

TORNADO

In summer-time -- you'll see one of the little whirlwinds, spinning, hurrying along, picking up dust in a circular twirling. Take one of those miniature whirlwinds, multiply it thousands of times, make it reach from the stormy sky down to the earth, and fill it with rain and thunder, lightning, make it twist at ninety miles ~~xxx~~ an hour and fill it with death and fury. Then, you have a tornado, like the one that hit Cordele, Georgia, today. The dreaded funnel-shaped cloud, black and terrifying -- a sight so familiar and so ominous to the people of the South and the West. That's what the people of this Georgia town saw today, as the tornado struck. It was only a couple of ~~xxxx~~ yards wide; but it struck the residential district, smashing everything in its path. Forty people were killed and many scores injured. Eight city blocks twisted into ruins! Some of the finest residences in the town smashed into matchwood.

ROBBERY

The last time I heard about a monkey figuring in a crime affair was in Edgar Allan Poe's fantastic story - "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." But here's a robbery in New York today that gives us a tricky bit of monkey shins. Tonight the New York cops are hunting the crooks. The clew in the case was provided - by a monkey.

Louis Ferraro is a produce merchant. For a pet, he has a monkey. He's proud of that monkey and says it's one of the most intelligent animals in the world. Last night Ferraro had a party in his home in Brooklyn, when in walked three gunmen. The party was held up at the point of pistols. Ferraro had a roll of three hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket. He made an effort to save the money from the bandits. He tossed the bankroll to the monkey, and the monkey caught it. One of the robbers saw the manœuvre, and went over to the monkey to get the money. He got it all right - but he got it only after the monkey put up a great fight. The robber's hand was severely bitten and scratched.

So tonight the word is out from police headquarters, to all doctors and hospitals - watch for a man who comes with a clawed and chewed up hand for treatment.

HAUPTMANN

The Hauptmann case stands like this tonight: The time for the execution of the Bronx carpenter is set for tomorrow night at eight o'clock. But the principal keeper of the prison announces that the execution will not be carried out if the Grand Jury is still in session - still investigating the confession of Paul Wendel. It looks as if the Grand Jury would remain in session on that subject for some time to come. So, as for the fate of Hauptmann, you can quote the Bible and say, "No man knows the day nor the hour."

More and more the ~~Attorney General~~ Grand Jury has taken control of the case and seems to be bent on reopening the whole Lindbergh kidnapping. Just how strong that impression is may be seen in a wild rumor that floated around today, that the Grand Jury may try to postpone things and keep the case going until the return of Colonel Lindbergh from England.

Today's jury proceedings were strictly behind closed doors. Republican Governor Hoffman, appeared and testified, and so did his opponent, Democratic Attorney General Wilentz. The Governor, defending the cause of Hauptmann, urged the Grand Jury to lay stress on the confession of Wendel, that he kidnapped the

Lindbergh baby. Attorney General Wilentz claims to have a hundred per cent proof that Wendel didn't do it. He says there's an iron clad alibi for Wendel - official evidence that at the time of the kidnaping the man was out in Pennsylvania, working on a bootlegging still.

Another attack on the Wendel confession, comes from District Attorney Geegan of Brooklyn. He declares that Wendel was tortured in a house at Sheepshead Bay, chained hand and foot, kept awake day and night, burned with lighted cigarettes - to make him confess to the Lindbergh crime. This jibes with the story that Wendel himself tells - that he was forced to say that he was the kidnapper. Isn't that amazing?!!

A new sensation flares in Hunderton County, where the crime was committed. Today Prosecutor Hauck accuses Governor Hoffman of blocking the investigation of an incident that occurred yesterday. The story goes - that an automobile with five men drove to the deserted Lindbergh house, from which the baby was stolen. They told the caretaker they were investigators, on their way to the house to get evidence. The care-

taker refused permission. He claims the men pushed him around. He still refused. They got back into the car and drove toward the house. He jumped into the middle of the roadway and tried to stop them. They put on speed, and he had to jump to safety. He took the number of the license plates and reported the affair to the state police.

