

PAID
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PAY MAIL
DOROTHY
THOMPSON

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ATK01 0142896

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. - New York

OBVIOUS COMMERCIAL

August 6th 1957

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

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PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

Ladies and gentlemen, Pall Mall Cigarettes, The Modern Blend -- bring you America's First Lady of Journalism, Miss Dorothy Thompson, in one of a series of programs entitled, "People in the News".

In these broadcasts, Miss Thompson will present vivid general radiographs of the world's great personalities. Her views about these people will be keen and honest, but they will also be penetrating and frank. She does not sugarcoat or stretch what she has to say.

Likewise, the new Pall Mall cigarettes do not sugarcoat, do not stretch their tobaccos. Pall Mall brings you the full flavor and full enjoyment of fine tobacco properly blended.

You may not know that ordinary blended cigarettes mix their tobaccos with licorice, anisettes, chocolate or some of a hundred different flavorings. But the new Pall Malls do not contain any artificial flavorings whatsoever. The absence of these artificial flavorings permits Pall Mall to give you up to 15% more tobacco than ordinary cigarettes. With Pall Malls, you get the natural flavor of carefully selected tobaccos. You get the natural fragrance of real tobacco. You get the pleasing effects of real tobacco -- which is what you want when you smoke a cigarette. The new Pall Malls give you greater smoking enjoyment -- and it's your extra enjoyment that is making them the staple of our favorite party bag. Ask for the new

ATK01 0142897

OPENING COMMERCIAL cont'd August 8th 1957

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

#1

POLL MALL CIGARETTES

Poll Malls in the sparkling red and gold package — the cigarette with straight tobacco flavor. They're only fifteen cents for twenty, plus cigarette taxes in some states. They're better — naturally.

And now, the makers of the new Poll Malls are proud to present Miss Dorothy Thompson. In private life, Miss Thompson is the wife of the world-famous novelist, Sinclair Lewis, and the mother of a seven-year-old son — in public life, she is one of the distinguished Americans of our time. Newspaper reporter, foreign correspondent, columnist and commentator, writer, lecturer, authority on politics, economics and government, she is respected, admired and consulted by world leaders in many fields, in many countries.

Tonight it gives us great pleasure to bring you, in her opening broadcast, Miss Dorothy Thompson.

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COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

DOROTHY THOMPSON

RADIO BROADCAST FOR FRIDAY, August 6th 1937

The chief news this week is war. The chief news last week was war. I am afraid that the chief news next week will be war. The most important fact of our times is that the areas of peace are not increasing. They are diminishing.

In 1931 Japan invaded Manchuko and yellow men fought one another. In 1935 Italy invaded Ethiopia. Black men fell by thousands at the hands of alien white men.

.....Last year white men began to kill one another in Spain. Half a million people have died in Spain. Do you realize what that means? In one year four times as many have been killed as in the American army during the world war. The battles go on. Children are machine-gunned from the air. Women are drafted into armies. The art treasure of centuries are destroyed.

And now the Japanese army moves farther into China. As it moves, sleepy China begins to pull together under a remarkable leader, Chiang Kai Shek. China forgets her long internal fights. Russia watches anxiously. She knows that Japan is divided. This is not the war of the Japanese government. It is the war of the Japanese army, broken loose from civilian control, striking on its own. But how long will Russia watch? Her Siberian coast is threatened, if Japan succeeds. Russia and Japan fought over this issue in 1905. Will Russia fight again?

Wars are made by social forces, by imperialist conflicts, but they are also made by men. And never since you and I were born have there been so many men who hold absolute control over peoples.

Under the rosy towers of the Kremlin sits Stalin. No Tsar since Ivan the Terrible has had so much personal power. What is he like? He is a peasant, filled with peasant shrewdness, with peasant patience. Disciplined by Tsarist prisons. Maker with others of a great revolution. Denounced by many of his former revolutionary friends the Russian Napoleon, who changed socialism into militant nationalism. Secretive, Asiatic, inscrutable, tenacious. A dangerous man, patient until he strikes. That's Stalin. He watches Japan. But he also watches Germany. For he believes there is a Japanese-German military alliance against him.

And who rules Germany? One of the most incredible and contradictory figures in the modern world. An Austrian-born fanatic. Housepainter, cafe artist, soldier, political agitator, who lifted himself on the shoulders of discontented Germans to a position far above the former Kaiser's power.

I know Hitler. I've heard him speak and interviewed him. He speaks German with a strong Austrian accent and yet is one of the most effective orators on earth. Heartless with his enemies, he is so emotional that he frequently bursts into tears. He believes Heaven sent him to break the bonds which have held Germany since the war and lead his country into its greatest glories. He was reared a Catholic, but persecutes his own church, because he fears the softening effects of Christianity. He wants Germans to have large families, but is himself a bachelor. He has driven the Jews out of Germany or back into ghettos. Yet his soldiers fight side by side in Spain with Moors, who are racially akin to the Jews. He detests Russian communism, but is moving Germany toward a social pattern very like that of Stalin's Russia.

He is a political genius, but completely unpredictable. Nobody knows what he may do next. And many Germans call him God.

Then there's Mussolini. His mother was a school teacher; his father a blacksmith. In his youth he was a revolutionary socialist, and when he was an exile in Switzerland, he was actually fed, nursed, and saved for fascism by a Russian revolutionary, Madame Balabanov. Like Hitler, he is a master propagandist and showman, but he is a very different kind of person from the German Fuehrer. Unlike Hitler he is an educated man. He speaks French, English and German. He's not a hypocrite. He has recently allowed the publication of a book showing how he planned the Ethiopian war three years in advance. You can read some of it in this month's Harper's magazine.

He, too, is neurotic. He is a reckless motor driver and aviator, but he suffers from claustrophobia and cannot bear closed places. He never forgets that once Rome ruled the world, and he never permits the Italian people to forget it, either. He will take chances, but those who have studied him closest think he will not take very long chances. He would like to control the Mediterranean, but not, we may expect, at the risk of war with England.

But, my friends, the important thing about these men is that they can move armies at their will. They don't need any vote from a congress or a legislature. They can strike without any war declaration -- and tell the people about it afterward.

But let's keep cool -- let's not get panicky. There are still great forces working for peace in the world.

First of all, these dictators, if they make war, have to win it or lose their heads. And it doesn't look yet as though they were likely to challenge outright the stronger nations. They are weak in what is the prime necessity for a first-class war -- money and credit. The nations that have everything to lose by war are richer and economically stronger than any of those that might be willing to risk war in the hope of gaining territory. And one of the dictatorships, Russia, certainly will make many concessions for peace. Stalin already rules nearly two hundred million people and has all the territory he can govern. Also, he believes time is on his side, and so he's likely to take a lot of goading before going to war.

The United States, Great Britain, and France are determined to make every reasonable concession, to prevent war, and to isolate it, if it does start. And in each of these countries, too, there are men in key positions, governing foreign policy. They have not been unsuccessful so far. It is almost a miracle that the Spanish war has not embroiled all Europe. These men are no so dramatic as the Dictators who are their own foreign ministers. But they are worth looking at.

For several years now, the foreign policy of Great Britain has been in the hands of Anthony Eden. He's a strange contrast to Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin. Son of a famous society beauty and country baronet, he was educated at Eton and Oxford, is young, handsome, a product of the British aristocracy, and of traditional British education.

The world thinks of him as the glass of fashion and the mold of form. But it makes a mistake. Anthony Eden was educated to his present policy not by Eton and Oxford but by the world war. He was seventeen years old when the war began but not too young to fight. His older and younger brothers were killed. He hates war with an overwhelming passion. He loves the civilization which only peace permits. For recreation he reads Persian poetry in the original. He fought for the League of Nations to the last ditch, and only when it broke down completely, did he resign himself to a great rearmament program for Britian. But never, as long as Anthony Eden is foreign minister, will Britian start an aggressive war or mix into one she can avoid. He is a skillful negotiator and he has enormous patience, which has been driven to the breaking point. Missolini nearly exhausted it in Ethiopia and Spain.

And perhaps that's why the new British prime minister Neville Chamberlain, is apparently taking over negotiations with the Duce.

The foreign minister of France is Delbos, but the real director of foreign policy is Leon Blum. There's something terribly ironic about the position of Blum. He is a socialist and a Jew, but no prime minister and no foreign minister since the war has made such generous overtures to Germany as this man who is everything that Hitler hates. He's an extraordinary figure, perhaps nearer to Eden in his feelings and instincts than to any other statesman in Europe. He's the last type one would expect to find as socialist leader. Poetry, literature, the arts -- these are his deepest enthusiasms. When he came to power the Germans predicted chaos in France, and there's nothing that dictators like better than chaos in other people's countries. They predicted that Blum would get France into the Spanish war on the Loyalist side. But he didn't, and he won't.

Trade is a two-way road. If you are going to sell to people, you have to buy from them. Furthermore, you have to keep the traffic open on the greatest number of highways, showing absolute impartiality to all.

He has reversed the traditional tariff policy of the United States. And his policy has shown results. We have better relations with South America than we have had in a generation. We are working more closely with Canada. We are on a better trade footing with France than at any time since the war. And there is hope that we may make a trade agreement with Great Britain which will modify her policy of Empire protection.

Well, my friends, neither you nor I know what spirit is going to win through in this world. But this much is certain:

Whether your children or mine grow to maturity in an era of peace, rests on the courage, patience, and moderation of these few men who conduct the foreign affairs of the western democracies. May God grant them, and us, wisdom and humility.

MOCKING BROADCAST

August 30, 1957

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

#1

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson in PEOPLE IN THE NEWS. We invite you to listen in next Friday evening at this same time for another of Miss Thompson's broadcasts.

And we suggest, too, that the next time you buy cigarettes, you say "Pall Malls, please". Pall Malls bring you new smoking enjoyment. For the new Pall Mall brings you the extra pleasure of straight tobacco flavor. It brings you all the soothing, pleasing effects of tobacco ... and relief from the astringent taste of artificial flavoring.

Twenty Pall Malls cost only fifteen cents. With straight tobacco flavor ... they're better ... Naturally!

Pall Malls are manufactured by the American Cigarette & Cigar Company, Nelson Case speaking. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

ATX01 0142911

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

ISSUED BY THE NYTS

ISSUING ORGANIZATION

AUGUST 15, 1957

ADVERTISER:

#2

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

Pall Mall cigarettes, The Modern Blend, bring to you
Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's leading lady of journalism, the Pall
Mall classic PEOPLE ON THE MOVE. (PAGE) For they think...what they believe
here ...why they act as they do.

Those of you who have discovered the extra smoking enjoyment
in the new Pall Mall cigarettes will not begrudge us the 64 seconds
needed to inform our other thousands of the reasons why the new Pall
Mall, more than any other cigarette, will give them greater smoking
pleasure. There are five good reasons ...count them:

One - Pall Mall, alone among well-known blended cigarettes, does
not give its tobacco with artificial flavorings of any
kind.

Two - Instead Pall Malls are made exclusively of selected
Virginia and Burley tobaccos...enriched by the choicest
Oriental types.

Three - Pall Mall blends these top-grade tobaccos more thoroughly
so that no added flavorings are needed.

Four - In place of the usual artificial flavoring, Pall Mall
brings you up to the-smooth, pure tobacco flavor the ordin-
ary cigarette, which gives you the tobacco equivalent
of 8 more cigarettes in every pack.

Five - Pall Malls natural tobacco leaf, as opposed to the usual
acid flavoring...which give you long smoking pleasure.

RTX01 0142912

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

OPENING COMMERCIAL

AUGUST 15, 1937

ANNOUNCER:

JOHN
#2

These are the reasons why more smokers every day are saying "Roll Malls, please." In their sparkling red and gold packages, Roll Malls cost only fifteen cents for twenty plus cigarette packs in some states. They bring you STRAIGHT Tobacco Flavor — without artificial flavoring. They're Better... NATURAL.

And now Roll Mall Cigarettes proudly present Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.

ATX01 0142913

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

2
PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, August 13th 1937

DOROTHY THOMPSON

The news of the week — or rather the MYSTERY of the week, comes from the State Department. It has asked Congress to let it lease six destroyers to Brazil. Now the United States isn't in the business of lending warships. This has never happened before. And when Uncle Sam lends another country part of the American Navy there's something in the wind. What is it?

Well, Washington won't tell. But my GUESS is that what's in the wind is Dr. Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht; Minister of Economics of Nazi Germany. Make no mistake about Dr. Schacht. He's one of the ablest men in the world. He's passed a miracle. Because he is the fellow who has demonstrated that a nation can live without money.

It's a great question whether Schacht is a Nazi at all. But certainly he's the most important man in the Nazi Cabinet.

The stories of his run-ins with other members of the cabinet are legion. For instance, he's known to have been against the anti-Jewish program. There's a story -- probably apocryphal -- that he once asked Dr. Goebbels, the Nazi Propaganda Minister, whether he'd ever met a 100 per cent German who would buy from a Jew if he could buy better and cheaper goods, than from an Aryan. Of course, Dr. Goebbels said No. Whereupon Dr. Schacht glared, extended his hand and said, Shake hands with one, Dr. Goebbels.

I have known Schacht for years. In 1931 he told me, to my intense astonishment, that he was going to support the Nazis. I say astonishment because Dr. Schacht had been a member of the executive committee of the German Democratic party which believed in liberal economics. Schacht's father had lived in Brooklyn and named his son after Horace Greeley, and the boy had been brought up to admire American democratic principles.

Naturally I asked him why he was for the Nazis, and he answered, because this country has got to become nationally consolidated and to do that you have got to get the masses and the only person who can get them is this fellow Hitler. At that time Hitler was still surrounded by a group of dreamers and adventurers and I asked, Do you honestly think that this man's followers can govern Germany? No, said Schacht. But I can and will.

It wasn't the first time that Dr. Schacht had changed his politics. Dr. Schacht signed the young plan, found it was unpopular and then attacked the government which put it into operation. Also - he's been financial dictator of Germany before - when he stopped the 1923 inflation by balancing the budget. He is a man of enormous personal ambition. Governments come and go. Schacht remains. He is one of the ablest financiers in the world but his ambition and his impatience with those he considers stupid, have made him unpopular even with those who admire him.

He's a pale-faced, square-headed, light-eyed, Nordic German, with a broad nose, a Prussian bark and an acrid sense of humor. His manners are rigid, and they seem more so because he holds his neck stiffly with the continual assistance of a very high collar of the vintage of about 1900.

He has little respect for anybody but Hjalmar Schacht.

The problem Hitler put up to him was a brain-twister. Gold in Germany had become as scarce as Communists. But Hitler demanded things that could only be bought with gold. He wanted the most powerful army in Europe and a navy a third as large as Britain's. He wanted enormous public works for the unemployed. These things required raw materials. And raw materials could be had only by buying them from other countries. Germany HAD to import before she could export. That didn't stop Hitler. He passed his orders on to the brilliant Schacht. And today Germany has the army, the navy, the roads, and other things. How did Schacht do it?

I'm sorry I can't tell you about his manipulations inside Germany. That's a long story. But outside Germany he's proceeded this way. First of all he has really got rubber money. There are eleven different kinds of marks worth any where from ten cents to forty and the Doctor juggles them around. Then a number of countries near Germany, -- Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania -- and some farther afield, are largely dependent on the German market.

But they couldn't get money from Germany. And they needed her market. Enter Medicine Man P. T. Barnum Schacht. Gentlemen, he'd say, ship us your wheat. Then, when the wheat came he'd write, Wheat arrived. We've placed to your credit one million blocked marks. Come to Berlin any day and pick out a million marks worth of anything on our shelves. The shipper grumbled but took what the Germans gave him. But in time the customers got wise. They got enough guns and automobiles, and machinery. They began to see that the Doctor was peddling their own goods with his rubber marks, and didn't realize that poor as they were they were building the German tanks. So business with the Doctor fell off.

The Doctor got up to his long neck in Balkan and Turkish farm products. He needed materials these countries didn't produce but the richer nations who produced them wouldn't fall for the Doctor's game. How was he to get them? Very easily, as we shall see.

The Doctor took all of Turkey's hazel nuts and agreed to build a steel mill in Turkey in return. The steel mill was worth more than the nuts. But Germans didn't EAT the nuts.

The Doctor sold them in Amsterdam, for Dutch gold is good anywhere. With the gold he could buy Montana copper and Swedish ore. But still the Doctor's master wasn't satisfied. As fast as the Doctor pulled one rabbit out of the hat Hitler demanded another. But the Doctor has only a few tricks and after a few performances he has to look for new audiences. A brilliant American economist says Dr. Schacht's money is on the golden fleece Standard...Fleece the dumbbells. It's a system of getting not enforced loans but enforced donations like any blue sky promoter he has to seek new fields.

He's found one. In Brazil. And there he has run into a hornet's nest because the United States realizes the implications of the Doctor's actions. And that brings us back to the destroyers. Nobody has mentioned Schacht's name in this remarkable deal. Nobody's mentioned Germany, Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, in asking Congress to make the loan merely talked about world uncertainties, Brazil's need of a defensive navy, and the fact that SOME European countries want raw materials so badly that they might take risks to get them.

What are the risks? What risks are Germany and Italy taking in Spain for manganese and iron ore?

But my guess is that Mr. Hull was thinking of Germany. For we haven't just proposed to lend Brazil warships. We've also lent her 60 million dollars. And right after our loan Brazil cancelled a German order for 2 million pounds of coffee in exchange for blocked marks. The stakes had gotten pretty high because Brazil now has 35 million dollars tied up in German blocked marks.

But that isn't the whole story. The Doctor has lately been selling Brazil's coffee in Brazil's own markets. Now that upsets Brazil. But what, you ask, do WE care? We happen to care very much. Brazil is one of the countries with which we have a Trade Agreement. These agreements are based upon the principle of fair treatment all around. We neither give nor ask PREFERENTIAL treatment from any country. Although we buy far more from Brazil than she buys from us we don't demand that she spend the proceeds of her American sales in the United States.

But we do insist on reciprocity — no concessions to others not given to us. So the German deal is a direct violation of Brazil's trade agreement with us. Well, why don't we bring pressure on Brazil, especially since we are her best customer? We don't, first, because we want friendly relations with our American neighbors. Secondly, the issue at stake is not between Brazil and us. The issue is whether world trade shall be based on equality of treatment in world markets or whether it is to be enforced barter. And that surely means the disorganization of world trade, as the Doctor very well knows. You can't run a poker game if one of the players is using phony money, good only in his own store. That's playing with cigar coupons. That's what blocked money is. This isn't out way of playing the game nor Brazil's. One of the smartest men in the world called it MEDAEVAL AND BARBARIC. And who said those words? The man who's doing it: Dr. Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht.

The fantastic thing about this struggle between Mr. Hull and Dr. Schacht, is that Dr. Schacht really agrees with Mr. Hull. When a French journalist congratulated the Doctor on performing a miracle -- living without money and making his customers finance his trade, -- the German wizard barked a question at his interviewer: Do you really think it's a good THING to replace international exchanges by a bureaucratic machine and political control? It's incredibly barbarous -- he said -- to exchange machinery against grain, and radios against tobacco, as though we were savages bargaining in a jungle! Bah! -- he said -- such a system isn't worthy of civilized society.

Well, Mr. Hull agrees that it's barbarous.

Of course, the Doctor says Germany can't do anything else, and she can't -- if she wants huge mechanized armies and what not -- not unless she gets credits.

But what stands in the way of credits is the fact that the German budget hasn't been published for years, and that there's already a large amount of foreign money tied up in Germany, no good to its owners. The other reason is political. Nobody wants to help finance another country's armaments unless that other country is an ally for war or peace. No country anxious for peace wants to use its products to finance military adventures. WE don't want to help send German, or Russian or Italian airplanes to Spain today and perhaps somewhere else tomorrow. And we aren't even sure -- and neither is Brazil -- that Brazilian coffee won't be used to help finance German expansion in Brazil.

And let's make no bones about it. The United States has had just one consistent foreign policy. That has been to prevent any European country from getting a stranglehold on the western hemisphere and carrying its fights to an American continent.

For a long time we called that policy The Monroe Doctrine. Now we call it The Good Neighbor Policy.

And we've learned something from Spain. We've learned that some countries are willing to undertake extremely risky military adventures for the sake of raw materials, exchanging airplanes and even armed men for them.

We know that Germany has a powerful colony in Brazil. And by the loan of these destroyers -- wisely or not -- we're in no uncertain terms affirming the Good Neighbor or Monroe Doctrine policy. Mr. Hull said openly that the offer was good for any other American country. As long as the Monroe Doctrine or its modern equivalent exists we don't want South American armaments subsidized by any European in exchange for South American goods. It's too dangerous.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

- 12 -

So this -- I THINK -- is the Story.
But I DO wonder about Dr. Schacht. He'll
probably shrug his shoulders and say: As
far as the Americas are concerned the act
appears to be a flop.

ATX01 0142925

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS
ANNOUNCER:

WOLFE COMMERCIAL
#2

AUGUST 15, 1957
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS. Miss Thompson is presented every Friday night at this time... by Pall Mall, The Modern Blend.

Next time you buy cigarettes say "Pall Malls, please". Pall Mall does not mix its tobaccos with artificial flavorings. As a result you get the full enjoyment of smoking. You get all the soothing, pleasing effects of top-grade, natural tobaccos. You get relief from the AFTER taste of artificial flavoring.

In their sparkling red and gold package, twenty Pall Malls cost only fifteen cents, plus cigarette taxes in some states. Pall Malls bring you straight tobacco flavor without artificial flavoring...
THEY'RE BETTER...NATURALLY!

Pall Malls are manufactured by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company, Nelson Case speaking. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

ATK01 0142926

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS -A

OPENING COMMERCIAL

AUGUST 20, 1957

(B)

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

Pall Mall cigarettes, The Modern Blend, bring to you America's first Lady of Journalism ... Miss Dorothy Thompson.

But before we hear Miss Thompson here is some quick news about the new Pall Mall cigarettes.

Imagine yourself at a cigarette counter. You ask for and the clerk gives you, your usual package of twenty cigarettes. Now imagine that the clerk then hands you three extra cigarettes of the same brand ... 23 cigarettes in all.

Now, in effect that is exactly what will happen if you lay down 15¢ and ask for a package of Pall Malls. The clerk does not actually give you 3 extra cigarettes, ^{He -} but a package of Pall Malls actually does contain the tobacco equivalent of up to three extra ~~cigarettes~~, as compared with ordinary blended cigarettes.

Now the reason for this is that the new Pall Malls, ~~also among~~ ~~straight-blended cigarettes~~ do not contain artificial flavourings and sweetenings. Maybe you didn't realize that most blended cigarettes contain some of up to a hundred artificial flavourings and sweetenings ... These flavourings may amount to as much as one seventh of the total weight of the cigarette. ^{1/7} If this flavouring were tobacco there would be enough in a package of twenty to make three extra cigarettes.

Instead of flavourings, Pall Mall gives you a bonus of tobacco, equal to three extra cigarettes. . . And Pall Malls give you natural top grade tobaccos so fine, so thoroughly blended that no flavouring is needed. Pall Mall believes in tobacco ... believes in straight tobacco flavour.

ATX01 0142927

(3)

A great many people tell us that Pall Mall's straight tobacco flavour gives them more pleasure than any cigarette they have ever smoked ... gives them, too, welcome relief from the after taste of artificial flavouring.

no better than
So Smoke Pall Malls and ~~any other~~ agree with us that - They're Better Naturally. Remember Pall Malls bring you straight tobacco flavour. They have no artificial flavouring. And they're only 15¢ for 20, plus cigarette taxes in some states. .

And now Pall Malls present Miss Dorothy Thompson.

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

DOROTHY THOMPSON

RADIO BROADCAST FOR FRIDAY, AUGUST 20th, 1937

I had hoped this week to talk about some home folks. But we must turn our attention abroad again -- to China. Today's newspapers tell us that Japan feels that the time for diplomatic negotiations is past. The war is on. Japan crowds the narrow China seas with warships. China concentrates her forces near the International settlements of Shanghai, where thousands of Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and other nationals are living in great danger. The place where they live is supposedly extra-territorial and therefore neutral. The British have proposed that they and the French undertake to protect Japanese in the International Settlements and that the war move a little farther off. The Japanese have declined. The United States is trying to evacuate its nationals through the narrow Whangpoo River where Japan is trying to restrict the traffic.

Two thousand Americans -- mostly the wives and children of business men, missionaries, and teachers -- have already fled. Japan wants to obstruct the river. The United States objects.

In Washington lights burn late in the State Department. Hour by hour messages flashed across the seas from our warships in China stream into Washington. The peace societies mobilize and insist that our government shall invoke the neutrality act. Washington hesitates, anxious to make no move without consultation with other powers.

Let's take a look at the background of this war, and the people concerned in it. China's history in the last twenty-five years is bewildering. Four thousand years of her past suddenly take an abrupt turn. The so-called unchangeable East changes before our eyes with the speed of a movie film. A group of four hundred million highly individualistic Chinese are being beaten into a nation by the hammer blows of an invader. Ever since 1931 we have been watching the huge body of China being carved up -- a hand here -- a leg there.

Then part of the trunk. Year after year, little yellow men from across the China sea hack at it. And now, at last, the Chinese giant strikes out at its attackers.

China has never been a nation, in the modern sense of the word. It has been a collection of families, loosely cooperating with each other. Its deepest religion has been ancestor worship and the burning passion to keep the family alive, and that passion has been responsible for China's teeming millions of population. But if China is to survive invaders, she must become a Nation. And the great question is: Will Japan's ambition at last bring China unity?

The fate of China is of interest to Americans, because American influence on modern China has been profound. We are old friends of China...Affectionate friends.

We have traded with her since our earliest days. We have made treaties with Japan and with other powers, to prevent them -- and us -- from seizing her territory. Our interest in China is moral and sentimental rather than economic. Our sales to her are negligible and we only have a hundred million dollars invested in China all told. And a large part of that, is invested in American missions and schools. But it is through our schools that American ideas have come to play such a large part in recent Chinese history. When the Chinese indemnified us for the loss of property and life after the Boxer rebellion, we did not take the money, but left it in China to finance the education of Chinese students in the United States. And for forty years, Chinese students have been coming here, getting an American education, and going back to be leaders of modern China.

Modern Chinese history began in 1912. In that year a rather impractical, idealistic dreamer, named Dr. Sun Yat Sen, overthrew the old Manchu dynasty, and set up the first Chinese Republic. He also established the Kuomintang, or Peoples' Party. Its object was to restore China to the Chinese, to give political rights to the poorest coolies, to raise the standard of living of the Chinese masses. Late in his life Dr. Sun became only half of a great team. The other half was his wife: Ching-Ling Soong.

Now this Soong family is extraordinary. In terms of political influence and power, it is probably the first family in the world. And it exercises its chief influence not through the men but through its women. We of the west are inclined to think of Chinese women in terms of bound feet and slavish submission. But China has always produced remarkable women. One thinks of the last of the Manchu rulers, the great Dowager Empress.

Now, today, in the modern nationalist movement, three women are pre-eminent, three sisters, the daughters of Charles Soong.

Their names sound like the tinkle of little bells: Ching-Ling Soong -- May-Ling Soong -- and Ai-Ling Soong.

Father Soong came from a Chinese Christian family. He drifted over to this country as a young boy, and a patron sent him to what is now Duke University, and then, afterward, to Vanderbilt, in Nashville, where he graduated. He went back to China, made a small fortune as a merchant, and retired to become a Methodist missionary. Meanwhile, he had married a remarkable wife, who came to be known as the most powerful single influence in Chinese officialdom. She, too, was the product of a Christian mission school. They had six children and four of them -- the three girls and one of the sons -- have become so famous that they are called the Soong dynasty. And all four were educated here in America.

Ching-ling -- and her name, in Chinese, means "Felicitous Age" -- Ching-ling went to a private school in Summit New Jersey, and afterward, to Wesleyan college in Macon, Georgia. When she went back to China in 1913, Sun Yat Sen, the founder of the Chinese Republic, had become a refugee in Tokio. He was old enough to be Ching-ling's father, and had a wife, but the girl, afire with patriotism and idealism married him. And, in accordance with the old Chinese tradition, he kept his first wife, and the young girl became her favorite.

The old national and revolutionary hero now had a young, charming, and intellectual companion. Of all the Soong sisters, she is the most shy. She trembles at meeting strangers. But she forced herself to go out on the public platform and make speeches. Years afterward, when I met her in Moscow, she was still so shy that she would tear a handkerchief to bits if anyone noticed her in a public place. Yet, on the platform she was eloquent.

But that was later. Sun Yat Sen died in 1925 and Ching-Ling took his place as leader of the Peoples Party. Those were the days of the Russian influence in China -- the days when Chinese revolutionaries were being educated in a special university in Moscow and sent back to China to spread Nationalism and Communism together. Ching-Ling was in favor of this. She believed socialism was inevitable in China. She and her party welcomed Russian financial aid, and with the help of a brilliant Russian agent, Borodin, they set up a government at Hankow. And meanwhile there was an anti-communist government in Nanking.

Ching-ling's government, the communist one, opened a military academy. Its director was a brilliant young officer who had been trained in Japan. His name was Jong-Kai-Shek.

Now, this young officer had no faith in the Russian advisers. He turned on the communists and set up his own government in North China. Then he came to terms with the anti-communist Nanking Government and became its prime minister. Step by step he rose, to become the most powerful and popular figure in China. Ching-Ling fled to Russia, with Borodin, and, incidentally, with the help of two Americans: The dashing young journalist, Vincent Sheean, and a red-headed communist girl from Chicago, Rayna Phrome. There, in Moscow, in the winter of 1927, I met all four of them.

So much for one of the Soong sisters. Ching-ling, of course, hated Jong-Kai-Shek. She thought of him as the betrayer of the Chinese revolution.

But that's not the way he looked to her sister, May-Ling. In the same winter of 1927, while Ching-Ling was eating her heart out in Russia, May-Ling married the General.

Ching-Ling is back in China. She is still loyal to her belief that the future of China is with the poor people of that poor country. She has sold her jewels and lives in retirement -- a strange sort of double life, guarded on the one hand and revered, on the other, as the widow of China's national hero .

And, now, here's Jong-Kai-Shek. A man who is making a war that he is pretty sure he will lose.

For what chance has China, at present, against Japan? Japan is united and armed to the teeth. Japan has a powerful army and a great navy. She has factories and money. Her people are fanatical nationalists, hysterically patriotic. Japan in eighty years has achieved a miracle of history, for which there is no parallel. In those years she has risen from being a weak island kingdom to a first rate world power. It's true that not all of Japan likes this military adventure.

The poor people of Japan were promised so much from Manchuko. They hoped to found colonies there, to take out great riches. And that venture was a wash-out. But the army rules Japan and the army wants more of China — more and richer parts of China — where cotton can be grown and ores mined.

And China? China is still disorganized. Poor, — bitterly poor. Her trade and resources exploited by all nations. Foreigners everywhere on her soil. Millions of man-power, but an incompetent army. A long coast line and no navy. Why does Jong resist, against such heavy odds?

He resists because China is rising — rising from a long, long sleep. He resists because he believes there comes a fateful moment in the destiny of all people — when — if they don't resist — they lose not just a war but their own souls. Nothing — so far — has united China. Now, at long last, it seems as though Japan is doing it.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS #8

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

AUGUST 20, 1957

(B)

PAIL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS. Miss Thompson is presented every Friday night at this time ... by Pail Mall, The Modern Blend.

The new Pail Mall, unlike most well-known blended cigarettes does not mix its tobaccos with artificial flavourings. Instead Pail Mall gives you top-grade tobaccos, carefully blended. It gives you all the pleasing, soothing, effects of natural tobaccos...the full enjoyment of smoking.

So next time you buy cigarettes, say, "Pail Malls, please." Twenty Pail Malls in their sparkling red and gold package cost only fifteen cents, plus cigarette taxes in some states. Pail Malls bring you straight tobacco flavour without artificial flavouring. They're BetterNaturally!

Pail Malls are manufactured by the American Cigarette & Cigar Company, Nelson Case speaking. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

ATX01 0142940

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. - New York

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS #4

August 27, 1955

OPENING COMMERCIAL

COMMERCIAL COMPANIES

ATTENTION:

Pall Mall's new 15¢ cigarette, The Modern Blend, presents Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism.

If someone told you that you get a bonus every time you bought Pall Mall Cigarettes, you'd probably stop to listen for a moment - and that moment is all we ask of you.

You do get a bonus with every pack of Pall Malls, because every Pall Mall Cigarette actually contains more tobacco than any ordinary blended cigarette.

You see, ordinary cigarettes contain up to 15% of their weight in artificial flavourings and sweetenings like glucose, vanilla and sassafras. Remember - 15% of their weight amounts to 1/7th! It is the equivalent in tobacco of three cigarettes! Three cigarettes that you do not get in an ordinary pack of 20!

But Pall Mall does give you the equivalent of these 5 cigarettes in full tobacco value. The makers of Pall Mall cigarettes believe that you smoke only to enjoy ^{the effects} the flavour ^{the} and aroma of tobacco... and so, Pall Malls contain no artificial flavouring or sweetening. Naturally Pall Mall tobaccos must be finer, more expensive, more carefully and skilfully blended... there must be no imperfections for your discriminating taste to detect....

Every one of those 20 cigarettes in a pack of Pall Malls gives you a bonus of tobacco enjoyment that you may never have experienced before. A great many people tell us that a Pall Mall

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August 27, 1937

OPENING COMMERCIAL CONT'D.

gives them more pleasure than any cigarette they have ever smoked... gives them too a welcome relief from the after-taste of artificial flavouring. Yet the new Pall Malls cost only 15¢ for 20.....So smoke Pall Malls - and we believe you will agree with us that they're better naturally. We believe you will agree too, that in anything so intimate and personal as the cigarette you smoke, Pall Mall's natural purity is a real satisfaction. Remember Pall Mall's bring straight tobacco enjoyment - they have no artificial flavouring - and they're only 15¢ for 20, plus cigarette taxes in some states.

And now - Miss Dorothy Thompson - with People in the News!

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

#4

- 1 -

FRIDAY, August 27, 1937

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

A frail little man with a handsome face and pale blue eyes lies tonight in the majesty of death. He will go to his grave tomorrow, and with him will be buried an era of American history, a phase of American life, a manner of American thinking that will never come again. He was one of the world's richest men. And we who live after him, will weigh the personality and significance of this fragile colossus who is no more.

For Andrew Mellon is dead. Dead at 82. Dead with his empire intact. Somewhere in that frail body was sheltered an enormous will to live.

Somewhere in his mind was sheltered an overwhelming will to power. Andrew Mellon was born rich and became richer and ever richer as rivers of gold swelled into a great and ever greater stream that poured at last into the boundless sea of Mellon banks in Pittsburgh. For this man, whose grandfather, like Henry Ford's, was a simple hard-working, protestant Irish peasant, grew in power until he commanded many of the gateways of American business, and levied toll upon all who passed; until he compelled tribute from the earth and the air and the waters and the soil under the earth; until he came finally not only to stand before kings but also to influence kings.

Whether you were rich or poor, housewife or industrialist, you had to shop everyday of your life in a store that Mr. Mellon himself ran or in another store that he controlled in whole or in part. And that, my friends, underlies the secret of Mr. Mellon's riches. It is the secret too of the Rockefeller and the Carnegie wealth. It is the story of the colossal millions that came into the hands of a few American families. They controlled or monopolized a large part of the natural resources of the country or the transportation agencies upon which the markets depend, and sometimes both.

There were no dull days in Mr. Mellon's store. Sometimes the crowds were not as great, but there were always crowds. Because it was impossible to support life, at any standard of living, without buying the things he had for sale.

Mr. Mellon had no bargains. He believed in fixed prices, fixed to suit himself and not the customer. And he COULD fix them, because if you didn't buy today you had to buy tomorrow. You couldn't run up the street and find the same thing at another store for less. There were no competitors.

Suppose you wanted aluminum. Mr. Mellon's price in 1926 was 23 cents a pound. You paid his price or you went without. You came back in 1927 -- it was 23 cents a pound. You came back in 1928 when the country was booming. It was 23 cents. You entered Mr. Mellon's store again in 1932, when the country was in the midst of the greatest depression it has ever known. The bottom had fallen out of wheat, cotton, labor. But aluminum was 23 cents! And by virtue of processes that Mellon's technicians had invented, aluminum had come to be a basic metal, essential to American industry, and affecting the living of everybody in the country.

The Mellon career and the Mellon millions could not have happened anywhere else in the world, nor could they have happened in any other period of our history. In 1875 the Civil War was recently over. The agricultural, free-trade states of the South had been crushed. The American Industrial Revolution had begun. The surface of America had scarcely been scratched. Here lay a vast continent, filled with forests, streams, metals, minerals, which together made up the most prodigal natural resources in the world. Here was a young, active, pushing, restless, people. There were railroads to be built, mines to be opened, streams to be bridged, cities to be erected. A great industrial civilization was in the making.

By 1900 the United States had become a world power. And Mr. Mellon was an unknown millionaire. By 1921 America was the greatest single power on earth, and Mr. Mellon was still unknown -- but the controller of billions. Actually, it was not until he entered the cabinet of President Harding as Secretary of the Treasury that the average American had ever heard his name. This, also, could not have happened anywhere else on earth. For Mr. Mellon built up his power in a vast continent and in a time when millionaires were thick as plums. And Andrew Mellon was never a spectacular person. From the beginning to the end, he was a courteous, old-world figure, who wove the fabric of his empire as quietly as a spider spins a web.

And he recommended taxes which fell heaviest on people of small means. The Fordney McCumber tariff bill was passed while he was in office. It boosted aluminum tariffs to a point which gave Mr. Mellon's company a national monopoly. He represented the spirit of Wall Street dominant in the treasury.

The election which put in Mr. Roosevelt in 1932 was a repudiation of exactly what Mr. Mellon represented. It was in the cards that this administration should seek to make an example of him. In 1932 there was wild talk of impeachment. In 1935, the government sued to recover \$3,000,000 of unpaid income tax. Mr. Mellon countered by demanding \$140,000 back. Last April he was sued again with 37 corporations under the anti-monopoly laws. Neither suit was settled when he died.

Mr. Mellon's kind will not appear again in America. He rose to riches when there were no income taxes. But today income taxes are so high as to prevent the accumulating of any such fortunes. And tomorrow when Mr. Mellon's estate is appraised, the federal government and the state of Pennsylvania will take about 70 per cent of it, leaving less than a third to the heirs. And when they die the government will again enter with a large tax bill, so that within little more than one generation, the fortune that Mr. Mellon created will have gone back to the state.

Was Mr. Mellon, with all this power, a happy man? We don't know. We know that he was not happy in his marriage. When he was 45 he married an Irish girl of 20. She was beautiful, gay, and the toast of Pittsburg. She gave him two children, a son and a daughter, but the marriage was over in a short seven years.

About his divorce little is known, because the powerful Pennsylvania politicians, Penrose, and Vare, protected him from publicity by a special law, passed while the divorce suit was pending. He lived the remaining years unmarried, separated much of the time from his two children. Mrs. Mellon gave out but one statement on her divorce. She complained that her husband's pre-occupation with money and business had ruined their marriage. She said, "The whole community spirit in Pittsburg was as cold and hard as the steel it made, and chilled the heart to the core. My husband locked in his study nursed his dollars, millions of dollars, maddening dollars ... (nursed larger and bigger at the cost of priceless sleep, irretrievable health and happiness.) Dollars that robbed him and his family of the time he could have devoted far more profitably to a mere Thank God we're alive!"

But Mr. Mellon gave no such impression to those who met him. He gave the impression of a man of great reserve, inhibited, courteous, gentle.

After all, Mr. Mellon was a man of his times. A hundred years from now he will be forgotten by all except historians, who digging into the history of the Great Era of American expansion will recognize in him the spirit of an expanding, organizing age. He has left millions of dollars worth of art treasures to the nation. And years from now, school children passing through a national art museum, standing in wonder before Gainsborough's Blue Boy, and Raphael's Alba Madonna, may perhaps notice a little copper plaque bearing the words: The Gift to the Nation, of Andrew W. Mellon.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS #4

August 27, 1957

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

DOROTHY THOMPSON

ANNOUNCER:

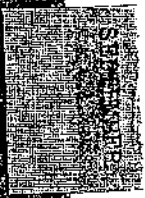
You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS. If you have subjects or people you would like to hear Miss Thompson discuss during these Friday night broadcasts, we cordially invite you to write to her in care of this station. Miss Thompson is presented every Friday night at this time...by Pall Mall, The Modern Blend.

