

FRANCE

Lowell Thomas - Tues. Aug. 6, 1935

Disturbances in France are repercussions of Premier Laval's attempt to balance the budget. He's trying to do it by cutting expenses, and that means salary cuts for the government workers. These represent a large proportion of the French population. Nobody likes a salary cut, least of all a Frenchman. *But in that respect we are all Frenchmen.*

The trouble was certain to come. And it's been flaring in France all day. It began yesterday with a walkout of shipyard workers at the Port of Brest. And the strike immediately took on a revolutionary color -- the color of red. The shipyard workers, upon throwing down their tools, marched ^{along} ~~down~~ the streets ^{waving} ~~with~~ a red flag. There was disturbance and rioting, but that was only a beginning.

Today the trouble spread like wildfire, not only at Brest, but all over France. The shipyard strikers were reinforced by workers at the naval arsenal. They've been working on a new French cruiser, the Dunkerque. They were annoyed by the precautions the authorities took after yesterday's flare-up. They didn't like the heavy guard of police placed on the dock. So they ~~xx~~ staged a walkout, hoisted the red flag, paraded down the streets,

and sang the Communist Internationale. The next thing you know missels were flying, stones and bottles. People were hit.

~~Many~~ People were injured.

More seaport trouble flared, as if by contagion. There was a strike in the Mediterranean Harbor of Toulon, the city terrorized. Two thousand Communists on the rampage, raising cain all over the place.

And naturally, with the turmoil in the provinces, Paris was not to be left out. Mobs paraded the streets, mobs of Communists and Fascists. And they clashed -- as they always clash. ^{one killed - ten} ~~For people~~ taken to the hospitals. Thirty-eight taken to jail -- as the gendarmes battled against mobs ^{running wild.} ~~on the rampages~~

Sounds familiar by now -- more Italian troops to Africa. Mussolini ~~has~~ ^{is} called seventy-five thousand more men to arms for East African service. The reason given is that the Ethiopians are concentrating heavy masses of troops on the frontiers of Italian Eritrea.

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The new shipment of troops will increase the number of Italian soldiers in East Africa to almost two hundred thousand. The Propaganda Ministry in Rome declares that Italy plans to have a million ~~more~~ men under arms by October -- a million men divided between Africa and Italy.

And the word is just as warlike from Addis Ababa where Haile Selassie ² repeated ³ his determination to lead his army into battle. ^{And He} ~~and~~ ⁵ declared ¹ that the Ethiopians are not afraid of the modern technology of war. The King of Kings presided at the official inauguration of the Ethiopian Red Cross. And he did it like a regular descendent of the Queen of Sheba. An imperial tent ablaze with ~~exix~~ Oriental splendour-- ^{And} that's the Addis Ababa ^{headquarters} of the new Red Cross. And Haile Selassie presided on a royal dais of purple and gold; The Ethiopian

ETHIOPIA - 2

Red Cross expects to line up with the International Red Cross
centered at Geneva.

SOLDIERS

You can ~~ex~~ chalk down two casualties in the quarrel between Italy and Ethiopia -- two soldiers of the Italian army. They came to grief, not in any sun-scorched African desert or jungle land, but ~~xxx~~ amid the snows and the glacial ice of the Alps.

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They were Germans by speech and ancestry, from those German-Austrian communities annexed by the Italians at the end of the World War. They were conscripted into Mussolini's army, for East African service. The two Alpine youths had heard stories of the sweltering heat, the dysentery, and the savage spears of Equatorial Africa. They didn't want to go. They deserted -- tried to escape from Italy across the border into Austria. They preferred the icy hazards of their own native Alps to the unknown terrors of tropical war. They made their way toward the most isolated point on the mountain frontier -- a stretch of perpetual snow and frozen glacier -- twelve miles east of lofty Brenner Pass. And they clambered over the ice -- safely, to Austria.

Yes, they were safe from Mussolini's military guards, but not safe from Alpine ice. A slip, a slide, a fall -- they went over a cliff. One was killed -- the other desperately hurt.

Evading the flaming tropics, they met their fate
amid the frosts of the glacier.

