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that has caused some was perplexity at the War Department.

It is from one of the Civil War veterans who was at the recent Gettysburg reunion of the Blue and the Grey. He wires that he is speaking for himself and a number of his companion veterans. And he says they want to stay at Gettysburg, pass the rest of their days on that kixxxxx historic scene of battle - "until Gabriel blows his horn." says the telegram.

Well, it's easy to sympathize with the m emotional urge of this - veterans of the union who won the battle eager to remain for the rest of their declining days at the scene of their memorable victory.

But no - the telegram is sent by William W. Banks of Alabama, who served in the Eighteenth Alabama Infantry during the Civil War. It's a group of Confederate veterans who want to close their lives at Gettysburg. Perhaps it was the friendship of the reunion of the Blue and the Grey that makes them want to remain on the field of their defeat. Or

perhaps we may say that, having fought so bitterly and vainly for that bit of earth, they want to stay on it now.

The records show that the Confederate veteran who sent the telegram has left Gettysburg. Perhaps he has returned home - his emotions still stirred by the reunion.

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President Roosevelt certainly is in the Democratic

primaries. He jumped in today with both feet, at two places Ohio and Kentucky. In two primary pleas on one day he declared

for both Bulkley and Barkley. Rather similar names and the

tenor of the President's remarks was similar. At Marietta, Ohio,
he made a speech highly recommending Senator Bulkley to the

voters. Then he motored to Covington, Kentucky, where he called

upon people of that state to support Senator Barkley, majority

leader in the Senate and number one New Deal leader on Capitol Hill.

The Bukkley-Barkley combination would indicate the President's tour across the country will be studded with primary pleas in favor of administration supporters seeking reelection.

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Jimmy Roosevelt is making a reply to the Saturday Evening Post article entitled -- "Jimmy's got it."

He is answering the story that dwelled upon his large earnings in the Insurance business, and says he is going to give guit full facts and figures. Here's part of his statement today:

"What is needed," he declared, "is not so much ax a reply as a factual account, with a view to correcting improper conclusions drawn from statements so adroitly phrased as to resemble a factual account."

So the President's son has turned over for publication the records of his Insurance business. Files and documents.

They will be published in an article in Colliers. Well, that certainly is one way of replying to the Saturday Evening Post -- with an article in Collier's.

under the Wage-hour kit law will be the most powerful man in the United States, next to the President. So who will he be?

Today's report is that President Roosevelt has offered the Wage-hour administrative post to Donald M. Nelson, vice-president of Sears, Roebuck and Company, Howar formerly member of the N. R. A. inxeniengenx In Chicago, Donald Nelson refused to say a thing - either affirm or deny. But it is said that he has told the President his business duties will not allow him to take the post - not permanently. The possibility remains that he might take it for a while.

There was a terrific blast in Montana today - a huge locomotive blew up, blew itself into fragments of flying steel. If this had happened to a crowded passenger train, there might be a death list of fearful proportions. But it was a freight train. Still, there were a hundred men riding on the long string of cars. The train rushed through a tunnel and out into the open - and, there was another tunnel right ahead. If the explosion had occurred in either tunnel the death list would have been much larger. But the blast occurred right between the two, in a wild gorge called Hell CHEEKERY Gate Canyon. There, between cliffs of mountain rock, there was was a sudden tremendous roar. The boiler burst, and one of the biggest locomotives in the freight service blew itself to make smithereens. Trees were a smashed down for three hundred yards. Massive steel plates were flung a hundred yards. And ten freight cars were completely demolished. Five men were killed and fifteen were injured.

Montana has been hit by railroad accidents of late, three in the past three weeks. A crack passenger flyer was wrecked twice and now a freight train blast.

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Now about today's airplane crash. Where did it occur? In Montana, near Billings. Not content with train wrecks, Montana also has an airplane accident.