The new Pall Mall, unlike most well-known blended cigarettes, does not mix its tobaccos with artificial flavourings. Instead Pall Mall gives you all the pleasing, soothing effects of natural tobaccos....carefully blended.

So next time you buy cigarettes, say "Pall Malls." Twenty Pall Malls in their sparkling red and gold package cost only fifteen cents, plus cigarette taxes in some states. ~~Pall Malls~~ have ~~no artificial~~ flavouring. They're better...Naturally!

The new Pall Malls are made by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company. Nelson Case speaking. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS #5

OPENING COMMERCIAL

SEPTEMBER 8, 1937

FRIDAY

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

Pall Mall's new 15c cigarette, The Modern Blend, presents Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism.

Many people are discovering that they get more pleasure from smoking Pall Malls than any other cigarette. That's natural. Pall Malls are better — naturally. And it takes only 5 sentences to show you why —

ONE: Pall Malls are made exclusively of selected Virginia and Burley tobaccos ... enriched by the choicest Oriental tobaccos.

TWO: Pall Mall alone among well-known blended cigarettes does not add to its tobacco artificial flavorings of any kind.

THREE: Pall Mall selects its tobaccos more carefully and blends them more thoroughly so that no added flavourings are needed.

FOUR: In place of the usual artificial flavouring, Pall Mall gives you up to 15% more tobacco — 1/8th more tobacco than the ordinary cigarette, which is the tobacco equivalent of 5 more cigarettes in every package.

FIVE: Pall Mall's natural tobaccos leave no after-taste of artificial flavouring ... they give you more smoking pleasure.

Yes, actually, Pall Malls give you in full measure the new pleasure there is in smoking... the soothing pleasing effects of finer, milder tobacco ... and nothing else. But you need not take my word

ATK01 0142955

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS #8

OPENING COMMERCIAL UNIT

SEPTEMBER 8, 1937

REDACTED
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

for Pall Mall's superiority. Smoke Pall Mall yourself for a week and let your own taste decide. The new PALL MALLS cost you only 15¢ for 20 cigarettes; yet they contain tobacco as pure as those used in the ^{old} PALL MALLS, still famous at a Shilling in London - a Quarter Here.

There is no artificial flavouring in new Pall Mall. They're better Naturally! They cost 15¢ for 20 cigarettes, plus cigarette taxes in some states.

And now - Miss Dorothy Thompson with People in the News.

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

DOROTHY THOMPSON

September 3, 1937

PALL MALL BROADCAST

5

First of all, I want to take this opportunity to correct a stupid mistake which I made last week, to which some of my listeners have kindly called my attention. Gainsborough's Blue Boy is NOT in the Mellon collection. It is in the Huntington collection in Pasadena. I simply reported what I had read. Sorry.

A new name has emerged in Nazi Germany, and one which you and I should notice. Mr. Ernst Wilhelm Bohle - B O H L E has become the Chief of the famous Department Six of the German Foreign Office. This is an office which existed under the Kaiser and under the German Republic. It used to concern itself with promoting an interest in German culture amongst Germans living abroad. But its original purpose has now been extended. It is being built out into a Nazi international, a parallel of the famous Russian Comintern, which had conducted communist propoganda all over the world.

The new Nazi international is to conduct Nazi propaganda and organize Nazi groups in countries outside Germany, under the direct supervision of the German foreign office. Mr. Bohle therefore becomes for Nazi-ism what Mr. George Dimitroff is for international communism.

First something about Mr. Bohle. Like many Nazi leaders he is young - only 34 years old. He comes from British South Africa, where his father was a professor in the university at Capetown. The young man was born in Bradford, England, educated in South Africa, and came first to Germany as a young man.

In the United States, there are some 6,000,000 Germans. They are citizens of this country, and they have been admirable citizens. Thousands of them have shed their blood for the United States. They even fell in the last war, in the bitterness of having to fight their cousins and relatives in the fatherland. They have proved themselves American citizens. But now they are confronted by a serious dilemma of loyalty. For they are going to be told that their FIRST business is to think, not of the United States, or of any other nation where they may happen to live, but of Germany.

Mr. Bohle was perfectly clear about this at the Stuttgart conference: He said: "Whoever lives abroad is working PRIMARILY in the service of the Fatherland." Yesterday General Goering said: "You, Germans, who live abroad, have the right and duty to declare yourselves Germans and National Socialists. You are the SERVANTS of the homeland. German Nazi - ism is a world philosophy.

This means the intervention of a Foreign government in the internal affairs of our country. There's no question about it. Don't take my word for it, but consider this editorial from the Stuttgart Kurier. I am quoting it: It says: " We desire to bring back the Germans in the United States to the racial unity and common faith of all Germans. To this end, the spiritual and intellectual reform of Americans of German extraction is necessary, IN ACCORD WITH THE MODEL FURNISHED BY THE HOMELAND."

And they aren't just interested in regenerating German-Americans. Once they've done that they are going to undertake to regenerate the rest of us. This is what the editorial says further, and remember that this is the official organ of the Nazi International, and that no word can be published in a German paper against the policy of the regime.

I'm quoting again: "German American influence shall then be thrown in the balance UNDER OUR LEADERSHIP for the coming struggle for America's regeneration. These German Americans are prepared to enlist in the final struggle and take their place in AMERICA'S political life in order to exercise a DETERMINING INFLUENCE on the new America."

Now, let's get a few things clear. This country believes in free speech, free assembly a free press, a free radio, and the right of anyone to join anything he pleases, providing he keeps the law. He can join the Masons, or the Elks, or the Rotary Club, or a trade union. And he can, if he likes, join an American Nazi Party. What Germany is demanding in this country is based upon our conception of individual freedom. And that conception is being cynically exploited. Because you cannot join the Rotary Club, or the Masons, or any trade union in Germany.

Furthermore, if the United States attempted to do in Germany what Germany is doing here, it would not be tolerated for an instant. Not only may no German in Germany make propaganda for Democratic government, but no foreigner may, either. Americans in Germany who have tried to do so have been thrown into jail and tried for treason. Americans who have merely expressed an opinion against the Nazi form of government in papers published in their OWN countries, have been deported from Germany in 24 hours. I myself was thus deported, although I never made the slightest attempt to interfere in German affairs, nor was I ever accused of doing so. Edgar Mowrer, the correspondent of the Chicago Daily News was forced to leave. Only a few days ago, Mr. Norman Ebbutt, for many years the correspondent of the London Times, in Berlin was put out. He was deported from Germany because the British government had deported two Germans from London who were falsely posing as newspaper correspondents. These two Germans were both attacked to Mr. Bohle's organization. The British government considered them spies.

And now Germany, which will not tolerate ANY foreign influence on its soil, proposes to attach propaganda agents to its embassies abroad and to organize, on this soil, using American citizens of German origin as the nucleus, a German National Socialist movement. It's a brand new form of foreign missions.

And let's get another thing clear. This movement will direct itself at two things. It will attempt, first of all, to stir up in this country racial antagonisms. Particularly against Jews and Negroes. I know something about the Nazis in the city of New York and among them are some who want to organize storm troops to invade the Bronx...as Moseley's British fascists have been invading the Jewish quarter in Whitechapel in London. This country is a conglomeration of races, and a race war in the United States would split our country wide open, leading to the worst kind of violence and counter-violence.

The other thing which these Nazi groups, under German domination, propose to do, is to stir up hostility against organized labor. They will join every vigilante group, and they will interpret every strike as incipient communism. They will therefore set capital against labor and labor against capital and thus, in another way attempt to divide this nation. This simply means that we face having a new nation-wide Ku Klux Klan, made in Germany.

They will participate as organized groups, taking orders from Germany, in every political issue. They are already doing so in New York City, where a campaign for Mayor is in progress. The head of the Nazi organization in the United States is Fritz Kuhn. He is an American citizen. He has a big organization in New York and is working for Senator Copeland, in spite of the fact that the Senator has repudiated his support. The object of the New York Nazis is to get Police Commissioner Valentine out of office, in the hope that a new commissioner will give them more leeway.

And a third question: Why are the German Nazis INTERESTED in interfering in domestic governments throughout the world? It is, of course, partly fanatical belief that they have a world mission. But there are other, more practical reasons. Nations which are divided by racial and class strife are WEAK nations. They are scared nations. And they are not likely to make trouble for any aggressor anywhere.

My friends, there is a new technique of warfare in the world. We have seen it in Spain, we are seeing it in China. It is to foster civil war, and then enter to save such divided nations against communism, or against Democracy. The wars of this epoch don't begin by invasion. They begin by internal strife which then furnishes an excuse for military action. We don't want this kind of division. We don't want to be a second Spain.

In 1935, when the Communist International met in Moscow and announced plans for communizing the United States, our president sent two of the stiffest notes in our diplomatic history.

He said that the United States would regard such a program as an unfriendly act. I don't know what the State Department contemplates doing about this latest plan of a foreign government to organize our citizens. But this I am sure of. If a protest is made, it will have the overwhelming support of the majority of American citizens -- and that will include thousands of men and women of German origin. Free speech and free organization are one thing. But there is NO principle, either in FREEDOM, or in INTERNATIONAL LAW, which recognizes that a citizen can have divided loyalties, and as a member of one nation, take orders from another. No one can serve the United States and Russia, or the United States and Great Britain, or the United States and Germany.

And if I may, in closing, I should like as just one American citizen, to address myself to Mr. Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, and say this:

This country, Mr. Bohle, has no intention, now, or ever, of interfering to change in any way the government of Germany. This country, Mr. Bohle, wants to be at peace with the world, and at peace with your country. This country, Mr. Bohle, hopes some day to see a world united, under recognized international law. But your new program, Mr. Bohle, is not going to help any of these things.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

September 8, 1937

#5

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS. If you have subjects or people which you would like to have Miss Thompson discuss on these Friday evening broadcasts, we cordially invite you to write to Miss Thompson in care of this station. Miss Thompson is presented every Friday night at this time.....by Pall Mall, The Modern Blend.

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So next time you buy cigarettes, say "Pall Mallis." Twenty Pall Mallis in their sparkling red and gold package cost only fifteen cents, plus cigarette taxes in some states. Pall Mallis bring you straight tobacco flavor without artificial flavoring. They're Better.....Naturally!

Pall Mallis are manufactured by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company. Nelson Jase speaking. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

PEOPLE-IN-THE-NEWS #8

OPENING COMMERCIAL

September 10, 1937
FRIDAY
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

And now, Pall Mall's new 15-count cigarette, The Modern Blend, presents for your pleasure Miss Dorothy Thompson - America's First Lady of Journalism.

But first let me take a moment to tell you why you will get real smoking enjoyment from the new Pall Malls. There are five good reasons:

- ONE: Pall Malls are made exclusively of selected Virginia and Burley tobaccos ... enriched by the choicest Oriental tobaccos.
- TWO: Pall Mall alone among well-known blended cigarettes does not add to its tobaccos artificial flavorings of any kind.
- THREE: Pall Mall selects its tobaccos more carefully and blends them more thoroughly so that no added flavorings are needed.
- FOUR: In place of the usual artificial flavoring, Pall Mall gives you up to 15% more tobacco - 1/7th more tobacco than the ordinary cigarette, which is really the tobacco equivalent of 5 more cigarettes in every package.
- FIVE: Pall Mall's natural tobaccos leave no after-taste of artificial flavoring ... they give you more smoking pleasure.

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PALL MALL

SEPTEMBER 10, 1937

DOROTHY THOMPSON

A great many of you have asked me to speak about John L. Lewis. And this week's news gives me the opportunity. Last Friday Mr. Lewis made a sensational speech. This time he didn't lash out against fighting industrialists like Tom Girdler. He didn't pour his usual contempt upon William Green, of the American Federation of Labor. He was after bigger game. The butt of his remarks was the President of the United States. It's true that he didn't mention the President by name. But his meaning was clear. Lewis was fighting mad. The C. I. O. has given or lent a cool half million to the President's campaign chest. It had instructed its membership to vote for Roosevelt. And an old rule of politics is that when you give you get. But Mr. Lewis doesn't think he's gotten an adequate return, and so he spoke his mind. This is what he said: "It ill behooves one who has supped at labor's table and who has been sheltered in labor's house to curse with equal fervor and fine impartiality both labor and its adversaries when they become locked in deadly embrace."

Now the fine, fervid, and impartial cursing to which Mr. Lewis referred was obviously Mr. Roosevelt's Shakespearean quotation during the Little Steel Strike. "A Plague on Both your Houses" said the president. That was the President's rather mild intimation that he was disgusted with both labor and capital (in the great strikes this year.)

(M O R E)

ATX01 0142971

DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

There's no question that Mr. Lewis expected great things for his C.I.O. in this administration. They seemed to be promised by the President's last campaign speech -- the famous one that marched to the refrain: For all these things we have just begun to fight. In that speech the President told the "economic royalists" that in his first term they had met their match, and in his second they would meet their master. Those were cheery words for John L. Lewis. They seemed to him to mean that John L. Lewis could go ahead to take it out of the hide of the economic royalists. So the Administration had hardly sat down for its second term when Mr. Lewis opened a widespread offensive against Big Business, brandishing a weapon new to this country -- the Sit-Down Strike.

Now we don't know of course what the President would have done if this weapon had not been used. We do know that Mr. Lewis seemed sure he was safe in using it. Hadn't he put in half a million? Hadn't he turned out the vote? Aren't these obligations?

Well, events proved that Mr. Lewis was wrong. Last January, when he told the Detroit strikers that the President WANTED them to join the C.I.O., the President was extremely annoyed. Strikes and confusion reigned through the winter and spring. Mr. Roosevelt did nothing. And Labor itself split wide open. The A.F. of L. denounced Mr. Lewis. Vigilante organizations sprang up. Outside Chicago workers were shot down by the police. Elsewhere workers broke the heads of policemen. Wild strikes broke out, and one of them cut off the utilities of a whole town. The Supreme Court sustained the Wagner Labor Relations Act, but Labor only invoked it when it was to labor's advantage.

(M O R E)

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DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

The Secretary of Labor didn't know whether the Sit-Down strikes were legal or illegal. Congress split wide open over the issue, and so did the Democratic Party. Two governors ordered out the militia. Mill owners delivered food to workers in the factories by airplane. Some employers made peace with the C.I.O. Others didn't. The President appointed a mediation board. It failed. Altogether, the opening of the second administration was inauspicious.

And when the mess was dumped in the President's lap he finally condemned both capital and labor. (This didn't settle anything either. It made both the employers and the C.I.O. very sore.) And that brings us down to Mr. Lewis's speech on Friday, when he gave notice to the President that Labor -- the labor that he controls -- might withdraw its support from the New Deal.

What kind of a man is John Llewellyn Lewis? What has he behind him? Where is he going?

Let's take note of this. For twenty years this man has been one of the most debated characters in American Labor. Lots of the people who are now his closest friends and warmest supporters were once afraid of him. Many of them once denounced him. They said then that although he had a practical mind, he lacked both imagination and political subtlety. They said he was the very prototype of the old-fashioned Boss. They said he was a "magnificent browbeater," who cared above all else for power. They accused him of breaking labor leaders and unions who opposed him, and of building up a huge personal labor machine. Were they right then? Or are they right now, when they say he is the white hope of labor in America today? Are they for him now because he has succeeded in getting nearly four million followers? Or do they think he has changed?

(M O R E)

ATX01 0142973

DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

I don't know, but in my experience human characters don't change much after forty, and Mr. Lewis is over fifty years old.

What is he like?

Of Welsh ancestry. A breed that produces good fighters and great demagogues. Men of vigor and charm. Think of David Lloyd George. Lewis is like him in many ways. John Lewis's ancestors were not miners, they were farmers, but his father was a miner, and that's where John began. Physically, he gives the impression of some dark God of the earth (-- of someone who has come up from the bowels of the earth, with the strength of the earth in the solemn slope of his mighty limbs, and the inexhaustible energy of the earth surging through his veins.) The first impression is of bulk and power. The whole face and carriage reveal that this is a man of Will -- as Mussolini is preeminently a man of will. Lewis believes in force. He says so. He is sure that the workers will never get anything by persuasion, but only by direct action. The way to bring industry to terms, he thinks, is to bring it to its knees.

His face is made distinctive by enormous eyebrows, either one of which would make Hitler two mustaches. Under the eyebrows are a pair of remarkable eyes, very blue and luminous. Those eyes and brows belie the rest of the face, which is out of proportion and not so strong. His nose is too small. So is his mouth -- too small, I mean, for such a head and body. Also, one is startled by his paleness. It emphasizes some deep-rooted blackness about him --. When I saw him first I thought of the words: Black Welshman. But though he is dramatic, he can grin nicely. He can be very warm, very human.

(M O R E)

ATK01 0142974

DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

And though his voice can -- and does -- boom like a cannon, it can also murmur as softly as a summer afternoon. And don't get the idea that he is a brute. He is not. And he's educated far above the average. He can quote Shakespeare and the Bible with anyone. He has charm.

Where is he going? That's a hard question to answer. I doubt whether he knows. He believes that in modern mass production the old-fashioned craft union has outlived its usefulness. He wants vertical unions, combining all the workers in any industry, from skilled mechanics to common hod-carriers.

But this idea of One Big Union is not new in America. It has been tried twice, and both times it has failed. Back in the 90's there were the old Knights of Labor. Then just before the war, there was the I. W. W. (One of the two--) The first was a conservative labor organization; the other was revolutionary; but both of them petered out. I think they petered out because the theory that all workers have the same economic interests simply isn't realistic. There is little in common between a skilled pattern maker and the boy who sweeps iron filings off the floor. There are hundreds of one and thousands of the other. There isn't much in common between a copy boy on a newspaper and a trained reporter. The pattern maker and the reporter are tied to a certain type of industry. Their livings depend on that industry, and on it alone. But the boy who sweeps a factory today can sweep a bakery tomorrow, and the boy who carries copy today can carry parcels tomorrow. So perhaps that's the reason why One Big Union always tends to become a political rather than an economic organization.

(M O R E)

ATX01 0142975

DOROTHEA THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

Mr. Lewis admits that he has political aims for labor. But what they are he has never said. (He is vague on the subject.) He isn't for the Republicans; he is skeptical about the New Deal. He isn't a socialist, and he isn't a communist. He has broken communist labor leaders more than once, just because they WERE communist. President Hoover once thought of making him Secretary of Labor. Yet he helped elect Roosevelt. Tomorrow, he may be the leader, or the power behind a Third Party. There's talk of a Farmer-Labor Party. That idea isn't new, either. But it's very doubtful whether it will ever succeed. I don't know of a country in the world where the farmers have ever allied themselves with organized labor. Their interests conflict. The farmer doesn't want, nor can he have, a thirty hour week. He wants cheap industrial products and a high price for food. Labor wants cheap food, and high wages.

Furthermore, Mr. Lewis's program is being treated coldly by millions of Americans who are neither farmers nor organized workers. They are teachers, lawyers, dentists, shopkeepers, clerks. In other words, the numerous and powerful middle class.

Mr. Lewis doesn't understand much about the mentality of the American middle-classes. That has been proved this year. They don't share Mr. Lewis's affection for force. (A major strike, called to get men into a union, in which pickets are armed, and huge masses of outside people are mobilized to descend upon a community, alarms more than the employers.) Such a strike disorganizes the life and work of a whole community and lines people up on the side of employers who would normally be sympathetic to labor.

(M O R E)

ATX01 0142976

DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

It's no good for labor to accuse the employers of also using violence. That's been true. But one sort of violence doesn't condone another. The Labor Relations Act wasn't passed to give legal protection to labor violence, but to give labor recourse to the law. And it is hard to call a halt once violence begins. Mr. Lewis has learned that. He has complained often, privately, that he can't keep his hot-heads under control. But a great leader doesn't start things that he can't control.

And so Mr. Lewis is just as debateable a force and a character today as he was ten years ago. No one knows what his political goal really is. No one knows what he intends to do, in politics with his huge organization, which already controls millions of dollars and millions of votes. He looms above the American scene darkly, carrying in his heart an enormous resentment against short-sighted employers who have fought all trade unions for generations, and in his heart an enormous will to lead the working masses to better things. But I suspect that in his mind, he carries a vast confusion. He is very American. For it's an American slogan: "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way".

* * * * * COMMERCIAL AND CLOSE * * * * *

igs
9/10/37

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS #8

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

September 17, 1937
FRIDAY
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS. If you have subjects or people which you would like to have Miss Thompson discuss on these Friday evening broadcasts, we cordially invite you to write to Miss Thompson in care of this station. Miss Thompson is presented every Friday night at this time by Pall Mall, The Modern Blend.

The new Pall Mall, unlike most well-known blended cigarettes does not mix its tobaccos with artificial flavorings. Instead Pall Mall gives you top-grade tobaccos, carefully blended. It gives you all the pleasing, soothing, effects of natural tobaccos ... the full enjoyment of smoking.

So next time you buy cigarettes, say "Pall Malls". Twenty Pall Malls in their sparkling red and gold package cost only fifteen cents, plus cigarette taxes in some states. Pall Malls bring you straight tobacco flavor without artificial flavoring. They're better NATURALLY!

Pall Malls are manufactured by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company. Nelson Case speaking. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

ATK01 0142978

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS #7

OPENING COMMERCIAL

September 17, 1937
FRIDAY
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

And now, Pall Mall's new 15¢ cigarette, The Modern Blend, takes pleasure in presenting to you, Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism.

It is a tradition here in America that we like things that are genuine. And this is one reason why many people first begin smoking the new Pall Malls. They know that Pall Malls depend for their flavor on fine tobaccos alone -- they do not contain artificial flavorings.

This fact in itself sets Pall Mall apart from all other well-known blended cigarettes. Pall Malls do not contain licorice, elm bark, laurel leaves, or any of the other artificial flavorings that may amount to as much as 15% ... one-seventh of the weight of ordinary cigarettes, which is really the equivalent of 3 cigarettes in a package.

Instead, Pall Mall uses finer domestic and Turkish tobaccos, and blends them more thoroughly ... so that you get from the new Pall Malls the true joy of smoking -- the soothing, pleasing effects of tobacco at its best.

Many people have said that they enjoy the new Pall Malls more than any cigarette they have ever smoked. They like the idea and the effect of smoking a genuine cigarette with the genuine flavor of pure tobaccos. And they say that Pall Malls give them pleasant relief from the after-taste of artificial flavorings. These are the things that experienced smokers are telling us. And we believe you too will appreciate them. May we suggest that you try

ATX01 0142978

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS #7

OPENING COMMERCIAL OFFICE

September 11, 1957

RE: PAUL HILLS
CIGARETTES

the new Paul Hills for one week ... You get the added pleasure of
smoking a cigarette without artificial flavoring - a cigarette that
is better - DIFFERENT.

Paul Hills cost only 15¢ for 21, plus cigarette
taxes in some states.

And now - Miss Dorothy Thompson with People in the News.

ATX01 0142980

Felt

PALL MALL

SEPTEMBER 17, 1937

DOROTHY THOMPSON *Thompson*

In London tonight a Justice of the United States Supreme Court is barricaded behind locked doors. His telephone rings but he does not answer it. Reporters try to interview him but in vain. This man, in Europe on vacation, sees only the waiters who bring him food, the maids who tidy his rooms and the traffic of London moving in the streets below. But he is front page news in England, where the British are taking revenge for the Simpson case. And he is sensational news in the United States. He is the storm center of a political scandal of a kind unprecedented in our history. That man is Mr. Justice Black.

In Washington, President Roosevelt who appointed Mr. Black a justice of the highest court of the land is besieged by reporters. They clamor for a Presidential statement about a situation that threatens him with embarrassment and chagrin. He anticipates the reporters' questions. He has prepared a statement in writing. These are the President's words: "I know only what I read in the newspapers. I note that the stories are appearing serially and that publication is not complete. Mr. Justice Black is in Europe where undoubtedly he cannot get the full text of these articles. Until such time as he returns there is no further comment to be made." Meanwhile, newspapers have offered Mr. Black a full text by cable. But the offer has not been accepted.

A justice of the Supreme Court of the United States for the first time in the history of the country stands accused before the bar of public opinion of having been and still being a member of an organization notorious for its lawlessness.

ATXO1 0142981

A man sworn to interpret the fundamental law of the land with complete impartiality toward Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, white and black, rich and poor, is accused of having given his sworn allegiance to an organization dedicated to hatred of Jew, Catholic and Negro. A man sworn to uphold the constitutional guarantees of freedom of worship and the right of trial by jury, is accused of having sworn his allegiance to an organization that denies these rights.

Hard-boiled veteran newspaper man, Ray Sprigle, reporter for the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette and the North American Newspaper Alliance touched off this scandal in a series of articles based upon an investigation of Mr. Black's political career in Alabama. Briefly, what Mr. Sprigle asserts is this: Hugo Black, a citizen of Alabama, joined the Ku Klux Klan in Birmingham in September 1923. He was a member for nearly two years. He resigned in July, 1925, to run for the Senate. His resignation was never accepted. He was supported by the Klan in the senatorial election. He was the Klan's candidate, and afterwards publicly acknowledged that without its support he would not have been elected. He was received back into the Klan in 1926, was made a life member, and although he now sits on the Supreme bench, he is still a member.

Now why is this matter so important that already eight Senators who supported Mr. Black's confirmation for the Supreme Court say they would have opposed it had they known the alleged facts? Why is it so important that members of Congress are being canvassed concerning the possible impeachment of the Justice? That sources close to the White House predict that Justice Black will either have to resign or make a satisfactory explanation? What is there about the Ku Klux Klan that in the minds of millions of people makes membership in it an insuperable obstacle to the holding of public office?

MISS THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

The case against the Klan was brilliantly stated by another Southern Senator in the same year that Mr. Black is alleged to have joined it. That man was ex-Senator Leroy Percy of Mississippi.

Senator Percy, speaking on the same platform with Klansmen said: "I charge the Klan with what they themselves proudly proclaim to be true. I charge them with being spies. Spies upon their friends and neighbors." He accused the Klan of setting neighbor against neighbor, of destroying the public peace, of a secret and concealed membership leading to a moral disintegration of the character of the men who belonged to it, of circulating lies and filth, of organizing violence and assassination.

And then Senator Percy said this: "There are other reasons why Klansmen cannot properly be officers of the state. And that is the oath of the Klansman." And he quoted the oath -- the one that Justice Black is alleged to have taken. This is part of that oath:

"I will conform to all regulations, usages, and requirements of the Klan which do now exist, or which may be hereafter enacted, and will render loyal respect and steadfast support to the Imperial Authority of the same, and will heartily heed all official mandates and instructions thereof. I SWEAR THAT I WILL KEEP THE SECRET OF A KLANSMAN WHEN THE SAME IS CONFIDED TO ME IN THE SACRED BOND OF KLANSMANSHIP! THE CRIME OF VIOLATING THIS SOLEMN OATH, TREASON AGAINST THE UNITED STATES, RAPE, AND MALICIOUS MURDER EXCEPTED,"

And then Senator Percy took up this curious phrase "malicious murder".

He went on to say: "Gentlemen, this oath was framed for a purpose. A Klansman swears to keep secret everything but malicious murder and rape.

MISS THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

You can go through all the codes of the law -- said Senator Percy -- and you will not find the words MALICIOUS murder! Why was it used here? Accidentally? No Sir. It was used for a purpose. If a Klansman under orders from the Wizard or anyone else goes to inflict corporal punishment on a person and murder follows, that Klansman has got to be protected. There must be no witnesses to testify to it." The Senator was not painting bogies on the wall. Men WERE arrested at night by masked Klansmen. Men WERE murdered by them. Senator Percy made reference to a specific case -- the notorious happenings in Mer Rouge Louisiana when two men were tied up, beaten, and drowned. And this speech of Senator Percy's was made in the very year when Hugo Black is supposed to have joined the Ku Klux. And then Senator Percy summed up the whole issue in these words:

"We shall either have government by the established authorities or by the wizards of an invisible empire."

Over in Alabama, Senator Underwood, who stood out against the Klan was defeated of reelection to the Senate. Mr. Black, who is alleged to have stood FOR government of the invisible empire, was elected.

If then the accusations against Mr. Black are true this also must be true: That he was elected to the Senate by masked gangsters, night-riding terrorists, bigots, and assisins of the law. It is also unquestionably true that if Mr. Black was elected to the Senate by the Ku Klux Klan he owes his seat on the Supreme Court indirectly to the Klan. For had he not been in the Senate he would not be on the bench. How then, men ask, can such a man administer impartial justice in 1937 when fifteen years ago he allegedly swore to uphold an organization that administered its own justice with pistol and whip?

MISS THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

Well, some will ask, why hold the past against Mr. Black in the present? In the Senate he has a liberal record. He fought the utilities, advocated the minimum wages and hours bill. Perhaps he has seen a vision and changed. Let's see. In 1930 the appointment of a Mr. Tate to the Interstate Commerce Commission was strongly opposed by a certain Southern Senator on the ground that Mr. Tate had been attorney for the Southern Railway. This is what that Senator said: "As a general rule, a man follows in the future a course that he has followed in the past. Show me the kind of steps a man made in the sand five years ago and I will show you the kind of steps he is likely to make in the sand five years HENCE."

The man who spoke these words was Senator Black.

No one who lived outside the South in the days of the Klan's power can imagine the reign of hatred, terror, and even bloodshed that it caused. In little towns where Gentile and Jew, Catholic, Protestant and Negro had lived side by side in peace, venomous dissension arose. Thousands of helpless Negroes, terrified by white-sheeted Klansmen riding ghost-like at night and by burning crosses upon high hills, fled the South. Plantations were deserted, business was disrupted, Klansmen traded only with other Klansmen. For months on end men went armed on the streets and kept guns at convenient places in their homes.

The Klan's titles were a gibberish. Imperials, Wizards, Genie, Grand Dragons, Hydras of Realms, Grand Goblins, Grand Titans, Furies of Provinces, Giants, Exalted Cyclops, and Terrors of Klanterns ruled over the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Citizens of the Invisible Empire.

Too bad the plantation Negroes couldn't join it! They would have loved a lodge with such high-sounding titles.

ATX01 0142985

MISS THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

The President now faces a difficulty which is unique. He has made it clear that he did not know, when the appointment was made, that Mr. Black had ever been a member of the Klan.

But why, if the facts are so, DID he not know? Rumors were prevalent. Why were they not investigated? The senate fell back upon the immemorial custom of accepting unquestioningly any one of its own members. The situation is piled high with irony, for Mr. Black was appointed in the midst of the President's fight with Congress to LIBERALIZE the Supreme Court, and compel a broader visioned, more humane interpretation of the Constitution. But by no stretch of the imagination can liberalism be reconciled with any sort of connection with the Ku Klux Klan, no matter how tenuous, no matter for what reasons of political expediency. Once a Klansman, never a liberal.

This extraordinary situation is embarrassing to the President, tragic for Mr. Black, unfortunate for the dignity of the Court, and lamentable in all its implications. It is one that must be regretted by all who love this democracy. No matter what ones partisanship is, it would be unmitigated relief if Justice Black should step off a ship tomorrow and be able to say, candidly and provably: "The whole story has not a grain of truth in it."

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9/17/37

ATX01 0142986

PALL MALL

SEPTEMBER 17, 1937

DOROTHY THOMPSON

In London tonight a Justice of the United States Supreme Court is barricaded behind locked doors. His telephone rings but he does not answer it. Reporters try to interview him but in vain. This man, in Europe on vacation, sees only the waiters who bring him food, the maids who tidy his rooms and the traffic of London moving in the streets below. But he is front page news in England, where the British are taking revenge for the Simpson case. And he is sensational news in the United States. He is the storm center of a political scandal of a kind unprecedented in our history. That man is Mr. Justice Black.

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ATX01 0142987

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9/17/37

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS #7

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

September 17, 1957

READER
PULL MAIL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCEMENT:

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Pull Mails are manufactured by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company. Nelson Cass speaking. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

ATK01 0142994

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

OPENING COMMERCIAL

SEPTEMBER 24, 1937
FRIDAY
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

And now, Pall Mall's new 15¢ cigarette, The Modern Blend, takes pleasure in presenting to you, Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism.

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Pall Malls cost only 15¢ for twenty, plus cigarette taxes in some states. Remember: they're better -- NATURALLY!

And now - Miss Dorothy Thompson with People in the News.

ATKO1 0142995

MISS DOROTHY THOMPSON:

Last week half a million people (in one of the oldest cities of Europe) stood for hours in torrential rains and flashing lightnings in order to file past a coffin containing the remains of a coachman's son. Hour after hour trains discharged thousands of passengers in the railway station of this city--lean-faced working men, patient old peasant women, children and workers in glass and textiles. Hour after hour representatives of all the states of Europe from the English channel to Istanbul arrived. Not since Napoleon's body came back to Paris a hundred years ago has Europe witnessed such a spontaneous and profound outburst of national grief.

For Thomas Garrigue Masaryk is dead. Masaryk the founder and first President of the Czechoslovak Republic.

Masaryk was a professor, not a soldier. Yet he built a great army. One of the most fantastic and romantic armies in all history. He loved candor and truth but circumstance made him a conspirator. He had the power to be a dictator or a king, but he chose to be a modest President. He was surrounded by despotisms but he made his country a democracy. He governed by reason, guided by love of freedom and he kept his country democratic when all his neighbors succumbed to dictatorship. Professor, revolutionist, conspirator, and exile, creator of a democracy that split the ancient Austro-Hungarian empire, Masaryk died at a great age, beloved by his countrymen, admired by the world, and without a single personal enemy.

Seventeen years ago I met in London a little round man with a squeaky voice. We talked about European statesmen and the little man said: "There's only one great statesman in Europe today. Name is Masaryk." The little man was H. G. Wells.

MISS THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

A few years later I met Masaryk in the great palace where he lived in Prague. I remember vistas of white-and-gold corridors, high doors opening upon high doors, and finally a tall, spare, courtly gentleman. He was an old man then. But his eyes were clear and serene, his figure as trim as that of a man of thirty. He was in riding clothes. He seemed to me the most aristocratic figure I had ever met as the head of a state, and I have met most of them -- kings, dictators, and prime ministers.

As we talked I realized that his was the most scholarly mind I had ever encountered in high politics. The visitor could choose his own language. For Masaryk spoke Czech, Russian, and many Slavic dialects; he could converse in English, German, Italian, or French. He knew not only the languages but the mentalities behind them. He could talk with an American about the constitutional convention, the Civil War or the novels of Hawthorne or Theodore Dreiser. He could correct an Englishman's quotations from Locke, or Hume or Mill. He could discuss Dostoevski with a Russian, or Montesquieu with a Frenchman. He had the mind of a scholar, the figure of a sportsman, the bearing of an aristocrat, the position of a king. But he had the heart of a democrat. And you've got to go back 150 years to find anyone like him. He and George Washington would have understood one another. He was remarkably like Thomas Jefferson. He was not remotely like any other leading figure of our times. The grandiose gestures of Mussolini would have embarrassed him. The mysticism of Hitler would have appalled him. The cruelty of Stalin would have horrified him. He was the last great revolutionary leader who believed in reason, simplicity, and tolerance.

DOROTHY THOMPSON:(CONTINUED)

This humane and aristocratic figure defied all the laws of heredity. His father was a coachman on one of the Imperial Hapsburg estates in Slovakia. His mother was a cook. He was brought up in an atmosphere of obsequiousness, poverty, superstition, and humiliation. When he first went to school, he was arrayed in a cut-down suit of his coachman father's, looking like a little lackey in its gold buttons. The boys jeered at him. His parents actually had to ask permission of the imperial master to send him to high school. And then, when the permission was granted, he hadn't the money to go. His father sent him to Vienna. Many years later Adolph Hitler's father was to send him to Vienna to make his way as an apprentice and workman. Hitler became a housepainter; twelve year old Thomas Masaryk was apprenticed to a locksmith. But what a difference in the reaction! Hitler, rebelling against his fate, came to hate the workmen with whom he was associated. Masaryk then, and to the end of his days, felt his heart go out in sympathy to all workmen, to all common people. What Masaryk hated was their obsequiousness. What he hated was the dull routine of factory life, the arrogant, imperial bureaucracy, the snobbery, the silly bossism. Men must be men, and to be men they must be free. He loved independence, self-confidence, the sense of honor.

(M O R E)

DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

Because he hated the mass work of factories he went back to Slovakia and as a thirteen year old boy did the heavy work in a blacksmith shop. A village teacher finally discovered the brilliant boy and arranged to have him taught by a priest in return for helping with tutoring. On the side, this coachman's son learned Latin and to play the piano. Finally he passed the examinations which enabled him to enter the German high school at Burrno, where again he had to earn his way. Then to Vienna university. Again penniless. Again dependent for his bread and butter on tutoring less talented youngsters than himself.

Although Masaryk's life work lay in Central Europe, far from our shores, the state he created is bound to America by ties of marriage, politics, and philosophy. When he was a young student he fell in love at first sight with Charlotte Garrigue, an American girl who was studying abroad. She was serious, and highly intelligent, and to the end of his days Masaryk said that her mind was better than his. He lived with her at first in a single, unlighted room, but always in happiness. He was the only great European statesman who was always an ardent champion of the rights of women.

Masaryk was essentially a reformer - not a revolutionist. At first he did not want to see the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian empire of which his people were a part. He merely wanted it purged of its frivolity and corruption and democratized. He was a Czechoslovak nationalist and wanted justice for Czechs and other minorities within the Empire, but he held the search for truth to be the highest aim of man and exposed some famous Czech documents as forgeries. This made him, for a while, hated by the Czech radicals.

(M O R E)

(DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED))

He thought the war was a crime and was certain from the beginning that the German and Austrian alliance would lose. He had been in England, France and America, and had come to have absolute faith in democracy. He was not impressed by the mighty German army. He was impressed by French and British people. He believed that war would wreck the Austro-Hungarian empire. And he did an incredible thing. He determined to save his own people, the Czechs, who were a part of the empire, by putting them into the war on the side of the Allies.

Imagine what a supremely difficult and audacious attempt that was! Here were the Czechs surrounded by millions of Austrians and Germans, of whose numbers they were a part. Yet they were to fight on the other side -- it's as though the United States were to war with Japan and Indiana decided to fight with the Japanese. But Masaryk did it. He escaped from Prague and went from city to city of Europe and the United States - a scholar, philosopher, and patriot, selling the cause of Czech nationalism to the heads of allied states. He convinced them that when the war was won they should help him found an independent Czechoslovakia.

And here, once more, America comes upon the scene. There were more Czechs in Chicago than in any Czech city except Prague; more Slovaks in Pittsburgh than in any Slovak town. And from these overseas Czechoslovaks Masaryk got financial backing for his new nation.

(M O R E)

ATX01 0143000

DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

The most incredible thing he did was to make a trained Czech army for the Allies. Czechs had been drafted into the Austrian army, of course, and thousands had been taken prisoner in Russia. Masaryk went to Russia, pulled them out of prison camps, reorganized them as an independent army, and sent them five thousand miles across Siberia and around the world to turn up and take a last stand with the allies on the western front. This was a feat unparalleled since the Ten Thousand Greeks under Xenophon fought their way homeward centuries ago.

In the autumn of 1917 when the United States was already in the war, Masaryk came to Washington to see President Wilson. At home in Prague he had issued a Declaration of Independence modeled along the lines of Jefferson's Declaration of 1776. President Wilson gave him support. On November 15th, 1917 he paid his last American visit to President Wilson, and in New York as he was about to take ship he learned in a dramatic and thrilling way that his dream had come true. For as he left the Vanderbilt Hotel in New York he found a detachment of American sailors sent to render him military honors as President of the Czechoslovak Republic.

