A coal mine accident in Alabama today.

Three thousand feet from the entrance of the Praco coal bed and five hundred feet below the surface of the ground, there was a sudden cave-in. The roof of a shaft came down, with an avalanche of rock and timbers. Nine men were working in the shaft. Three were killed, one taken out injured, five trapped. A rescue crew drove to save the five entombed miners, and as they dug through the debris they could hear voices faintly, voices shouting on the other side. Two of the trapped men are known to be alive. And tonight the rescue crew is driving desperately, ax driving against time, against death.

Here's late word of something spectacular, the first trans-continental sub-stratosphere flight has been made, the first time that this continent has been spanned ; by a plane flying at those rarified heights, where the air begins to turn out into sub-stratosphere. The a spectacular accomplishment, and was made by a spectacular sky-craft, one of the army flying farts fortresses. The mighty war giant of the wa air was piloted by Colonel Robert olds, who commanded the Voyage of flying fortresses to South America some little while back. He said that this first transcontinental waxt coast-to-coast sub-stratosphere flight is re late news, and so it is -- but it hapmened yesterday.

The flying fortress took off from March Field,

California. There was no publicity, all kept on the Q.T.

The flying fortress winged its way at altitudes. from this tem

to sixteen thousand foot. During the whole flight, the officers

and crew of five soldiers breathed oxygen. They were in the

air eleven hours. The secret is revealed only now, in an

announcement late this afternoon by the Assistant Secretary of Wan.

Its always hard to tell what Howard Hughes, the millionaire aviator, is up to. He doesn't say much about his plans. It's reported that he intends to take off on Saturday and fly across the Atlantic to Europe. But what then? Is there anything more to the flight? Yes - is the word from Paris. A flight around the world - is the surmise that Paris makes. It's quite a logical surmise, as you may see from the following. At LeCourget Airdrome, they are all set for the arrival of Ho ward Hughes and it's revealed that the millionaire aviator has asked the air field officials to have ready for him - twenty-five hundred gallons of gasoline, forty packages of American cigarettes, five lunch baskets, five gallons of coffee, and forty bottles of beer.

Yes, those groceries do sound like - around the world. It is believed that Hughes will stop only two hours in Paris, and then take off for Moscow and so on around the full mixture circle.

In the State of Michigan there is no capital punishment. But the federal laws are in force in Michigan, and they provide for capital punishment. So you can see the possibilities of a dilemma - the death sentence inflicted when the state has no death sentence.

This is no mere academic problem, for at the federal detention camp in Michigan, there's a prisoner sentenced to be hanged on July the eighth. He was convicted of a killing during a bank robbery. Today Governor Murphy asked President Roosevelt to have the execution of the sentence transferred out of the state. If there must be a hanging, let it be somewhere else.

"In my letter to the President," the Governor told
the newspapermen, "I pointed out that Michigan was the first
state in the union to abolish capital punishment. I informed
Mr. Roosevelt," he continued," that there hasn't been an
execution in this state in more than a hundred years." That's
why Michigan wants capital *** punishment under the federal
law to be taken elsewhere.

New York is having a court case with an important bearing on that phenomenon we frequently see - strikers picketing a place in a labor dispute. Today fourteen union men were placed on trial for contempt - they paid no attention to a sicketing polithe injunction issued by Supreme Court Judge Cotillo. case is all tangled up with legal complexities connected with a law New York State passed against injunctions. Judge Cotillo had trouble in finding anybody to enforce his court order. The New York police, sustained by Commissioner Valentine, refused to make the arrests. The Judge finally had to go to the sheriff to get the offending strike pickets brought before the court. Labor lawyers far and wide regard the case of key importance, and they flocked to the courtroom to keep an eye on the proceedings.

The supreme court justice who issued the much debated injunction is by no means a hard-shell conservative.

I've just been reading Judge Cotillo's own life story, a book entitled: "A new American", and it shows him to be a decided liberal and a supporter of labor - all of which makes the New York injunction trial the more significant.

The latest is, the union has agreed to stop picketing the jewelry company until the higher courts have passed on the Cotillo injunction.

The famous name-changing case of the communist, Simon W. Gerson, was closed today. The Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court handed down its verdict in that affair which aroused so much angry discussion. Borough President Isaacs of Manhattan appointed Gerson, an open and avowed Communist, to an important post in the Borough government. Then it was discovered that in a law case, with the communist sued for unpaid rent, the court records had been changed. The name of Gerson had been altered to Gilson - this on the order of a judge who acted on the advice of another judge. The record Was changed so that comrade Gerson would not be embarrassed by the suit for unpaid rent. This wrank provoked quite an outery, and the complaint went right up to the *** Appellate Division.

The court today handed down its verdict, which rules that there is not enough evidence to file charges against anybody. But the court wadded that the two judges involved were, in the court's words "subject to criticism." The name change was "unwarranted."

A new exice of the law - the W.P.A. changing the standards of justice.

There's an echo of the Panay today - the right kind of echo. Honors were bestowed on the survivors of that United States gunboat sunk by the Japanese in the Yangste. There's a posthumous award of a navy x cross to coxswain Edgar Hulsebus, the American sailor who perished in the bombing. Though fatally wounded, he kept on firing his machine gun, until he was carried to a lifeboat. And a navy cross was awarded to Lieutenant Anders - he's the officer who continued to give his commands, thought he was shot through the throat, and he had to write the orders on the deck. And, Navy crosses were awarded to other efficient officers and men of the Panay.

much debated affair of the Austrian bonds. Berlin agrees
to pay interest to British bondholders. This was announced
in the House of Commons today by Sir John Simon, Chancellor
of the Exchequer. The Nazi government still refrains from
recognizing its responsibility for the public debt that
Austria owed when taken over by Germany, but will nevertheless
pay interest on Austrian bonds owned in Britain.

