

L.T.-OLDS. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1962

(L.T. on South Sea Islands, Antarctica, Asia,  
Europe trip. Bc. given by Doug Edwards of CBS.)

GOOD EVENING:

The Moscow Radio, commenting tonight on the agreement between President Kennedy and Prime Minister Macmillan on sharing the Polaris missile as a nuclear deterrent, said that the United States and Britain are again "heating up the nuclear arms campaign." The broadcast said the result of the talks in Nassau are "all the more gloomy because they do not strengthen the atmosphere of optimism which prevailed in the world after the Cuban crisis." After President Kennedy and Macmillan reached their agreement to substitute the Polaris for the Skybolt missile. The President also offered France Polaris missiles on similar terms.

CUBA

"All goes well up to this moment." That's the word tonight from an informed source in Havana where New York attorney James Donovan is still negotiating with Cuban leaders for the release of more than eleven hundred invasion prisoners before Christmas.

## CUBA-STUDENTS

A bus-load of American students is scheduled to leave New York for Toronto, Canada, tomorrow on the first leg of a roundabout trip to Cuba where they have been promised an all-expenses-paid Christmas vacation. Promoters for the holiday trip say between forty-five and seventy college students still make the trip.

From Toronto, they will fly to Havana Sunday aboard a Cuban plane. According to a spokesman for the group, the excursion is being paid for by the Cuban University Students Federation, which is controlled by the Castro regime. A group of University of Buffalo students, who had planned to join the vacationers, recently cancelled their plans after the State Department warned of possible fines and prison terms for unauthorized travelers to Cuba.

INTRO. TO L.T.

I suppose that the first thing the South Pole means to most people, is ice -- and snow -- and frigid cold. With the thermometer plunging to unbelievable lows. And that's a correct impression -- according to Lowell Thomas.

SOUTH POLE #3

Hello Doug, good evening everybody:

In my last report I described this South Pole Village where twenty-two scientists and Navy men, actually live, all year round, down in the ice. No buildings on the surface. But these young men, and they are all young, of course don't stay below the surface all the time. One of them did tell me that he often would not leave the tunnels for two or three weeks at a stretch.

Bob Jones, a seabee, has been telling me of working on the surface when it was so cold that you wouldn't think it possible for men to stay out for more than a few minutes. He spoke of working at seventy below, for five hours. Two of his fellow seabees, Jack Kennie and Jim Dekeyser, spoke up and said they had done some surveying on the South Pole airstrip at one hundred and four below, working at

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that fantastic temperature, until their transit froze up. I believe the lowest they've recorded right here at the Pole is - one hundred and forty-five!

When we flew in from McMurdo, they were all out to welcome us. Of course they all wanted to meet General Jimmy Doolittle, the world's most famous aviator - for he is a favorite no matter where he goes in the world. Also, they wanted to greet the only Cabinet member ever to come to the South Pole, Secretary of Commerce, Luther Hodges, senior member of the President's Cabinet.

Although they jokingly call this a heat wave - only forty below - it is cold enough that you have to wear your Antarctic clothes, and the fur trimmed hoods of parkas that cover faces so you can't tell an Admiral from a Seabee. Also it's too cold even to take off your fur gloves and shake hands. If the wind blows -

and it usually does - no one can hear you even say "hello".

When you get down in the tunnels, you find life is quite informal. Here in the ice you have the feeling that no one outranks anyone else.

One of the scientists has just given me a small bottle of water, to take home, as a souvenir, water that is older than our country. How come? Well, down in these tunnels, the walls don't look like ice, and they are not. They are layers of wind-blown snow, so packed that the texture is changed and it looks like neither ice nor snow. It looks more like white limestone. The men who study glaciers can tell the age of these layers, and the one melted a bit for me, was from a layer two hundred years old.

So long.

FOLLOW I.T.

Let's see, now, Lowell. Temperature - one hundred and forty-five below zero. Snow -- that looks like - what limestone. Water -- older than the United States. Well, Lowell, surprises will never end -- at the world's end -- the South Pole.



BARDOT

Right on the heels of the Mona Lisa, another famous French female will soon make her first voyage to the United States. She's Brigitte Bardot, who, by the way, is as celebrated in Paris as the painting. Miss Bardot -- whose main claim to fame is certainly not her smile -- will travel to New York next February for personal appearances in connection with her newest film. Until now, she has firmly refused all offers to either work, or appear, in the United States.

And now for a personal radio appearance by Dick Noel.

## HORSE

Well, Dick, here's an animal story about a horse -- one of the more touching kind. Over in Cranham, England, Mrs. Beaumont Drake thought it would be only natural to bring her sick horse -- "Boy" -- into her house until he got well. She said that although people thought her action a little unusual, she went ahead anyway and covered the living room floor with straw, then led the horse in through the French windows and bedded him down.

Several hours later, Mrs. Drake said, the horse was so much better that he ate a plate of cookies and a vaseful of flowers before she put him out of the house. But "Boy" had grown fond of the "great indoors", and the next night he was back at the front door, demanding to be let in again for the night. When Mrs. Drake refused, the horse bit off the door handle and tried to kick the door down. She said she finally got him to go back to his stall by giving him a cup of tea -- spiked with beer.

Good night -- and I'll be back Christmas Eve.