Later at the Peace Conference the President of the great democracy of the west and the President of the newly founded democracy of Central Europe, met again. President Wilson was an ardent champion of Czechoslovakia and lent his great weight to its founding. And it may be of some comfort to Americans to realize that Czechoslovakia is indeed a democracy, a fortress of liberty in the heart of Europe, and the advance guard of democracy towards the east.

DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

And in all this America played a dominant role. -- Through Charlotte Garrigue, the American girl whom Masaryk married, through the Czechoslovak citizens of this country, and through our war-time President Wilson.

The half million legionnaires who gathered in New York this week, while Masaryk was being buried, may have thought cynically that they had done nothing after all to make the world safe for democracy. But they were wrong. Whatever happens in the future to Czechoslovakia, this little people have been permeated through and through with the ideals of independence, self-confidence, and freedom. Ideas, if they are true, do not die easily. They are often stronger than the mightiest armies.

And the man who was buried this week belongs in the parthenon of the great lovers of freedom, to which America has contributed so many illustrious names.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS #8

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS. If you have subjects or people which you would like to have Miss Thompson discuss on these Friday evening broadcasts, we cordially invite you to write to Miss Thompson in care of this station. Miss Thompson is presented every Friday night at this time - by Pall Mall, The Modern Blend.

The new Pall Mall, unlike most well-known blended cigarettes does not mix its tobaccos with artificial flavorings. Instead Pall Mall gives you top-grade tobaccos, carefully blended. It gives you all the pleasing, soothing, effects of natural tobaccos -- the full enjoyment of smoking.

So next time you buy cigarettes, say "Pall Malls". Twenty Pall Malls in their sparkling red and gold package cost only fifteen cents, plus cigarette taxes in some states. Pall Malls bring you straight tobacco flavor without artificial flavoring. They're better - NATURALLY!

Pall Malls are manufactured by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company. Nelson Case speaking. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

JGS-RES-9/24/37

ATX01 0143003

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS #8

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

September 24, 1937
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson with
PEOPLE IN THE NEWS. If you have subjects or people which you would
like to have Miss Thompson discuss on these Friday evening broadcasts,
we cordially invite you to write to Miss Thompson in care of this
station. Miss Thompson is presented every Friday night at this time
... by Pall Mall, The Modern Blend.

The new Pall Mall, unlike most well-known blended
cigarettes does not mix its tobaccos with artificial flavorings.
Instead Pall Mall gives you top-grade tobaccos, carefully blended.
It gives you all the pleasing, soothing, effects of natural tobaccos
... the full enjoyment of smoking.

So next time you buy cigarettes, say "Pall Mall".
Twenty Pall Malls in their sparkling red and gold package cost only
fifteen cents, plus cigarette taxes in some states. Pall Malls
bring you straight tobacco flavor without artificial flavoring.
They're better ... NATURALLY!

Pall Malls are manufactured by the American Cigarette
and Cigar Company. Nelson Case speaking. This is the National
Broadcasting Company.

ATX01 0143004



ATK01 0143005

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PEOPLE IN THE NEWS #9

OPENING COMMERCIAL

October 1, 1937
FRIDAY
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

AMONGST:

And now, Pall Mall's new 15-cent cigarette, The Modern Blend, takes pleasure in presenting to you, Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism.

Before introducing Miss Thompson may we have just one minute to tell you why Pall Mall cigarettes will give you new and greater smoking pleasure. Pall Malls give you the genuine flavor of fine tobaccos - unadulterated by the addition of any artificial flavoring. Other well-known blended cigarettes do add to their tobaccos such artificial flavorings as laurel leaves, licorice, elm bark, glucose or some of a hundred others. These flavorings in ordinary cigarettes may amount to 15% or one-seventh of their weight.

But Pall Mall makes its cigarettes solely of selected Domestic and Foreign tobaccos, tobaccos so fine they need no artificial flavoring. Pall Mall blends these tobaccos more thoroughly so that you get in the new Pall Malls the true joy of smoking - the pleasing effects of tobacco at its best.

May we suggest that you try the new Pall Malls ... and judge for yourself. You will find, we believe, that Pall Mall's flavor of fine tobacco unmodified by artificial flavorings will most perfectly meet your smoking desires; that thereafter you will be satisfied with no other cigarette.

Pall Malls cost only 15¢ per dozen, plus tax and postage in some states. Remember: Thompson's Blend - PALL MALL!

And now - Miss Dorothy Thompson with people in the

News.

Pa. 4-33 100M 747

ATX01 0143006

Like the rest of you - I have just been listening to Mr Justice Black's extraordinary speech. I'm tempted to lay aside this script and talk about it. But I've decided to reserve it for my newspaper ⁷²⁴column on Monday. *Oct. 1, 1937*

MISS THOMPSON:

At this very minute a notorious citizen of New York is arriving back in town. He comes handcuffed, in an airplane from California, to answer indictments charging him with racketeering on a colossal scale. His name is Max Silverman. He arrives in the midst of a political campaign for mayor. The man who brought him back, and the man who will confront him in court, is running for district attorney of New York county on the ticket with mayor La Guardia. His name is Thomas E. Dewey. To organized crime in this country, Mr. Dewey is Enemy Number 1. To decent citizens of New York, he is St. George at war with the modern dragon.

Thomas Dewey is thirty-five years old, but he has been fighting crime since he was 29, when he was assistant United States District Attorney. His first public appearances were not in court. They were as a choir boy, and his voice was so good that he couldn't decide for a time whether to be a singer or a lawyer. He is slender, good-looking, well-dressed, and almost collegian in appearance. You take him at face value because he has the face of an honest man. He is gentle, determined, methodical, and deliberate. He has not an ounce of the unctuousness usually associated with the politician. He is courteous and dignified, and not a back-slapper. He and his whole office, handpicked by himself, are college bred youth in American public life, incorruptible, deceptively casual, and entirely fearless. Dewey is not the old type of evangelist reformer. He does not believe that corruption in American life can be eliminated by spectacular raids, and highly publicized clean-up campaigns, which end in sending a few minor criminals to jail.

(M O R E)

ATK01 0143007

MISS THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

He is only incidentally interested in gunmen. He is after the men who never tote a gun, and never even meet their own gunmen. They live in suites at the best hotels. They dine with judges and prominent politicians. They send their children to the best schools. They are the great capitalists of organized crime. Their profits are so large that they corrupt judges and juries; Elect crooks to high office, and procure immunity by political power and bribery. They honeycomb and undermine the whole of American life. They permeate industry selling thugs to capital, as strikebreakers, and thugs to labor, as pickets. They are in unions and in employers' associations. They control gambling, prostitution, narcotics, and dozens of legitimate industries. They levy their tax upon the vegetables, bread, milk, and flour that you and I eat. They are the curse and the greatest problem of America today.

Their hunting ground is the great cities of the United States. Their impertinence has been colossal. Waxy Gordon, now in jail for all sorts of racketeering, chiefly in liquor, once backed a theatrical production in New York ~~HI/AN/TH/NS/PAW/~~. He hired a special train and took the whole cast up to sing-sing ^{prison sign} /to perform for his pals. But in the greatest and richest city of America ^{the gangsters} they are on the run. And what is putting them on the run is Youth, whose symbol for New Yorkers, is Tom Dewey.

(MORE)

ATX01 0143008

MISS THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

A Grand Jury of honest men, sitting two and a half years ago, is responsible for Thomas Dewey. It realized that it had a function which Grand Juries of American citizens had almost ceased to perform, and that was to conduct its own investigations if it was dissatisfied with the authorities. It asked Governor Lehman to appoint a special prosecutor of rackets. The Governor invited four leading lawyers, all of whom had been associated with reform, to take the job. All refused, but all recommended young Dewey - a man of whom the governor had never heard. Dewey took the job. Since then - in two years - there have been 73 prosecutions, and 72 convictions.

Now what were this young man's problems?

First, the criminals were known. The police of New York, like the police of every city, know who are the organized gangsters. But evidence against them that would stand the test of trial had to be amassed. Neither the existing law, nor the existing detective force would do. The law had been designed to catch an individual criminal for an individual act. Under the new Dewey law, any number of crimes of the same general character can be grouped together and prosecuted under one indictment. This means that Dewey can get a whole gang prosecuted at once. Hitherto criminals had been tipped off by detectives, and victims were so terrified of gang vengeance that they would not give evidence. In a single case it was sometimes necessary to drag facts from as many as a thousand reluctant witnesses. Sometimes, witnesses were hidden away by Mr. Dewey and guarded by police until they appeared in court. Otherwise they might have been killed -- or thought they might.

(M O R E)

MISS THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

But so successful were Mr. Dewey's methods that not a single witness has been threatened or bumped off. Dewey operates from special headquarters in sound-proof rooms in the Woolworth building, not from the usual prosecuting attorney's office. His staff includes not only criminal investigators but also accountants, who examine the books of the victims of organized crime in order to prove that they are making payments to racketeers. Many of the victims try to conceal these payments, because they are terrified of their extortioners. Nobody would call Jack Dempsey a coward, but he paid protection on his restaurant to men who couldn't be reached with fists, - to men who could demoralize his workers, order his windows broken, and drive his customers away with stench bombs,

Racketeering takes a thousand forms. Dewey has proved that many trade unions in this country are full of gangsters, either because a racketeer has gotten control of a union or because a union leader has turned racketeer. Such a union existed, for instance, in the restaurant industry in New York. They call fake strikes and then settle with the employers for a shakedown. Or, for a price, they will guarantee to an employer that he will not have to raise wages. Or they abuse an ambiguous labor contract, with all sorts of sabotage, and stop only if their blackmail money is paid. One restaurant chain paid \$17,000 for gangster protection, and others who wouldn't pay were driven out of business. Gangsters also formed so-called employers' associations to keep up prices. The New York bakery racket is an example of this. Gangsters set the price of a loaf of bread in a certain section of the city, and guaranteed to bakers, in return for a shakedown, that no baker could stay in business who cut prices.

• (M O R E)

ATK01 0143010

MISS THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

If he did, they smashed his windows and overturned his trucks, and had the effrontery to call it price stabilization -- a racketeer's N. R. A. Dozens of loan sharks ~~were~~ ^{have been} sent to jail ^{by Dewey} /- scoundrels who were charging as much as a thousand percent for small loans to desperate people, loans that a man took because his wife was having a baby, or because he was temporarily out of a job. And all these individual extortions accumulate, Dewey has proved, in the hands of super-rings, run by a criminal upper class - in alliance with corrupt politicians.

(M O R E)

ATX01 0143011

MISS THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

The important thing about Dewey, it seems to me, is that he is a young man with a philosophy of life, and a broad view of politics. Dewey sees that American crime, which has grown to proportions in excess of any other country in the civilized world, is not just an isolated phenomenon. It has a cause. It has grown out of the way our country was developed, out of the way our cities have been organized and run, out of relations between employers and workers. It is a part and parcel of our whole social system, and of our whole public morality, or lack of it. Dewey sees that the way in which our country was opened up, in the seventies and eighties, by pirates of Big Business, breaking their competitors by fair means or foul, is partly responsible for what we have today. Those employers who favored a dishonest union that they could buy, to an honest one whom they couldn't, are also responsible. The existence of agencies to hire thugs to capital and labor for use in labor wars, is another cause. The spoils system, especially in great cities, which leads politicians to appoint men to office, not for their competence, but for the votes they can control, is another.

Dewey sees that to end crime and racketeering much more is necessary than even a dozen prosecutors of his own calibre. A competent, incorruptible civil service, in city, state, and nation, is necessary. Trade Unionism, recognized in law, recognized in public opinion, and invested with public responsibility is also necessary. The ending of labor spies and strikebreaking organizations is necessary. To end crime you have not only got to put criminals behind bars, you have got to awaken ^{Americans} ~~Americans~~, to demand disinterested public servants, clean politics, decent administration, judges whose interest is to protect the law and not to catch themselves votes. (MORE)

MISS THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

The fight on gangsters in New York is not new. It has been done before. Gangs have been smashed, and when public indignation subsided, they have risen again. Continuous fights against gangs in other cities have rid them of gang influence, seemingly for all time. The city of Milwaukee is a case in point. ^{The gang warfare of New York and Chicago is unknown there} This battle against organized crime, like the battle against insect pests, must be unremitting. Too often, in American life, there have been enormous bursts of public indignation, followed by hasty prosecutions, hasty legislation, and then a false feeling of security, and again public indifference.

Whether the fight against crime in New York is carried on by Mr. Dewey, or by anyone else, depends, eventually, on the ^{determination} ~~vigilance~~ of public opinion. And the fight on crime in New York is being watched by gangsterdom throughout the entire nation. If the racket and the gangster are suppressed in New York, the richest and largest city in the country, honest citizens throughout America will demand that they, too, be freed of this incubus. And they will know that it can be done.

Thomas Dewey knows this. He feels that he has had a national mission. And whether he is elected District Attorney or not, he will have performed a national service.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS #8

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

OCTOBER 1, 1937
FRIDAY
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS. If you have subjects or people which you would like to have Miss Thompson discuss on these Friday evening broadcasts, we cordially invite you to write to Miss Thompson in care of this station. Miss Thompson is presented every Friday night at this time.... by Pall Mall, The Modern Blend.

The new Pall Mall, unlike most well-known blended cigarettes does not mix its tobaccos with artificial flavorings. Instead Pall Mall gives you top-grade tobaccos, carefully blended. It gives you all the pleasing, soothing effects of natural tobaccos ... the full enjoyment of smoking.

So next time you buy cigarettes, say "Pall Malls". Twenty Pall Malls in their sparkling red and gold package cost only fifteen cents, plus cigarette taxes in some states. Pall Malls bring you straight tobacco flavor without artificial flavoring. They're Better
.....NATURALLY!

Pall Malls are manufactured by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company. Nelson Case speaking. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

RES/EAB
10/1/37

ATX01 0143014

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

October 2, 1957
10:00 PM
PACIFIC TIME

INTRO:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS. If you have subjects or people which you would like to have Miss Thompson and discuss on these Friday evening broadcasts, we cordially invite you to write to Miss Thompson in care of this station. Miss Thompson is broadcast every Friday night at this time ... by Bill Hall, The Modern Blend.

The new Bill Hall, unlike most well-known brands cigarettes does not mix its tobacco with artificial flavorings. Instead Bill Hall gives you top-grade tobacco, carefully blended. It gives you all the pleasing, soothing, effects of natural tobacco ... the full enjoyment of smoking.

So next time you buy cigarettes, say "Bill Hall". Rocky Bill Halls in their sparkling red and gold package cost only fifteen cents, plus cigarette taxes in some states. Bill Halls bring you straight tobacco flavor without artificial flavoring. Smoking Better ... NATURALLY!

Bill Halls are manufactured by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company. Unless you specify. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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PALL MALL BROADCAST

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

File
DOROTHY THOMPSON *Script*

OCTOBER 8, 1937

#1

At Chicago on Tuesday President Roosevelt made the most momentous and courageous speech of his career. It was momentous because it foreshadows a break with the policy of international political isolationism that has dominated our foreign relations since 1918, because it proposes to throw the great moral weight of the United States into the scales of the peace-loving nations, and finally because it brings sharply home to every American the possibility however remote of the profoundest and most cruel reality that can confront us: war. It was courageous because millions of Americans honestly believe that wars in the world do not threaten either our security or our political and economic systems; because they think that this country can achieve the feat of being in the world and yet not of it, that we can enjoy privileges without incurring responsibility, that America can live untouched and unscarred in a world rapidly degenerating into a state of international anarchy. And it is highly significant that the President chose Chicago as the place to make his speech. He did not speak in some city of the eastern seaboard that is in intimate touch with the Atlantic Ocean and Europe. He did not speak in some city of the West coast that looks out upon the Pacific and across to Japan and China. He spoke instead in the center of the country where the people look neither to Europe nor the orient but to the boundless prairies, lakes, rivers and mountains of mid-continent America.

As he spoke the son of the Italian dictator was leading a squadron of airplanes to the bombing of loyalist Spain. And Italy is not

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PALL MALL BROADCAST
PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

DOROTHY THOMPSON
CONTINUED
#1 -- A

OCTOBER 8, 1937

officially at war with Spain. As he spoke hundreds of thousands of
japanese soldiers were blasting the people and the cities of China.
And Japan is not officially at war with China.

(MORE)

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As he spoke British and French destroyers were searching for pirate submarines in the Mediterranean. And officially nobody is at war in the Mediterranean. As he spoke more than five hundred million people in Europe and the Orient were actually at war although officially the world is at peace. Long ago the world was promised a peace that passeth understanding. It is here now. Now in the 1937th year after the birth of Christ.

Abraham Lincoln once said that the United States could not endure half slave and half free. Franklin Roosevelt now says in effect that it cannot preserve its present political and economic system in the face of catastrophic shocks from world conflicts if we are to continue our present policy of being half isolationist and half internationalist. The heart of his speech and of his policy is summed up in one sentence. These are his words: "The peace-loving nations must make a concerted effort in opposition to those violations of treaties and those ignorings of humane instincts which today are creating a state of international anarchy and instability from which there is no escape through mere isolation or neutrality."

Mark well these words: "from which there is no escape through mere isolation or neutrality." And he said this:"the people of the United States under modern conditions must, for the sake of their own future, give thought to the rest of the world."

Why does the President believe that there is no escape for us through mere isolation or neutrality? The answer lies partly in our historical past and in our economic and political present. The fact is that in 1812 and 1914 when world wars raged in the world we became involved.

(more)

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What happened twice may happen a third time. But there is a deeper and more logical consideration. The United States is NOT an independent planet spinning in space. It is deeply, intimately, and irrevocably a part of the world. It shares the fortunes and misfortunes of other people, suffers when they suffer, prospers when they prosper, and reflects in the thinking and standard of living of its people the thoughts and fluctuations in the standard of living of people remote from our shores. We are part of a delicate world organism every shock which registers immediately in our sensitive economic system. The tramp of Hitler's soldiers marching into the Rhineland registered loudly on our stock exchange. The announcement of England's rearmament resulted in a wild scramble for copper, tin, steel, aluminum and other metals. Prices immediately went up here. And so every farmer who bought a tractor, every housewife who purchased a pan, every salesman who got a new automobile, paid more for it because of wars fought or threatened. The booming of guns over Spain was the death knell of our import-export trade to that country, and the loss of jobs to men on farms and in factories. The war in China means not only great loss to American property there but the total disruption of our Chinese trade. And so far as Japan is concerned it means a lopsided trade in which that country buys from us enormous quantities of steel and scrap iron raising prices here and reflecting those prices in a thousand avenues of American economic life.

America is the richest and mightiest single power in the world. Our factories and our investments span the earth. Our export-import trade directly and indirectly provides a living for millions of our people.

Radio RB 100M 1-37

ATX01 0143019

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Our currency functions in harmony with the currencies of Britain and France and their currencies in turn affect the currencies of the greater part of the world. Our ships or other peoples' ships carrying our wares, are upon every sea and in every port. Our airplanes fly from Miami to Buenos Aires, from San Francisco to Manila. And wars and the threat of wars in the world wreck the delicately poised economy under which we live and threaten the downfall of our political system.

Isolationism, the President says, does NOT guarantee us from protection against war. And wars expose us not only to political and economic ruin but also to the risk of being drawn into them. Strange as it may seem, in the highly interdependent world in which we live, both the livelihood and the life of a Colorado farm boy mowing hay in the shadow of the Rockies are threatened by bombs falling on Shanghai or Madrid. It was this that the President evidently had in mind when he said that we must for the sake of our OWN future give thought to the rest of the world.

And this thought is vital to an understanding of the President's policy. He is not concerned with saving China or any other country whose safety is imperilled by aggressor nations. We may sympathize with the Chinese. It is neither our business nor our duty as a nation to save them. Our policy must not be pro-Chinese, pro-Spanish or pro-anybody. It must be solely and exclusively pro-American. And if we are now or shall become in the future pro-Chinese it is only because such a policy is demonstrably pro-American.

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-5-

Mr. Roosevelt's speech is a study in risks. What are those risks? The first risk is right here before our eyes. It is the injury and peril which we already are beginning to suffer from international anarchy. It is the risk that this anarchy may spread. There are actually five hundred million people now, engaged in wars. Millions more live in constant terror that they may be tomorrow's victims. There is not the slightest indication that the series of crises which began six years ago in Manchuko, and which spread to Ethiopia, Spain, and then the whole Mediterranean, and now the whole of China will abate when, and if, these parts of the earth are conquered or subdued. The first risk is that this continued anarchy will destroy the atmosphere of confidence in which alone prosperity is possible; that it will destroy world trade, without which the sort of economy we now have will be crippled. That it will bankrupt states through armaments expenditure, and that it will eventually precipitate a world war.

We can decide to take a chance that something, somebody, some circumstances, nobody knows who or what, may call a halt to this anarchy. Or, we can decide to make a concerted effort to enforce peace. That also involves a risk, and a serious risk. It means taking responsibility. It means the danger of being directly, instead of indirectly and immediately, instead of eventually involved. The issue is: Shall we try to keep out of the conflagration. Or shall we join the fire-fighters and try to stop it. We won't be able to stop it with words. The President's speech implies that he knows that. But he also believes that if ninety percent of the peoples of the world want peace - and they do - that they are powerful enough, if they stick together, to enforce it. They may enforce it by cutting off supplies from aggressors. They may enforce it by making it clear to any aggressor

Radio BB 1034 7-37

ATK01 0143021

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that it will cost him more to make war than to keep the peace.

It's a long chance. But we aren't able any longer to choose between risk and security. We have got to choose which risk we consider will be greater. And tonight the whole world waits to know what You think and what You want.

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PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

#11

OPENING COMMERCIAL

OCTOBER 15, 1937

FRIDAY

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

And now, Pall Mall's new 15-cent cigarette, The Modern Blend, takes pleasure in presenting to you, Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism.

Ladies and Gentlemen, many of our listeners have written to tell us that they recently began smoking Pall Malls to show their appreciation of this program. Naturally, we're grateful. Many others said they began smoking Pall Malls because they're always searching for the one cigarette that will give them the greatest smoking pleasure. But for whatever reason they began smoking Pall Malls, they now continue to smoke them. In Pall Malls they have found the genuine flavor of fine tobaccos - unchanged by any artificial flavoring. For unlike other well-known blended cigarettes, Pall Mall does not add to its tobaccos such artificial flavorings as licorice, elm bark, glucose, or some of a hundred other flavorings. Actually, ordinary cigarettes may contain artificial flavoring up to 15% or 1/7 of their weight.

Pall Mall makes its cigarettes solely of selected domestic and Turkish tobaccos - tobaccos so fine they need no artificial flavorings. Pall Mall blends these tobaccos more thoroughly, so that you get the true joy of smoking - the soothing, pleasing effects of tobacco at its best ...

without the after-taste of artificial sweetenings.

May we suggest that you smoke the new Pall Malls ... and judge them for yourself? After you have smoked Pall Malls for just one week, we believe you'll enjoy them more than any other cigarette.

Pall Malls cost only 15¢ for twenty, plus cigarette taxes in some states. Remember: They're better - **NATURALLY!**

And now - Miss Dorothy Thompson - with People in the News.

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RED

FALL MALL

PROGRAM #11

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

(Revised 10/19/37)

10:45-11 PM

October 15, 1937

FRIDAY

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER:

And now, Fall Mall's new 15-cent cigarette, The Modern Blend, takes pleasure in presenting to you, Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism.

Ladies and Gentlemen, the tremendous public response to this new program is clear evidence that the American people do want sincerity and good taste on the air. And may we say here that the American people also appreciate genuineness and good taste in their cigarettes. Many of our listeners have written to tell us that they recently began smoking Fall Malls to show their appreciation of this program. Naturally, we're grateful. Many others said they began smoking Fall Malls because they're always searching for the one cigarette that will give them the greatest smoking pleasure. But for whatever reason they began smoking Fall Malls, they now continue to smoke them. In Fall Malls they have found the genuine flavor of fine tobaccos - unchanged by any artificial flavoring. For unlike other well-known blended cigarettes, Fall Mall does not add to its tobaccos such artificial flavorings as licorice, elm bark, glucose, or some of a hundred other flavorings. Actually, ordinary cigarettes may contain artificial flavoring up to 15% or 1/7th of their weight. Fall Mall makes its cigarettes solely of selected domestic and Turkish tobaccos - tobaccos so fine they need no artificial flavorings. Fall Mall blends these tobaccos more thoroughly, so that you get the true joy of smoking the soothing, pleasing effects of tobacco at its best ... without the after-taste of artificial sweetenings. (MORE)

Radio SB 100M 7-37

ATX01 0143024

OPENING COMMERCIAL CONTINUED

ANNOUNCER: (CONTINUED)

May we suggest that you smoke the new Pall Malls...and judge them for yourself? After you have smoked Pall Malls for just one week, we believe you'll enjoy them more than any other cigarette.

Pall Malls cost only 15¢ for twenty, plus cigarette taxes in some states. Remember: They're better - NATURALLY!

And now - Miss Dorothy Thompson - with People in the News.

ATX01 0143025

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

DOROTHY THOMPSON

PALL MALL BROADCAST

OCTOBER 15th, 1937

A well-to-do, unemployed, middle aged gentleman is taking a trip, accompanied by his wife. Other well-to-do middle-aged gentlemen accompanied by their wives have taken trips before without arousing the slightest interest except in relatives back home and waiters who served them on tour. But this gentleman and his wife are not ordinary trippers out for a holiday. And the time and the circumstances under which it is made arouse keen speculation in the country of which the gentleman is a citizen, and equally keen speculation in the country he is visiting. His name is Edward David, Duke of Windsor. A year ago he was the King of England. Today's he's the personal guest of Adolf Hitler.

Now, I'm not going to describe to you the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. You have seen them too often in the picture papers and news reels; you have heard his voice on the radio; you have read reams and reams of detail about both of them - about what he wears and she wears and he says and she says. I'm going to confine myself to talking about this particular trip and its possible significance. For it is interesting.

No Englishman since Hitler came to power has been received with such enthusiasm in Germany. No foreigner at all except Mussolini, has been given such public ovations or official adulation. No foreigner has been shown so much of the new Germany. And, incidentally, through his eyes and through the eyes of the correspondents who are travelling with him on this tour, the rest of the world is getting a clearer picture of Germany than it has had. (M O R E)

ATX01 0143026

DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

With the Duke of Windsor, and the reports that come to America, we are able to visit the Winter Help Fund, the enormous and practically compulsory charitable organization of Germany, which every winter distributes food, clothing, and coal to the poor. Between the lines of the reports we can learn something interesting about this organization. For there are no unemployed in Germany - officially only about four hundred thousand in a nation of seventy millions. And yet we learn that a third of the total output of the coal of the Saar basin is being given away to the nation's poor, who obviously, employed or not, are unable to purchase their own fuel and must get it from charity. We learn, through the explanations given to the Duke, that the Nazi charities are organized in MILITARY fashion, with cells, and blocks, and districts. With the Duke, we are able to visit the Labor Front - the organization which the state set up, after it had destroyed the trade unions. And we learn that this, too, includes every worker and every employer in Germany and is organized in military fashion. We learn that every worker has a work card, and that if he proves insubordinate or inefficient, or leaves his job, it is taken from him, and never again can he be employed, and therefore faces starvation. In other words, he is treated like a deserter from an army, just as he is treated, by the way, in Russia. We learn that every girl in Germany, provided that she has pure German blood, is trained for motherhood, and that that is regarded as her primary and almost exclusive function.

(M O R E)

ATX01 0143027

DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

We read of the Duke rolling over military roads which have no counterparts anywhere in the world - and all of them have been built in the short four years since Mr. Hitler became Germany's leader and Dictator. They extend north and south, east and west, from frontier to frontier, without speed limits, without crossings, and along them mechanized armies can move with incredible speed.

And, for the first time, through the visit of the Duke of Windsor, we can see how a military caste of future rulers is being trained. We see whole villages, that have been constructed around huge castle-fortresses, in which selected youths, between the ages of twenty and twenty-three, are being trained to be the ruling class of tomorrow. They are selected from the Hitler youth and from other semi-military organizations. Each must be physically perfect, representing the Nazi ideal of Nordic manhood. They are trained, like the ancient Spartans, in all sports, and in the arts of war. In these castle-schools is neither church nor chapel, for these young men are being trained in the Nietzschean ideal of the superman, which scorns the softness of Christianity. They are exposed only to the ideas of the Nazis, and are taught racial biology, history, politics, exclusively from the Nazi standpoint. They are taught archeology, German archeology, to prove to them that Germanic culture is superior to all the culture of Rome and the Renaissance, and the civilian eras since then.

(MORE)

ATX01 0143028

DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

Those of us who remember our German history will see that here, in the twentieth century, is being reconstructed in modern form, the old Order of the Teutonic Knights, those warriors of the German middle ages, who, from their castles on the German frontiers, conquered the Slavic lands.

And the Duke of Windsor, who yesterday was England's King, King of the country which is the mother of parliaments, King of the country which gave the world the idea of liberalism, and of democracy, is told that this corps of future rulers are being taught the tactics of how to fight, not only communism, but democracy and liberalism, in preparation for the inevitable struggle.

Oh yes, this is a very interesting journey. But does it perhaps have more significance than just the light it throws on Germany? Why is the Duke of Windsor making this visit as the personal guest of Hitler? Why does this visit cause a little uneasiness in England? After all, the Duke is a private person, and has the right to go where he pleases. His whole training has made him a world traveller. Is it not natural that he should continue travelling? And that is - officially - what the English say about this trip.

But to understand why the ovation that Germany gives the Duke awakens uneasiness among some people at least in England, one must go back a year to the crisis which led Edward VIII to renounce the throne. All of us know that he left the throne for an American woman: the woman he loved. But in the crisis, which a year ago shook the British Empire, there were sidelights which attracted little attention, rumors widely believed but little publicized, which many people think were of great importance.

(MORE)

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DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

It was said then that it was not only Mrs. Simpson who was making the British Government anxious about their monarch, but the group surrounding Mrs. Simpson and the King. A Labor Member of the House of Commons -- Miss Ellen Wilkinson -- came out in print and cautiously indicated the source of this anxiety. This is what she said:

"There is more in the opposition to Mrs. Simpson than that she was an American, a commoner, and a divorcee. There has been a growing uneasiness about the set that has been using her influence over the king for its own purposes. Eager to be behind Mrs. Simpson is a crowd which makes no little secret of its enthusiasm for the political and social doctrines of a power NOT CONSPICUOUSLY friendly to Britain. The responsible governing circle of this country engaged in a terrific rearmament effort had to consider the situation when irresponsible elements might be in a position to know and use more than it would be in the interests of this country to HAVE known." Those are Miss Wilkinson's words I've just quoted.

It was held to be significant that the one group in England which aligned itself behind the King and Mrs. Simpson were Oswald Mosely and his Fascists. Mosely made no bones of the fact that he saw in the person of the King the future Leader of what he called a regenerated National Socialist Britain, and King Edward's repeated clashes with the government, and the ruling politicians, were exploited by the British fascists as indications that in Edward was a man who would not be merely the titular sovereign of a strictly limited constitutional monarchy, but the actual head and leader of the State.

(MORE)

ATX01 0143030

DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

In every European Country there is a little social set, usually of the rich and irresponsible, who play with the idea of a Fascist revolution. They are the parlor whites of the present era. And one of the houses which Edward and Mrs. Simpson most frequented during the days before the crisis was the home of a woman notably hospitable to the German Ambassador and other Nazis. And certainly it was this that perturbed the British Labor Party far more than the fact that Mrs. Simpson was twice divorced.

And so there is much speculation about this sudden emergence of the Duke of Windsor - his trip to Germany, and his plans to come here. There are really three theories about it. One that he has simply gotten bored with private life, and having always been active, and always in the limelight, has started to interest himself in the world, for no special purpose except to escape boredom. That's one theory. The second theory is that the "set" - the international coterie of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans, Germans, Austrians - have the idea that the Duke may emerge to inspire an international movement against class warfare, capitalizing his prestige with working men to build himself up as a champion of "peace between labor and capital, more or less along fascist lines, and so come again to have some world influence. And the third theory is that there is a definite plan to put him back on the British throne, when fascism, as Mussolini recently predicted, has triumphed all over the world.

(MORE)

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DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

What the Duke of Windsor's own ideas really are, nobody seems to know. Whether he was really sympathetic to the English fascist group a year ago, or whether that group was merely exploiting first a delicate situation and later a constitutional crisis we do not know. But we do know this. Yesterday the Duke of Windsor was King of England. Today his brother sits upon the English throne. Today England is engaged in a desperate diplomatic duel with Germany the outcome of which no man knows. And today Germany indicates an overwhelming hospitality toward England's King of Yesterday, while his brother, the present King, is in constant conference with his Ministers as crisis succeeds crisis in the troubled affairs of Europe. Affairs which inevitably involve both England and Germany. Did the Duke of Windsor go to Germany with the consent of the British Government perhaps - a consent which the British Labor Party would certainly know nothing about?

The Duke and Duchess will soon come to America. In contrast with his royal reception in Berlin the Duke will be received by Washington like any other distinguished foreigner. He will be the guest of the American section of the International Chamber of Commerce - not of the American government. And one may ask: Exactly what is the role of the International Chamber of Commerce in this sudden emergence of the ex-King? Certainly in the light of events of ten months ago, and in view of the extremely delicate diplomatic situation that prevails in Europe, the Duke's German visit - the impressions that he carries away from it - and what he may report about Germany to the rest of the world - are all matters of considerable speculation in diplomatic and journalistic circles. Maybe the peripatetic tourists are simply that and nothing more -- Or are they???

RES-10/15/37

ATX01 0143032

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

-8-

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS. If you have subjects or people which you would like to have Miss Thompson discuss on these Friday evening broadcasts, we cordially invite you to write to Miss Thompson in care of this station. Miss Thompson is presented every Friday night at this time...by Pall Mall, the Modern Blend.

The new Pall Mall, unlike most well-known blended cigarettes does not mix its tobaccos with artificial flavorings. Instead Pall Mall gives you top-grade tobaccos, carefully blended. It gives you all the pleasing, soothing, effects of natural tobaccos ... the full enjoyment of smoking.

So next time you buy cigarettes, say "Pall Malls". Twenty Pall Malls in their sparkling red and gold package cost only fifteen cents, plus cigarette taxes in some states. Pall Malls bring you straight tobacco flavor without artificial flavoring. They're better... NATURALLY!

Pall Malls are manufactured by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company. Nelson Case speaking.

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

RES-jgs
10/15/37

ATX01 0143033

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS #11 CLOSING COMMERCIAL OCTOBER 15, 1937
FRIDAY
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

AIRGUNGER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS. If you have subjects or people which you would like to have Miss Thompson discuss on these Friday evening broadcasts, we cordially invite you to write to Miss Thompson in care of this station. Miss Thompson is presented every Friday night at this time ... by Pall Mall, The Modern Blend.

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NATURALLY!

Pall Malls are manufactured by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company. Nelson Case speaking. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WEEK 10/22/27

FRIDAY

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

October 22, 1937

Revised 10/22/27

#12

ANNOUNCER:

Once again, Pall Mall's new 15-cent cigarette, The Modern Blend, takes pleasure in presenting to you, Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism.

Ladies and Gentlemen, we believe that you who are listening to this program will be interested to know that Miss Thompson's audience is the fastest-growing audience that is now tuning in to any weekly 15-minute program on the air. We believe it is because these PALL MALL broadcasts are deliberately prepared for people of intelligence and good judgment. When you have the facts, you can judge events for yourself.

In like manner, we give you the plain facts about the new Pall Malls, so that you may judge them for yourself. Its first year's sales are evidence that the Modern Blend has clearly appealed to the intelligence and good taste of the American people. Because these new cigarettes are made of finer domestic and Oriental tobaccos ... without any artificial flavoring ... experienced smokers who try Pall Malls continue to smoke them. They enjoy the genuine flavour of a cigarette that's made of tobaccos so fine in quality ... so carefully blended - that they need no artificial flavourings.

We suggest that you buy a pack of Pall Malls tomorrow - smoke each cigarette with critical judgment - and then decide for yourself.

We believe that you will join that large and fast-growing group of men and women who smoke Pall Malls for sheer unadulterated pleasure.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

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12

FRIDAY
OCTOBER 22, 1957
TYPED 10/22/57
REVISED 10/22/57
PAUL WALL CIGARETTE

Paul Walls cost only 15 cents for twenty, plus cigarette taxes in some states. Remember: They're better - Naturally!

And now - Miss Dorothy Thompson - with People in the News!

ATK01 0143036

PALL MALL BROADCAST

OCTOBER 22nd, 1937

DOROTHY THOMPSON

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

(1.40)

Tonight the steamship Manhattan is in Mid-Atlantic on the way to France. Aboard is a small, gray-haired, soft-spoken southern gentleman. Tonight, on the other side of the world, guns roar, men die, and women weep in China. Thousands of miles of space, centuries of tradition, and difference of race, make it improbable that there could be the slightest relationship between the little gray man telling stories in the smoking room of a liner in mid-Atlantic, and the dying men and weeping women of Asia. But there is an intimate relationship. For the story-teller is Norman H. Davis. He is the American Ambassador at Large, bound for the Nine Power Treaty Conference in Brussels, which will decide what, if anything, the interested powers can do to bring the war in China to an end. (2.35)

Mr. Davis is one of the least spectacular figures in American public life. I don't suppose one American in half a million could describe him. People who have known him for fifteen years, cannot remember when his hair was not just as grey, when his eyes were any brighter blue, when he didn't look just the same age as he is today, which is sixty but might as well be fifty. And if you were sitting tonight in the steamship's smoking room, and noticed him at all, you would probably think he was a small-town, southern lawyer. Actually, Norman Davis holds the most important diplomatic position in the United States, and a position unique in the world. He is the Ambassador-at-large, of the world's most powerful nation. He is assigned to no one capital, except for occasional intervals. He's not even on the payroll of the United States Government. (3.25)

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He is America's trouble-shooter number 1, with a commission from the people of the United States to try to keep peace in the world. Nice job. This small, grey, unobtrusive figure was present in the mirrored halls of Versailles, and his quiet, pleasant voice was one of the first in the world to be raised against the Peace Treaty and The reparation. He moved, seeking conciliation, through the misunderstandings of the disarmament conference, time and again offering compromises and suggestions, which time and again almost brought that ill-fated conference to a positive, instead of a negative end. He is simple, unaffected, and thoroughly American. He isn't a cookie pusher, he doesn't wear spats, and he doesn't brag about the titled people that he knows -- though he knows everyone important in the world! He(4.20) doesn't ape the British, emulate the French, or imitate the Germans. He is not high-hat, or high-brow. He speaks no foreign language, but he understands foreigners better than most people do, because he is deeply tolerant. He is proud of his country, but respects the pride that other men have in their countries. He is an American at home and abroad, and a southerner everywhere. And, given other qualities, nothing, I think is more useful to an American diplomat than to be a southerner. The Southerners have natural diplomatic gifts. They have a native courtesy and grace. They are good story-tellers, and they are not in a hurry. They like good food and wine. They are for good Southern reasons against high tariffs. (5.15)

So they get on well with European officials, and European officials feel more at home with them than with the usual run of Americans. And that's important, because diplomacy, after all, is personal correspondence between men.

Mr. Davis is slow-spoken but he can be fast-moving. He acquired an education and a wife at the same time, marrying when he was a college sophomore and taking two jobs to support himself and his bride. After 40 years they are devoted and inseparable. He seems intuitively to have selected an international career. About the time when Admiral Dewey was saying, "Gridley, fire when you're ready," in the Spanish-American War, he was saying "I do" to an Episcopal minister. Five years later he began his business life in the Cuba that Dewey had liberated. He knew from the beginning what he wanted and he got it. That was to make enough money to retire at the age of 35 and devote himself to public affairs. (6.15)

And so under three administrations - under Wilson, Hoover, and Roosevelt - he has represented the United States at numerous international conferences has worked steadily for peace and disarmament, and has achieved a reputation abroad as the ablest American negotiator since Benjamin Franklin. His efforts for peace and disarmament seem to have failed temporarily, but he continues to fight for both, and to believe that both will eventually prevail.

