GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Young Douglas Corrigan has done another amazing thing. He has astonished the New York police force, and that's something. Even the most hardened traffic inspectors were astounded at the multitude that stood in the sweltering sun, a record heat of ninety-three degrees, and cheered the gallent young Irishman. Officers were comparing it to the crowds that greeted Lindbergh. According to one standard, the reception to Corrigan even exceeded towns, and the one to Lindbergh. That standard was the huge volume of paper that was poured on the grinning young flyer. After the Lindbergh reception, the street cleaning department picked up one thousand seven hundred and fifty tons of it. Today there were mineteen hundred tons.

When he came to the New York Advertising Club for the end of the parade — I set with luncheon, I asked Corrigan how he felt trains about it. Said he:

"It was all right except for one telephone book." And he explained:

"The fellow who threw it forgot to tear it up first and it hit me on the chest."

The Advertising Club has welcomed many distinguished men of action, explorers who sweltered in the tropics, heroes who'd visited the Arctic and the Antarctic, but the biggest crowd of all turned out for Corrigan. In terally tropic heat, they waited patiently and without complaint for two hours. And after he arrived, it was well worth it. This courageous and skillful young flyer was known hitherto only as a men of action. This afternoon he showed himself also to be a fellow of happy thought, of quick wit. great presence of mind, delightful personality, an all-round grand We all agreed in with the New York copper who remarked: guy. "There's a lad for you. Corrigan took it better than all the others who ever came up the street.".

One thing we asked him was whether he was going to donate the plane in which he flew to Dublin to the Smithsonian

Institution. And he replied: "I haven't heard from the Smithsonian yet."

One feature of the luncheon was a presentation to Corrigan. It was a silver bowl given to him by the organization of

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flyers known as "Men of Wings." That made it anhistoric affair, because it was the first trophy ever awarded to anybody by Men of Wings. Appropriately enough, the engraving inside the bowl showed a drawing of the first airplane ever flown, the plane of the Wright brothers, of Dayton, Ohio. You will remember that Douglas Corrigan, until a couple of weeks ago, was known only as a mechanic. Orville and Wilbur Wright, once upon a time were mechanics, two young mechanics with a bicycle shop at Dayton.

Another feature of the luncheon was a poem specially written for the occasion. The author, Strickland Gillian, who many years ago wrote that famous ditty, "Off again, on again, gone again, Finnegan." I had the good luck to get in touch with Mr. Gillilan and he responded nobly with a poem entitled: "Back-Agin Corrigan." The first verse reads:

"When I anciently babbled of Finnigin In a trance I have never been in agin I turned Irish Pegasus out to the grass
Believing I'd need him no more; but alas
He's trying his wings and must soar agin,
All on account of Doug Corrigan.
That is, this Corrigan
Gives me a chore agin.

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Of all public questions, the most fertile source of argument and ill-feeling is perhaps that hapless tax on the undistributed profits of corporations. Opponents of President Roosevelt have laid most of the troubles of the recession at the doors of that tax. Mr. Roosevelt spoke up for it staunchly, saying it was a necessary, invaluable source of revenue. Nevertheless, Congress warm ignored the President's protests, pared down that tax substantially. But never before has it come to light just how much money that tax poured into Uncle Sam's Now we know, for the Treasury has added them up and published the results. In Nineteen Thirty-Seven, the undistributed profits tax brought in almost a hundred and forty-five million dollars. That's twelve per cent of all the taxes on corporations. that were paid in Nineteen Thirty-Seven-

Labor Relations Board. This time again the trouble doesn't come The A.F. of L. from employers. The voice of labor today declared for war the against the Edward Labor the death Board. William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, said the word. "It will be my duty," he said, "to mobilize the five million workers in the A.F. of L. to drive that Board from power." And he added: "We want a board that is fair." And he explained: "The National Labor Relations Board has been using the C.I.O. movement to encourage we disunion in the labor movement, secession from the A.F. of L."

And that wasn't all. Mr. Green rolled up his sleeves and declared: "The administration of the Wagner Act is terrifically awful. The National Labor Relations Board has sunk to a new low level. It is now a pro-C.I.O. agency."

Massachusetts Federation of Labor. Apparently he took particular pleasure speakingthose words in that state. He named a Labor.

Massachusetts member of the Board, Mr. Emith, as the chief offender. Finally Green: "Mr. Smith of Massachusetts has

gone so far as to declare that our American Federation of Labor craft unions are company unions."

when the Green got through, the Massachusetts Federation

passed resolutions against not only Edward S. Smith of

Massachusetts but also his colleague, Donald Smith of Pennsylvania,

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also a member of the Board. They axkedxPrexident ask President

Roosevelt to dismiss both Smiths.



election in Tennessee. The most spectacular thing they spell is a crushing defeat for Senator George Berry, Millionaire, Labor leader, and a figure in the Tennessee Valley Authority dispute.

Senator Berry is running more than sixty thousand votes behind his opponent, Tom Stewart, who was running a hundred per center.

New Dealer. Incidentally, Mr. Stewart is an ally of Senator.

McKellar, senior senator from Tennessee. Political experts say that the New Deal is not at issue in that Tennessee primary, although Senator Berry had voted against some of the acts that President Roosevelt wanted passed.

President Roosevelt took time out from his vacation today to give a quick once-over to the Panama Canal Zone. The day began with a visit of state from the President of the Republic of Panama. Six hundred American troops stood at attention on the pier of Balboa as a guard of honor for the Pan American President when he went on board the cruiser HOUSTON. After that, Mr. Roosevelt went ashore, had luncheon with Governor Ridley of the Canal Zone, and took the train for Cristobal, making an examination of our fortifications on the way.

Three of the bombers of Uncle Sam's army finished a good-will flight today. They landed at Bogata, capital of Colombia.

They carried a greeting from President Roosevelt to Dr. Kramward

Edouard Santos, President-elect of the Republic of Colombia.

Incidentally, they made the flight from Miami, fifteen hundred miles, in just eight hours and twenty-two minutes.

Several days ago, we told about trouble in Puerto Rico, the attempt to assassinate Governor Winship. But that attempt, as we learn today, does not reflect the feelings of all Puerto Ricans. A visitor in Washington is Don Jose Diego, Mayor of the City of Ponce, in Perurto Rico. He has been in Washington for some time and is now returning home. He's leaving behind him his appendix and taking with him one million, five hundred and seventypfour thousand dollars. A New Deal gift for the city he reules. And said Mayor Don Jose Diego: "My people have very great love for the American.W

(In Siberia the

Japanese soldiers, and the guns of the Mikado retaliating.

Meanwhile, the diplomats known in their offices at home were at a deadlock. As we heard yesterday, the Japanese said to Red Russia, "Let's negotiate."

Today Moscow replied, and the answer is practically an emphatical "No." Said Foreign Commissar today:

Litvinov: "We don't negotiate until you remove Japanese soldiers back to the position they occupied July Twenty-Ninth, back from the territory you've seized." That means the strategic hill at Changkufeng, the meeting place of the frontiers of Manchukuo, Korea and Siberia.

So there's where the situation, stands. Stalin stands pat. However, the feeling prevails that the Tokyo and Moscow Foreign Offices will be able to talk themselves out of it without any big scale war.

A month ago, the Japanese invasion of China was crippled by floods on the Yellow River, almost drowned out. More floods are now impending in that distressful country. Reports are that the Yangste is rising with great speed, as a matter of fact, Some people say that the Chinese have cut the dikes in order that to help the flood along. At any rate, if the inundation gets any worse, the Japanese army will have to retreat from the attack on Hankow. So today the Nipponese high command sent a flotilla of ninety-five gunboats and transports up the river. The object is to out-maneuvre not only the Chinese troops but the floods.

The City of Nanchang, southeast of Hankow, is rapidly becoming deserted. Normally, it holds three hundred thousand people. Today there are only eighty-five thousand left.

Probably only a temperary one. Nevertheless, it looks like a grant the Spain the decided set-hack. The Republican troops delivered another smashing attack on Franco's attack. At any rate, that's what their press agent says. Ten thousand Republican soldiers attacked forty thousand nationalists, and defeated them, forced them to withdraw from a strong key position. That is the mountain land west of Teruel. One effect of all this, has been that Franco was obliged to weaken the armies with which he was attacking Sagunto and Valencia.

