

Lowell Thomas Broadcast for Literary Digest
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Intro.

Well, here we are again, and here's a hot news story that's only 400 years old. 438 years ago a great news story was waiting to be passed on to the world, but months passed before the world got it. Columbus had just made his great discovery. But there were no cables, no wireless, no radio to broadcast the big story. Tonight, here we are getting news bulletins from all parts of the globe and then flashing them right out to millions of people at the far corners of the Earth. For instance, from across that same ocean which in Columbus' day led to the unknown, comes sensational news concerning political happenings in Berlin. They had a wild and uproarious time over there this afternoon.

Germany

The new session of the German Reichstag opened

to the accompaniment of fireworks and riots.
~~In fact, at the present moment there are thousands
of headaches over there.~~

5,000 people swarmed around the Reichstag waiting for the session to open, and it took hundreds of mounted police--striking right and left with rubber nightsticks--to scatter the mob. ~~This session promises to be the stormiest Germany has known since the war.~~

One hundred and seven followers of Adolph Hitler, the Fascist leader, the man who would imitate Mussolini, took their seats in the Reichstag, today. ~~Yes, and~~ They defied a parliamentary rule by coming in full Fascist uniform--black military boots, brown shirts and trousers. These Fascist delegates are hotly opposed to the present German form of Government, and they are ~~the boys who are~~ expected to furnish plenty of excitement during the coming weeks.

~~Recrossing the Atlantic we find the same
old fireworks in Brazil.~~

Brazil

Yes, that South American coffee pot is still boiling over. The revolutionists today captured the city of Florianopolis. And, according to a late Associated Press dispatch, they captured it from right under the muzzles of the big guns of warships that were guarding the city. Florianopolis is an important seaport in the southern state of Santa Catherina. Farther north, rebel and federal forces were skirmishing along a 200-mile battle line, fighting for Sao Paulo. Five minutes ago a United Press dispatch came over the ticker telling of a five hour pitched battle near Sao Paulo. The rebels claimed an important victory.

Another dispatch says the Federals have just wired an American firm to send down 10 combat planes - the kind Jimmy Doolittle flew in his South American exhibitions.

Swinging north to New York -

Diamond

Jack "Legs" Diamond, the gunman, may recover. This is the latest bulletin from the hospital.

The shooting episode in which he figured yesterday, still holds the spotlight in today's papers. Legs Diamond was shot down by two gunmen in a hotel room Sunday noon. It came as the climax to one of the peculiar police episodes of recent times. This evening, British, French and German newspapers are carrying streamer headlines on the shooting. The whole world has heard about Legs Diamond. Some weeks ago, the news went out that the New York police wanted Diamond, but he couldn't be found.

Some said he was a master mind, the big shot of the town. Others said he was a small-time crook who talked big and advertised himself. Anyway, he was a well-known gangster, with a long police record--also tall, skinny, and consumptive. His real name is said to be Nolan.

Then for a bit there was something of a world-wide hunt for Legs Diamond. He was said to have taken ship for Europe. Finally, he was detected trying to land in Germany. The Germans wouldn't let him enter. Then other European countries closed their doors. So he had to come back to the United

States. When he got here the New York police announced that they didn't want him after all. There was something mighty mysterious about the whole business.

The New York Telegram today prints an article by Forrest Downing, which states that Diamond's trip to Europe was to avoid a sentence of death which gang enemies had pronounced on him, and three weeks ago--the day Diamond returned to the United States--the Telegram stated that Legs was scheduled for a gang execution. Here's just what the Telegram said on September 22nd:

"The reluctant return of John Legs Diamond--the man no country wants--to American waters today, brought the widely publicized racketeer again within range of gangdom's guns. And, from rumblings in the underworld that have carried to the ears of police, there is every sign that the guns will smoke soon after Diamond steps ashore."

That prediction came true yesterday. Diamond was in his hotel room. The door was open. Two gunmen rushed in, shot him four times, and then

got away. The police have involved a beautiful Broadway show girl, surmising that Diamond was waiting for her--that she was used to put him on the spot.

This is another fantastic gang murder, and the right comment seems to be the opening line of Cicero's famous oration: (I mean Cicero, the Roman statesman--not the town of Cicero where Al Capone lives) Said Cicero:

"How long, Oh Catilline, wilt thou abuse our patience?"

Not long, George W. Wickersham, head of President Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission, seems to say. According to a United Press dispatch this afternoon, Mr. Wickersham suggests flogging as a means of halting banditry and racketeering.

