

L.T. P. & G. FRIDAY, SEPT. 9, 1949

(Given by Clifton Fadiman)

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Tonight, American occupation authorities in Austria are shaking their heads, blinking, and whatever else you do when you're baffled. All because of the latest international bicycling incident.

Seems there was some excitement over another American disappearing into the Soviet Zone, a man on a bicycle reported to have been seized by the Russians - and maltreated. Official notes were sent to the Soviet command, inquiring about him and demanding his release. No satisfactory reply from the Russians. Further sharp notes were about to be sent - when today a bicycle rider came pedalling into Vienna. The first thing he did was to pick up a newspaper, the American Army publication, Stars and Stripes - and there he saw headlines about the latest international incident. "Gee," he said, "another American missing!"

Then he read more of the story, and to his utter amazement saw it was - himself. He went at once to the

Provo Marshall's office and reported. He'd not been captured by Reds. He'd not been thrown into a dungeon. He'd just been bicycling in the Soviet Zone, on a three day trip - serene and unmolested. He is Sidney Schwartz of Brooklyn, a former sergeant in the Army. On a cycling trip through Europe, he decided he'd visit the section of Austria where he'd served as a soldier. That happened to be in the Red zone, so he got a Soviet permit. In Switzerland he applied for and was given what is called a - "Grey pass," which entitled him to travel in Russian-occupied Austria. So in he went, pumping the pedals.

It would appear that all the hullabaloo was caused by the mere fact that Austrians, recognizing him as an American, thought he must be in trouble - among the Russians. But Schwartz, having his papers in order, Grey Pass and everything - had no trouble at all. He speaks Russian, and got along fine - especially with a Red colonel, who was much interested in the cycling buttons and trophies Schwartz had collected during his five thousand mile

LEAD -3

bicycle trip.

Things must be kind of jittery over there, when an international incident can arise because Ex-Sergeant Schwartz of Brooklyn took a ride on a bike.

## SHIRLEY

Here's a new slant on Shirley's attempt to swim the English Channel. Today, in the old town of Calais, a statement was published that the American high school girl's effort amounted to a local Marshall Plan. Shirley may be surprised to hear that she's helped to solve ~~many~~ economic problems that have pencilled heavy wrinkles in the brows of our most eminent statesmen.

It seems that at Calais, the careful French have been counting the tens of thousands of francs and those delightful American dollars, put into their pockets by Shirley's visit. Shirley, of course, was accompanied by a small army of newsmen, all on American expense accounts. They spent money all over the place, and today a Calais newspaper said: "Everywhere the young American <sup>girl</sup> went, a full tribe of special correspondents, newspapermen, newsreel and still photographers fought a hard battle to rent all available hotel rooms. They brought incredible prosperity to our small resorts."

To which a proposal is added - that Shirley May France,  
in the words of the news dispatch, "be put in the  
framework of the Marshall Plan." Not a bad idea --  
money's a good thing - but money plus a girl makes an even  
better combination.

## BACTERIOLOGY

Word with a terrifying sound comes from a meeting of the World Health Organization in Switzerland. We've been hearing from time to time of the development of bacteriological weapons of warfare, with ominous hints of their power of extermination. But nothing, I believe, quite so extreme as a statement today by the Canadian scientist Brock Chisholm. He spoke of what he called - "almost unbelievable developments."

"Mankind," says he, "can ~~xxxx~~ be wiped out by seven ounces of a known biologic agent, if it is spread far enough." If used in war, it could, in his words, "result in the killing of as much as nine-tenths of the human race."

He called the atomic bomb - "child's play," and added: "Large armies, air forces, navies and even atomic weapons are obsolete. And manpower and industrial strength are unimportant." He put the fantastic prospect in these words: "A small country with a couple of bacteriologists, and a few fanatics to act as distributors - is as powerful as the largest nation, in a military sense."

BACTERIOLOGY - 2

Sounds like a nightmare. What's the answer? The head of the World Health Organization said there will have to be, what the news dispatch calls - "a radical change in the pattern of human behavior." I guess that puts it <sup>SEVERE</sup> up to you and me:

## FOREST FIRE

In the fire that engulfed Tassajara resort, near King City, California, no lives were lost. That is, no human lives. The news today has been telling how the blaze began in one of the buildings, swept through the swanky resort, and touched off a forest and brush fire that swiftly encircled the whole place in which sixty-two guests were staying. They were saved by their own brave exertions and by a lucky shift of the wind, that kept the flames away from them until the fire fighters could break through.

One life was lost nevertheless. Corky, a mongrel pooch, got out safely, but dashed back into a burning cabin -- to save her puppies. Corky had just had a new litter. As a matter of fact, one of the guests had already taken out the pups. But this Corky could not know. Amid the flames, she kept on searching desperately for them - and so died.



## ESKIMO

From the desolate Arctic shores of Canada comes a story of sharp conflict between the ways of the white man and the customs of primitive tribes -- in this case, the Eskimos. At Cambridge Bay a young Eskimo named Eerkiyoot has been found guilty by a white man's court -- guilty of killing his mother. He defended himself by saying it was ~~not~~ quite <sup>the</sup> proper thing for a son to do - according to igloo law.

