CHINA

The latest exploit of the Japanese air squadron in China has become food for international chatter. A Chinese plane full of civilian passengers was forced down in the water north of with a machine gum. Hong-kong. The Japanese pilots then killed everybody except one, with a machine gum. It took if ive Japanese fighting planes to destroy that one commercial transport, and will street to come from an American, the pilot of the plane. He street was uninjured. And he described in detail the machine-gunning of those passengers as they tried to escape by swimming ashore.

It now turns out that the company which owns that plane has been the subject of much diplomatic argument. The Mikado's government has protested formally to our State Department. The Japanese claim that the company, though organized under Chinese Laws, is actually and clandestinely a subsidiary of Pan-American Airways. As such, said the Japanese, it was a violation of Chinese law and a discrimination against the Japanese. According to the Chinese Constitution, it is unlawful for any foreign corporation to operate

such an airway system. The Japanese have several times tried to organize an aviation system in China but have been turned down because of that law. These are the several that law.

Japanese and an obvious inference can be drawn from the fact that it had shot down.

accident in the air over Japan resulted in a catastrophe. Two deplanes smashed into each other, they fell to the ground in flames, and the place where they fell was an ironworks. The flaming fragments of the planes produced a fire spread over a large area. The consequence was twenty-four killed, and more than a hundred and eighty factory workers injured.

In Spain the recent victories of the Republican troops

did not last long. It was in the last that the property to the same and artillery to his armies on the Ebro. The consequence is that the government lines have been cut on the Ebro River and their defenses forced back. This is in accord with the statement that Premier Mussolini of Italy is supposed to have made to the British government several days ago. He admitted candidly that he was going to send more planes and more men to Spain to help Franco get out of the jam he got into on the Ebro.

This in turn may have another consequence. It will undoubtedly arouse the anger of the Soviets. The Red government has been intimating for some time that if Hitler and Mussolini keep up their game in Spain, the Bolshevik government will also deal itself a stronger hand.

In what used to be Anstria, the Nazi government has smashed another Catholic organization. It was announced today that the People's League of Austrian Catholics had been officially suppressed. The League, it is said, was a cultural association, having no political importance. All the Catholic societies in former Austria have been done away with except one.

Apparently the Brazilian government is going to tackle
the problem of German settlements first. There are several of these
in the State of Santa Catharina. I They will probably be either
broken up or else people of other nationalities will be mixed up with
the Germans, so the worth able to keep any national solidarity.

The trial of Tammany leader Hines in New York is providing as many sensations as the Hauptmann case in Flemington three years ago. The defendant Jimmy Hines, himself, provided it today.

It happened while gangster George Weinberg was on the stand.

He told in detail how he had given Hinesmoney for the campaign fund of District Attorney William C. Dodge. On one occasion, said Weinberg, Bodge was present. At that time, Himes

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turned to Dodge and said: "Do you know George Weinberg, he's one of the Dutch Schultz boys. This is where the money for your campaign is coming from." He also said that Schultz had announced: "We must go down the line for Dodge and use all the money that's necessary to elect him." Altogether, Weinberg said, the Schultz mob gave Hines thirty thousand dollars before the election, for Dodge's campaign, and between two and three thousand dollars after the election.

Hen this was made public, Dodge issued a statement.

It read: "I never saw Weinberg, never spoke to him, and he never spoke to me." Then he added: "He never gave me three thousand dollars or any sum whatever, nor did anybody else ever donate to me at all." And he concluded: "The campaign committee always handled these matters and I know the committee received no such contribution from any such source."

to Himse spartment. One of his friends in the court many commented on this perturbation to be Himse. And the hisky Temmery bedong rimed who over his face as he replied: "He's all right, isn't be add think I had been his room made."

This afternoon came the turn of Lloyd Stryker, to cross-examine - Weinberg. He made him repeat his statements about his visits to - Hines's apartment at four forty-four Central Park West. Weinberg swore that he had seen Hines six or ten times between April and September, Nineteen Thirty-Two, at that address. Thereupon said Stryker: "Don't you know, Weinberg, that James J. Hines did not move into that apartment until October First. NineteenThirty-Two?" and he put in docume evidence to prove that, At this point, the defendant himself, burly and at Weinburg frowning, jumped to his feet and cried out in open court: "You know you lie!"

time since the trial began, that Hines had shown any emotion except amusement. Even his lawyer, shocked,
waved his hand at him, and said: "Sit down, sit down." Justice
Pecora turned to the jury and said: "Gentlemen, you will ignore
what the defendant said." Then he turned to hines with the
words, solemnly spoken: "Mr. Hines, you are represented by
counsel. Do not let any demonstration like this happen again."

Thereupon Stryker apoligized for his client, and the trial went on.

Stryker got one damaging admission out of Witness Meinberg Only twice before, it turned out, had Weinberg ever testified in court, and each of those two times he had committed perjury, sworn falsely. That's what he admitted today on the witness stand.

The scandal in the County Prison at Philadelphia grew
worse. A startling announcement was made today by the coronoer who
has been inquiring into the deaths of those four convicts on a
hunger strike. The coroner explained that two of the prison
guards had turned on the steam, scalded the four prisoners, and
almsot killed twenty-five others. So this evening the two guards
are under arrest, charged with homicide. Says the coroner further;
"If the superintendant or any other official of the prison knew
about those two guards turning the steam on, I'm going to arrest
them too."

