LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST MONDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1930

PROSPERITY

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

I'm just in from Milwaukee; and Milwaukee, by the way, has blossomed forth into one of the great cities of this continent. Yesterday I spoke before a fine sudience up there and I saw something that opened my eyes. The affair was a public gathering and before my turn came they had community singing led by a Mr. Carberry, who seemed to be inspired. He handled the audience like a Toscanini would handle an orchestra. First he would start with one section of the crowd. Then he would bring in the folks in the gallery. Then a solo for a moment and finally he would bring in the whole house with a glorious burst of song. Well, I had always heard that Milwaukee was a musical city. Now I know it.

This morning on my way back to Chicago on one of the crack trains of the world, the Pioneer Limited, I listened to a radio, and read the Milwaukee papers.

On the front page of the Milwaukee Sentinel I saw Mr.

Coolidge's daily editorial. It was about advertising. Mr. Coolidge says that after making a good product the next thing is to create a desire for it. And the only way for people to become acquainted with what they want, is through judicious advertising." Then he added:- "Goods not worth advertising are not worth selling."

Well, now let's see what's going on around the globe.

Over on the West Coast of France a ship has gone down, and there is a mystery about it. She was the Italian steamer, "Artiglio." And she was engaged in savage work, recovering sunken treasure. During the World War, the British liner, "Egypt" went down with \$6,000,000 in gold aboard and the Artiglio was after that gold.

At the same time she had to clear away the wreckage of the Italian steamer, "Florence," that had gone down with a cargo of explosives aboard. Well, the Artiglio had two divers down on the ocean floor. There was a terrific explosion. A thousand feet of water and black smoke shot into the air. The Artiglio sank. The International News Service reports that 12 men were lost, including the 2 divers who were trapped at the bottom of the sea.

One of the seven survivers says that when the bombs were placed for the purpose of shattering the hulk of the Florence, The Artiglio moved off to what was suprosed to be a safe distance. But when the bombs were touched off, the explosion turned out to be far greater than it should have been. In fact it was terrific and it sank the salvage ship Artiglio. The cargo of explosives that sank with the Florence more than a dozen years ago may have blown up too. That's one theory.

That strange death fog over in Belgium has snuffed out three more lives. Scientists are investigating and some still think there must have been poison in the heavy mist, perhaps poison gas discharged by factories.

Meanwhile, the International News Service cables that a prominent medical authority states that fogs recently have caused the deaths of some 6,000 people in London. He adds that the death rate always increases during a time of heavy fog.

ending. Not exactly hapry, but at least as hapry as one could expect. At first it looked as if it would turn out to be a grim and grizzly tragedy. Of the 8 professors and engineers on trial, 5 were sentenced to death and 3 were ordered to prison. The death sentences were given with a savage sternness. The news was broadcast all over Russia. The crowds howled for vengeance against the accused.

According to the United Press, the judges added the grim detail that the executions of the 5 men would be strictly private. But now comes a flash saying that the sentences have been commuted to imprisonment. But a later flash informs us that the lives of the condemned men have been spared. The that the Central Executive Committee of the Soviets has commuted their sentences to 10 years.

Over in Rome the newspapers are
telling about an interesting sporting
event. Mussolini was one the principals.

According to the Associated Press,
took on General Vaccani in a fencing
match. Well, they went at each other with
those long slender swords. Mussolini
lunged at the General and the General
lunged at Mussolini. Yes, you guessed it
--Mussolini won.

An Associated Press dispatch from 1 2 Hankow, China, says that an army of communist bandits trapped 20,000 government soldiers 100 miles North of Hankow. surrounded the troops and kil 6 of them. President Chiang Kai-Shek announce ed that he would send 300,000 men, 20 gun boats and 30 aeroplanes against the communists. And he also fired what the Chinese call the "SILVER BULLET". Fett, The 10 Silver Bullet is a reward promised to all communists who surrender and bring along guns and cartridges belonging to the enemy-13 and a still bigger reward to whoever brings in a communist leader, dead or alive. 15

16

17

18

19

20

22

23

24

25

Here is a question which it may seem silly to ask: "Do the same laws of nature apply to small bodies as apply to big ones?" You naturally would reply that it does. But this week's Literary Digest says don't be so sure ! The Digest goes on to quote an article in the French magazine, "Candide", which states that there are two different laws, one for large things end one for small. Take the law of gravitation for instance. It is mighty important to us, but to tiny creatures such as bacteria, the law of gravity doesn't amount to much. And when you come to think of it there is a lot of sense in that. If you dropped a tiny beetle out of a ten-story window you would not expect it to be half as badly banged up as if you, yourself, fell from that window. And the article tells a lot of other things that will interest you if you turn to your Digest.

Well, the football season certainly did come to a close with a bang on Saturday. It was a thrilling season, and that Notre-Dame, Southern-California game topped it off with a grand finale.

The Milwaukee Sentinel prints an interview with famous old Pop Warner, who coaches Leland-Stanford. The reporter asked:

"Have you seen many better teams than this Notre Dame outfit?"

FOOTBALL 2. Page. "No", said Pop. 1 "Have you seen any better teams than 3 Notre Dame?" "No", said Pop. Then Pop added that he thought that 6 Rockne's boys were the greatest team of all 7 time. In the Chicago Tribune today, the 9 famous cartoonist, McCutcheon, sums it all up in one of those brilliant cartoons of 11 his. On a bench are sitting some sad, ing football players who represent the teams Notre Dame has beaten. And Southern 14 California is at the speaker's table, proposing a resolution --- "Resolved that Notre Dame has a purty good football team

and the orchestra will play "THE ROCKNE

ROAD TO DUBLIN".

19

20

25

and pointedly in a cartoon than most writers can Tell it in a column of type, I've been admiring his works for 20 years. The Rud I'm delighted to find that he is still going as strong as ever,

I was telking to John McCutcheon today, and I asked him what he thought was the most interesting bit of news in the papers. I knew he'd pick something from some far-away romentic place, because John McCutheon, as you know is not only a great cartoonist but he is a great traveler. He wanders all over the world and he wons a whole island down in the West Indies, which he calls "Treasure Island". Well, for my News Item of the Day, he picked a strange x tale that appeared in the Chicago Tribune. William J. Makin, the Tribune correspondent sent over to Abyssinia to cover the coronation of the new emperor, cabled it.

The story tells about slavery in Abyssinia. Slavery is supposed to be abolished over there, but it isn't. The emperor, Ras Tafari (or whatever they call him now), says there shouldn't be any slavery, but there is. In fact, it is estimated that there are two million slaves in the country. The slave trade in Abyssinia is in a kind of bootleg condition—bootleg slaves instead of bootleg liquor. The slaves aren't chained any more to a long pole in the market place and sold publicly like cattle. The selling is done in cellars where

the "Black Ivory" is on display. There in the dim light Arab traders haggle about prices by the hour.

Most of the slaves are K captured among the tribes of the interior, but men and women have been known to disappear mysteriously within a few paces of the royal palace, even in Addis Ababa. There are dark back streets in the Abyssinian capital. A man saunters along. Perhaps he has an enemy and that enemy wants to get rid of him. Suddenly dark figures

EXEX** swarm around him. He is knocked unconscious and dragged into a cellar. The next day he is drugged and trussed up like a piece of baggage and then carried by camel caravan down to the coast, where an Arab dhow - a * slave ship awaits him.

The coast of the Red Sea is the center of the present

day slave trading. "Balck Ivory" is run across in Arab dhows -- a

low, swift priatical craft. The Arab buyers take their cargoes

across to Arabia, where there is always a big demand for "Black

Ivory". Off the Abyssinian coast, there is a desolate island

dotted with volcanic craters. They call it the Island of

Slaves, and it is the strategic center for the run of "Black

"Ivory". I've sailed past it many times on my way up and down the Red Sea.

During the World War, in Arabia, I saw many claves from Abyssinia. Emir Feisal, Commander-in-Chief of the Arab Army had several who had been with him from childhood. He too had freed them -- but they wouldn't leave.

Whenever they wanted money, Prince Feisal would simply tell them to go to his bag of gold and help themselves. They never broke his trust.

Occasionally, I rode with Feisal's slaves, giant blacks -- fine fellow, and in action against the Turks they fought as valiently as any of Feisal's or Lawrence's Arabs.

Now Let's hop back to Chicago for a moment.

Chicago's millionaire newsboy died today. Yesterday he opened a birthday present.

It was a powerful bomb that wrecked the room. He was fatally injured and his 16-year-old son was badly hurt.

Well, the millionaire newsboy was named Tony May.

He came to this country from Italy when he was 10 years old.

He sold papers. He organized a chain of news-stands. He also

was a money lender and did a business in bail bonds.

In New York that big companionate marriage controversy has ended in the Police Courts; and Judge Ben Lindsey, who has had a lot of newspaper space, is charged with disorderly conduct. At the Cathedral of St. John of the Divine, Bishop Manning denounced Judge Lindsey and his companionate mattiage theories.

According to the United Press, the Judge insisted upon answering back, and there was a near riot in New York's great cathedral.

The congregation attacked the Judge, and he was mauled a bit.

Then the police put him under arrest and tax took him to court.

The Judge plead not guilty and was released on bond. Judge

Lindsey had hired Clarence Darrow as one of his lawyers.

Well, good-bye girls - I mean you athletic girls.

You seem to be getting the gate -- that is, you won't be
athletic any longer. At least this is what Florenz Ziegfeld
says, and he's the great expert about what x is beautiful in
the American girl. At least he is widely heralded as a
connoisseur of feminine pulchritude.

passing fad. She took her sports too seriously, and overindulged with fatal results to her face and figure. An

International News Service dispatch quotes Professor Ziegfeld
as saying that athletics bring a tenseness to a woman's face and
this tenseness develops lines of age. He also adds that indulgence
in athletics gives a girl thick ankles, which of course is a
real castastrophe, they say. Dr. Ziegfeld adds that to be
beautiful, a girl must have a delicate softness of face and
figure.

And that's our evening beauty hint.

The Pineapple Belt, they say, has spread to France.

Bombs have been exploding in Paris. But this is not a Paris

police department item. It comes under the head of the fire

department. The firemen in one of the Paris fire houses are

sound sleepers. It takes bombs to wake up the boys. Time

after time, fires have reged and those firemen have just slept

right on. Gongs would go off but they would keep on snoring.

The fire chiefs were desperate!

According to a dispatch to the North American Newspaper Alliance, a fire broke out the other night, and the authorities just tossed a bomb into the room where those sleeping firemen were snoring away. It worked. The bomb went off with a grang and in less than a minute the boys were tearing down the line in their fire wagon.

Well, I've just heard a gong. It xx wasn't a fire gong. But all the same it's a signla for me to be on my way. It's a signal telling me that my time is up. I guess I've given you a glimpse of enough news items for this evening. At any rate, that gong is getting louder and louder.

So, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.