

Lowell Thomas Literary Digest Broadcast  
Friday, October 3, 1930.

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Sea.

Out on the sea tonight sails a small, lonely vessel--a yacht. With a wide spread of canvas, she beats against the wind or runs before a breeze. Not so long ago, she sailed to these American shores under convoy with a grand blare of publicity. Now she returns by herself--almost unnoticed. She is Shamrock theFifth, going home after her defeat. Only one man of those who brought her over is aboard - Captain Paul, her skipper. The others are taking a liner back to England. It is said they did not like the idea of making another trans-Atlantic voyage aboard the tiny craft. So the Shamrock had to sign on a new crew of eleven. Five of these seamen were from her successful rival, the Enterprise.

Well, she sailed the best race she could, and she deserves a happy voyage home.

Hoover.

The President is back in Washington. His address yesterday in Cleveland, as you know, dealt largely with present business conditions, and Mr. Hoover denounced any idea of reduction of American standards of living. Some critics interpret one part of his speech as advocating consolidation of railroads. There are a lot of railroads in the country, and in the opinion of some, they would do well to merge.

In this week's Literary Digest, is an article on how President Hoover is bringing about a radical reformation of the Federal Reserve Board. That article is packed with important information telling all about the financial situation of the country, as it intimately affects your pocket book and mine.

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Ticonderoga

I wonder if you saw a paragraph tucked away with today's ship news--a paragraph about the Leviathan? A memorial service was held aboard the liner for the victims of U. S. transport Ticonderoga, which was sunk by a U-boat just 12 years ago with a loss of 240 lives. The Leviathan was passing over the waters in which the Ticonderoga went down. Officers and passengers gathered at the rail. One of them was Sir Thomas Lipton. A wreath of flowers and a

sack of earth from the grave of the captain of the Ticonderoga were thrown into the sea, where fathoms below lies the shattered hulk of the luckless ship. Behind this simple ceremony is one of the most tragic of wartime stories.

Remember those days when the terror of the U-boats stalked the seas? I do. I was on a ship that was chased into Malta by a U-boat. And we were plenty scared too!

The U-Boat that sank the Ticonderoga was a big undersea cruiser of the same type as the Deutschland, which made that famous cargo carrying trip across the Atlantic before we got into the war.

It was just at dawn in the middle of the Atlantic. The Ticonderoga had developed engine trouble and had fallen behind its convoy. The submarine had been following them all night hoping for just a chance like that. On the steamer the lookout saw the long cigar-like steel shape break surface 200 yards away. The captain of the Ticonderoga put his helm hard to starboard and tried to ram. The submarine dived just in time to escape being cut in two.

The German commander wanted to save his torpedoes. So he came up again to fight it out on the

surface with his guns. Before the Americans could get his range, he fired his first shell. It struck the bridge of the Ticonderoga, killed the helmsman, shot away the Captain's leg, disabled the steering gear, and carried away the wireless. So from then on there wasn't a chance to send out an SOS.

The battle was on. There were crack naval gunners on the steamer, but their guns were outranged by the Germans. The submarine drew off to four miles. Every time the Americans found their range, the U-boat dived and came up in a different position. It began to send over deadly shrapnel. The transport was set on fire, the lifeboats were shot away or riddled with holes, the blazing decks were filled with dead and wounded.

For two hours the battle went on. Only fifty men, out of almost 300, were left alive on the Ticonderoga. An effort was made to launch the smashed-up lifeboats. All of them were swamped except one. And the gunners still stuck at their posts, until the last job had been killed.

The submarine came nearer and turned loose a torpedo. It hit squarely amidships, and the Ticonderoga plunged to the bottom. The U-boat picked two officers out of the water as prisoners. A single lifeboat, filled with 22 wounded and dying, was afloat. In it was the wounded

Captain, who later died. The submarine tried to take the lifeboat in tow, but finally abandoned it. The boat drifted four days and three nights before a passing steamer picked it up.

One of the survivors was John Michael. By a fitting coincidence, he is aboard the Leviathan on her present trip, and it was he who dropped the wreath above the broken hulk of the Ticonderoga.

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### Baseball

The World's Series players are on their way to St. Louis for the third game, as you know, which will be played tomorrow. The International News Service quotes Eddie Collins as saying the Athletics will win two more games and wind up the series. Frank Frisch predicts that the Cardinals will win, and even up the series. Guess which team Eddie is coaching for, and which one signs Frank's pay check.

And right now, out in St. Louis, L. C. Bradley is sitting in a rocking chair at the head of the line, waiting for the ticket office to open. He'll be there, rocking back and forth all night. "Our team hasn't begun to play yet," says Bradley. And he seems to be right. They certainly got a trimming yesterday.

