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Lowell Thomas Broadcast For Literary Digest Tuesday, April 14, 1931.

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Good Evening Everybody:

At 5:15 P. M., Spanish time,

12:15 P. M. Eastern Standard Time,

King Alfonso, as the International

News Service informs us, signed his

name to a document which brings to an

end the old and historic Spanish

monarchy. He fought to the last for

his crown. The monarchists tried to

get the Republicans to wait a while.

10 The Republicans wouldn't wait. They

11 threatened to start a revolution right

away. Then, the King of fered to abdicate

in favor of his son, the Crown Prince.

14 Again the Republicans said no. Then

15 finally Alfonso had to choose between

the renunciation of the throne or

violent revolution. He signed on the

18 line.

But first he exacted a promise that he and his family would be allowed

to retire from Spain with full honors.

According to the United Press

it is expected that the King and the

royal family will go to Paris. Meanwhile

a Republic had been proclaimed in a

number of cities. That was one of the first results of the defeat of the royalists in the election on Sunday.

When the announcement was made today that the king had stepped down, the Republicans went wild with enthusiasm.

The A. P. cables that a government was hastily formed in Madrid.

Zamora, the Republican leader, is both the provinsional president and the prime minister tonight.

In the Province of Catalonia a separate republic was proclaimed. The Catalons have long demanded autonomy and local home rule.

Zamora, the new prime minister, declares that the Spanish republic will join in harmony with the Catalonian republic.

As night came on in what is now the Republic of Spain, martial law was declared to assure peace until the new government gains firm control.

And thus passes one of the oldest kingdoms of Europe, the kingdom

that had its origin in those days when the Christians were fighting the Moors and which finally became a united monarchy when king Ferdinand of Aragon married Queen Isabella of Castilla.

It was then that the Knxxx real history of the Spanish monarchy began, when the young queen and the young king of the two great Christian kingdoms into which Spain was divided, walked to a solemn altar and were married. Then the royal bridegroom and his bride led the chivalry of their kingdom against the Moors, against the last remaining stronghold of the power of Islam that once had been so mighty in the ancient peninsula. And thus the followers of the prophet were expelled from stately Granada and the beautiful halls of the Alhambra, and the last Moorish king, the melancholy Boabdil wept as he departed and sighed the last sigh of the Moor. Yes, that was the real

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Then also was the beginning of the history of America, because Columbus went to that same Isabella while her armies were besieging Granada; and as all men know he gained permission to discover a new world. And after Columbus came Ponce de Leon and Cortez and Pizarro and de Soto and Coronado.

And on the throne of Spain Ferdinand and Isabella were followed by the great emperor, Charles V, who ruled over many lands. And then Philip II, the bitter king who sent the Armada against England, and Don Juan of Austria who led the Christian squadrons against the Turks at Lepanto, where the power of the Grand Turk at sea was broken. Ah what days were those and what a mighty power was Spain.

Then splendor and strength were followed by splendor and weakness under such a monarch as Phillip IV, when Velasquez and Murillo painted beauty on canvas and Cervantes wrote of Don Quixote who sighed sighs and waged brave battles against windmills.

And ever since those splendorous days the monarchy of Spain sank and grew weaker. Louis XIV of France in his sun-like glory placed his grandson on the Spanish throne and a new dynasty

was created. Then Napoleon gave away the royal crown of Spain as a gift to his brother. But the old dynasty came back, Albeit grewing ever weaker.

And now, tonight, of that ancient crown of Spain, these words are all that can be said: - - it is no more.

This is one of the big stories of our time. What a great tale it will be for the editors of the Literary Digest to tell. There will be a lot of us waiting for the article in which the Digest covers the downfall of the Spanish throne.

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Sounds of more trouble come from Nicaragua, Sandino, the head of the rebels, declares that war is on again.

At the time of the Monagua

earthquake disaster when the United States Marines were helping the stricken people, Sandino proclaimed a truce. He said his men would not fight against the Marines while the Americans were engaged in works of mercy. But now the United Press wires that Sandino's representative in Mexico City has made a statement that the rebel leader has declared the truce at an end and has ordered his followers to attack the Marines. He says the Americans are to blame, and that they blames uncle Sam for the earthquake.

