

L.T.-OLDS. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1962

(L.T. at South Sea Islands, then Antarctica and Europe. Bc. given by Doug Edwards of CBS.)

GOOD EVENING:

A part of the nation's fiftieth state -- Hawaii -- is threatened tonight by a possible major outbreak in the active Kilauea Volcano which is located about twenty-five miles from Hilo, a major city on the Island of Hawaii. James Moore -- a director of the Volcano Observatory -- says the volcano spewed molten lava for several hours today, at times spouting some two hundred feet into the air. Moore also said earth shocks, recorded since last night, indicate that more action can be expected and a major eruption is very possible. The outbreak is occurring in an uninhabited area, but not far from Hilo.

## SKYBOLT

The possibility of a major crisis in British-American relations arose today with reports that the United States may cancel its Skybolt rocket program which Britain has been counting on as a nuclear power deterrent. The report has alarmed members of Prime Minister Macmillan's government, who consider the Skybolt a key to the British-American alliance. The air-launched missile is certain to be an issue when President Kennedy and Macmillan meet in the Bahamas later this month.

## COAL MINE

Rescuers are still digging toward those thirty-seven miners who were trapped by an explosion in a coal mine near Carmichaels, Pennsylvania. A mine official says there is no way of telling whether the men are dead or alive. Rescuers are hopeful, but large pockets of gas are making the rescue operation slow and treacherous.



INTRO. TO L.T.

Lowell Thomas has left the sun-bathed shores of Polynesia behind, but his travels are taking him farther across the Pacific. Where are you now, Lowell?



## NEW ZEALAND #1

### AUCKLAND

I am in New Zealand tonight, Doug. When I flew down from Fiji today, I came in at Auckland over the island where my friend, The Sea Devil, was a prisoner during World War I. If you ever read my biography of Count Felix von Luckner, you may recall that his sailing ship raider was swept on a reef, by a tidal wave, on the South Sea island of Mopelia. I paid an unexpected visit to that coral atoll today. The picturesque Count set forth from there in a long boat, was captured and brought to Auckland. Years later, when he returned, the New Zealanders gave him a hero's welcome treating him like an old friend. The swashbuckling Sea Devil whose World War I adversaries have welcomed him with open arms wherever he goes.

The long flight across the South Pacific

was uneventful, except for the shock of suddenly finding myself in the air, right above the coral atoll where von Luckner's sailing ship, The See Adler, ended its dramatic career. When I wrote about it, I never dreamed that one day I would suddenly, unexpectedly, find myself right above it!

Since leaving Tahiti, I have flown another four thousand miles, by way of Pago Pago, Samoa, and Fiji, to New Zealand. Now, Wellington, where I have just come from a session with a soldier about as colourful as the Sea Devil. His name, General Sir Bernard Fergusson, one of the striking personalities of World War II. In Burma, he was second in command to the legendary Wingate. Fergusson is a Scot with a robust sense of humor - always telling stories, on himself. One involves "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, who wrote a note for Fergusson to take to another American

General in Burma, and who a year or so later presented the Stilwell note to the fighting Scotsman. The note read: "This bird wears an eyeglass and looks like a fool. But I believe he's a fine soldier!"

From "Vinegar Joe", that was the highest praise. Sir Bernard Fergusson is the new Governor-General of New Zealand, and thereby hangs another strange tale. His father also was Governor-General; and, so was his grandfather; and, so was the grandfather of Lady Fergusson. I doubt whether the Kennedy's will ever equal that record.

During World War II, General Hap Arnold, at the suggestion of F.D.R., sent American air support to Wingate and his raiders, in Burma, led by two high voltage young fighter pilots, two pals. Arnold had difficulty deciding who should be the boss, and left it up to them. Their names, Colonel Phil Cochran, and Colonel John Alison, with planes, and gliders to land the British behind the Japanese lines. When Brigadier



Fergusson first encountered them, he thought they were flamboyant, boastful Americans, who talked big and probably couldn't deliver.

The Governor-General told me today of the surprise they gave him. He said they did the impossible, ready to tackle anything - and always did it. He was sure they had saved the lives of at least a thousand of his men who would have died of Phil Cochran and Johnny Alison, and their airmen, had not been there. Then he added: "No matter what differences ever come between our two nations, nothing can ever keep me from being eternally indebted to America for sending us Phil Cochran and Johnny Alison, and their pals".

This new Scottish Governor-General of New Zealand is a British Soldier - pro-consul right out of Rudyard Kipling. If we had worldwide satellite television, I'd like nothing better than to introduce you to Sir Bernard Fergusson, his monocle, his humor, and his charm. So long.

FOLLOW L.T.

So long, Lowell, and we'll hear from you again soon.

## SANTA CLAUS

This is the time of year when many of Santa's "helpers" are out. As in all walks of life, once in a while they too, get into trouble.

In Minneapolis, the Volunteers of America told one of their workers to hand in his beard after police reported that irate parents were claiming that this particular Santa helper ignored little children, sat on the curb smoking fat cigars and doffed his whiskers to munch a candy bar.

Now, if you are one of Santa's helpers -- you just don't do things like that, do you Dick?



## MYNAH

In London, a fowl called an "Indian Hill Mynah", today has the distinction of being Britain's new, champion talking bird. His name is "Harry Boy" and he out-talked ten parrots and nine parakeets to win his title at the National Exhibition of Cagebirds.

It was an exhausting effort, and "Harry Boy" had no comment at all when he was interviewed afterwards by reporters. His owner - Mrs. Dorothy Dineen -- apologized for what she called a "smoker's cough" in her bird, something that apparently was brought on by the London smog. But it didn't seem to slow him down during the contest because he was shouting -- "Oh, what a windy night tonight", all through the competition. The talking by most of the birds was limited to things like "go away" -- and -- "come here, Lulu." But one political-minded parakeet surprised everybody by chirping - "Vive De Gaulle!" The others just yodeled, barked, sneezed, whistled or made noises like tea-kettles, or Dick N<sup>O</sup>el.

Good night -- I'll be back Monday.