

L.T. Sun. Fri. Jan. 5 1934

Airmail

Pilot Dean Burford of the Airmail staged another thriller today. Two weeks ago his plane became waited down with ice on the way East. Dean had to bail out over Pennsylvania.

This morning he left Newark Airport with a valuable cargo for Pittsburgh. Once more the ice began to form on his plane. Heavy sleet and fog obstructed his vision, and the encrusting ice grew thicker and heavier for a whole hour he talked backwards and forwards over his radio set to the airport at Newark. Finally he said he'd have to turn back. Headquarters said: "Okay! Come along." Then suddenly his radio went dead, that direction finding apparatus, and no more was heard from him.

For five hours he flew around in that fog unable to locate the airport. Meanwhile telephone messages came in to police stations all over New Jersey telling of the roar of an airplane motor. These came from every part of the state as the lost aviator wandered blindly. It looked like catastrophe.

Airmail - 2

Suddenly, for no apparent reason, his radio started functioning again. In a jiffy he got his bearing and landed safely back home at Newark.

Treasury

That morning -- after feeling, and a couple of questions. Uncle Sam is still rubbing his eyes after the President's message outlining that colossal budget. And today a barrage of questions were fired at the Secretary of the Treasury: "What are you going to use for money?" Or, perhaps more politely: "How are you going to get it?"

Mr. Morgenthau seems perfectly confident of being able to raise the cash with complete ease. Though he admitted he had made no plans, yet. He was unable to say what kind of securities would be offered in return for that breathtaking amount of cash.

Mr. Morgenthau declares today:-- "The reaction to the president's budget message was exceedingly good." To back up this statement he pointed out that the financial markets yesterday afternoon were going along smoothly, quite undisturbed by these staggering figures.

However, the treasury has one plan already mapped out--

Treasury - 2

that it's going to get busy on the job of collecting some eight hundred million dollars in unpaid taxes.

Slums

Stern words, and I ought to make my voice stern as I utter them. Secretary Ickes, in his capacity as Public Works Administrator, gives warning to property owners who are trying to profiteer on slum clearance projects. Mr. Ickes sternly declares: "Wherever owners and speculators attempt to jack up values of real estate property, the housing projects in such localities will be abruptly cancelled. The funds intended for those projects will be transferred to other areas or communities."

Wine

News from Washington, for wine-bibbers. The House of Representatives after wrangling about the liquor tax bill agreed on a graduated charge ranging from four to forty cents a gallon on wines, according to the percentage of alcohol.

There was a fierce argument over an amendment to put an embargo on all liquor imports from France. When it came to a vote the motion was squelched. The House also approved a tax of two dollars a gallon on all distilled spirits.

Lions

The Lions are coming back to the cage? What cage? The cage in which they have to study.

There will be a whale of a reception for the Lions including three cheers and a tiger at the Pennsylvania Station in New York, Sunday evening. The winners of the Rose Bowl game, ~~will come home, and~~ the Columbia Lions will receive a roaring welcome from the more studious owls led by ~~the collegiate ringmaster,~~ Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. ~~And won't the Lions be glad to get back to the studious pursuit of their sheepskin.~~

Ski-jump

Here's the way this next story ends:- "And, when the clouds of snow had settled, ^Cosby Smith was the winner. He is twelve years old. He was in the hospital until today but he won the ski-jumping contest *just the same.*

This little human interest story ^{was the} ~~came to a~~ climax at the Sunoco winter sports competitions here at Lake Placid today. The Sun Oil Company, in connection with its gathering of Sunoco dealers, offered a whole series of trophies for ski-jumping, bob-sled races, skating races, and so on. ^{The} ~~Events were duly~~ ~~staged.~~ ~~They~~ were thrilling to watch. But the real heart throb came when little ^Cosby Smith, ~~almost~~ the smallest boy ^{on the snow-field,} ~~of the lot,~~ made a ski jump of fifty-two feet and took first place in his class.

Early in the winter the lad had a bit of hard luck. He was coming out of his yard on his sled, when a ^{big} truck hit him. He went in the hospital gravely injured and week after week he stayed in the hospital. But he got well -- and how! He was discharged from the hospital today, went straight into the Sunoco ski-jumping event, and brought home the bacon.