Meanwhile, the cruiser

Asheville has landed a force of sailors and marines at Puerto Cabezas. The fighting men are to take control of the section along the coast where there have been recent attacks by bandits.

Well, I played hooky this afternoon. Played hooky from my job for two hours, and went to the circus. Yes, and it was the first circus I had seen in ten years. The last time I saw one was away out on the other side of the world in Singapore. It was a small South African circus, run by a picturesque old-timer named Colonel Phyllis

Well, my seven-year old boy came down from the farm and brought along five of his pals. We all had lunch together -- chicken, sweet potatoes, gravy -- ice cream, yum, yum.

Then we went to the circus. And oh, boy! We had peanuts and crackerjack and pink lemonade. And we laughed and cried and yelled along with 20,000 other people.

We saw the death-defying trapese performers, the seals that could actually stand on one flipper while juggling balls, the fifty performing elephants; the horses that danced jigs, the only sea elephant in captivity, so many clowns

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that I needed 100 eyes to watch 'em all. In fact I saw so much that I'am dizzy.

But the best part of all was watching the kids.

A month or so ago, the Literary Digest carried a thrilling article about a certain wild animal tamer, a boy named Clyde Beatty, from Chillicothe, Ohio, who ran away from home and joined the circus. Well, Clyde Beatty became the foremost wild animal tamer in the world. And I quoted a story from the Literary Digest telling how one night a tiger attacked Clyde Beatty in the crowded cage in full view of the audience. The tiger had him down and was about to tear him to pieces. In a few more seconds he would have been a dead man. But just in the nick of time one of the lions, an old fellow named Nero, whom we saw today, jumped on that tiger and saved young Beatty's life. 22 Well, naturally, after telling that story I wanted to see the act. And it is about the most thrilling thing I ever saw. Ten

roaring lions and six snarling tigers and

one young man, from Chillicothe, Ohio, all in the same cage. My hair fairly stood on end.

Well, I took my youngster around behind the scenes to meet Clyde Beatty, and he was thrilled over that. But when I introduced him to John Ringling, the greatest showman of our time, and when I introduced him to the clowns and the midgets and a lot of the other performers he wasn't a bit impressed. He kept jumping up and down insisting that we hurry back to our seats for fear we missed something. Meeting the great John Ringling meant nothing in his life, but missing five minutes of the show -- well, that meant a lot.

Yes sir, I lived my childhood all over again in two of the fastest and most furious hours that I can recall.

Now, after that circus levity get ready for a real thriller, folks. It's a humdinger! No wonder Tom Masson picked it as my News Item of the Day.

Many of you have heard of Tom Masson, the famous writer, and humorist author of "Our American Humorists", and for many years editor of Life.

"LOOK AT THIS ONE," he called, as he glanced through
my stack of news dispatches. "YOU COULD USE EVERY ONE OF THE
FIFTEEN MINUTES OF YOUR LITERARY DIGEST HOUR, TELLING WHAT A
SWEET TIME THOSE TWO FELLOWS HAD."

He meant two aviators who had one wild, breath-taking experience.

Yes, it would take all of my time on the air this evening to tell the story in detail. But I'll give you just the barest, quickest sketch:--

Captain Breen, of the U. S. Army Air Corps, and Major

French, of the Coast Artillery were having a bit of bombing

practice during tactical maneuvers in Virginia. They were dropping

explosive eggs into Chesapeake Bay. Down the bombs would fall

screeching, and then a geyser of water would shoot up as they hit and went off with a huge bang.

The flyers released two more high explosive bombs.

But these didn't go down screeching at all. They caught in the wires of the plane, and hung there. And that was exciting! If they landed the plane, well the bombs would go off and it would be goodbye flying machine and goodbye flying men.

