Wilsort

Good Evening, Everybody:

The story of Joseph W. Harriman, the aged banker who who is on trial in the Federal Court and is disappeared, inxthexFederal four took another slant today. Shortly after Federal Judge Caffey had declared his bail forfeit, Mr. Harriman calmly walked back into the nursing home from which he had vanished.

But his return was a trifle late. The patience of the law over Mr. Harriman's vanishing acts had become exhausted.

Judge Caffey had not only ordered Mr. Harriman's bail forfeited despite the pleas of his for delay. He had also issued a bench warrant for the aged banker.

So as soon as he walked back into the hospital at 4:30 this afternoon, the hospital authorities notified the United States Attorney. Within five minutes a fast motorcar with a United States martial was speeding to the hospital to arrest him as a fugitive from justice. Mr. Harriman was then arraigned in Federal Court on that charge.

N.B.C.

### BUSINESS

Labor. Since April there been an increase in employment of thirteen per cent, and in payrolls of twenty per cent. For instance, in June alone, there was a rise of seven per cent over May in the number of people put back to work, and almost eleven per cent in wages. Then there's a comforting item from Detroit. The Chevrolet Company will have seven or eight thousand more men at work by August 1st. And yesterday the makers of the Hudson raised salaries ten per cent.

United Airlines tell me their business jumped fiftythree per cent month, both as regards the number of passengers
carried and mail. And here's something that should bring cheer
both to people who grow fruit and those who eat it. Out on the

refrigeration. They tried it out with oranges, \*\*iddp\*\* dipping them in parafin and \*\*shipping them through the Panama Canal to New York. The Luckenback Line's who have already carried two boat loads of oranges treated in this fashion, claim that they arrived in perfect condition, and infinitely cheaper than if they are refrigerated and shipped by train. Two more boat loads are on their way by water from coast to coast. This looks like a renewal of the old traffic war between steamship lines and railroads. If this can be done with oranges, of course, there seems no reason why it shouldn't be done with all other kinds of fruits.

#### CABINET

President Roosevelt's super cabinet, or the General Council, as it is officially called, met this afternoon, but the President ... himself was not there. Although his cold is slightly better his physician urged him to remain in his own quarters, so the Attorney General presided over the meeting.

The purpose of this session was to consider the proposed nationwide code of shorter hours and higher wages for all industries. The plan is being put into shape by General Johnson, the Administrator of NIRA. The idea is to provide a temporary and voluntary scale of minimum wages and maximum hours of work for those industries whose codes have not yet been okayed by General Johnson.

As soon as any industry perfects its code and has it approved by the NIRA Administration, it will automatically pass from under the operation of the temporary blanket agreement.

Incidentally, one of the clauses in this blanket agreement will provide for a minimum wage of fourteen dollars a week for all male workers, and a thirty-five hour week.

N.B.C.

MAJORCA.

Uncle Sam's patience is becoming the treatment accorded by Spain to five American citizens on the Island of Majorca. Not only has Claude Bower, our Ambassador to Madrid, been working hard to secure their release, or at least a prompt trial, but the State Department in Washington has made a request extraordinary to the Spanish Ambassador, asking him to make ki representations to his government. The outrageous part of this business is that the Spanish authorities have as yet made no move to set a date for the trial of these five American prisoners, including one woman. And the local courts have treated with contempt all requests for bail.

Well, I've just learned by telephone that the Department of State has sent instructions to the American Consul General in Barcelona, to proceed at once to the Island of Majorca. There he is to spend his entire time doing what he can to help these five

The news from Wiley Post continues to be exciting. A wireless report from Moscow by way of London informs me that he landed in Irkutsk, Siberia at 9:35 this morning, Eastern Daylight Time. Thus he made the 1800 miles from Novosibirk in seven hours and forty minutes.

Our one eyed champ from Oklahoma is now more than half way around the earth, \*\*\*txix on his second flight. He's now more than sixteen hours ahead of the record he made with Harold Gatty two years ago.

Although they say we one may good eye bloodshot from lack of sleep when he landed in Irkutsk, Wiley Post declared that he would take off again in five or six hours, which means that he's now make already on his way to Khabarovsk.