5

Fire

A big scare in Boston today ! So big that for a while the Bean capital thought it was in for one of those terrific conflagrations. Flames were discovered in the new bleachers that are being built at Fenway Park. That's where the Boston Red Sox hope to win so many ball games with those new players bought from Connie Mack. After raising havoc with the bleachers and grandstand the flames jumped the street and raged through dozens of garages and frame buildings.

It was the first five-alarm fire that Boston has seen since the Back Bay station went up in flames five years ago. In spite of a terrific rain the fire got out of control. Every man in the department was on the job. Incidentally it was the first day that Boston's new fire commissioner Edward McLaughlin was on duty. So it was a test of his mettle. The fire was reported under control by four o'clock this afternoon.

Flood

Southern California today was galvanized by a rumor - a melodramatic rumor. It is, that the disastrous flood was not entirely due to the rain. Dame Rumor has it that the real cause of that disastrous flood was the dynamiting of a dam. The police are digging into the story. So far they have nothing.

Erling Strom.

Climber,

Mt. McKinley.

Jan. 5, 1934.

Intro to Strom

Some of you may have noticed that I enjoy relating tales of adventure.

Well, I have just run across one of them, up here, an adventure once featured in all the headlines of the newspapers of the world. In fact Erhling Strom's achievement entitles him to rank with the greatest mountain climbers of all time. He's a young Norwegian. An athlete, a good looking rascal, -- -- and single. In winter he's here in the Adirondacks skiing. In the summer he has a camp in the Canadian Rockies.

What was the great mountaineering feat that he accomplished? Some of you may remember that he and three companions conquered Mt. McKinley, the highest mountain in North America. It was called the Lindley expedition. It had only been scaled once before. Alfred Lindley of Minneapolis organized this second expedition. Two Alaskans were in the party.

It was a year ago last May. The only party ever to scale both of the summits of the highest mountain in North America. Weeks and weeks of skiing over glaciers and crevasses.

Intro to Strom - 2

Drew Pearson was with them one moment and the next moment disappeared through a hole in the snow. They rescued him from the bottom of a deep crevasse. I'd like to repeat the thrilling story of the Carpe cosmic ray scientific expedition which went part way up the mountain, behind them to study the cosmic ray. Carpe and Koven who were frozen on McKinley.

Strom is sitting beside me tonight, and I'll see if I can get him to describe one incident in connection with that conquest of Mt. McKinley, something that happened when they reached the top.

By the way, Strom in addition to a Norwegian accent has his own particular way of speaking. He stammers. But his friends don't mind; neither does he. So don't let it worry you when you hear him in a moment. There is one place where he doesn't stammer, and that's on skis. I'm sure he would be more at home even if he had them on right here in front of the mike. How about it Mr. Strom?

FOR ERLE STROM

You are right, Mr. Thomas, my best medium of expression is a pair of skis. The reason I wanted to climb McKinley was because when first I looked at that huge mountain, covered with snow from top to bottom, I thought: "What a grand thing to get to the top and skii all the way down."

Now about that incident: We were all four standing on the summit of McKinley. That is there were four -- -- and then, there were only three. Lindley, Kaeys and I turned around and found that Drew Pearson had vanished. He had fallen off the top of McKinley!

Not all the way to be sure! McKinley is 20,300 feet high. But between the time when the four of us stood there talking together and when we turned around he had fallen more than a quarter of a mile.

We looked everywhere. But no Pearson. Then, far below we heard a faint voice. And looking down the mountain, on a snowy plateau a quarter of a mile under us we saw a figure moving. He looked about the size of a fly, and he was waving.

FOR ERLE STROM - 2

Sure enough it was good old drew Pearson -- -- still alive!

Fortunately the place he had gone down was not absolutely perpendicular; and it was covered with snow. He had gone tumbling, crashing and rolling for more than a quarter of a mile.

We made our way down cautiously, cutting steps as we went. At one point we picked up Pearson's binoculars, a little farther down we found his camera, then his gloves, and then his goggles. A few hundred feet farther we found his knapsack, split open, -- -- everything strewn in all directions.

