Good Evening, Everybody:-
A heroic bit of rescue work was done at Charleston, West Virginia today. A miner named Aukstock Cotter was trapped by a cave-in. He was at work when a section of the mine roof came crashing down. He was pinned to the ground by a huge quantity of rock. inst of his body was free, but $h i s$ two arms were held fast by great masses of stone that lay upon them. Rescuers made their way through the shaft to the point where Cotter was held a prisoner. They were able to free his left arm by raising the stone with an automobile jack.

But try as they might, they couldn't get his right arm loose.

The Associated Press relates a story of hours of frantic effort. Food and water were lowered to the trapped miner. A minister read passages out of the bible to kook him. sheerfut

Well, there was no way to get Cotter's right arm free. something drastic had to be done. The only way to release him was to cut off his right

MINER - 2
arm. But it was impossible to get through the shaft in such a way that a musician could perform the operation. A special tunnel was dug to the place where cotter's right arm was pinned down. Wogtor W. B. davis, a company phystilan, crawled through the tunnel and, lying flat on his back, administered the anesthetic and performed the operation.

And in that way the imprisoned miner's life was saved.

There is grief in France tonight over the disaster thet has befellen one of her noted sviators. Joseph Lebrix, the famous trensAtlentic flier, and his two comnenions one of whom was Marcel Daret, a noted airman, crashed in the Ural Nountrins. Two xxy were killed, Lebrix and his mechanic. Deret jumped.

The Associated Press reminds us how two planes set out from Paris on a race across the mao. They wanted to set a new distence record. One lane, piloted by Dieudonne coste, was forced down in Germeny but the other with Coste's old team mate Joseph Lebriz aboerd, kept going. But now a dispetch from loscow states that the nlane crashed near the town of Ufa. That's in the district of the Urals.

In Italy, too, there has been an airplane crash under drametic circumstances. The Italians were holding sneed tests over Lake Garda. I mentioned last night that one plane broke the $z$ world speed record when it made $394 \frac{1}{8}$ miles en hour. But thet record, says the Internationel News Service, didn't last long. Later on, Lieutenant Bellini, flying one of those
tremendously fast new Italian ships made en official speed of 455 miles an hour. Lieutenant Bellini flew a mile at that dizzy clin and as he was on the second lan, he tried to make a turn. His plane dived suddenly ond hit the ground. It was going eight miles a minute when it creshed and that tells the story - blenk oblivion.

Well, those speedy doings in Itely are attracting a lot of attention in England.

British speed fliers are marking time tonight. The Schneider Cun race could not be held today on account of bad weather and was postroned until tomorrow. The British, as I mentioned last night, are flying the race along. Uncle Sam did not enter, and the French and Italiens were obliged to witharaw their entries.

Well, just as a sort of side-issue the Italians have been putting on those speed tests over Lake Garda and they certainly have been setting marks for the British Schneider cup speedsters to shoot at. It's un to the English birdmen now and they'll have their fling as soon as the weather clears. But it's

## AVIATION - 3

very doubtful whether they will be able to come anywhere near that astounding record of 455 miles an hour made by it.

Bellini just before he was killed last yesterday.

HURRICANE
Page 5

A checkup on the hurricane mindmani situation in British Honduras indicates that the disaster is even more serious than was reported yesterday. Nearly every house is down in Belize, the capital of British Honduras, and the estimate of the casualties, as given by the International News Service, has gone up to 700. The American priests who were killed were Jesuit fathers who were trapped when their institution, the College of Saint John, collapsed under the fury of the wind.

In addition to the hurricane there was a 由 after the terrific blast of wind. The Associated Press reports that the water came in from the sea and swept through the streets of the town.

Meanwhile, relief is being rushed to the stricken city. The American Red Cross, says the United Press, is in the foreground.

The gunboat sacramento has been sent to British Honduras from the

HURRICANE - 2

Nicaraguan coast, and the cruiser Rochester is on its way from Panama carrying medical supplies for Belize. They say that tonight martial law has been declared over the ruins of the former thriving tropical city.

## TYPHOON

Well, the winds that whio around this whirling planet have been having a wild time these past counle of days. Yesterday we had word about those two cyclones in the west Indies. Tonight comes news of a typhoon in the China Sea.

