

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Two steamboats today navigated up the Hudson River, from New York to Heaven -- that newly created Heaven which is just across the river from President Roosevelt's home at Hyde Park. Thousands of negro worshippers of Father Divine swarmed at the New York pier, and the little brown man who is worshipped as God, received a wild ovation as he drove up in his big limousine. It was a oraring tumult, with crowds of angels piling aboard the two boats -- bound for Heaven. On their way to establish their new Paradise on the aristocratic estate sold to the negro cult leader by Howland Spencer, distant kinsman and bitter enemy of the President. Howland Spencer sais he sold his estate, Krum Elbo because he thought the doctrines of Father Divine weresouder than the New Deal. So today the Divine doctrines are being put into practice right across the river from the founder of the New Deal - the place of which the First Lady spoke when she said how nice it was that at least it would be Heaven to someone.

ROOSEVELT

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President Roosevelt has quit fishing. The Houston is on its way home, bringing the President to ~~the~~ the end of his vacation. Instead of fishing he's now ~~indulging in a~~ *hard at work* ~~sport at which he has few peers,~~ writing speeches. For after the Houston lands in Pensacola, he will go straight to Georgia to deliver two addresses, one at Barnesville, another at Athens. They will be discourses of ~~great~~ ^{elt} moment and importance to Roosevelt's partisans. Georgia, as we've been hearing ~~was~~, is one of the critical states in the forthcoming Democratic Primary. And it's no secret that the President is anxious to purge the Senatorial toga off the back of Senator George of that State.

PRIMARY - FOLLOW ROOSEVELT

The President was doubtless encouraged in his speech-writing by the news he received over the radio from Kentucky. For early today Governor A.B.Chandler, popularly known as "Happy" conceded that he was defeated and congratulated his successful opponent, Senator Barkley. And you may be sure that's news which ~~felt~~ impinged gratefully upon the Roosevelt ears, for Senator Barkley -- Dear Alben -- is the key man ^{for} the White House in the Upper Chamber, ~~of the day~~

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50 "Happy" Chandler has ~~not~~ much to be happy about today, but his congratulations were happily couched. Said he:-- "I have no excuses, alibis, or regrets. As the Democratic nominee you will have my active support in November, and I wish you another successful term in the Senate." And that ends a long and angry squabble, ~~which is to be continued in our next~~

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HARRISBURG

More fun in Pennsylvania. The fight between Governor Earle and his enemies becomes more amusing day by day. It brings to mind the palmy days of American politics, when almost every state saw the spectacle of one side ~~owning~~ owning the judges, the other side owning the Legislators, one side having the police in its pocket, the other side owning the Sheriffs.

Of course I wouldn't be so rude as to intimate that anybody owns anybody today, especially in Pennsylvania. However, today's inning went to the enemies of Governor Earle. You will remember that the Legislature passed laws to stop a special Grand Jury from investigating the Governor, and turned the ~~inquiry~~ inquiry over to a committee of the Legislature. Today Judge Schaeffer knocked out two of those laws, said they are unconstitutional. As for the third, he said that one too is partly wrong. On top of that he over-ruled all the other efforts of the Legislature to keep ~~control~~ control of the investigation.

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That put the next move up to ~~the~~ Governor Earle's
Attorney General, ~~the~~ Guy K. Bard, ^{who} ~~promptly~~ promptly appealed
to the Supreme Court of the State. The Chief Justice says he will
hear arguments tomorrow. So there'll be still more fun in
Pennsylvania.

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LINCOLN

A curious and historic discovery was made in a New York office today. Some weeks ago an auction was held at the United States Patent Office in Washington. Offered for sale were more than two hundred thousand models submitted by inventors who wanted patents from Uncle Sam. A large quantity of these were bought by Crosby Gage, theatrical producer, sometimes publisher, also ~~an~~ expert on cooking, and a collector of many curiosities. ^{Crosby} Included in the things ~~he~~ Gage purchased from Uncle Sam was an ancient safe that hadn't been opened for years. Nobody knew what was in it. ^{(at his offices in Rockefeller Center,} ~~he~~ Gage had it opened and many curiosities came to light for the first time in many decades. One of them ~~was~~ a baseball bat made in Eighteen-Sixty-six by George W. Hill. There was also the model of a machine gun made entirely of aluminum in ~~Eighteen~~ Eighteen-Eighty.

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Most interesting of all, however, was not a model but a printed pamphlet. ^{An} ~~It was an advertisement~~ application for a patent. That patent was for a new and improved manner of enabling steamboats and other vessels to pass through shallow water without

discharging their cargo. The name of the inventor -- A. Lincoln -
residence -- Springfield, Illinois. That application was filed
March 10, Eighteen-Forty-nine.

