

Good Evening, Everybody:

The second act of a drama was enacted today that was almost worth the attention of that thrilling novelist, Mr. Rafael Sabatini. I have just heard the details of this almost incredible story from ~~Mr.~~ W. J. Everett, Chief of Police of Asheville, North Carolina. Chief Everett while telling the story, says frankly that he ~~cannot~~^{hardly} believe it himself, but the facts are there. And here they are:

A young citizen of Asheville named Jack Moody, was walking along Main Street. He was walking along quite peaceably when he was accosted by a young man whose name was Lamb, but whose disposition seems to have been ~~of~~ the lion family. Said Mr. Lamb to Mr. Moody:

"Stay away from my gal or I'll knock your block off."

Mr. Moody replied: "You and who else?" saying which he swung at Mr. Lamb's jaw. They had a right lusty scrap in the street until some interfering bystanders stopped them, whereupon

they called it quits and shook hands.

That's only the first act of this drama. The second act begins early this morning. According to Mr. Moody, ~~many who~~ ^{the man who} was attacked, he was walking along the streets again when ^{the} Mr. Lamb with a lion's disposition drove ~~along~~ ^{up} in his car, ~~stopped~~ ~~just by Mr. Moody,~~ and said: "Let's settle it now." So Mr. Moody got into Mr. Lamb's car and they drove off to a nearby park. This time the intention was not to settle with fists, but with more deadly weapons. Mr. Moody, ~~the~~ ^{of} Ashville ~~has~~ said: ~~his~~ "I have ~~only~~ ^{only} two bullets." To which Mr. Lamb replied: ~~his~~ "I'll give you some of mine." But Mr. Lamb's bullets wouldn't fit Mr. Moody's gun, so Mr. Lamb being nothing if not chivalrous, ~~rejoined:~~ ^{rejoined:} "We'll even it ~~up~~ ^{up}", and took all but two cartridges out of his own ~~gun~~ pistol.

Mr. Moody from Ashville, recalling a ~~his~~ remark famous in history, said: "You take the first shot." Mr. Lamb from

California took him at his word and pulled the trigger. The first shot was a miss, whereupon the Asheville chap came back with his shot -- also a miss. The third shot from Mr. Lamb of California hit Mr. Moody of Asheville in the midriff and down he went.

So much for the shooting angle of the story. When the wounded man was taken to the hospital the doctors found that the wound indicated the shot had ~~x~~ been fired from exceedingly close range, a fact incompatible with the theory of a duel.

Now here's another joker in the story. With Mr. Moody in the hospital, the lionic Mr. Lamb under arrest, the fair damsel who is the cause of it all declares that she doesn't know Mr. Lamb at all, and has never had but one date with Mr. Moody. The answer to which is what?

The charms of these southern women certainly are potent.

The last act, or at any rate the third act of this drama will have to be enacted in court. The man who wounded his rival is held in bail on a charge of dueling. And there lies a nice

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point. It's the first time such a charge has been brought in any of the courts of North Carolina or any other state in the Union for many, many years.

NBC

FLORISTS
~~FORESTS~~

I frequently have cause to ^{wish}~~think~~ that the news of the ~~day~~ were conducted according to the needs of a news broadcaster. For instance, in respect of humor. There are days and days when everything is serious and not a glint of fun to enliven history, unless we invent it. Then there are days when history puts on the comic mask and you just can't stop her.

All this is a preamble to a narrative from New Orleans where the florists of America are holding a convention.

Ten of the flower sellers decided that the proceedings at the Convention were too solemn for them so they played hookey. They swiped a hand car from the tracks of the Southern Railway and started on a whoopie ride down Canal Street, the main street of New Orleans.

They made a bad pick of the hand car because it did not fit the trolley rails. So they decided to turn English and went down the wrong side of the street. Within a few minutes traffic was jammed for blocks. Crowds gathered, motorists spluttered and honked and swore. Finally somebody turned in a

riot call to police headquarters.

That riot call spilled the beans because it had been only a few days since thirteen convicts escaped from ^{the} Louisiana penitentiary at Angola. ~~Here~~ a riot call turned into police headquarters meant serious business.

The consequence was those ten convivial flower sellers found themselves confronted by a riot squad of the New Orleans police, pump guns, sub-machine guns, tear gas, and all.

The rest of this story is anti-climax ~~x~~ even though it has a joker. The truant florist gentlemen were taken to ~~the~~ police headquarters where they heard a lecture from Police Chief Reyer. Chief Reyer said what they had done was a serious offense, but southern hospitality must be southern hospitality. In other words, not guilty, but don't do it again.

