

Lowell Thomas Broadcast
For the Literary Digest
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INTRO.

The headlines tonight flash from all quarters of the globe: the British Dominions have an emphatic word to say in London--somebody down in Pennsylvania has put windows in a rabbit's ears--they're still revolting in Brazil--and there's a strange story from China. And so it goes with the news buzzing in from one continent and then another--by telephone, telegraph, cable and wireless.

In London, where the Imperial Conference is being held, the British Dominions have said "no" to the proposal of Empire Free Trade. There has been a good deal of talk lately about tearing down the tariff walls between the various members of the British Commonwealth of Nations. But now the Dominions say "nothing doing".

Canada and South Africa led the opposition. Old John Bull doesn't seem able to order his children around anymore. So the idea of Imperial Free Trade

goes in the waste basket, - at least for a while.

What the Dominions will concede is an Imperial Preference, which means they will admit the products of other parts of the Empire at lower tariff rates than those imposed on outside nations.

With the Imperial Conference on its hands, the London Labor Government is bringing out a scheme for relieving the unemployment situation by settling the unemployed on the land. A story in the New York Evening Post tonight states that the London government will ask parliament for power to buy land in England for the unemployed.

Across the Channel, in France, there is some complaint that they are not doing right by American citizens. Our government in Washington, says an Associated Press dispatch, has been asked to do something about discrimination against Americans who come before French courts. Americans, it is said, do not get equal rights when they are opposed by Frenchmen in law suits.

One case has caused a lot of comment. Captain Paul Rockwell, an American who fought in the French Army during the World War and was decorated for heroism, bought a house in Paris, intending to live in it. The house was occupied by a tenant, and when the tenant

found that the purchaser was an American, he refused to move. Captain Rockwell went to law about it, but could not get possession of his property. French judges, according to the complaint, refused to listen to the American's case. In one instance a judge declared: "An American has no rights over here. If he wishes to enjoy the rights of French law, he must become naturalized."

Under the Franco-American treaty of 1853 American citizens in France, and French citizens in America are guaranteed equal rights with the natives of the respective countries. There are only 12,000 American citizens in France, according to the New York Times. But there are 155,000 French citizens in America.

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Whatever rights an American may have in France, there seems to be some dispute about the right of one particular American to run for governor of New York.

Simeon Brekerman, represents several independent Democratic organizations in New York State. He

announced today that he has filed with the Secretary of State, a protest against the inclusion in the state ballot of the name of Professor Robert Carroll, dry candidate for governor. The protest charges that the nominating petition for Professor Carroll contains illegal signatures. Brekerman says that all necessary legal measures will be taken to keep the Syracuse University professor out of the race.

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This little argument will cause a ripple or two on the already troubled surface of our Eastern politics. If this were South America, it might cause a revolution.

BRAZIL

The president of Brazil has called 420,000 men to the colors. Percy Foster, International News Service correspondent, cables from South America that the Brazilian government is rushing 100,000 of these to check the rebels while the other reserves are being mobilized. Warships of the Brazilian navy are steaming up and down the coast, giving what help they can to combat the rebels.

It looks as though this is going to be the bloodiest struggle that the western hemisphere has seen since our own civil war, says William Phillip Sims, foreign editor of the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

Two armies, each approximately 100,000 men strong, are marching towards a head-on collision. The revolt has spread all over Brazil.

Perhaps you are saying to yourselves: "But why all the shooting down in Brazil?"

"Well, because of coffee."

Brazil raises more coffee than all the rest of the world put together. The prosperity of the country depends on it.

A late flash has just come in from Buenos Aires to the International News Service. It says that the fall of the city of Sao Paulo is expected any moment. Another report from Buenos Aires adds that two steamers have been sunk by the Brazilian rebels at the entrance of Rio Grande do Sul today to keep federal warships from entering the harbor and bombing that city.

From Brazil to New England ought to be a transition from war to peace--but not altogether.

NEWS ITEM OF THE DAY

And now--of all the wide maze of events that make up the pages of the newspapers today, what was the most interesting story? The news item of the day. And who should I ask to select it?

At lunch I ran into Louis Froelick, one of the founders of Asia Magazine, who once lived in China, and I put it up to him.

Mr. Froelick thumbed the pages of the New York Sun: The world's series, political scandals, gang wars--he passed them by. Back through the want ads and the ship news, he went.

"Ah, here it is." And he pointed to a story from Shanghai, on the far off China Coast. It tells how, for the first time in history, white men are acting as servants to yellow men. And mind you, this is no record of an occasional penniless beach-comber earning food and a chance to get back home. On the contrary, this involves numbers of white men."

What a world of meaning such story has to the student of the races! Consider the white man! Throughout modern history he has--whether English, French, German, Russian, or Norwegian--tried to uphold the white man's prestige.

