

Lowell Thomas Broadcast for Literary Digest
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Intro.

Here we are at the end of the week. And summing up the news that's been rolling in for the past seven days, riot and revolution have been the daily refrain. Australia and the Antarctic have been the only continents to escape it.

Of course, the biggest blow-up has been down in Brazil. But Argentina, Peru, and Bolivia are still smoldering after their political eruptions. The president of Ecuador has tried to chuck his job. The dictatorship in Venezuela seems to be slipping. And they are just barely managing to keep the lid down in Cuba.

Over in Spain, King Alphonso's throne has

been wobbling. Revolutionary tremors are shaking Portugal and her colonies in Africa are howling for independence. Plots and counterplots are threatening explosions in Rumania, Poland and Esthonia. The Hungarians, instead of firing a king, want to hire one.

As for Germany, well, her politics are in a more jumbled state than they've been since her streets ran with blood in 1918.

Then if we twirl the globe to the east, we land in India where three hundred million people are trying to push old John Bull into the Bay of Bengal. Next door, four hundred million Chinese are trying to push each other into the China Sea. And as for Turkey, her story is told by a resounding headline in this week's Literary Digest. That headline reads:--"Curbing the bloodcurdling Kurds".

"In fact", says William Phillip Simms, foreign editor of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, "three-fourths of the whole world is in the grip of the rabies of revolt."

Brazil

Now, here's a dispatch from Washington. The U. S. cruiser Pensacola has been ordered to Brazilian waters. And the International News Service tells us that Great Britain has dispatched the battleship Delhi in the same direction. More indication of how really serious the trouble is down there.

Hosts of Americans have been asking the same question that I've been asking lately; Why all this shooting in Brazil? Well, I've been sifting through the dispatches for a week as they have come to me at the Literary Digest office, and here are a few points that may throw a bit of light on the South American snarl.

"A tempest in the world's coffee pot," is what Mr. Simms of the Scripps-Howard papers calls this revolution.

Brazil raises as much coffee as all the rest of the world put together. The prosperity of the country depends on it. But practically all of it is raised in two or three states, and the great

city of Sao Paulo, with its population of a million people, is the coffee center of the world. The coffee producing states constitute a mighty small part of Brazil. For Brazil is bigger than our own United States. But most of this enormous republic is vast, uninhabited jungle - the biggest unexplored area in the whole wide world.

The settled regions are strung down a coastline that is 4000 miles long -- a distance farther than from New York to California.

Sao Paulo, because of coffee alone, dominates the rest of the country economically, and it dominates it politically as well. Naturally the other states resent this. But there isn't anything much they can do about it -- that is, except start a revolution.

The retiring president of Brazil, Washington Luis, has been supported by the Sao Paulo interests. His successor, Julio Prestes, who is soon to take office, (unless the rebels prevent it) is also a Sao Paulo man. The candidate put up by the states of South Brazil was flatly defeated. So South Brazil claims there was crooked work at the

polls, and they started this revolution.

From the president of Brazil, we pass on to another interesting potentate:

The Blind

"I am the King of Siam", sang the comedian in a famous musical comedy a few years ago. Well, the real King of Siam is coming to America. The New York Evening World, says he is coming to consult some of America's leading oculists and be treated for cataracts.

Eye trouble is one of the worst plagues in the world. It is particularly bad in tropical parts of Asia, and especially in Egypt and across north Africa. Flies are often responsible for it, and it makes the average traveler's heart ache for the countless thousands who are either half or totally blind.

There is an International Association for the Prevention of Blindness, and it's in session right now over in Brussels. The Associated Press cables a story telling us that there are between three million and six million blind people in the world. One of the leading figures at the convention

is Lewis Carris of New York, managing director of our American Society for the Prevention of Blindness. He is urging that similar national societies be established in all countries.

15 per cent of blindness in America is due to industrial accidents, and this week's Literary Digest carries a comprehensive article telling how thousands of eyes are being saved throughout the country by new methods of precaution.

Columbia

One man who needs perfect eyes is the aviator.

Today the Columbia (veteran trans-Atlantic airplane that flew over the ocean from West to East yesterday), reached London. Captain Boyd, the Canadian, and Lieutenant Connor, the American, repaired the choked feed line and flew on from the Scilly Isles. Columbia, because of her two Atlantic hops and her many other record-breaking flights, is just about the most interesting airplane in the world today.

COOLIDGE

Mr. Coolidge has turned prophet, and reads our national horoscope for the next 50 years.

"Our difficulty has not been with wealth itself," he says, "but with the newly rich who lacked the character to use it wisely."

In an interesting article, written specially for the 50th anniversary edition of the Buffalo Evening News, Mr. Coolidge tells us that in the coming half century, that is, while the most of you are still alive, we shall have a more even distribution of wealth. There will be an increased use of machinery, a great increase in general education, and ignorance, superstition, and prejudice will play a less and less part in our national life.

Mr. Coolidge gives us a prophecy full of optimism. He says there will be a more even distribution of wealth and the country will be dotted with great airports. He even adds that "grade crossings will be eliminated". Great Scott!

I hope he's right. I drove across a blind one in the

Green Mountains of Vermont last year, and the cow-catcher of the train missed my spare tire just by a hair.

Mr. Coolidge may be a philosopher, but so is Dr. Alexander.

Today, on the eve of his 87th birthday, the Rev. Dr. George Alexander told the New York Telegram that he had never been to a theater or a movie. Dr. Alexander is the dean of the big city's active pastors.

"There is so much tragedy and comedy in life that I never have felt the need of seeing it on the stage," he said.

Well, we wonder if the good doctor has a radio.

A late flash brings fresh news of a strange mystery, some account of which was printed in all of today's papers.