Viscount Runciman, the British peace-maker, is having his headaches in Czechoslovakia. That's what he expected. His job is made more difficult today by a fresh squabble between Hitler and the Czechoslovaks. At Berlin, the German government issued a warning. "If any more Czechoslovak planes fly over German territory, they'll be shot down." This was provoked by three army aviators that flew over the border last Wednesday. The government of Prague explained that they had lost their way during maneuvres. Says Berlin: "That's a phoney excuse." \The threat from Germany was promptly answered. A radio broadcast from Prague, in the German language, retorted nehemently. Said the Czechoslovaks:- "On three different occasions German planes flew over Czech territory, a part of the country far more important than the German terrain over which our aviators flew by mistake."

A Pittsburgh lady was walking on Highland Avenue, near the entrance to the Highland Park Zoo. Out of the gates of the zoo she saw a large, dark figure lumbering, wat in awkward fashion. Her first thought was: "My, it's funny to see a man wearing a fur coat on a day like this." The man in the fur coat turned and walked towards the lady, whereupon she saw that it was the kind of fur coat that couldn't be taken off.

The next thing, police headquarters got a hysterical message that a bear was at large in Highland Avenue, Pittsburgh.

It was one of the largest, most powerful animals in the Pittsburgh Zoo, It was a lady bear weighing almost four hundred pounds. In order to take has promenade in the Pittsburgh the bear streets she had ripped out three iron bars, two inches in diameter, from the roof of her cage.

when the keepers in the bear house realized what had happened, they were torrified. For that lady bear wee Agrizzly, described as "too tough to have a name." One of the worst tempered animals in the whole zoo. The park was immediately closed to visitors and all traffic was barred in the neighborhood,

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a squad of thirty cops with machine guns and rifles were on the They had to kill the griggly with look-out. And it took eighteen shots from a sub-machine gun.

subdue her.

There's an interesting race on in the Middle West, a race that will be decided tonight and tomorrow. The contest is being staged by one hundred and twenty-five newspapers to select the coach for the annual game between crack professional and college football teams, the game to be played in Chicago on August twenty-first between the Washington "Redskins" and the Chicago Collegiate "All-Stars."

The most interesting thing wheat the race so far is that a deposed coach seems to be leading the field, Harry Kipke, former Michigan coach. Others who are close behind in the race are:
Bo McMillan of Indiana, "Ducky" Pond of Yale, and Elmer Layden of Notre Dame. If Kipke wins his friends will regard it as something of a vindication for the coach who lost out at Michigan because weaks he had several great seasons and several that were not so good. In the meantime, of course, Andy Kerr of Colgate is tuning up the Eastern Collegiate "All-Stars" for their annual battle with the

Both are benefit games. Both draw great crowds. And the question of which is better, college football or the professional brand is never decided. The debate will still goes on and on.

There's a golf game going on near Chicago that ought to interest even those who hate golf. Since shortly after daybreak this morning, a young Chicago broker has been going round and round the Number four course at Olympia Fields. There's no record at stake and he's not a champion. But the whole country is watching him because of the human story behind it. His name is J. Smith Ferrebee. He had a disagreement with his partner about a plantation and it is they own in Virginia. It's to settle that argument that young Mr. Ferrebee is playing golf today. He bet his partner that he could go eight times round that course in one day, scoring never less than ninety-five in any single round.

If he wins, he gets that plantation and twenty-five hundred in side bets.

in the country. If he makes it, he will have walked more than forty miles. Late this afternoon he was well up on schedule.

He had been playing at the rate of more than one stroke a minute.

Three thunderstorms came along, soaked him to the skin. But he

kept on playing. Early in the sixth round he had a blister on his heel and had to take time out to have it bandaged. But he lost only thirteen minutes. In spite of his sore heel, he kept limping along, swinging and putting, at a pace that left even the gallery and the newspapermen gasping.

In far he have most taken

more than ninety strokes for any round, an average of five strokes

a hole. As a matter of fact, he made three rounds in eighty-two.

When he finishes, and it looks as though he would any minute now,

he will have played a hundred and forty-four holes for a

plantation and twenty-five number dollars.

