

Lowell Thomas Broadcast for Literary Digest
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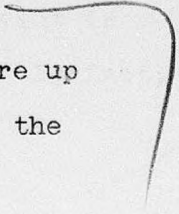
Intro.

A hurricane swept the coast of Mexico today. Chinese bandits captured 17 more missionaries. German engineers are building an airplane to fly 800 miles an hour. Uncle Sam's biggest submarine, the V-5, made a new diving record of 332 feet. The cost of helium has gone down. There has been a terrific mine explosion near the Belgian-German frontier. A ruby weighing 100 carats has been found out in Burma on the road to Mandalay. And Al Smith has been offered a job down in Texas.

And that statement from London about Palestine is causing a great hullabaloo.

Jews

The Jews in England and America are up in arms today protesting bitterly against the

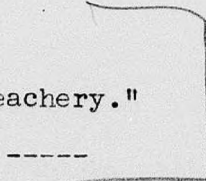


statement of policy issued yesterday by the British Government -- Prime Minister McDonald gave out word that Palestine was to remain the Jewish homeland but that no more Jews were to move there for the present, because the country could not absorb any more population. According to a United Press dispatch Dr. Weizmann, famous Zionist leader, declares that the British Government's new policy, "goes a long way toward denying the rights and sterilizing the hopes of the Jewish people towards a national home in Palestine."

Down in Washington the American Jewish Congress is in session. Today the members of the Congress issued a fiery condemnation of the London announcement.

Here's another flash from the International News Service. Lord Melchett, the chairman of the Jewish agency in London, resigned today. He says the British Government's official statement is an insult to the intelligence of Jewry. In fact, he calls it "an almost unparalleled act of

ingratitude and treachery."



Mine Disaster

There was a terrific mine disaster over in Germany today, and according to the latest dispatches it is even more serious than was reported at first. The International News Service now informs us that it is the worst catastrophe of its kind in the history of Germany. More than sixty dead have been recovered from the mine, and 150 others are still trapped underground.

The first explosion took place at 6.45 this morning, when a huge quantity of dynamite blew up 700 feet underground. It shook the country for miles around with the force of an earthquake, shattering windows, and even demolishing buildings. Two cages crowded with miners crashed to the bottom of the shaft. They fell 1500 feet. Following the first explosion there was a second blast -- this time from exploding benzine. A giant sheet of flame shot to the sky, and the office buildings directly

above the mine went up in smoke. A frantic crowd quickly collected about the mine shaft -- mostly families of the miners. At first 400 men were believed to be trapped. Later it was learned that two or three hundred had got out before their escape was cut off, and had made straight for their homes. But so far the rescuing squads have not been able to communicate with the entombed miners.

The DO-X

The huge German flying boat, the DO-X, the one that took up one hundred and thirty some passengers on a test flight, is to hop the Atlantic next Monday. According to the International News Service the DO-X plans to take off from Frederickshafen, Germany, and fly to America with stops in Holland and England.

These are actual - not at all mysterious - but here's one of those deeply hidden secrets.

Mystery Plane

Six hours from New York to Berlin.

Sounds incredible, doesn't it? But all of the American Press services are carrying a fascinating news story today about a German mystery plane, which it is said will hop the Atlantic between breakfast and lunch.

German engineers and aviation officials are much upset over the leaking out of their plans for a plane that is to fly at a speed of from 500 to 800 miles an hour.

The International News Service cable refers to it as the stratosphere plane because it is to fly at an altitude higher even than the summit of Mt. Everest, somewhere between 35 and 50,000 feet above the earth, up there where the winds are of such tremendous velocity that they will help hurl the plane along at prodigious speed.

The Berlin correspondent of the N. Y. Times reports that its designers expect it to take off at an angle of forty-five degrees, and

climb to a dizzy height of six miles above the earth in an hour and a half.

Well, that plane will speed us in haste to Washington, where

Col. Woods

President Hoover today asked Colonel Arthur Woods to take charge of a national organization to relieve unemployment this winter. Colonel Woods is a former police commissioner of New York City. He also was in charge of President Harding's unemployment committee back in 1921. According to the Associated Press his organization will work in cooperation with the President's cabinet committee on unemployment.

From the president we pass quite logically to another eminent citizen.

Al Smith

Dallas, Texas, has adopted the City Manager plan, and today the Mayor, J. Waddy Tate,

came forward with a bright idea. Dallas, he said, is a corporation with a \$610,000,000 plant investment, and therefore needed an A-1 manager. He urged that Al Smith be selected. He added that \$50,000 a year would be about the right salary.

Who said Al Smith has no supporters in the South.

Russia

Threats are coming from Russia, directed against those countries which are trying to prevent the dumping of products by the Soviet government. The newspapers in Moscow, according to the Associated Press, are printing leading articles on the situation recently brought about by the throwing of Russian goods on the world's market at prices below current levels. Any nation that passes laws discriminating against Russian products will be subject to reprisals, says Moscow. The Soviet leaders declare that Russia will buy

from those who treat her well and will
refuse to buy from those who treat her badly.

In the background of all these Russian problems is the fact that the United States does not recognize the Soviet government. There has been a lot of talk about our recognizing the Soviets, but the State Department stands firm. Many can't quite see what great difference it makes one way or another, but a very different view is put forward in the current issue of the Literary Digest. The Digest quotes from an article by the German journalist Paul Scheffer writing in FOREIGN AFFAIRS to the effect that if the United States recognized the Soviet Government it would be to the benefit of the Red Army. Just how this could happen is argued with a lot of interesting discussion. It will pay anyone to read this article, because it shows the importance of a question which many of us may not think important at all.

The Soviets are always with us; and

also the day's news is seldom without some new outrage by Chinese bandits.

