry land, where it was immediately sucked up. Romandow By the time the wind was over, the entire lake had disappeared and nothing but a muddy bed remained.

No, don't look interested, all you members of the Tall Story Club -- this really happened. The United Press says so.

6-16-31 53

There was a fire in New York last night, and from out of the inferno of flame and smoke came plaintive childish calls of MAMMA, MAMMA.

Patrolman Richard Donnelly discovered the blaze. He was passing along the street when he heard pathetic voices calling MAMMA, MAMMA.

The firemen fought the blaze, pushing their way in through choking smoke and scorching flames. And all the while those baby voices kept on pitiously calling for mamma.

The New York Evening Post tells us it was most pathetic. The fire was in a doll factory, and as the shelves on which stood hundreds of talking dolls gave way -- well, there you have the explanation of those constant innumerable calls of MAMMA.

MAMMA.

came up in a New York court.today. A chemist related how a restaurant owner had three coats of varnish put on his walls, but that varnish wouldn't dry. After a lot of chemical research, the reason was discovered. The Chinese cook made a slight mistake. He had a big can of syrup, and he was helping to mix the paints. Yes, he made a slight mistake -- he put the syrup in the varnish.

And so, as the United Press, relates, there's one restaurant with three coats of varnish and syrup on its walls. I suppose the flies are having a good time grand celebration.

616-31-54

On a wild rocky island in the North Pacific two men were tinkering with an airplane today. Yes, they intend to take off, although you might think they'd had enough adventurous flying by now. They are Don Moyle and Cecil Allen. The world was thrilled yesterday by the news that they had been found alive and well after having been missing for so many days. And today the word comes by the United Press that they just intend to keep on flying.

When they were forced to land on that Island, Navarin, off the Arctic coast of Siberia, why their plane wasn't damaged to any extent. They have taken a supply of fuel from the Russian steamer Buriat, which found them after their long absence. At last reports they thought they might keep on with their trans-Pacific flight and head for Seattle, but on the other hand, they weren't so sure but what it might be wisest to head back for Japan.

And by the way, here's an odd

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story which the Associated Press relates. Yesterday at Ironwood, Michigan, a man was reading a newspaper in the lobby of a local hotel. A traveling salesman from Minneapolis happened to walk by, and he saw the man reading the newspaper. The next thing there was a bit of swift and violent action. It was something like a flying tackle. The traveling salesman dashed at the stranger and snatched the newspaper from his hands. Yes, it would seem as though somebody had suddenly gone crazy, or as if it might be an occasion for a fight. But the injured owner of the newspaper, as he stared at the face of the traveling salesman, didn't observe any ferocious maniac look. He saw instead a broad, beaming, pop-eyed smile.

The newspaper snatcher was simply devouring the headlines which told that Don Moyle and Cecil Allen had been discovered safe and sound. No wonder he was interested. No wonder he had done a piece of crazy newspaper snatching. He

was Ted Moyle, Don's brother. That headline was the first news he had had that the two Pacific flyers were safe.

6 16-31 SM

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RETAKE

6-16-31 - SM

Merle La Voy. traveler. re: Pribilof Tolando Sept. 17, 1931-P.11

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Well.

Here's another from that part of the world, The first radio message to the outside world telling of the safety of Moyle and Allen was picked up by Uncle Sam's Naval wireless station on the Pribilof Islands. And those 7 Pribilof Islands certainly must be 8 included in any list of marvels, we make 9 UD5

There is a world traveler here in the studio with me who has spent 12 considerable time on the Pribilofs, up 13 there on Bering Sea, a bit to the east 14 of where woyle and Allen were xxx picked 15 This traveler's name is Merle 16 LaVoy. Many years ago I crossed his 17 trail in the Far North, afterwards in Australia. Then we met during the World War. He's been everywhere, leading expeditions to the ends of the earth.

Do you remember, long years ago when Bratworld Brown and Professor Hirschel Parker made their assault on Mt. McKinley? Well, Merle LaVoy was a member of that party. Behind dog teams

he has mushed for thousands of miles

across the Arctic. One month I heard from him in Samoa and a little later from North Africa. Yes, and he has even been to the savage Solomon Islands. But, Merle, what about the

Pribilofs in Bering Sea? Tell us what they're like.

