

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

For several hours a minor reign of terror prevailed in parts of Indiana and Illinois. Three weeks ago, two brothers named Easton, left their home at Valley City, North Dakota. They were young men, one twenty-seven, the other twenty-five. They left in desperate mood. Their purpose, to set out on a career of violent crime.

On June Seventeenth, a series of hold-ups, gunplay and even kidnapping occurred in Wisconsin. All these crimes appeared to have been committed by the same couple. The alarm went out by teletype, all through the middle western states. And the trail led to northern Indiana. Here the reign of terror began. Everybody warned to be on the lookout against desperadoes. The police threw a cordon around them, two hundred and fifty armed men blockading all the roads near the Illinois-Indiana border. And now the climax: Suspecting all the blockade the desperadoes from Dakota made a spectacular dash into Illinois. On the way they came upon two deputy sheriffs, overpowered them, stole their car, and seized the deputies as hostages. At one point in their dash they roared across an open

FIELD to escape capture. There the car stuck in the mud and two other deputy sheriffs caught up and opened fire. The criminals escaped, and the deputies rescued their colleagues who had been held hostage.

The next exploit of the outlaws was the shooting of an Indiana state policeman. Dashing and twisting through the woods they came upon a car driven by a farmer. With the farmer was a four year old boy. Seizing the car, they held the farmer and the boy prisoner.

The law finally caught them -- near Deselm, Illinois. They were trapped in a cornfield. Almost two hundred and forty officers surrounded them. The elder brother shouted: "Shoot me, go ahead and shoot me. Here -- right in the heart." Thereupon he pounded his chest like Tarzan. The police shouted: "Drop that gun!" He refused. So the officers acceded to his request, shot him through the heart. The younger brother, running away, was dropped by a bullet in the shoulder wounded.

FIRE

New York firemen have been fighting one of the most extraordinary and sensational blazes in the history of the department. It would have been spectacular if anybody could have seen it. But, that was impossible, since the flames were burning in the fifty-eight million dollar tunnel under the East River between Manhattan and Long Island. Nobody knows how the fire started. ^{It} The engineers on the job were unable to extinguish the flames unaided. Four firemen, with hose lines in their hands, went down under air pressure to battle the flames. Assistant chief John O'Hanlon, Lieutenant Robert Tierney, Firemen Edward Lyons and James Ferguson were the men who took that chance. ^{First} They had to undergo a hasty physical examination to make sure they could stand the pressure. ^{Then} Down they went, wearing ^{their weird} masks. ~~each~~ They battled their way ten feet into the tunnel, ^{but} in vain. ~~A veritable~~ ~~light~~ wall of smoke and steam fought them back. Finally they ~~made their~~ ^{battled ahead into a} ~~way into the~~ huge cave that had been excavated in one part of the tunnel and poured ^{vast} ~~huge~~ volumes of water on the fire. ~~It took~~ ^{After} twelve hours of fighting ~~before~~ it was finally extinguished.

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BUSINESS

From several sources come definite indications of an upswing in business; ~~Well they might be,~~ with Uncle Sam ^{priming} ~~giving~~ the ^{pump} ~~machine~~ to the ^{tune} ~~extent~~ of more than twenty million dollars a day.

[#] The Public Works Administration announces ~~that~~ it has okayed new projects amounting now to a total of more than five hundred and sixty-eight millions. [#] ~~All this - or something -~~ ^{The spirit that seems to be in the air} was reflected again on the New York Stock Exchange. Although the advance in prices came to a stop, it was a two million share day with the high speed ticker ^{falling} ~~frequently~~ behind ~~the~~ transactions.

From all over the country come an unusual number of reports of the settlement of strikes, of men going back to work.

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My sponsor, the Sun Oil Company, turned over to me an item of information that seems significant. Two lake liners left Detroit, their freight holds filled with motor cars, the largest shipment of automobiles this season. Altogether a hundred and seventy-two Dodges and Plymouths, mostly passenger cars, but also trucks, a shipment worth th well over a million dollars, ~~were sent~~ on their way to the Thornton-Fuller Company of Philadelphia. That's one shipment to one firm alone, ~~and it certainly should mean something.~~

MOPACK

Serious charges have been made against one of the country's big railroads. The Missouri Pacific, once the principal possession of the late George ~~S.~~ Gould, is the company under fire. ~~It is~~ accused of having practiced concealment, deceit and fraud in its financial statements, the statements it filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission while applying to have its securities registered. ~~It is~~ ~~an~~ examiner of the Commission ~~that~~ makes these charges.

CIRCUS

The show down of the Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circus is now definite and apparently irrevocable. The biggest show on earth will fold up its tents and go back to winter quarters in Florida tonight. Whether the strikers help them or

not, the circus will disband and go home. *To revive another season, we circus fans all hope.*

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(A Federal official in Washington today made a public appeal to the Alliance of W.P.A. Workers. The gist of it was "Support the New Deal and keep your friends ^{on the job} ~~in power~~ The man who made that appeal was Aubrey Williams, Deputy Administrator of W.P.A.. He said: ~~also~~: "You know who your friends are, keep them in power.") And also: "The people who stand for government support of these things" -- meaning work relief -- "are those who are going to win the election."

