

L.J. - Sunoco. Thurs., March 26, 1936.

Quinn
NBC

HAUPTMANN

Bruno Richard Hauptmann, as we know, is a carpenter. What is the substance that a carpenter works with? ~~Why~~ Planks, beams, timber -- wood, ^{of course.} So it's a striking and a bitterly sententious thing that the fate of the BrOnx carpenter is so dramatically concerned with that familiar building material -- wood.

This was so at the Flemington trial. The ladder was vividly in the foreground. The angriest controversy raged around it. The boards in the attic of Hauptmann's home -- the contention of the prosecution that the kidnap ladder had been built with a board ripped from among the others in the attic. There was endless expert testimony about -- wood.

Now we have that theme repeated all over again -- planks, beams, boards. Today Governor Hoffman of New Jersey went to a house in the Bronx, the one time home of Richard Bruno Hauptmann. He was accompanied by a party, including Hauptmann's lawyer, Lloyd Fisher and Prosecutor Wilentz. They climbed into the attic. And there they looked at the timbers, studied the wood. They were there for five hours. They were checking once more the testimony against Hauptmann -- that the nail holes in the ladder tallied exactly with the nail holes in

HAUPTMANN 2--

the joists of Hauptmann's attic. When it was all over the New Jersey governor refused to disclose what he had discerned, if anything. Prosecutor Wilentz declared that from the start he disapproved of the visit to the attic.

So the terrific drama of the Hauptmann case goes on.

Continued questionings and investigation -- with only five days to go, five days' til the date set for the execution of Hauptmann -- March thirty-first.

HATTERAS

You can take our strikes and struggles and put them into a peanut shell, -- compare with the grand conflicts of Nature, the drama of the elements. For example - the eternal interplay of sea and shore, the ocean against the coast.

I remember standing at Ravenna, now an inland town - once the great seaport, sea stronghold, of the Roman Empire. The sea has receded from the shore. Then there's the battle-field of Marathon. When the Greeks fought the Persians there, it was a narrow strip along the shore. Now it's miles inland. And there's the tomb of the Poet Virgil. In ancient times it stood on the shore near Naples. Now it's deep below the waters in the Mediterranean. The sea has swallowed the shore. All of this adds mood to our own story of the Cape Hatteras lightship.

Today sea-faring men were saying - the wild Atlantic down that way is relentless and implacable. The rough sea off Hatteras is a proverb.

Sea-faring men cherish lighthouses, those kindly beacons, those luminous guiding friends. And of all, the Hatteras lighthouse is regarded with a peculiar sentiment.

The Cape is so stormy and dangerous- the lighthouse has saved so many an imperilled ship. But - the lighthouse, friend of the sailor, is an enemy of the devouring ocean. The ocean strikes back and eventually wins the battle. In this case the endless pounding of the sea has eaten away the shore, right to that Hatteras beacon.

The first lighthouse on Cape Hatteras was built as long ago as Seventeen Ninety-eight, during the Administration of President John Adams. It stood a mile inland, but the ocean hammered away and in seventy years the white capped waves dug their way to the lighthouse. They had to abandon it. They built a new one, a mile back, a mile inland. That's the present tower, a hundred and ninety-three feet high. Now the story is repeated all over again. In sixty-seven years this time the thundering ocean once more has carved into the shore for a whole mile and beaten it's way to the lighthouse. Right now it's only a hundred feet from the base of the tower, threatening to sweep around the beacon, and gouge out the shore from under it.

So once more the old historic lighthouse is being

abandoned. Uncle Sam will build another, a mile inland.

The sea already has advanced two miles, and now will begin on the third -- while the United States government continues the 137 year old fight to keep a beacon guide for sailors who navigate the dangerous waters of Hatteras.

TOWNSEND

What's the difference between economy and political economy? I suppose economy is - when you save a nickle by buying a five cent instead of a ten cent cigar. I never was so good at economy, and even less expert at political economy. So I suppose I don't know the difference between the two. But I'm not the only one, Neither does Robert E. Elements, former big shot of the Townsend Plan. He testified it under oath today at the opening of the congressional investigation of the Two Hundred A Month Old Age Pension Program.

The witness admitted that, although he was Master-Mind Number Two in that scheme for saving the nation he had never made much of a study of the scientific economic aspects of the plan.

