

L.T. - SUNOCO. FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1939.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

I am broadcasting tonight from the top of New Hampshire, the eastern side of Mount Washington. A special Western Union wire direct to me here in the Eastern Slope Inn, at North Conway, has been relaying news dispatches to me all afternoon from United Press Correspondents in every part of the world, flashing them to me here just as quickly as I could get them at my regular office in Radio City. Before I briefly explain why I am up here at Mount Washington, at the Eastern Slope, let's take a look at the big stories in the world's news tonight.

The first one is a thriller from Spain.

SPAIN

For over two and a half years Madrid has been a beleaguered city - time and again blasted and bombarded, a tragic example of a modern metropolis ravaged by modern war. Surely Madrid has had enough, but today the capital of Spain had the worst of all - the rage of battle in the heart of the city, the thunder of guns crashing through its streets - horror, terror, hundreds of thousands of people hiding in nameless fright. For (the Communist revolt in Left Wing Spain was at its greatest fury today.)

No matter how much the moderate defense junta has been claiming that the outbreak of the Stalinist reds had been suppressed - the Communist rebellion is in its greatest fury. (The defense junta announced today that fourteen thousand of the Red extremists have been captured. Hundreds of executions reported. Communist strongholds stormed.) Yet the Red flame seems to spring up in one place after another - in Madrid, and throughout the Madrid-Valencia area. We learn today that the Communists have possession of that tall structure which dominates the vista of the Spanish capital, the American Telephone building. The Reds are holding that skyscraper, shooting from the windows, fighting it out. They're in control of

other strongholds in the city, with the forces of the defense junta attacking them - streams of bullets, crashing shells, while airplanes aloft bomb the Communists. But the Communists tonight seem to be getting control. The civil population is in hiding. Hunger is stalking in Madrid - the food supply broken down. Clouds of smoke are rising all over the city. The people of Madrid have learned to endure the horror of war, but now that horror is greater than any they have known before.

And outside the city the Franco army is waiting in its lines, massed and mobilized for attack. Franco has been letting his enemies destroy each other. But now it looks as though Madrid - the whole city, will go up in flames unless Franco hurries and captures the city. And he'll have to hurry.

SLOVAKIA

In cities of Slovakia shouts were raised this afternoon - "We want to join Germany!" That's the latest in the quarrel between the two elements in Czechoslovakia O Czechs versus Slovaks. The Prague government ousted the Slovak cabinet because of its moves to break away from the Czechoslovak state. Martial law clamped on! Czech troops on guard everywhere! The Slovak leader fled to Germany, after making the statement that Hitler is protecting Slovakia. This swiftly followed by mob demonstrations and shouts - "We want to join Germany!"

HARVEY GIBSON

I am broadcasting from the White Mountains tonight because I came up here for a birthday party. And the man who is having the birthday is known all over North America. In other parts of the world as well. His story is a typical one in this land of opportunity. And may there never be a day when it is no longer possible for a youngster to go out from a New Hampshire village, make his own way in the world, amass a fortune, and then come back to that same little town to live and do things as this man has done. In a few sentences here is his story:-

Fifty-seven years ago there was a certain James L. Gibson, who ran a lumber yard here in North Conway. That year a son arrived at his house. When he was old enough he went to Freyberg Academy, near here, where Daniel Webster was headmaster. And like a good New Englander he went to Bowdoin College, in Maine. After that, also like a thrifty New Englander, he went into banking. And now he is one of the top ranking bankers of the world, head of the great Manufacturers Trust Co., in New York, and a leader in civic and national affairs.

A year ago he came back to his little native town of

Gilsson.
Mar. 10, 1939.
Banker.

North Conway, up here near Mount Washington, and now is transforming it into one of the principal Winter Sports centers of the world: the Eastern Slope Inn, and endless ski-mobile railway up nearby Cranmore Mountain; ski tows; new open slopes and trails, and so on. And the name of the man born here fifty-seven years ago who has now returned a famous man, returned to live in his little native town and do all these things for it? His name is Harvey Gibson. A lot of us are here for his Fifty-Seventh birthday party. Why did you ever become a New York banker, Mr. Gibson? Why didn't you stay right here in this perfect spot?

