## GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Scene in a Miami courtroom. The prisoner pale, tweitchy, biting his lips, his eyes downcast, Two indictments being read by the state's attorney.

In one indictment the charge is kidnapping. When it's through, the prisoner's plea is "guilty".

The second indictment charges murder; to that the prisoner's plea is "not guilty".

And so in official, legal style today Franklin Pierce

McCall reaffirmed his story -- his confession that he kidnapped five

year old Jimmy Cash and reaffired his contention that he did not

intend to kill the child.

At Tamaqua, Pennsylvania today a man staggered into a tea room and fell gasping. He tried to say something, apparently tried to name names, but he could only stammer meaningless words, as his breath left him. He died -- wow of bullet wounds.

State Troopers came, and started an investigation of the murder. They searched the neighborhood for signs of the killer, and in the course of that hunt entered an old, abandoned road house. Inside they found the bodies of two other men, shot to death.

The story as revealed by signs was clear — a multiple gang murder of the most ferocious sort. Three men taken into the abandoned road house and there killed by machine gum fire, with one of the victims able to rise and stagger to the nearby tea room. The three murdered men are identified as Italians from Philadelphia, and it is believed that the crime rises out of a Philadelphia gang war connected with the numbers racket. Today's underworld improvement brings an evil reminiscence of the St.

Valentine's Day massacre in Chicago, when members of the Bugs Moran gang were machine-gunned in a garage.

Ordinarily a suicide story is not for radio, but today the news brings one that is compelling in its tragic irony. The victim of self-destruction is Dr. William Campbell of San Francisco, one of the world's most eminent astronomers. All his life he was a star gazer, watching the heavens, seeking new stars, spying out comets. (He lectured at Yale, the University of Colorado, the University of Michigan. In Nineteen Thirty he was made President Emeritus of the University of California. For years he was Director of the Lick Observatory, famous for its giant telescope that peers into the secrets of sidereal space. The Paris Academy of Sciences awarded him one of its great prizes. In America, the Astronomical Society gave him its gold medal. The National Academy of Sciences decorated him and made him its President.

Today, at the home of the seventy-six year old student of the heavens, they found a note on a ki hall desk. The note, in the astronomer's handwriting, said: "Look in my comet book."

And they did - they looked in the book in which for long years the astronomer had recorded his observations of comets. And there

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they found a last notation saying: "My blind eye was lost in

NineteenThirty-Two. My other eye is nearly blind."

He was about to become a bline star gazer, too bitter

a paradox. The famous astronomer could not endure that.

Today, in a Pennsylvania coal mine, an unexpected voice was heard, words spoken where no words were believed to be possible. It's a bootleg mine, one of those crude shafts where unemployed miners take out coal from company property - without any legal warrant. There was a cave-in down in the depths of that bootleg mine. The timbers of the crudely built shaft collapsed, and two were trapped, a man and a youth, a bootleg miner and son. Sure death for them, that was the hopeless verdict. And the rescue party started to dig - to recover the bodies.

The rescuers were working away the tons of earth and rock that had crashed down to the deep tunnel. They were approaching the place where the two bodies must be, and then suddenly they heard - that unexpected voice. It came through crevices in the rocky barrier.

"Shall we start removing the rock down here?" they heard voice say.

It was the entombed miner, who with his son was safe in the deep hole. So the rescue work went on with renewed eagerness, and with cautious care. They were afraid they may bestir the rock and.

watchfully. They say there's no hurry. The father and son have plenty of air, because their underground refuge has a connection with the regular mining shaft of the company that owns the property,

Mayor Hague of Jersey City produced another one of his novel political ideas today in the court-hearing that is being held concerning what is called the "Jersey Dictatorship." The Mayor of JerseyCity declared himself in favor of something like an AmericanSiberia. concerning people opposed to the state of things in this country, he said: "I think we should establish a camp inAlaska and keep them there, if they're opposed to our government."

bit like Siberia, a place for political exiles in the days of the Czar. Of course, the Communist comrades have their labor camps for politicals in the frozen wasts of the Arctic. Hitler has his concentration camps, and Mussolini has his prison islands. The idea seems to be catching, with Alaska as the latest nomination.

Congress is rushing through its schedule, so let's rush through Congress, and scan hastily what our lawnmakers are doing.

The Senate has just passed the Wage-Hour Bill. The House lassed it earlier, today, the compromise agreed upon after so much wrangling. Now to the President to sign: A national minimum wage to begin at twenty five cents until it has reached forty. After a period of seven years. Maximum hours beginning at forty-four to be eventually reduced to forty. The Senate is expected to pass the bill tonight.

John D. Lewis apparently lost a decision in Congress today, when the Rules Committee refused to send the Walsh-Healy Government. Contracts bill to the floor for a vote. This bill has to do with the awarding of government contracts. And the C.I.O. made the demand that it should include a blacklist - thumbs down on all firms that

violate orders of the National Labor Relations Board. No government contracts to be awarded to them - blacklist. The Rules Committee, however, put a stop to that by refusing to let the bill go to Congress.