An Associated Press dispatch from Tokio tells how the tyohoon hit the southern portion of the Island of Formosa. Houses were blown down, terrific rainfall caused floods and five fishing vessels are reported missing. A count of the cesualties registers 26 persons deed and hundreds injured.

The tail-end of thet tyohoon swished over and smacked the Jananese city of osaka. It didn't do much damage but it did cause Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh to put off a flight they had scheduled. They planned to fly from Kasumigura to Osaka but they got word of the typhoon. Whereupon the colonel and his lady decided to stay a bit longer in Tokyo. --------- 0 ----------

Uncle Sem has a new national Tennis Singles Tennis
chempion tonight. He is Ellsworth Vines.

There's a good deal of tal k this evening in the various capitals of the world about Senator bor ah's proposal for a naval holiday. The Senator from Idaho has made a special statement to the Scripps-How ard newspapers in which he comes out with a proposition that the United states, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, should stop all building of warships for a period of five years.

Let's have a naval holiday, suggests the Senator, from now until 1936.

Well, Senator Bor ah is the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, his ideas have a considerable impor tance. His new proposal falls on the heels of the $1 t a l i a n p l a n ~ t o ~ d e c l a r e ~$ a naval holiday for one year.

Senator bor ah points out that all the nations are suffering from hard times and that the two giggest naval powers, Great Britain and the United States, are each faced with a shortage of money, and are putting through economy programs. A naval holiday would be economy in a big way, declares the gentleman from Idaho.

## GANDHI

It seems to be a game of hide-and-seek over in London -- that is, the crowds are doing the seeking, and Mahatma Gandhi is doing the hiding. The British government apparently doesn't want the 93 -pound holy-man from India to be too much exposed to the public gaze.

The International News Service reports that Acrowd was gathered at the railroad station where the Mahatma was supposed to arrive. But he didn't arrive there. The authorities epessed the public by taking him from folkstone to London in an automobile.

Then another crowd gathered at the entrance of the Friends Meeting House, where Gandhi was taken for a reception. It was raining -- that us ual dreary London drizzle. The crowd was wet and bedraggled, but they waited for Gandhi. They waited in vain, because this time the authorities sneaked the Mahatma into the meeting house by the rear entrance.

GANDHI - 2
the little brown man in the loin cloth traveled by railroad across france and then took the boat across the channel to England, and then on to London. It was chilly wet weather in England, and it must have been disagreeable for a frail little old man used to the steaming heat of the plain of Bengal.

Gandhi drew his woolen scarf surly eros, $h i s$ shoulders. Among the cockneys that caught sight of him there were remarks something like this:"Blimme, if that little chap don't get pneumonia, "lima a 'ind."

But anyway, Gandhi is in London to play his part, a strange figure in the assemblage of dingmmemm dignitaries that is to make the Round Table Conference on India.

Several days ago 1 told a story of how a band of brigands in Corsica had held up, terrorized and robbed a whole town. The leader of the robbers was a well-known Corsican outlaw named Cavigíolz.

Well, now it seems these brigands have been tried and condemned to death. No they weren't tried by civil courts or the military courts, for that matter. The sentence of death is not to be executed according to the due processes of law. Cavigiol and his fellow brigands have been condemned by the Central Bandit Organization of Corsica. The Corsican bandits believe that cavigiol has disgraced the honor of the bandit's name. They say he is a shame and disgrace to outlawery. Why? Because he committed a robbery. It is against the ethics of the bandit profession over there to do any stealing.

Well, Corsica has been an island long-famed for its brigandry. In spite of all the french Government has been

CORSICA _=-\#2
$\qquad$
able to do those old-time corsican outlaws still live very free lives among the xi rugged mountains and wooded valleys.

The New York Evening Post today tells us that the better element among the bandits of Corsica are men who have a stern sense of honor. They are fugitives from the law. They have committed crimes, but they are above any--thing so vulgar as robbery. The only crime of which they are guilty is homicide. They have killed people in the course of the blood-feuds--the old Vendetta-- or through quarrels and love affairs. They live on the country. They got their food and supplies from the people of the island, who probably think it is good for the ir health to help the bandits out. But that's not robbery The leader of the upper element of Corsica banditry is an outlaw named Bartoli. He is called the "King of the Bush" and it was he who presided at the bandits' meeting which declared that

## CORSICA _=_\#3

Cavigiola, as a robber, had disgraced the bandit profession. Eye yacht cheer The authorities at Ajaccio, the Capital of Corsica, where Napoleon was born, have received a le titer from Bartoli in which he declares that the Cavigiolá bandits will soon have to expiate their crime which has brought disgrace upon Corsican bandits.