He made that remarkable speed in spite of losing his
way twice while flying over the Siberian plains. His automatic
machine wike as he calls him, went flooly and Post
pilot, failed him and he had to make two emergency landings in the
spen field. He stayed aground just long enough to crientate himself

and was able to find his way eventually.

Lee Trenholm.

Manager of
flyer Wiley Post.

July 18, 1933.

### INTRO. TO TRENHOLM

I have a friend who and who who was who

anybody else in the country, his manager Lee Trenholm. Mr. Lee

Trenholm has been telling me several interesting things about Post

that I had never heard before, and I thought you might like to hear

them too. So I'm going to ask Mr. Trenholm to love about this

daring Cyclo os of the air who is gallouing around
and tell you some intimate details about the man who is making

the world again.

L.T.

# LEE TRENHOLM

L.T. First of all, what's this flight all about?
Who's backing Wiley Post this time?

Trenholm: Nobody. This is the first real solo flight. Wiley Post owns his own plane, has no sponsors, backers, or partners. There's no single trademark or commercial label to mar the white hull of the Winnie Mae. We're advertising nothing and selling nothing.

L. T.: Has Post any particular plan for his flight.

I mean, aside from the course that he mapped out?

Trenholm: Well, before he left be discussed with me whether he should take it easy, lower the record just a little; and then do it again next year. After talking it over he decided to aim for a record on this trip that would be as nearly unbreakable as possible. And whatever records he establishes, it probably will be a long, long while before anybody else flies around the world all



alone with only one eye. And by the way, he's wearing that white patch over his left eye for comfort. He removed his artificial left eye so that it wouldn't bother him on a long flight.

L. T.: How fast can the Winnie Mae go?

Trenholm: Her full capacity has never been tested

yet. Post believes she is capable of doing from five to six hundred

miles an hour up in the high altitudes. When he completed this

flight around the world he may try her out. Only one other man

besides Post has ever flown the plane since she came out of the

factory three years ago, and these the first time another man flew for the other pilot, and probably would have happened even to Post

if he had been at the controls.

L. T. What does a pilot flying the ocean think about?

Trenholm: That I cannot tell you. But I can tell you

doesn't think ever think about, is whether his engine is going to fail. Find said to me: "Once off the field the question of motor trouble never enters my mind. I never had one konk on me in my life." And you may have heard that when Post and Gatty flew around the world together they had an understanding that if the engine should fail while they were over the ocean, Post would stick the Winnie Mae's nose straight down and not bother about being battered around for days by the waves. And, Post made the same determination before he started on this flight all alone.

L.I.: - Well, here's hoping the old boy makes it! He sure is a stout lad.

Astonishing news comes from Alabama and Arkansas where the voters have been going to the polls all day to decide whether those states would join the Wet or Dry Column. Leaders of the repeal movement told me by telephone that they have advices from these states indicating that both of them, hitherto regular strongholds of Prohibition, are voting wet.

If Alabama and Arkansas become the seventeenth and eighteenth states of the Union to ratify repeal that will indeed be news.

of course the direct plea made by the President as leader of the Democratic Party \*\*\* evidently \*\*\* had a strong influence in both those states because that means the Democratic Party machinery was moving to bring in the wet votes.

The Anti-Prohibition leaders tell me there was a fair size vote in Alabama until the middle of the day. But the information from Arkansas is still more surprising. The Wet leaders first claimed that even Arkansas would vote three to two in favor of repeal. After getting in the first returns, they have changed those figures and now say Arkansas will be wet two



to one. A significant thing was that the first rural county

- (and the rural regions which have always been for Prohibition) - 
at interval county

voted forty-four to one in favor of repeal.

Little Rock, Arkansas, which votes in Pulaski County, is running seven to one for repeal according to telephone advices from there. Other sections of Arkansas are running forty and fifty to one. Doesn't sound possible!

Chicago is certainly ker doing herself proud to entertain wq General Balbo, Italy's colorful Air Minister and his twenty-four planes. Last night General Barro grew tired of official ceremonies and of wearing his uniform all the time. So he into civilian clothes a slouched hat and went on a junket with a small party of friends. the World's Fair. # The General of automobile skooters, threw baseballs at the heads of colored boys and tried his eye in the And, it's interesting to leave that he made five shooting gallery. bull's eyes out of six shots with an automatic pistol. Then he and his friends tried out some of our 3.2% beverage; and be didn't get back to hotel until three deluck this morning.

