

Lowell Thomas Broadcast for Literary Digest
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Russia

News from Russia tonight. And there are a lot of us who won't like the idea. Quitting a job and going to work somewhere else at higher wages is what most men call a good break. But in Russia, that's out. The right to change jobs has always been a working-man's privilege ever since slavery was abolished. But now the Bolshevist big wigs have turned thumbs down. Henceforth, a working-man over there must not go out after better pay.

The Moscow correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Post sends the news that the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party says the change of employment by workers must end. The individual is to be held fast in the iron framework

of society.

Let's jump into one of those Moscow-Berlin planes, and make a quick hop to the Prussian capital.

Germany

Well, they haven't smashed their republican constitution over in Germany. Not yet. But they ~~have~~ smashed plenty of other things. The riots that broke out with the opening of the new Reichstag ~~yesterday~~ developed into an anti-Jewish demonstration, ~~today~~. The biggest department store in Berlin, Wertheims, had 40 of its plate glass windows shattered. After the first riot was put down by the police, thousands of sightseers came out to have a look at the destruction. This gave the rioters a chance to cut loose again, and a grand free-for-all broke out in the heart of Berlin's shopping district. ~~A late dispatch from the International News Service says that~~ Hitler has emphatically repudiated any connection with the riots. He lays all the

blame on hoodlums.

"We don't need violence," he explained. "We are winning without it. Our whole movement is for a German Monroe Doctrine--a Germany for the Germans."

Berlin to Paris is an easy flight.

War Stocks:

In France there is quite a stir tonight concerning American war stocks, (war supplies). And no wonder. American war materials were piled up at the end of the war, and sold to the French government. They ranged all the way from rashers of bacon to airplane hangars. The French government sold them to wholesalers who sold them to retailers, who sold them to the public. American war stocks were popular. They sold readily. In fact, for twelve years those A.E.F. supplies have been selling,---apparently they were going to sell forever. Recently some critical souls began to wonder. There had been mountains of American War materials, but there couldn't have been so much as

all that. Such a wide variety too--everything from chewing gum to garbage pails -- all sold as A.E.F. supplies. How come?

Well, the cat is out of the bag. According to a Paris dispatch in the New York Sun, the American war stocks are made in Germany. Shrewd French merchants have been buying loads of cheap articles in Germany and passing them off as part of that fabulous mountain of supplies left in France by the A.E.F.

The westward trans-Atlantic flight doesn't bother us a bit, and we hop across to North America. There's very little in the South. Just revolution as usual in Brazil. So let's fly on over to the Mississippi Valley.

Unemployment

The Governor of Illinois proposes to solve unemployment in from 30 to 60 days. He is appointing a state commission, and says it must produce definite results at once. Building programs are to be pushed forward, highway construction speeded up, working hours adjusted so as to give at least part-time

employment to the largest possible number of people, and registration bureaus will be established in the larger cities of Illinois.

At the same time, another proposal is under consideration--that the Notre-Dame-Northwestern football game, on November 22nd, be played at Soldiers' Field stadium, Chicago, instead of in the smaller stadium at Evanston, and that the additional receipts, about \$250,000, be used to help the unemployed.

And, while we are on the subject of football, Father Nicholas Scoville is on his way to Peiping College, in China, where he will teach American football to the Chinese students. And the Chinese students probably will teach pidgin English to the father.

Pidgin-English, by the way, is just about the funniest lingo in the world. Most of the Chinese boys who work on steamers speak it. I once heard a lady ask a Chinese steward how he would describe a piano in pidgin-English. The bland celestial replied:

"Piano? Outside makee fight-fight;

inside makee sing-sing."

An American lady who had just arrived in Shanghai called on a Chinese tailor.

"John," she said, "can you make evening clothes?"

"Can do," replied John Chinaman.

But the lady wasn't so easily satisfied, so she added:

"You're sure you know what evening clothes are?"

"Oh, yes. Downstairs plenty skirt. Topside plenty meat."

Pirates

Here comes a hot and exciting story from the China Coast. There may not be as many pirates left in the world as there used to be in the days of the Barbary Coast and the Spanish Main. But, just the same, there are still a few left, and their chief haunts are lonely Arabian harbors on the Red Sea and remote points on the China coast.