Mr. Davis, to be sure, hasn't been immune from criticism. He numbers among his friends a number of America's tycoons. He has been a life-long friend of Thomas Lamont, the Morgan partner (7.00)

And so left-wing critics haven't hesitated to call him the friend and representative of the bankers. It's too bad that these critics haven't heard him, in private conversation, on the subject of the Tories. His whole life indicates how little interest he has in money. He made a comfortable but not lavish fortune for himself in his youth, and apparently has held onto it. He lives in the summer in a charming old house in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, but it has none of the air of a baronial estate.

It's just a big home to accommodate his eight children and some of the seventeen grandchildren who visit from time to time, for the man who married at nineteen is a patriarch at sixty, a man with so much family, has great personal responsibilities. So occasionally between work for the government, he has undertaken to be a trouble-shooter for certain industrial and banking interests. (7.50)

For instance, he undertook the reorganization of Kreuger and Toll, when the international Swedish match trust went scandalously broke. Although everyone agreed that Mr. Davis did an efficient and necessary job, he was berated by some sections of the press. But it seems to me that those criticisms for doing it at all ought rightly to be directed at our own failure to remunerate our public servants in a halfway adequate fashion. Mr. Davis's work for the American government, in the cause of peace, costs him money. It doesn't get him any. In that he is like every ambassador of the United States. We are the nation with the largest budget and the poorest treatment of our civil servants, particularly the higher state department officials.

And in this mission of his to Europe, to help defend the territorial integrity of China, it is difficult to prove that the United States is bent on dollar diplomacy. (8.40)

Our investments in China and our trade with China are small, while Japan is our third largest customer in the world. The rich and powerful banking and commercial interests in most countries have secret sympathies with Japan. What we and Mr. Davis are interested in, is something much more important, namely, the fact that if treaties mean nothing, we live in world anarchy and the constant fear of war. (9.00)

Mr. Davis's job at this conference, as at all others, is difficult because he represents a country with a contradictory foreign policy. What is it? On the positive side, it's just one thing - the Monroe Doctrine -- and that hasn't been challenged for years. On the negative side, it is our traditional refusal to make any alliances. (9.30)

Our policy is also the desire for peace, for ourselves, and everywhere. But I'm afraid the truth is that we want privileges without responsibility. We want order, but shy away from any action that might keep order. We want the world policed, but we don't want to do any of the policing. We want economic internationalism, but we stand for political isolationism. The representatives that confer with Mr. Davis know that any agreement he may make, may tomorrow be reversed by the Senate. They haven't forgotten Woodrow Wilson and the League of Nations. And Mr. Davis knows it.

These are Mr. Davis's normal difficulties. And in this particular conference there are others. He must deal with Japan, but Japan has been condemned in advance as an aggressor, both by the President's speech in Chicago and in a state department announcement. We've handed down a verdict. That's easier to do than to enforce it. (10.25)

Also this conference in Brussels involves an actual treaty, which has our signature on it. That's the Nine Power Pact, signed in 1922, pledging us and all the other signatories - they included Japan - to respect the territorial integrity of China. In our opinion, Japan violated this treaty.

This conference, therefore, involves the question of just what we mean by what we have clearly said. Six years ago, when Japan invaded Manchuria it was not the European signatories nor the League of Nations that wanted to take action, but the United States. Our secretary of state, at the time Mr. Stimson attempted to get the British to make a joint British-American protest to Japan. (11.10)

Sir John Simon - then the British Foreign Secretary not only refused but a little later made a quite astonishing defense of Japan before the League - a defense which lead the Japanese representative to say that he couldn't have done it half as well himself. But today, in the light of all the aggression that has happened since, there is almost universal agreement in England, that Sir John Simon made a great mistake. That water is under the bridge now. If any action is taken now, the United States will have to bear an even larger part of it than then, because today Great Britain and France are seriously engaged much closer at home. (11.55)

What chance is there of persuading or scaring Japan into making peace with China? What cards has Mr. Davis got in his pocket?

Frankly, not many. He represents a powerful nation whose weight could be decisive in almost any scale. But we won't oppose force to Japan nor in all probably use official economic sanctions. And there's no indication that Japan will be halted by sermons. The conference will be divided. Italy, which also signed the nine power treaty is sympathetic to Japan - although Italy will attend the conference according to this morning's papers. And so there's just one ray of hope. The possibility of some kind of mediation or compromise, which will help Japan save face and retain some shred of international law.

In anything involving patience, conciliation and compromise, Mr. Davis is the best man we could send. (12.50)

Mr. Davis's diplomacy was never put to a severer test than when he was recently received by Hitler, Mr. Hitler took Mr. Davis to task for the Treaty of Versailles, blaming all Germany's sufferings upon it. Mr. Davis corrected him in his gentle way, "I don't think it was the treaty, Mr. Chancellor," he said "I think it was the war itself."

"But," cried Hitler "after some wars, men are generous!" "Look at your civil war. After it, the north knew how to treat the south."

Mr. Davis caught his breath. He comes, remember, from Tennessee. (13.20)

(14.25)

rfg/10/22/57/

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

October 22, 1937

FRIDAY

TYPED 10/22/37

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

REVISED 10/22/37

#12

ANNOUNCER:

Pall Mall Cigarettes have just had the pleasure of presenting Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS. If you have subjects or people which you would like to have Miss Thompson discuss on these Friday evening broadcasts, we cordially invite you to write to Miss Thompson in care of this station. Miss Thompson is presented every Friday night at this time.

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THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

630 Fifth Avenue, New York City

File D. T. Thompson
DATE: October 27, 1937

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Queen Wilhemina, ruler of the Netherlands and of 51,000,000 colonials in the Dutch East and West Indies, will be the subject of Dorothy Thompson's "People in the News" broadcast this coming Friday night at 10:45 PM, EST over station WEAJ and the NBC Red Network.

And did you know that according to the latest report of the Cooperative Analysis of Broadcasting Miss Thompson has received a rating of 5.9. This means that Miss Thompson in "People in the News" is now rated as the most popular once-a-week fifteen minute program on the air.

FALL MALL BROADCAST

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

10/29/37

DOROTHY THOMPSON:

(1) The Chinese-Japanese war, Fascism in Europe, and the (1:45)
situation growing out of them continue to occupy the front pages
of the newspapers this week, and to arouse the anxieties of
people all over the world. But one of the countries most (1:15) (2:)
seriously affected is seldom mentioned. It is a nation which
achieves the miracle of staying out of headlines. We think of
it as a tiny land netted with canals, dotted with windmills, and
ruled by a fat queen. Actually it is the world's third greatest (2:15)
empire, with vast colonies inside the area threatened now by
Chinese-Japanese hostilities. I'm speaking, of course, of
Holland, and the fabulously wealthy Dutch East Indies, and its (2:30)
about Holland and Queen Wilhelmina that I'm going to talk this
evening. For Queen Wilhelmina is one of the most competent rulers (1:45)
on earth. In a world where there are more kings in exile than
on their thrones, she sits with all the stability of her two
hundred pounds, universally respected inside and outside of (2:45)
her country.

Perhaps because I am a woman, and in my youth passionately (2:)
fought for political rights for women, it gives me a certain
pride in all women to think that the most successful monarch in (3:00)
the world today is a member of our sex. I don't think that
question would be challenged by anyone. Wilhelmina of Holland (2:15)
is the sovereign of a modern, democratic country, and she knows (3:15)
how to be a modern and democratic ruler.

(MORE)

ATX01 0143046

DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

The simple, direct relation which Edward VIII of England was trying, they say, to establish between himself and his people - and which he certainly bungled -- Queen Wilhelmina has achieved. (2:30)
Both as a Queen and as a woman, she is a person of the utmost (3:30) simplicity. In her little rain-swept, sea-girt country, the bicycle is the peoples' automobile -- and the healthy, hefty Dutch Queen, 60 years old, pedals a bicycle. In a country given (2:45) to thrift, she likes to sow, and garden, like any housewife (3:45) amongst her flowers. And flowers, you remember, are one of Holland's chief products. And in a country whose glory is its marvelous painters from Rembrandt to Van Gogh, she not only (4:00) has a fine critical appreciation of pictures, but tries a hand (3:00) at painting herself, and her subjects often run across her in the fields, sitting without attendants, with an easel in front of her. Her only feminine weakness is for jewels - and Amsterdam, (4:15) as it happens, is the world's greatest market-place for precious stones. (3:15) She also likes to eat, and that is a popular Dutch trait. For Holland has the best bread, the best butter and the best cheese that I have ever eaten in this world. She (3:30) has an income of five million dollars a year, but she gives a (4:15) great deal of it away.

People say of Wilhelmina that she is the only monarch left on earth who would dare to sit in a room with her back to a window.

(MORE)

DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED) -3-

And this isn't build-up. It isn't publicity. She (3:45) isn't publicized anyway. Neither is her country. As a matter (4:15) of fact it is very easy to bally-hoo glamor and romance. It is hard to bally-hoo common sense. So in forty-seven years of ruling a neat little country and a great and wealthy empire, (4:00) Wilhelmina has been much less talked about than many incompetent (5:00) and relatively unimportant Balkan rulers, such as Marie of Rumania.

Wilhelmina's democracy, her feminine common-sense, and her feminine passion for peace, are all part of a (4:15) (5:15) completely integrated personality. She is not keen about royal marriages. She doesn't like entangling dynastic alliances. She herself married for love - a German Duke - and that was rare enough thirty-three years ago. They brought up their only (4:30) (5:30) child, Juliana, in her mother's tradition. Juliana was sent to school and the university like any other Dutch girl, and trained rigorously in political science - and housekeeping. And Wilhelmina (5:45) entered no opposition when the future Queen decided like her (4:45) mother, to marry for love, an obscure German prince.

Wilhelmina isn't just a good housekeeper and a kind, (6:00) matronly woman, though that's the picture of her that her subjects most enjoy. She is a strictly constitutional monarch, (5:00) of a country which has universal suffrage for both sexes, cabinet government, and a democratic parliament. But Wilhelmina isn't a figure head. She has brains and judgment and uses them. (6:15) She has a thorough knowledge of economics and history.

(MORE)

ATK01 0143048

DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

She consults her ministers, neither as a ruler handing down (5:15)
edicts, nor as a figure head signing on the dotted line - but
as an intellectual leader of integrity, whose consent is gained (6:30)
by the persuasion of facts, and whose orders spring from the (5:30~)
driving impulse of logic. She also has two great Dutch
qualities: patience and spunk. (6:45)

She needs them both. Because Holland is a country
that has to live dangerously. Nature has always threatened
it. Holland's perennial enemy is the North Sea! It isn't (5:45)
stuck off from Europe on a peninsula like Scandinavia. It is
right in the thick of things, as exposed as Belgium. The country
is check by jowl up against Germany and a short boat ride across (7:00)
the channel from England. In the Great War, Holland stood a (6:00)
first-rate chance of being invaded, and actually the original
German war plans contemplated the invasion of Holland as well (7:15)
as Belgium. But the Germans also knew the Dutch spunk.
Wilhelmina mobilized her army at the outbreak of the war and kept (6:15)
it mobilized until the war was over. The country was riddled by
German and English propaganda and full of German and English
spies. Remember Mata Hari. Both sides penalized Holland. Her (7:30)
ships were sunk, her ports blockaded, and once the Queen (6:30)
actually received an ultimatum from Germany. But she sat
tight with Dutch obstinacy and kept the peace by sheer will
power. (7:45)

(MORE)

DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

And when the war was over the Dutch got back to work and reformed their laws, extended the social services of the state, rebuilt the country from end to end, abolished almost (6:45) all of the slums, and added a whole great province - not by (8:00) taking it away from someone else, but by dumping the ocean out of it. The draining of the Zuyder See is one of the great (7:00) engineering feats of history. You don't hear as much about (8:15) it as about Mussolini's draining of the Pontine marshes, but it's a much bigger job. Only, the dictatorships go in for propaganda, and Holland, being a democracy, lets the effort speak for itself. (7:15) (8:15)

If the Duke of Windsor wants to study modern housing for the poor, he won't find it in Hollywood or Miami, but he would do well to go to Holland, which has the most beautiful public housing projects which I have seen anywhere in Europe. (7:30)

Spunk and common sense, and tolerance.... When the (8:45) Kaiser fled from Germany, Holland gave him refuge - just as in the sixteenth century Holland had given refuge to the persecuted Jews of the Spanish inquisition, whose faces Rembrandt painted so unforgettably. But having given the Kaiser a haven, (7:45) (9:00) Wilhelmina never once has called on him from that day to this. When Juliana, the daughter, married a German Nazi a few months ago, Nazi Germany was much elated, and thought this would give (9:15) her a fine opportunity for intervention and propaganda. They (8:00) got stung again. Goering invited himself to the wedding but Wilhelmina didn't accept the invitation.

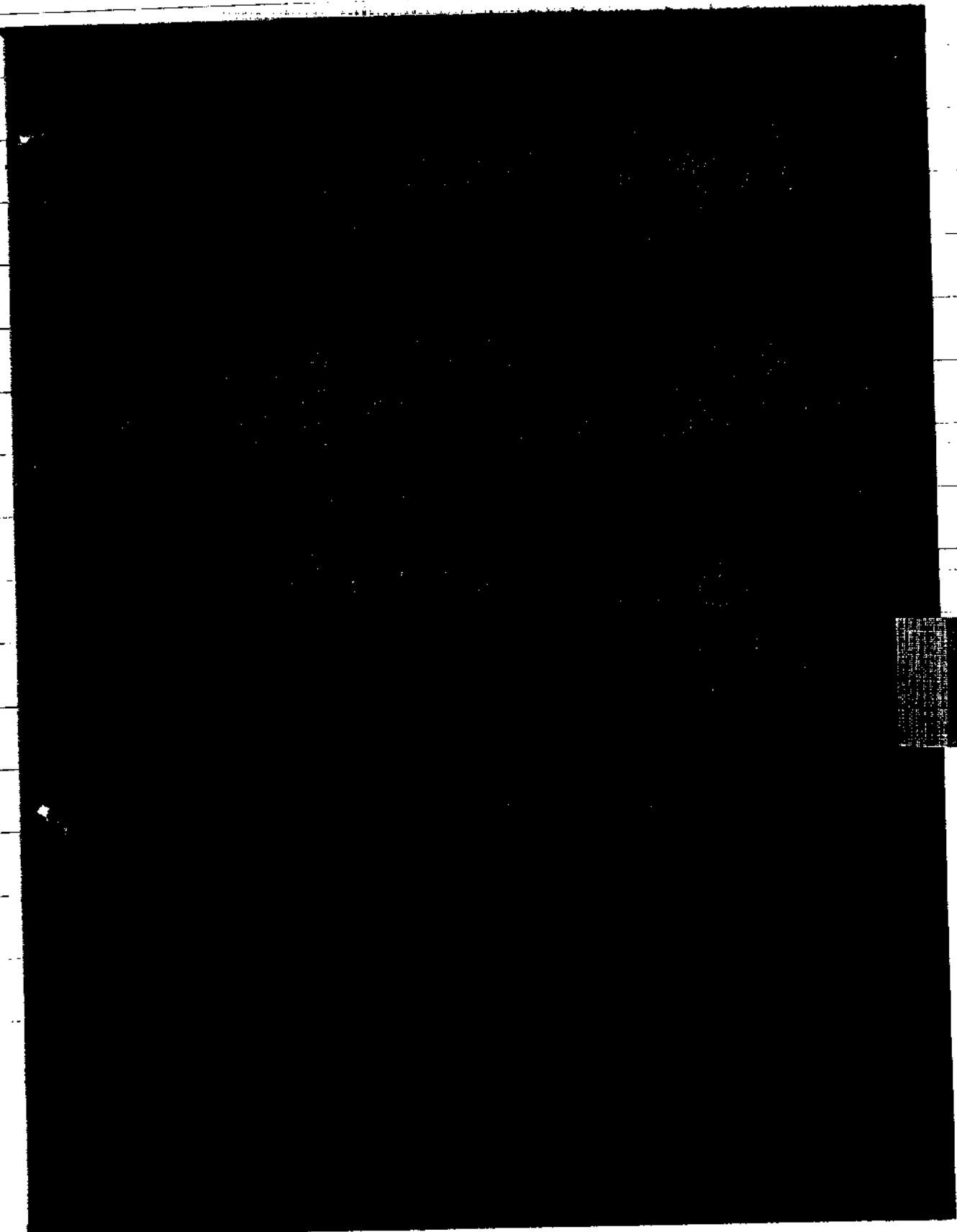
(MORE)

ATX01 0143050

DOROTHY THOMPSON: (CONTINUED)

Thirty-odd years ago, Lord Roberts of the British army made two prophecies: The Great War, and that the destiny of the world would one day be fought out at Singapore. Follow (11:30) the Chinese coast line south, and there on the tip of the Malay penninsula is Singapore, chief British port of the Far (10:00) East, and one of the marine cross-roads of the world. The Dutch East Indies are across the way from it; it is a chief protection for Australia and New Zealand. And both England and (11:30) Holland have been much perturbed by our giving up the Phillipines, because should Japan ever dominate them, Japan will (10:15) then be close against the Dutch East Indies and Singapore.

With European revolutionary movements at its door; (11:45) with an aggressive imperialism spreading in its direction in (10:30) the East, it is well that the destinies of the level-headed Dutch are in the hands of a wise and level-headed ruler. It is interesting that the ruler is a woman. If she can die having (12:00) reigned a generation and a half in peace, the whole world ought (10:45) to erect to her a monument. (12:15)



ATX01 0143052

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

(TYPED 11/4/37)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

OPENING COMMERCIAL

November 5, 1937
FRIDAY
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

#14

ANNOUNCER:

Once again, Pall Mall's new fifteen cent cigarette, The Modern Blend, takes pleasure in presenting to you Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism.

Because Miss Thompson's audience is the fastest-growing audience of any 15-minute weekly program on the air it is likely that tonight many of you are listening in for the first time. To these new listeners and to every man and woman who smokes cigarettes ... I want to tell the brief, exciting news about Pall Mall's new 15¢ cigarette.

In Pall Malls, fine tobaccos coupled with an amazing new blending method do away entirely with the necessity for the artificial flavorings which are used in ordinary blended cigarettes. Pall Mall is the only well-known blended cigarette that brings you the full enjoyment of fine, unflavored tobaccos.

Some of you are probably surprised to learn that ordinary cigarettes add elm-bark, bees-wax, licorice or some of almost 100 different ingredients to their tobaccos. But Pall Malls, with finer tobaccos and a new blending method, avoid the need of artificial flavorings and thereby give you the smoking pleasure which only natural tobacco can produce. That is why smokers who try Pall Malls continue to smoke them.

We believe that you also will enjoy Pall Malls more than any cigarette you've ever smoked. They cost only fifteen cents for twenty, plus cigarette taxes in some states. Remember - They're

~~HALL MALL BROADCAST
NOVEMBER 5, 1937~~

Script
DOROTHY THOMPSON
PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

I am indebted to one of my correspondents for the subject of this evening's broadcast. A woman wrote in and said, "Tell us, please, about the underprivileged man. Who is he? How does he live? What does he do?"

Last Friday, in his press conference, when the President was asked about the reform of the tax structure, he answered that he was less interested in taxes than he was in the third of the nation that is still "ill-fed, ill-housed, and ill-clothed." Who are this third of the nation? Well, of course, they live here and they live there, they work, or fail to find work at many sorts of jobs. But the greatest number of them live in the South, that part of the country which is richest in natural resources, richest in its birth-rate, but poorest in income. And the largest number of the poorest people, in the poorest section of America are share-croppers.

In fact, the share-cropper is the nation's problem child. His income, his expenditures, and his whole destiny furnish miles of statistics to the United States Department of Agriculture. But this evening I don't want to present the share-cropper to you as a statistic. I want to try to make you see him, who he is, how he lives.

The word share-cropper partly describes him. He is a man without land of his own, who nevertheless works the land. He is the product of a war -- our own Civil War -- in which seventy years ago we set free three million negroes -- and set them free to starve. The former slaves, many of them, stayed on the plantations of their owners.

(m o r e)

ATK01 0143054

The owners themselves were bankrupt, so they arranged that the slaves should be furnished land, and tools, a cabin to live in, and food to keep them alive, and that they should plant and harvest a crop under an overseer, and when that crop was harvested, share the money that it brought, fifty-fifty, with the owner. That system, inherited from slavery, exists in our country right down to the present day.

The share-cropper gets his rent and keep. He is never without a roof over his head, and he can never starve. But he is generally in debt to the landlord, for his food and medicine, and other wants, most of which he borrows from the landlord's commissary-store, and the landlord himself is usually in debt to the banks from which he borrows the money to finance his share-croppers between crops. Scores of northern writers have gone south to look at the white and negro share-croppers and to fulminate against the system, and most enlightened southern planters agree with them. But no one, not even the United States government, has been able to offer another immediate solution.

Meanwhile, our sharecropper lives. And our particular sharecropper this evening is my friend Willy Waddy, who lives in the flat Arkansas country, on the banks of the Mississippi and works twenty acres of cotton and corn on shares for the "boss". Willy is a Negro. He lives with his wife, Lagirtha, and his three children, Ruby Pearl, Ruth Rebecca, and the little boy, whose name is Mankind, in a two-room cabin, one of thousands, dotting the vast, flat, land of the Mississippi Delta, treeless except for the fringes of forest around it. The land is the richest on the face of the earth. The Mississippi river in its perennial floods, has deposited around Willy's house the finest soil washed away from the rest of America.

(m o r e)

Up to Willy's door, when the crop is growing, billows now the voluptuous pink and red blossoms of the cotton, and then its snowy waves, which look like a wind-blown sea. And when the cotton is picked again the flat, black land is there.

Willy's cabin is made of boards, thinly white-washed, Sunday supplements, and old magazines, furnish his wall-paper. Lagirtha cooks her corn pone, fat meat, and turnip greens surrounded by faces which record twenty years of the history of movie kings and queens. Francis X. Bushman is slightly faded, but next to him Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are fresh and vivid. The cabin is poor, but Willy's, at least, is immaculate. Three things in that cabin represent Willy's pleasure and his culture -- a shotgun, a guitar, and a Bible. For Willy's meagre living costs him 120 days work in the year -- grueling work, while it lasts, under the southern sun. But when the crop is in, and Willy gets his little pile of money, and has paid off his debts, and has left over anywhere from nothing at all to seven or eight hundred dollars, Willy is free until the next crop must be planted.

He is free to hunt quail and larks, to play his guitar and sing with his fellows, to indulge in the church meetings, which are his theatre, his social club, and the deep solace of his life. And he is free to talk, and Willy talks sheer poetry. He talks about the White Man and Jesus -- Sweet Jesus, who is as real and vivid to him as his nearest neighbor. He speculates on the origins of the universe; on the birth of man and his destiny; on the humanness of God; and on the promises of a glorious life when all the troubles he has seen on earth are ended, and "Jesus is jos' sottin' up dere on a golden throne waitin' to ketch me with open ahms."

(m o r c)

ATX01 0143056

Willy may be scared of a bad crop! Willy may have a mean overseer. If the price of cotton goes down in Liverpool, a city of which Willy has never heard, Willy may have a hard time buying even corn pone and sow-belly. But one thing Willy is not afraid of. He is not afraid of life itself. Never, never, never, has he questioned whether it is worth-while to be born. Never, or almost never, does he end his own life. Suicides amongst plantation negroes are almost unknown.

Willy loves his children. He not only loves his own children, but he loves all children. There's an economic reason for this. A child in a white family is an economic liability. A child in a negro share-cropper's family is an economic asset. The more children he has, the more land he is likely to get, and very early he puts the children to work. The rural Negro child has no economic security. But he has one security which many children do not have: the security of love. There are no Negro orphans in the deep south. If one set of parents dies -- or disappears -- another immediately present themselves, and the adopted child has exactly the status of the others. For the Negro thinks of himself as one of a great family, fathered by God.

Willy has no worldly ambition. White folks say he's lazy, but that is totally to misunderstand him. Willy is a first-class worker, and labors hard when he has to. But he considers the idea of work for its own sake as a white-folks mania. Work is a form of penance, that he patiently suffers for the reward of doing what he thinks man was put on earth to do: making love; singing songs; sleeping in the sun; fishing for catfish in the numerous creeks, and going to fish-fries and picnics; shooting rabbits in the cotton stubble; attending criminal trials in the court house, with the eager hope that he may be called as a witness, riding on trains, for the pure pleasure of the ride, and without regard for the destination. (m o r e)

ATK01 0143057

Often he goes to the ticket-office and asks for "six bits worth of ride." The statistical bureaus list him as the under-privileged man, but Willy himself accepts life as a gift of God; he knows that it's written in the Good Book "Take no thought of the morrow". And, obediently, he takes no thought. He lives always in the present, which for him is part pain and part intense pleasure, covered all over with the wonder and goodness of God.

If Willy has money he spends it. He spends it for wondrous suits of clothes, dripping with buttons. For shiny rayon socks and ties, and guitars that sing like the harps of heaven. For dresses trimmed with marabou for Lagirtha, and long white kid gloves for her to wear when Willy and she and the children go to the circus in Memphis.

What if the money is soon all spent? Isn't money meant to be spent? The Lord will take care of his own. Yesterday was a dream. Tomorrow may never come. Willy's boss is worried not only about tomorrow, but about next month, and even, about next year. To the boss, a big cotton crop this year will mean a glutted market and low prices next year. But Willy's existence, poor as it is, is poisoned by no such distrust.

Willy is not stupid. His way of life is not the white folks' way of life, but he often compares it, shrewdly, to the white man's, and is convinced that his is superior. He is skeptical about the power of government, or anyone else, to regulate the land. When I asked him, a year ago, what he thought of the government's cotton control program, and the plan to pay farmers for ploughing under cotton, Willy said, "Well, M'am, us done broke the White Folks and now us gwine to break the gov'ment."

(m o r e)

Circumstances have made of Willy an actor. He is a master of exquisite and intuitive tact. He lives among the dominating White Men, whose moods and mind he must read and adjust himself to. He must be prepared to play the clown or the tragedian at a moment's notice. All of this he does, with a subtle and seemingly artless grace. He can instantly spot a "mean white man" or a kind one, "quality folks", or those whom he scornfully calls "poor white trash." He has enormous patience, humility, and the gift of laughter. In these, rests his enormous genius for survival.

In only one thing does Willy exercise foresight. He joins a burial union, and pays dues all his life, to be sure of a splendid funeral, when he is dead. And that makes sense, in Willy's cosmos. For Willy has only one certainty. It is that he will surely one day mount the golden steps into a golden heaven and be taken up into the arms of his saviour. Some time, he knows, he will see the good Lord go by in a glistening chariot, drawn by shining white horses, with the Lord's long golden hair agleam with lights. For in Willy's vision, God is a white man, white as the driven snow, a white man "with grey eyes, and a face jes' like a natural man."

And when Willy lies in his casket one day, at the Old Jerusalem Baptist Church, he will not lack mourners. They will come from far and wide, and their golden voices -- the most beautiful voices on this continent-- will be lifted up in joyous song:

"Da blood done set me free!

Hallelujah!"

jgs
11/5/37

ATX01 0143059

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

REVISED 11/5/37

TYPED 11/4/37

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

NOVEMBER 5, 1937

FRIDAY

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

#14

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson, with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS, presented by the makers of PALL MALL CIGARETTES. If you have subjects or people that you would like to have Miss Thompson discuss on these Friday evening broadcasts, we cordially invite you to write Miss Thompson, in care of this station.

We hope you have enjoyed this broadcast and that you may have the pleasure which the natural tobacco flavor of PALL MALL Cigarettes provide. Once you try them, you will discover that no other cigarette gives you so much genuine smoking pleasure. That's been the experience of thousands of smokers all over the country.

This Modern Blend of PALL MALL Cigarettes is made exclusively of selected Virginia and Burley tobaccos, enriched by choicest Oriental tobaccos. And unlike ordinary blended cigarettes, PALL MALL does not add artificial flavourings to its tobaccos. Instead, the tobacco itself is so fine in quality, so carefully blended that it needs no artificial flavouring....And you get the pleasing, soothing effects of natural tobacco at its best.

PALL MALLS cost only 15 cents for a pack of 20, plus cigarette taxes in some states. And don't overlook the advantage of buying Pall Malls by the carton for use in your home. They're Better.....Naturally.

PALL MALLS are manufactured by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company. Nelson Case speaking.

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

OPENING COMMERCIAL

TYPED 11-10-57
RECORDED 12, 1957
FALL MAIL CIGARETTES

#16

ANNOUNCER:

And now, Fall Mail's new 15-cent cigarette, The Modern Blend, takes pleasure in presenting to you Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism.

Ladies and Gentlemen: Miss Thompson receives a great deal of fan mail and she appreciates every letter. Among the letters which came in recently addressed to the Fall Mail program was one which said, "You have the finest commentator on the air and the finest cigarette on the market."

We certainly agree with the lady of Mount Vernon, New York, who wrote that statement about Miss Thompson. And as for Fall Mail cigarettes, we are doing everything we can to keep them the finest cigarette on the market.

We do it by using the choicest imported and domestic tobaccos....tobaccos so fine in quality, so carefully blended, that they need none of the artificial flavorings used in ordinary cigarettes. Instead of aim bark, sassafras, licorice, or up to 100 other flavorings commonly used to doctor cigarette tobaccos, Fall Mail gives you the genuine flavor of selected, top-grade tobaccos without flavoring, sweetening, or medication of any kind. And the result is a new cigarette that brings you the true joy of smoking...all the soothing, pleasing effects of natural tobaccos at their best.

ATX01 0143061

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS OPENING COMMERCIAL CONT'D. TYPED 11-10-37

#15

November 12, 1937
FRIDAY
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

We believe that once you try Pall Mall, you will agree that it is the finest cigarette you have ever smoked. Twenty Pall Malls cost only 15¢, plus cigarette taxes in some states. Made without artificial flavoring - they're better - NATURALLY.

And now - Miss Dorothy Thompson, with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.

ATX01 0143062

PALL MALL BROADCAST

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

DOROTHY THOMPSON

NOVEMBER 12, 1937

MISS THOMPSON:

Yesterday, the anniversary of the armistice of the Great War, the American Red Cross opened its annual drive for funds, for the relief of the victims of war, and of natural catastrophe - of flood, and fire, and earthquake. And the Red Cross drive recalls to my mind one of the most interesting figures who ever emerged in American life - the founder of the American Red Cross - Clara Barton. Clara Barton died in 1912, when I was a young girl in college, and I remember with what awe we read the news. For it seemed then, that she had been alive forever, and would stay alive forever. She was one of those American females, who, though they may suffer ill health all their lives seem to be indestructible. Actually Clara Barton lived to be ninety-one years old, and passed fifty years of that life in the thick of the most heroic events of her times, at the front and under fire in all wars, and at the front, also, of many a political fight.

I've always wondered why no American playwright and no American novelist has taken Clara Barton as a theme. For Clara was a most glorious - and at times a most annoying - embodiment of a peculiarly American female type: The woman who won't mind her own business. Actually, American history is full of such tremendously energetic, gifted, driving, politically-minded females. Clara Barton was in this great American tradition of extraordinary women, but there isn't a single vivid, modern biography written about her, and probably not a hundred of the people who will be collecting for the Red Cross in the next few days could tell you much about the founder of the American order.

ATX01 0143063

So that is why I've chosen her tonight.

She was born on a farm in Massachusetts, on Christmas Day in 1821 - the year that Napoleon died. War must have been the background of much of the little girl's childish thinking. Her father had fought in the American revolutionary war under Mad Anthony Wayne, the War of 1812 had ended only a few years before she was born, and her father - brought the youngster up on tales of military strategy and battle. He named her, however, Clarissa, after the heroine of Richardson's novel, which some of you younger listeners have read in courses in English literature. It was the household classic of those days, and Clarissa by her very name was commanded to be a paragon of all the virtues, even if it hurt. In the novel Clarissa Harlowe got no credit for her goodness. Perhaps that's why young Miss Barton never insisted on her real name. She was always called Clara. For though Clara became intensely and pugnaciously virtuous in a truly grand manner, she always wanted to get credit for it.

When she was born there was not a college in the United States that admitted women to higher education. Clara was brought up like any New England rural girl. She learned to paint a house, to make her own hats from bleaching and plaiting rye straw, to weave the household garments at a hand loom. She also learned to ride, and at 77 still sat a horse like a general.

When she was ten years old, an older brother, whom she adored, fell from a horse and was seriously injured. Medical science in those days couldn't cope with his case. He remained terribly ill, and quite helpless for two years.

During that time the ten year old sister, the little New England Puritan child, with exaggerated ideas of responsibility and duty, was his nurse. She waited on him day and night. After he was at last well her parents noticed for the first time that little Clara had stopped growing. Overwork and sleeplessness had stunted her. She remained to the end of her days a tiny creature, scarcely five feet tall.

I suppose this experience set the pattern of her life. She had become a nurse; she had accepted tremendous responsibility. And an experience with a phrenologist, shortly after this, helped fix the pattern. The phrenologist in those days fulfilled the function which psycho-analysts do today. He came around and read Clara's bumps. He said she would never fight for herself, but would fight like a tiger for others. He advised giving her responsibility - perhaps a school to teach. So Clara began teaching at fifteen. But Clara wasn't just a teacher. She was born to organize; to scourge and harry people for their own good. Eventually Clara went to teach in Bordentown, New Jersey. She was disgusted by the fact that the only schools in existence there were sectarian, devoted chiefly to inculcating religious beliefs. So she organized the first public school in the community, against the opposition of the entire town, and beginning with six pupils built it up to six hundred.

Well, her health broke down. Clara's health was continually breaking down. Her family sent her to Washington for a rest. While there she heard of a great scandal in the patent office.

It seemed that the clerks were selling inventors' ideas to businessmen. So Clara got herself appointed head clerk by some political pull, and proceeded to clean out the office. If you think it made her popular you are mistaken. The little figure, with the long nose, the large and homely mouth, and the sharp virtuous eyes got the Bronx cheer whenever she entered her office. But it didn't phase Clara. President Buchanan came in and fired her, but she left the patent office thoroughly reformed.

She went home again, but came back to Washington at the outbreak of the civil war, and she was there in April 1861 when the boys of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment reached Washington. Because she was there, the American Red Cross, in all probability, exists today. For the wounded were quartered in the Senate building, and there was not the vestige of an organization to take care of them. Clara went to the wounded and read to them - news of home. She sent out a call through advertisements in papers for supplies for the wounded, and presently had to rent a warehouse to take care of the things that came. Then she decided to go to the battle front. She met red tape in every office. The idea was unheard of. But she finally got passes, and she moved from battle-front to battle-front through the whole civil war. Men died in her arms, but she was never scratched. And when the war was over, it was the little Puritan busy-body who opened the bureau for the finding of missing men.

A few years later in Europe - while Clara was again nursing her wretched health - she began to hear of the activities of a Swiss named Henri Dunant.

Shocked by what he had seen on the battlefields during the Italian wars of liberation, he had sent out a call to all nations to found an international society for the relief of the wounded, a society to be neutral and international. He had called together a convention, which had adopted as its flag the Swiss flag in reverse. The Swiss flag was a white cross on a red ground. The new flag was a red cross on a white ground.

And now the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and Clara rose and went to it. For the first time, she saw an ORGANIZED sanitary commission. And on the battle-fields of the Franco-Prussian war she swore that she would not die until America had joined the International Red Cross.

That was just about as easy to do then as to get the United States now to join the League of Nations. Clara Barton became the most persistent lobbyist in Washington. No good. The United States wanted no entangling alliances - not even in the name of universal mercy. Then, Clara had her great idea and her great opportunity. A terrible forest fire broke out in Michigan. Clara Barton organized the first American Red Cross Society, not to assist the victims of foreign wars, but to help the victims of an American catastrophe. Medicines, bandages, supplies, and finally assistants went out to Michigan in the name of the Red Cross. The action turned the tide of public opinion. Eventually, the United States ratified the International Red Cross treaty, and Clara Barton became the first President of the National society.

And now, Clara became an internationally known figure, representing the United States at one international conference after another. She also became something of a tartar. After all, the American Red Cross was her baby. She got the by-laws changed and had herself elected to the Presidency for life. She took care of all the funds, distributing them as she saw fit. No one ever hinted that she misappropriated them. The woman was incorruptible. But it was not a satisfactory way to run a large organization. There was eventually a congressional investigation and Miss Barton was demoted to the honorary presidency. She never recovered from this slight. Like her namesake, Clarissa Harlowe, she felt that her virtue had been abused. She even incorporated herself and founded a rival society: The National First Aid of America.

But all that isn't very important. The victims of the Texas famine, of the great Mississippi floods, of Armenian massacres, of yellow-fever epidemics, and of the Great War itself, were not interested in Miss Barton's little complexes. They were grateful for the beneficence which she had organized. The puny, homely little Puritan had become the embodied conscience of a nation, outraged by human suffering.

Apparently it never occurred to Clara Barton that she, or anyone else, could stop war, any more than they could stop earthquakes, fires, and floods. She hoped only to mitigate its horrors. Perhaps it is just as well that she is not alive today, to see bombs rain from the air on defenseless women and little children in China and in Spain, to read of prisoners shot in hordes, to know that the Red Cross sign is no longer always one before which warriors halt their terror. Clara Barton was a great woman. But I think I hear her wizened little body turning restlessly in her grave.

RES-11/12/37

ATX01 014306B

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

CLOSING COLLEGEIAL

TYPED 11-10-37

#15

November 12, 1937
FRIDAY
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson with People in the News, presented by the makers of Pall Mall cigarettes. If you would like a free copy of tonight's broadcast, we cordially invite you to write Pall Mall cigarettes, in care of this station. Just send your name and address to us in care of this station and we will send you a reprint of Miss Thompson's talk with the compliments of Pall Mall's new cigarette.

And we hope that you will make it a point to buy a package of Pall Malls tomorrow. Once you try them, you will discover that no other cigarette gives you so much genuine smoking pleasure. That's been the experience of thousands of smokers all over the country.

This Modern Blend of Pall Mall cigarettes is made exclusively of selected Virginia and Burley tobaccos, enriched by choicest Oriental tobaccos. And unlike ordinary blended cigarettes, Pall Mall does not add artificial flavorings to its tobaccos. Instead, the tobacco itself is so fine in quality, so carefully blended that it needs no artificial flavoring...and as a result you get the pleasing, soothing effects of natural tobacco at its best.

Twenty Pall Malls cost only 15 cents, plus cigarette taxes in some states. And don't overlook the advantage of buying Pall Malls by the carton.

ATXOJ 0143069

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS CLOSING COMMERCIAL CONT'D. WPM 11:45-87

WLS

November 18, 1967
FRIDAY
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

Pall Malls are manufactured by the American Cigarette
and Pipe Company. Nelson Cole speaking.

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

ATX01 0143070

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

TYPED 11/11/57

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS OPENING COMMERCIAL

November 18, 1957
FRIDAY
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

#16

ANNOUNCER:

Once again, Pall Mall's new fifteen cent cigarette, The Modern Blend, takes pleasure in presenting to you Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism.

Ladies and gentlemen, the cigarette you smoke is a very personal and intimate thing. It's your companion in pleasure, your consolation in troubled hours. It's as close to you as the food you eat.

Do you know what goes into the cigarette you smoke? You do if you smoke Pall Mall's! For we tell you frankly... Pall Mall is the only blended cigarette made from fine tobaccos ~~and~~ without the addition of artificial flavoring. Ordinary blended cigarettes do contain many things other than tobaccos. Not just a dash or a sprinkle of them, but sometimes as high as one-seventh of the cigarette consists of flavoring such as ~~elm~~ bark, molasses, licorice, laurel leaves, or some of a hundred others. But Pall Mall cigarettes contain no artificial flavoring, no medication, no sweetening. They're made of the choicest imported and domestic tobaccos ... tobaccos so fine in quality, so carefully blended, that there is no need to cover up their natural flavor. The result is that in Pall Mall's you get, perhaps for the first time, the genuine flavor and fragrance of pure, mellow, natural tobacco.