The hearing was mostly preliminary, with questions and answers wandering hither and yon - details ~~xxx~~ about the earlier real estate career of the Townsend organizer, flashes of how Dr. Townsend had worked for Clements and had talked him into the plan. There were a few bits about the money aspect of the old-age movement, the collection of funds, but nothing significant or startling.

A laugh in today's hearing came when they were questioning Witness Clements about a statement made in a weekly magazine devoted to the Townsend Plan. He declared that neither he nor his organization had given the doubtful and disputed information to the magazine. And he told where it had come from.

"The statement in the weekly" said the witness, "comes from giving too much credence to the Congressional Record." And that's good for a laugh even up here in Syracuse tonight where I am on my way through to Binghamton.

- - - - -

cut

I've often heard the Congressional Record paned for drab and dreary dullness, but I've never before heard it roasted for being a manual of tall stories. I never thought it was that interesting.

EUROPE

Tonight if one reads Foreign Minister Eden's declaration to the house of commons, the impression it gives is one of drab depression. ¶The handsomest of the diplomats presented to the M. P's his account of the political state of Europe and the policies of his majesty's government. In the course of this he had ^{one} reassuring thing to relate. He pointed out that the British and French proposals to Germany had staved off the immediate danger of war. And that seems to be true enough. The League Council has adjourned. Britain and France have stopped their london conference, things are in a condition of more or less quiet stalmate.

Then the foreign minister added: -- "I do not view the future with a light heart."

There was something almost pathetic in his declaration, *in which he uttered these words:--* his appeal, to Germany:--"and I would like to say to Germany -- how can we hope to enter on negotiations with any prospect of unless success/you do something to allay the anxieties in Europe which you have created?" Which points to the fact that Hitler having turned down the Franco-British proposals has promised to submit

52

some of his own after the Reichstag elections on Sunday.

How far will Great Britain support France? Opinion in Parliament was clear today -- opposed to getting tangled up with ^{any} dangerous commitment^s on the continent. And British public opinion is the same way too. Yet, London is tied to Paris under the terms of the Locarno treaty.

On that subject also the dapper captain Edn ~~Struck~~^a struck a plaintive note;-- "We must distinguish," said he, "Between what might be national sentiment -- and what are our national obligations."

Tonight the foreign minister's address to parliament leaves things pretty much where they were before Monday only more so -- France furious, and Germany un^bending, Great Britain uncomfortably on the fence, and Italy looking for a bargain. Today Mussolini kept hammering away for the abolition of sanctions.

JAPAN

It is significant tonight to note the geographical location of the town of Khundjun. That's where the latest clash has taken place between the Japanese and the Soviet Russians. One point is that Khundjun is not along the dangerous borders of Mongolia. That's where the relations between Japan and the Soviets are at the highest tension. Both the Nipponese and Reds have large Mongolian ambitions. Khundjun is far away from that dynamite filled territory. But, it's on the frontier of Russia and Japanese-controlled Manchukuo—and that's always dangerous. The maritime province of Siboy stretch^{es} south^a, comparatively narrow strip between Manchukuo and the Pacific ocean. Khundjun is a few miles to the southwest of Vladivostok. That puts^{it} in the extreme tip of the maritime province. The border there is vague and undecided; it has never been definitely marked out. A disputed border is always a risky, trouble-breeding affair.

Recently, the Japanese and Soviets have been negotiating clean up the to ~~clean up~~ frontier question, trying to get together to form a mixed and impartial commission, to decide what^{'s} ~~was~~ Manchukuo and what^{'s} ~~was~~ Siberia. These negotiations had been part of a more peace-

March 26
ful tendency in the far east, in the past few weeks.

But now there's a rude shock - (a fight at Khundjun, a regular battle between Japanese and Manchukuoans on one side, and soldiers of the red army on the other. Moscow reports that the engagement was bitter and lasted a long time, many casualties on both sides. Moscow claims the Japanese-Manchukuoan forces raided Soviet territory and were driven out.

The latest is:- Moscow has made a strong protest to Tokyo, complaining angrily about the affray.)

