

L.T. - SUNOCO. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1936.

Answer

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

It's blizzards - and blizzard thrillers, tonight.

Let's begin with the story of Mrs. Strombaugh.

The cold and snow is hitting hardest ^{right now} ~~tonight~~ in the Rocky Mountain area. The country out there is in the grip of a bitter freeze, lashed by the white storm. Near Idaho Falls is the Salmon River, a broad, powerful, swirling stream of the mountain country. In the middle of the river is an island. And on that island is one house. There lives Thomas Strombaugh and his family, a large family - wife and ten children. They are the only inhabitants of the island. The river around them is as swift as a cataract - mighty hard to get across in a boat, and there's no bridge. The Strombaugh family keep contact with the shore by means of a suspension cable, on which runs a hand propelled cage. They pull themselves along in that cage, and get supplies that way.

The blizzard has been blowing wild out there along the Salmon River. The house on the island is banked deep with snow. The rapid stream is clogged with an ice jam, huge cakes of ice,

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pushing and crunching. That's the way it was a couple of day ago,
^{with} ~~and~~ Thomas Strombaugh ~~was~~ ill, sick in bed. That left it up to
the housewife to look after her ailing husband and ten children.
The man needed medical help, the supplies were running short.
This was the situation when Mrs. Strombaugh looked out, and what
she saw made her gasp with fright. Look - the cable ^{and} ~~for~~ the cage!
Blown by the storm, the cage had slipped loose and was dangling
over the middle of the river, broken down, out of commission.
So there they ^{were,} ~~xxx~~ [^] isolated and marooned on the island, no way
to communicate with the outer world.

That Idaho housewife knew it was up to her. Her husband
needed a doctor and her children needed food. There was only one
way - cross the river, and she'd do it. ~~She~~ Cross the ice ~~via~~
jam on foot! And she did! She made the perilous crossing, skipping
from one slippery, treacherous block of floating ice to another.
Every step might have been her last one, as the frozen blocks
moved and wobbled. It was a real life version of Eliza crossing the
ice ^{with little Eva} ~~in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"~~.

After crossing, the woman had to trudge her way twelve miles through the snowdrifts in the storm. But she brought back help for her family.

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If that isn't ~~adventurous~~ adventurous enough, how about the plane over Jacksonville? Drama in the high sky. The plane circling in the storm above the city, and it couldn't come down.

~~The~~ Airliner with ^{four} ~~six~~ passengers ~~abroad~~ ^{She} took off from Jacksonville for the next leg of her flight from Miami to New York. The weather was okay, when half way across South Carolina it suddenly changed. Too risky to continue. So the plane turned back to Jacksonville. But there the weather had changed too. Just as bad. Too dangerous to land. So what? Radio communication from the ground said - "Stay up there where you are, weather conditions are terrific far and wide. We will see if we can find a landing place for you." So up there above Jacksonville, the plane circled round and round.

At the controls was Fred Cann, a veteran of the airways, with plenty of long experience behind him, an air transport pilot with eighty-five hundred hours in the air, close

to a million miles. He flew in the army. Then he was a barnstormer and did acrobatic stunt flying; walked wings, did exhibition parachute jumps and so on. Then in 'Nineteen Twenty-Eight he joined up as a mail pilot with Eastern Air.

So Fred Cann had the cool nerve of long experience as he circled with his passengers above the clouds over Jacksonville. Where to land? That was the question of life and death, the question of another big plane disaster.

Meanwhile, he was talking with the flying field by radio. And down there they were conducting a frantic search for a landing place; combing the south by wireless, asking for a field where the weather was good. Ceiling zero at Charleston! Savannah! Mobile! The whole south, blanketed by the storm. That's what they told Fred Cann, as he flew round and round high above. Just figure the suspense in that plane - the suspense the pilot and four passengers, nerve-wracking.

Then at last the word came from the ground, they had found good weather and Fred Cann could take his choice. Okay for landing at the naval air base at Pensacola. Also - at the

Eastern Air terminal at New Orleans. white safety on the road,

"I'll take Pensacola," said Fred Cann, that's not so far. So he swung the wheel, straightened her course, and made a beeline to the west. And the end of the story is:- All safe at Pensacola. They came in on the radio beam. now says, but

the winter war machine - - - - - plane flying across the

And, I don't know if you'd call it a thriller when the blizzard blows away a session of the United States Senate. Washington got just about the biggest dose of snow on this snowy day. Sixteen inches fell in one incessant white deluge. Traffic tied up, Washington taxis renowned for their cheap fares, had a bad time of it, stalling in the snow, piling up jams of traffic. The Senate went into session, or rather a fraction of the Senate. After two votes, they barely had a quorum. So many of the lawmakers were bogged and blizzard-bound. So the session was called off until Monday.

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In Virginia - I suppose you'd call it an appropriate day for a praiseworthy celebration. They inaugurated something new on the highway between Richmond and Petersburg, a new system

of highway lighting. Designed to promote safety on the road, sponsored by Colonel John Rhodes, Commissioner of Vehicles.

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Snowdrifts don't stop the Army. At Concord, New Hampshire, the temperature was biting, way below zero, but the winter war manoeuvres of the army planes swung across the sky. On the flying field, runaways were cleared, with the snow banked six feet high. Then the ~~aria~~ air squadrons took off from the New Hampshire base for a raid down to New York. Nine Curtiss attack planes went roaring south, on through a snowstorm, to Long Island. Twenty other low winged pursuit planes were landing when they were caught by the attack of the squadron from New Hampshire, caught by machine gun fire and bombs. After the theoretical defeat of the Mitchell Field air fleet, the New Hampshire attack formation flew back to its northern base.

COAL

~~About the only way to make the thermometer behave is to take it in the house, when the furnace is going good and strong, and watch the mercury climb - if you can get any satisfaction out of that. This system, at any rate, is helped along by a convention in Washington.~~ It is appropriate that the prolonged cold snap is accompanied by a likewise prolonged meeting of the United Mine Workers, the union of the diggers that bring up the coal. The misbehaving thermometer has produced a fuel shortage. Everybody is stoking up to keep the house warm, and the ready stocks of coal have run low. What about it?

Excerpt

I've received a telegram from a union local in Illinois, with the miners saying that they ^{are willing to} put in an extra day each week, digging away in the black pits, to break the fuel shortage. That is, ~~they'd do it~~ if the Union said okay. Right now there are contracts between the Mine Union and the coal operators, providing for a thirty-five hour week. They don't work on Saturday and Sunday. Today the mine workers' meeting in Washington took up the question, and ~~say~~ said okay - we'll allow the contracts to be broken to take care of the emergency. The Union will allow the

miners to work one day extra a week - Saturday. In return, they ask the mine owners to see that the extra coal brought up is distributed where it is needed most, sold to people who will use it to keep their houses warm, and not to factories to turn the wheels of industry.

Having said "yes" to the extra day proposition, the Union chiefs then spoke up with a loud - "No". "No, we won't take that raise in pay." There was opposition among the miners' delegates - to the heavy raise in pay voted to President John M. Lewis and his colleagues. The President's salary was more than doubled. He gets Twelve thousand a year now, and the Union convention voted to increase that to Twenty-five. The opposition blasted out against that huge pay raise, saying it was a shame - when the miners themselves, so many of them, were up against it.

So today the burly, shaggy headed John M. Lewis shook his shaggy head and said "No", he and his colleagues would not take the raise. He explained they didn't want anything that might cause discontent in the ranks of the Union. Some of the delegates roared out they wanted the pay raise to go through, but it's hard to force cash into an unwilling hand - as hard as it is infrequent.

FREAKS

While Nature is playing tricks today, we find the scientists discovering new facts about the old girl. There's that heavy star, about which the Harvard Observatory tells us in weighty terms. How heavy is it? There can hardly be enough numbers to tell how many pounds it weighs. It is seventy times as heavy as the sun, and forty million times as heavy as the world. And it's revolving at a terrific speed in the southern sky.

Well - that makes an impressive prelude to the news of a freak of nature in London.

They say, there's a giant lake of oil under London. And now they are going to drill for it - not in the heart of Britain's metropolis exactly, but in the country around. British mining engineers have long been saying that there was fabulous oil resources deep under the southeastern part of England, London, -- Kent, and Sussex too. And they are getting ready to drill near the town of Portsmouth, with the most ultra-modern oil boring equipment. And they are assembling machinery to tap the deep underground, at a location on the edge of London. Not on the edge of Rome! And won't that make Mussolini jealous!

FOOTBALL

A loud denial was spoken at the University of Wisconsin today. Dr. Clarence W. Spears, the head football coach, said "It's not true, nothing to it."

He's on trial before the Board of Regents of the University. One charge, which we've heard, is that whisky was put in football players' coffee, to pep them up in charging the line. This is said to have happened between halves during the big Northwestern game this past season. Another accusation is that the gridiron warriors were doped, given drugs when injured in the games, so that they wouldn't feel a banged-up leg and shoulder, and would jump back into the scrimmage. Still a third complaint is that three footballers were taken out of the infirmary, steamed up, and put into a game, although they were in no physical condition to play.

Head coach Spears is accused by William Fallon, the Wisconsin trainer. And on the Board of Regents conducting the trial, sits no less a personality than Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin and a figure of prominence in politics. Some say the proceedings ~~are~~ are likely to turn

into a big football explosion, that will blast open the old nation wide question of hiring players.

Remember what Gil Dobie said after the Dartmouth game? The Dartmouth Coach said "Sorry Gil to beat you so badly." To which Gloomy Gil replied:- "Yes, but/we still play the students."

The American reached into his pocket and produced a shilling. "No, sir," said the lad, "It's a Scout. And Scouts do not accept tips for courtesies."

The American asked "What's a Scout?" and the lad told him about the Boy Scouts Organization, which had just been formed in England. Later the boy took the American to the office of Lord Baden Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts.

There he was so impressed that when he got back to the United States he put into operation what he had learned.

He was William D. Boyce, a banker, an investor and traveller who with a group of others founded the Boy Scouts of America.

which remains as vital as ever, a million strong, celebrate their birthday tomorrow. Their honorary president

who is also President of the United States will give them homage or greeting by radio.

BOY SCOUTS

Back in 1909, an American was looking for an address in London, where addresses are so often hard to find. London was engulfed in a blinding fog. The American was groping along. A boy came up to him and said:- "May I be of service to you?" The American mentioned the address he wanted to find. "Come with me, sir," said the boy, and led him to his destination.

The American reached into ^{his} pocket and produced a shilling. "No, sir," said the lad, "I'm a Scout. And Scouts do not accept tips for courtesies."

^{Yankee asked:-}
The ~~American said:~~ "What's a Scout?" And the lad told him about the Boy Scouts Organization, which had just been formed in England. Later the boy took the American to the office of Lord Baden Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts.

^{There he}
The ~~American~~ was so impressed that when he got back to the United States he put into practice what he had learned. He was William D. Boyce, a Chicago publisher and traveller who with a group of others founded the Boy Scouts of America.

^{-- here in this country --}
Which reminds us that the Scouts, a million strong, celebrate their birthday tomorrow. Their honorary president who is also President of the United States will give them a message of greeting by radio.

CHINA

This evening's diplomatic news from the Far East is along the lines of Si Perkins buying a horse and admitting reluctantly that maybe it is a fair sort of nag -- sort of so-so. Actually - inwardly he's tickled with his horse and sure going to win the big race at Goshen. But if Si expresses his delight openly, it might make the price go up for that horse he wants to buy.

Which is a good deal like today's report on the attitude of the statesmen in Tokio. They are expressing mild approval of the new set-up in Nanking. They're saying -- "Yes, possibly the change just made in the Chinese government may be considered fairly satisfactory." But let's look at the new Nanking set-up and we will get a pretty good idea of what Japanese statesmen are actually thinking.

General Chiang Kai-shek, the strong man of China has gathered a new cabinet, a new set of ministers.

In China the inevitable word is -- student. In nearly every case a government minister is a returned student, a

product of foreign education. In General Chiang Kai-shek's new cabinet nine ministers had a university career in some other country. Where? In what other country? That's politically significant question. Returned students from Europe or America are likely to be intensely Nationalist and hostile to Japan. But a Chinese who had studied in Japan is likely to be more sympathetic toward Tokio and its policies.

In the list of the new Nanking ministers we observe that four did their studying in Europe or America, while five had a Japanese education. And these five occupy posts in which pro-Japanese feeling will be most effective. They are the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, War, Interior, Railways, and Industries. That student angle gives the Nanking Government a fairly heavy pro-Japanese lock right now.

But Tokio is not emitting any loud cheers. That would be highly undiplomatic highly embarrassing to those ministers who are alumni of Japan. They would be all the more suspected of playing Tokio's game.

So the spokesman for the Japanese Foreign Office makes guarded comment. He says with exceedingly modified enthusiasm: "Yes, a Chinese statesman who has studied in Japan is more likely to understand the benign aims of the Island Empire."

And that's the Far-Eastern version of Si Perkins being pleased over a horse in a horse trade, but not saying so, chuckling up his sleeve. And if I do any more broadcasting tonight I'd better do it up my sleeve. And --

SOLONG UNTIL MONDAY.