

L.T. SUNOCO - DECEMBER 25, 1932.

Good afternoon, Folks:

Even if these are trying times the news from all over the world is full of Christmas cheer. Let's start our news summary with that little town in far off Palestine -- Bethlehem. Well there it's the same story this year as every year, --- throngs of pilgrims gathered at the cradle of Christianity. The N.Y.Herald Tribune tells us that last night the sky was bright over the Judean hills, bright with brilliant starlight, just as it was that night, nineteen centuries ago, when the Savior was born. Last night above the Church of the Nativity blazed a cross, a flame of electric lights in the darkness. Midnight mass was celebrated according to both the Greek and Roman Rites, and the crowded congregation broke into loud hosannas and halleluiahs. Nearby at the Field of the Shepherds a party of Americans of various denominations from Jerusalem, gathered around an open air fire and sang carols.

INTRO - 2

At Rome Pope Pius the Eleventh spoke a message to the world over the radio. He declared a Holy Year for Roman Catholics everywhere. The year beginning with Palm Sunday, April 2nd, 1933, will be a jubilee year dedicated to the celebration of the Nineteenth Centenary of the crucifixion and resurrection.

The Pope expresses the desire that during that period the world shall stop devoting so much attention to conflict and antagonisms, and devote itself to high spirituality, the fraternity of men and other good thoughts.

They are celebrating a Merry Christmas down amid the immense plains and forests of South America, that is, in the Gran Chaco, ~~they~~ That isolated region where bitter fighting has been going on between the armies of Bolivia and Paraguay. There has really been a savage war down there, although no war has been declared. But today all was peace. At the urging of the Pope the hostile forces arranged a Christmas truce. ~~and~~ *And* today the ~~seen~~ sound of guns and the shouts of battle were still, while the fighting men celebrated the Feast of the Nativity.

At Moweagua, Illinois, the folks spent an anxious hard-working Christmas day. There was a mine disaster on Christmas eve, and at last reports crews of rescuers were trying to dig ~~ax~~ their way to fifty-two miners who were buried by a slide of rock, in a **coal** mine. The imprisoned miners are 625 feet below the surface. The rescuers have been fighting desperately. They ran into suffocating mine gas and had to go back. Air pumps cleared the shaft, and once more they started forward. At last reports ~~that~~ they were still digging. ~~but~~

*Here's* ~~==~~ hoping ~~that~~ they ~~will~~ succeed in saving the imprisoned men.

And then there's a pathetic, tragical story from the ~~the~~ outskirts of New York. Two boys left home with packages of food sent by their parents to the Church of the Good Shepherd. The food was to be given to the poor for Christmas dinners. After they had done their errand the boys went sliding on weakened ice. The ice broke and they were left struggling in the bitterly cold water. They tried to cling to the edge of the ice.

An Indian ~~and Indian~~ woman named Princess Naomi, who <sup>has a small</sup> ~~attends~~ <sup>in New York,</sup> ~~to a sort of~~ Indian museum, saw them. She phoned for help and tried to reach them. She threw a ladder on the ice and tried to crawl out, ~~by~~ but the ice gave way and she had to go back.

Fred Ward, and John Myers, whose father-in-law saw the boys, both jumped into the water and tried to crash their way through the ice. Myers became exhausted and Ward pulled him ashore. They had to take Ward to the hospital.

Louis Zucker, a park worker, started across the ice. It cracked and he was barely able to get back to shore. Harry Allen, a member of the Yacht Club, tried to reach them from another side and he nearly lost his life.

By now a crowd had gathered, a crowd of men eager for the rescue. Ambulances from hospitals came up. A policeman went across the ice to the boys, jumped in, and held them up. Men in a boat started pushing forward, breaking their way through the ice with the oars. They could only advance foot by foot. The policeman, Louis Ettlinger, was becoming numb with the cold. He could hold on no longer. Just as the rescue boat approached he lost his hold. The men in the boat ~~grabbed~~ grabbed one of the boys. They threw a rope to the policeman but his hands were too cold, and he could not grasp it. They had to wind a rope around him to get him aboard. The other boy, Red McQuire, sank and ~~six appeared~~ disappeared. There was more ~~heroism~~ heroism packed in those long, dragging minutes than in any story I have seen in a long time.

REINDEER

SINCE  
EVERY CHRISTMAS TIME ~~SINCE~~ I HAVE BEEN ON THE AIR  
I'VE TOLD SOME THING ABOUT THE GREAT <sup>^</sup> ~~TRIP~~ <sup>March</sup> OF THE REINDEER ACROSS  
THE ARCTIC WASTES OF NORTHERN CANADA. THAT TREMENDOUS JOURNEY  
HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

THE HERDS OF GAME HAVE BEEN DECREASING ALONG THE SHORE  
OF THE POLAR SEA, TO THE WEST OF HUDSON BAY. AND THE ESKIMO  
HUNTERS ARE IN DANGER OF STARVING AS THEIR FOOD SUPPLY HAS BEEN  
SLOWLY DIMINUISHING. THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT IS TRYING TO  
HELP THEM, AND THEY THOUGHT OF THE FAMILIAR OLD REINDEER, SANTA  
CLAUS'S CHIEF HELPER. WELL, THE REINDEER HAS ALREADY IMMIGRATED  
TO AMERICA. YEARS AGO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IMPORTED A  
HERD TO WESTERN ALASKA WHERE THEY PROCEEDED TO MULTIPLY RAPIDLY.  
THE ALASKAN REINDEER MAGNATES ARE THE LOMEN BROTHERS, WHO ~~ON~~  
OWN VAST <sup>HERDS</sup> ~~HERDS~~ OF THE ANIMAL.

AND SO WHEN THE CANADIAN AUTHORITIES DECIDED TO  
BRING REINDEER TO THE ESKIMOS WEST OF HUDSON BAY THEY NATURALLY  
APPLIED TO CARL LOMEN, THE REINDEER KING. AND SO IT WAS ARRANGED  
TO SEND A HERD OF REINDEER FROM WESTERN ALASKA ALONG THE SHORE  
OF THE ARCTIC ~~SEA~~ OCEAN -- A THOUSAND MILE TRIP. AND LET ME TELL  
YOU, THAT'S A MIGHTY, MIGHTY STIFF JOURNEY, TO CROSS UNKNOWN

LANDS, <sup>Some</sup> ~~SOME~~ OF THE BLEAKEST AND MOST ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ FORBIDDING  
STRETCHES OF TERRAIN IN THE WHOLE WORLD. THEY KNEW THE  
REINDEER DRIVE WOULD TAKE YEARS, BUT ~~THE~~ ESKIMOS HAD TO BE FED.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

A VETERAN ~~REINDEER~~ DRIVER, A LAPLANDER FROM THE  
HOME OF SANTA CLAUS'S GOOD FRIEND, TOOK <sup>CHARGE</sup> ~~CHARGE~~ OF THE DRIVE.

ON EACH SUCCEEDING CHRISTMAS WE HAVE FOUND THEM FURTHER  
ALONG. THEY HAVE BEEN DRIVING MONTH AFTER MONTH, EXCEPT IN  
SPRINGTIME, WHEN THE REINDEER CALVES ARE BORN. THE HERD HAS  
MULTIPLIED ~~REMARKABLY~~.

AND THE WORD THIS CHRISTMAS IS THAT THEY ARE NEARING  
THEIR GOAL. THE OLD LAPLANDER HAS FACED STORM AND BLIZZARD.  
ONCE HE AND HIS HELPERS WERE ONLY SAVED FROM STARVATION WHEN  
AN AIRPLANE BROUGHT FOOD TO THEM. AND THERE WAS MUTINY  
WHEN THE HARDSHIPS BECAME ALMOST UNENDURABLE. BUT ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~  
THE WORD DRIFTS IN FROM THE WILDS OF ~~NORTHERN~~ CANADA THAT  
THE HERD IS AT LAST NEARING ITS DESTINATION, WHICH MUST  
MAKE IT A MIGHTY MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR THE REINDEER DRIVERS UP  
THERE SOMEWHERE NEAR THE NORTH POLE.

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A  
on



Sir Hubert  
Wilkins.

Dec. 25, 1932.

INTRO TO WILKINS

~~At Christmas time we usually think of snow, reindeer,~~

~~Santa Claus and the place where Santa Claus makes his home~~

~~the North Pole. Outside of old Santa himself,~~ *And talking about reindeer and the North Pole* I suppose the

foremost living authority on the polar regions, both Arctic and Antarctic, is that eminent polar explorer, Sir Hubert Wilkins.

Sir Hubert has traversed the polar regions in wooden ships, with dog teams, on foot, by airplane, and by submarine, *and he wears a beard like Santa Claus — only it isn't white.*

Many folks are wondering what he's up to next. Well, the ambition of his life is to solve the weather problems of the world, and he believes this can best be done by establishing meteorological stations, outposts for studying the weather, in the realm of the North Pole and the regions around the South Pole.

His last journey, of course, was a spectacular expedition he made to the north in his little submarine The Nautilus. Scientists say that it was a great **success**. It was the first time a submarine had ever plunged beneath the polar ice. Sir Hubert learned many things on that expedition, and now, profiting by the experiences of journeying north in the only submarine

he could get at the time, he is ~~now~~ arranging to build a special undersea boat that will be able to travel easily beneath the icepack ~~that~~<sup>that</sup> drifts across the Arctic Seas around the ~~North~~ Pole.

But while he is working on that ambitious plan, he is generously helping two friends who are also Arctic explorers.

At present

He is ~~playing~~<sup>playing</sup> a quiet, inconspicuous part in the Ellsworth Trans-Antarctic Flight Expedition. Those two ~~extremely~~ modest ~~and popular~~ explorers, Lincoln Ellsworth and Bernt Balchen, are getting ready to fly across the Antarctic continent, exploring regions that are still unknown. Sir Hubert Wilkins is ~~now~~ assisting them and preparing to go south on what will be his fifth participation in an Antarctic expedition.

Well, Sir Hubert, the man who has spent so much of his life amid the ice of the polar regions, is helping me to celebrate Christmas. In a few minutes we are going around the corner to see if we can find some turkey. But before we do that, Sir Hubert, would you mind telling us about some Christmas experience you've had? ~~Most of your Christmases have been~~

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FOR CAPTAIN W.

~~Well, Lowell, some of my Christmas <sup>feasting has been done</sup> have been  
spent in Australia, on board ships in the Antarctic Ocean,  
six of them up in the neighborhood of the North Pole, in the  
lines in France during the war, and also in the vicinity of the  
equator.~~

Well Lowell,

~~there~~ there is one Christmas I certainly will never forget. In fact the most adventure that was ever packed in any one day of my whole life befell me on Christmas day twenty years ago.

Two other chaps and I accepted the job of representing Santa Claus, not on the ground, but in a balloon, over London. We inflated the balloon beside a gas tank. Then we climbed into ~~in~~ the basket, and up we went. A cold, strong wind was blowing, and as we swung upward the wind bumped our basket against a high steel structure and almost spilled us out.

The plot of the piece was, that <sup>(one of the other chaps)</sup> one of us, representing Santa, with his heavy load of candies and toys, was to jump -- come down with a parachute, from the clouds. The idea was to

land in Hyde Park. Well, our balloon went up and up to an altitude of five thousand feet. We rose right through the clouds. But the clouds were broken and we could tell where the park was. So suddenly, over the park Santa, with his pack and his parachute, jumped.

(5) Our balloon, relieved of all that weight, shot upward, ~~in fact~~ <sup>and</sup> the basket swung violently. We grabbed the cord to release <sup>some</sup> gas so we could come down. But the cord fouled on a lanyard, and we were unable to let out any gas. So up and up we shot to an altitude of sixteen thousand feet. On Christmas day it is mighty cold at sixteen thousand feet. We were almost frozen to death.

At that altitude we drifted across England, to the sea, then back to land again. All we could do was wait for the gas to escape slowly. There was no other way for us to get down.

We stayed up all day, and finally, during the night we came down and hit the ground with a bump. Over fields and across hedges that gas bag dragged us. Our basket caught in trees and ditches. Finally, our clothes torn to ribbons, our

bodies scratched and bleeding from head to foot, we managed to anchor the balloon.

What had happened to Santa Claus? <sup>What had happened to</sup> the chap who had jumped out a mile in the air, over London, with the candy and toys on his back? He landed in London, <sup>in Hyde Park.</sup> But because of the high wind and his awkward load, he landed ~~in Hyde Park~~ <sup>on</sup> his head! He was carried to a hospital. But the children of London got their presents.

--o--

Well, Sir Hubert, that sure was a hair raiser, and....by the way...

GIFTS

~~by the way~~ I ran across some ~~mighty fine~~ <sup>today</sup> Christmas wisdom <sup>today</sup>  
<sup>an old associate of yours,</sup>  
~~today~~ in an article by Sir Philip Gibbs. It is printed in  
Mrs. Meloney's <sup>Sunday Magazine</sup>, My friend Sir  
~~the magazine of the~~ New York Herald-Tribune, ~~He makes some~~  
Philip reminds us that ~~wise reflections about the Christmas spirit and how we need~~

cheer in our hearts more than material wealth. ~~or possessions.~~

~~Sir Philip Gibbs~~ <sup>He</sup> points out that when you get down  
to rock bottom, you don't have to have so very much to live  
and be happy.

"Most of us eat too much," he says. "A man's clothes  
need not cost an awful lot. An old pair of pants and a shirt  
open at the neck may be an excellent costume for a fellow who  
wears a laugh ~~on~~ in his eyes. It's a queer thing that some men  
and women have actually made themselves poor in order to find  
happiness. One of them was a young man named Francis, son of  
a rich merchant. He had been a gay spark, a dandy, proud of  
his fine clothes. Then one day he took off these things and  
exchanged them for a beggar's rags. Of course everybody thought  
he was mad. But he went around among the poor and sick and was  
always merry. He had a good voice, and he was always singing.

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He had a great gift of laughter and laughed most of all when there was very little food in his stomach and when he had to sleep on the bare earth. He was never cold -- because of some inner fire of love. He was an Italian from a town called Assisi."

Well, that does provide a thought. For most of us, Christmas is the day when trifles make us happy. There is more joy on Christmas in the gift of a necktie or a half dozen handkerchiefs than things much more substantial on another day. Maybe this Christmas spirit is something like the happiness that glowed in St. Francis of Assisi, who found the greatest cheer and joy in the smallest of possessions.

In these eastern American States the weather has scarcely  
been Christmas-like. -- <sup>On the contrary it has been</sup> warm and balmy, with the snow melting  
rapidly.

\_\_\_\_\_ o \_\_\_\_\_  
President Hoover is on a fishing trip. <sup>Where he went they</sup> ~~He~~ told him

the fish ~~would~~ bite ~~as~~ like tigers, but somebody must have made  
a mistake. They <sup>didn't</sup> ~~were not~~ bite ~~at~~ at all. So, instead of a fish  
course for his Christmas dinner, the President had an oyster  
fry.

2

And even in Russia Christmas was celebrated -- not officially, of course. The Soviet government is opposed to all ~~xxx~~ religious festivals and the atheistic Communists have been conducting ~~xx~~ a special campaign against Christmas.

In fact

Santa Claus was banished from the country as a counter-revolutionary.

Just the same, plenty of people, specially ~~the~~ Americans, celebrated Yuletide today with the old familiar spirit.

And then there's another odd development that's quite in keeping with ~~the~~ Christmas ~~spirit~~. The New York Herald-Tribune today prints a story that the widow of Lenin has come out in favor of fairy tales. Such matters as Jack and the Beanstalk, and Cinderella have hitherto been considered much too frivolous for the serious-minds of Soviet children. All these charming and imaginative matters have been banished from the scheme of Communist education. But now a few doubts seem to have crept into the solemn souls of the Bolshevists. And Lenin's widow has come out with a defense of fairy tales. <sup>The N.Y. H. Trib. tells</sup> ~~^~~

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us she is the Assistant Commissar of Public Education, which gives her a voice of authority and, more than that, she is the widow

of the man who founded Bolshevism, and who is worshipped almost as a saint in the Soviet Republic. She declares that the little ones in Russia have been getting too much serious dry-dust stuff about tractors and electrification and five-year plans and Communization. *She says* ~~and~~ they are bored stiff. She declares it is time to go back to older methods of instructing children. She thinks that what the youngsters need and what they certainly would enjoy is something with a touch of fancy -- like Goldilocks and the Three Bears. Well, you never can tell.

After the Communist wizards have accepted Goldilocks and the Three Bears they ~~will~~ <sup>then</sup> may have to admit Santa Claus.

*And then you may hear Ivan the Bolshevick say just what I am saying now -- Merry X'mas, and  
solong -- until next time.*