The cause of the crash seems to be something of a mystery. A passenger liner took off at Billings, and climbed only a hundred feet. It began to slow down and come down. Hit the earth only a thousand yards from the flying field, and went bouncing and plunging on toward a deep canyon. A dive into the canyon would have meant sure death for all. But right at the very edge the airplane struck a tree, which swung it around and stopped it. One passenger killed, two persons injured and seven unscathed.

One of the passengers was A. L. Niemyer, an inspector for the Bureau of Air Commerce. The sky liner was of the Zephyr type. Those two facts go together, because last winter another Zephyr plane crashed and killed ten people.

Then inspector Niemeyer was the government man who investigated the disaster. And he ordered all planes of the Zpkx Zephyr type to be grounded, not allowed to fly. He said a tail flutter

AIRPLANE FOLLOW WRECK - 2.

had been discovered, which was dangerous. Changes were made
to correct that condition, the Tp Zephyrs were put into
service again. Today the inspector who ordered them grounded
was flying in one - and it crashed.

Alaska is going to see some big sky doings. Today twenty-four of the Navy's great bombers took off from Seattle and headed for the air bases recently constructed along the Alaskan coast. It's the biggest mass flight ever made up to those northern parts.

Seattle, bound for the same destination. Big air maneuvres in the sub-arctic.

The squadrons, based on the new Navy flying fields, will stage a series of tactical flights to familiarize the pilots with topography and flying conditions along the Alaskan coast. Thus they'll qualify for naval aviation strategy in the northern Pacific - the Alaskan air bases to cooperate with the fleet in combined maneuvres.

The one bit of aviation news that I find the most interesting tells wa t us that Howard Hughes will take off most likely tomorrow, possibly Sunday - in his high power -- the name of which is plane named _-- New York World's Fair! The millionaire aviator will fly straight to Paris. From there on around the world unless last minute word at Paris indicates that conditions make it impossible, political conditions, weather conditions and what I for one, will be watching the flight with a close friend personal interest. Howard Hughes is a firmed that we've met on this broadcast., He was on the air with me one evening, right after he had completed one of his famous cross continent speed flights. And, the radio engineer who will be at the controls of the World's Fair plane is Dick Stoddard.

Dick is an old friend of ours on this broadcast.

He has had a lot to do with you radio listeners - although
you weren't aware of it. The sound engineer at the controls
is a mightyimportant person in any program, though his name is
never mentioned on the air. And Dick Stoddard officiated for
us as sound engineer for several years, one of the crack experts

at N.B.C., We often talked, not so my much about radio, as about flying. Dick told me he was a qualified pilot, had a license and did a good deal of my flying. So it wasn't surprising when I heard that he joined up with Howard Hughes for his trans-oceanic adventure, which

And the flight involves still another familiar friend. Today I called up Chris Cella, a jolly mine host in whose the kitchen I've dined many a time, and said the "Chris, what kind of grub are they taking along?" It the happens that Howard Hughes and his flying crew had a farewell party at Chris's last night, and told Chris to put up provisions to feed the five men. So I learned that they're taking along eight pounds of boiled turkey put up in butter. Teh pounds of sandwiches and fifteen quarts of milk. As Chris put it:-

added to the court records and legal decisions which lawyers consult in their yellow bound law books. Two killings - and the conviction one victim. Two offenses and both offenders, both convicted of two separate slayings of the the same man.

It all sounds complicated and puzzling, until the story is told - a grotesque story of two women and a man.

In Washington George Hanson, a negro, brought some liquor of Katta Slaughter. He didn't like the hootch, and got into a quarrel with Kitty. She settled the argument by hitting him on the head with a hammer. Whereupon George departed and went to the house of Emma Craig. He got into a quarrel with Emma, and she hit him Tree over the head with a bottle.

The negro died of # injuries to his head - and both women, who knew nothing when of each other, were charged with the killing. Which one was guilty? Which had been the fatal blow, with the hammer or with the bottle? You'd bet on

the hammer; and so it turned out. Yet the law provides that

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an act which hastens death is cause for a murder indictment.

And the crack on the head with the bottle did hasten George's untimely end. So now both wan women have been convicted.