Bob

Charles Bob, mining engineer, banker and patron of aerial exploration, vanished yesterday

at Chicago. He was carrying a large sum of money, and it is believed tonight that he may have met with foul play. True to his custom of flying about the country to save time, he arrived in Chicago Wednesday. His pilot was Dean Lamb, a former colonel in the Royal Air Force. Bob gave orders that his plane be gotten ready for the return trip to New York, saying he would leave at 10 o'clock yesterday morning. He wired friends in New York that he was flying for home. But both he and Lamb have vanished. Police of New York and Chicago are searching for the missing men.

Bob was one of Admiral Byrd's principal backers on his expedition to the South Pole. Byrd named a range of Antarctic Mountains for him. His plane is a Bellanca, designed by the famous builder of the Columbia. He told his friends that using the plane enabled him to save about four fifths of his usual traveling time. - This looks like a real mystery.

Rhino

If you are interested in line plunging and

tackling - here's the way they do it in Africa:

Harry Reichenbach, a world-traveler, has returned with a wild tale of a duel between two bull rhinoceroses in the heart of the African jungle. He says he saw the battle.

Old Man Rhino is just about the savagest monster still left on this planet. And, he'll charge anything on sight. Reichenbach tells us that he saw a rhino family lumbering along, a cow, a calf; and a bull that weighed about four tons. Suddenly another bull, somewhat younger and smaller, came snorting through the tall grass.

The two bulls charged the moment they caught sight of each other. Eight tons of bone and muscle met head-on with an impact that shook the earth. Both staggered, neither was hurt. Then they wheeled and charged again. This time the older rhino got in a tremendous slash with the great horn at the end of his snout. He sent his opponent sprawling with a huge gash in his side.

But the younger animal was up instantly. With a rush and a thud, he sank his horn into the

fleshy part of the older rhino's shoulder. The older rhino fell, then got up and charged again.

He got in a terrific blow, drove his horn into the fat part of the younger animal's stomach, and sent him down. The latter, desperately hurt, stumbled to his feet and came back once more. The older rhino, sensing victory, met him head on and buried both horns right up to the hilt. The younger rhino, mortally sticken, stood stock still, while the victor backed off for another charge.

The cow, until now a spectator, rushed at the loser, and gored him, while her mate drove in a final thrust from the other side.

It must have been an unearthly spectacle. Mr. Reichenbach tells about it in the New York Evening Journal. But he doesn't tell us whether he had a movie camera along--I'll bet he didn't. We never do when things like that happen.

Freak Flashes

Here are a few freak flashes. Patrolman Cassamazeema was late for a date with a woman whom

the New York Evening Journal calls a "merry widow". She flew into a rage, and called him a "fat head". He gave her his blackjack and yelled, "Hit me over the head with this, if you hate me so!" She did. Tonight, he's in the hospital, and she's in jail.

Here's a freak ad. The Spice of Life Column of the Literary Digest culls it from The Rural New Yorker. It reads:

"General all around manager wishes responsible position; can navigate steam, gasoline and sail vessels, act as chauffeur, expert on poultry and incubation, can handle help; will leave honesty to others."

There is certainly refreshing candor in that.

Five years ago a Massachusetts man had his nose knocked crooked in an automobile accident. He has just been in another, which knocked his nose straight again.

Newsboy

Coming out of the Literary Digest office a little while ago, I stopped to chat with the newsboy who brings me the editions of the afternoon papers as fast as they come off the press. Saturday afternoon is rather a dull time for him, because most everything here on Manhattan Island closes at noon. And there wasn't the usual rush of people grabbing their papers as they raced by on their way to the subway.

An idea suddenly occurred to me. I hadn't yet asked anyone to pick out the news item of the day. So I asked him what he thought about it.

"Jimmy, is there anything exciting in the papers tonight -- I mean, besides revolutions and things like that?"

"Gee, boss," he replied, "didja see in the Mirror about that kid who got left all those millions? His name is Bill something or other. His old man's dead. He works on a farm up there in the country, pitching hay and all that sort of stuff. And all of a sudden he gets a letter, and it says somebody's left him a castle and 4 million bucks. Jimminee, boss, I wish I'd get a break like that."

I looked in the Evening Mirror, and sure enough, there was a story signed by Reporter Frank Doyle, telling about young Bill Girhin, a 23-year-old farm hand who has been supporting his mother by taking care of a few acres of land up at Yorktown Heights, New York, not many miles from my own farm. Bill has been notified that he is the sole heir to a four-million-dollar estate over in Austria, and 2500 acres more in sunny Spain. The account is rather complicated and tells how various relatives of Bill died off without his knowing it until he finally became the sole heir.

While I was reading the story to myself, the newsboy spoke up again:

"Hey, and here's another one. Here's a bird named Phillips out in Kansas City. The paper says he's inherited millions of bucks, too. Say, how much is a million? But this bozo, instead of blowing it all in, he goes and puts on overalls and gets himself a job at a gasoline filling station. Now what do you know about that?"

"And here's another one! Say, these papers must be kiddin' ud tonight. Here's a gink out in Idaho or whatever you call the place, and somebody over in Germany goes and leaves him a castle too. And he's going right over and grab the works before it gets away from him. Attaboy. His name is Walter Marenholtz, but he'll probably be a duke or something when he gets that castle. Yeah, and he's took a lawyer along. Wise guy, that boy.

"Kinda looks like everybody is getting a million bucks today except me. How about it, boss? Can't you fix it up?"

Well, I had to disappoint Jimmy. I couldn't give him the million. But millions don't always bring happiness. And happiness is the one thing that I wish for all of you this evening, as we end our spin around the globe.

Good night.