There was an ovation in New York today, a triumphal procession for Howard Hughes and his four companions. But better than all the cheering and compliments, I liked what the tall, lanky aviator had to say. He passed out a written statement among the newspaper men.

"I've written this ou," the statement said,

"because I'M afraid I might get nervous and not say what

I want to. There's one thing about this flight I would like

everyone to know. It was no stunt."

And then the Hughes statement went on with this masterpiece of modesty. Who did it," the statement said, "are entitled to no particular credit. We're no supermen." Sa He said that any pilots with the same kind of equipment and expert help could have done the same thing. "The airplane pilots in this country", said Howard Hughes, "face much worse conditions night after night during every winter."

Then he came to the point he was driving home.

"If credit is due anyone," xx he said, "it is due to men who

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designed and perfected the modern American flying machine and equipment."

In the midst of his immense ovation, Howard Hughes men they were said they ought to be cheering the engineers.

A spectacular airplane crash occurred in the Argentine today when near Buenos Aires, an American skyliner, making a forced landing, ran smash into a home for the aged.

INTERIOR ONE inmate was killed and a number injured. INTERIOR Aboard the plane no lives were lost - although it carried a crew of four and eight passengers.

The city for the nineteen forty Olympic gemes seems to be - Helsingfors. Today the Japanese Cabinet officially confirmed the recommendation of the welfare committee - that Japan cancel the gemes at Tokyo. So cancelled they are, whereupon an announcement comes from the capital of Finland - the Finns have received definite word that the Olympics will go to Helsingfors. The capital city has ordered preparations to begin, the most important and immediate preparation being - financing.

In Europe no word seems to be raised in favor of accepting the New York invitation, asking that the Olympics be staged at the grounds of the World's Fair.

The conference on refugees at Evian completed its labors today. American representative Myron Taylor made a final address in which he demanded that Germany should permit Jewish refugees to take their property with them.

"It is vital," he declared, "that orderly emigration should replace disorderly exodus. "It is essential", said he "that emigrants should leave their country of origin with their property and possessions."

The committee disbands with nothing much accomplished nothing much in the way of nations opening their borders for
the refugees.) All that was accomplished seems to have been the
formation of a permanent committee, which will continue trying
to do something for the persecuted minorities.

They certainly have some belligerent and hot-headed professors in Hungary. In a university the question arose about selecting a new parfx professor of Turkish - to fill the chair of the Turkish language. The debate grew so warm that challenges went flying around, and the professor of Hungarian literature found himself with three duels on his hands. That professor is also the dean of the University; seems odd to think of such a fiery warlike dean.

Today, the first duel was staged when the dean crossed swords with his first antagonist - another professor. They went at each other with their rapiers in a most unprofessional way.

Both were wounded. That ended the encounter. The dean, in spite of his injuries is determined to go ahead and fight the other two duels with two other professors. They must eat a lot of paprika in their goulash. those Hungarian professors.

A bomb was thrown by terrorists today - in the present day

Holy Land, that place of terror. In the old section of

Jerusalem, twelve mixxix Arabs were killed, twenty-five

wounded. The deadly missile was tossed into a crowded

— thrown just as many

vegetable market, Mohammedans were streaming out of a

nearby mosque.

Jewish reprisal in return for recent Arab attacks upon

Jews.) The British immediately threw a cordon of police

around the area of explosion, and Jews in that part of

Jeruselem were hurried away to safety with an armed expansion.

The report is that the Wage-hour administrator will be - Elmer Andrews, who now is labor commissioner of New York State. In his present post he succeeded Miss Frances Perkins, when she resigned to become Secretary of Labor in the Roosevelt cabinet. Recently, There Elmer Andrews got into the New York political scremble by announcing himself as candidate for Lieutenant-Governor.

They say that during the last few days

President Roosevelt offered him the post of the Wagner Act

administrator, and he has accepted - will withdraw from the race for Lieutenant-Governor in favor of that most important federal job.

In California, a column of marchers has been trudging its way along the road to Sacramento - there to present a protest to Governor Merriam. They're from the town of Westwood, where they were forced out after a strike battle. A walkout of lumber workers, and there was a violent clash when C. I. O. men tried to tie up the plant. Anti-strike groups got after them and drove them out of the count - a thousand of them. And these are now on their way in a protest demonstration to appeal to the Governor.

Politics, family and finance are all tangled up in the Virginia primary election fight. In the eighth district, william E. Dodd, Jr., son of the former American Ambassador to Germany, is trying to wrest the nomination from the present Congressman - representative Howard Smith. Supporting Dodd and opposing Smith is the Arlington Courier. The editor of this belligerant weekly is Richard McAllister Smith. Editarsx

Editor Smith is a cousin of candidate Smith, against whom he's battling in the raucous primary fight. That's the family complication. The financial wrinkle appears in a letter sent by candidate Smith to Editor Smith.

The letter reads: "Dear Dick: As I have opposition in the Democratic primary owing, I believe, to the unfriendly attitude of your newspaper, I'll be glad if you will return to me the five hundred dollars which I loaned to you to keep it afloat. I can use the money very well in my campaign."

Yes, that letter does paint a pathetic picture - you lend your cousin five hundred dollars for his newspaper, which thereupon attacks you politically. Today, an article xx appears

in the Courier with the headline: "The debt paid."

Editor Smith has kicked back with the five hundred dollars to candidate Smith.

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a mode to with to they lind of approach, but the

In Alaska a mountain has been named. Geographical information, though it fits rather better under tyx the head of skin game in Hollywood - the victim being Errol Flynn. It all seems rather mixed up, a mountain baptized because the daredevil of Hollywood stardom was taken in by a swindler. Here's the story.

