

L.T.-DELCO. MONDAY, DEC. 2, 1957.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

President Eisenhower presides over his Cabinet - exactly one week after his illness.. The President, appearing with the approval of his personal physician, General Howard Snyder. Pointing up the fact - that Mr. Eisenhower continues to make an excellent recovery.

But, of course, he still has to take it easy.

Complete recuperation, not due for several weeks yet.

That's why the Eisenhowers spent a quiet weekend at their Gettysburg farm. The President, not doing any serious work, inspecting the property - and watching the Army-Navy football game on television - which must have been his greatest irritation - the old West Point cadet, seeing the Navy trample Army in Saturday's game.

Mr. Eisenhower had a good rest - and was in fine spirits when he left Gettysburg. Now, back at the White House - picking up some of his official duties - beginning with today's Cabinet meeting.

STEVENSON

Will Adlai Stevenson - attend that Nato meeting in Paris? We'll probably know tomorrow. Stevenson has been acting as a consultant to the Administration - prior to that conference, but he says he hasn't actually been invited to go along. He's willing and he's been asked to sit in at the White House tomorrow - when Congressional leaders are briefed about our policy for the meeting. It's expected, in Washington, that before that briefing end President Eisenhower will decide - whether or not Adlai Stevenson will make that trip to Paris - with our Nato delegation.

STRIKE

In southern California, three hundred thousand commuters are-in trouble. Bus drivers, walking out on strike - thirteen hundred of them. Four lines, shut down. The men saying they'll stay out - until they get what they want - everything from higher wages to more fringe benefits.

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Management says it won't give in. So this looks like a long strike - shutting off most public transportation in over a hundred & cities.



## UNITED NATIONS

From Amman, desert capital of Jordan, comes a dispatch indicating that the Secretary General of the United Nations - has made no progress, in his efforts to settle the Israeli-Jordan dispute. Dag Hammarskjold, in two days of discussions with King Hussein, has turned down Jordan's two principal demands. He won't visit Mount Scopus - where Jordan is accused of blockading the Israelis. And he won't remove Colonel Byron Leary, head of the U.N. truce team. The American Colonel has been attacked by the Amman press - called "partial" to Israel. He's been forbidden to set foot on Jordanian soil. But according to Dag Hammarskjold, Colonel Leary will stay on as head of the U.N. team.

Tomorrow, Hammarskjold will visit that No-Man's land between Israel and Jordan. Then off to a session with Israeli Prime Minister, Ben-Gurion.



## MISSILES

In London, an announcement that the British will produce their own intermediate ballistic missiles. The reason - to cut down British dependence on America. London, afraid that Britain might be caught suddenly - without enough missiles to deter a Soviet attack. So they'll build their own. But Britain still will rely on us - for long range intercontinental missiles.

## PLANE

A story from Helsinki, Finland - showing that the Russians are still behind the free world in some of their technology. A Soviet airliner, plunging off the runway at the Helsinki airport - the fourth accident involving Russian planes within the last few months. Finnish experts say it's because Russian planes still carry old-fashioned instruments.

The ceiling was less than three hundred feet. Visibility, poor. But even so, a Finnish pilot using modern instruments - had just made an ILS, landing his plane without any trouble. Then came the Soviet airliner, with its antique gauges up front - and it careened the runway. No one killed, fortunately.

## BOMB

The City of Ostend, Belgium, got a scare today - from a German mine of World War Two vintage. A magnetic mine - dredged up in the harbor by seamen. The sailors, pulling the bomb into their trawler - without realizing what it was.

But when the ship got back to the dock - someone identified the strange object - as a mine strong enough to blow up a good part of Ostend. And then - it started ticking. Which caused something of a panic - everyone in the area, expecting to be blown sky high at any moment.

Demolition experts hurriedly lashed the mine to the mast of the fishing boat. Then they towed her to a deserted beach, out into deep water. There they tilted the boat, cut the cables, eased the mine over the side - and let it drop into several fathoms.

Finally, touching it off with an electric wire.



The explosion, hurling a column of water - sixty yards into the air. The citizens of Ostend, breathing easily again - after that brush with a bomb that might have leveled much of their city.

## INTRODUCTION TO TAPE

Tonight's recording by my Dad comes from a far-off spot we're both familiar with. Timbuktu! - that colorful city in French West Africa, which once was a flourishing depot of the salt trade - there on the edge of the Sahara. Timbuktu still has its caravans, its nomads, and its bandits. Here's how L.T. found it this time.

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L.T.: - Now that I am back in Africa I'll complete my report on Timbuktu.

As I mentioned in my last report on that legendary city here on the southern edge of the Sahara, we little dreamed ~~that~~ we would encounter any Americans. I had never heard of any Protestant missionary attempting to gain a foothold in this ancient black capital of Islam. In fact, the only missionary I had ever heard of in connection with Timbuktu, was Pere Yacouba, the so-called white monk of Timbuktu, who followed the first

French column into this area sixty years ago. But after working with the people for a number of years, he suddenly shed his white robes of renunciation and celibacy, married a native woman, turned Moslem, became a civil official, and died here, only a few years ago, in 1944.