## Football

The 1930 football season gets under way tomorrow. The games last Saturday didn't count. But tomorrow afternoon a wild roar will go up from coast to coast. Teams will collide with a thud, and phantom backs will start side-stepping down the chalk lines while thousands yell like mad.

The big games, as far as rivalry is concerned, are mostly in the south and west. Notre Dame meets Southern Methodist at South Bend, Knute Rockne admits it's bound to be a stiff game. Those Texas preachers usually fight like wildmen. Northwestern takes on Tulane at Evanston, Ohio State meets her old rival the Indiana hoosiers. Minnesota takes on what may well prove a tartar in old Vanderbilt. And the clash between Nebraska the Cornhuskers, and the Texas Aggies, will be full of dynamite.

In the East, Princeton tackles Amherst, with the betting on the Lord Jeffs, for a change. Yale faces Maryland, the southern team that last year pulled a 13 to 13 surprise on the Elis. Smack up against the West Virginia Mountaineers goes the Pittsburg Panther, and fur will fly there.

## Fire

The United Press says fire today gutted the interior of the \$5,000,000 Educational Building at Harrisburg, Pa., which held one of the finest auditoriums in America. And, talking of fires, this brings us to a great old fireman.

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## Smoky Joe

Smoky Joe Martin! Did you ever hear of him? Well, every city in this country has its Smoky Joe. He's the man who is always found where the flames and fumes are thickest.

New York's Smoky Joe is through after 46 years in boots and helmet. At 68 he has been retired. To the men of the New York fire houses there was something of a miracle about Joe. Yes, and so there was for small boys, and for buffs. (A buff, you know, is a fellow who is forever chasing the red engines down the street. Al Smith is a buff and proud of it.)

Smoky Joe! Twenty times he was in the hospital suffering from burns and bruises. Many times he was nearly smothered too. He fought fires from basements to the top of 38-story skyscrapers. Long years back

he stopped counting the lives he snatched from the flames.

It wasn't that Smoky Joe wanted to retire. Not he. True--he collapsed last April while on duty. But back he came the other day. He swore he was as fit as ever. But the doctors shook their heads.

"Great Scott", said Joe, "I'll be all right."

Up to yesterday he insisted that the retirement tale that has been going the rounds, was all bunk. The chief called him in. They were old pals. What they said, none knows. Smoky stalked out, head high, and the smile the boys knew so well - but there were tears in the smoky gray eyes. They seemed to be looking into far, far distance. There'll be no more fires for Smoky Joe.

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### China

Two British women missionaries have been shot to death by Chinese Communists. An Associated Press cable carries the story from Peiping, China. You may recall that these two missionaries were seized last July, and were held for a \$100,000 ransom. A finger cut from one of their hands accompanied the final Communist demand for money. The ransom didn't arrive. The missionaries were shot.



### Tornado

Three killed, four injured, is the toll today of a tornado which swept two southern Colorado counties. Enormous property damage also resulted as the tornado whirled from north to south. It devastated an area 25 miles long and a quarter mile wide.

Were you ever in a tornado? Well, it's one of the most exciting spectacles I know. Years ago I lived on the Iowa prairie, and we had our own storm cave. We used to sprint for that cave about twice every summer when a funnel-shaped cloud appeared in the sky. Our house was never carried away. But we sometimes saw our neighbors' homes and barns go up.

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### Train

Out in San Francisco, a five-year-old boy chose a railroad track for a playground. Herbert by name. An express roared round the bend. Herbert sat still between the tracks. He did not hear--or he was petrified with fear. Nearer, nearer rushed the train. At last the engineer caught sight of the boy, and jammed on his air brakes. I can just hear them squeal and grind, and the sparks flash from the shoes. Well, it was all too late.

The train passed over the boy.

What happened to Herbert? The Associated Press tells the astounding tale. The train stopped. The horrified crew--some fathers with babes at home--raced back. There sat Herbert. He wasn't even scratched. He thought it was a great joke.     o

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### Sassoon

One of the most picturesque Jews in the world is Sir Phillip Sassoon. He comes from an old Bagdad family. His home in London is like the palace of Aladdin in the Arabian Nights. Sir Phillip is famous for his hospitality. He also is an enthusiast on aviation. According to the International News, he has just arrived in America, accompanied by a huge retinue of secretaries and servants. Just like one of the caliphs of Bagdad.

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### Freak Flashes

A fire out in Oregon was extinguished by milk. A milkman on his morning rounds threw his bottles at it.

The United Press also tells us that thatched roofs are getting popular again over in England. I wish America would try them too, in place of galvanized iron. As any aviator will tell you, there are altogether too many corrugated iron roofs marring the scenery over here--and thatched roofs would be a whole lot nicer to fall on.