The evidence showed that the woman, Nukashook, forty-six years old, was far gone with tuberculosis, and tortured by toothache. So she asked her son, Eerkiyoot, to come to her aid - to help her to die. He did, using a sealskin rope. We'd call it a mercy killing - and against the law. But to the Eskimo it was quite legal.

This was taken into consideration by the white man's court, and Eerkiyoot was given a prison sentence of a year. Well, maybe you wouldn't call it prison. He's merely got

to stay at Cambridge Bay for a year - away from his tribe.  
But to an Eskimo seal hunter on the lonely Arctic shore  
exile from his own people can be tougher than jail.

## GRASSHOPPERS

Remember the wonderful episode in the history of the Mormons, when the pioneers led by <sup>Brigham Young</sup> ~~somebody~~ were settled around Great Salt Lake -- and a plague of locusts swarmed over the land and almost devoured their crops? And remember that just in time the sea gulls came -- and saved the Latter-Day Saints? In Salt Lake City today there stands a monument to those gulls.

Well, The Mormons thought the miraculous birds had flown in from the Pacific Coast. <sup>BUT</sup> Today we know them as Franklin <sup>A</sup> gulls, that breed far inland among the lakes in the Canadian Rockies.

Well, we've just learned that a repetition of the Mormon miracle has taken place in the Canadian province of Saskatchewan. There, too, the farmers have been bedevilled by a plague of grasshoppers. But today those reliable old gulls, just like the Marines in the movies, were swarming in to the rescue. A miracle -- by Gully!

BOOK

The other day I said I hoped that Lowell Thomas might bring back from his Tibetan wanderings some of the secret wisdom of the East from the remote lamaseries of that mysterious country. If you want to read about some of that wisdom, may I recommend <sup>NEW</sup> a book called Lead, Kindly Light, by the famous correspondent Vincent Sheean. It's partly a life of Gandhi and partly a clear explanation of Hindu philosophy. <sup>BY THE WAY,</sup> Mr. Sheean <sup>^</sup> was present at the exact time of Gandhi's assassination. Strangely enough, at the very moment when Gandhi was shot, Sheean himself went through a weird mystical experience -- and on the third and fourth fingers of his right hand, blisters appeared. You can read all about it -- it's really a fascinating story -- in Lead, Kindly Light, by Vincent Sheean.

In Tibet, they're supposed to have strange varieties of the mystic lore of Buddhism, and we'll be waiting to hear

what Lowell Thomas finds when he gets into the great  
lanaseries in the Forbidden Land. We'll have a recorded  
broadcast from him on Monday -- not about mysticism but  
about polyandry. Lowell has been making some pretty sharp  
observations of Tibetan gals, the polyandrous ladies whose  
pleasing custom it is to have several husbands at one  
time. You might call it the singular custom of plural  
marriage. Hear all about it on Monday.

## FORGERS

In Rhode Island today, two men and a woman are in jail, with plenty of time to meditate on the irony of fate.

The story is about a ring of cunning forgers who worked out a system of beating the races. The police say the crooks took hundreds of thousands of dollars at various ~~agone~~ race tracks throughout the Eastern states.

Here's how they worked it: One member of the gang would go into the track, and place bets on a horse, buying ten and fifty dollar tickets, at the pari-mutuel gate.

Then he'd hotfoot it back to an automobile outside, where the gang had some ~~kit~~ tricky equipment for changing the number on the ticket. They'd erase the right number, wait and see which horse came in first, and then -- quick like a fox -- stamp in the number of the winner. All they had to do then was walk inside - and collect. Simple, isn't it?

Well, it was at Narragansett, in Rhode Island, that they <sup>came</sup> ~~made~~ a cropper. The first day they placed their bets on a horse -- which, on the tickets, was listed as

FORGERS - 2

number One. Back in the automobile they began the forgery by erasing the figure One, ready to have the equipment stamp in another number. But, when the race was run, the winner turned out to BE number One. So it was Love's Labor Lost, and they had to put back the figure they'd taken out.

So they won money on that deal. But on the second day Dame Fortune really twisted 'em up. The winning horse this time was - Number Ten. But their mechanism was equipped to stamp in -- only one digit. They couldn't stamp in ten, and couldn't collect. Which was promptly followed by the worst break of all! the cops jumped in and arrested them.

Today the police were hunting for other members of the mob who have been using the same swindle at other race tracks, and may have been running into other strange tricks played by the goddess of chance. ~~Have you~~ Ever had any adventures with her, Nelson?

STRIKE

*early 9/9/49.*

The Missouri Pacific strike is on, five thousand engineers and other key employees walking out this afternoon - two P.M. Central Standard Time. Answering a last minute appeal of the National Mediation Board in Washington, the Union leaders replied that the railroad, in their words - "is not interested in a settlement."

Tonight the Missouri Pacific is completely tied up, seven thousand miles of railroad in eleven states, in the Midwest and the Southwest.



As Lowell Thomas sometimes forgets to say --

so long till Monday.