The railroads are pack in the congressional maelstrom.

The lawmakers have put back on the schedule a bill to have the R.F.C. lend a lot of money to the lines, liberalize, loosen up for the benefit of the rationads. Railroad labor has been opposing this, unless the companies agree not to cut wages. The whole matter seemed to have been shelved, put off until the next session. But today Senator Barkley, the majority leader, said there'd be an attempt to put a bill through Congress before adjournment. He and said the President was not opposed.

Senator Rush Holt fired a hot shot at the administration today, aiming specifically at the five hundred thousand dollar item in the Deficiency Bill. This item is for the benefit of the National Bituminus Coal Commission. But SERN the senator from West Virginia said its real purpose was - to carry the elections in November.

Well, it seems that I'm thoroughly involved in Flag Day after our broadcast of last night, with George M. Cohan talking to
us about the Stars and Stripes. Today is the day dedicated to
old Glory, and now the subject of the "Star Spangled Banner" comes
up. Today in Congress, Representative Celler of New York, put a
declaration into the congressional record - approving of the
Vincent Lopez version of the national anthem.

We've all heard the complaint that the "Star Spangled Banner" is usually sung badly - because parts of it are so difficult to sing. Attention is focused on the high notes, which few of us can reach. Now I am informed by Orchestra Leader Vincent Lopez himself, that it isn't only a case of the high notes. His version deals with other difficulties. I have the music here before me, only I'm not much of a singer. So don't be alarmed - I won't try my vocal chords out even on the simplified version of the "Star Spangled Banner." But how about Winker having a

first rate voice give us a musical illustration, a ringing baritone, inging for us \_ a couple of bars - Just to show singing for us the difference between the two versions - a musical

trial, a song test. No, not Vincent Lopez - he doesn't sing either.

He'll provide the accompaniment. The singer is Johnny Russe

I don't know much about music, but many of you will understand the Vincent Lopez reasoning when he says - that the high F's in the seventeenth, eighteenth and thirtieth bars of the "Star Spangled Banner" are not the only difficulties for the average singer. The trouble really starts, in the sixteenth bar, with the words "so gallantly streaming", which take the singer down to a low B flat. The next note is a high D, skip of a tenth, two notes more than an octave. The singer is apt to be thrown off pitch in - the sump where In always land making the jump, And then he has to climb two other notes to high F. It's somewhat the same on the words "land of the free", in the twenty-ninth and thirtieth bars, though when without the long skip Jump.

Bank now let's have Baritone Tohnny Russell give us the two versions, both the old and then the revised, in his musical trial and see what all the shooting's (singing)

## STAR SPANGLED BANNER

sing it well. Now let's have the revised way, which Vincent Lopez

Claims is just as effective and stirring. Some - judge for

yourselves.

(Singing)

so there you have an official song trial in the controversy about the "Star Spangled Banner" - and you can find for yourselved.

Personally I think my friend to Vincent Lopes is getting himself into a controversial pat of the soling oil.

These Flag Day musical matters are an apt occasion to talk about the musical aspect of the forthcoming White House wedding. On Saturday the President's son, John Roosevelt, will marry Anne Lindsay Clark, and a tonal tradition will be broken. Hitherto, at a wedding reception, it has been customary for the bride and groom to have the first dance, a waltz. On Saturday, John Roosevelt and Tolinny and annie his bride will dance the first dance as usual, but it won't be a waltz. John Roosevelt doesn't like waltzes and doesn't know how to dance them. He prefers slow fox trots. So Orchestra Conductor Ruby Newman, has been instructed to play a slow fox trot - that the bridegroom's favorite, kind of dances What slow fox trot will he play? Why, Thythmic lilt from the musical production "I Married An Angel." That's a noble sentiment on the part of the bridegroom.

About wedding music. One specification is that no swing will be played. Another is that the familiar hail to the chief will kexx not be blarred out to meet the President. Instead, the orchestra will play the favorite F.D.R. number, "Anchors Aweigh" - reminiscent of World War days as Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

A marriage was annulled at Buffalo, New York, today, all because of a rubber check. At the wedding the bridgeroom gave the minister a check for five dollars, and it bounced right back in the clergyman's face. "Marriage annulled", said the judge.

Captain Bob Barllett the Arctic explorer is sitting beside me getting a laugh out of that.

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Up in Massachusetts, they'll hold the annual get-together of the Murphys, the rally staged by Judge Charles S. Murphy of Worcester.

The judge writes in and tells me he expects a jam at his outing, hundreds of bearers of the grand old Hibernian name, headed by Governor Murphy of New Hampshire, The judge informs that that the Murphy celebration has attracted nationwide attention. He sends me a communication he has received from a Murphy at Chanute, Kansas, seeking a twin Murphy from whom she was separated in babyhood.)

International too, a letter from Wales, seeking an uncle Murphy in America.

who tells the story of a pupil in a geography class, and the subject of the lesson was Ireland.

"What," asked the teacher of the class, "is the principal product of Ireland?"

"Murphys," responded axampily the pupil.

The teacher marked down a hundred per cent for that.

And SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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