

LT in  
Adirondacks.  
Lake Placid  
Clubs.

Dec. 31<sup>st</sup>  
1937

L.T. SUNOCO. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1937

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

I'm broadcasting from the Adirondacks tonight. Brrr, and it's cold. Down below zero -- in the heart of a snowy world. So if my broadcast sounds a bit chilly you will understand.

Not that it's cold here in this room. I have an improvised studio in an office of the Lake Placid Club. The walls are -- or were -- bare. Not good for sound. So the N.B.C. engineer has hung a lot of ordinary grey wool blankets all over the walls to help the acoustics. The blankets give it a sort of log cabin effect.

And sitting around me are a lot of Adirondack Old Timers -- pioneers of the snow. But more of that a little later. Let's look at today's news.

## YACHT

Two men are under arrest tonight, charged with one of the killings aboard that yacht AAFJE. Yet the G-men are inclined to accept their story of self defense. The authorities are under the impression that the story they tell is true. It jibes with the accounts given by the others who were aboard the boat. Everything seems to check in that fantastic story, which goes like this.

The sailing yacht AAFJE belonged to Dwight Faulding, a wealthy hotel owner of Los Angeles. Faulding sometimes rented the ~~yx~~ yacht for a cruise, and went along with the party. That's what happened some days ago, and the one who rented the boat this time was -- Jack Morgan. This man is described as a former house-boy of Los Angeles, who liked to put on airs that he was rich. That pretension of wealth seems to be the explanation of the unusual fact:- a house-boy hiring a yacht. Anyway, Owner Faulding went along and so did several others -- a merry sailing party.

Off the coast of Southern California Jack Morgan seemed to go crazy. Nobody quite knows what was in his mind. Some suppose he had a fantastic notion of turning pirate -- cruising in the yacht under the Black Flag. Another supposition is that he had

some weird scheme of taking the boat load of people to the South Sea Islands and living there -- a tropical colony.

In any case, Owner Faulding was at the helm navigating the boat when Morgan ~~in~~ pistol in hand, drove him away. Morgan then shot Faulding and tossed him overboard. With pointed gun he made the other passengers prisoners -- locked them up. Then he went on navigating the boat.

After hours of terror two of the imprisoned men ~~in~~ managed to get loose. They sneaked up on Morgan and crashed him over the head with a marlin spike. Then they threw him overboard. A nice party. With the two men who knew how to navigate tossed into the Pacific, nobody aboard knew anything about sailing the craft. They could only go drifting -- without food or water. This they did for days, until they were sighted and picked up -- as the news told us yesterday.

Today's investigation by the G-men seems to clear up the whole fantastic affair -- the deep sea episode of the former house-boy who wanted to sail as a pirate and start a South Sea colony for something anyway -- something crazy.

SPAIN

( In Spain a New Year broadcast by the Rebels declares -- they have stormed Teruel, they've relieved their comrades who were desperately holding out in the citadel of the town. ) So it's Happy New Year for them. The United Press correspondent cables that he was with Franco's soldiers a short distance outside the gates of the city -- turreted gates built by the Moors of old. He was there when the word flashed -- that the forward battalions were storming into the streets of Teruel. He described the battle of New Year's Eve as murderous, relentless, revengeful relentless. International battalions of the Left Wingers, including Americans -- assailed by the Black Legion of Italian Fascists. Streets heaped with the dead.

The United Press Correspondent says he can't tell how far the fighting men of Franco have battled their way into the town. But ~~in~~ he passes on a last minute report that the desperate Rebel defenders of the citadel have been relieved amid scenes of wild rejoicing. The Alcazar relief all over again. And that's the story which the Franco radio has just broadcast to all Spain.

Cross.

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## HARRY CROSS

All Sports fans know Harry Cross, of the New York Herald Tribune; he's one of the best-known writers on winter sports in the country. Harry's here alongside me this evening. I ran into him on skis this afternoon. And after we'd both brushed off the snow and got our breath I found that he's covering one of the big sports events of the winter -- on now, here at the Winter capital. Harry, the films of the bombing of the Panay held me up, so I'd like to get you if you will, to tell us what happened here in the Adirondacks around Lake Placid today. You know more about it than I do.

CROSS:- Well, Lowell, since this tournament got under way yesterday morning we've seen ski teams from nine leading eastern colleges fighting it out here on the snowy trails and slopes of Lake Placid. I've been coming to these tournaments for years, and I doubt if I ever saw one where conditions were better. There's plenty of snow on the trails, and plenty of snow on the slalom courses and the downhill runs.

L.T.: So I've noticed, Harry, and I'm glad of that, too, because skiing is my favorite sport, when I can get away. But who's leading tonight, Harry?