He said that if the steam had remained turned on in the isolation block one more hour, everybody where would have been suffocated.

will remember, the primary election there is one in which President
Roosevelt is particularly interested. Mr. Roosevelt wants the scalp
of Senator Ellison D. Smith, popularly known as "Cotton Ed."

Cotton Ed's opponent came out with a squawk today. Governor Olin

Johnston is the New Dealer who is fighting Cotton Ed. And the

Governor says the Republicans in South Carolina are ganging up on
him, There helping Cotton Ed, working for his success in the

Democratic primary. And that, claims the South Carolina Governor,
comes under the head of unfair competition.

Maryland, where the New Deal is out to strip the toga of Senator
Millard Tydings. Here again the complaint comes from the candidate
who is backed by the New Deal. Representative Lewis, who is
fighting . Tydings, has sent his protest to the senatorial
committee investigating the campaign. So the committee is going
to send its agents into the good old free state to run down the
charges made by . Lewis.

There is much irony in the distress of farmers this summer, particularly in certain parts of the eastern states. Their trouble comes from crops that are too good. Harvests being so plentiful and rich that the prices of things have dropped disastrously. In some cases, the men who grew the stuff were so incensed by low prices that they took a back and let it rot on the ground sooner than sell it for an insultingly low price.

In the neighborhood of Chautauqua, New York, tomato growers have picketed a couple of factories. They say they'll let the tomatoes rot on the vines sooner than sell them at the prices that the canneries are offering. So they got their pickets out, ready to hold up any trucks that try to go through dump their loads at the roadside.

In my eight years on the air I've never had to mention a subject as painful as this - the death of Frank Hawks. It seems as if I can see him here now, gay, charming, full of laughter and odd whims. As he was last Sunday - made up with funny whisker white whiskers, funniest pitcher you ever saw on the diamond, playing comedy as he played ball. Yes, but I can also see Frank Hawks as we all can see him, as one of the greatest aviators of his time - the king of speed who several years back blazed our transcontinental sky, with one new record after another. He was supremely the speed pioneer for fast air transport in this land of ours. Coast to coast, time and again, shattering records, as he flashed between the Pacific and the Atlantic. And his memorable flights in Europe, the one that made the old world blink, with that jaunty schedule - breakfast in London, luncheon in Rome, Ain London.

I remember him, and the news pictures of the nation know him - as two different human beings, almost. Before and after the desperate crash in the days of his blinding speed. He cracked up frightfully, and his whole face was made over by plastic surgery. He came out of it looking strangely different. But he was the same

Frank Hawks.

The irony is that he gave up speed flying for once and for all.—The had risked his life often enough in dazzling swiftness of flight. He turned to safety in aviation, and sought the safe plane. And it was not fast flying, but the flying quest of safe flying that brought him to his tragic end - last evening. Must flying that brought him to his tragic end - last evening. When sver lived — and he had lived the lived adventure after up to the high adventure

It was tough luck today for Captain George Eyston, the English speed merchant. He was Gut at the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah, for the purpose of smashing his own speed record with the succeeded but through a stroke of ill fortune he'll get no official credit for it.

Unofficially he hurled that huge automobile of his over the salt flats at a rate of three hundred and fifty-four miles an In order to make his record official, he should have repeated, made the run both ways. The record is figured out by taking an average of two runs. Captain Eyston made his return run and that was the time chosen by the electric timer to go on the blink. If that electric eye had not broken down, Eyston would have been credited with having done three hundred and forty-six point eight, miles an hour. If you figure Mearly six miles a minute. However, Captain Eyston is going to or out like thunderbolt, and try to make that terrific speed official, the

There seems to be a bit of confusion down here in these titudes about event far to the north in the Arctic. Confusion -- that maybe Commander MacMillan can clear up for us if he is listening to this broadcast tonight as he navigates among the polar ice. Has his ship been locked in by the frozen, places? Are he and his fellow Arctic voyagers imprisoned in the ice field? The I had a phone call from M. Ira Hassell of Scarsdale whose son is one of the boys voyaging with Donald MacMillan, and he tells me of reports that the expedition has had some sort of mishap up there in the Arctic -- ice bound, frozen in, something of the sort. I've got to use vague expressions, because the reports are vague. They emanated from a couple of amateur radio operators, one in New England and the other in New Jersey who say they picked up wireless messages, from MacMillan misadventure with the ice, frozen fast in the floes, or something Hassell tells me that his won own son aboard the like that. ship has been sending weekly stories to an East Orange newspaper, but no dispatches have been received in three weeks. So there's a bit of wonderment. Also there's the reassuring knowledge that voyaging up there in the north is Captain Bob Bartlett, MacMillan's

old shipmate in Arctic exploration -- ready to help if necessary.

8

The famous baby race in Toronto, Canada, continues to pop up in the news every now and then. The city fathers of Toronto have decided that the city should get its small share of the five hundred thousand dollars left by Charles Millar to Toronto's most prolific mother. As you may recall, the money was split among several ladies. Two of them were on relief for quite a while. In fact, they produced some of the babies that helped them to win So now Toronto is going to try to the money get back the relief money it paid out. At the time the ladies received their awards they loudly proclaimed that they would repay every cent. But that was three months ago, but so far the city has not received a nickel.  $\phi = l - u - t - m$ ,

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