HARVEY GIBSON: That's easy, Lowell. Banking seemed like the easiest job in the world. That's why I went into it. And it left me with so much extra, unused energy, that now at the age of fifty-seven I've gone in for Winter Sports!

L.T.: So that was the way it was? But now let's get back to the world's news.

HORSE. Here's one that will interest Mr. + Mrs. Harvey Libson, who are keen about horses. His MAJESTY, King George the sixth, as a horseman, seems to have

the traditional spirit of the turf. You know the odd turns ^{of} choice ^{the} hunch ^{as} that often go into the naming of each horse. Well,

back in nineteen eighteen, WORLD WAR DAYS, air raids were the prevailing topic and terror of England. So some racing man named his hopeful thoroughbred-AIR RAID. And Lo and Behold, AIR RAID that year won the Cesarwitch Stakes, one of England's greatest horse races. This year Sky Warfare and **air** defense are once more foremost in the British mind. King George has a filly foal of whom the royal turfman expects many a winning performance. The foal is by Truculent out of POLISH AIR, and the King has named it - Air Raid.

Handwritten scribbles on the left margin.

RELIEF

The President will insist on that hundred and fifty million dollar of extra money for relief. That's the sum which congressional economy cut out of the Emergency Relief Bill, the sum which the President demanded right back again as an extra appropriation. It has been rumored that he might compromise on a smaller figure, but today after a congressional conference at the White House Representative Woodrum of Virginia said that the President would renew his request for a hundred and fifty millions. We are told that Democratic Committeemen of the House of Representatives informed the President that W.P.A. troubles were hurting Democratic chances for Nineteen Forty, those charges that the W.P.A. has been dabbling in politics.

HANNES SCHNEIDER

An announcement for skiers of America has just come over the wire from New York. Funds are being raised to send an American Ski team to the World's Championships in Norway next year. All ski fans will want to help on that.

Remember that old remark we used to hear once in a while? It went like this: You have just had the honor of shaking the hand that once shook the hand of John L. Sullivan. Well, from now on I've got at least one claim to fame. When anyone goes skiing with me they can proudly say from then on: "I've just skied with the man who once skied with Hannes Schneider!

In the world of skiing, in this country and elsewhere, the Number One Man, the Old Maestro himself, is Hannes Schneider, father of the Arlberg method of skiing. The man who has taught more skiers almost than all other ski teachers put together. To go on a ski jaunt alone with Hannes Schneider is the ne plus ultra or something of skiing. Although I'll probably go right on taking as many bad spills as ever. But this afternoon I ascended Cranmore Mountain four times, and came down it four times with Hannes Schneider, who as all skiers know has recently transferred his royal

Schneider.

Mar. 10,

1939.

ski court from the Arlberg in Austria, to the Eastern Slope,
here at North Conway, near Mount Washington. Yes, brought here
by Harvey Gibson. He hasn't learned to speak much English yet,
having been here only three weeks. What were the first sentences
you learned Hannes Schneider?

FOR L.T. AFTER HANNES SCHNEIDER

Sitting around me are hundreds of people from this Mount Washington region, as well as a lot of skiers from Boston, New York and so on. But sitting right around me are a group of young Austrians, star instructors from the old Hannes Schneider Ski School on the Arlberg; Benno Rybiska, the stylist; Tony Matt, the racer; Franz Koessler, Otto Tschol, Herbert Schneider, the son of Hannes Schneider; Bob Morrill and Bob Emerson. But wait a minute, Emerson doesn't sound Austrian. No Bob, is a New Hampshire lad who is now a crack Hannes Schneider instructor. And there are others. They are all sitting around me here on the floor. I'll ask Benno Rybiska to say three words for all of them. How about it Benno?

FOR RYBISKA: Since this is Mr. Harvey Gibson's birthday all I'd like to say is: long life to Papa Gibson!

(everybody shout: Yea!)

OLD LADY

Here's a news item just in from the middle west that may interest Hannes Schneider and his lads here:

In Chicago today Mrs. Anna Schmidt faced a court of justice. The charge against her - disorderly conduct. As the case proceeded, the courtroom was in tears, dozens actually weeping. Mrs. Anna Schmidt came over to this country from Austria, and lived happily for many a long year. Sixteen years ago her husband died, and left her a house - their home. Not so long ago, she lost the house - a foreclosed mortgage. She had no money. She tried to get a job, but who would give a job to a frail little woman of eighty-one? She sold her furniture, bit by bit - to keep alive. She sold her last chair, yesterday; and then had nothing more - not a stick of furniture, not a penny.