China

Two Catholic priests have been murdered, and seven priests and ten nuns have been kidnapped in China. This news has just come from Shanghai through the Associated Press. Outlaws who recently looted the City of Kiam are believed to be responsible for the crime. Missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant, have been having an ugly time in China of late.

Eclipse

Last night I told you about the eclipse of the sun scheduled for today, the eclipse that will be seen only from one tiny little island in the South Seas, a blob of coral with a few palm trees on it, called Tin Can Island.

I have a telegram here from George N. Roger out in St. Louis, asking whether it was

named Tin Can because its inhabitants live entirely on canned food. I've written to Mr. Roger, answering that one, but wonder whether a lot of you wouldn't like to know the origin of this unromantic name. A United Press wire came through from Tin Can Island today and it informs us that all mail delivered there has to be sent ashore in sealed tin cans. Because of heavy swells, ships cannot get close to the island, so all mail is tossed overboard in tin tubes and picked up by native swimmers.

Tin Can Island is volcanic and half of it is covered with lava. The United Press correspondent who is out there with the scientists, who are observing the eclipse, cables that earthquakes occur there constantly and volcanic eruptions are fairly frequent. When the American scientists arrived recently to wait for today's total eclipse of the sun they found only three white men, two traders and a priest. But stranger than Tin Can Island is this:

Creditless Town

In Nebraska there's a creditless town. The name of it is Bloomfield. It has 1500 people, and every one of them pays cash for everything he buys--from Lawn-Mowers to Legal Advice. According to the New York Evening World, every business man in town has adopted the cash system--professional men included--doctors, lawyers, dentists. (I'll bet the doctors are tickled about this!) If anyone breaks the ruling and extends credit, he is fined \$100.

News Item of the Day

For the News Item of the Day I've selected a story of good fortune that has come to a man who certainly has needed a break. The headline, in the New York Herald-Tribune caught my eye immediately. It read: BLIND CRIPPLE QUILTS HOSPITAL TO FINISH NOVEL. That seemed to promise a tale of courage and never-say-die spirit. It's all of that.

Eight years ago Dean Clute was a semi-pro baseball player, and a good one. Up around Rochester, where he lived, he broke up many a game with a timely two bagger or a clout over the center Field Fence. He was a sharp hitter and a smart fielder. Maybe he was headed for the big leagues. At any rate he thought so. Maybe he would have become a team mate of Babe Ruth. But it was not to be. Clute was stricken down with a malignant form of arthritis. It made him a hopeless, bedridden cripple. He could scarcely even move a finger. And he became blind with arthritic cataracts. He thought he might be cured, but neither was that to be. He drifted to the City Hospital on Welfare Island, New York City, where he has remained a charity patient for seven years.

Blind and completely paralyzed, Clute was about through. Ah, but he had other ideas. He wanted to study and learn. So he formed a little literary group among his fellow charity patients. It worked like this: They had sessions

of reading, mostly books of the heavier sort. The other patients read aloud, stumbling over the big words that only Dr. Vizetelly can pronounce without stumbling. Clute figured out for them what it all meant, and explained the books.

Then Clute progressed to authorship. He thought up words and ideas, and one of his buddies was his secretary. Clute would dictate, and the secretary would take it all down in clumsy longhand. It was a painfully slow operation, but time was the one thing of which Clute had plenty. He wrote an article on a phase of life at Welfare Island. And he sold it too. There certainly was jubilation in that little group over on Welfare Island. Then Clute wrote other articles, which appeared in various publications. Six months ago he began work on a novel.

Then a woman of means heard about Clute, and was impressed by his courage, and by the writing he succeeded in doing under such

difficulties. She looked him up, and decided to help him. And so Clute is leaving Welfare Island today. According to the N. Y. Evening Telegram, his benefactor has prepared comfortable quarters for him. He will have a secretary who will take his dictation in rapid shorthand. Everything will be done to enable him to finish his novel. One of his old buddies is going with him, to look after him, and share his good fortune.

Yes, life is mighty good, after all, even if you are blind, says Dean Clute.

Freak Flashes

In Chicago, Patrolmen Thomas Brennan and Robert Foster arrested a goat on one of the busiest streets. It was tying up traffic, so they tried to take Mr. Goat to the police station in a taxi. On the way, Patrolman Brennan lost three teeth, and his companion had his trousers torn off.

Old John Perett

A street fight was going on over in Portsmouth, England. Three men were all merrily socking away at a fourth. Old John Perett, a good Samaritan, came strolling along, and went to the aid of the underdog. Then a brawny young sailor jumped in. That evened things up and made it three against three. After the rumpus was over, Old John Perett discovered that the sailor lad's name was Perett also - and in fact, turned out to be Old John's son. 25 years before, Old John Perett was at sea when his wife gave birth to a boy. The mother died soon afterward, and John Perett never saw his son. That is, he never did until the brawny young sailor jumped in to help him in that street fight.

Freak Flashes

In the first round of the Midget Golf Tournament at Chatanooga, Tennessee today, the only real midget among the competitors was

eliminated. Herbert Barnett of Greensboro, North Carolina, is a real Tom Thumb. He stands three feet nine, and weighs fifty pounds. He didn't bring any midget clubs along, and the full sized putter he used kept cracking him under the chin, and got tangled up with his necktie. Handicapped like that, he was quick eliminated.

That Tom Thumb golf competition is being held on a golf course on Lookout Mountain, a famous battlefield of Civil War days, and the shades of the fallen armies in blue and grey must be looking on in astonishment at the army of Tom Thumbers.

Well, I've played my eighteen holes with the news - although the course, from bandits in China to the boys at Lookout Mountain, cannot exactly be called Tom Thumb. So I'm hanging my bag of clubs over my shoulder and saying goodnight.