And now, claims Prosecutor Hauck, Governor Hoffman refuses to allow the information to be given - the check up on the license number, and the identity of the men in the car.

These bald facts are more eloquent than any adjectives about the political forces that are weaving around the condemned man in the Trenton death house. Who would be interested in forcing a confession out of Wendel? Who could be so vitally concerned as to ~~ex~~ compel an entrance into the Lindbergh property? Such strong measures are seldom taken in behalf of a penniless prisoner like the Bronx carpenter. It all means that the case has been flung into the cat and dog fight of politics. It's an ugly thing to behold - the life of a man, the course of justice in the pitiful case of Baby murder, the

deadly flash of current in the electric chair, all dependent
on the tooth and claw scramble of a political fight.

LEA

Today in North Carolina, a man walked free. He had been sentenced to prison for a term of from six to ten years. Of this term, he has served only one year and eleven months. Why is he turned loose so soon? His release specifies - that he "surpassed the mere requirements of an honor grade prisoner." He sounds like an exceptional chap. And he is. He's the man who set out to capture the Kaiser. Yes, to capture the German Kaiser.

Luke Lea had some excellent advice from his father. The older man in his Will left a solemn warning to his son, warned him - never to be rash. The father must have known that the danger point of his son's temperament was - rashness. But Luke Lea was never the sort to pay too much attention to prudent advice.

At twenty-seven, he arose in a gun-toting political convention down south, and amid all sorts of excitement, Luke defied the leaders, the bosses, the big wigs - everybody. That was rash, but it worked. Yes it ~~xx~~ worked. Luke Lea emerged as a political boss, and became United States Senator from Tennessee - if you please.

His most spectacular fame came back in those agitated days right after the Armistice. The slogan then was, "Hang the Kaiser." There was talk of bringing the ex-war lord to trial before an international court. The Kaiser had taken refuge in neutral Holland. Luke Lea, (by that time a colonel,) formed a plan to kidnap the former emperor, and turn him over to the Allied Powers - a Christmas gift to President Wilson. He gathered a party of ex-dough boys, and they made their way secretly into Holland, to the Kaiser's place of refuge. They were about ready to carry out their plot, when the Dutch police found out and arrested them. The first that was known about it was when the government of the Netherlands made a solemn diplomatic representations to Washington, protesting against the conspiracy to abduct the Kaiser. Colonel Luke Lea and his companions were held quietly in prison for a month, and then just as quietly released. It was all too rash, it didn't work.

The man who tried to seize the Kaiser returned home to Tennessee, a hero. Yes, sir, I mean a hero. Tall handsome, aristocratic, all doors were opened to him, golden avenues opened up in the business of money-making. He stepped up rapidly to a dizzy height of wealth and financial power. He formed huge combinations of banks, newspapers, contracting

companies. Those were, alas, the soaring, zooming, sky-rocketing joy-riding days of the boom. Everybody was rash, so how could you expect Colonel Luke Lea to be prudent. His father's advice against rashness seemed to have no place when the nation's finance ~~XXXXXX~~ was booming and ballooning.

Then came October, 1929. The crash! The depression. And Colonel Lea found himself involved in the collapse of the Central Bank and Trust Company of Asheville, North Carolina, a company which failed to the tune of \$17,000,000. There was a trial, his conviction, appeals, conviction sustained, and then - the grim, grey walls of a prison.

Within the penitentiary walls, Colonel Luke Lea seems at last to have followed his father's advice. He was not rash. So now he is released long before his time, as a model of model prisoners.

RAWLS

It was a great story some months ago, when Glenn Cunningham was winning all those track events - wonderful to tell how he had become a champion foot racer, because of an accident that had burned his legs dreadfully. He had to practice running to get his injured muscles back ~~xxx~~ to normal.

Today we have a similar story when we hear about - the Minnow. That's what they call Katherine Rawls of Fort Lauderdale, Florida - the Minnow. She is small, and she swims so well. They've chalked up a new world's record for the Minnow - at the A.A.U. championship meet in Chicago. It's the world's record for the hundred yard free-style breast and back stroke event. She swam the race in four minutes, six and three-tenths seconds.