Captain Breen, at the controls, tried to shake the bombs loose. He made a swift turn; he shot skyward; he swung around in a wild loop; he took a mad nose dive. But the only effect was that the bombs moved a little. And now they were in such a position that they were bumping against each other. They were liable to go off at any minute.

As the United Press tells us, the two airmen saw that there was only one thing to do, and they'd have to do it fast.

They got right out of that airplane, and went away from that place in the sky.

They jumped. And their parachutes billowed out and they floated toward the earth. The plane, left to its own devices, circled around, gliding downward. With the humb hop as early again traduction.

Then the two men dangling beneath their parachutes heard a terrific roar. A barrage of airplane parts shot by them--sticks of wood, shreds of canvas, bolts and bars, fragments of the motor. Luckily, they were not hit.

Captain Breen settled slowly into a swamp. Major French dropped into the tiptop of a tall pine tree. He had to climb down 60 feet. The two flyers joined each other and started back to Langley Field.

Yes Tom Masson was night. Next to the abdication of King alphonso, that swely is the story of the day.

and also, while you and I were going about our peaceful pursuits today

Today, 16 men staggered exhausted

from the entrance of a Chicago tunnel. But 10 men did not emerge.

According to the Associated Press, there was a disastrous fire in that tunnel. 75 men were at work when flames and poisonous gases burst upon them. There was a rush to safety. Then there were attempts to rescue working men who remained behind--trapped by the fire. City firemen went in too, and some of them were trapped.

26 men, in all, were in desperate peril. 16 of them saved their lives by getting into an air chamber at one end of the tunnel and closing the entrance, and sealing themselves there. They remained in their vault for 12 hours, and then they fought their way out to safety.

And now along comes word that Mr. de Rethy has landed in the United States. That doesn't seem very important, although, as a matter of fact, it hooks right up with the visit of Prince Takamatsu of Japan.

Mr. de Rethy is really Prince Charles, Count of Flanders, and son of the King of Belgium. He's traveling strictly incognito and will receive no royal honors.

According to the United Press, he will make an extended tour of the United States but will be known simply as Mr. Charles de Rethy.

Excuse me, folks, if I get a little bit excited about this next item. But it's news to make anybody excited to announce that burglars have burgled the office of Ex-President Coolidge. And that those robbers got away with \$30.00 of Mr. Coolidge's money.

The United Press informs us that a lowdown crook has been active in Northampton, Massachusetts, which is the home of the Ex-President. The office of a prominent Republican politician was robbed last night. And when that became known, it was also disclosed that the office of Mr. Coolidge had also been robbed a couple of days ago, and that the burglar had taken away all the money in the place. The amount was thirty bucks. Where fore

Today was Pan-American day, devoted to the cause of good will among the nations of the two Americas. It was observed in twenty-one Latin American countries. It was also observed in Washington.

According to the Associated Press, President Hoover led the celebration. He spoke before a gathering of the Pan-American Union and declared that the day was not far away when the nations of the Western Hemisphere will settle all questions by the orderly processes of conciliation and arbitration. May allah speed the day!

President Hoover to day, uttered
a few words of advice to the members of
his cabinet. He told them eff something
he thought they ought to do, this
afternoon. He advised them all to go to
the ballgame. And they did.

And so, as the United Press
informs us, for the first time in
recent years the entire cabinet of the
United States celebrated the opening
of the baseball season by going to the
game and watching the Washington
Senators play somebody else - in this
case the Senators played Connie Macks
Philadelphia Athletics. President
Hoover threw the first ball and they
say it was a pretty hefty pitch.

Well, I don't have to tell you that all over the country thousands of baseball fans have been watching the pitcher ** ** wind up. And the fast ball goes whizzing. The batter takes a mighty swing. Fielders go scurrying and runners on the paths raise clouds of dust as they slide into base.

Yes sir, this afternoon the umpires called "Batter Up" and the 1931 baseball season got under way.

The right handers and the left handers have been pitching the ball this afternoon, and I have been in the box here pitching the news. Well, I've heeved my last item. The Athletes beat the Senator: the Spanish Republican won out against the Monarchists. The game is over and,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.