- - - - -

Khundjun is a long way from Mongolia, but that doesn't mean that Mongolia is absent from the news today. New trouble along that perilous frontier. The Japanese claim Communist Chinese armies are advancing, pushing into Inner Mongolia and on toward the border of Manchukuo. So Tokyo has sent a drastic warning to the Chinese war lords in those parts. The Japanese claim the war lords are doing nothing to drive the Red Chinese army away, and they have issued an ultimatum - if the Chinese don't do it, the Japanese will. The Tokyo generals say they'll send their own troops to those Chinese - Mongolian territories and attack the forces of the Reds.

I'm constantly being asked what has happened to my old Tall Story Club. I simply ran out of Tall Stories -- that's all. It got so all the yarns that came in ~~to us~~ were ones ^{we'd} ~~we~~ had before. And the funniest part ~~of it~~ was that ^{when} I wrote a book called "Tall Stories, put in it the best ones ~~that~~ you folks had sent to me, and had it published, ^{right away} ~~whereupon~~ radio listeners started sending me exactly the same yarns ~~that~~ I had in the book!

My reason for bringing this up is that I've just heard a tall one. It ^{sure} sounds tall, although I am assured on the best scientific authority that it is absolutely true.

A number of members of the Explorers Club were ~~giving~~ giving a farewell luncheon at the Waldorf, a luncheon to a young explorer, Amos Berg, who is on his way across the country tonight, bound for (Seattle, where he is going to pick up his small boat and make his way up) the Alaskan coast. At Queen Charlotte Island he's going to get hold of a couple of Indians, and (from then on use their sea-going canoes. And) then he's going to film

cut

56 cut

the life of the whale. The story I am coming to hasn't anything to do with whales or Amos Berg, merely in his honor.

It's about Leopold Godowsky, the musician. He was on a tour of America and occasionally travelled by air. One morning he got into a two-seater plane with a friend of his. They took off. A little later they had some trouble, and made a successful forced landing in a field. The pilot got out and began fooling around. In doing so he started up the motor. And the first thing Godowsky knew the plane was taking off, without a pilot. The famous musician knew absolutely nothing about operating a plane. He didn't know what to do. So he decided to do nothing. He just sat there, petrified. And that pilotless plane flew along for twenty or thirty minutes on an even keel. Then, as smoothly as it had taken off, it settled to earth, fortunately in a fairly level region, and landed without any damage.

57
Attorney Stein, legal authority for the Explorers Club, vouches for the truth of the story. So it must be true. Whether it is or not, I think the author of it, Mr. Godowsky, should be presented with a hand-tooled Tall Story diploma.

BASEBALL

It's many a year now since old time vaudeville actors began cracking out gags about Brooklyn. They created the droll tradition of the burg on the other side of the East River as a comic sort of place. After that the humorous legend was competently carried on by the Brooklyn Baseball Team, with the funniest infielders, the goofiest outfielders and they became known to fame as - the daffiness boys.

As for today's news, I don't know whether you'd consider it goofy or not. It raises the question, to be addressed to each of you folks - "have you got two million dollars?" Maybe that sounds daffy. However, if you'll pay the two million, you can have the daffiness boys. The Brooklyn club is up for sale.

Some year ago, Charlie Ebbets, the legended owner of the Brooklyn Dodgers, sold half of his interest in the club to Magistrate Stephen McKeever. Eventually, the dual ownership turned into a duel, each side wanting to buy the other out. In the second generation we find two women. One, Charlie Ebbett's daughter, Genevieve. The other Judge McKeever's daughter,

Dearie. The judge, in refusing to sell his baseball holdings, always said - "That's for Dearie and the children." Dearie had the reputation of knowing more baseball than many a big league manager. For years she followed the team all over the country and never missed a game. Just a year ago she declared: "We will never sell our half."

With two daughters as the baseball heiresses, the management of the club naturally went into the hands of two sons-in-law. On the Ebbett side Genevieve is married to Joseph Gilleaudeau. On the McKeever side, Dearie is married to James Mulvey.

It's Joseph Gilieaudeau who now announces that the Daffiness boys are for sale. So any of you folks who have two million in the bank, just walk up to the counter and plunk it down, and you can have the infielders, outfielders, pitchers, catchers, ~~af~~ daffiness and all.

Right this way, Ladies and Gentlemen, if you have two million dollars. Right this way - ! If you haven't the two million - then -- SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW!