Dr. R.C. Andrews. July 26,7 439. INTRODUCTION Good Evening, Everyb

As a matter of fact, old Ben Franklin has always been one of my idols. And thanks to the postal system that Ben started, I've just heard from Lowell Thomas himself. On his way to California he stopped off in Colorado and took a look at Cripple Creek where he grew up as a youngster, where his father used to be in practice as a physician. He went back-expecting to find a ghost town. And he tells me Instead of a ghost town I find that Cripple Creek, Victor, and the rest of what was once called 'the world's greatest gold camp' is coming to life. There is a new boom on. We just visited the scene of a rich new strike. It is at a mine called 'The Molly Kathleen', right at the head of Poverty Gulch. Some old-timers may remember that it was in Poverty Gulch that Bob Womack made the original discovery which resulted in the gold rush to Cripple Creek long ago, the boom that eventually lured my family to the western slopes of Pikes Peak.

"This new strike on the 'Molly Kathleen' is as rich as the fabulous bonanza on the 'Cresson' where back in Nineteen

Thirteen, they found a pocket of almost solid gold, as big as the average hotel bedroom a full of a Fanite and classification of a story that may interest Colonel Theodore Roosevelt:- As I stood above the 'Molly Kathleen', looking down Poverty Gulch, and out

the 'Molly Kathleen.'"

I stood where his father, Colonel T.R. of the Rough Riders, had a narrow escape back in Nineteen Hundred. The present Colonel Roosevelt's father was on a campaign tour. He decided to visit the gold mines of the Cripple Creek district despite the fact that it was a Democratic stronghold and feeling and then was running high. T.R. got off a train at a place called Midway, above Poverty Gulch. And as he left the train he was about to be mobbed by a crowd of irate Democrats armed with picks and shovels, led by a freckle faced Irishman whom we used to call 'Speck' Hoy, Mayor of Midway. Colonel Roosevelt was saved from this mob by another still wilder Irishman named Danny Sullivan, Mayor of Cripple Creek, who held the mob at bay. Danny Sullivan still lives in Denver and still proudly shows a magnificent gold watch given to him by Theodore

Roosevelt, the elder, for his heroic work on that day in Nineteen

Hundred, right near where this new gold discovery has been made at

toward the snowy Sangre de Christo range a hundred miles away,

things that are going on back East.

Here's a victory for the American Medical Association.

The federal court of the District of Columbia threw out the prosecution brought by the Department of Justice, the proceedings which claimed that the American Medical Association was an organization in restraint of trade, a violator of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Justice Proctor of the District of Columbia Court declares the practice of medicine is not a business, nor a trade, but a profession. Therefore, he holds, the Sherman Act does not apply to doctors, it applies only to business men and trades people.

However, the Department of Justice is going to appeal and take its prosecution to a higher court. So the A.M.A. has to go on fighting.

On the banks of the Penobscot River in Maine today, there was an intense human scene. On that riverbank stood Mrs. Donn Fendler of Rye, New York, a mother who had just lived through nine days not knowing whether her twelve year old son was dead or alive.

As you may have heard yesterday, her young Boy Scout son was found by a guide thirty miles from the place where he disappeared ten days ago. For nine days the boy had lived on berries. He was so emaciated that his ribs showed through his skin. His body was torn by brambles and literally pitted with insect bites. It was a canoe party that brought the boy back to his mother's arms, a party including DomnFendler's uncles, the fire warden, and the guide who found him yesterday. Mother and son rushed into each other's arms, heedless of the two hundred curious onlookers who had followed her.

Donn was then taken to the Eastern Maine General Hospital.

And there he was reunited with his father, who is in the hospital

being treated for the injuries and exhaustion he had contracted while

looking for his son.

Out west in Minnesota are another anxious father and mother. And they have more reason to be worried than the father and

mother of young Donn Fendler. Little Russell Jensen, who disappeared two days ago in the Paul Bunyan forest, is only six years old. They've got the bloodhounds out looking for him, and the searching parties include five hundred C.C.C. workers and volunteers. They're afraid that so young a lad cannot survive a third night of exposure in that forest, which is ridden with mosquitoes and deer flies.

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And here's a story that would interest Lowell Thomas particularly. Out in Palestine another father and son were reunited. They were a considerably older couple, the kidnapped Reverend Gerauld Goldner and his parent. Goldner says that the worst part of his ordeal was realizing how his father must be suffering because he probably thought his son was in great danger and was being mistreated. Goldner says he never had any doubt that he would regain his liberty eventually. He made several attempts to escape but the kidnappers were too sharp for him. One night he piled stones under his blanket to make the Arabs was sleeping. Then he crept off and thought he had made his getaway. But the chief saw him and nounched and after that there was a double guard over him-

One day a couple of shepherds appeared on the hillside. The Arabs suspected them of being scouts for the British. They immediately leveled their rifles on their prisoner, and kept him covered until they had made sure that those shepherds were on the level. Another time they were hiding out in a cave that had been occupied by sheep. Footsteps were heard outside.

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One of the Arabs crept out and the other four were ready to liquidate Goldner at a moment's notice. Towards the end, however, his relations with the Arabs were quite friendly. He said the chief of the gang was a knowledgeable fellow, spoke English, discussed world affairs, and debated the possibility of another World War.

The undeclared war on the frontier of Manchukuo took a new turn today. The government of Manchukuo proclaimed the National Defense Act in full force. That's a result of all the fighting on the Outer Mongolian frontier.