And when we got to the bottem we found him with one eye swollen shut, and the other so bleddy he couldn't see out of it; his nose moved over on his race, his ear all cut, and he was battered from head to foot. Although in terrific pain he just laughed about it. He hurt in so many places that he didn't know which hurt the worse.

Next day he suddenly said he believed his right arm pained more than anything else. So we cut off layers of coats, sweater, shirts and underwear, and there we found a large hole

FOR ERLE STEOM - 3

almost all the way through his forearm. He had fallen on his ice pick, and that had made the hole.

But he just laughed about everything. He surely was one tough Alaskan!

10

Follows Strom

I sure wish you could hear Strom tell the story of that entire expedition. It's a knock-out. He ought to be invited to tell it before every club and every college and prep school in America. And the way he stammers simply makes it all the more delightful, because of his rich sense of humor.

Italy

One bit of news came today from Rome concerning that closely guarded conference between Premier Mussolini and Sir John Simon of England. The third day of their conference. The subject they've been discussing was the Duce's ultimatum that the League of Nations be reformed.

Today Sir John Simon issued a statement that no reform of the League can be considered until the disarmament problem has been disposed of.

Bayonne, France

In France most anything brings a cabinet crisis. This time it's that bank failure. The collapse of that municipal pawn shop bank in Bayonne.

The dope from Paris is that the latest government, the one headed by Camille Chautemps, is headed for the rocks. Up to now it was sailing smoothly. But now bank-bust, government bust.

It has been found out that several Cabinet members were connected with that Bayonne financial institution run by the mysterious Russian.

In response to a request from the French prefect of police Scotland Yard had all its machinery geared up for a manhunt for Stavinsky, the Muscovite mystery man, but they found no trace of him in the British Isles. So today the French gendarmes sent out radio messages to all ships bound for South America asking the ships' captains to be on the lookout for the fugitive pawn shop banker.

The matter was brought up in the Chamber of Deputies today. And was the Government's face red?

Crash

An airplane flight from France to Egypt came to an untimely end today. The plane belonged to Miss Evelyn Frost, believed to be a native of St. Louis. She has been living in Paris. With her was an English aviator. The plane dashed into a high tension wire. Then came the flare and the finish.

Carnival

Well, the King and Queen are on ice - not that anybody is putting the royal monarchs in the ice box. They are going to be crowned on the ice at the Ice Carnival. The great event of the year up here in the Adirondacks will take place tonight. It is the annual frosty extravaganza at Lake Placid, the grand winter festival among the snowy mountains up here.

On the ice sheet at the Olympic Arena a throne has been erected and pretty soon with the blare of trumpets, the King and Queen will make their royal progress across the slippery surface. The King might fall down. The King might have a frostbitten nose. But the Queen -- ah! that is something else. You know how well the ladies play their parts in any stately social affair. The Queen of this year's Adirondack Ice Carnival is Ellen Mason, wife of Frank Mason, vice-president of the National Broadcasting Company. She has been selected to be the royal lady of the ice, the frosty Queen.

Once the two monarchs are crowned, the coronation ceremonies will include a highland fling danced on skates to the

Carnival - 2

tune of bag-pipes. A highland fling on skates ought to be an amusing flip-flop but seven young women skaters from the Winter Club at Montreal have come to Lake Placid to do this Caledonian war dance and they're not likely to bump on the ice.

Anyway, a King and Queen will be crowned. Probably a bedraggled King, but certainly a lovely Queen.

LaGuardia - Ending

Brand new municipal reform in New York. The fire-eating flame-consuming LaGuardia is in good form. He is answering a few letters.

Every new mayor is deluged with thousands of epistles containing advice, appeals, and knocks. So today Mayor LaGuardia called in his secretaries and told them how to answer all those letters. A one-word reply to each. And here are his formulas:-
To those who have advice to offer the one-word answer is: "Thanks."
For those who want something the word is: "Regrets." And for the knockers the word is: "Baloney."

And, for me the words are: "So long until tomorrow."