It's no news that the Japanese were offended by *the affair*

of Vanity Fair, ~~an affair which astonished Americans considerably.~~

Our astonishment is doubled now, to learn that the Japanese were doubly offended -- not once but twice, in the same issue of the same magazine. When Ambassador ^{Saito} ~~Hirohito~~ made his protest to the State Department he did ^{not} mention specifically the page of the magazine on which the affront to Japan was to be found. Everybody supposed it was the cartoon showing the Mikado pulling a jinrikisha in which the Nobel Peace Prize was stowed. It was that all right -- but also something more. On another page of the same ~~magazine~~ issue was printed a collection of photographs, picturing notable babies. One of these was the Crown Prince of Japan. And right along with it were the Dionne quintuplets. Word from Tokyo is that the Crown Prince-quintuplet combination was an even more deadly insult than the Mikado and the ~~jinrikisha~~.

~~National sensibilities are strange things --~~
~~incalculatable things to be stepped on.~~

ADD JAPANESE

Of course a lot of people are talking about the Japanese lack of any sense of humor. They don't see our jokes.

But then -- do we see theirs? The Japanese are a laughing race. They must be laughing at something. I'll bet most of us would go to a Japanese comedy and get not a giggle out of it. And the Far Easterners would say - "Those white men, they have no sense of humor."

JEWELRY

Four years of terror, a prolonged torment of lingering dread -- that's the story of what might seem to be a glittering stroke of luck. There is nothing more common ^{than} for people to say: ~~the~~ "Gee, if I could only find something, walking along, find a ~~big~~ treasure."

Mrs. Ethel Hinton found a treasure, but it was as though she had picked up an evil curse, a handful of ^{ghostly} misfortune. She's a negro woman who was employed sweeping out a fashionable dress shop. One day back in Nineteen Thirty-one, while she was plying her broom, she swept up something white and gleaming. It was a hundred thousand dollar ^{pearl} ~~xxxxx~~ necklace. It had been lost by Mrs. Grafton W. Minot, wife of a banker who ~~ix~~ at one time was Secretary to the United States Embassy in Berlin.

The negro woman gaped in amazement as she handled the glowing strands, two strands, one with one-hundred-and-ten ^{perfectly} graduated ^{pearls}, the other with a-hundred-and-twenty-nine. The two strands were held together by a clasp set with twelve diamonds. Ethel Hinton put aside her broom. She hid the fabulous necklace.

She wouldn't have to sweep out a store any longer. She went home and told her husband. They agreed to keep the treasure of pearls. ^{And} they did. They saw an advertisement ^{from the} ~~about~~ woman who had lost the jewels. But they decided to hold onto the fortune.

^{Oh, but} They were holding onto evil fortune. The possession of the ^{pearl} necklace haunted them with hidden fears. They were terrified at the thought of trying to dispose of it. Every day deepened their anxiety. Months went by, years -- four years. The only thing they ventured was to detach some of the small diamonds from the clasp and pawn them. [¶] The police say it was simply the nemesis of the pearl necklace that gave them away. James Hinton, the husband, lived so deep in brooding fear, that the terror of the necklace set its mark on him. His movements became stealthy. He went slinking about, with a harassed look to right and left.

And so it was that two detectives saw him come out of a building, and his furtive air made them suspicious. They stopped him, searched him, and in one pocket found the necklace.

So now husband and wife are in difficulties -- and yet, they are relieved to be free - free of the gleaming curse, the ominous lustre of the pearls.

SCHULTZ

How is Dutch Schultz going to keep out of jail? I don't suppose that will excite any fervent interest throughout the land. I don't imagine that high-minded citizens will rush with a crusading fervor to answer the question of how the former beer baron is to be kept out of the coop.

But it's interesting, it's one of those paradoxical dilemmas that sometimes arise to confound reason and logic.

The other evening I told how Mayor LaGuardia of New York had announced that Dutch Schultz would not be allowed to enter the Metropolis. Now we find a subpoena out for the erstwhile boss of the brew. The State of New York summons him to appear in court in New York City on Thursday.

To this Mayor LaGuardia replies with fiery words:-
"He can't come into this town. If he does, eighteen thousand cops will be ready to arrest him."

The Court chimes in with another announcement -- that if Dutch doesn't make his court appearance in New York, he will be locked up for contempt.

So it's jail he if does and jail if he doesn't.