Public indignation does seem to be stirring, and if you don't believe it, you just read a red hot article in the current Literary Digest, which tells how the country at large regards the most insolent of recent gang crimes, the cold-blooded execution of a Federal agent at Elizabeth, N. J.

The story of the amazing crime is told in a vivid way. "Holding a gun to Uncle Sam's head", is one angry line which the Digest quotes.

While the newspapers all over the world are featuring Diamond, they also give some notice to another celebrity - I mean, Christopher Columbus.

Columbus

Columbus Day is being celebrated from the Arctic Ocean to Cape Horn today. And I'm going to stop for a moment and tell you a Columbus Day story.

Last summer I happened to go to San Salvador. It was this way:- Mr. Burt Massey of Chicago, wanted to have an unusual and romantic honeymoon, so he told Count Luckner, the Sea Devil, that he would like to charter his big, four-masted sailing ship for a honeymoon cruise. But he said he wanted the Count and Countess to come along too. Then he invited twenty more. My wife and I happened to be among the lucky twenty. So away we sailed for the Caribbean and the Spanish Main.

One day we were passing the group of islands to which San Salvador belongs. And I suggested we stop off and pay our respects to the memory of Christopher Columbus. Everybody said "great".

When we arrived, we found that there was only about one white person on the island, Father Dennis, a Dominican monk. He told us that back in 1892, when the people of Chicago were holding that famous Chicago World's Fair--the World's Columbian Exposition - the old Chicago Herald, decided to erect a magnificent monument on the island of San Salvador.

"A fine plan," said Father Dennis. "The only trouble was that they erected that monument on the wrong side of the island, where Columbus could not have landed."

Count Luckner winked, and said he thought it would be a great idea to go over and rescue that statue of Columbus--and put it where it belonged. Father Dennis said he had long looked forward to the chance to do just that thing. He told us that if we would take one of the whaleboats from our ship and load it with crowbars, sledge hammers, chains and block and tackle, and take along a crew of husky

sailors, that he would jump on a horse, ride across the island, and meet us.

So we loaded the whaleboat and started out. Our pilot was a native of San Salvador. His job was to show us the way through the dangerous reefs.

Along about midnight, we got around to the other side of the island and far in the distance we saw Father Dennis wigwagging with his flashlight. When we got ashore, we discovered the priest had an old Ford truck. So we all piled in. After motoring over an hour or so across rough country, we finally had to get out and walk. Then for another hour we hiked along the beach. It was a glorious, moonlit tropical night, and occasionally we passed a wrecked sailing ship piled on a reef, looking eerie and spectral. A wild horse came up to look us over, and kicked one member of the party in the stomach.

We now discovered that Father Dennis had never actually seen the Columbus monument, nor had any of the natives who were along with us. But they assured us that the monument was a marble statue.

Finally, at two o'clock in the morning, we arrived far out on a rocky promontory, and there we found the monument. But instead of its being a statue of Columbus, it turned out to be a huge stone pyramid. The thing must have weighed 20 or 30 tons. Why, it would have taken the engineers of the Pharaohs who built the Pyramids of Egypt to move it.

Worn out, we threw ourselves in the sand and went to sleep. At dawn, we got into our whaleboat and started back around the island. Our black San Salvador pilot got gloriously tight on something he had in a mysterious bottle, and we discovered that instead of heading towards Count Luckner's sailing ship, we were steering out towards the middle of the Atlantic.

Then when we were within a mile of the ship, our whaleboat sprang a leak and we had to bail for our lives. If we had been obliged to journey another mile we would have had to swim.

After we climbed up the gangway and were on

the deck of the Sea Devil's schooner, the last we saw of our pilot he was headed for shore in a small native boat. Suddenly he stood up, lost his balance, and plunged headfirst into the sea. His companions immediately fished him out.

And that was the end of our expedition to rescue Christopher Columbus.

Prince of Wales

Apparently Columbus Day is being celebrated throughout the world. In Italy they have been having a two-day celebration in Genoa. The diplomats of all nations have been leaving floral wreaths at the house where Columbus is supposed to have been born.

In London, England, a great banquet in honor of Columbus was held at the Spanish Club. The Prince of Wales was the guest of honor, and the United Press cables that the Prince delighted and surprised the gathering by delivering his address in Spanish.

