

HAUPTMANN

(There have been all sorts of rumors that Hauptmann would get a reprieve. And now the rumors have come true. Governor Hoffman of New Jersey today granted a thirty day stay of execution, which actually gives Richard Bruno Hauptmann sixty days more of life. Thirty days of reprieve, and thirty days after a resentence. With the chair waiting for him for tomorrow night, the Bronx carpenter is snatched from it. And this follows right after a refusal by the United States Supreme Court to intervene. A Supreme Court refusal, and in the next flash - the Governor's reprieve.)

What does it all mean? Under the stay of execution, Hauptmann will go to the chair sixty days hence - unless, there's new evidence. Is there any? So far as the public knows, there are just rumors piled on rumors. Even the smallest incident excites a rumor. That is illustrated by a story from Trenton today, a story ludicrous and grotesque.

It happened before the reprieve was announced. At the State Capitol appeared one of the prominent witnesses in the trial at Flemington -- the old man Hochmuth, who testified against Hauptmann and declared that he had seen the Bronx carpenter near the Lindbergh House. Hochmuth today made a call

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on Attorney General Wilentz, who prosecuted Hauptmann. A star witness calling upon the prosecutor - that seemed to have all sorts of possibilities. Hochmuth refused to tell the newspaper men what he was going to say to the Attorney General. So the rumors went winging.

There was bated breath during the conference at the State House. Then after Hochmuth emerged from the Attorney General's office, he told. The old man said he had called on the prosecutor to ask for a ticket to the execution, a ticket to enable him to witness Hauptmann's going to the chair, then scheduled for tomorrow night! -- now postponed. Why? Who knows? And when will we know?

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Meanwhile there's a furor in New Jersey. The Trenton Times comes out with a last minute extra edition featuring a front page editorial, denouncing the reprieve, and demanding the impeachment of Gov. Harold Hoffman. Two lives at stake, Hauptmann's, and the Governor's political life.

ELLSWORTH

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The news tonight glitters with a ray of that irrepressible thing - hope, which springs eternal in the human breast, as we all know. There is something weirdly tantalizing in that wireless flash which comes from the bleak Antarctic, tantalizing because it is so brief and incomplete, tantalizing because of the stubborn hope that it arouses. Yet one thing is certain. If a man is seen on the Antarctic continent - that can only be either Lincoln Ellsworth or his pilot, Captain Hollick-Kenyon. There's not another soul right now who can possibly be on that frozen waste of desolation.

( Two ships down there are pushing to the possible rescue of Ellsworth, on the supposition that he may have successfully achieved the flight and have landed safely at Little America, his destination. Maybe - his radio out of commission, so that he cannot communicate. One rescue craft is Ellsworth's own ship, the Wyart Earp. This vessel has been pushing along ~~and~~ around the Antarctic continent, <sup>to</sup> ~~from the place where he started to~~ Little America, hoping to find him there. Aboard the Wyart Earp is Sir Hubert Wilkins, *in charge.* )

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I talked to Russell Owens of the TIMES today, the newspaper man who was with Byrd in the Antarctic, and he pointed out to me a dramatic angle. Wilkins himself made history with ~~the~~<sup>a</sup> stupendous flight across the Arctic. That sky voyage was about the same <sup>in length</sup> as the one Ellsworth embarked upon across the Antarctic Continent. So Sir Hubert Wilkins, who made flight Number One is on his way hoping to rescue Ellsworth, who started out on flight Number Two. The Wyatt Earp, however, has been delayed by heavy storms. Russell Owen tells me right now it's <sup>real</sup> seven hundred miles from Little America, pushing on and on.

The ~~XXXXXX~~ second rescue ship, is the DISCOVERY SECOND. This is an interesting craft, a British ~~ship~~<sup>vessel</sup> out of Australia, which goes out scouting for whales, observing hunting grounds for the whalers. With the disappearance of Ellsworth, the Australian Government sent it to search for him. Aboard the DISCOVERY SECOND is Sir Douglas Mawson, a famous Antarctic explorer, ~~and~~ perhaps the most scientific of them all.

Today's radio message comes from the DISCOVERY SECOND. The rescue ship has reached the frozen Bay of Whales, <sup>Little America,</sup> ~~where~~

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And there they saw a sight, which must have set every nerve  
atingling - an airplane. And on the ice of the Bay of Whales -  
a man! They were too far away to recognize the man. But the  
surmise can only be - it was either Ellsworth or his aviator.

~~Presumably,~~ The ship right now is <sup>at anchor -- a</sup> ~~locked in the ice there~~  
~~with~~ <sup>leading</sup> shore parties to the rescue. All afternoon <sup>the world has</sup> ~~we've~~ been waiting  
for the wireless to bring us another flash, but thus far none has  
come.

Such is the dramatic ray of hope that flashes from the  
Antarctic. I myself, <sup>recently</sup> ~~in days passed,~~ ~~have~~ heard words of optimism -  
words by Stefansson. Of all men with whom I'm acquainted, Stef  
knows most about the polar regions. Not only is he one of the  
greatest of polar explorers, but it's his life's interest to keep  
in touch with affairs of the Arctic and Antarctic. And  
Stefansson told me <sup>the other</sup> ~~a couple of~~ days ago that he believed Ellsworth  
is okay. A successful flight, safe landing at Little America,  
wireless on the bum.

Anyway, it brings to the front tonight the quiet,  
scholarly figure of Lincoln Ellsworth - one of the world's

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natural born, itching footed wanderers. Born of a wealthy family, he always hated the stay-at-home, stick-in-one-place, kind of quiet. If you look him up in "Who's Who", you'll find his home listed as - Lenzburg, Switzerland, and Villa Aurora, Florence, Italy. Villa Aurora is the famous place where Boccaccio wrote "Decameron". But Lincoln Ellsworth has been more at home in the wild places of the world, especially the frozen places, ~~the Arctic and the Antarctic~~. He once said: "I'm only happy under open skies, searching for the unknown." And he found the unknown *- most of them with Amundsen.* in a series of historic expeditions. Now, at fifty-five -- perhaps he's the man seen on the ice today, on the shore of the south polar continent!

## DEFENSE

The Japanese withdrawal yesterday from the Naval Conference in London is followed by swift repercussions today, indications of what the United States and Great Britain are going to do about it. Washington and London are left standing together in the armament race -- West against the Far East.

Reports from Washington tell us that the Government is going to build four of the largest aviation bases in the world. Let's see where they're to be. One on the Pacific Coast. The second further back, in the Rocky Mountains area, as a second line of west coast air defense. The third will be in Alaska. You know how vast Alaska stretches out with all sorts of strategic bearings on the Pacific. The fourth air base nest for war birds will be in Hawaii. Now that we've given the Philippines their independence, Hawaii stands as our great remaining stronghold in the Pacific.

Today, I made a few inquiries, spoke to army officers and asked some questions. I was told that the Hawaiian air base will be the largest in the world. The Government is going to spend Eleven Million Dollars on it. It will be about ten miles

The air base will be called Hickham Field, named after Colonel Horace Hickham, an army flyer who was killed in a training crash in Texas.

One sidelight on these developments in the Pacific is a bill before Congress, to make the Major-General at Honolulu a full General; also the Major-General at Panama. And it is proposed to create Lieutenant-Generals, ~~of which we have none at the present.~~ What do these matters of gold braid mean? Well, ~~it's this way.~~ The War Department wants promotions for our officers, so that they won't be outranked by foreign officers in case we unite with some other power in joint operations. In cases like that, the highest ranking officer takes command. ~~It is pointed out that~~ In China, whenever the foreign powers gang up to do anything, Japan always manages to have a Major-General on the job, while we may have only a colonel, and the Japanese officer takes command. ~~Under the bill before Congress,~~ ~~we promote our officers out there, to keep them from being~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~outranked all the time.~~

Such is the American side today of the repercussion



# RETAKE

from Honolulu, with excellent roads leading to Pearl Harbor, the nearby naval base. Two thousand officers and men will be quartered there, the aviators, mechanics, ground crews. All the modern flying field gadgets will be installed, bristling batteries of anti-aircraft guns to guard against hostile planes. And these will be supplemented by the most brilliant searchlights ever devised to help anti-aircraft gunners aim aloft at night.

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Such is the American side today of the repercussion

that follows Japan's withdrawal from the Naval Conference.

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On the British side, London announces that all of her possessions in the <sup>Pacific</sup>~~Philippines~~ will be fortified. The garrisons of troops will be increased. And new supply bases will be crammed with munitions.

I don't know how much confidence the members of the Chamber of Deputies have <sup>in</sup> ~~for~~ Premier Laval, but they certainly vote plenty of confidence. <sup>12</sup> ~~11~~ <sup>1</sup> Once more the swathy little man from Auvergne emerges victorious from a parliamentary flare-up-- with a vote of confidence in his pocket. Today he repelled an attack by the powerful radical Socialist Party. ~~(Several radical Socialists hold portfolios in the Laval cabinet, notably Edouard Herriot. The party wanted to force its members to resign from the ministry, but it didn't work out that way.)~~ In the general hubbub the thing went to a vote of confidence in the Chamber of Deputies and Laval won out by a vote of three hundred and fifteen to two hundred and fifty-two. ~~That's~~ <sup>A</sup> better majority than he had the last time when they voted -- confidence.

