

L. T. SUNOCO, MONDAY, DECEMBER 28th, 1936.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Once again the country is horrified by news that we hoped had disappeared forever from the front page. Once again a father and mother in Tacoma, Washington, wait in anguish for news of their kidnapped son. Once again a helpless lad of tender years is in the clutches of a desperate but unidentified malefactor. Once again the combined police forces of a city, a state and the Federal Bureau of Investigation are combing the countryside for traces of the kidnapper and his little boy victim. The home of brown-eyed little Charlie Mattson is hardly more than a stone's throw from the place where Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Whaley and William Mahan snatched young George Weyerhauser less than two years ago, and he was a playmate and school fellow of the Weyerhauser lad.

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Not many important new details have come to light since this morning. However, now we do know definitely, that it is twenty-eight thousand and not eighteen thousand dollars that the ruffian demands from Dr. and Mrs. Mattson. The parents have been instructed to establish contact through want ads in a Seattle newspaper. The Mattsons have been notified to have ready ten thousand dollars in old worn bills of either two or five dollar denomination, and eighteen thousand in old greenbacks of fifty dollars or more.

What makes this affair all the more dreadful is the fact that the kidnapper may be a drug addict, a ruffian immune not only to reason but to fear. Barely a week ago Dr. Mattson disturbed and put to flight an intruder from his garage. Later he missed a medical kit containing narcotics.

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It was in the midst of Christmas celebration that this worst of crimes entered the Mattson home. Outside on the lawn the Christmas tree was aglow. In the living room the eldest sixteen year old boy, the fourteen year old daughter, a friend of hers and little Charles were enjoying their Christmas presents. The masked fiend, gun in hand, entered from the direction of

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the waterfront, the harbor on Puget Sound. He came in through a French window. Threatening the youngsters with his gun he made a hurried search for money or valuables. Finding none he looked at little Charles who was sitting near the window. He exclaimed: "Here's something better than money." With that he scooped the boy up in his arms and fled through the window, a Spaniel pup ~~barkk~~ barking at his heels.

In this dismal, alarming story there is one gallant note. Dr. Mattson, the missing boy's father, is one of the foremost surgeons of Tacoma. He had a major operation scheduled at a Tacoma hospital this morning. With tragedy hovering over his home, with his heart filled with anxiety as only a bereaved father can know, with a police guard over his home and family, Dr. W. ". Mattson performed that operation. Surely an instance of mental bravery not excelled on the field of battle.

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The Federal Bureau of Investigation is confronted with a problem of one more unsolved kidnapping case -- this after the conviction and sentence of Harry Brunette two weeks ago wiped the kidnap slate clean.

AIRPLANE

There seems to be no probability that any of the passengers of that wrecked airliner are alive -- today's wrecked liner. Ever since daybreak, rescue and observation planes have been flying over the mountains and deserts north and east of Los Angeles. It was the manager of the airport at Santa Paula who flashed the first bulletin. Flying over the Santa Susannah range, almost directly north of Los Angeles, he saw something on top of a mountain which did not belong as part of the scenery. Swooping down a little closer, he made out that it was the wreckage of an airship's wings. Circling the peak once more and venturing into the valley, he espied what was all too evidently the broken fragments of the liner's cabin and engines.

He immediately hastened back to his airport and communicated the news. At once searching parties were sent out from the nearby town of Saugus. The spot where the wreckage was strewn is a barren granite hillside, approachable only over dry arroyas and rock strewn canyons. Impossible to land any where near there by plane.

The report of the manager at the Santa Paula airport was

SCIENCE FOLLOW KIDNAPPING

The American Association for the Advancement of Science opened its annual meeting in Atlantic City today. There the new device to foil kidnapers was demonstrated. The idea is to surround the crib or bed of the sleeping child with radio waves. The moment any malefactor steps into the radio-charged area, he sounds off a loud alarm. The scientists assembled at Atlantic City seemed to find the device eminently satisfactory. It can also be used in banks, jewelry shops, offices, any place where valuables are kept.

confirmed later. A pilot in a sister ship of the wrecked liner also espied the tragic debris on the mountainside. Both observers agree that the shattered condition of the plane's remnants give scant hope that any of the nine passengers or three members of the crew can have survived.