As a matter of fact, the Prince of Wales

is a much more capable and brilliant man than some give him credit for. I happened to accompany the Prince on his tour of the Orient a number of years ago, and I was present one day when he startled an audience out there.

He was present at a great military review where most of the soldiers were Indian -- picturesque, bearded fellows wearing turbans -- soldiers from the Punjab. When it came time for the Prince of Wales to make a speech to the soldiers, he stepped right out, and without a note in his hand, delivered a stirring address -- not in English, but in Hindustani. Anyone who has tried to learn an Oriental language will appreciate what a task it is. The prince is an exceedingly able young man, and if knowledge of the world and the peoples who inhabit it will help any, the Prince ought to make a great king.

And while on the subject of royalty -

King Boris

In two weeks, Europe loses its only

batchelor king. The date for the wedding of King Boris of Bulgaria and the Princess Giovanna of Italy has been set. They are to be married October 28th. The International News Service cables that the historic event will take place in the picturesque old city of Asissi, where St. Francis was born.

Boulder Dam

Here is some hot news for the Southwest, word has just reached me that the Supreme Court at Washington today granted the State of Arizona permission to file suit to enjoin the \$165,000,000 Boulder Dam project, and to have the Ewing-Johnson Act authorizing the construction, declared unconstitutional.

Boyd and Connor

In London today someone asked Boyd and Connor, the latest trans-Atlantic heroes, whether they intended to fly on to Australia. According to an International News dispatch they replied--

"no". In fact, they said that flights to Australia were being a bit overdone. Said Boyd:

"I guess there's only one flight left, and that's to make a westward hop across the Atlantic--upside down, and without a motor."

Aviation is progressing all right.

Freak Flashes

Lawrence Swank was driving his car-- a swanky car, no doubt. (I'm sorry, the temptation to pun was too great to resist). Well, Lawrence Swank was motoring near Crawfordsville, Indiana. He heard a sharp hiss, and looked up just in time to see a star coming at him--a fiery object falling from the sky. It hit the hood of his car, smashed through the engine, and hit the ground. Yes, sir. It was a real star, a shooting star, a fragment of a meteor.

This freak of nature is no stranger than the subject of an interesting article in this

week's Literary Digest now on the stands. In a simple and interesting way it gives a new explanation for the peculiar phenomenon of ball lightning, and even outlines a little experiment which anybody can try and make the theory clear.

Napoleon

Here's my choice for the news item of the day - the interesting yarn that I found in the news.

Near Paris, France, is the palace of Malmaison, of sad, wistful memory. Haunted by the shade of a stately melancholy woman --you say? Yes, the ghost of the Empress Josephine, wife of the great Napoleon. For it was to Malmaison that Josephine returned after Napoleon had divorced her, and there she died.

And now in that old and legended chateau a box of toys has been placed on exhibition. A United Press dispatch tells us they were uncovered in a dusty old government closet, where they had been hidden away, unnoticed, forgotten for years, perhaps for more than a century. They were playthings

given by Napoleon to his little son, the King of Rome, whose mother was Marie Louise, the Empress that took Josephine's place.

That box of toys is a boyish treasure. There are bright red little grenadiers with plumed bonnets and tall rifles, gay Hussars, sword in hand, on prancing steeds, tiny cannon of silver and gold, drawn by ivory horses, tin soldiers to tickle the fancy of any boy. And how significant they are as the gift of the great conqueror to his son.

It is well known that Napoleon wanted to bring his son up a soldier, and fill him with the spirit of military glory. He didn't have much time in which to do it. The boy was only a little shaver when Napoleon was overthrown.

Besides the toys there are a few paintings in the exhibition. They were made by Napoleon's son, and what a story they tell, Napoleon's boy wasn't much interested in soldiers and guns. Rather than play at war, he preferred to draw pictures. He grew to young manhood in Austria, while Napoleon

was in exile at St. Helena, and studied and practiced painting. Experts said he might become as great an artist as his father was great as a soldier. But he died at 21.

Along with the toys and paintings is a sheet of paper with lines written in a stiff, old-fashioned script. It is a passage which this boy copies with his own hand from the testament of his father. It reads:

"I recommend to my son that he never forget that he is a French prince and never agree to serve as a tool in the hands of oppressors of European races. He must never fight against or lessen in any way the glory of France."

Well, that box of toys is news that certainly takes us for a trip into the past, but here we are back again in 1950, October 13th. And to be precise, let's see what time it is. Well, my watch says I've got two seconds to go, which leaves me only about time to say Good Night.