

ICE

Let's pick up last night's story about men adrift on the ice, not the thriller ~~on~~ ^{off} Cape Cod, ~~but~~ ^{- but the other one -} the one on Lake Michigan. The Cape Cod affair closed with a rounded happy ending, a rescue one hundred per cent. But last night we left the Lake Michigan story ⁱⁿ a tragic suspense of three men drifting away into the blizzard swept darkness - hope virtually abandoned.

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I told of five fishermen blown from shore on an ice floe, how a Coast Guardsman in a row boat fought his way and reached them. He could only take three in his small craft, two had to remain behind. He rowed the three to shore and then collapsed from exhaustion. Another Coast Guardsman took the boat and started out after the remaining two. But the blizzard was blowing up so fiercely that he couldn't get back. And the doom of icy night and storm seemed to be complete. Well, what happened to the three men? The ~~rescuing~~ rescuing Coast Guardsman and the two fishermen he was trying to save?

Today brings the story, two-thirds tragic and one-third splendidly heroic. ~~Let's hear it from~~ ^{It's told to us by} Clayton Brown. He was one of the fishermen on the drifting ice. When three of the five were

was
rescued, he [^]one of the two that remained behind. He volunteered
to wait there in the icy peril. He was young. Let the older men
have the places in the boat. The other man who remained with him
on the cake of ice was ^{not so young either -} [^]his father-in-law.

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^{well,} [^]They saw their three companions rowed to safety by the
first Coast Guardsman. And then they saw the boat coming back
with the second Coast Guardsman at the oar^s, battling his way
through the blizzard swept sea, with the storm shrieking more
wildly and darkness closing down; - and twenty-two below! That was
where we left them last night. It turns out now that the boat got
to the ice floe and it took the two men aboard, father-in-law and
son-in-law. And they tried to row to shore, but could make no
headway against the wind.

"We took turns at the oars," Clayton Brown relates.

"We rowed to keep warm. In the darkness, we couldn't tell whether
we were getting anywhere. We just kept rowing."

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twenty-two below as he tells: "My father-in-law and the Coast
Guardsman gave up hope. They were getting sleepy. They said

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^{well,} They saw their three companions rowed to safety by the first Coast Guardsman. And then they saw the boat coming back with the second Coast Guardsman at the oar, battling his way through the blizzard swept sea, with the storm shrieking more wildly and darkness closing down;— and twenty-two below! That was where we left them last night. It turns out now that the boat got to the ice floe and it took the two men aboard, father-in-law and son-in-law. And they tried to row to shore, but could make no headway against the wind.

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^{Then} The fisherman ^{'s} story approaches the catastrophe of twenty-two below as he tells: "My father-in-law and the Coast Guardsman gave up hope. They were getting sleepy. They said

they were tired and needed sleep. I knew what that meant. Sleep - that meant they were freezing. I yelled to them to keep awake, but their voices were getting drowsy. I hit them with my hands, but they were dropping off to sleep. I took a stick and beat them, but they couldn't stay awake. They fell off into a heavy slumber. And I knew they had frozen."

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Then Clayton Brown's story picks up with his own salvation. "Daylight came and I saw my father-in-law and the Coast Guardsman there sleeping, and they'd never wake up. The boat was near solid ice, ^{— a long shelf of ice,} I was just able to pull the oars and ^{And at that moment} get to it. I said to myself: 'I'd just as soon die walking as sitting.' So I crawled on to the ice; but I couldn't walk. ~~I was~~ Too weak. I could only crawl. So I just kept crawling on all fours like a baby. I don't know how long it was or how far it was, but I came to shore, and there was an Indian cabin, and they took care of me."

The Indians ^{can} ~~could~~ tell how far it was. They say Clayton Brown must have crawled over the ice for eight miles; ^{at} ~~and it was~~ twenty-two below! When doctors came he told them: "I want to

live!" And they say he will. They are fighting to ~~ix~~ save his frozen feet. The doctors add that he owes his life to the primitive medical skill of the Indians, the aboriginal first-aid they gave him when he came crawling to their cabin.

And that happened on Lake Michigan, Chicago Lake, in the year 1936.

ROOSEVELT

The President put pen to paper today and wrote a veto. It wasn't one of those overwhelmingly important bills that felt the edge of the Presidential axe, just a reminiscent affair that goes back to the days when Franklin Delano Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. That is -- World War days.

The bill was passed for the purpose of paying a claim against the government made by the International Manufacturers' Sales Company. This is a concern that transacted a line of business in Siberia during the time American troops were out there in the Far East, supporting the Russian White Armies against the Bolsheviks. The sales company sold goods to the Russians. It was acting in concert with our own War Trade Board. For that reason it thought Uncle Sam should pay the bills owed by the Russians, the Congress thought so too. But the President says the Russians owe the bill. So, go ahead - hand it in to the present Russian government -- the Soviets.

That minor veto today seems about the most interesting

bit of government news to tell; which indicates eloquently that it was quite a quiet day in Washington, where they were all reminiscing today about Charlie Curtis -- genial, gay, simple, unpretending Big Chief Charlie who was only recently vice president of the United States.