CROSS:- Dartmouth, Lowell, as you may have guessed. It seems pretty hard to beat those boys from Hanover at skiing. Just the same, it's no run away, and Harvard, Yale and Williams are not so far behind.

L.T.:- How many colleges are competing?

CROSS:- Nine Lowell. Bowdoin, Colgate, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Middlebury, Penn State, Yale and Williams. Today we saw the downhill race on Mr. Whitney near here, in which Eddie Wells of Dartmouth finished first in the fast time of 1 minute, forty and four-tenths seconds for a tough course about three-quarters of a mile in length. This afternoon we had the 4-man relay ski race over a course that measured close to ten miles including some rather stiff climbing. Dartmouth placed first in that, too -- Percy Rideout leading the field of racers home in the time of 1 hour, 14 minutes and 28 seconds.

~~THE~~ L.T.:- How about tomorrow?

CROSS: - There'll be ~~s~~ki-jumping on the Intervales hill near Lake Placid; a thrilling finale.

L.T.: Much obliged, Harry Cross.



## BUSINESS

What are the prospects of the New Year being a happy one? That will depend largely on business. (The old year goes out in the midst of what has been baptized - "the recession." Nineteen thirty-seven began on a floodtide of what looked like prosperity. But, the second half of the year went into a slump -- recession.) What will the business curve be for Nineteten Thirty Eight? Well, today, on the eve of the New Year, the United States Chamber of Commerce gives out a business analysis for the purpose of prognostication. It's a cautious prophesy; there is no bright vision of prosperity around the corner, that sort of sugary sop which went so sour during the depression. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce however expresses astonishment at finding the prospects not so bad. It characterizes its report with these two words: "Surprisingly optimistic."

"We've just about reached the low point of the recession." That's the verdict. "There are increasing evidences, says the report, "that industrial production can again go forward."

The Chamber of Commerce bases its prognostication on several factors including the following: "Farm prices have declined,

but the crop is so big that agriculture will reach large earnings.

Exports:- while internal business was declining, the amount of goods sold to foreign countries increased by twenty percent. The surprisingly optimistic verdict is qualified by an "if." Business will start again "if normal processes will be permitted; if Abnormal influences do not retard." Meaning, if the government does not butt in too much!

I have a report here on the automobile industry today, and the curve of production tells us that Nineteen Thirty Seven was the second biggest year in the history of automobiles. Nineteen Thirty Seven was second only to Nineteen Twenty Nine the year of wild boom and sudden collapse. The year to which we are about to say farewell began in record-breaking fashion, but the recession of the past several months caused an abrupt slowing down. So Nineteen thirty Eight finds the automotive industry making a New Year resolution:- "no over-production." They are not going to stock up on cars they can't sell. And the word is that the automobile production in January will be about sixty percent less than it was in January of Nineteen Thirty Seven.

There's a favorable automobile angle mentioned in the news;

and its the same one that the United States Chamber of Commerce  
cites with reference to general business -- exports. Sales  
of American automobiles abroad ~~abroad~~ have not been affected by the  
recession in our market here at home. Exports are twenty  
percent up.

## FOLLOW BUSINESS

The theme of business caused things to become exceedingly Rooseveltian at the White House today. It was not only a case of F.D.R., but also T.R. -- the Rough Rider of Big Stick fame. The President was asked about the furious attacks on business which Assistant Attorney-General Jackson ~~ix~~ has been delivering.

Then, there's also the address that Secretary of the Interior Ickes made, another sulphury production, in the Secretary's most scathing vein. He spoke of sixty families possessing the money-control of the United States.

President Roosevelt was asked today about all these assaults on business. And he answered by referring back to that other President Roosevelt. He recalled how his kinsman, Theodore, had denounced ~~them~~ what he termed "malefactors of great wealth." He declared that Theodore Roosevelt was accused of calling all people of great wealth - "malefactors." But he insisted that wasn't so. Merely some of them.

Other comments to the contrary on the subject today were as scathing as anything uttered by Jackson and Ickes. Said Congressman Connor of New York, Chairman of the House Rules Committee:-

"Such puerile and extravagant expressions (those of Ickes and Jackson) do not reflect the views of the Democratic Party." He described all these anti-business attacks as piffle and alibi!  
~~This is the Congress~~ In this the Congressman from New York was joined by the Senator from New York -- Dr. Copeland. Republican Leader Snell described the Ickes speech as "an act of dreadful violence against the peace of America."

