United States Navy occurred under the most spectacular circumstances. It happened last evening, but the news was not given out by the Navy Department until today. Noff the coast of California, the fleet was staging maneuvres. Every warship of the Pacific squadrons was playing its part in the sham battle - ninety-three in all. Far and wide across the sea, in strategic array, with the mighty column of dreadnoughts as the focused power - the fleet was in the middle of a maneuvre of naval battle. Flights of war planes were taking off from the ships, winging away to scout the enemy.

The catastrophe occurred in the very heart of the giant armada - was plainly visible from the decks of the dreadnoughts. Nearest to it was U.S.S. PENNSYLVANIA, flagship of Admiral Bloch, the new Commander-in-Chief of the fleet.

Shadows of evening were coming on, and a rain squall was blowing - a flurry of wind and downpour. That, they say,
was the cause. Two great bombers appeared in the rainy dimness,

two of those new swift sky giants, considered the most powerful fighting planes in the world. They were manned with full crews, seven men in each. And, they collided in mid air, they crashed together at full speed! One burst into flames, and plunged hissing into the sea. The other, hopelessly stricken, went burdling down. Men escaped from it in parachutes. Several parachutes flashed open and sent drifting down. The bomber hit the water, and was broken to pieces by the impact.

Instantly, the vast battle maneuvre changed completely as ships broke fighting formation, and steamed to the rescue.

Then all through the night, brilliant beams of searchlights were
focused on the area where the two planes fell - an all-night search.

The result of it is given out today. Of the fourteen men in the
two planes, eleven were lost - including the pilots. Three men
saved, petty officers who took to their parachutes from the
bomber that did not burn.

Mere maneuvres, a sham battle - but memic warfare has its castualties too.

Here are some high lights from Admiral Leahy's continued testimony in Washington. At the Congressional Committee hearing on Naval affairs he was asked about the possibility of the United States being invaded by an Asiatic power -- meaning Japan of course.

Even if such an Asiatic power had a fleet equal to our own; could this country be invaded? The Admiral replied with the words -- "extremely hazardous." Even if Japan were Examples to equal us on the sea, it would be exceedingly hazardous for her to attempt to land troops on our Pacific Coast -- across thousands of miles of ocean.

Admiral Leahy was questioned about President Goosevelt's

Quarantine speech in Chicago -- when he talked about the idea

of quarantining aggressor nations -- meaning, naval blockade.

Had

the Navy thereupon started figuring out a plan for a possible

quarantine, bleckade against apan?

The Admiral said no, xxxx with an outright denial.

the in connection with secret Navy code book. Was the Navy code book missing from the Panay -- the question was asked?

The Admiral answered No. "We recovered all papers on board the Panay at the time it sank," he said.

"What about Hawaliv" The Chief of Naval Operations,
testified that if any Asiatic power were to gain possession of
Hawaii, that would constitute a serious menage to our pap Pacific

A bomb crashed in Shanghai today, exploding in a building that houses British and American publications, like the American owned EVENING POST and the British magazine called ORIENTAL AFFAIRS. Also - the United Press has its offices in that building. A hand-grenade was tossed into the hallway just outside the United Press, and blasted things up quite a bit. A Chinese coolie was injured, the only casualty.

Shanghai is wondering - why should terrorists bomb that American and British building?

In Left Wing Spain today the order was given out -no bording of civilian population. A little while ago the
Barcelona government was talking about -- an eye for an eye,
stern reprisals for the terrific Franco air attacks on cities.

Later on Barcelona proposed to Franco that both sides agree not
to bomb the cities. That got no response. Nevertheless today
the Left Wingers ordered planes to do their bombing on the
battlefront, and let cities alone.

There's a report that both sides are running short of munitions. That's why military hay activity is so quiet. Maybe of they run out completely they is have peace

Melodrama and mystery broke loose in London today, in one of the most spectacular spy sensations. A trial in the Bow Street Court, with four Englishmen accused of the most dangerous espionage plot uncovered in years. Their leader, a man named Glading. All four of them were at one time employees of the Woolwich Arsenal near London, one of the greatest and most secret factor yes of British armament. They are accused of having had in their possession plans of a new fourteen inch naval gun, a blueprint of the fuse of a new type of bomb, and a document pertaining to an anti-tank pistol. FGlading is said to have photographed a recently devised bomb for attacking submarines. When arrested he was carrying a parcel containing four blueprints of a pressure bar aparatus used in testing detenators of wa explosives. In his flat they found papers pertaining to new British aircraft design. And he had a textbook telling all about a new British explosive so secret that official orders concerning it read like this: - "Not to be communicated to the press or to any person not holding an official position in His Majesty's service." That does sound like Expe espionage in

a big and dangerous way.

But the parties romance comes in the person of Miss "X". She's the chief witness against the four spy suspects
on trial. She's a member of the British Military Intelligence,
engaged in counter-espionage activities. She's Slender, pretty
and blonde. She appeared in court smartly dressed with a long
fur flung over her shoulder. She's Completely mysterious A
Miss X. Today the counsel for the defense demanded her name,
but the presiding justice refused to allow it to be spoken.
So she's just Miss X, the beautiful blonde spy.

She was a girl secretary in the provinces. There she was.

approached by the Military I telligence, and entered the

service - to seek out the spy activities of a certain great

power. What nation That's also a secret - was not allowed

to appear in the testimony. But it's quite an open secret,

because Miss X testified that her first activity in counter
espionage was to go to London and join an organization called 
"Friends of the Soviet Union." There she made the acquaintance

of Glading, the leader of the four English Soviet enthusiasts, who were employed in the Woolwich Arsenal.

Austrian in the World War he was a captain of Russian cavalry. Which sounds rather complicated. This paradoxical gentleman introduced her to a man and wife by the good old English name of Stevens. But Mr. and Mrs. Stevens spoke French, and Miss X found that their home was in Moscow.

Miss X testified today that she joined up with all

of these dubious people in a spy plot on behalf of a certain

foreign power, and helped the French-speaking Stevens of

Moscow to photograph the plan of a fourteen Englis inch naval

gun - a deep secret, although really not important. It

wouldn't do much harm for a certain foreign power to find out

about it. Miss X, doing her counter-espionage, was not leading

out anything of vital value.

That's where the testimony ended in London today.

With more to come about the doings of Miss X, the beautiful blonde spy.

The ill-fated honeymoon bridge at Niagara Falls continues to cause trouble - there's a legal threat today, with the mention of criminal prosecution. It's all because of the way that mighty skeleton of steel, once a favorite sightseeing place for newlyweds, new lies broken and prostrate across the river. The moment the bridge collapsed, it was seen that a menece rricade of steel across the river to dam up the eate a more terrific jam than ever. The Canadian authorities today demand that the owners of the fallen bridge must remove the perilous wreckage. Failure to do so was described by the A torney General of Ontario with these words: - "An offense under the Criminal Code." The offense consists of the gravest kind of bridge and ice jam danger to the Queenstown Power Plant, which tands just down stream - a fifty million dollar structure.

That puts the bridge-owning company in a tough spot.

It will be one perlique and precarious task to get the giant.

tonnage of steel out of the river - they'll probably have to decit with dynamite. But on the other hand is the Canadian threat -

H They're starting in to clear away the wreckage, having a deuce of a time. They've thrown a wooden walk across the ice, with the idea of having workmen xxxxxxx cut the steel structure with acetylene torches. First rip it into four sections, and then slice these into smaller pieces, we so the steel can be removed bit by bit. But the workmen on their wooden walk couldn't make any progress today. It's raining and thawing at Niagara, ice melting. Their position became so dangerous that they had to quit the job and scurry ashore. Dangerous is right -- for today there was a further EXERN collapse. Partly supported by the ice and the icea melting, the xexemax section of fallen bridge on the American side tumbled over and kendedxdown slid down into the river. And they ware afraid that thaw will cause the entire structure to sink to the bottom -- 175 feet deep. There it would lie like a sunken dam, to build up an ice jam when a freeze comes.

On frozen Lake St.Clair, in Michigan, searchers found an ominous sign today. They came to a hole in the ice, and leading up to it were the tracks of an automobile. The hole was just about big enough to have swallowed an auto.

Meanwhile there are reports of four persons missing.

They had left Dickinson Island, for the mainland, in their car, driving on the ice. The story of catastrophe ends swiftly - the searchers reached down into the hole with grappling irons, and there they found the automobile on the bottom of the lake, beneath sixty feet of water.

It's an old warning - be careful about walking or skating on the ice. Today's moral is - be doubly careful about driving your car on the ice.

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Ask any author, and he'll tell you seventy-five thousand dollars is a mighty big advance royalty on a book. will teste So who's the giant of the literary art that's getting it? Why, Jim Farley. What kind of opus is he writing? A lyric poem or a treatise on philosophy? No - the Postmaster General is writing his memoirs. The news publishersx plunking down seventy-five thousand dollars for the manuscrips. The word "memoirs" means "memories." Well, maybe Jim can remember seventy-five thousand dollars' worth. In addition he'll also get royalties, which should make him an economic royalist. Today a chorus of authors will rise and sing - "Would I were Jim!" and s-l-u-t-M.

some days ago, there was a greeting to the Left Wing government of Spain, signed by a formidable list of congressmen and senators. It was published with a headline interpretation - all these leading lights of government of the United States expressing their support of the Left Wing cause.

Today there's a repercussion - two senators demand that their names be removed from the document. They are Senators Brown of Michigan and Herring of Iowa. They explain that when they signed the greeting they didn't understand that their action would be interpreted as a declaration in favor of the Left Wingers. It was all a mistake, so now they want to duck out of the whole affair.

During the months to come, at an increasing rate we're due to hear discussions of presidential possibilities.

There's a mention today, mention of a personality about whom
some people have been saying - "His ambition is to be president."

Washington. The speaker - a miner, Lieutenant-Governor Frank Hayes of Colorado. Reminding us - that almost anybody form in Colorado is likely to have worked in the gold mines. I did.

myself. and I known Today, the Lieutenant-Governor told the union miners - "Some day we'll have one of our members in the White House." Then he went on, coming to the point. "We have such a candidate, such a man," he declaimed. "I don't know whether he wants to run or not - but we have a man competent to fill the position in John L. Lewis!"

Two thousand delegates received that with cheers.

Well, the Lieutenant-Governor doesn't know whether John Lewis

wants to run or not. Many people would like to find out, would

like to know - what sort of ambition lurks in that C.I.O. Chief with

the fushy eyebrows and the deep, roaring voice.

Little business had another big row today. But, at least, they got some resolutions passed, amid an uproar. The assemblage of minor industrialists, in a lively rumpus, voted their proposals for curing the business recession. Amid shouting, they demanded that the government do something to make it easier for small business concerns to get capital. In the pandemonium, they called for the repeal or the modification of various New Deal laws the Wagner Act, the Securities and Exchange Act, and the taxes on capital gains and undistributed surpluses. To the tune of loud howling, the resolutions were handed over to a committee, which is to put them into shape to be taken to the White House probably tomorrow.

The ructions today were caused by two business men who can be aptly called - the forgotten man and the chairman. No, he wasn't chairman in the strict sense of the word, but I'm calling him that, and you'll see the reason why. The forgotten man was one Robert Kaempler. Proclaiming himself the forgotten man, he started reading off a proposal demanding that the government create more W.P.A. jobs. The other business men didn't like this at all

and howled him down. Whereupon the forgotten man in angry indignation, ripped to pieces the typewritten pages from which he was reading.

This lively action, so the newspaper cameramen swarmed forward with a flashing of bulbs, getting there pictures. They m were greeted with roars of wrath and yells of - "Throw them out!" up rose a Philadelphian named Shafer, who I'm calling the chairman, though he wasn't. He demanded that the little business man listen to Forgotten Man Kaempler and his WPA proposal. That evoked another wild outbreak of hooting. A couple of guards rushed to make brother Shafer sit down. He was quite willing, and down he sat. But the chair wasn't there, he missed it. And down he sat on the floor with a resounding bump. So you see why I insist on calling him the chairman - for the lack of the chair.

Later on, the forgotten man tried to take the floor again, amid loud cries of "Throw him out!" They didn't want to remember him. And throw him out they did. A couple of guards seized him and bounced him right out of the place. This time he stayed forgotten.

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And once again that chairman intervened. He didn't stand up, however. Having found a chair he was anchored to it.

He sat there smoking a cigar and displaying a sign in his hat a sign that aroused renewed anger the little business man.

"Throw him out!" the chorus rang out again. And they did.

"Throw him out!" the chorus rang out again. And they did.

"The Couldn't get him out of the chair. A couple of sure seized him, chair and all, and carried him out, as he sat planted that the story of the smoking cigar. And that's the story of the same smoking cigar. And that's the story of the same smoking cigar. And that's the story of the chairman. And that's my exit and