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Good Evening, Everybody:

Well, for the first time in history
a man has walked across the English
Channel---yes, walked. He wore a pair
of water skis. They are contraptions
which you wear on your feet and they keep
you afloat and you sort of slide along
on the surface of the sea.

The Associated Press gives the name
of the man who walked across the English
Channel as Karl Naumestnik, an Austrian.
He started out from the French shore.

Electric walking On and on he shuffled,
Sliding across the choppy waves of one of
the nastiest bits of water in the world.

But waves or no waves, he kept those
water skis on either foot of his, sliding

A fishing boat followed him--just in case. anything happened. But he didn't need any help. Although it was one hard, fatiguing trip.

The man who walked on the water didn't eat anything on the way, because he was afraid of being sea-sick. When he got to the English coast he could just barely

17 a long.

strike to the shore. He was that weak.

And the first thing he said was-"Give

me a glass of water". I suppose he needed

it after walking his way across that old

English Channel famous in song and story for its choppy cross-seas and all-round

me an disposition.

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The Statue of Liberty had a visitor today. A huge flying boat came down to the surface of the water and landed in the New York harbor just across from the big goddess that stands as a symbol of freedom.

This marks the end of a long trip which has had many delays.

A lot of us most have thought
the German flying boat, the biggest in
the world, would never get here. But
she did. She flew across the South
Atlantic for South America, and then up
by gradual stages to New York, a faunt of 12,000
Germany's great aircraft put
on a show for the citizens of New York.

With sixty passengers aboard she took
a spin up the Hudson kiver to the top
of Manhattan and then turned around and
proceeded to a landing place opposite
the Statue of Liberty. Thousands of
people craned their necks and watched.

The International News Service describes the DO-X in the air as huge to look at, something like a ship

that is flying. She's a flying boat with a big hull which has rows of portholes along the sides, and these add to the impression she gives of a ship that has sprouted wings and taken to the sky.

An interesting bit of comment upon the formation of the new cooperative cabinet in England is seen in a bit of financial news that comes from Wall Street today.

American bankers are arranging for a 200 hundred million dollar loan to Breat Britain.

International News Service tells us that this big amount of money will be wext put up by various American financial institutions and will be passed along as a loan, which England needs to tide her over the financial cirisis.

The report tonight is that the casualties in the Portuguese uprising are forty killed and one hundred wounded.

The United Press describes an artillery battle in

Portugal which raged as government troops attacked a force of

rebels in the village of Caneza near Lisbon. The rebels fortified

themselves in the town. The government placed cannon on the

surrounding hills and blazed away. Tonight Lisbon is under martial

law. The revolution is said to be squelched.

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About three miles northeast of the town of Linton, Indiana, which isn't so far from Terra Haute, there is a point in an open space of farming country. Nobody lives at that particular point. It's in a field. It is, nevertheless the center of population in the United States.

The International News Service passes on to us today figures given out by the census bureau which tell us that if you consider the density of population for the whole country and average it up, est, you'll find that the dead center is at that bit of Indiana farm land.

During the past ten years the population has moved nearly twenty-two and a half miles to the west, and a little more than seven and a half miles to the south. In 1920 it was located near Spencer, Indiana.

The meaning of it all is that the population of the United States is still moving westward, and it's also traveling a bit to the south.

Chicago police are still looking for Scarface Al Capone, but meanwhile John J. Lynch, the wealthy California racehorse man, has returned home safe and sound. And the belief is that Capone made the arrangements according to which the kidnappers who have been holding Lynch a prisoner, were satisfied, so that they turned him loose.

The kidnappers demanded a quarter of a million ransom, and the story, as the Associated Press reminds us, is that relatives of the missing man went to Capone and asked him to do something to help them. Apparently the lord of the underworld must have helped out quite a bit.

The police claim that the relatives of the kidnapped man could not raise a quarter of a million dollars. The best they could do was fifty thousand. And Capone persuaded the kidnappers to be satisfied with that sum, so the police say.

The idea of the authorities is, that according to law the Big Shot is supposed to tell what he knows about the kidnappers. And that's why they want to arrest him.

Lynch upon his return denies all knowledge of the ransom part of it, and merely declares that the kidnappers treated him well. The United tress states that a comple of St. Louis gunner are suspected.

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They had a desperate outbreak in the state prison at marquette, Michigan. First it was feared that there would be a general uprising among the prisoners, but this did not materialize. Just the same, there was an outburst of shooting and killing, but the outbreak was confined to four convicts.

Three of these, as related by an Associated Press story, tried a desperate plan to escape. They went to the prison hospital. This is near the main gate and the convicts hoped to make a break. ours In their desperate attempt they coldbloodedly shot down a prison physician, Ur. A. W. Hornbogen. Then followed a pistol battle, A trusty was shot down and badly wounded. A warden was clipped by a bullet, but not seriously hurt. The guards drove the three desperate convicts back into an industrial building where they barricaded themselves. Then an attack with tear gas bombs was

1 made. The infuriated convicts were 2 trapped, and they carried their desperation 3 to the last. They turned their pistols 4 on themselves. Each committed suicide.

A little while later, after 6 quiet a had been restored, another convict 7 who seems to have taken no part in the 8 attempt to escape, drew a pistol and 9 fired at a guard. He missed. Then he 10 immediately shot and killed himself. 11 The authorities think that he must have 12 planned to make his escape.

The International News Service 14 connects this prison outbreak with the 15 recent death of a convict in the 16 institution. His name was Ed Wiles, and he declared: If I die in this hole my 18 pals will wreck the place." Some seem 19 to think that the shooting today was an 20 attempt to carry out that prophecy, an attempt of his pals to go ahead and wreck the place.

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Over here in the United States
we, of course, have a crime situation.
But let's go to a romantic island where
they also have a crime situation. It
sounds like a page out of an old novel,
because the island is Corsica, whose
brigands have been famous for
generations.

Just now is a desperado named Cavigoli.

Not long ago the French authorities hunted down and killed the famous Romanetti who had terrorized the island for many a year. They thought that would end the bandit situation. But this Cavigoli seems to be able to fill the shoes of the **ENG* legendary Romanetti.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Evening Post cables today and tells how Cavigoli's bandit gang raided a popular seaside resort. They stalked into the town with revolvers in their hands and their belts stuffed with ammunition. They went to a big hotel and told the manager that unless they got

1 four XXX hundred dollars they would 2 kill everybody inside and burn the place. 3 The manager promised to get the money 4 but proceeded to barricade the door. He shouted to the guests to close the 6 shutters of their windows. He expected 7 to hold out until help came. One hotel guest was curious. He went to a window and looked out. He was immediately 10 shot down.

The bandits laid siege to the hotel and stayed there until they got 13 tired. Then they went around to the other 14 hotels of the town. In these cases the managers didn't have so much spunk. They paid up. The bandits remained in 17 possession of the seaside resort for 18 hours, just as if they were military 19 invaders. Then they decamped to their 20 native hills.

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Now listen folks those of you who like the odd and the thrilling and the exciting. Just take a look at a couple of pictures in this week's Literary Digest. They're on page 30. They show a terrific battle between a snapping turtle and a big water snake.

The Digest tells us that the struggle began when a five foot water snake meandering peacefully along happened to pass slithering over what looked like a rock. But suddenly the rock came to life. A head and a long neck darted out. It was a snapping turtle, a pugnacious fighter in a swamp near Narraganset Bay, Massachusetts Yes, that darting head had a pair of snapping jaws which instantly xx seized hold of the snake's back at about the middle, and that's what the first picture in the Digest shows.

The story is quoted from the Philadelphia Public

Ledger. Lynn M. Chase, a naturalist, which a camera, was

nearby when the battle began. He watched every move of it and
snapped those remarkable pictures you see in this week's Digest.

When that snapping turtle grabbed hold of the water snake there was one tremendous burst of swirling action. The snake writhed like mad. He flung his sinuous coils around the armored body of the snapping turtle. The snapping turtle just held on like grim death. Then the snake tried to bite. Again and again with lightning speed he struck the turtle's back. The snake found there wasn't any use trying to bite that hard surface. And that seemed to lash him into desperation. He made a wild and terrific effort, beating the ground with his ix sleek, muscular body, and, flip, he turned the snapping turtle right over on his back. But that didn't make any difference. The snapping turtle just held on.

The second photograph in the Literary Digest shows us that critical stage of the battle, the turtle on his back with the snake writhing around him.

And now the water snake began to get some idea of strategy. The coils found the snapping turtle's neck and now the snake wound itself around. He began to strangle the snapping turtle. And now it was time for the turtle to do something. Still keeping the snake clamped between his jaws Old Mr. Snapping Turtle

around his neck and drawing those coils tighter and tighter.

The turtle began to use his claws. The sharp points on the short broad feet were tearing and ripping along the snake's back.

And that made old Mr. Reptile let go his hold.

Well, so the battle went on. The turtle time and again seized a new hold with his snapping jaws. He was gradually working his way up to the neck of the snake. The Literary Digest tells us how it all ended. Just guess who won.

I have a correction to make this evening. I have been called down and called down plenty.

It seems that I have disgraced the Tall Story Club by being a trifle inaccurate in some of my facts of natural history.

The other night I told a story of a fish kkxx with one red eye and one green eye, and by closing one then the other he used them as stop and go signals for the other fish.

Charles E. Wright, ex-historian of the Duquesne Chapter of the Anglers Club, of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, sends in a highly scientific protest. He himself is a member of the Tall Story Club and he reminds me that a fish has no eyelids and therefore can't close and open its eyes. Nevertheless he doesn't deny the main facts of that stop and go signal.

He declares it couldn't have been a fish. It must have been a large specimen of the Fresh Water Electric Eel, which is well-known in the Monongahela River, especially in Turtle Creek.

This electric eel undoubtedly had one green eye and one red eye. But he wouldn't have to open or close an eye. That electric eel just turns on the juice or cuts off the juice and that would cause the red eye to shine or the green eye to shine.

Tall Story Teller Wright explains how those Pennsylvania electric eels get their electricity. They get it from feeding on a plant, which occurs in that locality. It is an electric plant. In fact it is the Westinghouse pant plant.

Well, all I can do is make a deep salaam and apologize for having said it was a fish when it was one of those electric eels that feed on the WESTXING Westinghouse plant.

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Now wait a **xx** minute. I'd better not forget this bit of news. It's about memory. It tells us of a man who it is claimed, has the most remarkable memory in the world. He's a/professor of physics over in Italy. His name is Dr. Mancini.

The good doctor has a marvelous memory for all kinds of things, both useful and useless. In a test he rattled off all the stations that are contained in all the time tables of the Italian ways. He can reel off the number of people in every town or village in Italy. The doctor is great on military statistics. He can tell you the names of the officers of every outfit in the Italian army. He knows how many airplanes, how many cannon, how many rifles there are in Italy. And all sorts of things like that.

And also he can tell you the name of every mule in any artillery unit of the Italian army - and I think

reeling off the names of those mules is the most remarkable achievement of all.

Yes, the doctor has a prodigious memory, and a memory like that is a wonderful thing - if you can find any use for it.

Now wait a manute. I had another remark to make at this point - let's see if I can remember it. No, I'm afraid I've forgotten, and so I'll just say so long until tomorrow.