

LOWELL THOMAS SUNOCG BROADCAST

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ASSASSINATION OF KING ALEXANDER

It rather staggers one to try in a brief broadcast to sketch the terrible events that occurred in France -- in Marseilles, today. The central startling picture is clear in spite of the drastic censorship the French government has clamped down. Let's look at the predominant highlights.

King Alexander of Jugoslavia was heavily, overwhelmingly guarded by powerful cohorts of the secret police. I told the other night how scores of attempts had been made to assassinate him. He ranked as the most shot-at ruler of any nation in the world. No wonder such heavy precautions were taken. How, then, did the assassin manage to get to him and shoot up the royal car, shot after shot, twenty shots they say, like Chinese bandits blazing away in a captured railway coach?

It seems to have been partly because of the ovation

the King received; his welcome to France was so huge and enthusiastic. No wonder it was that -- the Yugoslav journey to France was fraught with the most important political consequences. It was the central incident in a grandiose political move to ease the tension between Italy and Jugoslavia, to bring King Alexander's government into the newly established bond of friendship between France and Italy.

These political significances lay behind the gala festivity of the day at Marseilles. Yes, today did begin with a carnival welcome in the old Mediterranean port, a carnival that was swiftly swept away in a torrent of startled fright and benumbing shock.

Crowds were in the streets, huge crowds, waiting to shout the royal welcome. French ~~xxxh~~ warships brought King Alexander into the harbor, to the gayly decorated dock.

His Queen was not with him. She was coming by railroad train to join him in Paris. That was because she does not like ships. She gets seasick. So it was the Queen's susceptibility to seasickness that saved her life today, for she would likely have died in the hail of bullets that turned the royal automobile into a shambles.

Foreign Minister Barthou of France and a brilliant staff of officials were at the dock. They greeted the Balkan King with effusive French hospitality. Everybody was in good spirits. The tall, stalwart young-looking monarch, with eyeglasses, smiling gayly. And the stately old Foreign Minister beaming with a courteous Gallic grace. He had all the dignity that becomes one of the

chief statesmen of Europe, a keystone man in the important diplomatic affairs that were under way. Many political observers had noted that Foreign Minister Barthou was scheduled to make a trip to Rome right after the royal Yugoslav visit. He was scheduled for an important conference with Mussolini concerning the new understanding between France and Italy. And this trip to Rome, combined with King E Alexander's presence in France, was a shrewd indication of that new international alignment of Jugoslavia, Italy and France.

There were secret service men everywhere, watching, guarding, They surrounded the King, the Foreign Ministers and their aides as the stately party made its way to a fleet of automobiles. The secret service men guarded everything ~~until~~ until the King was safely in his car. He rode with the French Foreign Minister beside him.

The cavalcade of cars moved along the street and rolled down the Cannebiere (~~Kanbiere~~), the main avenue of Marseilles. The royal guest might seem to be safe now. The streets were lined with jammed thousands. Along the curbs the crowds were held back by lines of police. The crowd was immensely enthusiastic. Cheers

rose! Perhaps it was an indication of danger that here and there the enthusiastic multitude would surge forward and break through the police lines, momentarily, until they were herded back.

The procession of automobiles had not progressed far along the broad avenue when the fatal events broke with the swiftness of lightning. Two men suddenly leaped through the police line. Pistol in hand, they began firing at the royal car. One, blazing away, leaped to the running board and pumped shot after shot inside. It was all so swift that the guards could not interfere in time - yet there came swift interference. One cavalryman - a colonel - whirled out his sabre and slashed so fast that he cut down the assassin hanging on the running board. The assassin's aim was deflected and his final shots went wild, -- but always into the car.

The King slumped down. Premier Barthou, beside him, was mortally wounded. He tried to shield the royal guest with his own body. Perhaps that is why he lost his life. And the two military attaches of the monarch were either killed or seriously wounded -- a French general, and a Yugoslav marshall. In the swiftest flash, the crime was committed.

The police and soldiers swept into action with what seems

like a panic. They charged the crowd, swinging sabres. A number of the bystanders were mauled and slashed. Police and crowd killed the assassin who had leaped on the running board. The other is a young Yugoslav from the city of Zagreb, in the province of Croatia. And that fact seems to hint the full explanation.

