Lowell Thomas Broadcast INTRO. For Literary Digest Page_ Fridayk November 28, 1930

There's big news tonight. President Hoover has appointed a new 6 cabinet officer, - a new secretary of labor to succeed Secretary James J. Davis. The new member of the cabinet is a Southerner. He is William H. Doak of Roanoke, Virginia.

For the last twelve years Mr. Doak has made his home and maintained offices in Wash ington, D. C., where he has been acting as the legislative representative for the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. The International News Service mentions that Mr. Doak is not a member of the American Federation of Labor.

Secretary Davis leaves the cabinet next Monday. From then on he will appear in Washington as wr. savis the Senator From Pennsylvania. Mr. Davis has served as secretary of labor since 1921, and under three presidents -- Harding Coolidge and Hoover. An unusual record.

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I read some wise words today about the international problem that exists out in Palestine, the problem that is causing much worry these days to the British, to the Arabs, and to the Jews of the world. The words of wisdom were spoken by Rabindrinath Tagore, the famous poet and philosopher of India. And, Tagore is truly a wise man. In an interview with Joseph Brainin of the Seven Arts Feature Syndicate, Tagore said that the British Government really isn't so much involved in the tangle over there in the Holy Land after all. True, the British are in control of Palestine, but those cabinet ministers and the parliament in London will not have the final say about the success of the Zionist movement. Tagore says its success will depend on the Jews and the Arabs, that is, on their ability to come together on a friendly basis.

Meanwhile, some of the leading spirits among Jews

over here are arranging a mass meeting which will express the

enthusiasm of the American Jew for the Zionist cause. It will

voice the demand that the British keep their promise of providing

the Jew with a homeland in Palestine. The meeting will be held

in New York. It will be called a Maccabbean Festival, in memory of the Maccabees of the Bible, those stout-hearted Jews of old, who under the leadership of Judas Maccabeus, fought with epic bravery xf for Jewish freedom two thousand years ago.

And now I want to make a protest.

Although twelve years have passed we all remember those red poppies of Flanders, the ones the poets most panages about during the War? Well, according to a report issued by Science Service, those romantic red flowers are nothing but pestilent weeds. That's the reason not even shells and shrapnel could keep them down.

The story xx says the poppies are a nuisance and something ought to be done to get ride of them.

argue with the scientists. But to halfthe world/those popies are not weeds, they are sacred flowers, flowers nourished with the blood of millions of lads who fought in Flanders. No. Those poppies are not weeds.

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The toughest Chicago gangster has surrendered. He didn't have to do it either. He was where he was quite safe. But he surrendered anyhow. Here is the story.

Joe Saltis is the name of the fugitive gangster who has given himself up. Saltis has been described as the "cruelest gangster in Chicago." For some time now he has been on thicago list of Public Enemies. But he was out of the state, and the Chicago authorities couldn't st him. It was old Dame Fate who got Joe Saltis. Recently his fourteen year boy was run down by an automobile. in Chicago. The boy is in a Chicago hospital, hovering between life and death. Saltis heard the news, and gave himself up, so he could get to the bedside of his boy. All he asked of the police was that they not arrest him at his boy's bedside, and that they the him on bail so that he can return and stay with his boy.

In every issue of the Literary

Digest there's a brief questionaire.

The heading of this questionaire is:
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? Then

follows a series of interesting questions,
and finally a line telling you to turn ax

over to page so-and-so of the Digest,
and there you will tind the answer.

Those questions always excite my

curiosity, and I generally read through
the articles one after another,
or the answers.

In this week's Digest for 13 instance, I saw the question: "Who is 14 Catfish Smith?" That name, "Catfish" 15 Smith, hit my bump of curiosity a banty right on the knob. It said, "see page 17 36 to 38. So, I turned to page 36, 18 and there a tootball story - a rattling good story about football in the South. The first thing I saw was a 21 picture of a tootball player, and his 22 name? It was "Catfish" Smith. "Catfish" 23 Smith is one of those line human battering rams on the beorgis

who did plenty to Yale early this season.

There was another query in that Digest questionaire that caught my eye. Here it is? Of what national stock is the average Bowery derelict? I looked up the answer, and got a surprise. What was it? Well, I'll tell you the answer tomorrow night. Meanwhile you make your guess or if you can't wait just take a peek at this week's Literary Digest.

But hold everything here comes my big football story tonight. Fans throughout America eagerly await the annual selection of the All America Eleven made by the New York Sun. The sports editors and football advisers who make the selection for the Sun finished picking that All America Eleven late this afternoon. Just a few moments ago the list of names on this year's honor roll was handed to me by one of the editors. So I am fortunate enough to be the first to tell you just who the lucky men are. Here is that New York Sun All America team:

Frank Baker	Northwestern University	Left End
Glenn Edwards	Washington State College	Left Tackle
Barton Koch	Baylor University (Texas)	Left Guard
Ben Ticknor	Harvard	Center
John Baker	Southern California	Right Guard
Fred Sington	University of Alabama	Right Tackle
Wesley Fesler	Ohio State	Right End
Frank Carideo	Notre Dame	Quarterback

Marchmont Schwartz Notre Dame

Left Halfback

Erny Pinckert Southern California Right Halfback

Leonard Macaluso Colgate

Fullback

Well, that's the big team, now let's see what's going on abroad.

Two important Italian officials have been sentenced to five years exile in a penal colony. One of them is Belloni, former Governor of Milan, who was charged with graft; and the other is Belotti, formerly undersecretary of the Treasury. The Associated Press says that both were regarded as enemies of Mussolini.