Incidentally, one of the festivities arranged for him the managed for him the gets to New York will take place Friday night at the Waldorf.

This will be a reception and supper dance given by the Italy-America Society. Among the guests of honor will be the Italian Ambassador, the Italian Consul General in New York, Mr. Henry Fletcher, former the Lucland Ambassador to Italy, Amelia Earhart, and George Palmer Putnam, and a host of magnificon from the official and financial worlds.

And here's more news about General Balbo's sojourn in New York. He and his armada will arrive in Gotham sometime between five and seven P. M. tomorrow night, daylight saving time. The Italian air fleet will land at Jamaica Bay alongside of Floyd Bennett Airport.

The visit/xx the Italian aces to will be particularly interesting because there are amost as many Italians in New York than N. V. is - or was - the 2nd largest Stahan City whe was there are in Rome. More than two hundred and fifty of Father Knickerbocker's finest will be on hand to see that there's no monkey business in the shape an an anti-Fascist demonstration. Mounted police, launches from the marine division of the police force, and three destroyers from Uncle Sam's Coast Guard will the seaplanes. There will be an official welcome for General Balbo and his men at City Hall. One of the entertainments will be a luncheon on Friday given by Generoso Pope, the king of the Italian language newspapers in New York, who also Chairman of the Mayor's welcome Committee. N.B.C.

An ironic tragedy is reported from San Franciaco. The victim was Major General Charles G. Morton of the United States Army. &

Several years ago Major General Morton retired as

Commander of the Ninth Area. He had been a soldier since 1883, and
fought through two wars. In the Spanish American he was a

Colonel, and in the World War he led the 29th Division in the
terrific battle of the Argonne.

On July Fourth he was righting firecrackers for some of the youngers of his family and one of them exploded prematurely and inflicted severe burns on the General's leg. That terrible menace of the firecracker, tetanus, set in, together with heart complications. This morning General Morton died at the United States Army Hospital at San Francisco at the age of 72, a victim of Tuly fire-cracker.

Imagine that. A survivor of two wars, and dead from

a firecracker explosion.

# BASEBALL

This has been an exciting day in the baseball world and more particularly the American League, for on today's games depends the actual leadership of that League.

As in any fan knows, the New York Yanks after being way ahead for so many weeks in the early part of the season, took a xximum slump shortly before July 4th, while the Washington Senators were going strong. Consequently the Senators nosed Babe Ruth's teammates out of first place and stayed there for a while, then the Yanks took a spurt while the aggressive Senators had a slump. The consequence was they finished the week neck and neck, tied for first place.

Marse Joe McCarty, manager of the Yanks, remarked:
"We had our slump, now we've worked out of it, and the Washington
fellows are having theirs."

And today the Yanks have been playing Chicago at their own stadium in New York, while the Senators were entertaining the St. Louis Browns in Washington. In just a second I hope to be



win and Washington loses, the Yanks will be in the lead. If
Washington wins and the Yanks lose, the Senators will again
be in first place, but only by half xxxxxxx Wait a minute,

here ixxxxx are the results:

Well, the Vankees won - 9 to and Washington lost to 5t. Louis 50 that puts Bake Ruth & his pale in the lead.

And SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

Ninety-year-old Cape Codder went out in boat dragging for liquor cases thrown overboard from fleeing rum runner. He dragged up a big bottle of something and sampled it. "Sody Pop," says he. "Why did they ever throw sody pop overboard? No harm in sody pop." But Geing thirsty he drank it all. Then he found some Scotch whiskey and drank a pint of that. Then he found some more whiskey and drank a pint of that. Then he found some more sody pop and drank another quart of that. Since that time he has been out cold for two weeks and still thinks the Civil War is going on. Why? Well that sody pop turned out to be extra dry champagne.



And now it's time for me to go out and wet my
whistle with a bottle of sody pop, or sarsparilla, or something,
so -- So Long Until Tomorrow.

Personal correspondence.