The one with the hammer - convicted of murder, of murder in the second degree. The one with the bottle - found guilty on the lesser charge of manslaughter. The opinion of lawyers seems to be that this is the first time in American legal history that two persons, unknown to the other, and not aware of each other's act, have been want convicted of killing the same person.

On the subject of Golf, let's begin with last year's news -- the British Open Championship twelve months ago. There are three famous golfing brothers in England, the Whitcombs. They're up at the top, but they're always fallen just short of the championship. Last year Reginald, the youngest of the three Whitcomb Brothers, seemed to have the British Open Championship in his grasp. He led the field all the way until the very last. But at that very last along came Henry Cotton with a dazzling display of low score golf, and beat Reginald Whitcomb. And Henry Cotton was meant acclaimed a British wizard of golf.

Now, coming down to this year, the story was being written all over again today. Reginald Whitcomb at the head of the field. This time there was a low score brilliancy by any of the high ranking fax golfers. At Sandwich, a fifty mile gale was blowing, a roaring southwester. And the golfers had to play against the breezy blast. Reginald Whitcomb was taking plenty of strokes, but the others were taking more. He finished, and sat in the club house waiting for others to

finish. The open championship seemed his. The mong those others who were finishing was - Henry Cotton, the champion, the wizard. He was behind but you never could tell. He might perform a miracle. And sure enough - he did. At the fourteenth hole he shot miraculous golf, and forged ahead.

It seemed as if the championship was his.

In the club house Reginald Whitcomb received the reports and groaned. "This is worse than torture," he murmured. "That man Cotton is my hoodoo."

The seventeenth hole, Cotton shooting. If he kept up his brilliant pace, he'd win. But at that seventeenth hole he took six, fatal.

In the club house Reginald Whitcomb heard the news at last
and knew he was British open champion.

There was one striking event at the conference on reg refugees today. The delegates at Evion, who are trying to help the oppressed minority in Austria and Germany, received a plea that brought them to startled attention. It was not from any Jewish leader. It was from a Catholic priest. Yet there was nothing so paradoxical about it when the appeal was read. The German Catholic priest, who asks that his name be kept a secret, begged the refugee committee to do something. to help the five hundred thousand non-Aryan Catholics in Germany -- christians of Jewish or partly Jewish blood. We know of course that Nazi anti-Semitism is directed not at religion so much as at the Jewish race. Through the ages many Jews have become christians or married christians -- and they and their descendants the Nazis consider non-Aryan and therefore subject to anti-Semitic persecution.

One reason for the quarrel between the Hitler government and the church is the refusal of the church to admit of any discrimination against its members, no matter what their heredity may be. So it's not surprising to find a

German Catholic priest making a plea for Catholics of Jewish of partly Jewish extraction.

where I am this was just about the hottest day so far this year. But, entirely aside from the weather, this weekend I have something else to be hot and bothered about. The so called World's Champion softball team is coming to Dutchess County, to Pawling, to play my team. There are thousand of teams in the country; ten million people said to be playing this, the most popular of all sports. And the World's Champions are the fellows who won their title at Soldiers Field in Chicago last September. When they played before a crowd of about one hundred thousand. It is a team from the great Briggs factory in Detroit, the same Briggs who owns the Detroit Tigers of the American League.

There are thirty seven thousand employees in the Briggs plant, and they have one hundred and fifty-three soft ball teams of their own. The team that is coming to play my fellows on Quaker Hill, Sunday at three o'clock, took part in one hundred and nineteen soft ball games last year. They won one hundred and twelve games and lost only seven.

There will be no vast crowd of a hundred thousand people to see them play on Quaker Hill. Nor have we any collossal Soldiers

Field stadium for them. But, we have some pretty good players on our

team. Our pitcher, Hardy Brownell, is not so bad, -- on a hot dry day. And, we'll do our level best to give the World's Champions an interesting afternoon, something for them to write home to Detroit about! If you happen to be in my neighborhood, come along and see the game, or the massacre. If you do, so long until then, if not,

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY