

Mr. Cannon
-NBA

Good Evening, Everybody:-

Exactly four months ago, during the week ^{of} ~~beginning~~
April 19th, the whole country waited ~~with bated~~ ^{lessly} breath for news
from Moose River, Canada. Two men, one of them a distinguished
surgeon of Toronto, were trapped in a mine. The entire resources
of the Dominion of ~~Canada~~ Canada were working night and day to
rescue Doctor Robertson and the mine's time keeper, James Scadding,
from a ~~living~~ ^{living} tomb. ~~Many of us~~ ^{We} can ~~all~~ ^{all} recall the thrilling
details of that heroic rescue.

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Today's news from a coal mine in ^{our own Midwest} ~~Missouri~~ seems even more
full of tragic suspense. Out in Moberly, Missouri, four men are
trapped underground. There's a certain similarity to the Moose
River episode. Two of the four are the owners of that coal deposit.
Furthermore, here again they ventured into those underground
workings for the first time in two years. The four who went down
the shaft are Edward Stoner and Demerit Sexton, the owners;

the workers who accompanied them ~~was~~ George Dameron, a negro, and Jack Mc Cann. Soon after they had climbed into the cage and gone underground a fire ~~suddenly~~ broke out right at the top of the shaft. The alarm was ~~promptly~~ sounded all over the camp.

Every ~~XXXXXX~~ truck in the neighborhood was rushed to the spot, ~~They were~~ loaded with water ^{to be} ~~which was~~ dumped into the blazing pit. But, ~~they came~~ too late. Before those flames were extinguished

^{fire had} reached a supply of dynamite ~~which had been~~ cached in a chamber leading off the shaft. With ^{a deafening} ~~explosive~~ roar the dynamite

exploded. ^{Seams} ~~of~~ coal and earth caved in -- the four miners ~~were~~ trapped ^{below.}

A second alarm was sent out. The fire departments from eight towns in the vicinity tore to the scene of the disaster.

Rescue squads with gas masks went down through the still smoking shaft. They found a fifty foot wall of debris barring them from ^{the} ~~the~~ four ^{men} buried alive. Seven of the would-be rescuers collapsed, but volunteers quickly took their ~~px~~ places. One rescue party went down through the ventilating shaft to reach the cave-in.

They had to swim through twenty feet of subterranean water.

A new danger cropped up this afternoon to imperil and hamper the rescuers. Not only water but poison gas contributes to beat back their efforts. They have to dig through Lord-knows-how-many tons of loose shale and powdered coal. And later -- fire has broken out again. They're afraid coal is burning -- generating gas.

At the top of the shaft ambulances with pulmoters are being held for emergency. From hour to hour throughout the day conflicting reports continue to come. One group of engineers say "It's useless! They've been dead long ago." Old, experienced miners stand their ground and contradict them with the words, "There's always a chance, a man underground is never dead until you find his corpse." It's believed that the four underground prisoners may have found their way into a side shaft which the slide may have cut off from the poison gas. Nevertheless it may be forty-eight hours, all of two days, before the rescue squad can dig and tunnel their way to the rescue.

Tonight it's the old story -- anxious crowds -- tearful
wives and children waiting at the shaft.

SPAIN

Again a cloud of uncertainty envelopes the Spanish situation. The rebels claim the government is at its last gasp. The government on its side announces a war to the bitter end, with all restraint lifted.

A certain amount of substance is lent to the rebels' claim by a report from Berlin. The German Nazis, it is said, are prepared to recognize the government of the Spanish ~~rebels~~ ^{Fascists.} That isn't official, ^{but, it's} ~~it's~~ one of those reports from "well authenticated sources." The importance of it is that evidently the German government has information that the claims of its partisans in Spain are well founded, that the rebels really are winning. Of course there's the usual string to this announcement. Recognition of the rebels by Berlin depends upon the ⁱⁿ ~~rebels~~ being able to show that they are able to preserve law and order, protect life and property.

From the several battlefronts throughout the peninsula comes no information of any importance. The eyes of the news gatherers are focussed on Berlin, on London, on Rome.

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When the correspondents looked for Mussolini they didn't find him in the city of Rome but in the region that used to be the Pontine Marshes which he has reclaimed. There he was with sweat on his brow and a smile on his face, overseeing the opening of the threshing season. The Duce's reply to questions was: "If any nation intervenes in the Spanish revolution the consequence will be war, World War." That's what he fears.

That was not so surprising since we had already learned that Italy's huge swarm of four thousand fighting planes is ready to take off, waiting orders. Meanwhile in Rome the Duce's son-in-law, the Italian Foreign Minister Count Ciano, declares, "The reports that Italy is about to fly to the aid of the Spanish rebels are absolutely fantastic."

An echo of the Duce's statement was heard from London. Sir Samuel Hoare, formerly Foreign Minister, now First Lord of Admiralty, agreed with him. "By and every means the powers must keep the Spanish trouble from spreading throughout Europe," said Sir Samuel. Whereupon the London Board of Trade revoked

all licenses for the export of arms and munitions and aircraft
to either side.

RUSSIA

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Today's news from Moscow relates one of those episodes that makes it difficult for the rest of us to ~~ix~~ understand the Russian temperament. (If sixteen political leaders in any other country were brought to trial for conspiracy to murder the head of the state, it's a safe bet that they would fight such a charge to the bitter end. But what did those ~~Russians~~ Russians do, the Soviet big shots accused of a plot to murder Stalin? They pleaded guilty not as men making reluctant confession, but as martyrs proudly claiming an immortal distinction.) ~~ix~~

The Chief ~~witness~~ ^{Comrade} witness today, ~~the~~ ^{v/} Evdokimoff, exhibited the utmost nonchalance, as though the whole proceedings bored him ~~as~~ ^{as} he told the court the details of the ^{Trotskyist} plot. It was all arranged, he said at the home of Gregory Zinoviev. One feature of that meeting was a hot argument among the conspirators, a contest for the privilege of killing Stalin. The emissaries ^{from} ~~the~~ ^{in exile} Trotsky wanted the first whack at the Bolshevik chief, but Zinoviev said, "No, the honor belongs to us."

(Zinoviev himself displayed precisely the same attitude. ^{while testifying} We heard about him last night - his connection with ~~he~~ made no attempt to deny his guilt. "Yes," he said, "I plotted

murder
Stalin's
tenant -
roff. Today he

the ~~death~~ death of Kiroff." Then asked the prosecutor: "Did you concoct the plan to kill Comrade Stalin?" "I did," replied Zinoviev firmly, "I am guilty of every charge." A strange puzzling business to people not familiar with the Russian mind.

FIGHT

Yesterday everybody was saying that the outcome of the Sharkey-Louis fight would answer an important question. But today the important-question askers are still asking. Sharkey, they point out, is thirty-three years old and hadn't looked an opponent in the eye for two years. Louis knocked his ears back inside of three rounds. Though the Louis fans proclaim it a magnificent comeback, the skeptics are saying "So what!"

One guess is that the next big show in the noble art of slugger~~y~~ will be a return match between Louis and Schmeling. The New York State Boxing Commission will decide on Friday whether the ~~Schmeling~~ Schmeling-Braddock affair shall take place as scheduled. The doctors employed by New York's pontiffs of the noble ^{cauliflower} art say there's nothing seriously wrong with Champion Jim's left lung ^{ch}hook. No operation necessary. ~~Champion~~ Jim's own surgeons say that the Commission's experts are full of carbon dioxide. Champion Jim's manager says he won't let his man put on a glove for four months, ^{box fight} no matter what the New York pontiffs say. Meanwhile ex-Champion Schmeling is here, all ready to fight somebody. If the Champ isn't ready, say the fans, why not let Schmeling

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try that right hand on Joe Louis once more? Schmeling's manager has still another idea. If the Champ can't fight, let him retire and yield his title by default to the Mauling Max.

It has been done. When Jim Jeffries found himself with no more worlds to conquer he retired and handed it over to Marvin Hart and then it went on to Tommy Burns. And Gene Tunney did likewise.

TAMMANY FOLLOW FIGHT

A pugilistic encounter that wasn't scheduled caused even more amusement than the Sharkey-Louis fandango. There weren't so many spectators and none of them paid any fantastic prices to watch it. But the hay-maker which was swung at Tammany Hall this afternoon will have wider repercussions than any right hook that Joe Louis landed on Jack Sharkey last night. Political wiseacres are prophesying that the consequences of *the* *Tammany* ~~that~~ blow will be felt next November.

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The occasion was a conference at the wigwam of the braves who for the most part run Father Knickerbockers domain. Big Chief Dooling of Tammany Hall has for some time been ill in his teepee. Feeling that he was ~~not~~ in no condition to lead his braves to victoree he appointed a committee, a board of regents to carry on during his illness. This was resented by the Executive Committee of Tammany Hall particularly the Committee Chairman, Mr. Kennéally. The conference of Tammany leaders was called today to ratify Big Chief Dooling's decision. At that conference the Chairman of the Executive Committee

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voice^d on no uncertain terms his objection to Mr. Dooling's idea. There upon Mr. Sullivan is said to have asked, "Bill why don't you quit your stalling?" This annoyed Mr. Kenneally who retorted, "What do you mean stalling." To which he is supposed to have added a phrase not to be found in Dr. Vizetelly's dictionary. Mr. Sullivan's counter-retort was of the kind that you might legitimately expect from a Sullivan. It started from somewhere near the floor and landed on Mr. Kenneally some where on his cheek, others say on his jaw.

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In the words of Owen Wister's Virginia^{ly}, Mr. Sullivan complained that Mr. Kenneally had not smiled when he used that phrase, which I was unable to find in Dr. Vizetelly's dictionary. Smile or no smile the result of that hay-maker found Mr. Kenneally in a position similar to that occupied by Mr. Sharkey last night at the Yankee Stadium.

When it was all over both gentlemen made light of the fray. They even posed together for the cameramen while Mr. Sullivan said, "We didn't mean anything by it. I may have

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pushed him a little but really we are just like brothers."

Still and all the political sharks say that the encounter means a serious rift in Tammany Hall and ill ^{Codes} prospects for New York Democrats in November.

AIRSHIP

Here's something you could win a bet on: -- How old is the oldest airship in the world? Seven years -- that's its advanced age.

This provides grounds for reflection -- to think that in all the world the oldest lighter-than-air craft still in active service is a metal dirigible flown by the United States Navy -- a craft built just seven years ago. All the others constructed before that time are out of service. So I'm told by Bill Stout, prominent aviation and automobile engineer, who informs me of a lighter-than-air birthday party in Detroit tonight by the group of engineers who designed the oldest airship in the world.

FLIGHT

Broadway and Hollywood ^{seem to have} ~~have got~~ something new

to talk about. And this time it isn't a diary. They're laying bets today on Harry Richman, star of radio, night clubs and, as they say in England, the Cinema. It's that round-trip flight, New York-to-London and back. Even if ~~it~~ it is haloed with a certain aroma of press agent oxygen, there are some aspects of the story worth considering.

For one thing, the unique construction of the plane. Wings, tail and fuselage ~~are~~ lined with pingpong balls, fifty thousand of them. The idea is that if she flops, like a bad show, into the middle of the Atlantic, those pingpong balls will keep

her afloat, her and the ^{somewhat} melodious Mr. Richman. In addition to ~~any~~ pingpong balls she will also carry a cargo of nuts. ^{And by that} ~~that is~~

^{I am not casting} ~~not intended as~~ any reflection upon the ^{more or less tuneless} ~~melodious~~ Mr. Richman or

his pilot. But the pilot, Dick Merrill, has a predilection as peculiar as any of ^{Harry} ~~Richman's~~ Richman's. He has a fondness for squirrels,

thinks they're lucky. So he's going to take a brace of them in his

plane for mascots. I've heard many extraordinary things about

left-handed baseball pitchers. But I never before heard of an

airplane pilot with a ^{yen}~~business~~ for squirrels. ~~That only shows~~

^{At any rate}~~my education is incomplete,~~ Dick Merrill, one of the most

experienced fliers in the country, has been taking squirrels with

8 1/2 him for many years while he ~~was~~ ferrying Uncle Sam's mail across

the country.

Despite the nutty atmosphere of the preliminary announce^{ments,}~~ments,~~

both ~~Richman~~ Richman and ~~Merrill~~ Merrill appear to be ~~quite~~ in earnest,

~~about their escapade.~~ They expect to start Friday or Saturday, or

and the girls in Hollywood as soon as they get the okay of the Department of Commerce, ^{and a}

good-weather report from Doc Kimball. ^{It} There are no flies on ^{Flyer}~~him~~

Merrill's record as a flier. He's done more than two million miles

in the air, and never an accident. Doesn't drink, doesn't smoke;

9 ~~not drinks - but~~ but does like mixing ^{with} people. That sets him apart from many

aviators I know. Most of them are bored to death except in the

company of other fliers. So we may hear any time now that the

comparatively

melodious Mr. Richman and the squirrel-loving Mr. Merrill are ^{off,}
not off [^]their heads — but off to England, carrying
~~carrying nuts to England.~~
ping pong balls and nuts.

And -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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