At his death he was the second ranking civil French official. Assistant Commandant du Cercle. He had four children, three of whom are still living. One son, Paul, who fought in the Second World War and was cited for bravery by General DeGaulle, is dead. His other son, Henri (Pere Yacouba's French name was Henri du Puis), is now a captain in the French Army.

Pere Yacouba's mud brick home, on a narrow street in Timbuktu, is now something of a Moslem shrine. In a glass case on one wall, his blue and gold uniform as a civil administrator. And pictures of the members of the family, as well as a Legion of Honor certificate, and



military citations, and so on, on the other walls. Some years ago, a book was written about him, entitled "I Believe The White Monk of Timbaktu." But to our surprise, we found not one American missionary; we found four; two young couples from Norristown, Pennsylvania, David and Frank Marshall, and their quite remarkable wives, Elaine and Eleanor, and seven small children. All living in primitive native mud brick houses. So few Westerners ever reach Timbaktu, the Marshalls seemed eager to spend as much time as possible with us, while we were filming life in this far off city, the famous salt caravan coming in from the ancient salt mines of the central Sahara, and some fairly exciting scenes we got of the Goumiers, the Moors mounted on racing camels, who protect the great salt caravans from the veiled warriors of the desert, the Tuaregs.

These Evangelical Baptists, like the French White Father, Pere Yacouba, when he came here expecting to

spend the rest of his life in Timbuktu - these young people also expect to stay, and they were not particularly perturbed because pretty little six year old blond Sandra and her eight year old brother David, had been stoned by the African children, because of Russian broadcasts telling about Little Rock.

We had lunch with one family, and dinner with the other - a real treat in Timbuktu, where anything resembling Western food is almost unheard of. (It is only during the rainy season, when the Niger overflows its banks for miles and miles, and boats can come up the river almost to Timbuktu, that they get any fruit. None grows here.) They have to have such things as flour, and canned goods, shipped in six months in advance. But they are starting their own gardens, and we had our first fresh vegetables in days. Also the fresh bread just baked by Elaine and Eleanor Marshall was worth a journey across a desert. Each young woman does her own cooking.

The serving done by a tall black, of a people called the Bellas, who until recently were slaves. Even today, in areas where the Tuaregs and Moors are not directly under the eye of the French, they still are. We/~~xxx~~<sup>were</sup> told that many prefer that to the uncertainty of what they are told is modern liberty.

A visit to the market place in Timbuktu is like stepping back through the centuries. Outsiders, like ourselves, are rarely seen. There you find the attractive black Songhai women, in costumes of many colors and with superb poise, carrying baskets on their heads, the Bellas of the slave race, the lean Moors, who look much like the Arabs of Central Arabia, and the veiled Tuaregs, of the Sahara, the men who keep everything but their eyes covered. Surely there are few places in the world as fascinating. The Marshall brothers told us that so far, although having little success with the people of Timbuktu, in nearby villages



they get a warm welcome.

The Marshalls have had one unusual American visitor. In fact they are still shaking ~~their~~ heads over the ninety year old Detroit doctor who made his way by air to the Tuareg city of Goundam, a hundred kilometers or so southwest of here. From there the ninety year old Detroitier hitch-hiked a ride on a French army camion with big oversize tires for the desert. The doctor, quite a world traveler, like my own father had long dreamed of visiting this, the ultimate goal of travelers.

But the odd part is that he had left Detroit without telling his wife where he was going. The first word the little woman had of his whereabouts was a radio message, reading: "Dearest, I'm in Timbuku!"

So long.

## ANTARCTIC

That British expedition in the Antarctic - came close to disaster over the weekend. The head of the expedition, Vivian Fuchs, almost lost - when he tumbled into a huge crevasse.

Fuchs and another man - losing their footing - plunging over the side of the abyss. The only thing that saved them - their ropes - from which they dangled for five hours, until a "snow-cat" managed to get to them. That's a vehicle specially designed for snow travel. The crew of the "snow-cat", hauling Fuchs and his companion to the surface.

The leader of the expedition is in charge of a party - which is trying to trek two thousand miles across the South Polar continent. A mighty tough assignment, as indicated by the fact that since they left their base camp on November Twenty-fourth - they've covered just fifty miles - an average of only five and one half miles a day. Think how slow the going would be, Joe, the old/  
dog-team way.



END

ANNOUNCER: And now Lowell Thomas Junior with a final oddity.

L.T.: - Tonight's oddity is - a fashion note from Paris. Here's the description. Long dresses, almost down to the ankles, looking like stylish gunnysacks. Hats, fitting close to the head - without feathers or any other decorations. And flat shoes - instead of high heels.

That doesn't sound like much of an oddity. But then - that was the style of eight thousand B.C. Women's clothing, depicted in a painting just dug up - far south in the Sahara Desert. The painting, showing two young beauties, wearing dresses, hats, and shoes - just like those created for the Paris market this year. A lot of women are walking around right now in clothes - that would have been fashionable, ten thousand years ago.

And So Long Until Tomorrow.