From United headquarters I learn that no details are available, it is impossible to say as yet what was the cause of the disaster. On that part of the west coast, sudden storms sweep in from the Pacific Ocean, and fogs come unannounced landward with incredible speed. In the last message received from the ill-fated airship, her pilot, Ed Blom, reported by radio that he was lost in murky weather. He was then barely thirty-five miles from Los Angeles. That was the last message received from him.

Harold Crary, Vice-President of United Airlines, says that Company's officials, now speeding on their way west, will cooperate with the Bureau of Air Commerce investigating the accident. "This was our first accident in a hundred and twenty-five million passenger miles," said Mr. Crary. "The first in more than twenty million plane miles. And it's the first on that popular San Francisco-LOS Angeles run now in its seventh year."

RETAKE

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CUBA

Our neighbors, the citizens of Cuba, got a new President for Christmas. And tonight the omens in Havana point to still another for New Year's.

It isn't easy to make out exactly what's the matter with President Bru who succeeded former President Gomez last week. But ~~that well known though not always reliable authority,~~ the grapevine telegraph, flashes the information that the job is too tough a one for Senór Bru. It's all very well to have the okay of Dictator Colonel Batista. But the impeached Dr. Gomez was a popular, well respected fellow, and still has a host of friends. And that's remarkable in a man who has just lost his job. So when Senor Bru stepped into the Gomez shoes he found himself with the Machiavellian problem of not only pleasing the boss, Colonel Batista, but keeping the partisans of Dr. Gomez pacified. That's why the cafes ~~and taverns~~ of Havana tonight are buzzing with the gossip that, as a way out of the difficulty, Colonel Carlos Mendieta will be called upon to fill the ^{and} breach. We've heard ^{of} plenty about him before.

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Moreover

The presidency of the beautiful but troubled isle will be no

novelty to him.

The last time we heard about him was in Nineteen Thirty Four. After the overthrow of President Grau San Martin, there was real danger of civil war, armed conflict between the army under Batista and the Navy under Antonio Guitéras. In that emergency, Colonel Mendieta became the man of the hour. He seemed to be the one prominent figure in Cuban politics who could preserve some semblance of harmony between the hostile parties. He was, of course, not elected but became provisional president. It was he whom Dr. Miguel Mariano Gomez succeeded.

Havana under cover of darkness he crossed the straits to Florida. And at Tampa he recruited a company of a hundred and twenty-five fighting men whom he armed and equipped at his own expense. These he brought back to his own country, where they played a useful part in the war which freed Cuba. He came out of the Spanish-American War with the title of Colonel.

After the war, he tried to retire to private life, finished his course in medicine at Havana University and became qualified to practice. But, his one taste of politics had been too strong for him. He discovered that there is a wide margin between having a republic and having a republic that is run to your own satisfaction. So Mendieta turned into one of a stormy petrel.

In Nineteen Seventeen he was one of the leaders of the rebellion against President Menocal. He didn't succeed - then. In fact he had to run for it, and took refuge in Nassau for a time. But he had better luck in later revolutions.

That's the sort of man we may soon hear of as the third president of Cuba within a month.

EUROPE

German warships patrolling Spanish ports, -- that's the ominous picture, witnessed today. As a result of the seizure of the German freighter Palos by the Spanish Left Wingers, the fighting ships of Hitler are making demonstrations off ~~the~~ Left Wing harbors, such as Bilbao.

The reassuring word is that the Berlin government says it will not undertake any active warlike measures in retaliation for the seizure of the German freighter. Its warships won't make any attack - they'll just be on guard.

Meanwhile, in London there's talk of a neutral patrol of Spanish waters - the powers getting together and sending their ships to see that neutrality is maintained.