## PALM SPRINGS

Palm Springs, California, is the fashionable desert resort for the sun worshippers of the motion picture colony, just as Lake Placid is for the snow worshippers. During the New Year season we can imagine what a gay, gala place Palm Springs is -- with a host of stars from Hollywood joining in the festivities. But festivities tonight out there are not so unrestrained -- that is, in one particular place. This New Year's Eve midnight won't be so excessively hilarious at the Dunes. That's one of the fanciest night clubs at Palm Springs -- glittering and gorgeous usually.

Today it was crammed with Hollywood celebrities, and mirth was unconfined when suddenly there was a rude interruption. The police burst in. And at that moment you could see some of the leading lights of Hollywood ducking out all over the place, dashing into the surrounding cactus, frantic to get to their cars and away.

Why, well that police raid had to do with certain ceremonies dedicated to the Goddess of Chance. It is charged that they played games at the night clubs such as the pastime where the merry ball goes spinning around, or that ancient and frolicksome amusement known as African dominoes. Briefly, the cops had checked the place

as a gambling house.

What great names of motion pictures are involved we are not told. The police bade the guests go their way and sin no more. The names for the moment are being kept secret. The list of those arrested includes an assortment of waiters and bus boys -- an obscure collection, without a star. The stars? They just flickered out.

## PULITZER YACHT

From England comes the news of a boat -- sold for scrap. A once-luxurious steam yacht come to the end of its days -- gone to the junk pile. And that's news, because of the history of the craft. It's the yacht LIBERTY in which Joseph Pulitzer made many a voyage.

That'll not mean so much to most people -- but just ask any old time newspaper man. We might ask Harry Cross of the N.Y. Herald-Tribune sitting here with me. Pulitzer, giant of journalism, legendary publisher of the New York World, and the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Blind in his old age, in the darkness, with all his fabulous power and success he took himself to sea. He went voyaging endlessly, aboard that yacht.

His eyes gone, his hearing was so acute he couldn't bear noise, so he had the cabins of the yacht sound-proofed, no noise even at sea. Wandering over the ocean amid scenes that were blank to him, he still ran his newspaper -- by means of secretaries -- always the vigilant, commanding publisher.

He came to the end of his days, and the yacht was sold to Lady Huston of England.

And now the boat has come to the end of its days, sold for scrap.



STOOP

I'm in Lake Placid for some skiing and for the winter sports carnival. And I'm expected to crown this year's King and Queen. The Queen is to be Lisa Sergio, known as the Golden Voice of Rome -- a beautiful Latin Lady who is now with the N.B.C.

She is famous all over Europe and elsewhere. She's to be Queen and she has never taken part in winter sports. Neither has the King, F. Chase Taylor -- all America knows him as Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle. Colonel now that you're to be king what should we call you? Colonel or King? And have you any statement to give the world before you ascend the snowy throne here at Lake Placid?

## HOSPITAL

At Green Bay, Wisconsin, a man left a hospital today, in a mad desperate search for a Happy New Year. His name is Buckley, a heart patient. For several days physicians gave him intensive examinations, studying a leaking pump. The verdict was:- he might die at any moment unless he had absolute rest and quiet. Whereupon Buckley said to a nurse: "Life is only a gamble" and then he disappeared from the hospital, escaped today. He borrowed ten dollars from a fellow patient and another ten from a taxi driver, and vanished to celebrate New Year's Eve -- the man who may die at any moment unless he has absolute rest and quiet.

Somewhere tonight when the zero hour strikes, that man Buckley will be in a noisy, rambunctious crowd, ringing out the old, ringing in the new, with the shadow hanging over him.

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At Kearney, N.J. a large grinning colored man returned to the hospital today; and the Doctors gaped in astonishment. "Are you alive?" they gasped. "I sure am," laughed the giant negro, the man they are calling "Smiling" Joe, the "Indestructible Man."

A day or so ago Smiling Joe got into an argument in a saloon,

and somebody drove a knife into him. The point of the knife broke off -- in his heart. Whereupon the doctors at the hospitals had one of those miraculous operations to do, and they did it -- removed the sliver of steel and put three stitches in the heart of "Smiling" Joe. He was still hovering on the brink, when he disappeared. Slid down a hospital drain pipe, and got away. When the doctors heard he had taken French Leave they said he couldn't survive. Not a chance. Today Smiling Joe returned to the hospital -- smiling as ever. "Boss, I jess want to apologize," he said to the doctors, "you see it was this way. I jess had to make a little trip. I left some clothes in a friend's house and those folks are moving. No suh, I had no intention of losin' mah clothes. So I slid down the drain pipe. I got 'em. And here they is." The astounded surgeons found him in good shape -- the stitches in his ~~xxx~~ heart holding up nobly. So they christened him -- "the indestructible man" and they wished him a Happy New Year.