MAJOR DUGMORE

L.T.: Another friend of mine has just arrived from Europe. He's an authority on Africa; that is, the big game parts of Africa -- and that includes regions like the Sudan, Ethiopia, Kenya, Tanganika, the Congo, and so on. They are almost his private realm.

I am anxious to get his impressions of the war now going on out there. But, instead of asking him privately at the Waldorf today I decided to bring him over from the hotel and ask him right here in front of the mike.

Major Arthur Radclyffe Dugmore has been a regular visitor to these shores for many, many years now. The last time was five years ago. He is famous on both sides of the ocean as a writer, lecturer, artist, naturalist, and for other reasons. Hundreds of thousands of Americans know him. And one American knows him rather well -- his wife. He found her over here.

Major Dugmore is on another speaking tour, with his famous pictures of Africa. And by the way, Major, I want to congratulate you on your latest honor, that prize your world-renowned rhino picture took the other day in London. Major Dugmore's

Dugmore.

Jan. 16, 1936.

picture of the charging rhino is probably the most famous snapshot in history. He made it in the days when there were no telephoto lenses. The rhino charged straight for him. The Major, with his beard hidden behind his camera, and his eyes peering down into the hood of his reflex viewfinder, stood his ground until the rhino was only a few paces away, coming like an armoured tank, pounding, snorting, like ~~an~~ the end of the world crashing down upon him. Every big-game hunter and photographer knows that picture. We reproduced it in a biography of Major Dugmore entitled "Rolling Stone," that I wrote a few years ago, and it has been exhibited all over the world. And, now, again, in London it is proclaimed and awarded the prize.

Now Major, give us your international point of view on this war between Italy and Ethiopia. Do you mind?

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MAJOR D.: The rumpus in Ethiopia is just a side show. Do you think Mussolini just wants Ethiopia? As you Americans would say:-  
"Not on your tintype!"

L.T.: If he doesn't want Ethiopia, what is he after?

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MAJOR D.: Let's put it this way: Over in Europe we didn't mind so long as Mussolini wanted to be a Caesar. But, now that he believes he is Caesar, the situation is different. Mussolini dreams of a second Roman empire. He wants control of the Mediterranean, control of Egypt, the Sudan, Ethiopia and other regions. In other words, everything he has been doing has been a threat to the very existence of the British Empire. That is why so many British soldiers are in Egypt; that is why the British fleet has been in the Mediterranean. That is why the Anglo-Italian problem is the sole topic of discussion in Europe at present.

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L.T.: After this very British opinion of yours, Major, let's look at the news from Ethiopia.



News from the African war front tonight carries a familiar headline -- <sup>Red Cross</sup> ~~hospitals~~ bombed. Ethiopian Northern headquarters report that fighting planes swooped down on a Red Cross caravan, commanded by a former British major. It happened at the town of Wuldka. The bombs hit the Red Cross party and destroyed the town. Sixteen killed, forty wounded.

(On the Southern frontier the Italians report a big advance. Rome says that General Graziani's army <sup>in</sup> ~~from~~ the Dolo sector has pushed ahead forty-three miles. The report is that the Ethiopians were preparing for a heavy attack, but the Italians beat them to the punch, struck first, and are driving them in headlong retreat.)

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On the diplomatic frontier -- nothing but vagueness and rumors, with all ~~xx~~ sorts of ~~zing~~ signs pointing to almost anything. One of the most beguiling hints I've seen in many a long day came to me this afternoon in the form of a cablegram from Rome. It's brief and terse so let me fill in with a little background. You may have noticed how of late the news <sup>been scarce</sup> ~~died down~~ about those violent Italian campaigns against

England. The anti-British agitation seems to have died down. Looks like Mussolini has put the quietus on it. <sup>But,</sup> ~~There,~~ let's go a little further back and recall the excitement about Hotel Eden in Rome, same name as that of Captain Anthony Eden, now British Foreign Secretary, then Number One sanctionist against Italy. Roman mobs stormed against the hated name of Eden and the management had to rebaptize the hotel and call it -- The Paradiso. Paradise instead of Eden.

Well, my cablegram today came from Bill Courtney, war correspondent for COLLIER'S magazine. It reads as follows;-

"Rome. Saw workman screwing brass letters -- E-B-E-N, Eden. Rechanging hotel name from Paradiso back to Eden."

That certainly has the look of a sign and symptom. Maybe it's a hint of a lot of peace and good-will being cooked up under cover.

The old baseball double-play:-  
Eden to Paradise to Eden - and  
s-l-u-t-m.

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