GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The focus of national interest tonight is on a city that bears an Egyptian name. Egyptian in spelling, though not in pronunciation. It's Cairo on the banks of the Nile, but it's Cairo where the Ohio flows into the Mississippi.

The prognostication tonight is that if the sea wall at Cairo holds successfully against the flood, why the same thing may be expected of the entire levee system down the Mississippi.

But if the great dike at Cairo bursts, why then you may expect the entire levee system to give way when it's hit by the full power of the flood. And that will double and redouble the disaster of the deluge.

The focus ofinterest in Cairo is on - waterboils.

The flood news has made most of us aware of what waterboils are the vast pressure of the river held by a powerful dike forces

water down through the sands under the dike, and the water appears
on the other side, bubbling out of the surface of the sand there.

The dike at Cairo developed waterboils today - symptoms of wild
alarm. They say that if enough of these bubbling places on the sand

appear, it will mean that the mighty sixty foot sea wall of concrete has been undermined - and will collapse.

Who reassuring is the comment of army engineers, who say that the ment sea wall at Cairo always develops
waterboils when the water is high. It has shown more of them
in times past than right now - and it didn't collapse then.
So maybe the bubblings on the sand are not premonition of catastrophe.

And at Cairo there's a danger in the wind - the flood lashed by a blowing gale. The tall massive sea wall ix was not tall enough. They built it higher with a barrier of sand bags, a makeshift bulwark not too staunch or strong. The top water of the flood has been pressing against that wall of sand bags. And the word has been that if a strong wind were to blow the surge against the barrier, why that might burst it.

Tonight the wind news is unfavorable, a violent breeze is lashing a heavy wash of flood against the sand bags. If these give way. immense masses of water will pour over the concrete wall into the city.

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Such is the news of a crisis, as the Mississippi flood manti

in forty-eight hours. Then the flood will reach the topmosts

Flood creat is right now at

Nown the river there's a tension of anxiety tonight.

Mud smeared, unshaven men are patrolling the levees, watching for signs of a break, ready to give the alarm. If the sea wall at Cairo should burst, there thus giving a signal of the collapse of the entire levee system of the Mississippi - an enormous exodus will start in swift motion. Half a million people will flee from thousands of square miles of land - fugitives from the river.

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hubne. Feb. 2, 1937. Here's a flood episode told me by someone whom I've brought here to tell it to you: - Jack Kuhne, the flying cameramen for Movietone, just back from many days in the air over the flood region. Six days -- looking down at the flood! Isn't that true Jack?

JACK KUHNE: Yes, and it's a picture still in my mind -that endless expanse of wellow water, big cities in an inland
sea, and all those small towns with only the roof-tops and church
steeples sticking out of the flood.

L.T.: And about that refugee story?

JACK KUHNE: That was about the Coast Guard boat loaded with refugees. It was navigating along a small town street, when they noticed something funny about a certain house. The roof was just sticking above the water, and something was crashing through that roof, an axe was smashing its way through from the inside. It cut a hole and through this a man appeared.

L.T.: Had taken refuge in the attic and was trapped, with the water rising?

JACK KUHNE: - Yes, he and his wife and two children. The Coast Guard boat was too overloaded to take the family, but it wired for another boat. The man, woman and two children climbed through the hole on the roof just as the water was filling up the attic. They would have been drowned like rats in there. The second Coast Guard boat got them.

L.T.: And I suppose there are many like that -- who didn't escape. Took refuge in their attics -- and the water filled it up to the top.

Some time this afternoon a Michigan sheriff will read a document to scores of men in two factories. They - the sit down strikers. He will recite to them a court decree, ordering them to vacate the plants within twenty-four hours. What will the answer of the strikers be? Any amount of strife and trouble may hinge on that.

Today, Circuit Court Judge Gadola granted the injunction requested by General Motors. He agreed with the Company's contention that sitters-down were illegally occupying company property. So the Court decreed, "move out, leave the premises.") He also granted an injunction to prevent the strikers from picketing the factories.