And pure tobacco - without medication or sweetening - means not only the utmost in smoking pleasure, but also - maximum protection and safety.

If you want to find out how good a cigarette can really taste -

TYPE 11/11, 57

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

OPENING COMMERCIAL COPY

November 18, 1957

REPLY
PAIN HALL CIGARETTES

#12

buy a package of Pain Halls tomorrow. You'll get all the soothing, pleasing effects of the natural flavor of tobacco.

Twenty Pain Halls cost only fifteen cents, plus cigarette taxes in some states. Remember - they're better - naturally!

And now - Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.

ATX01 0143072

PALL MALL BROADCAST

NOVEMBER 19, 1937

DOROTHY THOMPSON

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

One day last winter, I attended for the first time in my life, a session of the United States Supreme Court. If you had been with me, you, too, would have walked up a long flight of marble stairs, into a building that looks like some huge monument. Inside, the court room is not very large, and it is hung with velvet curtains. All across one end of the room is a long table, with more curtains behind it. These part, and nine men walk in, in black robes. They take their places. And quite without preliminary one of them, the spokesman for the day, hands down a decision -- momentous always. The velvet curtains seem to muffle the sound of his voice. Unless he happens to be Justice Roberts, one is unlikely to hear a word. And so one sits and looks at the faces of this least familiar branch of our government. And if you had been with me, I am sure your interest, like mine, would have been drawn to one particular face. For it is the face of a prophet and a saint. It is small and narrow, and almost transparent. Above a generous, sensitive mouth are a pair of mild blue eyes. And above them towers a great forehead, framed in an aura of silver hair. It is the face of Mr. Justice Brandeis, whose eighty-first birthday was celebrated this week, and whom I nominate to-night as the greatest living American liberal.

This old man, who still enjoys great mental vigor and the wisdom of a life-time dominated by a passion for truth and justice, is one of those rare men who enters in his own lifetime into the company of the immortals. For Mr. Justice Brandeis, his life, his beliefs, his struggles, and his judicial decisions, has already become an irradicable chapter of American history.

ATX01 0143073

He is the son of an immigrant. His father Adolf Brandeis was one of the famous 48-ers, the men who fled from Germany and Italy and Austria during the revolutions of 1848 -- just as many hundreds have fled to this country in the last few years from the persecutions of this revolutionary period.

Adolf Brandeis, of Jewish origin, came from Austria -- from Prague. He left behind him his relatives and the girl he loved, but he soon acquired a new love: For the United States. Writing to his sweetheart from the backwoods Ohio town where he settled, he said, "I already love our new country so much that I rejoice that I can sing its praises. It is the triumph of the rights of man. I feel my patriotism growing every day." Soon his beloved Fritzchen joined him in America, they were married, and settled down in Louisville Kentucky, and there, on November 13th, 1856, a son was born to them: Louis Dembitz Brandeis, who was to fight all his life, for the further triumph, in this country, of the rights of man.

When the little boy was four years old his uncle went to the Republican convention in Chicago, and there heard for the first time a gaunt, Kentucky-born orator talk with impassioned earnestness. Louis' uncle helped nominate him for the Presidency. His name was Abraham Lincoln.

By 1875, when Louis Brandeis was eighteen years old, he had prepared himself for Harvard law school. But his parents could no longer afford to educate him. His sole capital was \$200 that he borrowed from a relative. But from the very first he proved to be so brilliant a student that he was able to earn his way by tutoring rich men's sons. He injured his eyesight, poring over books, but he got himself through college and actually had \$1500 ahead when he graduated.

He made a scholastic record that has not been surpassed since his graduating class of 1877, and a special ruling had to be passed to permit him to take a degree while he was still under twenty-one.

In that two years, he had not only gotten himself a degree, but he had made the acquaintance of men who are magical names to us today: Emerson; Longfellow; Lowell; and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, that remarkable physician and writer, whose own son was to sit on the Supreme Bench with Brandeis, many years later, become his most intimate friend, and together with him, help to liberalize America.

For sixty years, the career of this man has been perfectly consistent. At the very beginning of his life, he set about to limit his wants to the barest minimum in order to be free to of the pressure for money. In the course of his life, he did, actually, make a considerable fortune, but never, for an instant, did an interest in money dominate his life. He wanted only enough to be free -- to be independent -- so that he could fight, in the courts, the cause of the American people. Fighting this cause, he called his "luxury".

And his fights were unending. For Mr. Brandeis began his career at the first stage of the growth of the modern huge corporation. He knew what possibilities for evil were inherent in such huge aggregations of money. He saw that the great scramble for money was trampling human rights and individual rights under foot. He was outraged at the massacre of workers in the terrible Homestead Strike. He saw that all sorts of shenanigan with stocks -- stock watering -- was gouging investors, and making the people pay unnecessarily high rates for electricity and gas. Because he was one of the most brilliant court lawyers of his times, rich men wished to become his clients, and he often represented them.

But because he was not only a lawyer, but an economist and sociologist, he also, often, taught them considerable about their own businesses. And over and over again he warned them. He said: "The greatest factors making for socialism and communism among a free people are the abuses of capital. Because as Lincoln said of slavery, 'Every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be requited with the sword'. It is certain that among a free people, every excess of capital must, in time, be repaid by the excessive demands of those who have not the capital. Every act of injustice on the part of the rich, will be met by another act of injustice on the part of the people."

Mr. Brandeis was never a socialist. He hated collectivism. He believed in free enterprise. He wanted justice. He favored trade unionism and collective bargaining. He believed that industrialists should share with their workers, not only the profits, but the responsibilities of management. But he did not believe, either, that unions are cure-alls, and foresaw that they, too, could become menaces. He was, and is, opposed to the closed shop, as tending toward a monopoly of labor. He favors the incorporation of unions. This great friend of labor organization once said, "The plea of unions for immunity, be it from injunction or from liability to damages is as fallacious as the plea of the lynchers." For Mr. Brandeis, the peoples' lawyer, whose father fled from Austria to escape tyranny, is a hater of tyranny in all forms, whether it be the tyranny of the state, or the tyranny of great capitalists, or the tyranny of organized labor.

In 1916 Justice Lamar died. President Wilson informed his attorney general, Mr. Gregory, that he wanted someone from New England for the vacancy. Mr. Gregory immediately suggested Brandeis.

The nomination precipitated one of the greatest battles in Supreme Court history. When the news was announced, Wall Street was stunned. Many conservative newspapers, including the New York Times, denounced the appointment. He was called a radical, a socialist, a communist. Protests poured into the senate. His old Boston enemies, against whom he had fought the Peoples' battles in the Boston courts, descended on Washington in droves. And finally seven past presidents of the American Bar Association signed a protest. One of them was William Howard Taft. Afterwards he and Brandeis were to become close friends. And today, in Washington, the person of this great Justice, is surrounded by almost an aura of sanctity. His enemies have faded away. For the things that he prophesied have come to pass. And for the reasons that he said they would come to pass. Justice Brandeis was never a dangerous radical. He was, in some ways, a great conservative. He knew that government must respond to the needs of changing times. He knew that principles must be maintained, even against the powerful.

He was the enemy of the die-hards, but he has also often been the opponent of the restless and aggressive progressives, who wanted to reach too far, and bite off too much, and, on their part, commit injustice. His life has spanned half of the whole history of the American Republic. He lived to see the European government which exiled his father shatter to pieces. And he helped the founder of the Czech-Slovak Republic -- Dr. Masaryk -- write the Czech Declaration of Independence, and set up democracy in the Prague from which Brandeis's father had flown. In the decisions which he has handed down from the Supreme Bench, he has written a whole philosophy of what he thinks America should stand for. That philosophy is perhaps best summed up, in what he said, in the case of *Olmstead* against the United States, in 1928. This is what he said:

"Those who won our independence believed that in government, the deliberative forces should prevail over the arbitrary, they believed liberty to be the secret of happiness, and courage to be the secret of liberty. The makers of our constitution undertook to secure conditions favorable to the pursuit of happiness. They recognized the significance of man's spiritual nature, of his feelings, and his intellect. They knew that only a part of the satisfactions of life are to be found in material things. They conferred, as against the government, the right to be let alone -- the most comprehensive of rights, and the right most valued by civilized man."

Mr. Justice, we congratulate you on your eighty-first birthday. We congratulate America that you were born. We congratulate you on the life behind you, on all the battles you have won, and we wish you a continued serene, vigorous, and wise old age.

Jga
11/19/37

ATX01 0143078

TYPED 11/12/57

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

November 19, 1957

FRIDAY

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

16

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson, with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS, presented by the makers of PALL MALL CIGARETTES. If you have subjects or people that you would like to have Miss Thompson discuss on these Friday evening broadcasts, we cordially invite you to write Miss Thompson, in care of this station.

We hope you have enjoyed this broadcast and that you may have the pleasure which the natural tobacco flavor of Pall Mall Cigarettes provide. Once you try them, you will discover that no other cigarette gives you so much genuine smoking pleasure.. That's been the experience of thousands of smokers all over the country.

This Modern Blend of PALL MALL Cigarettes is made exclusively of selected Virginia and Burley tobaccos, enriched by choicest Oriental tobaccos. And unlike ordinary blended cigarettes, PALL MALL does not add artificial flavorings to its tobaccos. Instead, the tobacco itself is so fine in quality, so carefully blended that it needs no artificial flavoring ... And you get the pleasing, soothing effects of natural tobacco at its best.

Pall Malls cost only 15 cents for a pack of 20, plus cigarette taxes in some states. And don't ever look the advantage of buying Pall Malls by the carton for use in your home. They're Better ... Naturally.

PALL MALLS are manufactured by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company. Nelson Case speaking.

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

ATK01 0143079

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

TIME 11/28/37

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS OPENING COMMERCIAL

NOVEMBER 28, 1937
FRIDAY
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

#17

ANNOUNCER:

Once again, Pall Mall's new fifteen cent cigarette, the Modern Blend, takes pleasure in presenting to you Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism.

Ladies and gentlemen, the cigarette you smoke is a very personal and intimate thing. It's your companion in pleasure, your consolation in troubled hours. It's as close to you as the food you eat.

And yet do you know what goes into the cigarette you smoke? You do if you smoke Pall Malls! For we tell you frankly. Pall Mall is the only blended cigarette made from fine tobaccos ... without the addition of artificial flavoring. Ordinary blended cigarettes do contain many things other than tobaccos. Not just a dash or a sprinkle of them either but sometimes as high as one-seventh of the cigarette consists of flavoring such as elm-bark, molasses, licorice, louse leaves, or some of a hundred others. But Pall Mall cigarettes contain no artificial flavoring, no medication, no sweetening. They're made of the choicest imported and domestic tobaccos... tobaccos of fine quality, so carefully blended, that there is no need to cover up their natural flavor. The result is that in Pall Malls you get, for the first time, the genuine flavor and fragrance of pure, all-natural tobacco.

And pure tobacco, Ladies & Gentlemen, - without medication or sweetening - means not only the utmost in smoking pleasure, but also maximum protection and safety.

So if you want to find out how good a cigarette can really be -

ATX01 0143080

TYPED 11/23/57

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

OPENING COMMERCIAL SOUND NOVEMBER 23, 1957

#17

FRIDAY
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

buy a package of Pall Malls tomorrow. You'll get all the soothing, pleasing effects of the natural flavor of tobacco.

Twenty Pall Malls cost only fifteen cents, plus cigarette taxes in some states. Remember - they're better - naturally!

And now - Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.

ATX01 0143081

7TS.
PALL MALL BROADCAST

NOVEMBER 26th, 1937

DOROTHY THOMPSON

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

Three or four years ago I was dining at the house of Lady Astor, in London. The personality and behavior of a well-known American lady was being discussed. There was another American woman at the dinner, and she was criticising this well-known lady with considerable rancor. The sum-total of her remarks was that the lady did not behave according to the conventions of her position. "Why", she said, "She invited people to come to see her who have never before set foot inside that house. She runs around the country, sticking her nose into all sorts of things. Don't you think it's AWFUL?" To which Lady Astor replied, "I should say of the lady in question that she is a true aristocrat. That is to say, she makes her own conventions."

Of course, the lady who was being discussed was Mrs. Roosevelt, who is always in the news, but came into it especially last week with the publication of her autobiography. The house that was being discussed was the White House. And I was delighted to have Lady Astor put an American snob in her place. For Lady Astor was right. The First Lady of the Land makes conventions, she does not follow them. Eleanor Roosevelt's whole life has been an attempt to escape from the rigid and stifling conventions of the society into which she was born. No lady who has ever presided over the White House has so clearly recognized that it is the official residence of the President of a great democracy. No one - not even her bitterest enemy, and she has many enemies - has ever been able to accuse her of failure in fulfilling all the DIGNITIES of her position, as the wife and hostess of the President of the United States.

(M O R E)

ATX01 0143082

She had very little confidence in her own intelligence. Her book is ruthlessly self-critical. She admits that all through her life she has used her quick-wittedness to pick other people's brains and - as she says - "use their knowledge as my own". As a matter of fact all quick-witted people do that. But how few of us ever admit it? But Mrs. Roosevelt admits it, and says that it is a bad habit, and regrets that the best education available to girls of her day failed utterly to train her in the fundamentals of how to think. Her finishing school type of education gave her what she thinks to have been a superficial education, but it also gave her an enormous respect for independent thinking. One sees that in what she writes about Mlle. Souvestre, who ran the French School that she attended in London. Mlle. Souvestre was evidently quite a woman, with a strong personality and original ideas. Eleanor Roosevelt describes herself, as an adolescent girl, as "a young person" of painfully high ideals, and a tremendous sense of duty, entirely unrelieved by any sense of humor or any appreciation of the weaknesses of human nature. "Things", she says, "were either right or wrong to me, with very few shades". This young woman, who describes herself as a prig, had some of her ideals shaken by the realistic French woman. And, as one reads her book, one sees that it was this French woman who first brought her to question whether everything that she had been taught in Society was the last word on the subject.

(M O R E)

ATK01 0143083

There is another thing that is important about Eleanor Roosevelt. She was a very unhappy little girl. It wasn't just her plain face that made her so. Her childhood had one idol: her father, Elliott Roosevelt, the brother of the President, Theodore Roosevelt. Her father called her "Little Nell" after the character in Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop". Her beautiful mother was plainly distressed about her ugly duckling, and did her best to teach her exquisite manners. But the father treated her with tenderness and love and she says, "My father had come home, and I am sorry to say he was causing my mother and his sister a great deal of anxiety - but he was the only person who did not treat me as a criminal!"

The tragedy of Eleanor Roosevelt's childhood was that this gallant and understanding father, this tender friend - died before she was ten years old.

Her father was plainly the under-dog in his family. Although Mrs. Roosevelt handles the whole matter with extreme tactfulness, one can read between the lines that the head of the family was in constant disgrace. And yet this man was the loveliest personality the child had ever encountered and perhaps her sympathy for all under-dogs is due to this.

And she was a LONELY child. Her mother had died when she was eight; she was an orphan at ten; she was brought up by relatives in the country before the days of automobiles, and she hardly ever had a child companion, - except for her brothers. Once, during the course of each summer, little Carola de Peyster was allowed to come to visit her for a day.

(M O R E)

"That was all the companionship of my own age that I had", says Eleanor. And I think this explains a great deal, too. If Mrs. Roosevelt today is gregarious, if she enormously enjoys the company of a circle of women friends, one recalls that she was lonely for girl friends during her whole childhood.

There is something about Mrs. Roosevelt that has impressed me very much on the few occasions when I have met her. I might call it a curious immaturity. Mrs. Roosevelt is a woman around fifty. But there is something girlish about her, even today. It's partly in the way she moves, with a long-legged, slightly awkward grace of youth. It is partly in her eager responsiveness. I wondered about it, but this autobiography tells us the reason. This is a woman of very slow development. She led a sheltered childhood and youth, and the mental pain that she suffered did not bring her out, but drove her in upon herself. She married early, at nineteen, and, in her own words, was totally unprepared for wifehood and motherhood and, indeed, the whole marriage seems to have been arranged in a vague desire to learn something about life. She says, "I had a great curiosity about life, and a desire to participate in every experience that might be the lot of woman -- Without rhyme or reason, I felt the urge to be a part of the stream of life, and so, in the autumn of 1903, when Franklin Roosevelt, my fifth cousin, asked me to marry him, it seemed a natural thing".

But the shy girl was not even allowed to be the chief figure at her own wedding. It was held on St. Patrick's Day, because the President, her Uncle Ted, was in town. And Uncle Ted - Theodore Roosevelt - walked off with the show. And later her marriage was to have the tragedy of the loss of a child, and of her husband's terrible illness.

(M O R E)

Eleanor Roosevelt is a woman who has many reasons to feel bitterness. She has suffered loneliness and humiliation, and the attacks that come to all people occupying a high position. But in this extremely revealing autobiography, the only person who comes in for severe condemnation is Eleanor Roosevelt. The two qualities of personality that emerge are candor and gallantry - and they are very engaging qualities. One can criticize Mrs. Roosevelt on many scores. It is impossible not to like her.

x-

RES-11/26/37

ATX01 0143086

(REVISED 11/26/37)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(TYPED 11/28/37)

November 28, 1937
FRIDAY
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson, with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS, presented by the makers of PALL MALL CIGARETTES. If you have subjects or people that you would like to have Miss Thompson discuss on these Friday evening broadcasts, we cordially invite you to write Miss Thompson, in care of this station.

We hope you have enjoyed this broadcast and that you may have the pleasure which the natural tobacco flavor of Pall Mall Cigarettes provide. Once you try them, you will discover that no other cigarette gives you so much genuine smoking pleasure... That's been the experience of thousands of smokers all over the country.

This Modern Blend of PALL MALL Cigarettes is made exclusively of selected Virginia and Burley tobaccos, enriched by choicest Oriental tobaccos. And unlike ordinary blended cigarettes, PALL MALL does not add artificial flavorings to its tobaccos. Instead, the tobacco itself is so fine in quality, so carefully blended that it needs no artificial flavoring ... And you get the pleasing, soothing effects of natural tobacco at its best.

Pall Malls cost only 15 cents for a pack of 20, plus cigarette taxes in some states. And don't overlook the advantages of buying Pall Malls by the carton for use in your home. They're Better ... Naturally!

PALL MALLS are manufactured by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company. Nelson Case speaking.

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

RTKO1 0143087

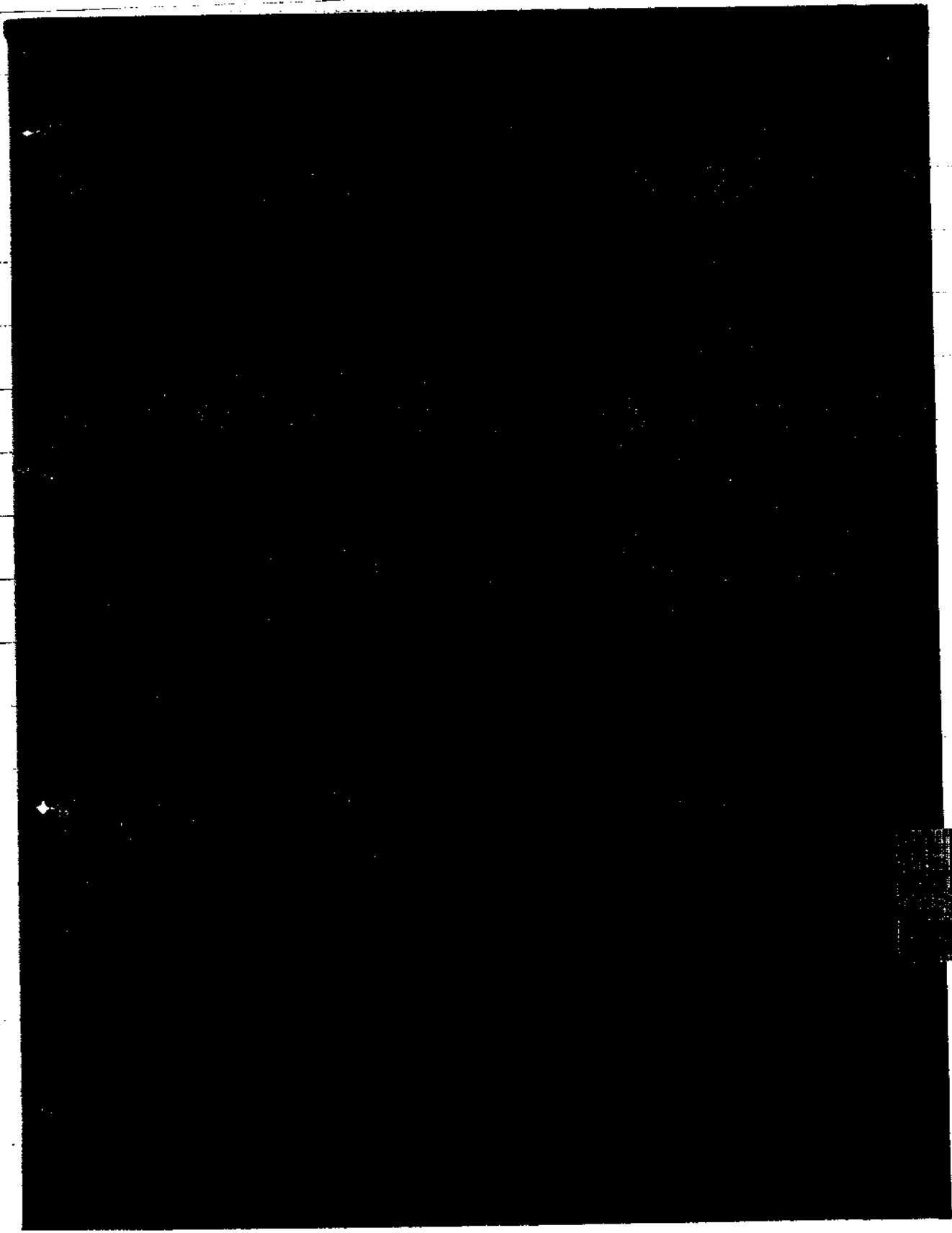
Handwritten:
J.P. Thompson
New York, N.Y.

"At the Peace Conference"

by James T. Shotwell.
MacMillan Company.
November, 1937.

(Excerpt from Chapter on the signing of the
Versailles Treaty pages 381-2)

"Ben Hassins and I had a car together, and just as we were getting into it a well-dressed civilian American stepped up to us and pointed to the empty seat and asked if he might go along...impossible to find a taxi to the gate of the City of Versailles...no reason why he should not ride with us that far...there he quietly left the car and disappeared...When the ceremony was over I found him on the terrace at the doorway to the grand staircase of the Palace. I asked him how he had managed to get in without a ticket, and he pulled out of his pocket a PALL MALL Cigarette case, bright red with a coat of arms in gold at the corner and said that had been his 'laissez-passer.' It was the only touch of comedy in the high drama of the day."



ATK01 0143089

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

OPENING COMMERCIAL

TYPED 12-3-37

#18

Friday,
December 3, 1937

ANNOUNCER:

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

Once again, Pall Mall's new fifteen-cent cigarette, The Modern Blend takes pleasure in presenting to you, Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism.

Ladies and gentlemen, thousands of experienced smokers are smoking Pall Malls because they like a cigarette that gives them the pure flavor of natural tobacco. When you realize that your cigarette is a very personal, intimate thing; that you place it between your lips possible a hundred times per day, don't you want to know what it's made of? Do you really know what goes into your cigarette? You do know if you smoke Pall Malls -- for we tell you frankly. Pall Mall is the only popular blended cigarette made of fine tobaccos without artificial flavoring. Ordinary blended cigarettes do contain many things other than tobaccos. Not just a dash or a sprinkle of them either, but sometimes as high as one-seventh of the cigarette consists of flavoring such as elm-bark, molasses, licorice, laurel leaves, or some of a hundred others. But Pall Mall cigarettes contain no artificial flavoring, no medication, no sweetening. They're made of the choicest imported and domestic tobaccos...tobaccos so fine in quality, so carefully blended, that there is no need to sugar-coat their natural flavor. The result is that in Pall Malls you get, perhaps for the first time, the genuine flavor and fragrance of pure, mellow, natural tobacco.

And pure tobacco, ladies and gentlemen, without

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS CREATING COMMERCIAL CONFID. TUES 12-5-37

#18

FRIDAY,
December 5, 1937

modification or sweetening...means not only the utmost in smoking
pleasure, but also - maximum protection and safety.

So, if you want to find out how good a cigarette can
really taste - buy a package of Pall Malls tomorrow. You'll get
all the soothing pleasing effects of the natural flavor of tobacco.

Twenty Pall Malls cost only fifteen cents, plus local
cigarette taxes in some states. Remember - they're better -
naturally!

And now - Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS,

2/10

1/30

ATK01 0143091

SECRET

FALL MALL BROADCAST
DECEMBER 3, 1937

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS
DOROTHY THOMPSON

One night in October 1922 in the old Italian city of Milan a short, heavy-bodied man, got on a sleeping car for an overnight journey. In the morning at the railway station in Rome he put on a black shirt, motored to the Quirinal Palace and asked to be ushered into the presence of the King of Italy. The King, without any formalities, immediately received Benito Mussolini, Deputy of the Italian parliament and editor of a Milan newspaper. "I Beg your Majesty to forgive me for appearing in your presence in uniform," he said. "I have just come from a bloodless battle which had to be fought".

The two men looked at one another. It must have been a startling contrast. There was Mussolini, the blacksmith's son, with his thick, over-muscular neck, his massive body and popping black eyes, his broad loose mouth and great sweep of jawbone running in an underslung curve between the ears. And there was Victor Emmanuel, the third King of Italy, less than five feet tall, fragile as a bird, with a closely cropped head and receding chin, a mouth that twitches in a nervous jerk, a scrawny neck, and watery blue eyes. A king who looks like anything but the story-book picture of a king. Mussolini talks. Victor Emmanuel listens and thinks. He knows that twenty-thousand men are descending on the capital. He remembers perhaps in a flash, that when he was a young Prince away on a cruise in the Mediterranean a message came to him announcing that his father had been assassinated by an anarchist. He is no coward, but he must consider more than himself.

(m o r e)

ATX01 0143092

That was fifteen years ago. Since then Italy and Mussolini have become almost synonymous, interchangeable words. And Victor Emmanuel has become the Forgotten King. But the sleepless eyes of history see all, and in the end it may be that history will record as it has often recorded before, that the last shall be first.

Victor Emmanuel was an only child, and a very delicate one, and the heir to a throne, but he was brought up with a severity and discipline that would shock adoring American parents. At the age of eight he could read, write and speak English, German, and French as well as his native Italian. From the age of twelve to twenty his education was in the hands of Colonel Osio of the Army who undertook the task only on condition that the boy's parents should never interfere in the slightest degree. And they never did interfere although it meant that they saw their child only once or twice a week. The Colonel was such a slave-driver that his little charge once asked him whether there was any difference between a holiday and a workday. But Osio's work was effective. He made of the young boy a good soldier and an intelligent man, so that when he visited England Queen Victoria said of him, "The Prince of Naples is the most intelligent Prince in Europe." And years later, after Theodore Roosevelt had met all the European kings and had visited his friend Kaiser Wilhelm, he said that Victor Emmanuel was the best king of them all.

For a wife the little King went to the tiny mountain country of Montenegro, whose people are of a prodigious size and strength, and married the Princess Elena. Victor Emmanuel must have been somewhat startled when he first saw the palace and capital of his bride. For the Montenegrin capital, Otinje, is a muddy Balkan village and the palace is a yellow plaster edifice not any more imposing than a small-town banker's house in the middle west. (m o r e)

Many years ago I stopped in front of this house one day and asked an old man smoking a pipe on the doorstep where the King's palace was. He told me that was it. But he didn't tell me - what I afterwards learned - that he was the king. The marriage gave rise to the rumor that it was a eugenic marriage because the King, painfully conscious of his smallness and frailty, wanted to bring children into the world of superior physique. I don't know whether the king married for eugenics or for love, or for both, but it is certain that the marriage has been happy and successful. Elena cooks and sews, is a fluent linguist, and an accomplished musician. She and the King are devoted to their five children and to each other.

In the hubbub and uproar that surround Mussolini and tend to make Victor Emmanuel the forgotten King, the world is not permitted to forget that Sergeant Mussolini shed blood for Italy during the war. But few now remember that the little King wearing a plain uniform without gold braid or decorations was constantly at the front. There he went about his soldiers, simple, modest, gracious, and unaffected. While at the front he lived as his soldiers lived and was in the thick of combat as much as possible. He did not loll in luxury at General Headquarters far behind the lines. He went into the trenches and there he was badly wounded in the hand. Far from exploiting this fact he has always tried to keep it a secret. His frail body shelters a strong will and a great deal of courage.

(M O R E)

ATK01 0143094

The world hears a lot too, of Mussolini's struggle with the Vatican for the separation of Church and State. It hears little of the King's struggle. Mussolini at best renders lip service to Catholicism. The king is a devout Catholic. Nonetheless he has shown great courage in his relations with the Vatican, refusing to acknowledge the temporal power of the Pope, and completely sympathizing with the separation of Church and State.

The legend of Mussolini's overwhelming strength and of the King's puniness continues to roll up, but like many legends it is only half-true, if it isn't completely false. Take the Ethiopian war. Mussolini plotted it with General de Bono who was one of the early fascists, and who, incidentally, was involved at one time in a plot against the throne. I say plotted it because the General himself has told the story of the plotting in a book about the war. De Bono went to Africa. The war bogged down. It seemed likely to drag on for years and drag Italy down with it. Then Il Duce recalled De Bono and placed General Badoglio in supreme command. Badoglio quickly finished the job. But he is no fascist. He has an immense devotion to the King. He is a royalist and anti-fascist. He is a soldier and a loyal subject not of Mussolini, but of Victor Emmanuel. And for that reason Il Duce did not at first send him to Africa. At this difficult time in Italian history, with the Army stymied in Africa, and the British fleet concentrated in the Mediterranean, Badoglio and the King might have made trouble for Mussolini and Fascism. Instead they saved Italy. Someday, Victor Emmanuel thought in 1922, Mussolini may need the Crown more than the Crown needs Mussolini. That was true in 1935. It may be truer still in the days that lie ahead.

(M O R E)

ATX01 0143095

In spite of the fact that Victor Emmanuel is apparently the forgotten King, he actually is in an exceptionally good position. First of all, he makes the Fascist dictatorship legitimate and legal. And all dictators from Napoleon down have wanted to have the show of legality. So Fascism is, to an extent, dependent on his good will. In the second place, there are many people in Italy who don't like Mussolini - in spite of all the propoganda to the contrary. And all these people have sympathy for the little King. If Mussolini should die tomorrow, Victor Emmanuel might play a very important role in Europe. Queen Victoria and Theodore Roosevelt, both of whom were pretty good judges of men, said that he had brains and character. Two of his handsome daughters have married into foreign princely houses - one is the Queen of Bulgaria, one is married to the German prince of Hesse and the Crown Prince is married to the sister of the present Belgian King. So he has good connections.

When Mussolini steps out on the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia with a red rose in his hand and peace or war on the world according to his mood of the morning, the Italian people shout and scream with hysterical enthusiasm. But when the little King rides unostentatiously through the streets, people remember that there was an Italy before Mussolini, and that there will be an Italy when Mussolini is gone. And the heir to that Italy is still the House of Savoy.

JGS-RES-12/3/37

ATX01 0143096

(Typed 12/3/57)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

December 3, 1957

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

#18

ANNOUNCER:

Shaw

The new PALL MALL cigarette is made exclusively of selected Virginia and Burley tobaccos, enriched by choicest Oriental tobaccos. And unlike ordinary blended cigarettes, PALL MALL does not add artificial flavorings to its tobaccos. Instead, the tobacco itself is so fine in quality, so carefully blended that it needs no artificial flavoring ... and you get the pleasing, soothing effects of natural tobacco at its best.

Pall Malls cost only 15 cents for a pack of 20, plus local cigarette taxes in some states. And don't overlook the advantages of buying Pall Malls by the carton for use in your home.

We hope you have enjoyed this broadcast of Miss Thompson's comments on People in the News. And we hope too that you will get greater smoking pleasure from the natural tobacco flavor of Pall Mall cigarettes. Once you try them, you will discover that no other cigarette gives you so much genuine smoking pleasure ... That's been the experience of thousands of smokers all over the country. Pall Malls are made without artificial flavoring. They're better ... Naturally!

PALL MALLS are manufactured by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company. Nelson Case speaking.

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

112

ATX01 0143097

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

630 Fifth Avenue, New York City

DATE: December 8, 1937

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Dorothy Thompson, noted NBC news commentator and wife of 1930 Nobel Prize winner Sinclair Lewis, will tell us from personal experience what the Nobel Committee and its ceremonies in Stockholm are like and discuss the recently announced prize winners during her talk this Friday night at 10:45 PM, EST over the NBC Red network.

Having herself witnessed the Nobel Prize ceremonies in Stockholm, Miss Thompson is admirably suited from personal experience to give us the complete inside story of the Nobel Committee. Far back in 1930, when the Swedish Academy startled the whole European continent by naming the writer of Main Street and Babbitt as the Nobel Prize winner, the Lewis's had to pack their trunks and hustle off to Stockholm for the official ceremonies, which probably no radio personality other than Miss Thompson had ever seen before or has ever seen since. Feeling that the Nobel Prizes, just recently announced, are of extreme timeliness, Miss Thompson will talk this Friday night particularly about personalities connected with background and origin of this distinguished group and its awards.

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

OPENING-COMMERCIAL

#19

TYPED 12-9-37
FRIDAY, 10
December 10, 1937
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

Once again, Pall Mall's new fifteen-cent cigarette, The Modern Blend takes pleasure in presenting to you Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism.

Ladies and Gentlemen, when you stop to think what a personal, intimate thing your cigarette is - when you realize that you place it between your lips perhaps a hundred times a day - don't you want to know what goes into it? If it were a food, the label on the package of almost every blended cigarette would have to tell you plainly that it contains not only tobacco, but also artificial flavorings such as elm-bark, molasses, tonka bean, sassafras. There are a hundred artificial flavorings in common use.

But when you smoke Pall Malls, you know that you are getting the pure flavor of genuine, mellow, natural tobaccos... and nothing else. For Pall Malls contain no artificial flavoring of any kind. And pure tobacco...without sweetening or medication... means not only maximum protection and safety, but also a lot more smoking pleasure. Why, your own good judgment tells you that without artificial flavoring, the tobacco itself must be finer in quality. And Pall Mall tobacco is finer.

Get a package of Pall Malls tomorrow. They cost only fifteen cents, plus added legal cigarette taxes in some states. In their handsome red and gold cartons, Pall Malls make a Christmas gift of genuine distinction. Once you try them you will agree that Pall Malls are better - naturally!

File

SECRET
Fisher

DOROTHY THOMPSON SPOT

DEC. 10, 1937

Forty-one years ago tonight, a Swedish chemist and industrialist died in Stockholm. He had made a fortune out of many inventions, one of which was dynamite. He was a patriot, a scientist, an internationalist, and a patron of the arts. He was also a man who passionately loved peace, and hated war, and he had lived to see some of the high explosives which he had invented for industrial purposes, used to destroy wealth and humanity in wars. He left a remarkable will. His entire fortune was to be turned into a foundation, and the income from it was to be distributed every year to five men: a doctor, a chemist, a physicist, a writer, and that human being who had done most in the world for the cause of peace. The judges were to be the two great institutions of learning in Sweden: The Carolinian Institute of Science, and the Academy of Arts and Letters. And the candidate for the peace prize was to be picked by a special committee of the Norwegian parliament.

Alfred Nobel must have been a man of romantic imagination. He was a great individualist. He believed that the advancement of the world depends on the brains and vision of relatively few people. He wanted to reward a few of these. He instructed that the whole wide world be surveyed each year, to find the men who should be honored. The Academies were to pay no attention to whether the men were already famous. They might be white men or black men, Europeans or Asiatics, for Alfred Nobel believed that brains know no boundaries of race.

ATX01 0143100

As this remarkable will has worked out, the Academies and the Committee work quietly and without publicity. Their business is to follow the science and literature of the world. No candidate ever has the faintest premonition in advance that he may be chosen. And then one fine day in November his telephone may ring, and the Associated Press, or some other news agency may announce to him: You have been awarded the Nobel Prize. That little message is great news. It means, first of all, that the prize-winner will get one fifth of about a quarter of a million dollars. Depending on the rate of exchange and the condition of the foundation's investments, the individual may get anywhere from forty to sixty thousand dollars. And at the same time he is invited to come to Sweden in December to receive the prize, as the guest of the Swedish nation, and of the King.

Tonight in Stockholm, and in the Norwegian capital, Oslo, there are seven lucky men. Seven because this year the prizes for physics and chemistry are being divided between four men: Dr. Clinton J. Davisson, of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, and Dr. T.J. Thompson of London; Walter M. Howarth of England, and Paul Kerrer of Switzerland. Roger Martin du Card, a French writer, author of a monumental novel "The Thibaults", which never had any popular success, gets the literature prize; a Hungarian, Dr. Szent-Gyorgyi, is rewarded for his work in medicine, and Lord Robert Cecil gets the Peace Prize.

The fact that these names are totally unknown to most of us only demonstrates that the man of science is practically anonymous. He works in his laboratory, day after day, experimenting, testing. Sometimes his figure captures the popular imagination and flashes across the news of the world. We all, for instance, know the name of Einstein. But how many of us have ever even heard the name of America's greatest chemist, one of the greatest minds America ever produced - Willard Gibbs?

(M O R E)

ATX01 0143101

Monsieur and Mme. Curie, who discovered Radium, received no support in France, and had neither funds nor a proper laboratory to work in until the Nobel committee called attention to them. Many men of science live and die in obscurity, few of them ever amass a fortune, and yet they have added prodigiously to the wealth and happiness of the world. To attract attention to such men, to show gratitude to such men, Nobel conceived his rewards.

It happens that my husband received the Nobel prize for literature in 1930 - as another American, Eugene O'Neill received it last year - and I am therefore one of the relatively few Americans who has ever attended the annual Swedish celebrations, which are going on tonight in Stockholm. In the course of forty-one years, twenty-three Americans have gotten one or another of the prizes - a very large proportion, and a tribute to America's preeminence in science. But, that means that only that number and their wives, and a few American correspondents have ever attended the ceremonies. And it is the ceremonies that I want especially to tell you about. For they are something quite unique in this rather dreary world. For a whole week, five men are the guests of a nation and of its King. The romantic city of Stockholm is turned inside out for their pleasure and entertainment. It is all the more exciting because a month earlier these five men had no idea that they would be so honored - not the faintest inkling of it. Yesterday this little man, in rather badly fitting evening clothes, was toiling in a laboratory at a salary, perhaps, of five or six thousand dollars a year. Tonight he dines at the table of a King - and a King, and the whole royal family, rises when he enters a hall.

(M O R E)

I know none of the prize-winners this year, but in 1930, the five winners were a curious assembly. There was a turbaned East Indian, dark and strange, who had made remarkable discoveries in the polarity of light. There was a pudgy little German professor from Munich. There was our own secretary of State, Mr. Kellogg - awarded for peace; there was Dr. Landsteiner, formerly of Vienna, later of the Rockefeller Institute, awarded for discoveries about human blood. And there was my gangling, red-haired Yankee husband, Sinclair Lewis. The independence of the judges is remarkable. Two years ago they gave the Peace Prize to a German, in prison for his pacifist ideas, and so annoyed the German Government that it has forbidden German citizens ever again to accept a Nobel prize.

Those five men then, like the men in Stockholm tonight, are living through a fairy tale. It is winter in the northern city. At noon it is already dark, and one moves through lighted streets, garlanded with evergreens for Christmas and for the festivities. These festivities seem endless. There is the formal awarding of the prizes, in the presence of the King, and the members of the Academies. There is the great public dinner, in the Town Hall. This is one of the most exquisite buildings in all of Europe. A thousand people attend this banquet. Swedish culture; Stockholm Society, the whole Royal family except the King, and the whole diplomatic corps. The room is lofty, its tall walls, ceiling, and romanesque arches covered in pure gold mosaic, and for this feast it is lighted entirely by candles.