Some while ago Flynn was in a Hollywood cafe, when he got talking with a mining prospector from Alaska. This prospector told a glowing story of a fabulous gold mine he had discovered up there in the land of the sourdoughs, and to prove it he showed Errol Flynn a nugget of gold. You'd think any greenhorn would be wise to that kind of approach, but the sagacious movie star was dazzled by the glamour of gold mine. He agreed to finance the prospector on a trip back to xxixx Alaska set claim to the treasure ground. He bought an airplane to fly the sourdough, all the way to Alaska. The plane cost seven thousand dollars, he engaged aviator Bud Ernst to fly it, and put up an added ten thousand dollars for expenses. Ernst flew to the north with the prospector on the quest for gold.

Now the aviator has returned to Hollywood and he tells a story of how he flew the man for two months over the INTER

Alaskan wilderness - but never did they find that fabulous vein of the yellow metal. Finally, the prospector broke down and confessed - there wan't any gold mine, it was all a myth, he had bought the nugget of gold from another prospector who really had a mine. Thereupon aviator Ernst went back to Hollywood. He left behind the seven thousand Erzet Errol Flynn airplane, which had crashed three times and was mere junk.

But before Ernst left Alaska, he did a thing to sooth his feelings. He noted that three hundred miles northwest of Fairbanks was an eight thousand foot mountain that had no name. He asked permission of a government survey official, permission to name the nameless mountain. The government man agreed, whereupon the aviator christened it - Flynn's Folly, thereby immortalizing the seventeen thousand dollar swindle. Yes, that was some sort of consolation to the disgusted aviator, and today on his return he told Errol Flynn about it, which may be some kind of consolation for Errol.

officers are most insistent about this. The famous old

Seventh, the Park Avenue Regiment, is now at its summer

manoeuvers, at Camp Smith, Staged a full dress Review last

night, Right in the middle of it some black clouds drifted over,

and, down came a deluge. The men and officers and their orderlys and servants

had spent many hours putting a perfect crease in their

trousers, polishing their leather and shining their medals.

legs, and the big maxx horns gurgled with every steer, that the

Seventh Regiment went right on with the manouvers.

However, the story reached the prese that they

had been drowned out end had made a run for it. In a telegram
to the press today Major General Haskell of the New York
National Guard and Colonel Ralph Tobin of the one hundred
and Seventh Regiment point out that the troops went through

with the entire proceedings, and when it was all over -then they struck out for their xxxx tents of the double.

just a eny troops would do.

thank they don't want anyone to get the impression known that they are not as rugged as any other soldiers in the land.

As a matter of fact, the Old Seventh Regiment is famous in American known military history, and we all known that a little rain wouldn't bother them in the least.

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of the Chicago Cubs. Nothing ambiguous about the way the team has been doing - they lost six in a row, and only broke the losing streak yesterday by handing a double-header defeat to the last place Phillies. The doubtfulness is about the status of Manager Charlies Grimm. There have been stubborn rumors that he'd be displaced - a new Manager for the Cubs.

Yesterday Cub owner Wrigley had a conference with Grimm, after which the newspaper men asked the magnate:

"Who's going to be the next Manager?"

"Well," responded Wrigley, "Grimm is going to be

Manager tomorrow."

And after tomorrow?"

"I won't say anything beyond twenty-four hours," was the response.

Today, Wrigley was again questioned along the same line, and once more his answer was highly ambiguous.

"Something must be done," said he, "but I won't be forced into anything."

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Every year the dancing masters of the Nation get together and try to prognosticate the future gyrations of the Jew York, the eighth annual internation.

And right away they're trying to figure out - what is to follow

that Jungoing to try at a barn dance
the Big Apple, Truckin, and the Susie-2; Today the Congress

Lucille Stoddart, gives her forecast and

ing either the foot on the dance floor. This year they are gathered in Varsiviana or the Trolley-hop. Oddly assorted names, those, and they come from quite different places. The Varsiviana is the lithsome, slinky, Spanish sort of thing from down in New Mexico, while the Trolley-hop is from Pennsylvania. I don't know where the trolley comes in, but it probably hops all over the place.

Our old tall story club will certainly give a round of cheers to Captain Fred Wilson of Boston. Yet the Captain vows that his fish story is entirely correct - a modern Jonah yarn.

Skipper Wilson, in his schooner, Mary O'Hara put into Boston today, and with the most positive Facuality told how a sailor of his crew was out in a Dory, hauling in trawls. southeast of Cape Cod. And along came a hundred foot whale, hot after the school of Merring. The whale swallowed three barrels of merring in one mouthful, and then noticed the sailor in the boat. Whereupon the Leviathan, with its immense jaws wide open, swam to the boat. And the whale took the Dory into its mouth - boatman and all. The whale didn't chew up that odd mouthful, but was quite gentle about it all. So says the skipper, mouth open, with man and boat in mouth, the Leviathan swam for a mile. Apparently the whale didn't like the taste of the boat, let alone the sailor. For after a kit while he spat them out. They landed in the water, the sailor baled out the boat, and then rowed back to the schooner.

18/2

The Captain claims its the truth, and ixxxxxxxxxxx I'm not one to dispute a Cape Cod Skipper on the subject of fish. He says we all know that Jonah lived in the stomach of a whale, so why shouldn't one of his sailors have a ride in a whale's mouth? Why not? My answer is: 9/4 s-l-u-monday.