Seems to me I've heard about Lincoln trying his hand
at invention and here's the latest proof of it.

hapless Emperor, Emperor Maximilian.

thirty-five miles off the Virginia Capes the Meride
was taken by a freighter called the Farragut,
around and about in the harbor in nearly thirty-five fathoms of
water.

Recently a group of Italians organized an expedition
to salvage that treasure. The members of this expedition have been
at work several weeks, with modern appliances. They've been diving
and exploring the remains of several officers, ~~and~~ recovered

cannons, washbasins, thermometers, dishes, even a few coins,
and they still have hopes of recovering some further tons of silver
million which once belonged to Maximilian.

TREASURE

From Norfolk, Virginia, comes a spot news story that leads back into past history. In Nineteen-Eleven the steamship Merida set sail from a Mexican port bound for Europe. Among the freight she carried were fifteen tons of silver bullion. It belonged once upon a time to a famous but tragic character, the hapless Hapsburg, Emperor Maximillian.

Sixty-five miles off the Virginia Capes the Merida ran into a fog. She was rammmed by a freighter called the Farrigut, rammmed and sent to the bottom in nearly thirty-five fathams of water.

Recently a group of Italians organized an expedition to salvage that treasure. The members of ~~the~~^o expedition have been at work several weeks, with modern appliances. They've been diving and exploring the cabins of several officers, ~~and to~~^{ing} recover ~~ing~~ cameras, washbasins, thermometers, dishes, even a few coins.

And, they ^{are} still ~~at~~^{at it} with hopes of recovering those fifteen tons of silver bullion which once belonged to Maximillian.

CORRIGAN

Since he came back from Ireland, Douglas Corrigan has shown one power nobody suspected. That is, an apparently limitless capacity for listening to speeches. Any ordinary man's eardrums would have been perforated by the fusilades of words hurled in New York at the gay flier with the tireless ear. Today he's been going through it all over again in Boston.

While he was in the land of the Cabots and the Lowells and the Corrigan -- his plane the old crate, arrived in New York, the obsolete nine-year old Curtis Robbin. Corrigan himself doesn't admit it's a crate, says it could do the job over again if it had to. And as we all now know the old crate has a masterly mechanic to repair anything that might be wrong with it.

The owner of a night club wanted to buy the historic plane. The much abused crate that cost nine hundred dollars could have been sold for twenty-five thousand, so the story goes, Corrigan declined.

TARZAN - FOLLOW CORRIGAN

In Northern Ontario the folks of Sturgeon Falls have a hero of their own. He's only five years old, but they are making as much fuss over him as Boston ~~was~~ ^{made} today over Corrigan.

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Last Wednesday little Fernand Tessier wandered away from home looking for ^{blue}berries. He didn't come back that night, and his parents were terrified. ~~Close~~ ^{Close} to Sturgeon Falls is a wilderness, brush ~~and~~ country, ~~that even the most hardened~~ ~~inhabitants are afraid of.~~ Men have been lost ^{there and} ~~and have~~ died. Others, ^{have been found} ~~were found~~ ~~and were~~ insane with terror, hardship and exhaustion. Even trappers who go into the woods for their livelihood are chary of setting their traps in that wilderness, though it abounds with wild animals, both furred and feathered.

Search parties were organized; experienced guides ^{for the little boy,} joined the hunt. For five days they ~~but~~ couldn't find ^{him.} ~~him.~~ ^{Now the word comes how} a couple of farmers found five year old Ferdinand ~~only half a mile away from his home. He was~~ Tessier — unharmed, unfrightened, ~~hadn't suffered in the least from either~~

~~_____~~ Evidently he'd kept himself ^{alive by} ~~nourished on~~
^{eating} berries, the only food to be found ^{all} in that wilderness, ~~but~~

~~_____~~ When crowds came to the Tessier house to see him, and asked him about his wanderings, the little chap was quite unable to understand what the fuss was ~~ed~~ about.

BASEBALL

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I saw something yesterday that ^{sh}ould be a warning to many thousands. It occurred during a soft ball game in which I and my Nine Old Men lost to the Connecticut Nutmeggers, George Bye's team of literary celebrities who turn out that ^{genial} ~~sheet~~ sheet known as the "Connecticut Nutmeg." ~~The~~

The warning derived from the game is this:- Be careful about swinging with a smooth-handled bat on a hot day when your hands are slippery with perspiration.

Gene Tunney was at the plate for the Nutmeggers, and a mighty swinger Gene is. He took a tremendous wallop at the ball, missed it, his bat flew out of his hand and went flying with tremendous force into the crowd. It sailed just over the head of Governor Cross of Connecticut, who was watching the game. The saving grace was the bat flew high and far, the yell that went up gave warning. So upraised hands broke its force and it landed among the spectators with little damage. The net result was a strike on Tunney, announced loudly by Umpire William Allen White the sage of Emporia.