But this Shanghai story tells us that Russian emigres--not roustabouts, or Bolsheviks--but members of the old Czarist order--the flower of the aristocracy of Europe--are entering the employ of rich Chinese. They are chauffeurs, gatemen, clerks, messengers, body guards, and even escorts--to the wives of wealthy Celestial traders. White Russians--one time counts, dukes and peers--serving slant-eyed masters and mistresses! Driven from their own country--now they are serving yellow masters as faithfully as ever Chinese boy obeyed the commands of his American boss.

The reason? Of course the exiles must live. For another thing, there is the great personal satisfaction the celestials take in being "owner", or master, of a white wage slave. And for a third, the white servant has proved truer and more trustworthy, than has the usual Chinese servant, says the Sun. Many have been wounded, and several killed in the defense of their Chinese lords.

But a strange thing has happened to the racial viewpoint out there in Shanghai. These white Russians apparently have grown to love and respect their Chinese masters. Not long ago, a Russian who for many years had been guard and companion to a moneyed Chinese merchant

committed suicide. And the officials found that his fatal act was the result of grief because his yellow master had been killed by bandits.

Likewise, the Sun correspondent was watching a long queue of mourners wind down the Tibet road behind the coffin of a Chinese mandarin. There came a towering figure swathed in the customary white silk funeral robe of China. This particular mourner's great height, his European bearing, aroused the writer's curiosity. He followed. At last, the mourner showed his face. It was the visage of a Russian of culture and refinement. This man had for some years acted as the deceased Chinaman's chauffeur and guard. And the yellow man had proved his true friend and benefactor.

"East is east, and west is west,
And never the twain shall meet."

That was what Kipling told us. But this strange tale of white men working as servants to yellow men out in Shanghai gives us something to ponder over.

DORRANCE

Philadelphia papers today printed summaries of the will of the late Dr. John T. Dorrance. Dr. Dorrance

must have been a somewhat retiring man, because few of us knew his name, and few of us realized that he was one of the richest men in the world. He left a fortune of about \$150,000,000. How did he make those millions? Out of canned soup!

Shortly before he died, Dr. Dorrance gave out an interview. He told the secret of his success. He said that advertising had been largely responsible for it.

Advertising no doubt played a vast part in the building up of that fabulous fortune. You see, the doctor was a pioneer in the business of manufacturing concentrated canned products. As the Savannah, Georgia, News points out, he was one of the men who made it possible for your wife and mine to spend the afternoon at the theater and then walk home with the evening meal under her arm--from the nearest grocery store. Thanks to Dr. Dorrance and some of his competitors, we can buy whole meals in cans now--everything from soup to nuts.

JIM NEELY

By the way, those of you who were listening in last night will get a kick out of this: Old Jim Neely was acquitted today of the murder of Hi Cooley, the man he fought with, over that girl 47 years ago.

FREAK FLASHES

Out in Colorado, Jimmy Donohue ran his automobile over a dog. He thought it was a police dog. So he jumped out and tried to put it in his car, to take it to a hospital. It fought and bit like a tiger. But Jimmy mastered it, tied it up, and carted it to town. In the hospital, the doctors fled. His "dog" was a full-grown prairie wolf.

MAINE BOXER

The Evening World brings us news of a little poetic justice in a prize fight up in Brunswick, Maine. A boxer rushed his opponent so hard that both fell through the ropes and landed, a la Jack Dempsey, among the ringside seats. But then, instead of trying to get back in the ring where they belonged, they went on fighting. Naturally, the one that landed on top was getting the better of it. An indignant spectator stood up, reached over, and with one punch knocked the aggressor cold--amid wild cheers.

FREAK FLASHES

Talking about Freak flashes, I was looking

through an advance copy of the new issue of the Literary Digest that will be on your newsstands tomorrow morning, and was getting a few laughs out of the Digest's famous humorous page, "The Spice of Life." As an old-time newspaper man, I always enjoy the fun that comes through typographical errors or mis-written lines. There was one in the "Spice of Life" which certainly does show how some headline writers and proof readers go wrong. Here's a head out of a paper in Middletown, Connecticut:

Princess, 37, weds Man 30 years junior.

Kidnapped, is the heading the Digest head writer puts over it.

Here's another from the Digest. An ad. from the Toronto Daily Star:

"A young woman wants washing or cleaning daily."

AUCTION

Ladeees and Gentlemen! We have here for sale one of the finest little villages in the world. A complete village, ladeees and gentlemen. How much am I offered? Thirty-five cents! What? For a complete village? Nonsense, ladeees and gentlemen. Nonsense. How much, how much? Going, going. To that gentleman over there

with the bulbous nose. \$1000. Good, \$1000. Anybody else? One thousand and thirty-nine dollars. For a complete village, ladeees and gentlemen. It's worth a million if its worth a dime. Going, going, gone, for \$1,039.....