N.B.C.

CUBA

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The comedy note even introduced itself into the news from Cuba. On the one hand we have the new government of President Ramon Grau San Martin in possession of the nominal machinery of the government. On the other hand we have the A.B.C., the formidable organization of University students which was one of the foremost factors in turning out ex-president Machado. As a third line to the triangle we have three hundred officers of the Cuban Army fortified in the Hotel Nacional standing out against the new Administration and clamoring for the reinstatement of ex-president de Cespedes.

But now here's the joke. The army officers, headed by an aviator, ^{are} barricaded ⁱⁿ that hotel, ~~surrounding the hotel~~ and ~~the~~ hotel is surrounded by President San Martin's troopers commanded by the swarthy Sergeant Batista.

Now, those barricaded army officers were tipped off that Sergeant Batista had conceived the fiendish scheme of cutting off the water supply, so they filled their bathtubs with the

For the moment
necessary fluid. ~~So~~[^] those recalcitrant army officers may be
sure of being washed. But today they are up against a
different situation. They are running short of food. A strike
was called on the employ^es of the hotel and their enemies were
even meaner than that. They are ~~stoppt~~^{turning} the women folk of
the officers ^{away}_^ from the doors of the hotel and preventing wives,
daughters, and sweethearts from carrying ⁱⁿ food. ~~to them~~

Most of the American inhabitants of Havana have
left the Hotel now, so this comedy situation is not worrying
Uncle Sam's officials.

Outside of that today's report from Havana is the
same as yesterday's: "All Quiet on the Cuban Front."

N.B.C.

BERLIN

Germany is in an uproar. This statement hardly sounds like news, but -- it is a new uproar. The latest excitement was precipitated by the publication of documents supposed to be of Communist origin, just recently dug up by the Hitlerite police. The gist of these documents as ~~reveals~~ revealed by the Nazi government is a revolutionary plot.

A wireless dispatch from Berlin by way of London informs us that the date set for this ^{anti-Hitlerite} uprising was March 5, 1934.

The dispatch as I have it from Berlin seems to me to indicate that the ^{gentlemen at the} Nazi Department of Propaganda ~~has~~ ^{has} been reading some of the novels of E. Phillip^s Oppenheim. The plans are supposed to have included the murder of Chancellor Hitler, of President von Hindenburg, and of all the magnificos in the Nazi party. Furthermore, all broadcasting stations were to be seized and used, strategic points on the railways were to be blown up, and a general strike of all workers.

~~I am reluctant to overwork that celebrated phrase of my colleague Bob Ripley, but at this point one must say: "Believe it~~

~~of not~~

N.B.C.

Captain Johnson.

Skjipper.

Sept. 12, 1933.

INTRO TO CAPTAIN JOHNSON

How would you like this for a thrill? How would you like to be perched on top of the main mast of a sailing ship in a Cape Horn hurricane? If you want to know how it feels, just ask Captain Irving Johnson. In fact he's going ~~xxx~~ to tell you. He's no grizzled old sea dog. He's a young fellow, scarcely more than a boy. Yet he is a full fledged sailing ship skipper who has made a series of remarkable voyages around the world again and again, and is now about to start off on a trip around the world in a schooner of his own. He is taking along a crew of adventurous young fellows who are out to see the strangest and most unfamiliar parts of the globe. Captain Johnson is of an old New England family, the Johnsons of Springfield, Mass, who have one of the finest book shops in America. The Captain himself has written some 20 or 30 books of adventure and about the sea. He sailed across on the Shamrock, Sir Thos. Lipton's famous boat the last time she crossed.

Well, Captain Johnson, tell us how it feels to be on the tip-top pinnacle of that tall main mast when a Cape Horn hurricane is blowing.

I was down off Cape Horn not long ago in the world's largest square-rigger. She was the German four-mast bark Peking. The reason I was there was to see if the famous Cape Horn stories were all they ^{were} cracked ~~them~~ up to be. An old ripsnorter soon had the Peking plunging into a walloping sea with only her lower topsails set. The monstrous waves slammed the ship till ^{the life} boats were stove in and iron railings bent in such curves that a blacksmith could hardly copy.

All this time I was wondering what it would feel like to be at the top of the mast, which was equal in height to a seventeen-storey building. The mate tried to stop me, saying that I would be shaken or blown off, but I told him I had come all these thousands of miles to see what it was like, so up I went.

