

NON-INTERVENTION

R.I. - Sunoco. Friday, March 12, 1937.

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That much delayed non-intervention patrol seems about to begin. The "hands-off Spain" conference <sup>two weeks ago</sup> agreed to keep war materials from going to either side in the Spanish Civil War, and worked out detailed plans for ship patrol of the Spanish coasts. Then things lagged, and <sup>it</sup> began to look like another one of those dragged ~~out~~ out and delayed affairs, which turn out to amount to nothing at all. But today the word is different. Lord Plymouth of the Non-Intervention Committee handed out an announcement - the ship patrol is about to begin - tomorrow at midnight. At that tick of the clock Great Britain, France, Italy and Germany will start their blockade of the Spanish coast to keep out contraband ~~and~~ shipments of munitions.

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Lord Plymouth admitted, however, that it might take a couple of weeks before the international coast patrol is complete, on guard with full effectiveness. It will take that long to get the ships to their posts along the Spanish coast, steaming to and fro, investigating every vessel that enters ~~the~~ Spanish waters.

LaGUARDIA

The international skirmish stirred up by Mayor LaGuardia of New York was heard with vim and vigor in two different places today - in Berlin and in our own halls of Congress.

In the German capital, American Ambassador Dodd formally presented the protest, as dictated by the State Department yesterday. The Ambassador's representations stressed this point of logic - that in the United States, where free speech flourishes, a central government cannot be held responsible for the utterances of a <sup>mere</sup> mayor. In Germany, on the contrary, speech is controlled, and the articles attacking LaGuardia, the American Jewish women, and the United States itself, were printed in newspapers under strict government regulations. The Ambassador is reported to have put emphasis on the fact that some of the most bitterly anti-American articles were published in DER ANGRIFF, which is run by Minister of Propaganda Goebbels, and is the official newspaper of the Nazi party. Today's American protest asked for quick action, with Secretary Hull declaring that the State Department wants a prompt reply from Berlin.

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In Washington, the LaGuardia incident flared up in Congress, with Mrs. Edith Rogers of Massachusetts denouncing the way the German press has been attacking American womanhood, ridiculing the ladies of the U.S.A. It is understood that ~~the~~ Congresswoman Rogers has twice previously placed the matter before the State Department, and today in Congress she declared that the American protest to Berlin was not vigorous enough.

Then ~~C~~ Congressman Knutsen of Minnesota got up and said he didn't agree with any of that. He declared the LaGuardia hubbub was dangerous to fool around with. He recalled the propaganda that came from Europe during the World War - for the purpose of getting us embroiled in the War. And he said ~~the~~ he wondered whether some foreign nation might not be interested in steaming up the <sup>present</sup> controversy with Berlin. Some foreign government might be helping to ~~stir up~~ <sup>promote</sup> the argument for the purpose of causing bad feelings between Germany and the United States.

## SALVAGE

Something that has been talked of for years seems all set to happen - the salvaging of the LUSITANIA. When that ill-fated liner was sent to the bottom by a German submarine off the coast of Ireland, she carried a consignment of gold - fifteen million dollars of gold. And ever since, that sunken hoard of yellow metal has haunted the minds of treasure hunters.

The wreck of the LUSITANIA has at last been definitely located at the bottom of the sea. A diver has actually stood on its sunken deck. The treasure job will be done by the powerful salvage ship, OPHIR, Captain John D. Craig in command. So they'll dive for gold; and more than that, the salvaging of the LUSITANIA'S treasure will also provide final proof in a question of historical importance. It has been debated back and forth -- did the LUSITANIA carry munitions for the Allies? Was she, legally speaking, a munition ship which the Germans had a perfect right to sink without warning? Will the diver, upon penetrating the hull of the LUSITANIA find cartridges and explosives - as well as gold? This historic aspect is so important, as to bring a strict command from London. When the salvage work has progressed so far that the divers are ready to enter the sunken

ship -- they are to radio London for information of the greatest importance.

The hulk of the LUSITANIA lies deep, three hundred feet below the surface. An article in the current issue of the AMERICAN MAGAZINE tells us that the divers will have no air communication with the surface. They'll be supplied with oxygen and helium under pressure within their helmets. They will be able, if necessary, to inflate their suits and rise to the surface - on their own. On the floor of the ocean they'll blast their way into the LUSITANIA, ripping open the steel plates with high explosive. And then, in this weird romance of the undersea, they'll enter the hulk - hunting for the gold.