It remains to be seen what will be done with regard to other nations.

From Germany we have some strong words of denial tonight. It's a gross swindle - say the Nazis. It's a deliberate anti-German propaganda lie - declare the followers of Hitler. What's it they deny so strongly? Why, the report that The Adolph Hitler is writing an exposition of a new Aryan religion, a book of religious revelation to take the place of christianity, a kind of a Nazi Bible.

That would indeed cap the climax - the Fuehrer a modern Mehammed or Messiah. But Messiah is semitic, and so is Mohammed, but maybe Buddha is Aryan enough to fit the simile.

At Kingston, Ontario, there're looking for Fascists, but can't find any. Yet Kingston is the place scheduled for the first convention of the Canadian Fascist Party today and tomorrow. The meeting was announced far and wide. Today the mounties searched the city, looking for the fascist head-quarters but couldn't find any. Then a hunt was staged all over town to find any Fascists at all, but not one was discovered. Maybe the protegonists of a Canadian Mussolini and Hitler got last on the way. "Fascist, fascist, who's got the Fascist"?

There's a bewildering cloud of British reticence
and mystery about the ruined romance of the former Barbara

Hutton and the Danish Count Von Haugwitz Reventlow. British
court proceedings, with London barristers and a main bewigged
judge, allow nothing more than provocative hints to slip out from
legal formalities. The outstanding fact is that the
Count, husband of the heiress of the Five and Ten, has been
held in the Bow Street court on a bail of ten thousand dollars,
which seems a lot. He's charged with threatening Countess
Barbara, and causing her bodily fear.

The hint that arouses curiosity and mystery comes
in the statement before the court of the Chief Counsel of the

WEELE Woolworth heiress. Said the stately Sir Patrick Hastings
"I em told that there is a firearm." Several times there was
a covert mention of - firearm. Nobody was so rude as to
speak of a gun or a pistol, let alone a gat or a rear rod. The

count's attorney expressed a denial, in these words: "That

(in London)
firearm is in his house at Regent Park, and is not in his

possession. It has never been during any material time." Saya he,

"Is that house", demanded the magistrate," the home of the applicant, meaning - Countess.

"Yes", responded the Count's attorney, "and the firearm has always been there at material times."

And so they went on about the firearm and material times, everything veiled and ambiguous - nobody ever breathing a word that somebody might have threatened to shoot somebody.

Today's proceedings closed with a promise made by the Danish Count. It was phrased this way I by his barrister:
"The Count will give an undertaking not to communicate with the applicant."

rerestal his affirmation. All the undertaking, if not undertakings, merely signifies that the Danish Count who married the Princess of Nickels and Dimes, will not try to see his wife.

In the Hollywood murder about which we heard last night, the victim now turns out to have been a motion picture camera man instead of a motion picture actor. Kenneth Gray was a veteran of the flicker camera, who shot scenes of some of the greatest stars. The picture on which he worked just before his death was a thriller that had to do with murder mystery and romance. And the latest report of the case brings the touch of romance. Last night's story had mystery a plenty, the body found slumped over the wheel of a car, where it had remained for many hours on one of the busiest streets of Hollywood, right in front of the post office. No pistol in the car, not was suicide. Jewelry and money on the body, not robbery. And today the Police revealed that in the dead man's hand was clutched a note from a woman.

Words of acrimonious argument are heard in the case of the G-man who resigned from the F. B. I., and contracted to write a series of newspaper articles about the big German spy case on which he had been working. The articles have been postponed, because of the protest of a Federal Attorney and of J. Edgar Hoover, the G-man chief.

who resigned to write, signed promise not to publicize the cases on which he worked, although he declares today that he has no recollection of signing any such thing. And he goes on to take a crack at J. Edgar Hoover, declaring that the boss of the G-men is merely jealous. Says former agent Turrou - look at all the stories that J. Edgar Massachima Hoover himself turns out, all the publicity. When there's a raucous G-man controversy like that, all the innocent bystander can say is -

It is said that Leon J. Turrou, the Federal agent,

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GEE.

I don't know how the old melting pot idea is rated in sociological theory these days, but the melting pot certainly is boiling in the world of marbles. Today at Wildwood, New Jersey, the marbles championship of the United States was won by a thirteen year old boy named Frank Santo of Throop, Pennsylvania. Young Santo, making the marbles roll, f defeated four regional title holders;—the Western Champion, Adam Morro; the Southern Champion, Sherman Eleuterius; the Central Champion, Joseph Baltrusaitic.

Santo, Morro, Eleuterius and Baltrusaitic - that certainly is the marble melting pot. The only non-melting pot name among the crack marble shooters was Dean Johnson, the Eastern Champ.

There was a thunder of cannon at Gettysburg today, but no cannon balls crashing into the ranks of charging soldiers. The loud booming consisted of salutes fired in honor of distinguished visitors like the Quartermaster General of the Army and the Secretary of War. There was Military pomp and pageant, with a war plane diving over Cemetery Ridge, and tanks roaring in formation across the historic ground. Modern mechanized war machines I of which the Civil War veterans never dreamed when they were fightingmen in blue and grey. Three thousand of them were there for the last Gettysburg reunion - a joint gathering of Federals and Confederates.

In some of the age worn veterans the spirit of youth still burns bravely. Soldierly and upstanding today was General John M. Claypool, Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Veterans. He said: "We still think the Federal EXXXX government was wrong in taking away the United States rights of the South." The old idea unchanged, unreconstructed. and here's something else remains unchanged, unrecon ted — 5-l-u-monday.