MITCHELL

Ask among the armed forces of the United States - who are the two stormy petrels, and the answer comes back:- Smedley Butler and Billy Mitchell. Those two brilliant, turbulent, recalcitrant generals are both in the news tonight. Smedley Butler, the fiery ex-leader of the Marines - running for Congress. His father was a famous Congressmen. Smedley is making speeches far and wide, expounding theories on how to keep America out of war. And he is planning a race for a Congressional seat in Pennsylvania, and if he get's in what fun we'll have.

Word about Billy Mitchell, the flying general, comes from a New York Hospital. Influenza, complicated with a heart ailment. As Commander of the Air Corps, he lived, breathed, fought and raised Cain - for aviation. He denounced the old army system with such blazing violence that he was court-martialled and found guilty of insubordination. Then - out of the service. But that didn't dim the luster of Billy Mitchell's past career and present eloquence. All these years he has been

pounding away on all occasions - demanding a unified Air Corps,
calling for the planes and the flyers to be dignified as a
separate arm of the service. He shouts that air power will
dominate war, as flamingly enthusiastic today as he was in the
first flush of youth when he flew with the Wright, brothers.

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transport that was conveying the remains of Father Damien. That
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Sixty years ago, when a young man, he took himself to
the leper colony on the isolated island of Molokai, and devoted
himself to the care of the sufferers. He stayed there until the
end of his life, until he himself contracted the dread disease
and died of it. Robert Louis Stevenson immortalized him as "The
Martyr of Molokai." And in honor of the Damien Institute is
dedicated to his memory. The nature and the
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DAMIEN

Today Army Intelligence officers and special agents of the Department of Justice were investigating in San Francisco. But they haven't solved the mystery they are prying into. Maybe, by the time they're through, they ^{ll be} ~~might as well~~ consult ^{ing the} ~~the primitive~~ natives of a remote island in Hawaii ^{the} ~~an~~ ^{group.} Those primitive Polynesians no doubt would give an answer. It's a moody sort of thing, that ^{the} death mystery on shipboard had to occur on the United States transport that was conveying the remains of Father Damien. What a legend surrounds that name - the Belgian priest who made himself the humble friend of the lepers of the South Seas!

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Sixty years ago, when a young man, he took himself to the leper colony on the Hawaiian island of Molokai, and devoted himself, to the care of the sufferers. He stayed there until the end of his life, until he himself contracted the dreaded malady and died of it. Robert Louis Stevenson immortalized him as "The Martyr of Molokai." And In London the Damien Institute is dedicated to his memory, ^{It's} for research into the nature and the cure of that terrifying ill so long a nightmare to humanity. Now, (the earthly remains of Father Damien are ~~aboard a United~~)

on the way back to his native Belgium, where the order to which he belonged is beginning the procedure to have Father Damien canonized as a Saint - Saint Damien of Molokai.

I learn today that the United States government is acting at the personal request of King Leopold of Belgium, who asked Washington to help in returning the body of the leper priest. That's why the remains are aboard the United States army transport) at San Francisco, just stopping there. The transport will go on to Panama, where a Belgian ship will take the body on to Antwerp.

Such is the emotional setting for the mystery of the disappearance at sea which Naval Intelligence officers and the G-Men were investigating today. They have found no answer to the disappearance of the Captain of the transport. Captain E. S. McLellon is either a suicide or accidentally fell overboard, - they still don't know which. What they've learned by repeated questioning is simple and mystifying. The night before the transport reached the American Coast, Captain McLellon retired to his bunk, leaving the command that he should be awakened when the ship came to the

seven mile mark off land. The command was obeyed. Seven miles off shore they went to awaken the Captain, but his cabin was empty. He had simply vanished.

No, neither the Naval Intelligence nor the Department of Justice find any explanation, but ~~the~~ if they went to Molokai, the natives in their grass huts, might solve the mystery in their own fashion. They'd say it was a curse, a curse for disturbing ~~a~~ ^{the} Saint. The legend ^{was} ~~is that~~ Father Damien is regarded as a mighty wonder-working spirit by the superstitious primitives of those parts, and they'd say; - "the curse struck at the Number One Man of the ship that was taking him away from ^{his brother} ~~the~~ lepers of Molokai, ~~whom he loved.~~

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LAMA

From China we have some news that's of all sorts of importance in the Far East. The trouble is that the tidings are so colorful and romantic that the political significance threatens to be swamped by the color and romance. So let's relate the main facts in as drab and sober sided a way as possible. The Chinese Communists are threatening the strategic city of Tachienlu in western China. It's in the region where the interests of China, Soviet Russia and Japan are in perilous conflict.

Tachienlu, roughly translated, means - "Big Money Street." It is a great Asiatic highway over which from fifteen to eighteen million pounds of brick tea pass each year into Tibet, where they mix it with rancid butter and then drink it. The few westerners who get into Tibet, Sydam Cutting, Captain Noel and a few others, are compelled to drink it to keep from offending the Tibetians. But they never get enthused over it. The Tibetans are tremendous tea drinkers, and Tibet produces no tea. They have to get it all from China. Tea bricks are so precious on the roof of the world, that they are

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LAMA - 1A

used as currency, money. So you can see why the caravan route for tea is called - "Big Money Street". And the name is applied to the City that commands the way, the natural fortress of Tachienlu.