I behind the bat was scared stiff
—and you should have seen Gene
Tunney — white as a sheet.

SWORDFISH

A fish story from Nova Scotia! A new York lady caught a Broadbill swordfish weighing two-hundred and ninety-five pounds. It was ten feet and one half inch from tip to tip, four feet around. And the sharp sword attached to its snout measured three feet, nine and threequarter inches.

Caught with a rod and line. Not the largest Broadbill ever landed -- but the first of such size ever caught by a woman. She fought it for two hours and fifty minutes.

FAR EAST

The russian bear growled again today. He bared his fangs at Japan and said: "Look out for me, or I might get tough!" This warning from Foreign Commissar Litvinov to the Mikado's Ambassador at Moscow was delivered ^{after} ~~in~~ a short but fierce and deadly battle at Changkufeng. Guns roared and airplanes dropped their lethal loads, and it all ended in four hours, ^{after} ~~in~~ fierce hand-to-hand fighting. At the end of it all the Soviet forces claimed they'd ~~ix~~ thrown the Japanese out, and the Japanese admitted, in their own mild terms, "a reverse."

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By way of offsetting this the Japanese Press Department issued another statement. They claim that the morale of the Soviet fighters is low, the prisoners they have captured are glad to be prisoners and out of the firing lines. They also claim that the Soviet High Command has been compelled to conduct a purge of their fighting forces in that region, that officers, ~~in~~ non-commissioned officers and men have been summarily court-martialed and executed on the field of battle. And all the

while there's one factor that makes this a most curious spectacle. For (diplomatic observers still claim that this fierce fighting at Changkufeng is merely an incident and that it won't result in any *large scale war.* ~~formal war or even in any war on a large scale.~~ Nevertheless, it remains obvious that the recapture of that strategic Changkufeng Hill by the Soviet troops is part of an inevitable ~~and colossal~~ conflict, ~~the unavertible fight~~ between Soviet Russia and Imperial ~~Japan~~ Japan for the mastery ~~of~~ of Eastern Asia.

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A bulletin that just ~~came~~ in from Paris indicates that there may be an unexpected angle to all that fighting near Vladivostok. The gist of ~~the~~ ^{the} bulletin is that the diplomats may want to avoid this Asiatic Armageddon, but the soldiers in the theatre of war may get out of control. That's a thing that the French Foreign Office is afraid of today. The French diplomats are afraid because of their alliance with Moscow. If the Generals bring about a big-scale war against the wishes of their Government, nothing much can be done to prevent them. That's the report in Paris tonight. ^{TR} There's a rumor that Marshal Bluecher, who commands the Soviet Far Eastern army, wants the war right now.

Dictator Stalin doesn't want it, ~~but~~ ^{and} his Far Eastern Marshal
doesn't agree with him. Stalin, ^{they say,} ~~of course,~~ doesn't want a big-
scale war ~~in the Far East~~ ^{in the Far East} until the Czechoslovakian business
is settled.

MA

Here comes an old friend of this broadcast, a
friend of long years' standing. In the ~~Japanese war office six~~ *Manchukuo war*
~~or seven~~ *several* years ago we were constantly hearing about a great
~~war~~ paladin at arms, General Ma. The General with the motherly
name was always up to something. First he'd be fighting
for his own country; then he'd pop up on the Japanese side. *Then*
He was the first Minister of War of Manchukuo when the Japanese
set up that puppet state. In that capacity he accumulated huge
sums of money and quantities of ammunition. When this
accumulation was large enough he turned it against the Japanese.
Next ~~thing~~ we ~~hear~~ *d* hear he was dead. A few months later ~~we~~ *he'd*
~~would~~ turn up at some crucial point ~~or other~~ *but* General Ma,
this time with more arms, ammunition and recruits stolen from
the Japanese. *than ever.*

He's been executed, Lord knows how many times, left
for dead on more than a dozen battlefields. And now here he is
~~back~~ again. ~~Was~~ Welcome back to the broadcast, General Ma! *and*
~~back~~ up to his old tricks. He's back on the Chinese side this

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time, fighting the Japanese near the frontier of Inner Mongolia, ~~was~~ shooting down soldiers of the Mikado, with arms and ammunition paid for by the Mikado.

All this news comes to light through an American officer. Captain Evans Fordyce Carlson of Uncle Sam's Marines returned to Hankow today from a tour of Northern China as military observer. It is he who reports that Ma is in the field again. The cavalry brigade he used to command has ~~been~~ grown into several divisions. With him also are four thousand Manchukuo troops who killed their Japanese officers and then went over to Ma.

So the cry tonight is Ma! Ma! and s-l-u-t-m.

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