

L.T.-OLDS. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1962

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

GOOD EVENING :

Thank you Dick. We had expected Lowell Thomas back tonight, in person, broadcasting from Hawaii. But actually, he's thawing out from his trip to the South Pole and will be for a couple of more days, although again tonight he sends along another exceedingly interesting report, which we'll hear later on.

CUBA

There's still no word from Havana as to whether the freighter, "African Pilot", has left on its fourteen hour trip to Port Everglades, Florida, with about one thousand relatives of Cuban invasion prisoners aboard. The ship had been expected to sail by nightfall, and the American Red Cross is making extensive preparations to received the relatives on their scheduled arrival in Miami tomorrow. A big welcoming ceremony is being planned at Dinner-Key auditorium where the prisoners, themselves, were greeted when they were brought in by an airlift earlier this week.

TRAIN

A London-bound passenger train ploughed into the rear of another train, also loaded with holiday passengers, near Crewe, England, today and at least seventeen persons were reported killed and another sixty injured. Many others are reported trapped in a telescoped car on one of the trains, and the death toll may go higher.

BERLIN

In Berlin, eight East Germans, riding an armor-plated bus, have smashed their way to West Berlin through three steel border barriers and, under a hail of machine gun fire. Only one member of the group of two couples and their four children was injured as the bus went pounding through the East German checkpoint on a highway leading to Berlin.

INTRO. TO L.T.

Lowell Thomas, as you know, has left the South Pole and he's covering ground, and water, so fast, it's becoming hard to keep up with him. Lowell, where are you tonight?

AUSTRALIA

Hello Doug, Good Evening Everybody:

I am in Sydney, Australia, tonight, after a flight of more than five thousand miles from the South Pole; making it in three stages; nine hundred miles from the Pole to the Ross Sea; two thousand, two hundred miles north to New Zealand, and then another two thousand from Christchurch and Wellington, across the Tasman Sea to what as you know, is one of the most beautiful seaports in the world. And I arrived at a dramatic moment.

It was only a few weeks ago that Australia sent her yacht "Gretel" to Newport, Rhode Island, to race "The Wetherby" for the America's Cup. Now, for the first time in history, an American yacht has arrived to take part in the most famous yacht race in this part of the world, the Sydney-Hobart Race, down the coast of Australia to Tasmania. You have

all seen pictures of the narrow entrance to the fabulous Sydney harbor; a narrow entrance with great cliffs on either side, "The Heads".

Along with some tens of thousands of Australians, I drove out to one of the Heads and watched the American yacht "Ondine" as she came in; a fifty-seven foot aluminium yawl, with her skipper-owner, Sumner Long on board, with a crew of five.

Tonight I had dinner with one of the best known Australian yachtsmen, at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron Club House, and he told me how for years they had been trying to get Americans to enter this Australian classic, the Sydney-Hobart Race, which is always on "Boxing Day", the day after Christmas. He tells me the American yachtsmen never even replied. Then some one had an inspiration. "This time", said my Australian host, "we sent word as follows: "We

know why you Yanks don't accept our invitation - -
it's because you know we can lick you every time!".
Then he added : "You Yanks like a challenge, and it
worked".

Sumner Long, nicknamed "Huey", owner of the
most successful racing yacht in America, said he'd be
here. In fact, he went far beyond that, and said
he'd give us the day and the hour and the minute when
he would arrive! Which he proceeded to do.

In this fifty-seven foot yawl, this American
crew sailed from Long Island, down along the Atlantic
coast, through the Caribbean, and on across the vast
Pacific, for a total distance of ten thousand, three
hundred miles, arriving at the Sydney heads almost on
the dot - - two minutes late! Sydney yachting people
must have had a lot of faith in this Yankee yachtsman,
for threr were more yachts just outside the Heads to

meet the "Undine" than ever before welcomed a yacht to Australia. What a sight! The "Undine" coming through the Heads escorted by more than three hundred Australian yachts!

I'd like to be on hand for that race on Boxing Day. There will be forty-four entries, and more than one thousand yachts will escort them out to sea, for the start of the run from Sydney to Hobart, a distance of six hundred and eighty miles. Prime Minister Menzies will be on hand to start them. The Ondine, that is her skipper, Sumner Long, who is a New York bachelor, ship owner, ship broker, has made a hit with the Australians, not only because he sailed halfway round the world and kept on schedule almost to the minute, but because when asked whether he expects to win the Sydney-Hobart Race, replied: "No, your Australian yacht "Solo" will beat me".

The Sydney papers are full of this. Not

being a yachting fellow, I had never heard of this
American. The Sydney Daily Telegraph describes him
as a "deep water man from away back; a bachelor,
self-made, one of the finest navigators alive; a
man's man - and a woman's man too!" You explain
that, Dick. Says the Australian skipper of the "Solo":
"I'll be pulling every trick I know, so will Long.
And we both know plenty. It's going to be a helluva
race!

So long.

FOLLOW L.T.

That must have been a real Cinerama spectacle, Lowell.
Or, as they say Down Under -- a "fair, dinkum day for the
visiting Yanks."

Extra police were called out in Galveston, Texas, to
prevent possible violence from angry longshoremen because one
hundred members of an independent union claimed picket lines to
unload fifty thousand boxes of bananas from a Swedish freighter.
The I.L.W.U. says it's making plans to get the engineers and
steward aboard that ship to shut off the steam if possible.

Meanwhile, the railroads have placed a voluntary
embargo on export freight shipments to the ports involved in
an effort to prevent a choking pile-up of goods on the
waterfronts.

LONGSHOREMEN

The dock worker strike continues and a longshoreman official warns his Union will fight fire with fire to keep the east and Gulf coast ports tied up until a new contract is signed.

Extra police were called out in Galveston, Texas, to prevent possible violence from angry longshoremen because one hundred members of an independent union crossed picket lines to unload fifty thousand boxes of bananas from a Swedish freighter. The I.L.A. says it's making plans to get the engineers and crewmen aboard that ship to shut off the steam if possible.

Meantime, the railroads have placed a voluntary embargo on export freight shipments to the ports involved in an effort to prevent a choking pile-up of goods on the waterfronts.

MANSFIELD

It's pretty rough when you are the Senate Democratic leader. Mike Mansfield, his plane delayed by bad weather, had to take an unexpected two-mile speed-boat ride today off Palm Beach, Florida, to catch up with President Kennedy for a business and pleasure yacht cruise. Mansfield was one of about a dozen key financial, military and legislative experts called to the Florida vacation White House (correction, Florida vacation uacht), for year-end policy conferences. If you have to talk of a weighty thing, better it be on the bounding Main. Which is bad poetry but now, Dick Noel brings order out of this chaos.

NAME

Well, Dick, there's lots in a name, and nobody knows it better than a gentleman in Los Angeles, who hopes he can live up to his name and fast.

He lost his wallet the day before Christmas and it contained four hundred dollars, ear-marked for gifts.

That happened to Eugene Moneymaker.

Good luck -- and good night until tomorrow.