Under Michigan law, the next step is for the Sheriff to read to the sit down strikers the court order to vacate.

Sheriff Walcott said he would do this as soon as the formal order was drawn up and signed by the judge - some time this afternoon. So once more the question echoes - what will be the

reply of the sit down strikers? I dement that it welcome the decision - and expects the union to abide by the law by reachfully accepting the courts decision.

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The decision - and expects the union to abide by the strikers are at.

are on duty in Flint, and another thousand on their way to help keep order. This afternoon National Guardsmen drew their lines around the Chevrolet Number Four plant. They smashed booths set up by the strike picketers, removed the Union sound truck from which harangues had been delivered, and arrested six men with charges of inciting riots.

John L. Lewis, leader of the auto strike, has taken a plane to Detroit to take personal charge of the crisis.

He will be the commander on the scene. It has been rumored that Lewis has believed all the time the sit down strikers have gone too far, acted too drastically. So, there's a supposition that he may be going to the scene to act as a moderating influence.

Here's the case of a ship that's going to need more than legal technicalities, smart lawyers, and loopholes in the wall. It's that vessel which created such a stir several weeks ago by sailing from New York to Spain loaded with planes for the Spanish Left-Wing Government. Our neutrality law couldn't do anything about it And when the Statute was framed there was no mention of Civil War. The State Department had to issue the permit to export the munitions, although it was most reluctant. They tried to hold the boat up by a court order, until the neutrality law could be amended to fit the case. Nothing doing. The freighter, thanks to legal technicalities, put to sea. It sailed right through a loophole in the ax neutrality law.

But tonight we hear about a welcome that's being prepared for that ship -- a me welcome from General Franco.

A dispatch from Gibralter states that a Rebel warship has gone to meet it -- the freighter carrying goods to Madrid. A Rebel warship -- with frowning cannon. And meet a scouting plane on deck poised for instant flight,

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ready to wing aloft -- and spot the craft that evaded the

so firmucs can capture it.

laws of the U.S.A. This time a few cannon torpedoes the help

heights

more than all the legal technicalities in the world # as Franco's

warship steams out to hijack the aviation cargo consigned to

and the court of t

Left-Wing Madrid.

There was excitement in Europe today, the excitement of a rumor - Lindbergh has crashed! The Flying Colonel and his lady were reported to have come to grief in a remote place along the border of Jugoslavia and Hungary. This headline hit the continental papers. The Jugoslav police jumped into action and sent hurried patrols along the border to hunt for the crashed Lindbergh plane. They Hour after hour they searched but they never found it, because the Lindbergh plane was somewhere else, not crashed at all.

The famous flying couple meanwhile were making an uneventful landing in the historic Italian city of Pisa. While the scarry rumors were flying over Europe, they were paying a visit to thexterning xTax that monument which no traveller to Pisa fails to visit, the Leaning Tower.

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I want to make a few nominations tonight, nominations for gold medals. For heroism - I'll name Frank Bielicky. For coolness in the face of danger - Frank Bielicky. For genius as an actor - Frank Bielicky. For cleverness in saving a hundred dollars - Frank Bielicky. For misplaced faith in mankind - Frank Bielicky. And then let me explain why Frank Bielicky deserves all these medals.

A good time was being had by all at the club rooms of the Bronx Veterans Non-Partisan Association, and among those present was Frank Bielicky, formerly a sailor. There was a sudden commotion as three men stalked in, pistol in hand, and held up the place. One of them stuck a gun in Frank's ribs, and right there and then Frank earned the medal for heroism. With a sudden twist he grabbed the robber's pistol hand, swung the crook around, and held him with an iron grip. Frank is a strong fellow, hardened by salty years at sea. He held the robber in front of him, and used him as a shield, thus the other two bandits couldn't shoot. They stared, astounded. And thereby Frank earned the medal for coolness in the face of danger.

