

Lowell Thomas Broadcast for Literary Digest

Friday, October 17, 1930.

Intro.

I've got a startling thing to broadcast tonight, a man hunt. The police are after the richest man in the world. Keep your eyes open for him, and if you see him, notify the authorities. Not only is he the richest man in the world, but he also is the most mysterious. How will you know him if you see him? Well, he is Mr. Togo, but that's not his right name. His right name is not known. His nationality? That's unknown too. Tall or short? May be. Thin or fat? Maybe. Light or dark? Maybe, also. The police have never seen him. And they've never found anybody who has seen him. According to a special dispatch from London to the New York Evening World, the detectives of Scotland Yard have picked up word that Mr. Togo has gone to the United States.

Mr. Togo is the world's drug king. He controls

a vast system of dope smuggling all over the globe. Naturally, he works behind a veil of secrecy, a secrecy that has been almost impenetrable. This much of his history is known:--He dealt in drugs. He procured it illegally from chemical factories in Switzerland. The Swiss police became interested, so Mr. Togo went to the Balkans. There he organized vast poppy farms, opium being derived from the poppy. There are Balkan valleys that were formerly yellow with corn, that are now red with poppies, thanks to Mr. Togo. Then Mr. Togo went to Turkey, where things are not too strict. There he put up huge drug factories to turn the poppies into dope. Then he got control of the world's drug smuggling ring.

His profits are a thousand per cent, and he has built up a fabulous fortune, they say. In all parts of the world he has huge investments and bank accounts under various names. He never deals personally. He always works through intermediaries, and he has a vast corps of agents. His own men know of him only as Mr. Togo. His orders come down the line from

one mouth to another.

Now, he is said to be right here in our midst. Right here in America. So if you happen to see Mr. Togo, whose name and description I can't give you, why, just call the nearest cop.

Flash

Well, Mr. Togo may have vast wealth but there are many who lost what little they had today. Wall Street hit the toboggan again. Mr. Cozzens of the International News Service, phones me that there was a flood of selling from the opening gong this morning right down to market closing time this evening. The bears unloaded on a vast scale. American Can and United States Steel each fell 5 points. General Motors and the high grade railroad stocks went at the lowest price in three years.

Autos

Anyhow, here's a bit of cheering news from England. It concerns the economic depression. A big

motor show is on over there, accompanied by a wild rush to buy cars. The sales, according to the New York Evening Post, have been phenomenal. Is this an indication that the era of bad business is at an end in England? If it is--that's important for the whole world.

Lit. Digest

One of our leading bankers comes to bat with a remark that we have a load of debt hanging around our necks. I don't know if he's thinking about buying things from ice boxes to baby carriages on the instalment plan or not. Well, so far as most of us are concerned, if we couldn't buy things on the instalment plan, there wouldn't be much buying.

And by the way, there's an article of real importance on this point in this week's Literary Digest. It shows quite clearly how the American people are keeping up their instalment payments just as they did when times were better. This is certainly good news. It shows that the great American instalment plan has successfully met the test of

business depression. The Digest quotes a number of authorities who all emphasize the point that instalment buying has no bearing on the recent depression. One of these is Mr. A. E. Duncan, of Baltimore, head of one of America's biggest finance companies, and in the Digest he gives an impressive array of figures showing that we could not have real prosperity without the instalment system, conducted, of course, on a wise and sound business basis.

And all these financial currents and cross currents have a big meaning in the hurly burly of politics just now.

Election

The Democrats are getting more and more optimistic about their chances in the approaching election. That's the gist of a political article in the New York Evening Post by one of its Washington correspondents. Until recently the Democratic leaders were prophecying a gain of 56 seats in Congress, which would give them control. Now they're prophecying

63--and maybe a landslide. The Republicans admit they are going to lose a bit of ground. 35 seats is the largest loss that any responsible leader will concede. The New York Evening Post is an independent Republican paper, but it admits there is unusual pessimism in Republican quarters.

But there is no pessimism in one section of North America.

Gold Rush

Another gold stampede is on. Prospectors and adventurers caught by the gold fever, are racing through the Canadian wilderness on foot, by canoe, and by airplane. One prospector declares his samples assay \$80 to the ton. That's pretty rich, because there are places - in Alaska for example - where ore that only runs 80¢ to the ton is being mined at a profit. The new gold strike is in the heart of a region called Matachewan near Elk Lake, not far from the famous Porcupine country in Northern Ontario. The Ontario Government, according to the New York Evening World, has issued a statement to the effect that the gold strike is

genuine, and 200 claims have already been staked.

Brazil

Down in South America, on the other hand, there are some people who may find themselves in the grip of famine.

Federal authorities in Brazil are trying to starve the rebels into submission. They've thrown a blockade of warships along the coast at points where the rebels have been expecting to bring in food and supplies.

Yancey

Captain Lewis Yancey, the trans-Atlantic flier, just back from a good-will flying tour of South America, says that the toughest place in all the world to fly, is over the Andes. According to the New York Evening Post, Yancey said it was necessary to keep at an altitude of about 18,000 feet to avoid the hazardous up and down air currents.

Yancey also told about one landing he made in Chile on his good will tour where he was arrested and locked up. Chileans thought he had come down to start a revolution.

Rumanian Swindle

That boy can fly, but how about those Rumanian millions that flew away?

One of the biggest swindles of the century has just come to light. During the late war the Austrian army built a certain tunnel through the mountains. Just before it was finished they had to move to another front and abandon it. After the war that particular territory became a part of Rumania. Then a Rumanian engineering firm got a contract from the government to build a tunnel between two certain towns. They said it would take seven years. And seven years later, says the N. Y. Times, they took the government officials to see their completed tunnel. It was the same one built during the war, and all they had done was to make the entrances look new. The government paid them five and a half million dollars.

But one of the engineers let the cat out of the bag. While celebrating the swindle he imbibed too freely and grew talkative. The engineers and the manager of the construction firm are now in jail. But the five and a half million -- well, no one seems to know what has become of that.

Mussolini

From Rome comes an announcement tonight that Premier Mussolini will attend the wedding of the King of Bulgaria and the Princess Giovanna of Italy. It is to be celebrated at Assisi on October 25th, and the presence of the Dictator will make the festivities complete.

Mussolini announced last night at a meeting of the Fascist Grand Council that during the past few years 84 Fascists living abroad have been killed, 23 disabled, and 189 subjected to physical attack--in other words, beaten up.

Explosion

Thirty-three people were injured in the city of Los Angeles today. An infernal machine, a bomb, caused a terrific explosion. The fourth floor of a building in the garment manufacturing district was completely wrecked, says the International News Service. Police are working on the theory that the bomb was planted by garment workers connected with a recent Los Angeles strike.

Wreck

Two trains of the Big-4 had a head-on collision today in Cleveland. Three were killed and four injured. Two men were scalded to death. A fireman on one of the trains, according to an Associated Press account, declared there was no warning. "I saw the headlights of the oncoming locomotive," said he, "and a moment later came the crasy."

News Item of the Day

This afternoon I was talking to the Science Editor of the Literary Digest. There is one of his weekly features that I always devour - the one headed: "How Common Things Work". For instance, in this week's Digest, the subject is lightning rods. I imagine that most of us are interested in lightning rods, because we are nervous about lightning and because there used to be an epidemic of farmer joked about them. Well, that article tells in a brisk and fascinating way the theories and facts about lightning rods-- knowledge useful to all of us.

I dropped in to congratulate the Science Editor, and found him clipping an article out of the New York Telegram. Handing it to me, he remarked:

"How about this for your News Item of the Day?"

Well, here it is:

A scientist worked for years and solved a small scientific problem, which certainly didn't

seem to amount to anything--merely another piece of interesting knowledge. But the solution the scientist found has suddenly turned out to be worth millions.

Three years ago, Dr. Horace Stunkard Head of the Department of Biology at New York University, became interested in the CRYPTOCOTYLE. That's the two dollar word invented to describe a tiny parasite. He's a newcomer in this country-- is the cryptocotyle - came over here about a hundred years ago. He made the trans-Atlantic voyage in the shell of a snail, buried in sand that was used as ballast in the hold of a sailing ship. The parasite spread. From time to time it was found in sea gulls, also in small seals and in fishes. Dr. Stunkard was interested in the cryptocotyle because so little was known about it.

The Doctor's task was done. He had unraveled the life story of this parasite, and was prepared to dismiss the Cryptocotyle from his mind. He had had his fun. Then another scientist used the Doctor's laboratory for an important investigation. He was

studying a mysterious something that recently has been killing off silver foxes. There are thousands of fox farms engaged in the production of valuable silver fox fur. It has become a mighty important industry, with investments running into millions. The new malady attacking the foxes had already caused a loss of over half a million dollars. It was threatening the whole silver fox business.

The study of the disease involved a microscopic search for possible parasites. Just by luck, the learned Doctor happened to look into a microscope at organisms that had been found in a three hundred and fifty dollar silver fox. And there, as he peered into the tube, he recognized his old friend, the strange parasite, the CRYPTOCOTYLE, whose life history he had unraveled for the sheer scientific fun of it.

"What do they feed the silver foxes?" he asked.

Fish, was the reply. They fed them fish of a certain definite size, too large to be packed as sardines, too small for the regular market trade.

That made them cheap. And the principal fish of that particular size was the Cunner, which the Doctor had found to be the final home of his cryptocotyle.

"Well, don't feed the foxes that kind of fish any more," said the scientist. His advice was followed, and the strange disease disappeared among the foxes. That meant a saving of millions. And it all started out of a scientist's curiosity about something that didn't mean anything practical, out of a scientist's irresistible impulse to find out the unknown. We seldom hear about men like Dr. Stunkard, but we are all mighty grateful to them just the same. And thanks to another miracle of the scientists' laboratory - the radio - I am able to tell you about it.

Radios

By the way, in addition to your radio, there are 13,478,599 others in the United States. Of course, a figure as big as that thirteen million doesn't mean much to us, but from the Department

of Commerce in Washington comes news today that the number of radios is increasing at a tremendous rate. A United Press wire from the Rockies tells us that in one of the most thickly populated counties of Colorado there are more radios than there are clocks and watches--in fact, there are ten radios to every clock. New York has more radios than any other state, about 2,000,000 of them. California comes second, and Illinois third.

That's a lot of radios, bringing entertainment, bringing the news. And I'll drop in again tomorrow evening with the latest flashes from the ends of the Earth, for the benefit of any of those 13,478,599 radios that happen to be tuned in. Goodnight.