(M O R E)

Since then - for a thousand years - a boiled egg has stood at the King's plate at every meal. I am still wondering what eventually becomes of these soft-boiled and uneaten eggs. The only crown I saw in the Royal Palace was made of spun sugar and arrived on top of the ice cream. The King smoked through the dinner but no one else is allowed to smoke at all in his presence. But the Princess Ingeborg got some of us behind a screen after dinner and there we all stole a smoke.

But the magic of Stockholm is not in the Court, but in the town itself. This half-modern, half-medieval city is laced together by rivers, canals, and lakes, swept clean of snow on which the world's best skaters race under artificial lights. Day is only a brief grayness. All the rest is one long gay lighted night. The feast of St. Lucia, the northern goddess who heralds the sun's return, comes in the middle of this week's festivities, and one is awakened at five in the morning by a beautiful girl with long golden hair flowing over her shoulders and with a crown of evergreens and lighted candles on her head who comes into one's bedroom with a tray of steaming coffee and delicious cakes. This happens on St. Lucia's day in nearly every home in Sweden, St. Lucia being played by the prettiest girl in the family or in the neighborhood.

And I am sure that long after this year's Nobel Prize Winners have spent their prizes and almost forgotten that they dined with the King, they will remember that lovely symbolic figure crowned in light. Symbolic in more than one way - for the dark city of the North is one of the most enlightened places in the wide world.

RES-12/10/37

ATX01 0143104

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(Typed 12/9/37)

December 10th 1937

#19

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

(Overall timing 1:15)

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson, who is presented each week at this time by the makers of PALL MALL cigarettes.

The new PALL MALL cigarette is made exclusively of selected Virginia and Burley tobaccos, enriched by choicest Oriental tobaccos. And unlike ordinary blended cigarettes, PALL MALL does not add artificial flavorings to its tobacco. Instead, the tobacco itself is so fine in quality, so carefully blended that it needs no artificial flavoring *(and you get the pleasing, soothing effects of natural tobacco #1 5 seconds at its best.)

NOTE*
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5 seconds

PALL MALLS cost only 15 cents for a pack of 20, plus extra local cigarette taxes in some states. And don't overlook the advantages of buying PALL MALLS by the carton for use in your home.

NOTE*
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seconds

*(We believe that you will get greater smoking pleasure from the natural tobacco flavor of PALL MALL cigarettes. Once you try them, you will discover that no other cigarette gives you so much genuine smoking pleasure That's been the experience of thousands of smokers all over the country. PALL MALLS are made without artificial flavoring.)

They're betterNATURALLY!

PALL MALLS are manufactured by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company. Nelson Case speaking.

THIS IS THE RED NETWORK OF THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COME

NOTE: If cut #2 is taken, last line reads: "PALL MALLS ARE BETTER NATURALLY."

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

*File D.T. Thompson
Script*
630 Fifth Avenue, New York City

DATE: December 15, 1937

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

DOROTHY THOMPSON SPEAKS ON
EMPEROR OF JAPAN

Hirohito, Emperor of Japan, and the vitally important place he holds in the present Japanese situation will be the subject of Dorothy Thompson's discussion in her "People in the News" broadcast this coming Friday night at 10:45 PM, EST, over the NBC Red network.

Miss Thompson will specifically describe the Emperor's part in the crucial international developments of the past week. Does the Emperor occupy a position similar to that of other rulers? Does his standing as the Son of Heaven mean that he is the last and only monarch to claim the "divine right of kings?" Where does he stand in world politics? These are some of the questions Miss Thompson will answer for us this Friday night in "People in the News."

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS · OPENING COMMERCIAL

#19

TYPED 12-9-37
FRIDAY,
December 17, 1937
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

Once again, Pall Mall's new fifteen-cent cigarette, The Modern Blend takes pleasure in presenting to you Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism.

Ladies and Gentlemen, when you stop to think what a personal, intimate thing your cigarette is - when you realize that you place it between your lips perhaps a hundred times a day - don't you want to know what goes into it? If it were a food, the label on the package of almost every blended cigarette would have to tell you plainly that it contains not only tobacco, but also artificial flavorings such as elm-bark, molasses, tonka bean, sassafras. There are a hundred artificial flavorings in common use.

But when you smoke Pall Malls, you know that you are getting the pure flavor of genuine, mellow, natural tobaccos.... and nothing else.. For Pall Malls contain no artificial flavoring of any kind. And pure tobacco...without sweetening or medication... means not only maximum protection and safety, but also a lot more smoking pleasure. Why, your own good judgment tells you that without artificial flavoring, the tobacco itself must be finer in quality. And Pall Mall tobacco is finer.

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RADIO 28-100M

ATX01 0143107

DOROTHY THOMPSON

DEC. 17, 1937

The outstanding news of the past week has been the bombing and sinking of the American gunboat Panay, by Japanese war planes, in the Yangtse river. The incontestable facts are that the ship was where it had a perfect right to be; that the Japanese forces had been notified by the American Navy that the ship was there, that it was clearly marked by American flags flying from every mast, and that repeated swoopings down upon it, by the Japanese planes, must have shown the aviators clearly that it was not a Chinese ship. The ship, therefore, was sunk, not by accident, but deliberately. At yesterday's press conference, Secretary Hull said that further reports from our naval officers indicate that the vessel was not only bombed but the passengers machine-gunned.

Now, there are several things about this incident which it is important to take note of. In the long history of infractions of the rights of foreigners in China, since this conflict began, the Japanese have treated protests in a very cavalier fashion. At best they have merely offered perfunctory apologies, without taking effective steps to prevent a repetition of the same sort of incidents. Even when the British ambassador's motor car was machine-gunned from the air, and the ambassador wounded, the Japanese government refused first of all to admit that Japanese planes were responsible, and finally, after a delay unprecedented in such cases - a delay of nine weeks - offered only a formal apology. So great has the anarchy of the world become, and so low have standards of international behavior fallen, that things are happening every day that twenty years ago would have caused a break in diplomatic relations, if not a war.

ATX01 0143108

In the case of the Panay, however, the Japanese government began to apologize almost before our protest arrived. The reasons are simple. The United States has preserved its rights in China under the most provocative circumstances, with admirable lack of truculence. This country wishes no hostilities with Japan. It does not think, however, that the way to preserve peace is to yield to force and blackmail. And the Japanese feel far freer to treat Great Britain in a cavalier way, than to treat us that way, because they know that Great Britain's hands are pretty well tied up in Europe - by the very countries with whom Japan is in alliance - Germany and Italy. The United States, however, is not tied up, but is a free agent. And therefore the Japanese government is very anxious not to offend the United States.

But the question that we have to ask ourselves is: Who IS the Japanese government? Who ARE the persons in Japan who are really responsible, for the actions of the military forces? There is reason to believe that if the Japanese government were really in control the sinking of the Panay would never have happened. If the Japanese government IS in control, then this is a deliberate act of war. In this country the army and navy are subject to civilian control. The President of the United States is commander-in-chief of our armed forces, and our government is strictly accountable for what the army and navy do. But in Japan, it would appear that the army and navy THEMSELVES are the real government, with civilians as mere figure heads. Japanese diplomats have made repeated protestations of friendship for the United States, and there is probably no reason to doubt their sincerity. But whether we pay attention to them or not, it is obvious that their own armed forces don't pay attention.

Consequently, the Japanese government with which we deal promises to do one thing, and the Japanese government which really runs Japan does something else.

Now I have gone into this in order to point out something quite extraordinary and unparalleled in the protest note, which President Roosevelt drafted, and the State Department has sent to the Japanese government. The usual thing in such a case is to ask for formal apology, complete indemnification for lives and property destroyed, assurances that the guilty will be punished, and that steps will be taken to prevent a recurrence of such incidents. These things HAVE been demanded by our government, and have been granted. But President Roosevelt, with, I think, entirely justified astuteness, went a step farther. He requested that his protest be brought directly to the attention of the Emperor of Japan. Obviously he is sick and tired of repeated infractions of American rights and repeated perfunctory apologies. Obviously he is tired of dealing with a government which seems to have no power over its own army. Obviously he does not want war with Japan. But as the executive head of the American government, he MUST see that American rights are respected. And therefore he has appealed, over the heads of the civilians and military, to the supreme personage in Japan: The Emperor. The Mikado. To my knowledge no government has ever before attempted to approach the Japanese Emperor in this fashion.

For the Japanese, the Mikado is not a personage. He is God. Actually, there is no word for God in the Japanese language. But the whole idea of divinity, of supreme power, is embodied in the Emperor. He does not rule BY divine right, but AS divine right. The Mikado of Japan, Emperor Hirohito, is supposed to be the 124th member of his dynasty.

He is, curiously enough, a constitutional monarch. Yet he is, at the same time, in his person, the Japanese people, the symbol of everything they are, have been, or hope to be. It's very difficult for us westerners to understand that an eastern nation can completely absorb western machine civilization, and at the same time revere their human monarch as a God, and not as a man. Theoretically the Emperor of Japan IS Japan, more truly and more mystically than Louis XIV of France, who said "I am the State." Theoretically, the Emperor owns Japan, owns every life in Japan, and can dispose of his people as he wills. That theory has never been tested, but it exists as more than an empty phrase: it exists as a profound religious conception.

In the Old Testament, it was forbidden to attempt to delineate the features of God in a picture, and it was forbidden to pronounce the name of God. In Japan, the Emperor's face is too holy to be put on coins. Pictures of him exist, but in schools, for instance, they are kept, like a shrine, locked up, and only taken out occasionally, when the national anthem is sung. No man or any picture of any man can stand or hang where he or it may look down on the Emperor. For instance, if the Emperor passes through the streets in a carriage, every person along the route of the procession must stand at street level. Not long ago in Tokio two men who had climbed a steeple as a political protest of one kind or another - they'd turned themselves into steeple-sitters - presented the Tokio police with a terrible problem when the Emperor's carriage was about to pass by. If they hadn't come down, they probably would have had to be shot down.

No man can touch the person of the Emperor. The Court Physician must diagnose his illnesses at a distance and take his pulse with silk gloves on.

And when the Emperor's tailor comes to the Palace to make him a new suit he has a tough job. He must stand off at a distance and guess the measurements.

Once a switchman delayed the Emperor's train for two minutes. He committed hari-kari, which is a peculiarly Japanese form of committing suicide by disemboweling oneself. A tire blew out on the Mikado's car - and the chauffeur killed himself. To name a child after the Emperor is forbidden. The Mayor of a Japanese city who gave his child a name somewhat resembling the Emperor's had to resign and kill himself. It's a startling contrast to our ideas. Probably the greatest devotion ever shown to a leader in this country was when some of William Jennings Bryan's followers agreed to let their beards grow until he should be elected.

But this little man who lives in strange godlike seclusion as the head of one of the most active pushing nations on earth once broke with a Japanese precedent more than two thousand years old. In 1921 when he was a Prince and the heir apparent to the Throne, he did what no other Japanese in his position had ever done: he made a tour of the western world, to the enormous fear and worry of many of his more religious subjects who feared that harm would befall their fragile god travelling among common men, and numbers of them committed suicide.

And Hirohito, Emperor, god, and man, behind the walls of his seclusion, living at an immense distance from the world, has acquired not only western tastes but highly MODERN western tastes. His hobby, for instance, is one of the newest of western sciences: biology. He is an amateur scientist, works in his own laboratories, and since biology is partly concerned with the mystery of life we see the strange spectacle of a man who is omniscient in Japanese eyes trying to solve the riddle of existence: What is life, after all?

The seriousness of our protest to Japan is illustrated by the fact that it is to this mystical and all-highest personage who incorporates in himself the whole conception of Japan, that our state department has addressed itself - over the heads of its weak civilian government, and over the heads of its out-of-hand military government. To him, who IS Japan, we plead for an end of the international anarchy which threatens peace between nations who have everything to gain by peace with each other, and everything to lose by war.

(RES-12/17/37)

ATK01 0143113

(Typed 12/2/57)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

December 10th 1957

#19

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

(Overall timing 1:15)

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson, who is presented each week at this time by the makers of PALL MALL cigarettes.

The new PALL MALL cigarette is made exclusively of selected Virginia and Burley tobaccos, enriched by choicest Oriental tobaccos. And unlike ordinary blended cigarettes, PALL MALL does not add artificial flavorings to its tobacco. Instead, the tobacco itself is so fine in quality, so carefully blended that it needs no artificial flavoring *and you get the pleasing, soothing effects of natural tobacco at its best.

NOTE*
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PALL MALLS cost only 15 cents for a pack of 20, plus extra local cigarette taxes in some states. And don't overlook the advantages of buying PALL MALLS by the carton for use in your home.

NOTE*
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* We believe that you will get greater smoking pleasure from the natural tobacco flavor of PALL MALL cigarettes. Once you try them, you will discover that no other cigarette gives you so much genuine smoking pleasure. That's been the experience of thousands of smokers all over the country. PALL MALLS are made without artificial flavoring.

They're betterNATURALLY!

PALL MALLS are manufactured by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company. Nelson Fox, speaking.

THIS IS THE RED NETWORK OF THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING CO.

NOTE: If cut #2 is taken, last line reads: "PALL MALLS ARE BETTER NATURALLY."

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

(TYPED 12/24/37)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

OPENING COMMERCIAL

FRIDAY
December 24, 1937
PALL MALL

#21
Trade
Dorothy J.
Commercial

ANNOUNCER:

Merry Christmas, everybody, from the makers
of Pall Malls. Once again this new 15¢ cigarette
brings you Miss Dorothy Thompson.

Many of your good friends have arranged that
you will find under your Christmas tree a
Holiday carton of the new Pall Malls. We believe
you will enjoy them. Made without artificial
flavoring, Pall Malls are better ... naturally!

And now, on Christmas Eve, Miss Thompson has
chosen a subject that is dear to the heart of
every one of us. Her message comes to you as
the Christmas gift of Pall Mall cigarettes.
Miss Dorothy Thompson!

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

TYPE 12/24/57

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS
#21

OPENING COMMERCIAL

FRIDAY
December 24, 1957
PALL MALL

ANNOUNCER:

Merry Christmas, everybody, from the makers of Pall Malls. Once again this new 15¢ cigarette brings you Miss Dorothy Thompson.

Many of your good friends have arranged that you will find under your Christmas tree a Holiday carton of the new Pall Malls. We believe you will enjoy them. Made without artificial flavoring, Pall Malls are better ... naturally!

And now, on Christmas Eve, Miss Thompson has chosen a subject that is dear to the heart of every one of us. Her message comes to you as the Christmas gift of Pall Mall cigarettes. Miss Dorothy Thompson!

DOROTHY THOMPSON SCRIPT

(PALL MALL)

DECEMBER 24, 1937

It is Christmas Eve - the festival that belongs to mothers and fathers and children, all over the so-called western world. It's not a time to talk about situations, or conditions, or reactions, or people who emerge briefly into the news. Instead, my seven-year-old-son suggested that my broadcast for this evening, when he asked me the other day to tell him what Christmas was like when I was a little girl, before people came home for Christmas in airplanes, thirty odd years ago. And so I told him this:

A long, long time ago, when your mother was your age, and not nearly as tall as you, she lived with her mother, and father, and younger brother, and little sister, in a Methodist parsonage, in Hamburg, New York. It was a tall wooden house, with a narrow verandah on the side, edged with curley-cues of woodwork at the top, and it looked across a lawn at the church where father preached every Sunday morning and evening. And in the backyard there were old Baldwin and Greening apple trees, and a wonderful, wonderful barn. But that is another story. The village now has turned into a suburb of the neighboring city of Buffalo, and fathers who work there go in and out every day on the trains and buses, but then it was just a little country town, supported by the surrounding farms.

(more)

ATX01 0143117

Father preached in his main church, there, but on Sunday afternoons he had to drive out to the neighboring village of Armor where there was just a little box of church in the middle of the farming country. And for serving both parishes, he received his house and one thousand dollars a year. And he didn't always get the thousand dollars, either. Because sometimes the crops were bad, and the farmers had no money, and when the farmers had no money the village people didn't have any either. But then the farmers would come to us with quarters of beef, or halves of pigs, or baskets of potatoes, and make, what they call a donation. My mother hated the word, and sometimes would protest, but my father would laugh, and say, "Let them pay in what they can! We are all in the same boat together."

Well, then, for weeks before Christmas we were very, very busy. Mother was busy in the kitchen, cutting up citron and sorting out raisins and clarifying suat for the Christmas pudding -- and shooing all of us out of the room, when we crept in to snatch a raisin, or a bit of kernel from the butter-nuts that my little brother was set to cracking on the woodshed floor, with an old-fashioned flat-iron. And I would lock myself into my little bedroom, to bend over a handkerchief that I was hemstitching for my mother. It is very hard to hemstitch when you are seven years old, and the thread would knot, and break, and then one would have to begin again, with a little rough place, where one had started over. I'm afraid the border of that handkerchief was just one succession of knots and starts.--

The home-made presents were only a tiny part of the work! There was the Christmas tree! Mr. Heist, from my father's Armor parish had brought it in from his farm, a magnificent hemlock, that touched the ceiling. We were transported with admiration, but what a tree to trim! For there was no money to buy miles of tinsel and boxes of colored glass balls.

But in the pantry was a huge stone jar of popcorn. And when school was over, in the afternoons, we all gathered in the back parlor, which was the family sitting room. The front parlor was a cold place, where portraits of John Wesley and Frances Willard hung on the walls, and their eyes, I remember, would follow a naughty child accusingly around the room. The sofas in that room were of walnut, with roses and grapes carved on their backs, just where they'd stick into your back, if you fidgeted in them, and were covered with horse-hair which was slippery when it was new and tickly when it was old. But that room was given over to visits from the local tycoons who sometimes contributed to the church funds, and couples who came to be married. The back parlor was quite, quite, different. It had an ingrain carpet on the floor, with patterns of maple leaves, and white muslin curtains at the windows, and an assortment of chairs contributed by the Parsonage Committee, a morris chair, I remember, and some rockers, and a fascinating cabinet which was a desk and a book-case, and a chest of drawers, and a mirror, all in one. And in this room there was a round iron stove, a very jolly stove, a cosy stove, that winked at you with its red ising-glass eyes. On top of this stove was a round iron plate, it was flat, and a wonderful place to pop corn. I remember there was a great copper kettle, used for making maple syrup, and we shook the popper on the top of the stove - first I shook, until my arm was tired, and then Willard shook, until he was tired, and even the baby shook, and the corn popped, and we poured it into the kettle and emptied the kettle, and poured it full again, until there was a whole barrel-full of popcorn, as white and fluffy as the snow that carpeted the lawn between the parsonage and the church.

And then we each got a darning needle, a big one, with a ball of string, and we strung the popcorn into long, long ropes, to hang upon the tree. But that was only half of it! There were stars to be cut out of kindergarten paper, red, and green, and silver, and gold, and walnuts to be wrapped in gold paper, or painted with gold paint out of the paint-box that I had gotten for my birthday. One got the paint into ones finger-nails, and it smelled like bananas. And red apples to be polished, because a shiny apple makes a brave show on a tree. And when it was all finished, it was Christmas Eve.

For Christmas eve we all wore our best clothes. Baby in a little challis dress as blue as her eyes, and I had a new pinafore of swiss lawn that my Auntie Margaret had sent me from England. We waited, breathless, in the front parlor while the candles were lit. Then my mother sat at the upright piano in a rose-red cashmere dress and played, and my father sang, in his lovely, pure, gay, tenor voice:

It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold

And then we all marched in. And it is true that we had decorated the tree ourselves, and knew intimately everything on it, but it shone in the dark room like an angel, and I could see the angels bending down, and it was so beautiful that one could hardly bear it. And we all cried: Merry Christmas! And kissed each other.

There were bundles under the tree, most alluring bundles! But they didn't belong to Christmas Eve. They were for the morning!

(more)

Before the morning would come three little children would sit sleepily in the pews of their father's church and hear words drowsily, and shift impatiently. And want to go to sleep in order to wake up very, very, early!

And wake up early we did! The windows were still gray, and, oh, how cold the room was! The church janitor had come over at dawn to stoke the hot air furnace in the parsonage, but at its best it only heated the rooms directly above it, and the upstairs depended on grates in the floor, and the theory that heat rises. We shuddered out of our beds, trembling with cold and excitement, and into our clothes, which, when I was a little girl were very complicated affairs indeed. First, a long fleece-lined union suit, and then a ferris waist dripping with buttons, then the cambric drawers edged with embroidery, and a flannel petticoat handsome with scallops, and another petticoat of cambric and embroidery, just for show, and over that a gay plaid dress, and a dainty pinafore. What polishing of cheeks, and what brushing of hair and then a grand tumble down the stairs into the warm, cozy back parlor.

Presents! There was my beloved Miss Jam-up with a brand new head! Miss Jam-up was once a sweet little doll, dears, who had become badly battered about the face in the course of too affectionate ministrations, and here she was again, with a new head altogether and new clothes, and eyes that open and shut. And scarfs and mittens from my mother's lively fingers. And a doll house made from a wooden cracker box and odds and ends of wall paper, with furniture cut from stiff cardboard - and that was mother's work, too. And a new woolen dress, and new pinafores!

(more)

And under the tree there was a book: The Water Babies, by Charles Kingsley. To my beloved daughter Dorothy.

Books meant sheer magic. There were no automobiles -- none for Methodist ministers, in those days. No moving pictures. No radio. But inside the covers of books was everything, everything, that exists outside in the world today. Lovely, lovely words of poetry, that slipped like colored beads along a string; tales of rose-red cities, half as old as time. All that men can imagine, and construct, and make others imagine.

One couldn't read the book now. But there it lay, the promise of a perfect afternoon. Before one could get at it, one would go into the dining room. And what a dinner! This Christmas there was Turkey -- with best wishes from one of my father's parishioners. And the pudding, steaming, and with two kinds of sauce. And no one to say, "No, dear, I think one helping is enough". We gluttoned ourselves we distended ourselves, we ate ourselves into a coma, so that we all had to lie down and have a nap.

And then, lying before the stove, propped on my elbows, I opened the covers of my Christmas book.

"Once upon a time there was a little chimney sweep, and his name was Tom. He lived in a great town of the north country...in England".

How well I knew that north country, with its rows on rows of dark stone houses, its mine pits, its poor workmen. From such a town my father had come, across the ocean, to this village in up-state New York. And now, I forgot Christmas, forgot everything, except the fate of little Tom. And what a book! It wasn't just a story. There was poetry in it. And the words of the poems sang in my head, so that after all these years I can remember them:

(more)

"When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose, a swan, lad,
And every lass a Queen;
Then hey for boot and spur, lad,
And 'round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day" .

And the little girl lay and dreamed that all the world was wide and beautiful, filled only with hearts as warm and hands as tender, and spirits as generous as the only ones she had ever known. When she was seven years old.

I wish you all a Merry Christmas! I wish us all a world as kind as a child can imagine it!

meg/12-26-37

(TYPED 12/24/37)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

FRIDAY
December 24, 1937
PALL MALL

#21

ANNOUNCER:

And to you, Miss Thompson, the makers of Pall Mall Cigarettes extend their wishes for a very happy Christmas. (PAUSE)

May we remind you that next Friday evening - New Year's Eve - Miss Thompson will discuss the man or woman, who, in the opinion of our radio audience, is the outstanding personality of 1937. If you have not yet mailed your vote, you may still do so - but please send it tomorrow at the latest. Who in your opinion is the outstanding personality of 1937? Mail your vote to Pall Mall Cigarettes, in care of this station.

Nelson Case speaking - and wishing you all on behalf of the makers of Pall Mall Cigarettes a good old fashioned Merry Christmas.

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

ATX01 0143124

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

630 Fifth Avenue, New York City

DATE: December 29, 1937

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

DOROTHY THOMPSON TO SPEAK

ON CORDELL HULL

Secretary of State Cordell Hull has been nominated as the most important figure in the news of 1937, according to the radio poll which Dorothy Thompson, NBC news commentator, has been conducting over her Friday night "People in the News" broadcasts.

Feeling that her last broadcast for 1937, conducted on the last day of the year, should be devoted to the figure who has dominated the news for that year, Miss Thompson will devote the entire fifteen minutes of her talk on December 31 to the personality and the personal history of the present Secretary of State, and his part in the significant events of 1937.

Beginning in 1938, Miss Thompson will speak on two networks, the NBC Blue at 7:30 PM, EST, on Tuesdays, and the NBC Red at the familiar 10:45 time on Friday evenings.

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

(TYPE 12-31/57)

PEOPLE OF THE NEWS

MORNING COMMERCIAL

December 31, 1957
PAIL MAIL CIGARETTES
PAIL MAIL

#22

ANNOUNCER:

Once again PAIL MAIL's new fifteen-cent cigarette, The Modern Blend, presents Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism.

DOROTHY THOMPSON:

Tonight I am going to talk about the man whom you, my radio audience, and I, consider the outstanding personality of 1957. But first, I'd like to ask Mr. Case to give a brief message from the sponsors of these programs.

ANNOUNCER:

On this New Year's Eve, the makers of PAIL MAIL Cigarettes wish to thank you for your many complimentary messages and for your very evident approval of the exceptional quality of PAIL MAIL cigarettes. The best way for us to express our appreciation to you is to maintain that quality. The new PAIL MAILS have demonstrated that truly fine tobaccos, well blended, can be made to produce a mild, non-irritating smoke of full flavor and pleasing aroma - without the addition of any artificial flavoring or medication. We hope that each of you will enjoy the greater smoking pleasure that PAIL MAIL brings throughout the year.

And now - Miss Dorothy Thompson.

AIKO1 0143126

The United States must also import tin. We can't get along without tin. We must have platinum, tungsten, manganese ore and other metals not found here. Suppose that the nations who held these metals would not take our goods in exchange for them but would insist that we give them gold. Well, we haven't got enough gold and if we couldn't get the metals our factories would stop and our people would starve. What then would we do? No nation will sit quietly and starve to death. Neither would we. We'd fight first. And that is exactly what other nations will do who are now somewhat in the position that I have imagined the United States COULD be in, some day, some time.

So Mr. Hull, as a vital part of his program for positive peace, advocates a kind of international golden rule whereby other nations will be able to get from us the things that they need and that we have for sale - cotton, copper, foodstuffs and so forth -- while we take from them, not something which they don't have -- that is, gold -- but the things they DO have! linens, perfumes, woollens, leather goods, and other products. How can we bring this happy condition about? By lowering our tariffs, and persuading other countries, in turn, to lower theirs, so that consequently all nations will be able to get the things they need, through the peaceful processes of international trade instead of the destructive processes of international war.

Now this is so obviously honest, hard, common-sense that you may wonder why everyone doesn't go whole-heartedly for Mr. Hull's trade program. Everyone doesn't, apparently, for one reason: certain interests fear that it will take money out of their pockets.

(M O R E)

And they fight the program. Organized labor, too, has believed that its salvation lies in high tariffs, and so labor has been none too enthusiastic. Mr. Hull is aware of his own difficulties. But detached students who have no axe to grind, and most American economists, agree that Mr. Hull is dead right. And I'm happy to say that the fight he has been making for nearly thirty years is now beginning to make some headway. His Trade Agreements are spreading. 1938, in all probability, will see the conclusion of an Agreement with our largest customer - Great Britain. It will offer more work for our workmen, more markets for our agriculture, more opportunity for our people. It will lower prices on things we import, thereby making your dollar buy more. And it will make the world a safer place to live in, I hope.

For these things we may be grateful in large part to Cordell Hull, a backwoods Tennessean, who looks very much like a gentle and long suffering saint. At his desk in the State Department where I have had the pleasure of seeing him, he seems a world-weary, ascetic figure. An aura of spiritual loneliness hovers over his sensitive face. Patience and humility look out of his eyes. Yet this quiet man is a person of considerable force; this restrained man is capable of complete and almost fanatical devotion to an idea he believes in. And he derives strength and added stature because of his humility. It is these qualities, I think, that in a troubled and dangerous world are likely to make Cordell Hull outstandingly the man of 1938.

I wish you all -- Mr. Hull, my sponsors, and all of you who are listening tonight, a New Year of prosperity and peace....

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

DECEMBER 31, 1937

FRIDAY

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

#22

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson, whose subject tonight was the OUTSTANDING PERSONALITY OF 1937.

For the outstanding cigarette of 1937, thousands of discriminating smokers have noted PALL MALL - because this new cigarette has made a real contribution to their smoking pleasure. And one of the happiest suggestions we can make is that you buy PALL MALLS tonight and throughout 1938 - because this finer fifteen-cent cigarette will bring you the genuine flavor and fragrance of pure, mellow tobaccos - without any medication or artificial flavoring. May PALL MALL add to your happiness and smoking pleasure throughout the new year.

And now - on behalf of the American Cigarette and Cigar Company, makers of Pall Mall cigarettes, please accept our sincere wishes for a full measure of joy and prosperity in the new year.

RES-1/1/38

ATX01 0143129

PALL MALL BROADCAST

DECEMBER 31st, 1937

DOROTHEA THOMPSON

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

File
D.T. Secret Folder

The response to our request for nominations for the American of the year has been extremely varied. It has included such diverse personalities as President Roosevelt, Rudy Vallee, and your broadcaster this evening. Now, the President of the United States is OUT as far as my presenting a critical analysis of him on the air is concerned. And both the President and Rudy Vallee speak for themselves, each in his manner. So, for that matter does your broadcaster, who records that she is pleased but in disagreement. But the American statesman, for whom the largest number of nominations came in, is the man who occupies at this moment the most critical position in the government, the man charged with the heaviest responsibility, the one upon whose attitude and conduct depends, in large measure, the peace of this country. I am speaking of the Secretary of State, Cordell Hull. And now, on New Year's Eve, it is the more interesting that such a large proportion of you picked Mr. Hull, because he has not only been extremely important to us in 1937, but he is likely to be even more important to us in 1938. For we live in a world that, unhappily, SEEMS to be one short step removed from war, - from war, or from continued wars, which inevitably will effect us. And our fate is to a very great extent in the hands of the man who manages our diplomatic relationships with foreign powers. Fortunately for us, these relationships are in the hands of a man of principle, a man of peace, and a man of infinite patience. And neither patience nor principles are common virtues of this world, at present.

(M O R E)

ATX01 0143130

Mr. Hull has another quality which makes him not only admirable but lovable. He has a sense of justice tempered by mercy.

When he was Judge Hull in Tennessee - the judge of a lower court - a young man was haled before him charged with a misdemeanor. The boy's old Mother came to Judge Hull before the trial and told him that her father had saved Mr. Hull's father when he was badly wounded during the Civil War, by dragging him from the battlefield and taking him to a safe place where he was nursed back to health. And she made it clear to the judge that he now had an opportunity to discharge an old family obligation by freeing her son, or at least dealing leniently with him.

Such an approach to a Judge was in itself of course, contempt of court. But the woman was a mother - her son was in trouble, and the humane Judge therefore overlooked this breach of legal manners. He listened to the Mother and without giving her any hint of his intentions, finally told her that her son would have to appear in court. On the day appointed for trial he did appear and was found guilty.

And Judge Hull in his official capacity fined him fifty dollars for an offense against the laws of Tennessee. He then called the boy's mother into his chambers and gave her a hundred dollars. Fifty dollars with which to pay the fine and wipe out the boy's debt to the state, and fifty dollars more as a tiny installment toward the paying of an old but unpayable debt.

(M O R E)

Within the last few weeks, the Secretary of State has been called upon to exercise all these qualities, because the sinking of the American gunboat Panay was the most dangerous incident involving this country since the world war. It has been settled, and that is one of the happiest events with which we could close the year 1937. And it was settled with the maintenance of American rights, with complete firmness, and without truculence. Mr. Hull has you, also, to thank, that it COULD be so settled -- you, the people of the United States. For throughout the entire incident, the American people conducted themselves with complete calm and dignity, as reflected in almost the entire press, on the platform, and on the radio. And the attitude of the people flowed, I think, first, from their deep-rooted desire to be on friendly, or at least tolerable terms, with all nations. Secondly, from the realization that one cannot maintain these terms in the long run, in a world of anarchy, and that toward certain principles we must be firm but not belligerent. And, third, because we have confidence in the man who heads the state department.

That confidence is justified by Mr. Hull's entire career. He is one of the most consistent individuals on earth. Nobody needs to worry that his attitude will be one thing today and another thing tomorrow.

What is that attitude, as it affects our international affairs?

(M O R E)

First, positive peace. The positive, and continual assertion that force, as an instrument of policy, is no longer acceptable to civilized men. Second, that the internal affairs of other nations are none of our business and that we reserve the right, also, to resist any interference from outside in our affairs. Third, that treaties between nations must be kept. They are not to be broken by one side at its own sweet will, but broken or modified only by the consent of both parties.

Fourth, that all nations must respect the rights of other nations. Fifth, that international law must again be recognized. Sixth, that international business and the exchange of goods between nations must be promoted through breaking down barriers that obstruct the flow of trade. Seventh, that there must be a limitation and reduction of armies and navies, the United States standing ready to reduce its armed forces at any moment in proportion to the reductions made by other nations. But the United States may also increase its military forces if other nations increase theirs. And last, that the United States will not make alliances with any nation or group of nations, but will cooperate with all other nations in this program of peace.

Now this is a positive, forthright, unmistakable and understandable program. Mr. Hull does not bewail the unhappy fact that men fight. He recognizes the fact and tries to find a way to keep them from fighting. He knows that fighting is likely to go on so long as nations do not keep their word: that is, if they break treaties; if they do not respect the rights of other nations; if they continue to rely on making war as the way to achieve just or unjust ambitions; if they maintain tremendous and costly armies and navies. These things lead to war; not to peace. (M O R E)

Abolish them, he says, and all nations will begin to approach the condition under which they can live peacefully with one another.

But Mr. Hull goes a step farther. He realizes that however peaceful a country may be, however inclined it may be to obey international law, however desirous of refraining from seizing its neighbor's soil or interfering in its affairs, it will not continue to live at peace unless it is able to feed and clothe its people. And that means that it must have the opportunity to buy goods and to sell goods all over the world.

Let's take our own case - that of the United States. We don't - and can't - grow rubber here. But we must have rubber. How do we get it now? By buying it from the English and the Dutch. But what do we buy it with? As a matter of fact, we don't actually buy it with gold or dollars. We SAY that we buy so many dollars worth of rubber. What we actually give the English and the Dutch in exchange, is not dollars, but American goods: cotton, automobiles, cash-registers and other things. Suppose that the English and the Dutch should now put a high tariff on American goods so that nobody in the rubber growing area could buy them? How then, could we get rubber? Well, for a certain length of time we could get it by paying out gold, but after a while we'd have to stop because there isn't enough gold in our Treasury to pay for all the things we buy and also keep enough in reserve for a sound currency. Yet we've got to have rubber. We simply cannot live without it. And, if the worst came to the worst in all probability, we'd either fight to get it or we might seize tropical lands near the United States and grow our own rubber.

(M O R E)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(TYPED 12/31/57)

#22

DECEMBER 31st, 1937
FRIDAY
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

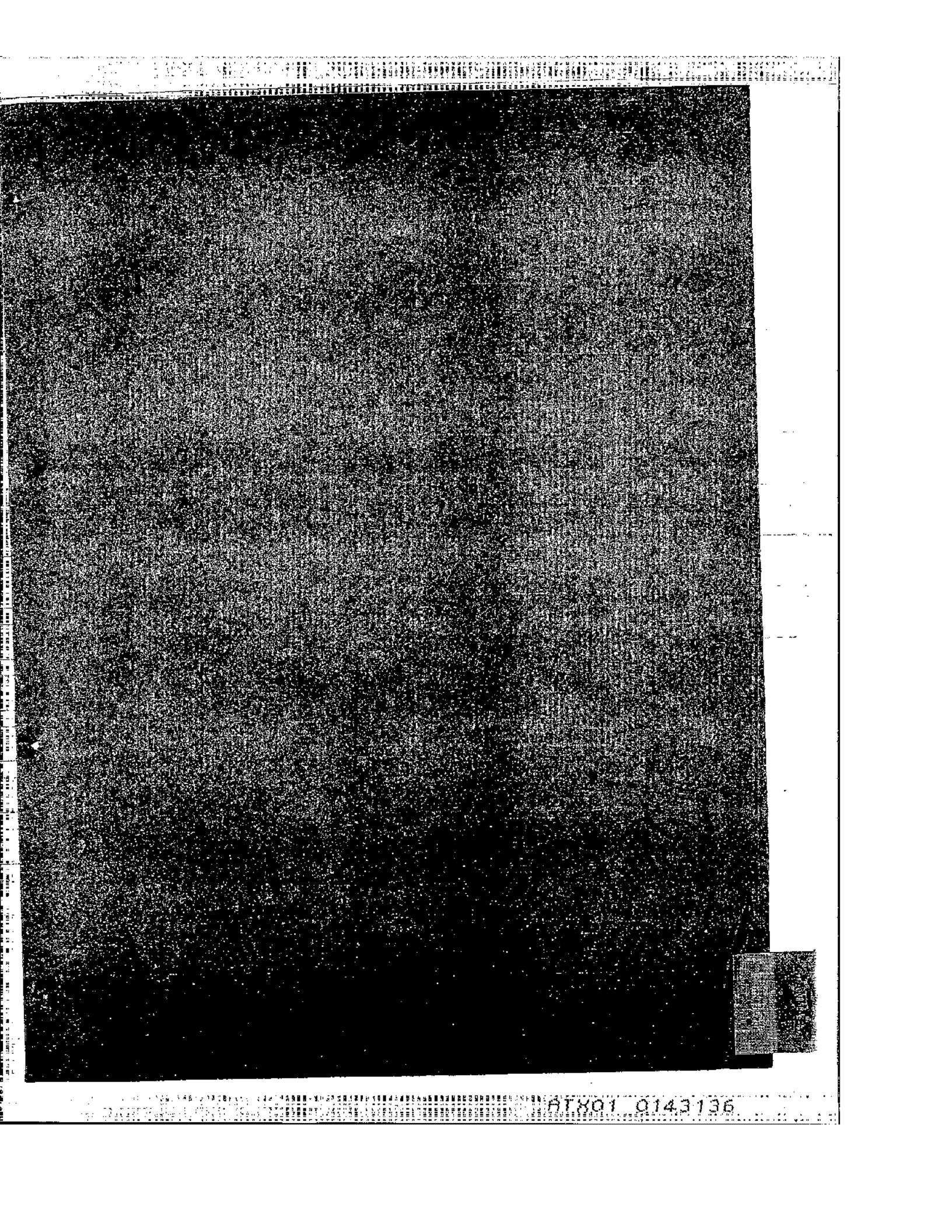
ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson, whose subject tonight was the OUTSTANDING PERSONALITY OF 1937.

For the outstanding cigarette of 1937, thousands of discriminating smokers have voted PALL MALL - because this new cigarette has made a real contribution to their smoking pleasure. And one of the happiest suggestions we can make is that you buy PALL MALLS tonight and throughout 1938 ... because this finer fifteen-cent cigarette will bring you the genuine flavor and fragrance of pure, mellow tobaccos - without any medication or artificial flavoring. May PALL MALL add to your happiness and smoking pleasure throughout the new year.

And now - on behalf of the American Cigarette and Cigar Company, makers of Pall Mall cigarettes, please accept our sincere wishes for a full measure of joy and prosperity in the New Year.

ATX01 0143135



ATX01 0143136

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

(TYPED 1/4/38)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

OPENING COLLEGE

January 4, 1938

#25

TUESDAY
PAUL WALL

ANNOUNCER:

And now, Paul Wall's new fifteen-cent cigarette, The Modern Blend, presents Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism. But first for a moment, let's listen to this family discussion on a subject that affects you intimately.

WOMAN:

You know, John, I've often wondered what really goes into the cigarettes we smoke. When I stop to think that I put a cigarette in my mouth maybe 100 times a day, I like to know that cigarette is as pure as the food we eat.

MAN:

But are you sure about your food?

WOMAN:

You bet I am. When I buy food in a grocery store, the label on the package or glass jar has to tell me plainly what's inside of it. But that's not true when I buy cigarettes. And I'd like to know what I'm getting besides tobacco!