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Here's a new one. The city of London has two second-hand subway tunnels for sale. Chicago take notice. In fact, I used to live in it. The city is Chicago. Every Chicago candidate for mayor for the last twenty years has promised to build a subway as soon as he got into office. When I was a newspaper reporter out there, that Chicago subway scheme was one of my first stories. But they haven't gotten around to it yet. So I think they ought to buy these second-hand ones from London.

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The N. Y. Herald Tribune tells us that Chas. Fletcher of Jersey City was reaching for a clean pair of socks. One sock caught the trigger of his revolver, which was in the drawer. It went off and shot him in the chest. He will recover.

Out in Mandan, North Dakota, Edward Loran wanted to play a good one on his wife. He wanted to make her believe he had hanged himself. Well, Edward misjudged his distance. They found him suspended from a noose, within a quarter of an inch of the floor. His brother said it was a joke--just another practical joke gone wrong.

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#### Tom Thumb

Al Capone is bound for New York. Two lieutenants have preceded him. The New York Daily Mirror says Al has taken up Tom Thumb golf. Already, he has put millions into toy courses. And what's more--he's going to play a big match of Tom Thumb golf when he arrives. No, we can't tell you just where. Al might not like it.

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#### News Item of the Day

Now for the news item of the day. It was picked out for me by Dr. Isaiah Bowman, president of the American Geographical Society.

"Here's an extraordinary thing," he said, "one of the strangest migrations of people in our time."

He told me there are always great, though sometimes unnoticed, migrations. For instance, a million Chinamen a year have been moving, for several years now, from Shantung to Manchuria. But the migration announced today is in North Africa--and it certainly makes a weird story.

Among the granite hills and sandy deserts deep in the Sahara lives the Berber tribe of Omar el Muctar, a clan of warriors devoted alike to freedom and to plunder. They inhabit a craggy waste of hills which form a natural stronghold. Of work they do little. Of fighting they do plenty. They are accustomed to live on the people of the surrounding oases and valleys, from whom they have long taken a tribute of one tenth of their possessions--grain, sheep, and camels. They swaggered and lorded it, - conquerors among the conquered.

Now, it so happens that the country of Omar el Muctar lies within the boundaries of the Italian provinces in north Africa--Tripoli and Seereneyika, and it was bound to be only a matter of time until the haughty tribesmen would clash with their European overlord. They were accustomed, not to submit, but to dominate. Desert warfare began, and is still on.

The desert fighters have been putting up a stiff resistance. Their country was in the remote wilds

of the interior. Its natural strength, they increased with fortifications. And, as they lived on the grain and animals of the surrounding tribes, they were able to devote themselves, without any distraction, to fighting. The Italians sent expeditions against them, but got nowhere. The rebels held their rugged hills, and continued to collect tribute from the desert folk around.

But now the Italians have completed an extraordinary manœuvre against the Omar el Muctar tribe. It is one of the greatest single population movements of primitive peoples in history.

Why not eliminate the rebels' food supply? asked the Italians. So, they started a forced migration of the many tribes--the tribes from whom the rebels have long exacted tributes of food. Eighty thousand people began a long desert trek, with tents, provisions, household goods, and 600,000 head of cattle. In an endless series of caravans, they plodded on to the coast, where the Italians had dug wells and put aside grazing lands for their use. The whole immense movement was carried on behind a veil of deep secrecy, and only now, after it has been completed, does the news become public in an Associated Press dispatch from North Africa.

The migrated tribes will remain on the coast over winter, until spring. By then it is expected, the tribe of Omar el Muctar, with their ordinary food resources gone, will have been starved and forced to submit. Already fleets of armored cars are moving against the presumably embarrassed rebels.

Well, there's another forced migration at hand. The timer is signaling, and it's up to me to migrate. Good night.

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Add:

Flash

A motorist named Sidney Dortch was arrested up in Fishkill, New York, for driving past a red light signal. His excuse to the judge was that he didn't see the stop sign because he was thinking about getting married. To prove it, he pulled the marriage license out of his pocket. The judge was sympathetic and offered to perform the ceremony. The lady was there, so the judge gave them a life sentence instead of a fine.

Freak Flashes

The government of Poland has passed a law compelling every Pole to take a bath every month....

A steamer has just docked in Brooklyn with

a cargo of a million and a half dollars worth of dates. I once lived on dates for nearly a week, in Arabia, and I feel like sinking that ship.

Flash

The International News Service sends a flash that the American Legion will maintain a hands-off attitude toward prohibition and other controversial political issues. Scott Lucas, National Judge Advocate, stated this afternoon that prohibition will be a closed book, as far as the Legion is concerned.