For three days now, press dispatches have been coming in from Shanghai and Hongkong telling of battles with pirates. The Associated Press correspondent in Hongkong wires us that another passenger steamer has been seized. This time the marauders didn't slip alongside under cover of dark and clamber over the rail in the old-fashioned piratical way. They were aboard the vessel all the time, posing as passengers. When the ship arrived off a certain point on the China coast, the pirates seized 30 of the real passengers, killed two of the ship's crew, and tied up four armed men who were guarding a consignment of treasure. While this was going on, their confederates ashore added to the pandemonium and excitement by blazing away at the ship with a cannon, firing through the rigging. The pirates made off with the treasure, which included a shipment of gold.

Pirates are still quite common along the China coast. Passenger liners out there often carry as many as 500 natives who travel steerage. They are coolies, workmen, who go from place to

place along the coast at different seasons of the year. A favorite trick of the pirates is to disguise themselves as coolies, and mix with the throng. Then during the voyage, when they get an opportunity, they seize the ship, kill the crew, and loot the ship.

I remember when some of these crafty devils captured a British ship on the Yangtze River and proceeded to butcher the crew. The engineer was lucky. He hid in the coal bunkers. Some months later, in Hongkong, he ran into the leader of the pirate crew, and tipped off the police. Later the whole pirate gang was ambushed by Chinese military authorities in Canton, and 21 heads were neatly sliced off, and 21 Chinese pirates went to join their honorable ancestors!

I have a friend who for many years was a skipper in the Far East. On one occasion pirates tried to get control of his ship. But a faithful member of his crew discovered what was in the wind, and when the fight started my friend was all set. He had hose lines ready and he turned streams of scalding water, from the ship's boilers, on the

gang.

Occasionally a Chinese naval crew will turn buccaneer. Such a thing happened while I was on the China coast. It was at Amoy, and there was an antiquated Chinese destroyer swinging at anchor in the harbor, its decks bristling with guns. The commander had deserted from the Chinese navy, and turned into an oriental Captain Kidd. He'd train his guns on cities along the coast, and make 'em pay tribute. He got away with it for years-- and probably still is, if he hasn't lost his head.

Another cable from the China coast has just come in over the United Press wires stating that no news has been heard of two American missionaries who vanished over the weekend. Apparently they have been spirited away by Chinese kidnapers. The incident occurred near the city of Fokion, and the names of the American missionaries are William Cassidy and Walter Judd. This is in the same district where the Chinese murdered two British women missionaries ten days ago.

Aviation

From a remote corner of Alaska, far up on Kotzebue Sound, north of Nome, comes a tragic account of an airplane crash. Perhaps you will recall that several weeks ago a six-passenger cabin monoplane left Long Island bound for Alaska. It was the gift of a Catholic Club to Jesuit missionaries. Some of the fathers in the Far North intended to use it as their means of transportation in getting across the vast spaces in Alaska and to the Eskimo villages along the Arctic Ocean.

According to an Associated Press dispatch, Father Phillip Delon and Father William Walsh, and Ralph Wiem, a famous Alaskan pilot, were killed when the plane plunged into the earth. The dispatch states that the accident was probably due to motor trouble.

Flood

In Alaska lately they have been having floods. Emil Hurja, an old Alaskan friend of mine, called me up today and told me he had just heard from Ketchikan, that five inches of rain

fell there in 12 hours, houses were washed away, basements were flooded, a bridge went out, and the flood happened right during the salmon spawning season, when millions of fish are swimming up the streams of British Columbia and the Alaskan panhandle. I have been there during the salmon run, and sometimes there are so many fish you can hardly see the water. You can wade right in and kick them out. Hurja tells me that during this flood at Ketchikan the wild torrent carried thousands of salmon out of the streams into the roads and streets, and even the yards around some of the houses. Fish came right up to the kitchen doors.

By the way, several parts of Texas and Oklahoma are threatened with floods again tonight. 400 sheep have been drowned at Christoval.