ISLAND

*Off the eastern end of Long Island*  
~~Within the city limits of metropolitan New York,~~ there's

an island - now awarded by the court to be sold at public auction.

And that island is a legended place of buried treasure - Captain Kidd's pirate gold.

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*And,* It was the first part of New York State to be settled by English colonists, ~~amid the surrounding Dutch.~~ In Sixteen Thirty-Nine, the British Crown granted the island with its three thousand acres to Lord Gardiner, and it has been in the possession of his family ever since. <sup>TF</sup> In Sixteen Ninety-Nine, the Gardiners of Gardiner Island had a visitor, a sea captain. His name - Captain Kidd. The story goes that the aristocratic Gardiners never guessed that <sup>ewr</sup> ~~that~~ sea-faring visitor was a pirate - he kept that sort of thing to himself. Captain Kidd took advantage of their hospitality to use their acres as a hiding place for a great store of his buccaneering loot. Secretly, he buried his treasure on Gardiner Island. This the indignant family of gentry learned when the Captain was exposed, tried and hanged. The story goes that they dug up the ill-gotten treasure, and honorably turned it over to the Colonial authorities.

But the story goes further - that they didn't find it all, that much of the gold remained buried on the island - and is still there.

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Of recent years, the Gardiner family became involved in debt, their island heavily mortgaged. They rented it a few years ago to Clarence Mackay, the telegraph magnate. He used it for hunting - birds, not gold. Now, with the mortgages bearing down still more heavily, the New York courts have ordered Gardiner's Island to the auction block, to be sold to the highest bidder. A private treasure hunting ground, if anybody wants one.

INCOME TAX

Monday is the day to file and pay, file that return and pay some tax. Uncle Sam is already counting the cash, chalking it down in big figures. Treasury experts reckon that the quarterly income tax payments for March will be above eight million dollars. That's almost double the Nineteen Thirty-Six figure, the first quarter last year. It's a million dollars above boom <sup>time</sup> peak in March of Nineteen Twenty-Nine.

But if it's easy come, it's also easy go.

Already more than a half of the anticipated eight hundred million is marked for quick spending. The Treasury announces that three hundred million will have to be paid out shortly after March Fifteenth. In addition to this - a hundred and sixty-five million must be applied to interest on the public debt. It comes in big and it goes out big.

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I know the folks at Logan, West Virginia and deeply sympathize with them tonight. The old melancholy story of coal mine disaster - explosion, cave in - 16 killed 2 missing. The MacBeth Mine.



HOSPITAL

I talked to a Princess today, and heard about - blowing bubbles, a pair of red scissors, and a collar for the dog of a *grandmother.* Chinese ~~mandarin~~. That curious combination came about this way. *American wife of an Italian prince* Princess Caraciollo (Cah-Rah-cho-lo) <sup>^</sup> was telling me about the *of the Hospital Charities.* New York City Visiting Committee; No, they're not society ladies visiting each other. They make calls on hospitals, visit the sick. The Princess was talking about occupational therapy, giving people things to do that help to cure them.

"There ~~is~~ <sup>was</sup> a little girl in Bellevue," said she, "who had an operation on her lower lip, and afterward the lip needed constant exercise - or she wouldn't be able to close her mouth. The little girl rebelled against the painful exercise - until the director of occupational therapy walked in one day, said nothing, just left on the table, a beautiful toy set for blowing bubbles. An hour later she observed the little girl busily blowing bubbles out of the window. And that was the child's amusement day after day, blowing the most beautiful bubbles - and getting the necessary lip exercise."

Another case was a two year old boy, with the first

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and second fingers of his right hand injured. They needed constant exercise, but he screamed when they were touched. Every day the director sat in front of him with a big pair of red scissors, the brightest red imaginable. She'd just keep opening and closing those scissors. Instinctively, the two year old imitated the movement of the scissors with his injured fingers. It hurt, but he was having fun, *and getting well.*

There was a Chinese boy whose elbow was stiff from a fracture. He'd have to come to Bellevue every day for a long time for treatments, but they knew he wouldn't do it. He'd object, and his Chinese parents would agree with him. They questioned him to find a way of controlling him, and discovered that his grandmother had a dog which needed a collar. So they put him to work to make one. That appealed to the filial *piety* of the Chinese, *— the old ancestor worship —* and the boy came every day for his treatment, meanwhile making a marvelous collar for his grandmother's dog.