His idea was simple, if a bit unsophisticated. He
believed that as he had opened the attack on the stick-up men,
his pals would follow suit and overwhelm the other two bandits.

That's where Frank earned the medal for misplaced faith in
mankind. His pals didn't make a move. They were, in fact,
painfully distressed by Frank's heroism. They tried to pass it
off. One of them spoke up and said in a friendly, chummy way:
"Oh, don't pay any attention to him, he's just drunk!" And the
others chimed in with a laugh - "Sure, Frank is always up to
such funny tricks when he has had a few drinks!"

When Frank, still holding the robber in his grasp, observed the lack of cooperation his pals were giving him, he saw he'd have to do something. He thought he'd better follow suit and carry out their idea. So he started to laugh and stagger, and walzed around the floor with the stick-up men. One of the robbers, gun in hand, came over and patted him was on the head and told him to go over there and sit down, and take it easy. A few

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drinks were all right, but, after all, this was a stick-up.

So Frank stumbled hilariously to a chair and flopped into it. So right here we can hand him the medal for genius as an actor.

The robbers paid no further attention to Frank as they went ahead with their robbery. They stripped the members of the Bronx Veterans Non-Partisan Association of all their money - everyone except Frank. Right here I'll be shining up the medal for clverness and saving a hundred dollars.

Ignored and unnoticed, Frank dropped his bank-roll of a hundred under his chair without being seen.

The stick-up men got five hundred and seventy-two dollars, and made their getaway - leaving Frank's hundred under the chair where he recovered it.

Tonight there's a controversy. 'Frank claims that if his pals had given him a little cooperation they could have captured the crooks and saved their cash. His pals retort that they saved his life. Since they weren't going to be heroes anyway, they did the next best thing.

Suppose I make myself the referee and give a decision - awarding all the gold medals to Frank.

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Here's the story of Angel Face and a five year old little girl named Patricia. It sounds cunning and cute. You might expect it to go something like this - "Angel Face smiled at Patricia, and Patricia said: "Why are you so kind, Angel Face?" It has all the makings of a bed-time story.

So you'll be shocked to learn that the Brooklyn police arrested Angel Face as a sensational crook. Angel Face is one of four men in prison cells tonight as members of a gang charged with a whole string of desperate crimes including two big time, big money exploits of kidnapping and rebbery.

The police say they are the last four of the ten men hunted in connection with Albany's celebrated O'Connell kidnapping case - in which, several years ago, the son of a maximum Number One politician was kidnapped and held for a two hundred and fifty thousand dollar ransom. That extravagant figure was finally got down to forty thousand dollars. That amount was paid to the gang and the politician's son was released. The police claim that members of the mob were implicated likewise in Brooklyn's great ice plant robbery, in which the crooks got away with

four hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars - the biggest stick-up on record.

The mention of these grandiose affairs of crime sheds an illumination not at all angelic upon the visage of Angel Face. Apparently he gets that cherubic name because of the way his mouth is twisted, a strange warped curve of the kisser.

But how, in the story of Angel Face, do we find little five year old Patricia? The answer comes in the sweet words of childish prattle, a bright little girl speaking up so cute and precociously.

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One of the four men under arrest tonight was seized by the cops in Denver. The police raided his apartment and grabbed him there. They were making a hasty search of the place, looking for some clue to others in the gang. Helpful little Patricia went to one of the big policemen, looked up at him and smiled: "Oh," said she, "Mommy keeps letters under my pillow. So the cops looked under the pillow of the little girl's crib, and there they found the letters. In these were the clues that led to the arrest of the other three - including Angel Face.

This episode, say the police, has finally cleared up the O'Connell kidnapping, and helps to clear up Brooklyn's biggest of all stick-ups. And that's the end of the bed-time story of Angel Face and little Patricia.

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