

L. T. - SUNOCO - THURS., MARCH 12, 1936

FLOODS

The best way to tell how wide-spread the floods are tonight is to give a series of date-lines.

Vermont, the White River -- five feet of flood water already; and rising fast. Ice jam melting in the thaw.

Connecticut River -- same story, melting ice, rising water.

Massachusetts. Westfield River is rising two inches an hour. Less than an hour ago it was reported to be nine feet above normal.

Boston and Albany highway -- under four feet of water in some places.

Naugatuck, Connecticut. The plants of the United States Rubber Company have closed. Boiler rooms flooded. New Milford, Conn., practically isolated tonight says Engineer Bert Green. Route 22 New York closed. Ten Mile River on the rampage.

Ulster County, New York -- highways inundated, bridges under water in danger of being swept away.

Elmira, C. C. C. Camp flooded by the Chemung River, skillets and blankets washed away!

Pennsylvania. Lackawana and Susquehanna Rivers over their banks.

Lockhaven, Pa -- town isolated. Roads on all sides blocked by flood waters.

Northern New Jersey -- the Passaic River on the rampage. A foot of water running in the streets of Paterson. At Passaic Falls, flood risen to four feet in a wild tumble down the falls. Industrial plants getting ready to close, as rising inundation is creeping upon their factories.

The flood range is from Maine to the Virginia Capes. Boats torn loose and wrecked by the rushing rivers -- and trains toppled into washouts. And to the Northwest, in Ontario, the report is -- the worst flood conditions in seventeen years.

All the result of that protracted cold spell and piled up ice far and wide. Stacks of ice just ~~xi~~waiting for a thaw. And the result -- floods.

HAUPTMANN

(The clock keeps ticking off the hours toward midnight. And midnight, ^{tonight is} ~~the beginning of another day, another Friday, is~~ zero hour for Richard Bruno Hauptmann. The legal power of the Governor of New Jersey to grant him another reprieve expires with the last second of today.) Time moving toward the deadline of the law ^{to have} ~~is~~ does seem ^{to have} all the elements of suspense, tormenting suspense for the Bronx carpenter in his prison cell at Trenton. Yet there's not so much suspense. It's darker than that for Hauptmann. Will Governor Hoffmann at the last minute grant him another reprieve? That question cannot have such a torturing blend of anxiety and expectation - not so much expectation. For the Governor spoke today.

(At Trenton, Governor Hoffman gave out the statement that he would take no action - no action between now and midnight. "I have no intention," he declared, "of granting another reprieve.") And he emphasized that by adding: "I first made this announcement on January seventeenth, and I have never indicated any change." That would seem to make it as certain a thing as can be - that as the minutes ^{spin toward midnight} ~~still~~ the deadline for action, there will be no action.

Hauptmann's lawyers are clutching at the proverbial last straw. Dr. Condon is returning from Panama on Tuesday. They intend to question Jafsie, ~~and~~ hope they'll be able to get something new from it - some new evidence.

SARNOFF

This is an age of speed. The world disease today is speed mania. We all love things to move fast. So let's ^{look at a} ~~put~~ ~~little~~ bit of speed in police work, swiftness in catching criminals.

The story is suggested by an address made today by David Sarnoff, President of the Radio Corporation of America, at the Round Table Discussion on Crime, conducted by Mrs. William Brown Meloney of the NEW YORK-HERALD TRIBUNE. David Sarnoff, naturally enough, spoke about the power of radio in the suppression of crime. And that takes us to a story about radio police cars.

There was a hold-up on the twenty-first floor of a Fifth Avenue office building. One of the robbers accidentally fired his own pistol. That frightened them, and the bandits dashed away in a panic. They ran down three flights of stairs, then took an elevator. They got to the ground floor just three minutes after the shot had been fired. And there they found the police waiting for them, every exit of the building closed by coppers. The answer? ~~the~~ Radio police cars. A telephone call told police headquarters about the shot. And instantly the radio calls went

out, rushing police cars to the building. The radio signals reached everywhere. And in a flash, the cops were there, waiting for the crooks.