MAN:

Well, you needn't worry about that any more if you change to Paul Wall's. You know that you're getting pure, natural tobacco flavour - and nothing else. Paul Wall's don't use any artificial flavouring of any kind.

ATX01 0143137

(TYPED 1/4/38)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

OPENING COMMERCIAL CONT'D

January 4, 1938

#23

TUESDAY

ANNOUNCER:

And pure tobacco ... without sweetening or medication ... means not only maximum protection and safety, but also a lot more smoking pleasure. Why, your own good judgment tells you that without artificial flavouring, the tobacco itself must be finer in quality. And Fall Mall tobacco is finer. Smoke Fall Malls. They cost only fifteen cents, plus added local taxes in some states. Your own taste will tell you that Fall Malls are better - naturally because you will taste only the finest tobaccos perfectly blended.

And now Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.

RTKO1 0143138

FALL MALL BROADCAST

JANUARY 4th, 1938

DOROTHY THOMPSON

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

On Christmas night, a small, slender, elegant figure in evening clothes, stepped out of the artists' room in the largest auditorium of the National Broadcasting Company, walked with his quick, tripping step to the conductors' stand, and raised a baton. Some thirteen hundred people, the cream of the musical society of New York, music lovers, critics, and music students, rose to their feet and cheered. They cheered, because they were welcoming back to the United States the most magical figure in the whole world of music: Arturo Toscanini. Toscanini left America in 1936, after eleven years as conductor of the New York Philharmonic. And he left, presumably, forever. He came back two weeks ago to direct a new and magnificent orchestra, this time for the people of America, for every person who owns a radio and can listen in.

Toscanini has never conducted before, under quite similar conditions. Those who are able to see him, as well as hear him, are all invited guests. No tickets are sold to the studio performance. The National Broadcasting combs through the thousands of requests that come for seats, and tries to apportion among bona fide music students the relatively few that are available after the wives of the orchestra leaders, the critics, etc., are taken care of. But actually, you who listen to Toscanini's orchestra on Saturday nights in your own home, HEAR the music better than those who manage to get the priceless seats to see as well as hear. For the Broadcasting studio is acoustically designed for the radio audience, not for the studio audience, who miss something of the brilliance of the sound, particularly of the strings, in an auditorium where everything is somewhat dampened in order to heighten the effects for the really chosen hearers, who are you. (MORE)

ATX01 0143139

(CONTINUED)

Those who hear his orchestra in the studio have programs made of silk ribbon, so that they may not rattle, and people with coughs are cordially invited to absent themselves.

Nevertheless, it is a shame that we do not yet have television so perfected that the home audience can see Toscanini, as well as hear the music which he seems, with his baton, to evoke, not only out of the orchestra, but out of the air, out of the elements. Though I have often seen, as well as heard, Toscanini conduct, I never cease to be fascinated and excited to trembling by what is, I think, the greatest artistic performance that one can see and hear anywhere in the world today. Artistic perfection is something so rare, and so.... strange.... that one is tongue-tied before it. One must feel it, and I am afraid that as I attempt to describe it, it will evaporate.

But there is, of course, an explanation of why Toscanini gets out of a group of ninety odd men, gathered together, as they are, from a dozen orchestras, something that no other conductor on earth can evoke. The explanation lies in the person of Toscanini himself. He is the perfect, the complete artist of music, and in him is combined complete passion, complete self-offering, with complete control. Everything functions at its highest potency --feeling, the feeling for music, something which comes out of one's insides, out of one's emotions and sensibilities, and isn't written in the score, but that feeling is always disciplined and restrained by the most complete consciousness, and by consummate musical knowledge.

Now you see that, as you watch this slim, small, black figure hold ninety men in a kind of magical unity.

(M O R E)

ATX01 0143140

(CONTINUED)

The sword-like slash, the impassioned swing of that baton seems to pull the orchestra out of itself, and in the great symphonic passages to evoke out of the orchestra, and out of the audience, and out of the very air, ecstasy. But watch the left hand. It is one of the most beautiful and eloquent hands in the world. A large hand, with a square palm, and long square fingers, and a wide-springing thumb. Watch that hand. For while the swinging right arm pulls out the uttermost in every player, that left hand is held aloft in a gesture restraining, governing, controlling. It seems to say: I want all that is in you, and all that is in this music. I want the fullest, completest expression of it that can be brought forth. But not too much. Not more than is there. Everything given.... and everything under control. The right arm stimulates. The left hand restrains. And the result is the incomparable experience that you listen to on Saturday evenings.

I spent the other afternoon at a Toscanini rehearsal -- not in the open studio -- that is not allowed to anyone -- but in the glass-enclosed box at the right of the balcony, where everything he said was amplified, and where I could see him clearly, from the side. The first thing that overwhelmingly impressed me was that he conducts his rehearsals without a score, without a note in front of him. I knew, of course, that he so conducts public concerts. But to conduct a REHEARSAL from memory -- a rehearsal, where the orchestra is suddenly stopped, and forced to play a passage over from a single note, or where a few bars by wood-winds, or by horns must be repeated means that Toscanini must have one of the most extraordinary brains on earth. He knows by heart, bar by bar, note by note, passage by passage, backward and forward, every scrap of the great symphonic and operatic literature of the world.

(M O R E)

ATX01 0143141

(CONTINUED)

Then, I saw a most ebullient temperament, restrained only by his exquisite appreciation of perfect performance. And nothing short of perfection will satisfy him. And perfection means more than correct playing. It means more than perfect technique. He demands of every player an emotional experience. He stopped the music and said to one of them: "You don't enjoy it. You are not happy. Why, then, do you play in an orchestra? You play correctly, but without this:" And he put his hand on his heart. He could feel the absence of "this" in a single violin. In a passage in the Brahms symphony, which was played on Christmas night, he said: "You don't get to heaven staccato. You float." and as his baton moved, you could really almost see him floating off into air. In a lyrical passage of the Schubert symphony he cried, "Don't play like Berlin! Play like Vienna! Be graceful. FEEL graceful inside yourselves." And he actually danced one or two steps. He rehearses in four languages, and all the time is convinced that he's speaking English. For instance, when he wants to say Please, he always speaks German: Bitte, Bitte! For "good" he always uses the French: Bon. And enraged, he breaks into Italian, with "Santo Mio," And his rage is quite terrifying. It seems like a combination of indignation, contempt and heartbreak. "No no NO no No!" he cried as the orchestra started one movement, rather sloppily. "Look at me! I am an old man! And I work! I care! You are lazy." Then, when they started again, beautifully, he was all smiles and rapture. One word he uses over and over again -- and always in Italian. Cantare...Cantare...Sing, Sing! And no conductor on earth can make an orchestra sing as he does. The men who play under him say that he is a tartar. He is capable of terrific temper. But I had no impression of coercion. His demands are prodigious. But he makes even greater demands upon himself.

(M O R E)

ATX01 0143142

(CONTINUED)

Every concert or rehearsal leaves him drenched to the skin. He has to change all his clothes. But his constitution is a world miracle. At seventy-one he has the grace and agility of a boy, the temperament of a man of thirty, and the working-power of a perfect machine.

What makes Toscanini a great artist is what makes him a great man: the absolute integrity of his nature and character. He is without a shade of compromise in him. He lives for music, that is to say, for a form of art, and he lives for a complete artistic ideal. And that makes him, in the modern world, a figure of wonder. There are things that he cannot tolerate. He cannot tolerate them because they violate this conception of integrity. Some of them would seem trifling to most people. He will not, for instance, tolerate the interruption of a performance by applause, or the repetition of a passage in a symphony or an aria in an opera, and once, after the war, threw down his baton in the Milan Scala, and therewith broke a five years' contract, because the audience insisted on screaming for encores. He had made certain conditions. They had to be kept. And, he did that, when he had given away most of his fortune and had no other income. Actually his wife had to sell her house. It made no difference. He refuses to conduct under any dictatorship, and therefore never lifts a baton in his own beloved Italy nor enters Germany, the land of music, nor will play in Russia. Why? Toscanini is not a politician. He is not in politics. If you ask him, he answers by putting his hand on his heart and saying, "It hurts me -- here." The reason, of course, is because his conscience is in his heart -- and it would be well for the world if more people had their consciences there.

(M O R E)

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(CONTINUED)

He refused to go to Bayreuth to conduct the music festival there, with the simple words, "I cannot come. I am wounded in my feelings, as an artist and a man." Why? Because he had colleagues of Jewish race driven from the country, believes that art is the common property of all all men, the world's only universal language, above nation, above race, above class, belonging to all men and women everywhere, rich and poor, white and black, aryan and Jew. And he lives, breathes and has his being, in service to this universal master. It dictates to him! No one else may.

And so I pay this tribute to Toscanini tonight, first for the exquisite pleasure, which he, as a musician has given to me and to all of us, and secondly out of reverence for a great artistic and manly character. He is a shoemaker's son -- as Mussolini is a blacksmith's. But the head of Toscanini is the head of a grandee -- of a great aristocrat. And that is what he is: an aristocrat of art, in service to the great democracy to art.

Jgs
1/4/38

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

(TYPED 1/6/38)

630 Fifth Avenue, New York City

DATE: January 6, 1938

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

DOROTHY THOMPSON TO SPEAK ON
LEADING EDUCATOR, ROBERT HUTCHINS

Robert Maynard Hutchins, who became the President of the University of Chicago at the age of 30, will be the subject of radio commentator Dorothy Thompson's second Blue network "People in the News" broadcast on Tuesday evening, January 11, at 7:30 PM, EST.

Miss Thompson will discuss not only the personality and educational background of President Hutchins himself, but will devote part of her broadcast to some of the leading educational ideas for which this university president is renowned and which he has put into practice at Chicago.

Miss Thompson, we remember, holds three educational degrees herself and for that reason is well qualified to speak about a university president who has to his credit four degrees and hundreds of pages of newspaper comment all over the country.

(TYPED 1/4/38)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

January 4, 1938
TUESDAY
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

#23

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS. As you know, Miss Thompson is presented by the makers of PALL MALL Cigarettes. If you enjoy these broadcasts, may we ask you to smoke PALL MALLS?

We believe that you will like PALL MALLS. We believe you will like their straight tobacco flavour ... the absence of artificial flavouring. We think that you will continue to smoke them. But we urge you to give them a fair trial because we say quite frankly that Pall Malls are different from ordinary blended cigarettes. The longer you smoke them, the more you will appreciate and enjoy their straight tobacco flavour.

Pall Malls cost only 15 cents for a package of 20, plus added local taxes in some states.

Remember - "They're Better - Naturally".

Pall Malls are manufactured by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company. Nelson Case speaking.

THIS IS THE BLUE NETWORK OF THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

ATX01 0143145

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

(TYPE 1/7/32)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

OPENING COMMERCIAL

January 7, 1932

FRIDAY

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

#24

ANNOUNCER: And now Pall Mall's new fifteen-cent cigarette, The Modern Blend, presents Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's first Lady of Journalism. But first, let's listen in on a conversation that affects you intimately.

WOMAN: You know, George, here I am smoking this cigarette and haven't the faintest idea what's in it.

MAN: Well -

WOMAN: Well, I don't like that.

MAN: I don't blame you, Jane. You know, when you smoke any of the well-known blended cigarettes you don't know whether you're getting tobacco mixed with licorice, saffron, elm-bark or what.

WOMAN: Really -

MAN: Yes, as a matter of fact, actually a hundred ingredients are used as cigarette flavorings.

WOMAN: That's just what I mean. I put a cigarette in my mouth perhaps a hundred times a day and don't know what I'm getting.

MAN: That's not true in England. The manager of our London office told me today that over there smokers are protected.

WOMAN: Oh -

MAN: It seems there's a law against putting anything in cigarettes except tobacco.

WOMAN: That sounds like a good idea, but it doesn't help us

much.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

OPENING COMMERCIAL CCNT'D

(TYPED 1/7/38)

January 7, 1938

FRIDAY

#24

MAN: Well no. But look ... I'll tell you ... you can do what lots of my friends and I have done ... change to the new Pall Malls. That way you're sure to get pure tobaccos because Pall Mall doesn't use any artificial flavorings.

ANNOUNCER: Yes - Pall Mall's pure tobaccos ... without sweetening or medication ... assure you not only of maximum protection and safety, but also - extra smoking pleasure. Try a package of Pall Malls tomorrow. They cost only fifteen cents, plus local cigarette taxes in some states. We believe you'll agree with the smokers who say - "Pall Malls are better ... naturally". Because what you get in Pall Malls is the genuine flavor of truly fine tobaccos - perfectly blended.

And now - Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.

ATX01 0143148

PALL MALL BROADCAST

DOROTHY THOMPSON

JANUARY 7, 1938

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

*Quint
Fold*

7

The elections held at the end of the year in Rumania have apparently added another Fascist country to Europe. The pro-French, pro-democratic government, headed by Premier Tatarescu, which happened also to represent the policy of King Carol, was defeated, and what is practically a Fascist coalition is in power, although there are still differences between the different kinds of Fascist parties. Rumania may seem a very remote country to most Americans, but we cannot blink the fact that Europe is in a full state of revolution, and that with this election Rumania has apparently come into the German and Italian camp, and that Hitler's program is advancing. The perennial German dream of dominating Eastern Europe, from Kiel to Constantinople, over which the world war was fought in 1914, may yet be realized under the Swastika banner.

ATX01 0143149

Since this election, in Rumania, there remains in Central and Eastern Europe, only one democratic country left, and that is Czecho-Slovakia. And that democratic country is now imperilled. The democratic balance has been kept since the war, by the Little Entente, consisting of Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and Rumania. Both Jugoslavia and Rumania are now out-and-out dictatorships, and both are within the Italian-German orbit. Czecho-Slovakia, the last stronghold of democracy in that part of the world, is now surrounded by enemies. It lies between Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Rumania, with frontiers on all four countries. Austria is very weak. Hungary wants territories back from Czecho-Slovakia, and is strongly influenced by both Italy and Germany. Czecho-Slovakia has treaties with France and Russia of mutual assistance in the event of non-provoked aggression, but France cannot come to her assistance across the newly fortified Rhineland, and the new Rumanian orientation cuts her off from Russia.

A railroad had been projected, between Russia and Czechoslovakia, across Rumania, but I understand that this has now been abandoned. If Hitler should succeed now in gaining control over Czechoslovakia, either by internal revolution, peaceful or unpeaceful, or by a military adventure, he and Mussolini together will have control over the whole of Eastern Europe, and they will have the two things absolutely essential to both Germany and Italy for war, without which neither can engage in a major war: Oil and Food. Rumania, which is one of the richest countries of Europe in natural resources, has both in abundance. And this is one of the really great ironies of history. For before the war Rumania was a small Balkan country. It had a pro-German King who was actually a member of the Hohenzollern family. It had a very energetic Queen, Marie, who was a grand-daughter of both Queen Victoria of England and the Tsar of Russia, and Russia and England were allies.

Queen Marie's pro-British sympathies, which were so strong that she made English the court language, brought Rumania into the war on the side of the allies. Actually, the country was conquered and occupied by the Germans, and the Treaty of Bucharest, which Germany forced upon Rumania, reduced it to vassalage. But the peace treaties negotiated by the allies, made Rumania the seventh largest nation in Europe, with enormous accretions of population and resources from all of her neighbors, and it is to this that Hitler's Germany now, perhaps, will fall heir.

Rumanian politics revolves around personalities. It always has. And in the present situation the most important one is the King, King Carol, whose adventures in politics and love have kept Europe agog ever since the war. He is now a man of about forty-five, rather fat, extremely vain, willful, stubborn and capricious; a heavy drinker, but not unintelligent.

His whole life has been one long war with his beautiful and extremely dominating mother, and with his whole family. With not one of them has he ever been on good terms. In 1918, when he was twenty-five or six years old, he horrified his family by marrying Zizi Lambrino, a young commoner. It was a bona fide marriage, celebrated in the Cathedral of Odessa, and she bore Carol a son, before the marriage was set aside by the Rumanian Supreme Court. In 1921 he made a marriage of which his family approved: to Helen, daughter of the King of Greece. But the marriage was wretchedly unhappy. She bore Carol a son, Michael. The marriage broke up over the woman who has been the great influence in his whole life, one of the most interesting women in Europe, Magda Lupescu. Magda Lupescu is a druggist's daughter. She is not beautiful now, and she never was.

She has red hair, no longer naturally so; she is fat; but she has beautiful melting dark eyes, a Rubens-like coloring, a kind heart, and a great deal of horse sense. She is by all odds the kindest and most intelligent woman who has ever been in Carol's life. Her worst enemies admit that she has been personally a good influence, a stabilizing influence, on a willful and capricious King. She is not obtrusive. She never appears in public; she never receives. She does pull a great many wires behind the scenes, and she has enormous influence over King Carol. But the hatred against her is enormous. First of all, her power over the King is recognized. The fact that she is half-Jewish gives the opposition a powerful weapon of agitation against her, in an anti-semitic country. She is pro-democratic, with a powerful sense of justice, in a country which is notoriously corrupt and venal.

For the sake of Magda Lupescu, Carol once gave up his throne, and has continued to risk it. Few people know that Magda herself gave up an army officer husband for Carol. Carol was ousted as heir apparent, while he was Crown Prince, and while his father was still alive. This abdication was the result of a very complicated intrigue, the true facts of which are still in doubt. He was known to hate the perennial prime minister, Bratianu, and to have promised himself that when he became King, Bratianu's rule would be finished. He was also on extremely bad terms with Prince Stirbey, who was very close to his mother. Carol, who was sent to London in 1924, to represent Rumania at the funeral of Queen Alexandra, met Magda Lupescu in Milan on the way back, where he not only found the woman he loved, but a message from the government offering him an ultimatum. "Come back to Bucharest without your friend."

Carol did not go back. Instead he went to Paris, with Madame Lupescu, and stayed there in exile for five years. During that time his father died, and Carol's six year old son, Michael, was crowned King, under a regency dominated by the Dowager Queen, Marie. Then Carol's great enemy, Bratianu, died, and the new Prime Minister, the Peasant Leader Maniu came to power. Maniu is a fairly unique character in Rumanian politics -- an honest man, a Rumanian patriot for the sake of Rumania, not for himself: Ascetic, incorruptible, and devout. Maniu wanted Carol back. He wanted to regularize things, preserve the dynasty, clear the court of intrigue. He hoped, of course, that he could reconcile King Carol with his wife, Queen Helen, and persuade him to settle down. And, actually, a brief reconciliation did take place. But it didn't last long.

Carol brought Magda back. He brought her back to Rumania, against tremendous opposition.

The gossips of Europe have speculated for years as to how this woman has held the King of Rumania. She has held him, I think, by being almost the perfect wife -- although that is not her position. She does not want to marry him, and has never tried so to persuade him. On the contrary, she wants to preserve the dynasty. She is not avaricious. She is not a gold-digger. On the contrary, she tries to keep an extravagant man from spending everything he has. She is extremely discreet. Not forty people in Bucharest, outside her own circle, have ever seen her. And fourteen years have evidently demonstrated that she is indispensable to him. And she has brains -- a commodity that Carol badly needs. Brains, and common sense.

Now this new government, this apparently fascist government, which calls itself "The National Christian Party" was created by Carol himself. He could not, after the elections, keep the relatively moderate government of Tatarascu. He put in Goga, whose party only got ten percent of the votes. Goga is not a strong man, nor a clever man, and it looks as though Carol intended to make a personal dictatorship rather like that of the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia, who was finally assassinated at Marseilles. But whether Carol can hold the situation is a very great question. In the meantime the government is proceeding along the now well defined lines of fascist procedure. It has suppressed many newspapers and is curbing all newspapers. It has announced a comprehensive anti-semitic program which it is already putting into effect, by denying them all civil liberties and of the opportunity to earn a livelihood -- a program of extinction, patterned after the German style.

And it happens that there are a million and a quarter Jews in Rumania, nearly twelve percent of the population, most of them poor, lower middle class merchants and craftsmen.

In the midst of all this, Hagda Lupescu has left the country -- whether as an opportunist discretion or permanently, isn't known. But with her going the Rumanian Jews have lost the one person who, like Queen Esther, at the court of Ahasuerus, might have pleaded their cause before the King.

In Eastern Europe personal questions, and personal intrigues are extremely important. Many people date the weakening of the Anglo-French influence in Rumania from the funeral of King George Vth of England, when Carol was very coldly treated by the British court, because of his relation with Madame Lupescu, and because of his many escapades, and the abandonment of his wife.

How the French and the Czecho-Slovaks feel about the turn that events have taken is indicated by a single news item: Both countries have been supplying Rumania with arms and loans, on the assumption that she would be an ally in the event of war. They now apparently believe that Rumania may be on the other side, if war should come, and have stopped all shipments of arms.

These countries in Eastern Europe are very unpredictable. But the fact is that nearly twenty years of internal and external intrigue, in which royal love affairs have played an important role, and royal personal quarrels have been exploited, first by one camp and then by another, have landed Rumania in a position where she is causing the most serious apprehension. In Bucharest, the German Legation, headed by Mr. Fabricius, is conspiring openly, according to all reports, with the extreme fascist elements, organized in the pro-German, pro-Nazi Iron Guard.

Mr. Gedye, the New York Times correspondent in Vienna, reported a few days ago, that the Germans have bought 62 Rumanian newspapers in the last two years. And King Carol and Magda Lupescu are on a spot. The King has brought in as his war minister the Chief of Staff of the Army, in order to assure his personal safety in case of a conflict with his own cabinet. The possibility of Carol's holding the situation personally seems very unlikely. We may before long, have another abdication in Europe, in which the figure of a woman is only the occasion, rather than the real reason. But whatever happens, to Carol and Magda Lupescu, lovers of peace and democracy must be profoundly interested in what is happening in this far-off Balkan country.

(TYPED 1/7/32)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

January 7, 1938

FRIDAY

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

#24

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS. As you know, Miss Thompson is presented by the makers of PALL MALL cigarettes. If you enjoy these broadcasts, may we ask you to smoke PALL MALLS?

We believe that you will like PALL MALLS. We believe you will like their straight tobacco flavor ... the absence of artificial flavoring. We think that you will continue to smoke them. But we urge you to give them a fair trial because we say quite frankly that Pall Malls are different from ordinary blended cigarettes. The longer you smoke them, the more you will appreciate and enjoy their straight tobacco flavor.

Pall Malls cost only 15 cents for a package of 20, plus added local cigarette taxes in some states.

Remember - "They're Better - Naturally".

Miss Dorothy Thompson is presented each Friday evening at this time - if you have subjects or people you would like to hear her discuss, address a letter to Pall Mall Cigarettes, in care of this station.

Pall Malls are manufactured by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company. Nelson Cass speaking.

THIS IS THE RED NETWORK OF THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

ATK01 0143162

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

(TYPED 1/11/38)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

OPENING COMMERCIAL

January 11, 1938
TUESDAY
FALL MALL CIGARETTES

#25

ANNOUNCER:

In a moment, Miss Dorothy Thompson, presented by
FALL MALL, but now in London, as Big Ben is striking -

BUSINESS: BIG BEN STRIKES SLOWLY "BONG BONG BONG BONG"

JUDGE: (BRITISH ACCENT)

U-hum! U-huh! The court will now pronounce sentence
on the prisoner. (ADDRESSING THE DEFENDANT) U-hum! Uh --
Nevill Woodrow, the Court having found that you are guilty of
adulterating tobacco within the meaning of the Act adjudges that you
shall forfeit to the Crown the sum of three hundred pounds and that
the tobacco so adulterated shall also be forfeited to the Crown.

BUSINESS: BIG BEN STRIKES SLOWLY AGAIN

ANNOUNCER:

In England smokers are protected by law against adulterants
like molasses and laurel leaves in the cigarettes they smoke. But
in America there is only one popular blended cigarette that gives you
this protection. That cigarette is the new Fall Malls. True to its
English tradition, the new Fall Mall contains pure tobacco with no
artificial flavorings of any kind. Save for extra taxes in some states
you pay only 15 cents for 20. You buy them wherever cigarettes are
sold. You ask for Fall Malls. And you smoke them for pure pleasure
from pure tobacco!

And now, Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS!

ATX01 0143163

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS - DOROTHY THOMPSON

7:30 - 7:45 P. M.

JANUARY 11, 1938

TUESDAY

The other day I attended a luncheon of business-men, at which someone raised the question: What is the biggest industry in the United States? There was a good deal of discussion about it. One said automobiles, another moving pictures, but finally one man said: You're all wrong. The greatest business in America is education. There are ten billion dollars invested in plant alone; the payroll is a million and a half individuals; the expenditures are two and a half billion dollars a year, and there are thirty million daily customers.

Education is certainly the biggest industry in the country. Whether it is the best-managed, or the most productive, is another question. One of the most persistent doubters and most challenging critics of the whole American system of education, is a remarkable young man. He was Dean of the great Yale Law School at the age of 28; he was President of one of the dozen greatest universities in the world, at the age of 30. He is still its President, and the storm center of controversy in educational circles. I am speaking of the man whom I once, in a column, nominated for President of the United States: Robert Maynard Hutchins, President of the University of Chicago.

ATK01 0143164

Robert Hutchins believes that American popular education, rightly looked upon by the founders of this country as the very bulwark of democracy, is a colossal failure. He thinks that our teachers are incompetent, that schools lack any coherent program, that we try too hard to do everything for everybody, that we measure education not by what is in a student's head, but by the number of years he has spent sitting at a school desk, and that the whole focus of our education is wrong.

He thinks the teachers are incompetent because there is no professional tradition of teaching; it is a profession without public honor or professional pride. And it is atrociously underpaid. Competent individuals are therefore discouraged from going into it. In this country our little boys are brought up almost entirely by women, a condition not at all to be desired, and the reason is simply that women will work for the wretched salaries that teaching provides, and men will not. Moreover says Dr. Hutchins thousands of these women enter teaching, not because they have a call to teach, but as a sort of backlog against their failure to marry. The result of lack of professional pride plus bad pay means that whoever can, leaves the teaching profession, and the turnover in some communities is as high as forty percent per year. That kind of turnover is characteristic only of badly organized and badly paid industries!

Dr. Hutchins, who is setting forth his views in current issues of The Saturday Evening Post, contrasts the preparation of our teachers with that of those in civilized European countries, and we come off very badly indeed. He says that three fourths of the teachers in English secondary schools - the equivalent of our High Schools - hold University degrees. In France the preparation of teachers for elementary education is nearly equal to our four years' college course. While to attain the highest rank in secondary school teaching, the French teachers have to have the equivalent of our Doctor's degree. And he goes farther, and says that our teachers are very badly TAUGHT the teaching profession.

On the subject of our higher education, Dr. Hutchins is vehement. "Higher learning in America," he says, "is characterized by triviality, mediocrity, and chaos. The triviality is the result of trying to do everything for everybody. We provide students with an intensive training in football, fraternities, and fun. On the side we offer them a series of unrelated courses designed not to develop their minds but to prepare them to make money in anything from beauty culture to bond selling."

He insists that education is not coherent, that we stuff our young with miscellaneous and unrelated information, with no differentiation as to what is really important and what is trivial. He insists that we do not EDUCATE our young at all.

We give them information. But information, he insists, is not knowledge. It is the stuff out of which knowledge can be constructed, and the process of constructing it is thinking, and it is before THAT process that we stop short, sending out into the world a lot of young people who have a great many facts in their heads, and no capacity whatever to make sense out of those facts.

Now, how did we get this way, if Professor Hutchins is right? And I am broadcasting about him tonight because I have long been convinced that he is right. Dr. Hutchins says it gets down to a fundamental philosophy of American life, or rather the lack of any. We are, he says, educating our people, not to make a good life, but to make a good living. And the two things are by no means synonymous. And the idea disrupts the whole educational system. Because there are not a great many ways of making a good life, but there are thousands of ways of making a good living, and so we have college courses that contain everything from taxidermy to hotel administration. Our youth emerges from college with degrees but without any clear conception of history, of what has happened in the last three thousand years, with no knowledge of the history of thought, and very often without even the ability to spell.

Dr. Hutchins differentiates between earning a living, and making money. He says the love of money is the root of our bad education.

And he points out very practically, that since most people will never be rich anyhow, since money is, even if you have it, something that evaporates easily, we are depriving our people of happiness by depriving them of inner resources.

And we are even making them less efficient. Because in a world that changes as rapidly as this one, there are no permanent techniques that can be learned. The only thing that will always be useful is the capacity to meet new situations, which means the capacity to think, to reason.

Now, Dr. Hutchins in the University of Chicago, is trying to overcome some of the faults in our system of higher education. That University has abandoned what he calls the "factory system of education." He thinks nothing of the idea of putting a raw student at one end of a production line and turning out an educated man or woman four years later at the other end of the line, just as canned peaches or automobiles are produced. Dr. Hutchins has Europeanized the University. The French or German student is not detained in a sort of super-luxurious detention home. He is not compelled to attend class or lectures; he isn't marked tardy or absent; and he isn't promoted or flunked on any such basis. Nobody compels him to be educated. He isn't stuffed with an education against his will. It is assumed by his very presence at a university that he is a serious-minded youth in search of an education. He is then offered the opportunity to get it. If he does, he graduates.

If he doesn't he is kicked out. He can't hang around and clutter up the place and leave no room for serious students to enter. At the University of Chicago, required attendance at classes has been abolished. Students are called upon to take examinations only when they feel they can pass them. And the student may graduate in one year or in four years, or in ten, depending solely upon how hard he works. The University doesn't play wet-nurse to the student, because life certainly will not play wet-nurse to him when he is no longer a student.

By every implication Dr. Hutchins says that you simply cannot give everybody a higher education. You can expose them to it just as you can expose your body to the summer's sun. That doesn't mean you will get an even coat of tan. You may just as well blister, burn, or freckle. But we go upon the theory that everybody is capable of receiving a higher education if only he is exposed to it. And that accounts for the millions of students who swarm the campuses and clutter the classrooms of colleges and universities. It also accounts for the groans of distress that come from the faculties who run these schools. They know that higher education on a mass production basis is impossible, and they groan at being given a hopeless task. They resent the fact that institutions designed to be centers of learning are turned into country clubs and sports centers.

They rage because parents often send their sons and daughters to college, either because it is the fashionable thing to do, or because they don't know what else to do with them for four years. And they are bitter because the trampling herd of gay young dullards impede the progress of the handful of students who are earnestly and seriously trying to learn. Class-room teaching must unfortunately be set at the pace of the poorest minds instead of the best minds. In our forests we cut out the undergrowth that checks and chokes the growth of valuable trees. In our colleges, we let it remain and choke the trees. Is this harsh? Perhaps it sounds harsh, but as Dr. Hutchins reminds us, life itself is not a party.

These are criticisms of the American system of education and the American student. But who, when all is said and done, is responsible for this state of affairs? None other than you and I -- the older generation. Then we must courageously answer one question directed to ourselves: Educational systems reflect the mentality of the people whom they are designed to serve. They didn't get that way by accident. They are made in our image, and that image is unflinching clear in the mirror of our universities. If we honestly want our institutions of learning to prepare our young for the good life, they will do it. If we want them merely to prepare the young to get jobs, they will do that. For they are the lengthened shadows, not of one man but of the nation. We can have more Robert Hutchinses if we want them. And we can defeat him if we don't want them. The final question then is both simple and complex: What do we want the schools to do?

lh 1/11/38

ATK01 0143170

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

TYPED 1-11-38

#25

January 11, 1938
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson presented
by the new Pall Malls.

Pure smoking pleasure comes from pure tobaccos. And
you can get this pleasure by smoking the new Pall Mall cigarette.
Pall Malls are a choice blend of the finest domestic and turkish
tobaccos...with no artificial flavoring. Pall Malls give
you the flavor of pure tobaccos. No other popular American
blended cigarette can make this claim. So the next time you
buy cigarettes, ask for Pall Malls. The price is only
fifteen cents, plus taxes in some states, for twenty cigarettes.
Try Pall Malls, if only to see for yourself how much more pure
smoking pleasure comes from pure tobaccos.

This is Nelson Case speaking for Pall Mall cigarettes.

Good night!

THIS IS THE BLUE NETWORK OF THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING
COMPANY.

ATX01 0143171

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

630 Fifth Avenue, New York City

DATE: January 13, 1938

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

File - Thompson Serial Folder

OUTSTANDING NEGRO SCIENTIST TO BE
DISCUSSED BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

George Washington Carver, world famous Negro scientist who worked his way up from the status of slave to become a genius in systematic botany, will be discussed by radio commentator Dorothy Thompson in her "People in the News" broadcast on Tuesday, January 18, at 7:30 PM, EST, over the NEC Blue network.

Miss Thompson will devote the entire fifteen minutes of her broadcast to Mr. Carver, describing his personality, his background and his contributions to modern day science.

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

(TYPED 1/14/58)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS OPENING COMMERCIAL

FRIDAY January 14, 1958

#26

FALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

In a moment, Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism presented by FALL MALL's new fifteen cent cigarette - but now a scene from London, as Big Ben is striking -

SOUND: BIG BEN STRIKES SLOWLY "BONG BONG BONG BONG" FADES DOWN

JUDGE: (BRITISH ACCENT)

U-hmm! U-huh! The Court will now pronounce sentence on the prisoner. (ADDRESSING THE DEFENDANT) U-hmm! Uh -- Newell Woodrow, the Court having found that you are guilty of adulterating tobacco within the meaning of the Act adjudges that you shall forfeit to the Crown the sum of three hundred pounds and that the tobacco so adulterated shall also be forfeited to the Crown.

SOUND: BIG BEN STRIKES SLOWLY AGAIN. FADES UP.

ANNOUNCER:

Why is it that in England smokers are protected by law against the addition of materials like molasses and laurel leaves to the tobacco used in the cigarettes they smoke? But in America there is only one popular blended cigarette that gives you this protection. That cigarette is the new Fall Mall. True to its English tradition, the new Fall Mall contains pure tobacco with no artificial flavorings of any kind. Save for extra taxes in some states, you pay only 15 cents for 20. You buy them wherever cigarettes are sold. You ask for Fall Malls. And you smoke them for pure pleasure ^{from} pure tobacco!

And now, Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS!

PALL MALL BROADCAST
JANUARY 14, 1938

DOROTHY THOMPSON *Script*
PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

Forty years ago the United States fought a strange war: the war with Spain. We know now that it was a cruel and unnecessary struggle. Spain had acceded to all our demands before we fired a shot. We began it allegedly to free Cuba from Spanish domination, but at the end we held the Philippine Islands and Europe for the first time accepted us as a world Power.

How little the United States counted in world affairs at the beginning of the Spanish American War -- and that was only forty years ago -- is illustrated by an incident that preceded the battle of Manila Bay at which, as you know, Dewey destroyed the Spanish squadron defending the islands. When he steamed into the bay he found several British and German warships there. The Germans lay directly across Dewey's line of fire at the Spaniards, and the German Admiral refused to move. Dewey notified him that he would fire upon him if he did not get out of the way. And the British Admiral said that he would join Dewey. The Germans then moved.

In the steaming, mosquito-ridden jungles, fighting the Americans in that war was a young Filipino law student who had dropped his books for a rifle. So well did he fight and with such brilliant military ability that the youth soon became a Major. His name is Manuel Quezon. But one day, exhausted with fever and nearing the point of delirium, young Quezon surrendered to the Americans, hoping to be sent to a hospital where his life could be saved. The Americans nursed him back to health and then sent him to jail for six months. By that time the war was over, the Philippines had become American, further resistance was futile, and Manuel Quezon returned to law school.

(m o r e)

ATK01 0143174

He was graduated, joined a prominent law firm in Manila, and then began to fight again. This time he fought by the peaceable means of persuasion, for complete independence for his country. He became leader of the nationalist party in the Philippine Assembly -- the Congress of the islands -- and in 1909 was sent to Washington as Resident Commissioner. Here he received great encouragement when, in 1912 Woodrow Wilson was elected President. Mr. Wilson looked with favor upon Quezon's desire for the freedom of the Filipinos, and this is very interesting because it shows that long before the World War Wilson believed in the famous doctrine of self-determination of peoples. But although Quezon had the sympathy and support of a great President he was to struggle twenty years more before Congress set his people free. During these years in the halls of Congress, at dinners and social gatherings in Washington, there constantly appeared a handsome man, more Spanish in appearance than Filipino, with straight, glossy black hair, sparkling brown eyes, an aquiline nose and high cheekbones.

In season and out, with a fine command of English, Manuel Quezon talked about one thing and one thing only: Filipino independence. He is a born politician, good-natured, charming, shrewd, and persuasive; but he is also more than the politician: he is resolute, fearless, and earnest. And he has one quality that endears him to Americans: he has a touch of P. T. Barnum: he is a great showman, and one time toured his country in a private car, carrying with him a jazz band and great heaps of cigars that he handed around with the ease and joviality of the old-fashioned, baby-kissing politician.

(m o r e)

ATX01 0143175

Finally after years of struggle, Manuel Quezon won his fight, In 1933 Congress passed the Tydings-McDuffie Act setting the Philippines free after a twelve year probationary period to end in 1946. But whether Filipino independence will really make the islands free, or whether it will merely turn them loose in a dangerous world to be gobbled up by some hungry Power is a nightmare that has been disturbing the sleep of many thoughtful Filipinos, and actually they are now afraid to accept the freedom for which they struggled so long. Why?

Under American rule we protected the islands and virtually guaranteed them against invasion. They were almost entirely self-governing with a Congress of their own, a Resident Commissioner in Washington, a free press, and free speech. We built roads, schools, hospitals, cleaned up the country and poured in large amounts of capital. The islands prospered and they enjoyed one enormous advantage: Their products entered the United States duty free, while their competitors had to pay duty. Within a few years after the islands became American, great quantities of sugar, tobacco, vegetable oils and other goods began to come here. But if the Philippines should be freed in 1946 they would become a foreign country, their goods would pay duty, their great advantage would be lost, and their sales to us would be enormously reduced. This would work hardship because the principal product of the islands -- sugar -- could not then compete with the sugar of Cuba and Hawaii or Java.

What would happen? It isn't hard to guess.

(m o r e)

ATK01 0143176

The islands are 10,000 miles from the United States but only 400 miles from the Asiatic mainland. They produce many things that Japan needs, and Japan long ago began to penetrate them commercially. The town of Davao, for example, with 18,000 Japanese settlers is the most completely Japanese town anywhere outside Japan. About forty per cent of the retail trade of Manila is already in Japanese hands. And Manuel Quezon himself, since we passed the Philippines liberation bill, has given concession after concession to Japanese interests, with the result that they are getting a death-grip on the economic life of the islands.

Now let's look forward to the time when the islands become free. At that time the American market for Filipino goods will have almost disappeared. There will be mountains of sugar, hemp, tobacco, and other things to sell. Who will want them? Who will then be on hand strongly entrenched and prepared to take over when we retire? No one except Japan. And now let's look at the past in order reasonably to forecast the future. How long then will it be -- as it has been in China -- before the inevitable "incident" occurs? Before a Japanese soldier is killed and Japan takes the islands, and uses their resources to build up the fast-growing Japanese empire under the slogan: Asia for the Asiatics.

A belated recognition of these hard facts has caused a panic in Philippine commercial circles. Filipinos have even suggested that Great Britain take over the islands as a Crown Colony, but that is unlikely because Britain has enough troubles now. Consequently the islands are facing the prospect of swapping the light bonds of American possession, possibly for the heavy hand of Japan.

(m o r e)

ATK01 0143177

But only this week -- and the whole incident sounds like a melodrama in which the hero rescues the maiden from the villain -- President Roosevelt announced that a new plan had been agreed upon in principle between the United States and the Philippines. It is totally different from any relationship that we have ever had before with any country. Under it our economic ~~ties with the islands~~ will not be severed in 1946. They will continue until 1960. In 1946 duties on Philippine goods will not rise to 100 per cent, but will only be a fraction of that and will rise gradually until 1960. This, of course, will give the islands a chance to find new customers and adjust themselves to new relations. Now, this is a strange relationship, because while the islands will be free in 1946 and in effect a foreign country, they will enjoy a great preference on our part, and have what amounts to dominion status. That is something distinctly new in American history.