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And here is an item concerning 1 that notorious French penal colony--2 Devil's Island. The French convict ship Martiniere is leaving the island of Re on the west coast of France today to collect its carge -- a cargo of human beings--convicts to be taken to Devil's drawation than in Island for life imprisonment. According to the United Press, correspondent the convict ship goes first to the 10 French colony of Indo-China, and there 17 it will collect a group of doomed men. 12 On the way back it will pick up more 13 of them in North Africa. It will get 14 another batch in France, and then will 15 start across the Atlantic to Devil's 16 Island, that desolate colony of the 17 condemned off the northern coast of 18 19 South America.

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There's a new dramatic surprise in that sensational trial over in Russia. According to the Associated Press, all of the eight engineers and professors on trial for their lives have now testified. The last of the eight told the same story as the first--how they had secretly worked against the Soviet Government. But there was one difference in those eight stories. When the fifth of the witnesses started to repeat the charges of an international conspiracy, with France as the chief, instigator, the presiding judge told him not to make any direct charges against friendly governments. Why did the judge say that? Well, the French Government has been protesting against the way the French have been accused in that trial, and the French protests seems to have the desired effect. The next stage of the trial will be a series of private hearings at which the story of the international plot will be continued. Evidently we'll get nothing but rumors about that.

That night shirt controversy has attracted a bit of attention. I made a guess the other night that there were a lot of men who preferred the old fashioned night shirt to pajamas, and now I have a flock of letters here, all of which are emphatically, enthusiastically and fanatically for the night shirt.

Harry Morio, of Philadelphia, writes that he has never stooped to the indignity of anything so high hat as pajamas. He adds proudly that he has worn night shirts for nigh on two score and seven years.

But H. S. Creighton, of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, is the champion of the night shirt brigade. In fact, he grows lyrical on the subject, and in his enthusiasm he bursts into verse. Here is the plaintive ditty that he sends me:

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How dear to my heart are the shirts of my childhood;
Please take those pajamas away from my view.
They're only fit duds for a trip

They're only fit duds for a trip through the wildwood.

So, gimme the night shirt my infancy knew--

The old flannel night shirt,
The cotton bound night shirt,
The moss-backed old nightshirt,
That hangs on so well.

So, Mr. Creighton is hereby dubbed poet laureate of the Grand and Exalted Order of the Ancient Knights of the Night shirt.

I saw Casey Jones today. Casey, you know, is one of the most famous of American aviators—and I think he's the jolliest. Everybody in aviation knows Casey. Well, Casey pointed out a little aviation story in all of the evening papers. It was an Associated Press dispatch from the West, and I'm picking it as the News Item of the Day.

The story is about Gerald Nettleton, who is just a youngster. He started out to beat the junior record for coast to coast flights. Well, Gerald certainly did not establish the new junior record he was after. No, by the Great Hornest Sppon, he did not. But be established another record, one that he wasn't after at all, and one that most aviators would just as soon pass up.

He started out from Newark, New Jersey, and headed for the Pacific Coast. And he nearly got there. He was above Pine Valley, California, when he ran into about the dirtiest weather a flying man could want to keep away from. It was

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weather as thick as soup, alternate rain, fog, and snow. The youngster couldn't see ten feet ahead. And it was so cold that even the instruments froze. He tried to fly his way out, but couldn't. The plane was U.K., the motor running smoothly. It was just the weather, the blind soupy sky, and mountains all around. The plane was up 10,000 feet.

At last, Gerald decided it was time to do something about it. So he let go the controls, leaned out, and just rolled off into space. He jerked the ring attached to the rip cord, the parachute opened, and down through the rain and sleet and snow he floated for nearly two miles, down, down to earth. Meanwhile the plane crashed, but Gerald got nary a scratch.

Well, the kid certainly failed to beat the junior trans-continental record, but he has another one instead. He's the youngest member of the damagement Caterpillar Club. The Caterpillar Club,

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you know, consists of aviators who have had to make parachute jumps to save their skins. "And, by the way, here's an interesting aviation item in this week's Literary Digest. In both Europe and Australia airplanes on commercial runs are being kmxmm equipped with powerful searchlights, so that they will be able to signal to railroad trains. The Digest

quotest Popular Mechanics Magazine in 11 saying that the idea is that if a plane 12 is in difficulty = , the pilot will swing 13

over to the railway line and with signal a train by flashing those powerful

searchlight beams. The train will stop.

The plane will land. And then the plane will transfer its passengers and freight

to the train.

That Spanish aviator, Commander Franco -- the bird who flew the coop in Madrid the other day -- well, he got out of Spain O. K. The International News Service cables that a Madrid newspaper has received a message from Franco in which he announces his safe arrival in Brussels. No one seems to know just how he got there, but evidently he flew there by night.

Here's another thriller: Over in Germany, at Hamburg, they were having an animal performance in the famous Hagenback Zoo. A trainer was putting two tigers through their paces. One of the tigers, a female, suddenly sprang at him. The tigress pinned him against the wall, and was snarling at his throat. The other tiger, a male, was different. He was faithful to the trainer. He sprang upon the female, just as she was about to rip the trainer to shreds. With a snap of his jaws, the tiger broke his mate's neck.

Over in Paterson, New Jersey, a movie house advertised a film for women only. The girl usher noticed a smartly dressed women in the audience. Her gown and hat were the last word in style. But her feet -- well, that usher wasn't so dumb. She was used to ladies who would never have a chance to of doing a Cinderella act. But all the same, she never had seen feminine feet quite as big as the dogs on this dame. They were not feet. As the sports writers would say they were canal boats. So the bright little usheress up and called a policeman. Yes, and her suspicions proved entirely correct. That would-be lady, says the New York Telegram, proved to be a man whose curiosity was about as big as his feet. He tried to explain, but the policeman told him to tell it to the judge.

Well, talking about feet, I know one pair that's ready to start traveling. I think I'll put on my roller skates now and light out for home.

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW NIGHT.