

L.T.-OLDS. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1962

(L.T. on South Sea Islands, Antarctica, Asia,
Europe trip. Bc. given by Doug Edwards of CBS.)

GOOD EVENING :

The chief American negotiator in efforts to win freedom for the Cuban invasion prisoners -- New York attorney James Donovan -- is flying back to Miami from Havana tonight along with signs that the negotiations are rapidly ~~maximizing~~ nearing a climax. Cuban Premier Castro has lifted a ban against sending food and clothing to Cuba as exchange for the prisoners, and this has buoyed hopes that they will be freed soon -- perhaps before Christmas.

While in Miami, Donovan is expected to obtain a list of additional contributions to the exchange fund and then return to Havana tomorrow. He says he's still "optimistic" about the situation.

SKYBOLT

President Kennedy and British Prime Minister Macmillan shoved aside all other issues in their talks in the Bahamas today and concentrated on a search for a formula to end the controversy over U.S. plans to discontinue the Skybolt missile program. Britain had counted on that missile as a nuclear deterrent.

Chief of the eight-man military mission, to the conference in New York on the military equipment to be supplied to the U.S. Army Corps.

CONGO

The head of a Congo-bound U.S. military mission conferred with Secretary-General U Thant today amid reports that the United States is concerned over a Soviet bid for influence in the Congo.

U.S. Ambassador Charles Yost accompanied General Louis Truman, chief of the eight-man military mission, to the conference in New York on new military equipment to be supplied to the U.N. Congo force.

INTRO. TO L.T.

Now, down to the ultimate South again -- in search of

Lowell Thomas. Lowell, what's the story tonight?

ANTARCTIC

SOUTH POLE #1

I suppose you have heard and read a good deal about the South Pole and what our people are doing down here. I have wanted to pay a visit to this spot at the bottom of our planet ever since Bernt Balchen flew Dick Byrd on that first flight to the Pole on November Eighteenth, Nineteen twenty-nine. And, I had seriously begun to plan this journey in Nineteen fifty-six or Nineteen fifty-seven, when Admiral Dufek, with Byrd along as "office-in-charge", took a task force, ice brekers, supply ships, and many aeroplanes, to the Antarctic. That was the winter when five hundred tons of supplies, building materials, and so on, were dropped from the air, at the South Pole. Ever since then we have had a permanent base, under the ice, at the Pole.

It's still a thrilling flight, to come through the sky across this continent of ice, to this place at the bottom of the globe, which explorers for so many years fought their way across the Ross Sea shelf, the mountains and the high Antarctic plateau to reach.

We flew the eight hundred odd miles today, in less than three hours. And as we looked down on Beardmore Glacier, and the Queen Maude Mountains, where of course there is not a living thing, we thought of Shackleton and his men. It took them two weeks, just to make the one hundred miles up the glacier. They had started for the Pole on November third, Nineteen eight. Christmas Day found them on the Antarctic plateau weak, and running out of food. Ten days later they decided that although they were within one hundred miles of their goal, if they went

on, they would make it, but would never return to tell the tale, so they turned back and lived to survive another adventure, and an even more dramatic journey.

As we flew on, I thought of the Nineteen eleven race for the Pole; Amundsen the Norwegian, Scott the Englishman, setting out for the Pole at about the same time. Amundsen and his party using only dogs. The Scott group with ponies, dogs and motor sledges. But the sledges and ponies let them down. Amundsen's expedition a complete success, Scott and his companions getting to the Pole a few days later, but all freezing to death on the return journey.

Today, when I arrived at the South Pole, I found eleven scientists, and eleven Navy people in the support group, living in huts, in tunnels, far

down in the ice. A big mess hall, kitchen, laboratories, sick bay, living quarters, and so on. Snug and warm, with even what they called a heat wave on the ice above -- minus 32, which is Riviera weather at the South Pole. At times it drops to one hundred degrees below zero -- and even lower.

At any rate, here I am at the ultimate South, saying my usual : "So long until tomorrow". - - Having a wonderful time, wish you were here.

MONA LISA

Leonardo Da Vinci's masterpiece of the smiling "Mona Lisa" arrived at the National Gallery of Art in Washington today but the occasion created so much fuss that, had the Lady seen it, she probably would have frowned. The painting first arrived in New York and then was sped to Washington by truck at sixty miles an hour. It will go on exhibition in Washington on January 8th, and, until that time, will remain in an air conditioned vault beneath the National Gallery.

BRITAIN

It seems the spirit of Christmas is being expressed in several ways in Britain this year. For one thing, there's been a wave of stealing from the counters of department stores. One London newspaper ran a headline today which said, "Only five more shop-lifting days until Christmas."

Dick Noel, I know you're not the type to steal anything.

against Doctor Bernard Barnett, who had dropped her from his list of patients after becoming aware of her infatuation for him. During the campaign against the doctor, here are a few of the things she did:- advertised Doctor Barnett's house for sale, when he had no intention of moving, punctured the tires of his automobile by spreading twenty-five thousand thumb tacks over his driveway. And she sent his children a copy of "Red Riding Hood" with the words -- she -- underlined throughout.

Good night, I'll be back tomorrow.

PATIENT

Well, Dick, once again it's proven there's nothing to match the fury of a woman spurned. In Birmingham, England, an infatuated woman, who was spurned by her doctor, admitted today that she took revenge by sending a false notice about his death to a newspaper. Forty-six year old Mrs. Veronica Hughes also pleaded guilty to conducting an eighteen months campaign against Doctor Bernard Barnett, who had dropped her from his list of patients after becoming aware of her infatuation for him. During the campaign against the doctor, here are a few of the things she did:- advertised Doctor Barnett's house for sale, when he had no intention of moving; punctured the tires of his automobile by spreading twenty-five thousand thumb tacks over his driveway. And she also sent his children a copy of "Red Riding Hood" with the word -- wolf -- underlined throughout.

Good night, I'll be back tomorrow.