The real significance of the President's statement is that we are not getting out of the Orient after all. It means that we keep a finger in the Philippine pie which is only 1,400 miles from Tokyo but 10,000 miles from Washington. It means reassurance to the British position in Hong Kong and Singapore, to the French position on Indo-China, and the Dutch position in the East Indies. And it may mean continued freedom to the Filipinos.

I wish I could say that we had liberated the islands in the first place out of sheer nobility, or even as part of an ordered pattern in the Pacific, but that would not be the truth. As a matter of fact American sugar and dairy interests who did not want Philippine competition were chiefly responsible.

(m o r e)

ATX01 0143178

Their pressure was so great that we broke our word to the Filipinos; and President Roosevelt in May 1933 sent a special message to Congress urging fair play and pointing out that Congress was moving contrary to the spirit of the Independence Act, by assessing export taxes on Filipino goods before the year of their liberation. But Congress turned a deaf ear to fair play and the President was powerless.

The other side of the story is that we are NOT withdrawing completely from the islands, we are NOT fortifying them heavily against invasion, and we are NOT guaranteeing their protection. We are writing a form of economic insurance for the Philippines in order to retain some hold on one of our traditional stakes in the Far East. Whether Congress will go along with the President in this latest move, or whether it will insist upon cutting the islands adrift, is a matter that will be decided in the next few weeks.

In the meantime, Manuel Quezon is in power in Manila, and in all probability will become the head of the first Filipino state. Let us hope that his struggle for freedom will mean a lasting victory, and that future generations of Filipinos will look back upon him gratefully -- as we look upon George Washington-- as the father of his country.

Jgs
1/14/38

(TYPED 1/14/38)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

FRIDAY January 14, 1938

#26

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson presented by the new Pall Malls.

Pure smoking pleasure comes from pure tobaccos. And you can get this pure smoking pleasure from the new Pall Mall cigarettes. That's because Pall Malls are blended only from the finest domestic and turkish tobaccos ... with no artificial flavoring. Pall Malls give you the flavor of pure tobaccos. No other popular blended cigarette can make this claim.

So the next time you buy cigarettes, ask for Pall Malls. The price is only fifteen cents for twenty cigarettes, plus local taxes in some states. Try Pall Malls, if only to see for yourself how much more pure smoking pleasure comes from pure tobaccos.

This is Nelson Case speaking for Pall Mall cigarettes, which are made by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company.

FILL WITH FOLLOWING IF NECESSARY)

(PAUSE) If you have any suggestions for people or subjects that you would like to have Miss Thompson discuss on these broadcasts, you are cordially invited to write to Pall Mall Cigarettes, in care of this station.

THIS IS THE RED NETWORK OF THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

61801 0143180

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

630 Fifth Avenue, New York City

DATE: January 17, 1938

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

DOROTHY THOMPSON TO LAUD

WALT DISNEY

Walt Disney, famous creator of Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and the current rave-hit, "Snow White", will be reviewed by radio commentator Dorothy Thompson in her "People in the News" program next Friday night at 10:45 PM, EST, over the NBC coast-to-coast Red network.

A far cry from political figures, rulers and diplomats, Disney has so intrigued the imagination and fancy of the nation - to paraphrase Miss Thompson's words - that he must certainly be looked upon as an eminent figure in the news of the week.

Miss Thompson will discuss Disney not only as a personality, but as a unique and entirely original figure on the horizon of American entertainment.

WJZ

PALL MALL BROADCAST

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

() ()
7.30 - 7.45 P.M.

JANUARY 18, 1938

TUESDAY

DOROTHY THOMPSON TALK:

In Washington tonight Congressional committees are struggling again -- as they have struggled before -- to write a bill that will solve or at least alleviate the difficult problem of agriculture. Wheat has its troubles, and corn has its troubles, and even the honey bee disturbs the sleep of Congressmen, but the greatest problems of all flow from cotton. This crop has now become the weak backbone of the potentially richest but actually poorest section of the United States. Yet, there is one Southerner who has never looked to Congress for help, and who for forty years has consistently said the same thing over and over again: "The Southern people, if they had the vision, could control the markets of the world". And his words carry weight because his whole life and his achievements tend to prove that he is right. That man is Dr. George Washington Carver, Director of Agricultural Research at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama.

Dr. Carver is a Negro. He was born during the Civil War of slave parents, on the estate of Moses Carver in Missouri. His father was sold on the block, during his infancy. Later, he and his mother were stolen, and taken to Arkansas. His owner, Mr. Carver, traced the abductors, but found only the baby, whom he brought back to Missouri. He was so impressed with the child's brightness and industry, that he called him George Washington and gave him his own name Carver.

(MORE)

ATX01 0143182

A few years later this little colored boy, who had survived a bleak and bitter childhood, worked his way through high school in Minneapolis, and then went on to Iowa State College where he specialized in agricultural chemistry, received a Master's degree in 1896, and became a member of the faculty. The young Negro teacher often took his students on field trips, in order to demonstrate in the field the lessons learned in the laboratory. He fired his classes with his own burning enthusiasm for the soil. One of his students was a young man who was later to develop some valuable strains of corn and became Secretary of Agriculture. His name is Henry Wallace.

About this time in the far south in a region remote from Iowa in both space and culture a great Negro leader was arising to preach a doctrine and to establish a school of thought that has enormously influenced the progress of Negroes in the South. That man was Booker T. Washington. He believed first of all that the salvation of his people lay not in the industrial North but in the agricultural South. He felt that somehow, despite the difficulties of the situation, there existed a broad basis of understanding between Southern Negroes and Southern whites. He felt that this understanding could be so deepened as to make a durable foundation upon which could be erected a permanent society of Negroes.

But this could be accomplished, in his opinion, only if Negroes were trained to make better citizens of themselves and achieve a degree of economic security. Not necessarily by remaining at the lower levels of heavy labor or by attempting to compete with the white people in fields of professional culture such as the law, medicine or journalism. There was, he thought, a middle ground.

(MORE)

That was to give the Negro vocational training -- training designed to fit the Negro for the land, where he could have the highest degree of security, lead the good life, and have the greatest freedom from the competition of the white man. Booker T. Washington persuaded young Carver to come South and throw in his lot with a then poor and struggling school for Negroes -- Tuskegee Institute. He went and has been there ever since, and it is an interesting reflection on the quality of his vision and on race relations in the South, that this young Negro teacher chose to exchange the security of his position in a well-equipped middle-western university for the possible insecurity of a poverty-stricken school in the deep South.

His first crude chemical laboratory at Tuskegee was made of pieces salvaged from the junk heap, but that did not deter him, and today the school is magnificently equipped out of donations made by white people in both the North and the South in recognition of its useful work.

More than twenty years ago, when boll weevil threatened cotton with extinction, Dr. Carver began to look for another crop that might take its place. He decided that the lowly peanut was the logical successor to King Cotton if his throne should fall. But he couldn't convince farmers of this because at that time nobody ever thought of peanuts except as a partner of pink lemonade at the circus or of soda-pop at the baseball game, and there just weren't enough circuses and baseball games to make peanut growing worthwhile. So it was up to Dr. Carver to show that peanuts could be made to perform wonders, and he turned to his laboratory to do the job. Since that time he has developed over 300 products from peanuts, including such odd items as cheese, soap, flour, pickles, shaving lotion and a dandruff remedy.

(MORE)

ATX01 0143184

And this is profoundly part of the make-up of the man, for Dr. Carver, like many a farmer and many a scientist too, is a deeply religious man, who sees the hand of God in the wind, and the rain and the sun; in the cycle of the seasons; amid the manifold miracles of field and forest. When he was a younger man he arose before sunrise to pick flowers in the woods, to see the animals that later in the day would be lost to human sight, and to commune with God. And it is characteristic of the man that his favorite quotation should be this: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help".

Dr. Carver, it is said, was once offered as much as one hundred thousand dollars a year salary by the late Thomas Edison to work in his New Jersey laboratories, but although he admired Mr. Edison and was proud of his friendship, he refused the offer as he has refused many other offers to leave Tuskegee. There he lives a life of the utmost simplicity and austerity, an unmarried old man, occupying two small rooms in a dormitory of the Institute, laboring long hours in his laboratory, and fussing for a little while at night with his paints and his books, before retiring early, in order to be fresh for the next day at the laboratory. Sometimes he writes a letter to a little, frail, emaciated brown man on the other side of the world, whose powerful will and even more powerful humility have often balked the strength of the British Empire. For Dr. George Washington Carver of Tuskegee, Alabama, is a friend of Mahatma Ghandi of Allhabad, India; kindred spirits, functioning each in his own way, in widely separated worlds, for the improvement of the lot of humanity on earth.

meg/1-18-38.

DOROTHY THOMPSON
JANUARY 21, 1938

PALL MALL BROADCAST
PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

Wherever you go in the world you will find a famous American couple. Their origin was so humble that they came into being and into marriage some fifteen years ago in a Kansas City garage. Now they stand before kings and queens. They speak to the minds and hearts of men, women and children in nearly all the languages of civilization. They are universally loved. They bring delight and escape to millions of people. And although they are still young and filled with a ferocious vitality, they have already almost passed into the folklore of the United States that gave them birth. This distinguished and well-loved couple are, as you have probably guessed, Mickey Minnie Mouse.

The creator of these and dozens of other magical characters is Walt Disney. I have chosen to speak about him tonight, because he is probably the greatest genius in the whole world of films, and he is a genius who has been very little publicized. He is an artist, who trusts his productions to speak for themselves. Just now, his first full-length picture, Snow White, has made international sensation. But there is nothing in Snow White which was not presaged by what he has been doing for years. Disney's career is not one of those fabulous stories of rags to riches over night--the kind of story that Hollywood itself likes to make in the films.

(m o r e)

ATX01 0143186

It's a very old-fashioned story, of a man who had an idea, whose idea was laughed at by the so-called wise birds, of fifteen years of struggle, poverty, and failure. But it was never a story of discouragement, because Mr. Disney believed in his ideas and in his talents, and that may be one reason why his films, through all his silly symphonies, to Snow White, tell the same story: that courage, and hard work, and tolerance, and kindness, are what make the world go around, and are their own reward.

Walt Disney's early life is a typical main street story. He was a poor farm boy in Missouri. He peddled newspapers at the age of nine. He tasted travel as a news butcher on a train. He enlisted in the war at seventeen, and drove a red cross ambulance in France. All his life he wanted to do two things-- to act, and to draw, and eventually he made drawings that acted, and that's his story.

Mickey Mouse, like our own progenitor, Adam, came first, and Minnie, like Eve, came later, as a help-mate and companion to her husband and master. The tale goes--and all this seems remote, but it was actually not many years ago--that there was a young and struggling artist, working long hours for small pay as a cartoonist in Kansas City. By day he drew cartoons for his employer. Dull cartoons designed for advertising dull things. By night he became keenly, vibrantly alive. For the animated cartoon had been invented for advertising purposes, and eventually Disney got a job making these. No one thought of them as art; no one dreamed of a time when pictures, created out of paper and paint and imagination might compete with Francis Bushman and Theda Bara.

(m o r e)

ATX01 01431B7

No one, that is to say, except Walt Disney. In a studio made of old drygoods boxes in a backyard garage young Disney drew animal cartoons, experimented with animation, and tried to make the creatures of his mind dance to the music of a borderland logic in the wonderlands of fantasy. He drew rabbits, owls and other birds and animals but none seemed satisfactory to him and all had been used before. Many of them were almost contemporaneous with time itself coming down to us in legend and picture for two thousand years. But Disney had a grace that was to save him. He had a natural--or unnatural--liking for those little rodents that are regarded by mankind as a pest: That is, mice. Their liquid agility, their shining eyes, their now-you-see me and now-you-don't movements, fascinated him. They played in his workshop at night and he caught them in wastebaskets so that he could watch them. And so in the course of time the struggling cartoonist and the scampering mice got on friendly terms.

But Disney was especially drawn to one mouse. This one was a bold fellow with a strongly marked personality and such a feeling for sociability that he crawled about the cartoonist's drawing board while he worked. Disney named him Mortimer but somehow the name didn't seem to fit. It was clear that Mortimer had an excellent opinion of himself and of his worth in a rather shabby world. He had too, a certain detached dignity. But when you knew him better you saw that he had a quality almost verging on wisecracking and if you didn't sit on him now and then he would become arrogant and unbearable.

(m o r e)

ATX01 0143188

The mouse and the man studied one another as their acquaintance grew, gauged their relative strength, and were grateful for company in the stretches of the night. But in the long run--and this is true of mice as it is of men--Mortimer revealed his soul. There it was. On the whole a brave and honest soul. It revealed an immense power of adaptability to circumstance in a topsy-turvy world. A sense of give and take. Much patience. A touch of gallant bravado but also an unsuspected humility. And a cavalier strain perilously verging on chronic flippancy. Seeing all this Disney christened the mouse anew. This time he called him Mickey and gave him his own voice so that literally the voice of Mickey is his master's voice. All this happened long ago to a mouse and a man in a backyard garage. But years were to pass and heartbreaking struggles were to be endured before the Kansas City mouse should stride the stages of the world, make his creator a Knight of the Legion of Honor of France, evoke the wrath of humorless European governments, rescue corporations from business troubles, establish new toy industries, and bring sheer delight to millions of people.

Walt Disney, the creator of Mickey and Minnie Mouse, Donald Duck, the Three Little Pigs, The Big Bad Wolf, the current Snow White and a whole mythical world of his own, was first attracted to films by another great genius, Charlie Chaplin, whose compassionate and tender sense of pathos became part of Disney himself. For young Disney the only world that counted was the make-believe world of the stage.

(m o r e)

ATX01 0143189

And so we find him impersonating Chaplin at an amateur show and walking away with the grand prize of two dollars, but despite this success and his love of the stage he eventually decided he wanted to draw more than he wanted to act. Nobody in his family had ever drawn. None of them seemed to have an artistic instinct. But Walt Disney had an insatiable passion for drawing. It was, in fact, so strong that when he was driving an ambulance in France he did not paint it with the usual camouflage. Instead he covered it with sketches of the fantastic little animals that years later were to make him a world-famous figure.

After the war Disney got a cartoonist's job in Kansas City for what he considered the lordly salary of fifty dollars a month but shortly before Christmas he was fired, and at New Year's he made a resolution. He decided he didn't want a job. He wanted work--his own work as his own master. He wouldn't work for anybody but Disney. Somehow he managed to live by doing free-lance illustrating. Somehow he managed to get fellow-cartoonists to help him at night. He wangled a few dollars and actually made and sold a few films to a New York company which promptly went broke. So he decided to go to the moving-picture heaven: Hollywood, and he landed there fourteen years ago with some old clothes in his suitcase, a drawing board in his hand, forty dollars in his pockets, and an animal menagerie in his mind. Hollywood looked at him with a fishy eye but his brother Roy was present with a large quantity of enthusiasm and two hundred and fifty dollars in cash.

(m o r e)

ATX01 0143190

What happened then sounds like a Mickey Mouse film. Suddenly the Disney boys got an order for a picture from New York, they rigged up a studio out of odds and ends, hired two girls to help them and made a film. Walt Disney asked one of the girls, Lillian Rounds, to stay on and he made sure of her services by marrying her.

The three Disneys then made two Mickey Mouse films but these small silent creatures were lost because they were born into a roaring world of sound. Al Jolson's "Jazz Singer"--the first sound picture had just been released; sound was about to revolutionize the whole world of the movies, and in the tremendous confusion of the moment who had time for two absurd little silent mice? Nobody but the Disneys. They persisted, they gave voices to Mickey and Minnie, set them moving to music and produced Steamboat Willie. Distributors liked it but the big money boys who dealt only in millions of dollars and stars and supercolossal pictures wouldn't even agree to distribute Mickey Mouse films. So the Disneys did their own distributing, and as we all know, Mickey and Minnie soon became the most famous couple in the world, made their creators rich, and brought a strange gaiety into the world that appealed equally to adults and children.

The original organization grew into a great studio. And individualistic venture into a cooperative one. The technique was continually improving. The figures that first moved with jerks developed an exquisite grace. Synchronization with music became perfected--by Disney himself.

(m o r e)

The technique is incredibly complicated. The average short picture requires fifteen thousand separate cutouts. But Walt Disney has created something entirely new in the universe-- although I must stop to give credit to a German girl, Lotte Weininger, who years ago in Germany produced the predecessor of Snow White--for a perfectly cold and unreceptive market. The world that Walt Disney creates does not exist on land or sea. It is wholly the world of the imagination, unlimited by physical restraints of any kind. It is the world of the old fables, when animals spoke with the tongues of men, and of the northern fairy stories, of landscapes that never were. Yet it is all made credible by its psychological logic. Who doesn't know Donald Duck, the eternal busybody? Who hasn't got among his relatives the thriftless grasshopper? And, curiously, this world of fantasy is a universal world. Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert may be box office successes in Kansas City and Manchester, but failures in Tokio. Mickey and Minnie and the three little pigs, and all the birds and animals of Disney's fantasy belong to the whole world.

jgs
1/21/38

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

630 Fifth Avenue, New York City

DATE: January 25, 1938

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

*File
Thompson
document*

MAN WHO DIDN'T WANT TO BE KING

SUBJECT OF DOROTHY THOMPSON'S

"PEOPLE IN THE NEWS" PROGRAM

The democratically-minded Ahmed Zogu, ruler of that famous but little known country of Albania - the man who didn't want to be king -- will be the personality discussed by Dorothy Thompson in her "People in the News" broadcast Friday, January 28, at 10:45 PM, EST over the NEC Red network.

A king with democratic principles, Zogu is regarded by Miss Thompson as a unique figure in the political affairs of Europe. Tying in his democratic personality with his philosophy of government, Miss Thompson will discuss Zogu as a man, and as the ruler of what she calls "Europe's Romantic Kingdom."

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

(REVISED 1/21/38)

(Typed 1/21/38)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

OPENING COMMERCIAL

TUESDAY, Jan 25, 1938

#29

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

In a moment, Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism, presented by Pall Mall's new fifteen-cent cigarette ... But now a scene from London as Big Ben is striking -
SOUND: BIG BEN STRIKES SLOWLY - BONG BONG BONG BONG! FADES DOWN
INSPECTOR: (AS IF FINISHING A RAWLING OUT)

So long as I'm Inspector here, discipline is going to be maintained, Wrench.

(BUZZER LOUD ON MIKE)

Hold on a minute until I get this. Hello ... Inspector Taylor speaking. Headquarters? ... Yes ... (TO WRENCH) No, Wrench, don't go away, I want you. Hello? Tottenham Court Road, you say? Right-o. I'll send a man. (TO WRENCH) Oh Wrench -

WRENCH:

Yes, sir.

INSPECTOR:

Wrench, that was headquarters. Police Laboratories have just tested that tobacco you bought from the shop on Tottenham Court Road.

WRENCH:

Right, sir. What did they find.

INSPECTOR:

Just what we thought.

WRENCH:

Adulterated tobacco?

(revised 1/21/38)
PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

OPENING COMMERCIAL CONT'D
#29

(Typed 1/31/38)
TUESDAY, Jan 25, 1938
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

INSPECTOR:

Absolutely. Take this warrant up to that shop immediately.

WRENCH:

Very good, Inspector.

INSPECTOR:

Bring the shop-owner back here with you, and be sure you seize the rest of the adulterated tobacco.

SOUND: BIG BEN STRIKES SLOWLY AGAIN. FADES UP.

ANNOUNCER:

Why is it that in England smokers are protected by law against the addition of materials like molasses and laurel leaves to the tobacco used in the cigarettes they smoke? But in America there is only one popular blended cigarette that gives you this protection. That cigarette is the new Pall Mall. True to its English tradition, the new Pall Mall contains pure tobacco with no artificial flavorings of any kind. Save for extra taxes in some states, you pay only 15 cents for 20. You buy them wherever cigarettes are sold. You ask for Pall Malls. And you smoke them for pure pleasure from pure tobaccos.

And now, Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS!

ATK01 0143195

PALL MALL BROADCAST

JANUARY 25, 1938

File
(FINAL REVISE)

DOROTHY THOMPSON *Sargent*

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

It is now seventeen years, since I, as a very young and inexperienced foreign correspondent landed in Ireland, on my first major assignment in Europe. I landed in the midst of a terrific guerilla war. The city of Dublin - the city of Yeats, and A.E. and George Moore, and Lady Gregory -- maintained on the surface its dreamy eighteenth century shabby elegance, and its air of culture and learning.

The whole green, poor and exquisite country was bathed in a lyric external peace. But at night the streets of Dublin and the hedgerows of the countryside ran blood. Every other Irishman, whether he was a cart driver, a farmer, or a poet, was a conspirator. Every house was an arsenal. Behind the cassock of the country priest beat a fiery revolutionary heart. For a tiny nation, of only three million people -- less than that, for the northern orange country was not then with them -- had taken on the British Empire in a fight that was to last for years. I remember going down to Cork, and sitting in the Mayor's office for nearly two hours, while a small man with a gay humor, told me anecdotes about the war, with the detachment of one viewing historical events in perspective. Yet two hours after I walked out, Terence Mac Swiney, Mayor of Cork, was arrested, and starved himself to death in a British Jail some three weeks later.

And in those same days down in County Wicklow, I met for a moment the man who was the political genius of the Sinn Fein movement. I met him on the street. He didn't look like a political leader. He looked like a college professor. He was a tall, somber, dark, scholarly figure, and if humor is an Irish characteristic, he was very un-Irish. For he was in deadly earnest.
(more)

ATX01 0143196

Well, that was seventeen years ago. Two weeks ago the Irish Express from Dublin pulled into a London Railway station amid the noise of thousands of Irishmen shouting "Up Dev!" and singing the old Irish rebel song -- Then the same tall, figure dressed in a long black coat and a soft ~~black~~ hat stepped from the train and the crowd went mad. For here at last a miracle was being performed. Here on English soil was Eamon de Valera, Prime Minister of the new state of Ireland, come to talk on terms of political equality with the Prime Minister of Great Britain whose English forbears had conquered the Irish nearly a thousand years ago. Here was an Irish leader who had been condemned to death by Britain in the rebellion of 1916. Here perhaps a happy ending was in sight for tragic centuries of terror and turmoil, religious and racial hatred, midnight killing and arson, and the brilliant bitter Irish oratory that caused even the great Gladstone to squirm uneasily on his chair in the House of Commons.

No wonder that the Irish in London went wild. No wonder that the English smiled with pleasure. For the truth is that both countries are tired of their centuries old strife. And the fact is that even at the moment of their apparent drawing apart they must draw nearer for mutual protection against the storm that seems to be blowing up in Europe.

I have always found it interesting that so many great political figures are born outside of their own countries. Napoleon was a Corsican. Hitler was born in Austria. His understudy Rudolf Hess was born in Egypt. Eamon de Valera who, in our generation, has made an independent Ireland was born in the United States of America 56 years ago, and when he began his fight for Irish freedom was an American citizen.

(more)

It may be that nostalgia for a country from which one is separated, and which one has perhaps never seen, generates a more fervent and fanatical patriotism than one gets from living among the home folks. It may be that the difficulties seem less great from a longer perspective. I don't know the explanation, I only find it fascinating that it should be so. De Valera is only half an Irishman. His father was a Spanish political refugee from Cuba, his mother an Irish American. However, the mixture is not un-Irish because in the region around Galway, there are a great many people of Irish and Spanish blood, mixture dating from the sixteenth century.

De Valera was sent to Ireland as a small boy to be educated. Unlike most of the great political leaders of our day, he has a scholar's mind. He is an exceptionally good linguist and speaks English, French, Spanish and Gaelic, the latter the language of ancient Ireland, and he knew all four by the time he was twelve years old. Also had politics not intervened, he would probably have been a mathematical genius. In his youth, he preferred to contemplate the stars rather than the problems of this world and intended to become an astronomer. But in 1916, when Britain was engaged in war, De Valera and the other Irish leaders decided that Ireland's hour had struck and on Easter Monday they proclaimed the Irish Republic in Dublin, and de Valera was there in command of a revolutionary unit of 200 men.

For five days he fought off two divisions of British in a Dublin street. On the fifth day, Padraic Pearse, the leader of the rebellion, gave the order to surrender. De Valera was the last to give up. He stepped forward and said to the British: "I am De Valera. Shoot me, but spare my men."

(more)

Of course, he was sentenced to be shot, but at that time he was still technically an American citizen, and Britain did not want to take the chance of offending Irish opinion in America while they were at war and very anxious for good relations with the United States. So De Valera was sent to jail for life while most of the others were shot. In the general amnesty of 1917 he was released, but was re-imprisoned in 1918, and made a sensational escape in 1919. He worked his way to America as stoker on a ship and here he raised six million dollars for the Irish Republican Government.

In the meantime the struggle for Irish independence went on amid murders, shootings, burning of homes and estates, and the weeping of women and children. The struggle of the two peoples seemed endless and hopeless, until finally in 1921 the Irish Free State was formally proclaimed and the fighting ended. But the Irish Free State did not contain all of Ireland, for the six northern counties -- the region of Ulster -- set themselves up as an independent entity called Northern Ireland and the tariff barriers that still exist between them are the weakest of the barriers that separate them.

These two Irelands are profoundly different. The twenty-six counties of the Free State are largely Catholic, agricultural, and bitterly anti-English. The six northern counties which were settled by the English with Scotch Presbyterians are principally Protestant, industrial and pro-English. And behind these divisions lies some of the secret of Ireland's tortured dark, and bitter history.

Although De Valera had been president of Sinn Fein -- the revolutionary nationalist party -- from its beginning, Michael Collins became first head of the provisional government, because De Valera refused to sign the agreement with England under which the Irish Free State came into being. He became instead the leader of the opposition in the Irish Parliament.

(more)

It was not until 1932, after eleven more years of internal political struggle that De Valera came into power. His first act was to cancel the land annuities that had been paid to Britain for centuries. Britain answered by putting a tariff on Irish produce and that severely hurt Ireland, because her chief market for horses, cattle, and agricultural products is England. De Valera then retaliated by placing a tariff on British goods, and this cat-and-dog fight between the two countries went on for three more years until they finally signed a trade agreement.

Now, all this time from 1916 to 1937 De Valera had been struggling for complete Irish independence and a unified Ireland. As a leader in this struggle he has great gifts. He is a proud, stubborn man, with a tragic platform manner. He has been described as a fiery orator. But, actually and I've heard him, the moving thing about De Valera is an inexorable and uncompromising logic. He is a temperate man and he has frequently said that hard drink is the curse of his people. He is a deeply religious man in a land where religion is still vibrantly alive. And his personal life is in keeping with his whole philosophy. The Prime Minister of Ireland, his wife and their six children did not have even a single house-maid until he became head of the government, and when he took office he reduced his own salary.

During all his youth and middle years, De Valera has been the bitter foe of compromise, but years of struggle seem to have sobered him somewhat, the danger of a European war has come home to him, and the realization that Ireland could not survive without the aid of Britain.

(more)

And last month when he broadcasted to his people and the world, this thought must have been in his mind for in the opening sentences he said: " I hope and pray that our country will have a new life of peaceful and ordered progress in friendship with her neighbors and the other nations of the world." De Valera can no longer afford to be the foe of compromise. But neither can Great Britain.

For if war comes, England must be sure of the situation in her rear. Sure that Ireland will not be used as a submarine and airplane base by a foreign power. Sure that Irish food will flow across the Irish Sea to feed her people. So out of the threat of a war that might be destructive to both countries, comes the hope of a lasting reconciliation, that will obliterate the wounds of a thousand years' struggle. Whether de Valera can achieve the even more difficult problem of reconciliation with Northern Ireland is a question no one can answer yet.

The power in North Ireland has been for years chiefly in the hands of two men, the Prime Minister, Craig-Avon, and Dawson Bates. These men are as uncompromising as De Valera himself, but they're not going to live forever, and friends of mine in Northern Ireland tell me that the young people of Ulster are fed up with this eternal Irish quarrel and one of these days, there may very easily be a revolt. Keen observers of Northern Ireland think that although Ireland may remain desunited for the rest of this generation, another generation will see it all one people. At any rate, Craig-Avon, the Ulster Prime Minister has called an election for next month, because he has the jitters about De Valera's probable understanding with England, and he thinks if he wants to hold on to his power he better get a new mandate and get it quick.

(more)

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- 7 -

A united Ireland, a sovereign State, inside the British Commonwealth, on good terms with herself and the world would be one item on the credit side of a generation of bloodshed.

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1/25/38/

ATX01 0143202

(revised 1/21/58)

(Typed 1/21/58)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

TUESDAY, January 25 1958

#29

PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

You have just heard Miss Dorothy Thompson presented by the new Pall Malls.

Pure smoking pleasure comes from pure tobaccos. And you can get this pure smoking pleasure from the new Pall Mall cigarettes. That's because Pall Malls are blended only from the finest domestic and Turkish tobaccos ... with no artificial flavoring. Pall Malls give you the flavor of pure tobaccos. No other popular blended cigarette can make this claim.

So the next time you buy cigarettes, ask for Pall Malls. The price is only fifteen cents for twenty cigarettes, plus local taxes in some states. Try Pall Malls, if only to see for yourself how much more pure smoking pleasure comes from pure tobaccos.

This is Nelson Case speaking for Pall Mall cigarettes, which are made by the American Cigarette and Cigar Company.

(FILL WITH FOLLOWING IF NECESSARY)

(PAUSE) If you have any suggestions for people or subjects that you would like to have Miss Thompson discuss on these broadcasts, you are cordially invited to write to Pall Mall Cigarettes, in care of this station. Dorothy Thompson broadcasts a second time each week on another network. Consult your newspaper for day and station and time.

THIS IS THE BLUE NETWORK OF THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

RIK01 0143203

COMPTON ADVERTISING, INC. • New York

THIRD REVISION 1-28-36

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

OPENING COMMERCIAL

TIPED 1-28-36

#30

FRIDAY
January 28, 1936
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

ANNOUNCER:

In a moment, Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's First Lady of Journalism, presented by Pall Mall's new fifteen-cent cigarette...but now a scene from London as Big Ben is striking -
SOUND: BIG BEN STRIKES SLOWLY - BONG BONG BONG BONG! FADES DOWN
SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL - CLICK OF RECEIVER OFF HOOK.

INSPECTOR:

Hello...Inspector Taylor speaking. Headquarters? Yes...
Tottenham Court Road, you say? Right-o. I'll send a man.
(TO WRENCH) Oh Wrench -

WRENCH:

Yes, sir.

INSPECTOR:

Wrench that was headquarters. Police Laboratories have just tested that tobacco you bought from the shop on Tottenham Court Road.

WRENCH:

Right, sir. What did they find.

INSPECTOR:

Just what we thought.

WRENCH:

Adulterated tobacco?

INSPECTOR:

Absolutely. Now go up to headquarters and get that
billions.

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THIRD REVISION 1-28-38

TYPED 1-28-38

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

FRIDAY

OPENING COMMERCIAL CONT'D. January 28, 1938

#30

WRENCH:

Very good, Inspector.

INSPECTOR:

Serve the summons immediately on the shop owner and Wrench, be sure you seize the rest of the adulterated tobacco.

ANNOUNCER:

Why is it that in England smokers are protected by law against the addition of materials like molasses and laurel leaves to the tobacco used in their cigarettes? But in America there is only one popular blended cigarette that gives you this protection. That cigarette is the new Pall Mall. True to its English tradition, the new Pall Mall contains pure tobacco with no artificial flavorings of any kind. Save for extra taxes in some states, you pay only 15 cents for 20. You buy them wherever cigarettes are sold. You ask for Pall Malls. And you smoke them for pure pleasure from pure tobaccos.

And now, Miss Dorothy Thompson with PEOPLE IN THE NEWS!

ATK01 0143205

PALL MALL BROADCAST

JANUARY 28, 1938

DOROTHY THOMPSON

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

This business of time is something that has always fascinated me. We say that we live in the twentieth century. But, as a matter of fact, various parts of the western world live in various centuries. You could take a ship next week from any Atlantic port, and in eight or ten days' time arrive in the middle of the fourteenth century -- if, for instance, you shipped to the Adriatic ports of Tirana or Durazzo in Albania. Perhaps I am exaggerating. Fifteen years ago that statement would have been in no sense an exaggeration. Today, in many OUTER ways, this little mountainous country on the Adriatic, lying across from the foot of Italy, has caught up with the twentieth century. It has caught up, in a manner leaving enormous gaps. Albania, for instance, is a country that has never had a railroad. It jumped off the back of a mule into the body of an airplane. In 1912 there was one single lavatory in the entire country. Now there are quite a few. There are fine roads on which swift motor cars move. There are, at long last, electric lights. And there is even a modern banking system, and that greatest of modern inventions, paper money. I can remember the time when there was not a bank in Albania, and every bit of money was pure gold. But the man who has modernized Albania is, himself a fourteenth century figure. He looks like an American business man. But he steps right out of a feudal, tribal order. I am speaking of the King of Albania, Ahmet Zogu, whose engagement to a Hungarian Countess, Geraldine Apponyi, was announced this week.

ATK01 0143206

The Albanians are a wild people. Until Ahmet became King they were divided into tribes, living under clan government and in constant warfare with one another. Everybody in a clan was to some degree related, and the history of Albania has been a history of what we would call simple murder, but what they call "standing in blood." A man of one tribe would murder a man of another, and this would let loose a feud under laws that existed for centuries, by which any man of one tribe could kill at sight a member of the other with which they were in feud. And these feuds often went so far that from a fifth to a half of a whole tribe would be exterminated. Until a very few years ago travel in Albania was extremely unsafe for any man, for if he accompanied a member of one tribe he might be regarded as an enemy and assassinated. I say that it was unsafe for men. It was never unsafe for women. For the Albanians have strict taboos about women. A tribesman would not kill another tribesman in the presence of a woman, and in the wild mountains where I myself have travelled and where some of my journalist male colleagues have been in danger of their lives I felt and actually was as safe as though I had been in the streets of Woodstock, Vermont.

Albania is a Mohammedan country with the strictest division of the spheres of living between men and women. But there are tribes in Albania where women who do not wish to spin, weave, cook and have children can elect to lead the life of a man. Such a woman wears men's clothes and is accepted as a man on one condition: that she have no love relationship. If she has she can be punished by death.

This may suggest a picture of people strangely unlike Americans or Englishmen or Germans, but physically at least the Albanians are a Northern, fair-haired, blue-eyed people. Over the mountains in the National Museum at Athens, you will find statues of ancient Greeks who look much more like Albanians than any Greeks you will see in the streets of Athens. And the Albanians claim that Alexander the Great had their blood on his mother's side.

They are physically a magnificent race because nothing has ever interfered with the principle of the survival of the fittest. Here as in many of the mountain Balkan countries, the conditions of life are so hard and so dangerous that only the physically superior ever grow up. A male child is regarded as a man at the age of two. King Zog was born the second son of the chieftain of the Mati -- one of the four leading Albanian tribes. When he was nine years old Albania was still under Turkish rule and he was sent as a page to the court of Abdul Hamid in Constantinople. He was called a page but was really a hostage. He was treated with every honor, educated to be an officer, but if his parents had misbehaved he would be thrown into a dungeon. In 1912 Ahmet was sixteen years old and a colonel in the Turkish Army. The Balkan wars broke out, he heard the Serbs were invading Albania, he ran away, killed seven horses riding to Albania, arrived directly ahead of the Serbian forces, raised the tribes in resistance, and therewith established himself at the age of sixteen as an Albanian leader. How does one raise an army in a few hours in a wild mountain country where there are no roads, no telephones or telegraphs? The truth is that they have a telegraph.

It's a high, thin cry, of amazing carrying power, which is taken up from peak to peak of the mountains, and Ahmet had an army ready as the Serbs came through the mountain gates.

It was during that Balkan war that Albania with the aid of the Grand Visier of Turkey who was an Albanian, first raised the flag of independence. They made a constitution modeled on that of the United States, and Italy, France, England and Germany, sent a German, Prince Wied to rule them. But no outsider could rule Albania. He was ignored by the tribes. Then the World War began. The Albanians rose, armed with ancient rifles, and when their war cries resounded across the mountains Prince Wied left Albania in a hurry and forever. Albania was invaded by the Serbs and the Austrians. Ahmet joined the Austrians against the historic Albanian enemy. After the war much of Albania was given to Serbia. The rest had been promised to Italy in secret agreement, but the British, who thought that there might be valuable oil in Albania, prevented that promise from being kept. The fragment left after division became the Albanian Republic. Massacres between Serbs and Albanians continued long after the war. The peace treaties gave a million and a half Albanians to the Serbs, of whom most were massacred. The little country carried on under the constitution. Ahmet became Minister of the Interior and was quickly recognized as the most intelligent mind in the government. He was now twenty-four years old. The country was kept in a state of constant turmoil by outside intervention. Italy fomented a rising amongst feudal families and enemy tribes, whom they paid and armed.

They descended on the capitol, Tirana, and the whole government fled except Ahmet, who thereby under the constitution took over all the governmental functions. Ahmet was alone in Government House except for twenty-five guards. The insurgents in Italian pay, took the whole capitol except Government House and the American Red Cross building. Why didn't they take Ahmet?

They didn't because he was not a man but a tribe. If they had killed Ahmet forty thousand men of his tribe would have spent the rest of their lives avenging him. And as he waited alone the country rose and men poured into the capitol to protect the constitution. Among them was Tomas Nassy, an Albanian who was a violinist with the Boston Symphony and who had returned with thirty-two Boston Albanian musicians to marry at home. They marched over the mountains into Tirana, the capitol, with strings and horns sounding, and suffered only one casualty -- a dent in the bass horn where a mule had fallen on it. Nassy, incidentally, is now a music instructor on Cape Cod. Well, there was a big fight, the rebellious tribes were beaten, and as a result Ahmet held all of Albania. He could have made himself King at that moment, but he called back the Government and again became Minister of Interior.

And now the American Albanians began to play a great role. There were a few young Albanian reformers, in touch with the Albanian community in Boston which was headed by Bishop Fan Noli, a graduate of Harvard. They brought him to Albania, and made a revolution. Ahmet fled into exile but only temporarily. Outside he raised a small army, marched into the Mati on Christmas Day, 1924, gathered up men as he moved, and re-took the capitol with no resistance. He became President of the Albanian Republic in 1925 and declared himself King in 1928. He was then thirty-three.

How he survived these years is a miracle, for there were eight hundred blood feuds outstanding against him.

The greatest blot on King Zog's name is that he sold his country to Italy in 1926. The story is told in a great many ways but the accusation, in my opinion, is not true. Italy, Jugoslavia, and Greece were all fomenting intrigue in Albania. Ahmet could not fight on three fronts. He counted on Great Britain to support the independence which she had guaranteed, but Great Britain at Locarno had made a deal with Italy. They discovered there wasn't any aid there. Italy gave Ahmet an ultimatum of war unless he would sign a treaty which in effect made Albania a protectorate of Italy. Ahmet appealed to the British but was told that Albania must get out of her own difficulties by herself. Great Britain may have regretted since then that she allowed Italy to establish herself in a very strategic point on the Adriatic. She may also have regretted that at the same time she indicated that Italy might have a free hand in Ethiopia. The arrangements were made before Germany rose under Hitler and the Rome-Berlin axis became a reality.

Meanwhile with Italian collaboration Ahmet has suppressed the blood feuds, built hundreds of miles of roads, and reconstructed the harbor of Durazzo into a modern port. The capitol, Tirana, when I visited it, in 1924, was a Turkish village of about ten thousand people. Today it is a modern city of thirty thousand people with wide boulevards, and some fine buildings. The bloody laws of the fifteenth century have been replaced by a civil code. Albania is safer for so-called civilization.

- 8 -

Well, it's a curious career. From a page boy at the court of the Turkish Sultan to a feudal tribe leader, to the King of a modern state -- from the fourteenth century to the twentieth century -- in a lifetime of forty-two years.

F I N I S

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1/28/38

ATX01 0143212

THIRD REVISION 1-28-38

TYPED 1-28-38

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

FRIDAY

January 28, 1938

CLOSING COMMERCIAL PALL MALL CIGARETTES

#30

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