CONEY ISLAND

Let's go to Coney Island. Come on, let's see the side show, ride on the steeple chase, eat popcorn and spun sugar candy - and see the substitution act of the Sutherlands and the Kiernans. Step this way, ladies and gentlemen, and behold, the Sutherlands and the Kiernans, in the greatest illusion of the century, making two grow where one grew before! Two what? Two Sutherlands and two Kiernans.

Coney Island, home of marvels, is excited and agog over its latest baffling wonder. They're electing a Democratic leader in the Sixteenth Assembly District, Coney Island. The present leader is Kenneth Sutherland, Assistant to the President of New York's Board of Alderman. He's defending his leadership against former Alderman James F. Kiernan. But today, what do we find? There's magic somewhere. Lo and behold, there are two Sutherlands and two Kiernans on the

list. Making two grow where one grew before.

~~There was a hasty scurrying about to investigate~~
~~the marvel.~~ Who ~~were~~ the two extras [?] ~~that had appeared so~~
~~suddenly as candidates?~~ ~~It was found that~~ ^{One} ~~one~~ of them is Benjamin
Sutherland. He's a clerk behind the counter in a Coney Island
store. The other is Hugh Kiernan. He's a waiter in a Coney
Island saloon. ~~Neither Ben nor Hugh have ever displayed any~~
~~political ambitions before.~~ ^H Coney Island today was agitated by
charges and counter-charges, barrages and verbal brickbats.

Each side accusés the other of political trickery. The Sutherland
forces declare that the Kiernan people entered the name of the
grocery clerk at the last minute to confuse the voters and split
their votes between the two Sutherlands. The Kiernan cohorts
counter with the same charge against the Sutherland faction in
entering the candidacy of the waiter in the saloon.

The fact is that both sides had the same idea. The
only question is, "Who had it first?" Each side claims that it
had word that the other was going to pull the dirty trick. And
each says it acted to forestall the other.

2
1

Anyway, Coney Island, the City of freaks and wonders, will have a chance to choose between two big time politicians, and a grocery store clerk and a bar room waiter. It would be amusing if either the clerk or the waiter won out. That would be worthy of Coney Island!

DOCTORS

When doctors operate, that's hardly a thing for laymen to understand. When doctors operate on each other, and at the same time, that ^{completely} passes the layman's understanding.

It happened in Budapest, where the Hungarians are a hot-headed race. A patient was brought to a hospital. Two doctors examined her and got into an argument - to operate or not to operate. One said "yes", the other said "no". They couldn't come to an agreement.

The next day the doctor in favor of the operation went ahead with his surgery. Everything turned out all right, successful. A few days later he was telling about it to some other medicos, how he had disagreed with his colleague, and had been right. Just then the colleague appeared on the scene. "You shouldn't have operated", he shouted. "You look upon your patients as cases, not human beings. You operated because you're - a 'searcher'. You wanted to see what was inside so you could talk and write about it." The argument waxed hot and heavy. A blow was struck.

The next day the two doctors appeared on the dueling field, and operated on each other - with sabres. And they were so

keen about saving lives that they tried to take each other's life. With heavy ~~with~~ cavalry sabres they went at each other. There were seven exchanges of cut and thrust. Both doctors were bleeding, each a case of incisions and lacerations. Then with the last sweeping blow, one nearly scalped the other. Then they shook hands; ~~the~~ honor was satisfied. ^{It} The operation ^{oh, it} was a success.

EUROPE

(The statesmen were gathered in London today, when a blast came from Berlin. The statesmen of France were demanding that the German troops must get out of the Rhineland. The statesmen of England were trying to fix up some sort of a compromise, hoping they could get Germany to make some concessions) to pacify the French - concessions like withdrawing part of their soldiers from the Rhine, and a guarantee not to fortify the historic river. That was the situation when the news came from Berlin. Let's see what it was.

(Hitler's himself made a formal announcement to this effect:- "We will not withdraw from the Rhine!") So Nazi Germany reaffirms its full right to do anything that a sovereign nation has a right to do, to put its soldiers where it pleases within its own national boundaries, to have armament where it sees fit within its own territory. That's the sovereign right of any nation, and that's the stand that Hitler took today.