The latest claim of the Japanese is that there was a heavy artillery duel with the Soviet Russian army, that the Japanese had had much the best of it, and also shot to the ground fifty-eight Soviet airplanes in three fights. The Japanese say they lost only two planes. Moscow, on the other hand, claims that the Japanese lost seventy-seven planes and the Soviets only twenty-nine.

The National Defense Act increased the powers of the military police, puts in force a strict censorship forbids all public meetings. It also restricts travel by anybody but soldiers, and communication. Likewise it increased precautions against air raids.

There has been much talk in Washington about Congress abrogating the Commercial Treaty between Uncle Sam and Japan.

Indeed, this move has been seriously considered by the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. It has even been expected that something might be done about it today. But the Senators again postponed definite action. Some of them said they wanted to study the Far Eastern situation more closely. If it comes to a vote there is little doubt what will be done. Unofficially, it has been shown that the majority of the Committee are in favor of denouncing that treaty; a majority that includes Republican Senator Vandenberg of Michigan.

A bomb exploded in a railroad station at London. It was what the police called another outrage of the Irish Republican Army. One person was killed and fifteen tonight are in a hospital.

The most immediate effect of that explosion was to infuriate the members of Parliament and hasten the passing of the bill to increase the powers of the police in dealing with the I.R.A. Said Prime

Minister Chamberlain:- "I leave to the House to decide what effect this explosion has had on passage of the bill."

Wait a moment, here's a fresh bulletin from London. It was not one bomb, but two that were set off in the heart of the city.

One of them in the parcel room at Kings Cross station. The other one wrecked the baggage room of Victoria station. In each case the bombs had been left in suitcases. And the total people injured is twenty-one.

A dispatch that just came in from Paris somewhat changes the political picture of the European map. For a couple of weeks, the three-power alliance - Great Britain, France and Russia - had seemed definitely dead. Tonight's news from Paris is that this old Nineteen Fourteen entente has been revived. The breaking of the deadlock is credited to the French. The word in Paris is that Daladier pointed out to Chamberlain that if he allowed Stalin to be isolated, the Soviet Dictator would be an easy mark for a trade treaty with Hitler. At any rate, the negotiations are alive once more and fond hopes are placed upon them.

There's no surprise in a nomination which President

Roosevelt sent to the Senate tpday. Francis B. Sayre is to

succeed handsome Paul McNutt, as High Commissioner of the Philippines.

That is, unless the Senate will object violently, and there seems

to be not much possibility of that. The Washington soothsayers

have been prophesying this appointment ever since McNutt resigned

and became Administrator of the new Federal Welfare Agency.

The Senators today started firing at President Roosevelt's two and a half billion dollar lending program. Leading the attack was Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia. He made light of President Roosevelt's claim that his proposal to lend two billion, four hundred and ninety millions would not example cost the taxpayers anything would be a self-liquidating program. Byrd described it a devious way to avoid the statutory debt limit set by Congress. He went on shouting that the public debt was a great national evil, and he cried:- "Let's be frank and candid about this matter; it is a spending scheme masquerading under the name of a thereding lending scheme, and nothing else."



In Virginia a band of federal penitentiary guards were transferring twenty-two prisoners. They were removing them in a bus from Atlanta to Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. When the bus came close to Fredericksburg, Virginia, seven of those prisoners suddenly jumped up, and though they had no weapons, they pounced on the driver and guards and overwhelmed them. Then they ran the bus into a ditch, stopped a passing motorcar, and drove away.

There were fifteen other prisoners in that bus, but they sat still, did not attempt to join the fugitives.

All the highways in central Virginia were promptly blockaded and a posse of G-men and Virginia state troopers set out on the trail of those escaping convicts.

Several weeks ago, a murderess escaped from prison in

Marysville, Ohio. She was able to escape because she had been an
honor prisoner, a trusty. She knew her freedom wouldn't be
permanent but explained that she wanted one last fling at life.

Naturally, that aroused a lot of curiosity. What does a woman
prisoner do when she's taking one last fling?

Velma West, the Ohio murderess who tried it, says that all she did was to see a lot of new scenery and visit a lot of honky tonks. The authorities found her at Dallas, Texas. She wanted to go to a nightclub but didn't dare. She wanted to see a talking picture but she didn't dare. When she went to prison for murdering her husband eleven years ago, talking pictures were not so hot.

of liberty. A lot of new scenery which she encyad as she had never been out of Ohio before, and a couple of honky tonks. She also saw several hungry days.

Out on the Salt Flats at Bonneville, Utah, Ab Jenkins.

started off to another crop of speed records. His ambition was to wipe out the marks held by the British speedster, Captain Eyston.

Ab was driving his car, "Mormon Meteor the Third", equipped with a seven hundred and fifty horsepower converted airplane motor.

Jenkins intended to keep up his breakneck contest for twenty-four hours and beat Captain Eyston's three thousand kilometer record; also the two thousand mile and the twelve hour distance mark.

He drove five hundred kilometers at a hundred and seventy-seven and one-tenth miles and hour, five hundred miles at one hundred and seventy-one point thirty-one miles an hour; a thousand kelometers at a hundred and seventy-two mapoint three miles man and also make made a new three-hour record. But after four hours he had to quit. Gas flames from the engine roared back at himpared burned him badly. However, he has four new records to console him and ease his pain.

In the first four hours, Jenkins set four new records.

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