Such are the stories ~~that were~~ told among the ladies of the Visiting Committee.

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YANKEES

Today's baseball news makes it seem that Joe Dimaggio has struck out, or rather that he has made a hit to the tune of fifteen thousand dollars. Last season Joe was baseball's scintillating star rookie, who came to the Big League's ~~role~~ <sup>thrilled</sup> by extravagant praise - and lived up to it. The Yankees paid him eighty-five hundred dollars for last season. But this ~~year~~ <sup>year</sup> ~~season~~ - Joe thought he ought to have a raise. He asked the Club for twenty-five thousand. Colonel Ruppert, boss of the Yankees, also thought Joe should have a raise - but not so much. The Colonel offered him fifteen. ~~thousand dollars~~. They wrangled about that - with DiMaggio a hold-out.

Today everything was straightened out, an agreement by long distance telephone between Club Secretary Barrow in New York and DiMaggio in San Francisco. The salary figure was agreed upon. How much? The report says - fifteen thousand dollars, ~~jolting~~ Joe accepting what he was offered. ~~According~~ ~~to that,~~ <sup>to that,</sup> he backed down. You might call it a strike out, ~~But~~ <sup>But</sup> ~~which gets~~ fifteen thousand dollars, ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> not such a bad ~~hit~~ <sup>home run.</sup>

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## GIANTS

The signing of DiMaggio is the news about the New York Yankees, so let's take a look at the Big Town's other team, the Giants. As we gaze upon the latest achievement of the National League team of the metropolis, we observe the spotlight on such names as Mirabal, Perez, Linares, Rodriguez and Bragana. No, they're not ball players on the Giants. That's just the tragedy of it - they're ~~not~~ the Cubans who played the latest game against the Big Town boys.

Bill Terry's sluggers, training in Havana, have not been doing so well in their games against the local Cuban ~~All-Star~~ talent. They haven't been slugging worth a nickel. Making a supreme effort against the team of Cuban All-Stars, the best they could get was a twelve inning, one-to-one tie. And the hero was Bragana, the Havana pitcher. He held the fence-busters of the National League champs to a measely five hits. That curve-ball artist from the sugar cane country seems to be quite some perfecto. (~~The last time he pitched against our National League pennant stars, he had them whiffing the West Indian breezes.~~)

But that's not the half of it. You'd think those champion Giants would just go waltzing through the baseball opposition in Cuba. Sad to say, the reverse has been the case. They've played seven games against the island teams. One nine was strictly amateur. Another was an aggregation of Cuban soldiers. In those seven games the Giants amassed a total of twenty-one runs, three per game. That doesn't sound like Big League hitting, especially against Cuban soldiers. Those mighty Giants have won two games, tied one, and lost four against subtropical opposition. As baseball it's not such pure Havana, more like El Ropo.

## TICKETS

The legislature of Oklahoma is wrestling with a problem of statesmanship -- free tickets to shows. It isn't a question of getting or not getting the Annie Oakleys -- the Oklahoma lawmakers are well provided. The problem is -- size, shape and color of the free passes, their design and artistic effect. That's the question of statesmanship.

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For years it has been the custom of movie houses in Oklahoma to give season passes to the lawmakers. Sometimes the movie house owners have applied to the legislators the undignified name of -- moochers. Occasionally they have been a bit late and reluctant about the free tickets -- didn't send them along promptly enough. In such cases the statesmen knew the answer -- just introduce a bill raising theatre taxes. That invariably speeded things up. The theatre owners growled and called it mooching, but they mailed the Annie Oakleys.

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This law-making session -- one theatre manager<sup>ed</sup> did an unpatriotic thing. He sent the passes with the greatest promptitude. Big passes. Broad and long. Giant Annie Oakleys -- the size of a school geography. And yellow, a glaring saffron

that could ~~have been~~ seen a mile away. A lawmaker would have to carry one of these yellow placards in his hand as he went to the theatre. Some tried folding <sup>them</sup> ~~to~~ to fit in their pockets, but the tickets broke in two. They made a protest to that obnoxious theatre manager and asked -- what could they do?

And he replied in these opprobrious words. "Get some rope," said he, "and wear ~~it~~ 'em around your necks."

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That made the legislators indignant. They decided that, rather than carry their theatre tickets like a sandwich man, they wouldn't go to that particular theatre at all.

That's too bad, the movie manager stated today -- because at his theatre the feature is the picture in which Grace Moore sings -- Minnie the Moocher.

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AND SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.