The Croats used to be a part of Austria. They became part of Yugoslavia after the War. They have not been happy under the rule of the Yugoslav government. There have been continuous disturbances among the Croats, disturbances that have been sternly suppressed. King Alexander, virtually a Dictator, had ruled the Croatians with a strong hand, and many of them hated him bitterly. Croatian conspiracies against him were frequently reported. And the assassinations today are said to be the work of Croatians who sent assassins to France when the royal visit to that country was announced. The French police have made a score of arrests among a group of what they call Croatian terrorists, in that French capitol.

I told just a few days ago about the little Crown Prince of Yugoslavia, the eleven-year-old heir to the throne, who has been hidden away, being educated in a quiet rural English school. He now, with such tragic suddenness, becomes King. The little lad living as an English school boy, becomes Peter, King of Yugoslavia.

There's a strange tragic similarity - the similarity to the deed of Sarajevo that touched off the World War. There ^{it} ~~is~~ was the Austrian Archduke, heir to the Hapsburg crown, who was riding in a car with his wife. ^{an} ~~is~~ assassin leaped to the running board and shot them dead. He was a south Slav nationalist, killing for the greatness of Serbia, now Yugoslavia. That happened at Sarajevo, in the Austrian province of Bosnia, now a part of Yugoslavia. That crime set the world ablaze, started the War which made Yugoslavia as great as she is today.

If King Alexander had lived long enough for a moment of realization, he might have thought of how similar was the crime of Sarajevo to that crime of which he was the victim today, one of the most spectacular and sanguinary political assassinations of our time.

And it comes as a climax of a long scarlet record. The history of the Serbian, the Yugoslav throne, is dark with the shadow of murder.

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FOLLOW YUGOSLAVIA

So a boy succeeds to the troubled throne, the iron dictatorship, of Yugoslavia. Of course he won't be able to wield his father's dictatorial powers. What will happen to Yugoslavia?, statesmen are asking tonight. Already the utmost precautions are being taken to prevent a revolt.

And then a still more important question. What will happen to that political line-up of Yugoslavia, Italy and France which the murdered king and the murdered foreign minister were to have negotiated on the royal visit that has ended so tragically? Today's startling events may open new, perilous possibilities, new dangerous horizons.

SPAIN

The Spanish story tonight is quieting down. The government seems to have ~~got~~ a strong grip on the nationwide sweep of revolutionary strikes and insurrection. The political gravity of the crisis, however, is even deeper tonight. Because, Zamora and Premier Lerro ~~ux~~ have called the Cortes today, the Spanish Parliament, in an extraordinary session. It ~~is~~ ^{was} a war session, with the Premier asking for wartime powers to crush the revolution once and for all. It is believed that the result will be a mobilization order calling the nation to the colors. This is precisely what is done at the outbreak of war. Its importance in the present situation is that the workers who are on strike will be considered as soldiers, and refusals to carry on in their jobs ^{will} come under the heading, not of a labor walkout, but of mutiny. This scheme of mobilization to break a general strike has been tried before - in France, for example, where it ^{dissipated a} ~~broke the~~ general strike without delay.

Some surprise is expressed at one factor of the Spanish situation - or rather the lack of the factor: Ex-King Alfonso's inaction. It was widely expected that the former monarch would use the present revolutionary situation in an attempt to regain his

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throne, but he seems to be doing no such thing. Don Alfonso is in Italy and is reported to be engaged in the prosaic occupation of looking around for a place to live - just house-hunting.

And now for a Spanish sidelight, such as you find in all spectacular events and upheavals. In the revolutionary flare-up in Spain's northern province, Asturias, the rebels were provided with weapons by a gun-running ship that landed a big cargo of small arms. It turned ~~ex~~ up as something of a mystery ship. Today the explanation comes ~~that~~ with an odd story, which tells that the ship crammed with munitions was supposed to land its cargo in Portugal. This cargo of guns had been bought by ^{a party of Portuguese} ~~insurgents party in Portugal~~. A revolt was planned against the Carmona ~~the~~ government at Lisbon. But the gun-running ship failed to do any gun-running into Portugal. The police and guards along the coast were too active, on the alert all the time. The gun-runners, unable to get their cargo ashore, were in a perplexing pickle. ^{It} Then the Spanish revolt broke out, which the gun-runners regarded as their lucky break. They steered for the northern coast of Spain and there had no trouble making a sale. The Spanish insurgents jumped at the chance to buy. So the gun-runners' cargo was finally landed, thousands of rifles that played a

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large part in the bitter fighting in the north of Spain.

That story receives a timely hint of confirmation in a dispatch from Portugal. Maybe that shipload of weapons was intended for the revolutionary outbreak that has just been squelched by the Portuguese government. At Lisbon President Carmona ^{has} ordered a drastic shift in the army command. And he has also caused the arrest of the leaders of the Portuguese Fascists. ... A Fascist revolt has been threatening, declares ~~the~~ Lisbon ~~government.~~^s

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So, the gun-running story suggests the possible ironic comedy - that the cargo of armament was intended for Portuguese Fascists in the first place but in the end was sold to Spanish Communists. It may be too good a story to be true, but it certainly sounds in the traditional spirit of gun-running.

BASEBALL

~~Now~~ ^{Now} all you old-timers, who are always saying that baseball is not what it used to be -- that it's grown polite, gentle, timid and sissyfied, compared with the hardboiled days of old when the national game really was tough! Would you call that game at Detroit today sissyfied? Do you think they ever staged a more gorgeous roughhouse shindig in the old days of Buck Ewing and King Kelly?

Well, the series was tough to start with. The Cardinals of St. Louis have a reputation for being a hard outfit -- players of battling baseball. ~~There~~ And as game after game went by in the bitter seesaw struggle for the World Series honors, and the World Series money, the play grew rougher, the slides into base whirled with a more reckless abandon, the spikes flashed more perilously in the afternoon sun. So by the time yesterday's game was played ~~in~~ there was a list of injuries to remind you of the day ~~at~~ after the battle. ~~Was~~ Mickey Cochrane, ~~the~~ ^{catcher} ~~Catcher~~ and Manager of the Tigers, ~~who~~ was in the hospital with spike wounds.

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Among the Cards Ernie ^{Orsatti} ~~Cook~~ was the most badly banged up, something like a soldier limping home from battle.

This morning the sports writers in the newspapers were saying "it's the roughest World Series" they'd ever seen, with the worst yet to come. And the worst came this afternoon, a regular riot.

With all the bad blood and a regular feast of hate and with the game played in baseball-mad Detroit, St. Louis, behind the shut-out pitching of Dizzy Dean, blasted the Detroit pitchers all over the lot. It wasn't much of a contest so far as baseball went. The contest came in the more warlike activities. The simmering, boiling mood of wrath was ready to burst into a geyser when Joe Medwick, St. Louis left-fielder and heavy hitter, slid into third base like a ton of brick. Owen, the Detroit third baseman, blocked him, and Medwick on the ground slashed at Owen with his spikes. The brutal school of base-running and the slashing spikes has been a prime point of bitterness all along. So when Medwick tried to chop the legs off Owen, the grandstand and the bleachers filled with Detroit baseball maniacs went wild.

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They howled and ragged and booed. They threw everything they could get their hands on, chiefly oranges and pop bottles. They bombarded Joe Medwick with a regular barrage, bottles whistling through the autumn air.

And they had to hold the game up for fifteen minutes until the enraged fans had exhausted their supplies of ammunition. Finally Judge Landis, Czar of Baseball, had to intervene. He called the two rival managers, Cochran and Frisch, over to his box. And, he talked to them like a Dutch Uncle, talked Turkey, talked with the authoritative voice of the judge who once imposed a twenty million dollar fine on one of the biggest corporations in the land, the hugest fine on record. Just what the Judge said has not been revealed, but as a result Joe Medwick, the mauling, mutilating base-runner, was taken out of the game, told to have a seat on the bench and give his spikes a rest.

With that the war cooled down a little and the game went to its predestined conclusion, 11 to 0 in favor of the Cards a shut-out demonstration of invincible pitching by Dizzy Dean,

with the heavy end of the World Series dough going to the
St. Louis players.

So, it's so long to the World Series until next
Fall, and for me --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.