Let's go along to a rather neat and charming picture. We see a snappy, smartly togged young woman with a cocky hat perched at an alluring angle on her head. Yes, that's one of those Eugenie hats.

But there's action in this picture, too. The nifty cutie is kicking some body out the door, and that somebody is a mean looking old guy. max am He's Old Man Depression. The idea is that the Eugenie hat and the other styles that go along with it are doing their bit to remedy the business depression.

That's what this week's Literary Digest tells us. Take the feather bus ines. Yes, even before the depression the feather business had been way down in the dumps. Not so long ago there were about only 20 feather factories left. But now the millinery Trade Review announces that the number has increased from 20 to something like 300.

The business in ostrich feathers is booming. No, not the long willowy
$\qquad$
plumes, but the small curly ones. The business in turkey, duck, goose and pigeon feathers is booming too. The price of rooster feathers has risen over 300 per cent in the last several months.

And the Literary Digest, quoting from the New York Times, tells us that employmont is looking up. There's a great demand for experienced workmen who know the art of making a blue-jay's wing out of a handfull of chickente feathers.

Yes, and the Literary Digest adds that the new style of hat means a new style of hairdress, and so the beauty shop proprietors are rejoicing. And the fluffy styles of dresses that harmonize wi th the Eugenie hats are boosting business in the garment trade.

Some observers expect the Eugenie hat to bring back the full glory of back-bustles, full skirts and the furbelows of the victorian era. And they certainly will help to chase Old Man Depression out of the clothing business.

## QIGESI - 3

On the other hand, as the Literary Digest points out, the new Eugenie styles are gravely denounced by some ladies of a mon serious cast of mind. They say in solemn tones that these new pretty fashions are just so much silliness. They think the girls should be more sensible. They should be deep thinkers.

But the girls seem to prefer the pretty Eugenie hats.

Among the members of the Tall Story Club are a good many golfers. Naturally. The royal and ancient game of golf occupies a high place in the history of the $r i s e$ and triumph of the Great American Whopper. We all know how golfers do a bit of tall talking about their scores.

I have a letter here from George Milton Pflomm, of Ridgewood, New Jersey, who tells me about a hole-in-one he made just the other day. Tall-Story-Teller Pflomm has an almost religious devotion to the cause of truth, and so he proceeds to explain just how he made that hole-in-one. It's a remarkable story.

He was playing on a course in a locality infested by huge, ferocious mosquitos. Golfers frequently have battles with skeeters, and uso their clubs as weapons.
"The fifth green," relates Brother Pflomm, "is well trapped and considerably lower than the tee. The sixth hole is a 205-yard shot.

## IALL_SIORY - 2

$\qquad$ "I had just teed up," the TallStory teller goes on, "when I noticed an enormous mosquito flying idly about. It was almost as large as a hummingbird, and it sang in a deep bass. didn't pay much attention to the critter because it was some distance away toward the sixth hole.
"well, I socked the ball with the brassie. It started off like a rifle bullet but was much too far to the right. I yelled FORE to a foursome that was paying down that way. They had just looked up when my golf ball struck that enormous mosquito. The ball dropped dead and fell to the ground. We distinctly saw the mosquito shake his head as if dazed. Then he swooped down and seized the ball and flew away with it.
"Wanting to get even with me for having socked him like that, the enraged insect tried to hide the ball. He looked for a hole, flew to it, and dropped the ball right in. Yes sir, and that hole

## IALL_SIORY - 3

 was the cup that $I$ had been shooting at. "Imagine the green-eyed rage of that mosquito when he realized that all he had done was to score a hole-in-one for me. The first hole-in-one $I$ have ever made."Tall-Story-Teller Pflomm declares that he still has that ball and will be glad to convince any unbelieving skeptic by showing him the dent made when the ball hit the mosquito, and also the scratches made by the claws of the infuriated insect.

Yes, and l'll be showing a few scratches made by the claws of an infuriated timer if $I$ don't call a halt and say --

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.