(There was only one slight inkling of concession. The Hitler declaration states that if the others will take up the German proposal to discuss a new arrangement, no more German troops

will go into the Rhineland while the negotiations are taking place.)

But what will Germany do if the others insist that she get her troops away from the Rhine? ^{Germany} ~~The Berlin statement~~

answers that also; ~~it~~ declares that if any attempt is made to coerce Germany, the Hitler government will withdraw the offers it has made for a new peace arrangement, will call off all its proposals for a treaty guaranteeing the frontiers in the west, and Germany will retire into isolation. — *the Teutonic Achilles will sub.*

So no wonder the conference in London was thrown into consternation. The French statesmen repeated their demands for strong measures, their declarations against a weak compromise. The British statesmen were greatly embarrassed. What chance have they to get Germany to make concessions to pacify France - when Germany declares in advance - no concessions? Or at least - none worth talking about.

So the tangled knot looks more tangled than ever.

The British public, press and Parliament do not want to take drastic measures against Germany. ^{Still -} The British ministers are

convinced that Britain must support France. But how far? We heard French threats to withdraw from the League of Nations. And after today's statement from Berlin, we hear of a French threat to act against Germany alone. And the hard determined attitude of France is strongly upheld by a whole line of powers, including Soviet Russia, the Little Entente, and the Nations in the Balkan Entente.

Today Britain and France drew up a strong protest to Germany, a drastic complaint against the breaking of the Locarno Treaty. And Mussolini joined in the protest. What next? The matter will be placed before the League of Nations, with France demanding the sternest of League penalties to bring Germany to terms. What stand will England take before the League? That's doubtful. And what action will Mussolini take in the League proceedings? The Duce with his African War? That's doubly doubtful.

MARRIAGE - Ending.

England tonight is sharply divided into two parties.

Of course, there's the problem ~~to~~ to coerce Hitler, or not to coerce; ^{i.e.} [^] To support France strongly, or to support her not so strongly. (But it isn't the international crisis that has England split into two factions, the poles apart. ^{It's something else.} [^] One faction is asking -- who is King Edward the Eighth going to marry? The other faction is busy proving -- that he isn't likely to marry at all.

The matrimonial enthusiasts, after debating the list of European Princesses are concentrating on Eugenie of Greece. She is young and attractive.) And her partisans point out that -- in addition to other charms, she has a political and geographical charm, as a princess of Greece. She occupies a strategic ^{position} [^] for the British fleet in the Eastern Mediterranean -- I mean, Greece, not the princess. (^{now} Malta ^{is} [^] out as a naval base. His Majesty's warships are in Alexandria, but Egypt is a troublesome place.) Right now London has a naval arrangement with Athens and British warships are in Greek ports. So a marriage tie might help an important diplomatic tie. ^{and -} [^] That's according to the old ways of dynastic

weddings. So the king might marry -- to protect naval strategy in the Eastern Mediterranean, to guard the Suez Canal, to secure a route to India -- the life line of Empire.

The other camp looks at it in an entirely different way. They say that it doesn't prove anything -- that the bachelor king merely mentions to the House of Commons the possibility of his getting married -- just a matter of form connected with the royal properties. The civil list, on which the royal income is based, is made up once and for all at the beginning of a new reign; then enormously hard to change. Hence it's customary to cover every possible contingency. (So, according to the opponents of the marriage theory, the king's mention of a possible wedding and a possible queen is merely a matter of routine.)

Anyway, wedding bells and orange blossoms are a lively theme in Britain today -- and along with them we have several odd bits of news pertaining to the romantic subject.

A wedding at which the bridesmaid was a hundred years old. She was the great-aunt of the bride, in England. It would be moody and sentimental to tell how the venerable lady thought

MARRIAGE - 3

back of her own wedding so many years ago. But she didn't.

For she's a hundred year old maid.

And from Australia we hear of a wooden wedding. Wooden is right. The groom was James Wood. The bride, Miss Dulcie Wood, was given away by her father, C. L. Wood. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend Gordon Wood. And the wedding march on the organ was played by his wife, Mrs. Wood. When that couple was courting he must have said:- "Would you be mine?" And she must have answered:- "I would."

And I suppose that when they die instead of a will they'll leave a wood. And,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.