So yesterday Mrs. Anna Schmidt was standing on a bridge, looking down into the Chicago River - where the ice was drifting slowly. Then suddenly the little old Austrian woman began to climb, climbing over the rail. A policeman saw her and understood. He made a dash and grabbed her just as she was about to jump.

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"Why can't you let me go?"

That's the story which today melted the courtroom into tears.

Among the spectators was a well dressed, middle-aged woman who arose and addressed the judge... "I'll take care of her," she said. Mrs. Charles Whitehurst told the court that she'll soon be going to Europe, and she said she'd be glad to take Mrs. Anna Schmidt with her. And then together they'll visit the little old lady's only living child, a daughter now in Hungary.

And that is what brought smiles and laughter to the Chicago Courtroom, that had been in tears.

Value.

Mar. 107
1,439.

INTRO. TO COL. VALUE

L.T.: You would think that the engineers at the World's Fair would be mighty busy out on Long Island these days. But evidently they are all through with their work there. At any rate I encountered one of them up here at the Eastern Slope this afternoon, Colonel Burnside Value, head engineer in charge of transportation for The World's Fair. Colonel, why aren't you in New York getting things ready for the World of Tomorrow?

COL. VALUE: Just because I'm up here having a look at North Conway's Winter Sports World of Tomorrow!

L.T.: That's that, so let's see what else is going on in the World of today -- Here's one that may interest an engineer -

Col. Value:

PITT.

Pittsburgh's skyscraping Cathedral of learning staged some rowdy scenes today that were hardly appropriate either to a Cathedral or to learning. Mobs of students charged through the Academic halls of the University of Pittsburgh, singing, shouting, fighting - a pandemonium of protest. ~~They were~~ demonstrating against the new football policy at Pitt, the deemphasising program that led to the resignation of DR. JOCK SUTHERLAND. [#] The pigs-kicking worshippers shouted against Chancellor ^{John} ~~John G.~~ Bowman and University Business Manager ^{John} ~~John~~ Weber whom they jeered as Big John and Little John. On the campus they held a funeral service, with a cracked bugle blowing taps, a requiem over - the corpse of Pitt football.

[#] The University has some thirty-eight hundred students, and about six hundred of these seem to have caused the trouble, most of them from the dental and engineering schools - embattled dentists and engineers. They tried to keep the other students from attending classes. They roared and stormed through the corridors so loudly that some of the classes had to quit. In others, they tried to pull the students out, and that led to a lot of fighting. There was a lively brawl in the organic chemistry class. In one instance an instructor took off

his glasses and did battle with the invading disturbers. He and his
pupils barricaded the door, and went on with the ⁱⁿ ^R study. Police
patrol cars took up positions on the campus, and the cops labored
mightily to break up fist fights and raucous rioting.

As ^a University, Pitt today was a battlefield for football. The
Cathedral of learning was anything but a Cathedral and anything but
learning.

9 closing until Monday

SHOES.

Missouri is noted for it's gentlemen-and gentlemen always come to the defense ladies. That's what chivalrous manhood of Missouri is doing right now, and more. Coming to the defense of the ladies' toes. What could be more delicate than a lady's toes?-they might get stepped on, they might get corns, or they might get chilly- thereby giving the lady a cold. This last peril is what brings the gentlemen of Missouri to the rescue; chilly femine toes producing a cold in head.

38 1/2
A bill has been entered in the MISSOURI legislature to forbid the sale of those fashionable open toed shoes-excepting ⁱⁿ the summertime. Today, REPRESENTATIVE RANDALL SMART, the sponsor of the SMART bill explained the proposed ban on the open toe fashion. "Our women are catching cold because of these abbreviated shoes," he proclaimed, "and we want our women healthy."

Spoken like a MISSOURI gentleman, or as the old toast used to ring out-the ladies, God bless them, especially their toes! And

59
solong until Monday.