Now here was the old ship rolling over forty-five degrees each way and the tops of the masts were swinging across the sky in an arc of 310 to 320. ~~ft~~. The top of the mast picked up a speed of over fifty miles an hour. I thought such swinging

about might throw me off, but as I went up I found that the pressure of the wind which was blowing well over a hundred miles an hour kept me from falling, ~~off~~. In fact when the masts rolled toward the wind the pressure was so strong I could not pull my foot back against the wind to raise it for the next step. The only time I could move was when the masts rolled with the wind and I would quickly go up a few feet. Finally, at the very top of the mast I looked down to see the ^{real} terrific Cape Horn waves washing clean over the ship. The noise of the hurricane in the rigging was the most ungodly screeching howl I ever heard. I let my lips loose for an instant and the wind whipped ^{them} ~~me~~ so fast it was hard to get control of them again. But the strangest feeling of all was sticking to the very top of the ^{whipping} ~~whipping~~ mast with the wind pressing me so tightly that I didn't ^{even} ~~at all~~ have to hold on.

Well, Captain, now hold on, here's
REPEAL
some news from your dear old New England.

(Maine, the mother state of prohibition, is wet
today.) The ~~Literary~~ ^{Literary} Digest poll told us so more than a year
ago, but a lot of us were reluctant to believe it. Maine,
which has been prohibitionist since 1851, Maine, the home of
Neal Dow, where prohibition has been a sacred institution!

That ~~Literary Digest~~ poll certainly ~~has~~ hit the mark and in the
future such polls will probably be received with less skepticism.
At any rate, the dope is, Maine went wet by a ratio of more than
two to one. And even the dry leaders are conceding that this
means the death knell of prohibition.

While the ~~leaders~~ ^{moguls} of the Democratic party were adding
up these figures with considerable satisfaction, three other
states were voting ~~on this question~~ ^{today!}: Maryland, Minnesota,
Colorado. Telephone messages from political leaders in Baltimore,
St. Paul, and Denver, ~~told~~ ^{tell} me that ~~the~~ ^{the} voting is unexpectedly heavy
and indicates a wet majority. Minnesota, the home of ~~St.~~ ^{Saint} Andrew
Volstead, the father of the ~~act~~ ^{act} that put all the teeth into

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the prohibition laws, is expected to repudiate Mr. Volstead by a majority of two to one. About the same ratio is expected in Colorado. As for Maryland, which ^{that Baltimore} ~~my friend~~ Henry Menken ~~is~~ has called the Maryland Free State, the outcome there never was in doubt.

N.B.C.

ROOSEVELT

The White House announced today that the President will shortly take another brief vacation. Mr. Roosevelt will return to Hyde Park in Dutchess County, New York on the twenty-seventh of this month for a week's sojourn. Ha, ha, maybe I can get those White House Correspondents to give us that return baseball game!

The President will return to Washington October Fourth and on his way he will deliver an address to the Conference of Catholic Charities at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York.

N.B.C.

MADRID

And now we come to that fascinating, colorful country of Spain. I haven't been to Spain in a long while -- I haven't been there since it became a Republic, since I took a nose dive in an airplane into the Spanish desert near Granada. But every minute I spent there was interesting.

Anyhow now we have a new cabinet in that Iberian Republic. Ex-premier Azana is succeeded by Senor Alejandro Lerroux, the leader of the radicals. However, although this new cabinet is led by the radicals, it includes no Socialists.

Premier Lerroux says he is only holding the office of Prime Minister, temporarily -- he is just holding it down pending the return of Professor Albornoz who is now touring the U. S. A. So ladies and gentlemen page Professor Albornoz.

N.B.C.

HORSE

Now for ~~some~~ something to excite the trotting race fans, a new record. Mr. Charles Swoyer, Secretary of the Greater Reading Fair at Pennsylvania, wires me that the world's record was upset today. A colt called "Sturdy Day" owned by John T. Thompson of New York City, trotted a mile in two minutes four and three quarter seconds.

Just by way of putting up a windshield, I don't profess to be learned in sporting records. I am informed on good authority that this is a world's record. In case I am mistaken, please keep your bombs at home.

N.B.C.

KISSING ENDING

Little Jimmy, who had flunked school and was obliged to make it up by going to summer school,^{came}/back to school this morning and said: "Teacher, didn't you say you would pass me and also give me a kiss if I would bring you some flowers?"

To which the teacher replied: "Why yes, ~~it~~ I did."

"Well," quoth Jimmy, "here's the flowers, I've sold the kiss to my big brother for fifty cents."

And SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

L.T.