Yes, they're a marvel all right. In fact, a whole series of marvels. Imagine a bleak island not more than a few dozen square miles in size. That's Saint Paul's of the Pribilof group. Then take the northeast point of that island in that gray northern sea. You have a strip of craggy land about a half mile long and 200 yards wide, and in that narrow space you will find jammed together about a quarter of a million seals. They are packed as thickly as a New York subway jam -- millions of dollars worth of magnificent fur.

Well, the first marvel comes along as the ship draws near Northeast Point. Yes, and you hear that marvel. From a couple of miles away there comes a long unceasing confused roar. If it's foggy that roar is about as good as a siren.

You steer your ship by it. No, that isn't the seal herd roaring - - that's only part of the seal herd.

The married bulls and their harems don't make much noise ordinarily. But, off to one side is the herd of bachelors, the young bulls that haven't been able to fight their way into possession of a harem. They hang-out together, and they roar

and bellow all the time. And you can't blame them. I'd roar too!

The second marvel up there is the mother instinct.

The cow seals are away fishing all day. The pups are on

the shore. They are getting hungry, and they start a little

concert of their own. They stick their heads up and they

yelp -- thousands of them yelping in a curious chorus that I

can't quite describe. And I'm not going to imitate it.

Then the mothers come in from their day of fishing.

The cows swarm up on the shore. And from among the huge herd

of pups each mother picks her own. The pups don't know so much. They don't recognize their mothers so easily. You'll see a pup edge up to a cow that's flopping along. If ke isn't hers, she just gives it a side-swipe with her snout and knocks it kicking.

And so it goes, with the pups swarming around the mothers, and the each mother snooping around until she finds her own.

And another marvel comes along when the pups go to school. Yes, they have a regular course of education. When they are 2 to 4 weeks old the mothers take them down and give them swimming lessons. The mothers push them into shallow water. The pups sprawl around, protterny swimming. The mothers push them out into deeper water. That's grammar school. Then comes high school, when each mother takes her pup out and teaches it to fish. She demonstrates all the tricks -- how to go darting into a shoal for mackeral, and how to lay and wait.

Then the end of summer comes, and all the marvels disappear. The millions of seals leave their rookeries in those islands and head southward. Where they go nobody knows. Scientists are still puzzled about where the fur seal passes summer. That's not a marvel -- that's a mystery.

6-16-31 -5M

WHALES

Well, Merle you've told us Page 17 about seals - here's one about whales.

The League of Nations today made a move to put an end to a war. Yes, it's a war that's been raging for a long time. It's the war against the whales. The idea is to do something to curb the way the whaling ships are exterminating the Leviathans of the Deep.

The United Press reports that today at Geneva a committee of the League of Nations put the seal of its approval upon an international agreement. That agreement is designed to protect the whales. The idea is to get the nations to give the League of Nations the power to supervise the man whaling industry.

Well, whaling is an old subject for romantic stories. But nowadays it has become so efficient that there's a real danger that the whalers, Scandanavians mostly, may soon wipe out those giant cetaceans that spout in the sea. And the League of Nations wants to do something to keep the whale from becoming just another extinct animal.

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A sad story was told today about a group of school-teachers who went on a camping trip in Yellow stone Park. The girls picked out a beautiful site amid giant trees and towering cliffs, and all that sort of thing.

They settled to have a ple asant and thirilling couple of days. They were trying to get of f to sleep when they heard a loud toot-toot. It was an automobile horn. It was the horn of their own car. They climbed off their cots and tip-toed up to the machine.

Somebody was in the front seat. When they drew close they saw it was a big, black bear. He was sitting there as though he were getting ready to drive off.

Where Were those girls frightened? they were. After a while they collected their wits and tried to shoo the bear away. "Shoo-Shoo", they yelled in a shrill chorus. The bear only growled ferociously.

They tried it again. They shouted

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6-16-31 - 5M

"Scat", The bear only chewed a big piece out of the upholstery. That was too much for the girls. They started afoot. They made a long trek across the country and called the park guards.

The United Press tells how the guards chased the bear away from the car, and then the girls discovered that Old Brother Baar had eaten all of their provisions, and that put a crimp in a beautiful camping trip.

and now its shoo-shoo for me, and also scat - and solong until tomorrow.