And here is the astonishing part of the tale: It's all because the Minnow had rheumatism. As a child she suffered from a stubborn case of rheumatic pains. And the doctor's prescription was - swimming. She had to spend several hours a day in a tank or in the ocean. In the end, she was rid of her rheumatism and found she could out-swim the best of them.

Two years after she began her cure, she held four national titles for women. Now, after a victory in Chicago, the girl who had to swim her way out of rheumatism, is one of America's hopes for the Olympic games. And that is the kind of a story I love to tell.

ECKNER

Flying above the South Atlantic is a giant Zeppelin, the biggest in the world, and aboard the vast silver cigar is a man who is doing a bit of thinking. He's Dr. Hugo Eckner, the world's most famous airship commander. The news today provides something for the skipper of the sky to think about.

There's a blast against him in Germany. The Nazis are complaining about his conduct in that overwhelming election of last Sunday. They say that Eckner actually refused to come out and do electioneering for Hitler. The Nazi authorities rounded up all sorts of celebrities and had them make radio speeches in favor of the government. They included Dr. Eckner in the round-up, but he refused -- refused to say a word.

His answer was -- well that he is a technician, and politics is no business of his. But that doesn't satisfy the Nazis - not one bit. They point back to 1932. In that year Hitler ran for the presidency of Germany against von Hindenburg, and von Hindenburg won. In that campaign Dr. Eckner did not stand aside, as a technician who has nothing to do with politics.

He made a radio electioneering address in favor of

von Hindenburg -- and against Hitler. In fact, they say that if von Hindenburg had refused to run, Dr. Eckner would have taken his place, as opposition candidate to Hitler. (oddly enough the giant ship that Eckner now is piloting is named -- the von Hindenburg.)

The Nazis are uttering loud denunciations against the world-renowned sky-pilot. They point out, moreover, that last Sunday the von Hindenburg and other German Zeppelins were used in the Hitler campaign -- only after plenty of pressure had been put on the big boss of the airships. A report from Berlin today declares that the Nazi Propaganda Ministry has issued an undercover order to the German newspapers. They're not to mention Eckner's name in connection with the maiden voyage of the von Hindenburg. They're not to give him any publicity whatever.

So you can see the political complications that surround the first sky trip of the greatest of all Zeppelins - the flight to South America which will be succeeded by an air voyage to New York.

BEDOUIN

At Teachers' College, Columbia University, they've been worrying about the education of the tent-dwelling wanderers of the Arabian desert.

The trouble is - they don't stay in any one place, they won't stay put. Now, the answer is -- the schoolhouse will have to go chasing after them, a Nomad educational institution for the nomads. The idea is being put into effect by a graduate student. A bedouin who knows the sands and camels of the Arabian desert. He's going back home with a schoolhouse on wheels, a motorized institution of learning that will follow the Arabs in their endless migrations. They're to have teachers, doctors and nurses -- everybody but a chart of the alphabet. They won't teach the camel-riders reading and writing -- not to begin with. They don't have anything to read and they would rather shoot than write. But they'll be taught sanitation, and better ways to rear their sheep and camels. And they'll be given glimpses of the marvels of Western civilization. This will be propounded by means of lantern slides and motionpictures. The Bedouin will have a chance to see such

miracles as sky-scrapers, ocean liners, subways and
cafeterias. And won't they be astonished? They'll think
it much stranger than the tales their traditional story-
tellers relate -- tales of genii, Aladdin's lamp, and
magic carpet. The light of modern days for the dreams of
the Arabian Nights.

ENDING

As most of you know, Lowell Thomas is taking a vacation this week - a well-earned vacation - the first one he has had in six years.

And I have had the rare privilege and a lot of fun of trying to pinch-hit for him the last four nights. But tomorrow night, the day's news will be brought to you by my old friend, Dr. Will Durant, the author of the "Story of Philosophy."

And so it is my time to say,

GOODNIGHT,

Durant.

April 3,
1936.