Chiang Kai-shek, the master of the Nationalist government of China, is determined to keep a grip on that strategic place.

Two kinds of lamas, in fact - red lamas and a red lama. The red defender is the chief of the lamas, who wear crimson robes. The other colors involved are black, white and yellow, least of those colors. But the two dominant sects are the red and the yellow. They are rivals, two hostile factions in Tibet and Mongolia. So now that Chiang Kai-shek has made the chief of the red lamas the commander of Big Money Street, the bitterness of Communism against capitalism is combined with the feud between red lamas and yellow lamas. And that does make it complicated.

The central figure in the Far Eastern turmoil seems to be quite an extraordinary person. ^{Lord} ~~Lord~~ the name that wears the red robes, he is called the "Dalai Lama". I made some inquiries about him today of Gordon Enders, ^{at the Waldorf Astoria} and collaborated with

He is determined to fight off the threat the Chinese Red armies are making against it. So he has appointed a new commander, a tremendous fighting man, to defend the Street of Big Money.

Those are the significant facts which even in the baldest telling are steeped in ^{exotic}~~esthetic~~ color. And color runs riot, when we look at the new defender of Big Money Street. One color of course is red. Two kinds of red, in fact - red Communist and a red Lama. The new defender is the chief of the lamas, who wear crimson ^{robes.}~~robes~~. The other colors involved are black, white and yellow, lamas of those ^{hues.}~~colors~~. But the two dominant sects are the red and the yellow. They are rivals, two hostile factions in Tibet and Mongolia. So now that Chiang-Kai-chek has made the chief of the red lamas the commander of Big Money Street, the bitterness of Communism against capitalism is combined with the feud between red ^{monks}~~lamas~~ and the yellow ^{the}~~lamas~~. And that does make it complicated.

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The central figure in the Far Eastern turmoil seems to be quite an extraordinary person. ^{Lord of}~~Amour~~ the monks that wear the red robes, he is called the "Lolan Lama". I made some inquiries about him today of Gordon Enders, ^{at the Waldorf - Enders} who collaborated with

Ed Anthony in that book about lamaism - "Nowhere in the World".
~~Gordon Ender~~^{He} told me that in his travels in Tibet he had run
across the Lolan Lama, and describes him as - "a cruel man in a
cruel country." No mere peaceful, contemplative Buddhist monk,
but a fighting man, who wears a military uniform, and buckled to
his belt, a huge Mauser pistol. ~~He is~~ a fierce, implacable fighter,
who before a battle encourages his men with words something like
this: "If you die in peace you'll burn for all eternity, so live
as long as you can. But if ~~you're~~ you're killed in battle,
eternity won't be any worse than it is here." That sounds like
moderate encouragement. But it has a real Oriental Buddhist flavor.

The present political development goes back to
Nineteen Twelve, when the Chinese were fighting with the Tibetans.
The Lolan Lama threw his fortunes with the Chinese, and lost out.
He was captured; narrowly escaped execution; escaped, and went to
Nanking. There he met Chiang Kai-chek, and lined up with him.
Now the Chinese Generalissimo appoints the Lolan Lama to the
command of Big Money Street, in a color tangle of red lama against
red Communists, and ~~the~~ yellow lamas against the red lamas.

OLYMPICS

The chances of our hockey team over in the Olympics look rosy for at least getting into the final round-robin, the play off.

There are plenty of hockey enthusiasts who were nervous about today's game because the Czechoslovakian team was known to be one of the best -- unbeaten. But today the Czechs were checked, body-checks and all, by the American speed skaters and puck swatters -- two to nothing.

That leaves two hurdles for the Americans to surmount -- two more games to win to get in the finals. In these they'll play Austria and Sweden, neither rated as strong as the Czechs. Germany and Norway still lead in the scoring for all events to date.

The bobsled situation over there amid the snowy hills of Bavaria is tangled in a knot. Hubert Stevens and his Lake Placid boys are now in fifth place, but that doesn't

mean a thing. Only a few seconds separate them from the Swiss team, which is in number one position. A few more whirls around the icy curves and anybody might be in first place.

8 1/2
In the run today the American team was nosed out by the Swiss -- one of those split second affairs. At that -- they'd have copped the decision if it hadn't been for a bad moment on one of those perilous turns.

Hubert Stevens at the wheel and they had just rounded the Bavaria turn, ~~one of those~~^a madcap, hairpin, ~~affairs~~. As they came out on the straight-a-way the sled swung up the bank so hard that it nearly turned over. They went over so far that the bobsledders were ~~ripped~~^{slammed} against the icy slope. Shene had his sleeve ripped to shreds. Martin's glove was slashed off. And Hubert Stevens' left hand was torn from the steering wheel. That was when they nearly went whirling off into nowhere. The sled came around all right but it was slowed up enough to lose the victory by a gnat's eyebrow.

9 1/2
And by that same gnat's eyebrow it's time for me to get off the air -- and s-l-u-t-m.