And, while we are talking about Texas, a telegram has just been handed to me, from Steve Ford, down at Big Spring. Steve tells me I made a little error the other night. It was in connection with that election bet story. The one about the chap who was pushing a small boy's wagon with a man in it, from Ft. Worth to El Paso. Steve reminds me

that it's 647 miles, and not 160, between those cities. He adds that every foot of the highway between them is paved. Thanks Steve, I don't know how I came to trip up, because I ought to know how big Texas is. I've crossed it a dozen times by train and by airplane. As a matter of fact, it takes longer to fly across Texas than it does to fly across France, Holland, and Denmark all put together. If you want to see a big place, just go and take a look at Texas.

Ruth Bryan

Have you heard about the plan that's in the air to create a new cabinet office? Well, Congresswoman Ruth Bryan Owen seems to be the chief backer of the scheme. The plan is to try and get Washington to agree to another cabinet secretary, whose job will be to look after problems of child welfare, education, and everything pertaining to our American home life. If such a department is created, in all probability a woman will be appointed to the post. Up to now, the President's

cabinet has been strictly masculine. In the current issue of the Literary Digest there is a splendid article telling all about this.

Abbe Dimnet

Well, I found a delightful paragraph today. It was in a newspaper interview in the New York Evening Telegram, and was signed by Earl Sparling. The person interviewed is the Abbe Dimnet, the kindly and learned old French priest whose book, "The Art of Thinking," has been such a success. This is the paragraph:

"No," said the Abbe, "I do not read much any more. The years are slipping away. I read when I was young. That is when a man should read. In his youth he should absorb. When time becomes daily more precious he should produce."

Well, that is rather grave and serious, and my mind has a cantankerous habit of going from the sublime to the ridiculous. The Literary Digest publishes one of the Abbe's books, and Simon & Schuster published one. I was talking to Max Schuster, this afternoon. Max told me a funny

one. Abbe, as you know, is the French word for father, when speaking of a priest. A Jewish book seller telephoned the publishers and said:

"Say, send me ten copies of that book, 'The Art of Thinking', by Abe Dimmet."

They told the venerable old priest about it, and the Abbe Dimmet adopted it into his repertoire of jokes. And now around the publishers' offices the Abbe Dimmet is colloquially known as Abe.

News Item of the Day

And now for the news item of the day. Major Radclyffe Dugmore, the famous African explorer and naturalist, arrived in New York this morning, by way of Canada. We have often crossed each other's trails in remote countries, and he rang me up as soon as he got in. I thought Major Dugmore's viewpoint would be interesting and unusual, so I asked him to run through the afternoon papers and pick out what he considered the most interesting news item. He turned one up in the New York Evening Post. And it really is a three-act drama from

monkeyland.

The scene is a place called Monkey Hill in the London Zoo. There in a big enclosure are forty sacred baboons from Abyssinia, huge fellows, with their strange, hideous, sometimes terribly emotional faces. Baboons are that way, you know. The King of the Hill, a great old baboon, had a young wife. But a younger ape, named George, seized her, and carried her away. She screamed and fought, but he beat her and pushed her to the top of the rocky enclosure where he had his lair. The young female pined away for her former mate, and refused to eat.

The old King of the Hill did nothing about the matter. After all, he had other wives. He should worry. But there were better baboons than he. The others in the enclosure gathered in front of the retreat where George had his captive. They howled and shrieked.

They attacked the abductor, but he fought them off with all the berserk fury of which a giant baboon is capable. All day long they screamed their

protests. George was an outcast. There he was, defending his stronghold, chattering, defiant of the society of his kind.

But the young female still was pining away for that old rogue of a king. Yes sir, even the ladies in baboon land will do it occasionally. She was starving herself. And, while George still was grimacing and chattering his defiance at the world...she died.

After that, peace again descended on Monkey Hill. The thing was done, and there was no use quarreling any further. George returned quietly to his ordinary place in the every day hum-drum world of baboons.

Well, that's a sad baboon story. But here's one straight from South Africa, and in a lighter key.

A native Tarzan of the Apes has been discovered. The International News Service tells us about a Dutch boy who was snatched from his cradle by baboons. He was reared by the apes until he was rescued from the bush at the age of fourteen. He eats raw meat, and his body bears countless

scars from jumping through the bush.

My timer, who sits here telling me of the clicking seconds, doesn't eat raw meat, and he never jumped through any African bush. But judging from his Tarzan-like expression he may jump out of his clothes if I spin the news any longer. And, I do want to avoid that, so--
Good Night.