SPAIN

Here's a new slant on ~~the~~^a nation shipping war materials to Spain. What country do we now find sending stuff for fighting, to the desperate battlers of the Spanⁱsh civil war? Why, our own country. Who says so? The State Department in Washington.

Late this afternoon the State Department made the formal announcement that ~~it~~ nearly three million dollars' worth of airplanes and motors for war service will be shipped to Spain from Jersey City. And official ~~it~~ government permits have been issued for these war cargoes.

What about our Neutrality Law? That's just it.

The State Department declares that it has granted the permits reluctantly, against its own will -- because our present Neutrality Law merely forbids sending war materials to nations at war. It says nothing about a civil war.) Our government does not recognize the Spanish turmoil as a ~~regular~~ conflict between belligerents. Consequently, the three million dollars' worth of war planes will be shipped from Jersey City -- quite legally. To which side are they consigned. ~~The~~^{To} Left Wingers or Fascists? This we are not told.

ROOSEVELT

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When the Seventy-Sixth Congress convenes next Wednesday, President Roosevelt will break another precedent. He will be the first President of the United States to read his message to Congress before his inauguration.

That message will be one of good cheer, optimism, fond hopes. The fondest of these is the expectation that in the fiscal year Nineteen Thirty-Eight, the year that begins next July, Uncle Sam will take in enough money to cover all that he spends. Mr. Roosevelt's advisors have led him to believe that the country's income for this year, the year that ends ⁱⁿ July next, will be five ^f million, six hundred and sixty-five million dollars.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX We have become so used to billions that these figures may not carry much meaning until we realize that that~~

^{TP} ^{that} [^] sum will amount to one billion more revenue than the Treasury collected in Nineteen Thirty-Two and ~~Thirty~~ Nineteen Thirty-

Three put together. That's what makes the administration

leaders hope and ~~confidently~~ expect that by Nineteen Thirty-Eight

they will achieve ^{their} ~~that~~ [^] much talked-of object, ^{we :-} ~~^~~ balancing the

budget.

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Meanwhile, Uncle Dan Roper, Secretary of Commerce, was telling us some ~~pleasing~~ things about business in general. In Nineteen Thirty-Six, business as a whole was out of the red. The income of the entire country, not the government but of all industries, all business, was sixty billion dollars.

Mr. Roper, say his friends, has never been given to exaggeration. On the contrary, they maintain, he has been a confirmed practitioner of under-statement. So it's interesting to note that he finds nothing but a silver lining, no clouds at all, on the horizon of recovery.

ELECTION

Up in New Hampshire they have finally come to the end of that comedy of errors, all about the November elections. Some weeks ago we heard that the voters of the New Hampshire First Congressional District might have to go to the poles again. At that time, apparently there was a tie in the ballots and a run-off contest seemed to be indicated.

It has been a sort of nip and tuck affair up in that first District of New Hampshire. The candidates for Congress were Alphonse Roy, Democrat, and Arthur Jenks, Republican. The first count gave Republican Jenks the race by a good five hundred votes. That, said the Democrats, looked bad. Democrat Roy clamored: "We wuz robbed, I want a recount!" So they gave him a recount, which seemed to prove that Democrat Roy was robbed. But it still didn't give him a seat in Congress. For that second adding up of votes gave him and his Republican rival fifty-one thousand, six hundred and seventy-nine a piece. That, in a way, was a bit of political history. The first time in a hundred years that an election for congressman had finished in a dead heat.

It also was bad news for the state government, because it meant all the expense and bother of another election. So the

Ballot Law Commission of New Hampshire heaved a heavy sigh, girded its loins, and sat down to another tedious recount of the ballots. From every precinct the papers had to be brought in, sorted out, and added up for the third time. At this final session, the Commission was tied up for eleven solid hours, counting, figuring, wrangling.

It still was a close call. But the final result gives the G.O.P. one more seat in the House of Representatives. Republican Arthur Jenks squeezes in by a gnats eyebrow: ten votes. One hears of few contests for Congress that have been won by such a hair's breath. And I've just a hair's breath left in which to say -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.