

Hugh Gibson & L.T. - Sunoco. Monday, July ~~7~~⁵, 1943.

(~~IN CASE L.T. COMES IN:)~~

6 GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Tonight we are promised that at least part of this program will be broadcast from Santiago de Chile. Yes, Lowell Thomas is there, primed with stories of what he has seen in the Americas below the Equator, and especially his interesting trip across the ^{mighty} Andes. So what you'll hear from ^{me} ~~him~~ ^{today} will be not much more than bulletins of the news of the world.

INVASION FOLLOW INTRODUCTION

If you're listening in,
~~if you're listening in~~ Lowell, it may stimulate
you to hear that British troops landed on Crete last
night. It was not an invasion in force, because they
walked right in, did a lot of damage, turned ~~right~~ around
and walked right out again. They ~~withdrew~~ ^{got away} without any
losses.

Evidently it was a commando raid, and the
official communique reports that only small forces were
employed. Everything went off as planned. The landing
party destroyed a number of enemy planes on the ground,
burned up a large quantity of gasoline, and, says the
communique, "all patrols withdrew safely."

The British high command took precautions to
prevent the people of Crete from raising their hopes
too much. The B.B.C. broadcast a warning that this was
not a real invasion and ~~the~~ ^{that} Cretans should take no part
~~that would~~ ^{nor} lay themselves open to bloody reprisals from
the Germans.

Military officers in London said the idea of the raid was probably more to obtain information for future operations than any real action. At the same time, these commando methods are more ^{destructive} ~~effective~~ than bombing and strafing from aloft.

The important ^{point} ~~thing~~ is that the British forces were able to land at all and get away safely. It has been widely advertised that the defenses which the Nazis have erected in Crete are of the strongest and most elaborate in all the southern European theatre.

PACIFIC

Here is the main news from the Pacific. A squadron of American men-o-war carried out a daredevil raid into the ~~side~~^{breaching center} of the Jap bases in the central Solomons. They took the enemy by complete surprise and apparently met with no defense. It was the second time in a day and a half that a United States naval force went into action in the New Georgia Island waters. It was only Saturday that a squadron defeated seven Jap warships which tried to shell our men on Rendova Island.

In the latest raid, they bombarded Vila and Viroko. Those are the Jap bases which support Munda. Correspondents report that the Japs at Munda are in an extremely shaky position. In fact, it looks as though it would not be long before Munda falls to our forces. Already the Japs there are almost isolated.

We hold the islands next door to Rendova.

Admiral Halsey reports that the situation of the

Americans at Viru, captured last week, is very
satisfactory.

Up to Sunday, the latest United States offensive has resulted in the destruction of no fewer than a hundred and sixty enemy planes. Allied losses have been small in comparison. Admiral Halsey also reports that our ships have bagged at least eight, and probably nine, Japanese midget submarines in the Solomons area.

RUSSIA

The war in Russia has come to ^{life} ~~light~~ again after a lull of a hundred and one days. The Germans ~~have~~ began the long expected offensive. They attacked on a front of a hundred and sixty miles between Orel and Belgorod. They did not get anywhere, so Moscow says, because a powerful Red army was ready to meet them and fought them off. The Germans attacked with large concentrations of tanks and infantry, under a covering umbrella of planes. Moscow claims the Germans lost five hundred and eighty-six tanks and two hundred and three planes.

SIKORSKI

From London we learn that a committee representing the Polish Government is leaving for Gibraltar to investigate the airplane crash that resulted in the death of the Polish Prime Minister, General Sikorski, his daughter, and fifteen other people. General Sikorski, who has had a long and distinguished career, not only headed the Cabinet, but was Commander-in-Chief of the Polish Military forces, and his death, which is a serious blow to the Polish Government in exile, will entail drastic reorganization.

Among those killed was a dear friend of mine, Colonel Victor Cazalet, who, since Nineteen Forty has served as liaison officer between the British and Polish governments. He distinguished himself in the last war, was British squash racquets champion for four years, and has sat in the House of Commons since Nineteen Twenty-four. A fine public servant and an understanding friend of this country.

WALLACE-JONES

There was another flare-up of that feud between Vice-President Henry Wallace and Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones. Jones was pitching today. He threw at the head of the Vice-President the accusation that he had been guilty of malice, innuendo, half-truths and no truths at all. He denied bitterly that his Reconstruction Finance Corporation had done anything to hamper the war effort. The blame, rather, should lie at the doorstep of Wallace's Board of Economic Warfare. He went on to apply to the Board of Economic Warfare such choice epithets as incompetent, hysterical, noisy. He described it as a money-squandering organization. ~~Jones then said that it~~ which has not done the job for which it was organized. And he declared that Wallace did not know what he was talking about.

1/2 And now to Lowell Thomas in Santiago de Chile.

L.T. SUNOCO - July 5, 1943

FROM SANTIAGO DE CHILE

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:-

I should be talking about Chile tonight, for that is where I am. But, for a few minutes I will interrupt Mr. Hugh Gibson and make a few remarks about the Argentine. I had planned to get through to you last Friday night. I had just left Brazil, and landed in Buenos Aires, capital of Argentina. And I was going to talk about Brazil. But, I ran into a revolution. That is, I found Argentina technically in a state of seige. And the new military government's new censor didn't care a hoot whether a broadcast got through to North America or not.

We "Norte- Americanos" were none too popular with the recent Castillo government, and maybe we are equally unpopular with the new revolutionary regime of the "Eight Army Colonels." The Colonels who, the other

day kicked President Castillo and his colleagues right into the River Platte with their comic opera revolt -- which may have anything but comic opera consequences. Some South Americans are saying that it may be the forerunner of a South American war or series of wars. If so, Uncle Sam, you and I, will be blamed. More about that in a moment.

To get back to that Argentine censor in Buenos Aires -- I have just flown the Andes, and now can speak freely about the Buenos Aires censor. What happened was this. When I arrived in Argentina, from Brazil, last Friday, I was told that everything I intended to say must first be put into Spanish and passed by the new military censor. (Incidentally, they have asked nothing like that from me here in Chile. They haven't even asked me what I am going to speak about.) But, by the time I had the translation ready, the censor had made up his mind that tomorrow would do just as well. He had gone home.

A group of Argentine journalists were waiting in the radio studio, waiting to hear me broadcast. And they expressed the opinion that their new government was still unorganized; that it hasn't yet shown that it knows what to do, how to do it, or what direction to take.

At any rate, as a result of that incident, I am skipping Brazil, until I get home. Let's talk about this Argentine revolution.

It probably is the most important development in South America in quite a long time. And it directly concerns this World War which we so badly want to win. And in several ways we North Americans are closely involved in what is happening in Argentina. I have talked to the leaders of the revolution, and to many others.

On Saturday, the day before yesterday, even if it was only a half day, I managed to cover considerable ground: a visit with an old friend, Ambassador Norman Armour, and members of his staff; and then, to

the surprise of journalists, and others -- maybe it was because of that censor incident the night before which had been written up in the morning papers -- I was told that I was to have the first audience granted to any visiting journalist, with the new President, And in addition to talking to General Pedro Paul Ramirez, I also met the new Vice-President, Vice Admiral Sava Sueyro; and a priest with an Anglo-Saxon name who has great influence with this new military group. His name is Father Wilkinson. He doesn't speak a word of English, but his grandfather came from the U.S.A., and he hopes some day to go there and visit his relatives. I hope he does. He has an expansive personality, just the sort to help improve friendly relations; he will be our "Ambassador Armour" in the superb work that he has done.

Nevertheless, when I left Buenos Aires early yesterday morning, to fly over the Andes, I felt puzzled

and dissatisfied with what I had failed to accomplish. Our own Embassy people, the heads of the Argentine Government, journalists (of the United Press and New York Herald Tribune), American airmen -- none had explained the enigma. None could tell me much about the new government. And now I was in the plane, about to cross the Andes into Chile.

Then fate interfered -- and I believe in a fortunate way. Bad weather over the Andes drove us down right in the middle of Argentine -- at an ideal place, Cordoba, one of the oldest cities in South America, site of the second oldest South American university, next to San Marcos of Lima, Peru.

Fourth of July in mid-winter. And I was alone in the middle of Argentina, with an icy rain pouring down on Cordoba. The Pan American Grace aviators all went to bed. I decided to try and stir up something.

Although in a city of 350,000 people, I could

find no American Consul, so I did the traditional thing. I called the British Consul -- for thirty years a banker in Cordoba. He in turn phoned Don Exiquial Feiken, Ford distributor for Argentina. Don Exiquial said, "Oh, there was one American there -- a professor who had just arrived a few days before to lecture at the Instituto Cultural -- from New York City."

In the end we rounded up a party of twelve: Professor Robert Snyder of New York; four pilots and radio men of Pan American Grace; Don Carlos Allane and his tiny brilliant wife, one of the few women medical doctors in the country, who had studied at Johns Hopkins; a mining engineer and his lady, from Bolivia; and the British consul came along. Oh yes, and Don Exiquial, who insisted upon being the host, with great difficulty found one American flag in Cordoba with which to decorate the table, along with the Argentine flag.

As for food -- they haven't heard about the war when it comes to that. Both in Buenos Aires and Cordoba I ate all the steak I could, knowing that from now on I'll not see so much of it.

Then for hours we talked about the war, and the world, and Argentina. And I learned much more about the recent change of government; of how the Castillo regime fell because it was pro-Axis and because the Army leaders saw the other countries around them cooperating with the Allies and in return getting modern weapons -- particularly Brazil. Brazil, that hurts. For Brazil has given us that great string of air bases which lead us to Africa, and which enabled us to defeat Rommel.

The Army leaders in Argentina, through General Ramirez, who was then Castillo's War Minister, demanded that Castillo do something. When he didn't, in marched the Army, and out went Castillo.

Ramirez and the other military men with him immediately tried to appease the long displeased United Nations by stopping the Nazis and Japs from communicating with their home countries in code; stopping them from using Argentina as their main communications base. In return, so I heard on all sides in Argentina, they hoped to get some of our lend-lease generosity and weapons.

Not getting an immediate response from Uncle Sam, they now are already showing some anxiety. In fact, well-informed observers feel that the present regime should be considered as a temporary military "Junta," headed by men inexperienced in politics, opportunists who may or may not make a go of it. One Argentine observer of high repute described it all as "a clear mystery." Apparently it is not a government that represents the will of the people, because the people have not yet had an opportunity to find out what the

present government has in mind. The problem of Argentina is a difficult one, and we in North America should not be too quick in our judgment. She has been neutral with pro-Axis leanings. The vital war supplies that we have desperately needed, we have been able to get from Argentina's neighbors. And there hasn't been enough shipping left over to enable us to trade with the people of that country, buying her delicious meat and her grain.

Now Argentina sees her neighbors growing stronger and stronger, so you can't blame her for feeling uneasy. As one Argentine scholar put it: "The world today is divided into two parts: on one side dignity, freedom and liberty; on the other side Dictators and slaves." He told me to say to my countrymen that even if Argentina has a temporary military regime, the people of Argentina want to be on the side of the former. And in so saying, he gave

me a curious souvenir to take home. It is a small whip, such as the Gauchos used years ago. He says that Argentina, during a long period of her history, had been ruled by the whip, but that she was passing that stage, and no longer would stand for that type of regime.

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