Out in Watseka, Illinois, they sold the village of Hickman today at auction. Under the hammer went the postoffice, the general store, and three houses. Time was when Hickman was a flourishing town--a grain center. But somehow the folks all moved away.

AMERICAN LEGION

Boston, after a rather hectic night, settled down to the second day's business session of the American Legion. According to the Associated Press, the night was given over to frivolity that was not exactly in the nature of a second Boston tea party. The dispatch adds that mobs of hoodlums took advantage of the occasion and staged a night of wild disorder. Bonfires blazed on old , historic Boston Common, crowds milled through the streets all night long--automobiles were wrecked. That sounds exciting. But the Legion convention police, working with the Boston city cops kept the frivolity from going

too far.

Among the most picturesque Legionnaires at Boston is one Congressional Medal of Honor man who waited 12 years to get his medal. You all know his name. I mean Eddie Rickenbacker. Eddie was the oldtime automobile racer who became the best known American flier in the World War. His final formal reward, the Congressional Medal of Honor, was given to him only the other day.

I visited Rickenbacker's squadron when they were just behind the front not far from Verdun at Toul, the old French walled city. As commander of the "Hat-in-the-Ring" Squadron, Eddie had many a thrilling air battle. The other day when he was on his way through to the convention, I was talking to him about his war experiences. There was one of his air fights that always seemed to me just about the height of skill, a masterpiece in the art of outguessing your opponent.

Eddie was out by himself one afternoon. Suddenly he saw a flash of fire over the American lines. "Guess that's a German balloon straffer putting one over on us," thought Eddie. So he swung over, hoping to get into a position that would enable him to cut off the German. And that was just the way it worked.

But as he was about to pounce upon the other fel-

low, streaks of fire swept past Eddie's cheeks. A formation of Fokkers had been hanging up there in the clouds just for the purpose of catching an Allied combat plane if it tried to catch the German balloon straffer. Eddie had flown into a trap.

Turning, he saw two red-nosed Fokkers right above him. That meant, they were part of the famous Richthofen Circus. Well, Eddie did some of the quickest thinking he ever did in his life. He figured they would expect him to try to escape by diving. They would be ready to dive on his tail and riddle him with tracer bullets. So he did just the opposite. Up he shot in a climbing chandelle, and the second he did so the Fokkers shot under him in a headlong dive.

"Great. That's the time I put one over".

But just as Eddie was congratulating himself, he saw two more Fokkers directly above. There had been four instead of two, only he hadn't seen them. So it was 4 to 1--two under him now and two above. Yes, he was trapped by the Richthofen Circus, all right. And he'd have to do some tall stepping to get out of this hole.

In less time than it takes to tell it, the second pair of red-nosed Germans came down on him. Throwing himself over on one wing, he went into a wild slip. The two Germans downstairs might dive to get out

of his way--or again, they might dart off on a horizontal line. Eddie guessed they'd try the latter. And as he fell, he directed his line of fire in front of the nearest of the planes under him. Sure enough, the German flew straight ahead, right into his stream of bullets. Fire shot from its gas tank, and the red-nosed Fokker went flaming to the ground. Eddie turned his wing slip into a swift loop, and again got a break of luck. He came out of the loop directly above the three remaining Fokkers. Well, one of their comrades had gone down in flames, and now all three were at a disadvantage. That was enough. So they turned tail for home--and--so did Eddie.

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Frank Hawks, flying his mystery Travelair monoplane landed at Curtiss Field, Valley Stream, L.I. this evening having flown from Philadelphia in twenty-four minutes at the rate of two hundred and seventy miles an hour, establishing a new record.

Yesterday, Hawks flew from Boston to New York, one hundred and ninety miles in fifty three minutes at the rate of two hundred and twenty-five miles an hour; also a new record.

The American delegation to the forthcoming coronation in Abyssinia left Paris today. It was headed by Brig. Gen. William Wright Farth. Ras Tafari I, who is to ascend the throne of the Ethiopian Empire is one of a long line of monarchs who claim direct descendancy from the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon. The ceremony, which is to take place November 2d is expected to be performed with all the pomp customary to affairs of state in the African kingdom.

WORDS

Just a word more--about words. Professor William Sanford, of the University of Illinois, estimates that the average person speaks 30,000 words a day in ordinary conversation. That is to say, he spends one fifth of his waking time talking at top speed. The professor doesn't say how many times we repeat the same word each day. But even if the average person batted his "I" only once a day, he could still talk for two weeks without exhausting the four hundred and fifty thousand words listed in the Funk and Wagnalls Standard Dictionary.

Well, I think I've done my share in exhausting those 450,000 words for this evening. So, good night.