But what does the former big shot of the foaming stein
have to say about his paradoxical dilemma? He talks about
something altogether different -- about his new son and heir,
born while he was on trial. He announces he is coming to New York --
to see his ^{baby.} ~~son and heir.~~
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Here's a large financial question that suggests a moody speculation. A million dollars! That huge sum to be raised by a convict -- in San Quentin -- out in California. Yes, it's Tom Mooney, the prisoner around whom all that controversy rages. Where could Tom Mooney get a million dollars? The question is raised by Mooney's application for a temporary release. His lawyers are preparing a habeas corpus action to snatch him from behind the grim walls. He tells the court he'd like to be at ^{lib}erty to help his lawyers prepare the case. He asks the judge to release him on bail --- bail of one million dollars. Where could he raise it? It seems fantastic. Yet, perhaps labor and friends of labor might possibly ~~b~~ ^{be} able to put it up.

But that's all academic because the court has said "no." The judge made the remark that he didn't think the ~~pe~~ ^{pe} petition suggesting the million dollar bail was made in good faith. The Deputy Attorney General, opposing the ~~pe~~ ^{pe} petition, said the million dollar part of it was merely a gesture.

STOCK EXCHANGE

There was quite a freakish happening on the New York Stock Exchange today. It concerned General Motors, which is ~~not~~ surprising, considering the announcement that the company has doubled its dividend and declared another dividend as well, splitting up thirty-two million dollars.

That was announced yesterday, and during the night buying orders flooded in ~~at~~ such a ^{rate} ~~rate~~ that when the Exchange opened this morning they couldn't offer General Motors Stock on the floor, -- swamped. There was a thirty-minute delay before they could get the avalanche of buying orders straightened out. The excitement was so great that several members of the Board of Governors of the Exchange went to the trading post to help in the task of fixing the prices.

Finally, the first transaction was made. With one fell swoop thirty thousand shares were sold. Price -- one-and-an-eighth over yesterday's close. And that gain was not only sustained, it was increased as trading went on during the day.

BECK

Suppose you were selecting a regional director for the Rural Resettlement Administration, the organization designed to take people off poor, non-productive, starvation land and settle them in richer agricultural areas. I ^{presume} ~~suppose~~ it would be reasonable to say that it wouldn't be wise to pick a farmer from the regions of deep, fertile, luxuriant soil. He mightn't have an understanding of how ^{mean} ~~mean~~ and cussed, bare and sterile, some farms can be. The best thing would be to pick somebody who has been trying to grow things on land where things simply don't want to grow.

It is that line of agricultural philosophy that interested me in the appointment of a regional director for District #1 of the Rural Resettlement Administration. Of course, the news headline is that this new regional director is a woman --

The 5th. to be appointed to any post that needs the
the first ever to be appointed to a post like that. ^{Senate okay} ~~All the other~~

~~regional directors are men.~~ But that isn't the principal merit of the appointment. I for one will vouch for the fact that Mrs. Dorothy Miller Beck knows plenty about non-productive soil. She's a neighbor of mine. Her farm in Connecticut is not so far from my farm in New York State. It has about the same quantity of rocks. She's the

wife of Thomas H. Beck, President of Collier's Weekly, and has made it her task to try and grow something on the Beck farm acres. And she says she knows what it is to plant something on land that refuses to grow anything but rocks. — *dornicks.*

This then is the dirt farmer who will have charge of the ninety-one million dollar resettlement task in the eastern states -- guaranteed to have a sympathetic understanding of the problem of the farmer on land that isn't quite good enough.

WASHINGTON

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They had a merry chase in Washington today -- ~~the~~ ^a search ^{in Washington} for the mystery utilities man, Howard C. Hopson. Two Congressional committees have wanted to ask him some questions for some time now, but he's been as elusive as a ghost-in-the-night. So there was plenty of excitement today when a witness before the House Utilities inquiry testified that he had seen Mystery Man Hopson in Washington last night, ^{and} had talked to him at the Shoreham Hotel.

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The manhunt immediately got into action. A whole crowd of manhunters went hotfooting to the hotel, Congressional investigators, and a subpoena server -- also newspaper men and cameramen by the score. The investigators didn't find Hopson. The subpoena-server didn't find Hopson.

Now the romantic thing would be to say that the newspaper men did -- the ~~gala~~ good-old story of the sleuthing reporter who solves the case when all the detectives have failed. But maybe the Washington correspondents don't read their Sherlock Holmes piously enough -- because they didn't find Hopson either.

At the hotel they said he wasn't registered there and hadn't been registered. So the manhunt came to a halt, with the Congressional committees asking the Washington police to see what they can do about it. The cops tonight are combing the city, the good old drag-net.

Yes, they are still chasing Hopson. And I'll chase myself -- and SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.