Williams also drew a glowing picture for workers of the future in the arts, or what he may have thought was a glowing picture, the support of symphonies, ^{painting} ~~art~~ writing, and ^{so on} ~~other~~ ~~artistic pursuits is going~~ to be "the business of ~~the~~ government.

"Some day writers will not be forced to go to this or that stuffed shirt before they can write a book," he said he. *Inferring that the stuffed shirt is unknown in government. What do you about that?*

SILVER

Perhaps the largest shipment of precious metal ever heard of in history will soon be in transit over eastern American highways. Uncle Sam is going to ship silver boullion worth one billion, five hundred million dollars to a secret storage space near West Point, New York. When it is considered that the same value in gold boullion would be a large shipment, you can imagine what a tremendous ^{silver} job this will be. It will consist of one ~~ix~~ million bars of silver, each weighing seventy-two pounds. ~~It will~~ ^{also it will be} ~~be carried by a private firm~~ the most precious cargo ever entrusted by the government to any private concern. Naturally, an army of secret service agents, police, and soldiers will be on patrol to protect it when it is sent ^{toward} ~~to~~ West Point from the vaults where it now lies in New York City. The new vaults near Uncle Sam's military academy have recently been completed at a cost of more than half a million dollars.

G.O.P.

A row in the inner circles of the Republican Party came to a head today. The protagonist is Congressman Hamilton Fish of New York. His challenge is that ~~Mr.~~ John ~~B. M.~~ Hamilton of Kansas, should resign as Chairman of the ~~Republican~~ National Committee.

Congressman
~~Mr.~~ Fish raised that clamor at a meeting of the G.O.P. Executive Committee in Washington. And he made the charge: "The National Committee is spending a thousand dollars a day for nothing."

That thousand ~~dollars~~ a day should be handed over to the Republican Congressional and Senatorial Campaign Committees, *said he.* ~~if it did that~~

So we can
~~said Mr. Fish, "we could~~ elect ten new Republican senators and at least a hundred more Representatives in Congress this fall, *he* argued.

CELEBRATION

Neither fortune nor good weather smiled ^{today} upon the ^{great} celebration at Wilmington, the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the landing of the first colony of Swedes and Finns on the banks of the Delaware. In the first place, the illness of the Crown Prince of Sweden prevented his being there. ^{But, he} ~~he~~ was represented by the Crown Princess Louise and young Prince Bertil. They sat at the right hand of President Roosevelt as he accepted the monument presented by Sweden, the monument made by the famous Swedish sculptor, Carl Milles, ~~it is~~ an imposing ~~thing, a heavy~~ shaft twenty feet high of black Swedish granite. On top of it, is a facsimile of the ship KALMAR NYCKEL, on which the first colony of Swedes came across the ocean in Sixteen Thirty-Eight.

Rain drenched the spectators as they listened to speeches of Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull. But heavy as the downfall was, it did not dampen the ^{tremendous} enthusiasm.

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AIRPLANE

Here's a curious ~~item~~ ^{item} for aviation fans. An Italian inventor has designed a new type of plane, *— an ornitho-copter.* The novelty is that it has swinging wings, operating somewhat like those of a bird. A dispatch from Rome brings word that it was tested out today and among those who saw the test were not only high officials of the Italian government but several attaches of foreign military air forces. According to this report, the new plane is absolutely stable, capable of hovering like an autogyro.

Before I come to the end of ^{this} ~~the~~/broadcast, and I still have several more items, I want to express my thanks to my sponsors, the Sun Oil Company, for giving me a day off, last Friday, and also ~~my~~ many thanks to Upton Close, the ~~widely~~ ^{so ably} ~~widely known~~ writer and lecturer who ^T took my place. I wish I could have taken all of you along on the weekend cruise I made with Commander Donald MacMillan aboard his sturdy ship ^{-the ship} The Bowdoin that year after year has pushed its way through the [^] Arctic ice.

This year MacMillan's ^{ted and} outfit sailed from Boothbay Harbor, ^{Maine} ~~Maine~~, a few hours up the coast from Portland. He ^{had} invited me to sail with him as far as I could and ^{had} agreed to put me ashore so ~~that~~ I could get back for tonight's broadcast. ^T When we arrived in Boothbay Harbor, Friday morning, the members of the MacMillan crew were assembling, coming in from all parts of the country, husky college and prep school fellows who were going ^{along} to man the sails, and do all the work, on this, MacMillan's Seventeenth expedition to the Arctic.

On Friday, the leading citizens of Boothbay Harbor, lead by ^a~~the~~ jovial giant, named Bob Moore, staged a whale of a clam and lobster bake in honor of the departing explorers. The whole town was decorated with flags and bunting. ^{and} Saturday, the day of sailing, was proclaimed MacMillan Day. There was a parade. The town turned out on the lawn in front of the Memorial Library ~~and~~ for speeches, ~~an~~ music, and an impressive farwell. ~~ceremony.~~ One of the shops in this picturesque Maine port is called the "Smiling Cow", and above the door ~~hangs~~ hangs a huge picture of a cow, smiling. Directly under it I saw a sight that was enough to make ^{any}~~the picture~~ cow smile, some beautiful girls kissing MacMillan's explorers and giving them a thrill such as they will not have until they return from the polar regions. — *that is I assume they want.*

All the piers were black with people. Crowds ~~is~~ jammed the house tops along the waterfront, and crowded onto the decks of all the boats in Boothbay Harbor. With a final burst from the ^{band,}~~band~~ Commander MacMillan gave ~~the~~ orders to cast off, and in a few ~~minutes~~ moments he was officially under way on his Seventeenth

expedition to the Arctic.

Nearly all the boats in the harbor ~~XXXX~~ swarmed around the ~~bow~~ ^{Bowdoin} and followed her out to ~~the~~ open sea. And there, as though coming as a messenger from Father Neptune the ~~Bowdoin~~ BOWDOIN was met by a huge fin back whale, ~~that~~ ^{The whale} came almost along side, spouted a few times, and ~~then went off~~ ^{off he went.} A salute from the ~~denizens of the~~ sea to a commander who has spent so much of his life at sea, and who knows the Arctic ~~regions~~ as few men do.

^{TP} Tonight Commander MacMillan, his wife, who goes part way to an eskimo settlement, and the boys in his crew, are out there, off the ~~next~~ coast of Maine, aboard the Bowdoin ~~going~~ ^{headed} North to Laborador, Greenland and Baffinland, on the way to the land of the Eskimo, bound for the home of the walrus and the polar bear. ^{TP} ~~As~~ ^{As} I came ashore, at Bar Harbor, How I envied those young fellows who are going North with Donald MacMillan.

REGATTA

Here's one that will interest Mac M - and his pals:

There was a big question to be settled today on the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie. Could the monopoly of the Washington University Team in the intercollegiate races be ~~broken?~~ broken? Could any eastern team win against the power of the ~~mid~~ west? The question was answered in a pouring rain that kept the number of spectators down to about

And it was
twenty thousand, -- tough going for the racing shells through choppy ^{waves,} ~~waves~~. The answer was -- yes, the East could win.

And did!

The sentimental favorite among the Eastern oarsmen was the Navy. The middies went into the race minus their coach, Buck Walsh -- who was injured Saturday night. The first half of the race saw the West in command -- that favorite Washington team fighting with California for the lead. But at the half-way mark on came the Navy, and surged ahead. California made a desperate effort to overtake the middies, but could do no better than finish second. Washington came in third.

FUNERAL

At Little Cave[^]creek, Tennessee, there's a stalwart
b[^]ewhiskered farmer who today became seventy-four years old.
He celebrated it in an original fashion. He solemnized and
attended his own funeral. Not that he's ready to die, not by a
long shot. But he wanted those obsequies to take place while he
was alive, so that, in his own words, "there would be no question
of a preacher getting things wrong about me after I'm gone."

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It was quite an affair, that funeral, with a living
corpse. There was a crowd of no fewer than twelve thousand people
at the church in Little Cave[^]creek, Tennessee. The farmer, whiskers
and all, rode to church in the hearst that carried his empty coffin.
And he walked behind the coffin while the pallbearers carried it
to a grave.

The occasion became more of a festival than funeral
services. Peanut vendors, hot dog men, boys selling soda pop,
worked through the crowd. The subject of these ceremonies had
engaged a clergyman to come all the way from Illinois to preach
the funeral sermon. And while the Reverend was pronouncing an
eloquent valédictory, that man who wasn't dead wept salt tears

beside his empty coffin. In fact, before those corpseless
obsequies were over, the subject was almost overcome by emotion.
After the services, hundreds of people in the crowd clamored for
his autograph, which he signed with tears running down his whiskers.
He had a loudspeaker system, and everything, so that the songs sung
by choirs from nearby churches were heard all over the countryside.
Even politicians improved the shining hours by handing out campaign
cards and cigars.

The man who thought it all up, the expectant corpse, so
to speak, said when it was all over: "It was the nicest funeral
I ever had." ~~Incidentally, he claims to be a cousin of the rich
and fashionable Mrs. Rachel Vanderbilt Morgan of New York.~~

A rich man at Irvington, New York, is in a tough spot. He has a beautiful twenty-four room house overlooking the still more beautiful Hudson River. But in one of the beautiful rooms there's a beautiful but embarrassing occupant. A beautiful divorcee who says the rich man promised to marry her. A week ago the beautiful lady went to that beautiful house overlooking the beautiful Hudson. As she arrived she said: "Ah, how beautiful! Here I am, and here I stay until he marries me." The millionaire had left the house before she arrived. Since then his two children by a previous marriage have fled - leaving the beautiful lady in possession of all the beauty!

On Saturday she locked herself in one of the bedrooms and there she's on a sit down strike. Outside the mansion are four private detectives who allow nobody else to enter that house. It's not exactly in a state of seige. She's allowed food whenever she wants it. But since Saturday all she has wanted has been two glasses of tea. Tea and a wedding ring, demand the beautiful lady.

And now may I wish all of you a beautiful evening
and SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.