Good Evening Everybody:

about the pulitzer prizes - - a big annual event in the lives of the journalists. You know, the prizes founded by the late Joseph Pulitzer, the great newspaper man who built those two national journalistic monuments, the New York World and the St Louis Post - Rispatch.

This year's prizes were announced today. And they range from various phases of newspaper work to history, novels, plays and poems.

slant of the men who have won the prizes for their proficiency in bringing to us the day-by-day news of world. In the first place we find some curious phenomena of nature. For example a a submarine vocane off the coast of Chile. They say it is the cause of the strange earthquake condition on the South American shore. There's one section where they count an average of two hundred and sixty four shocks a year.

The scientists in trying to explain all those earth tremors are checking up on a lot of strange things observed on the nearby Pacific ocean. Thousand of dead fish have been observed floating on the water. Ship captains report that flames have been seen on the sea at night and clouds of gas by day. A party of lobster fisherman tell how their schooner was suddenly surrounded by boiling water, and great shoals of dead lobster were thown to the surface. All of which sound like a submarine volcano. A crater on the floor of the Pacific Ocean which belches giant flames up into the great green depths of the water.

But ony way, it was a siredy in Chicago. Although

Mirage Follow Earthquake.

And next a mirage. Not the fabulus mirage that beguiles the wanderer, of the camel rider of the Arabian desert. This one has in Chicago.

Men at work on the buildings of the loop looked out over the waters of Lake Michigan and in the distance saw a shore, a coast line, that was never there before, long lines of sand dunes. And these were just an illusion. Experts explain that it was caused by the bending of the light rays and that the sand dunes were really fifty or sixty miles away and out of normal sight, way below the line of the horizon.

But any way, it was a mirage in Chicago. Although
Chicago usually has its mirages in the form of real estate
booms and speculative stocks and that new subway they've
been talking about for thirty years.

when a Parisian newspaper advertises paradise for sale.

A Frenchman has become lord and master of a tiny island off

Tahiti. He describes it as a paradise of birds, fish and crabs "where one has only to stick one's toes in the ocean to catch crabs."

Mirage Follow Earthquake (2)

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So it's paradise, where you can catch crabs with your toes. This Frenchman planned to end his days there, but the depression has forced him to sell. The price of paradise-?

Thirty - three thousand dollars. Long, going, gone! Sold to the gentleman from Brooklyn. Maybe!

And now from elemental nature let's go on to the doings

of mankind.

Noyce Brier. May 8,1934. We see man at his worst in that kidnapping case in Arizona. The little Robles girl is still missing, the family tortured with anxiety. The American authorities are not in pursuit again. They've pushed the hunt across the border.

A suspicious house in the Mexican state of Sonora was searched in a spectacular raid, and the occupant of that house is being questioned, suspected, believed to know something.

This sinister theme of kidnapping takes us to a man at a microphone in the NBC studios in New York. He's at Radio City, at Rockefeller Center in New York, and I am out here in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. He is the newspaperman who won the Pulitzer prize for the best individual piece of reporting. And his big prize-winning story told the grim tale of the lynching of those kidnappers last november at San Jose, California.

He is Royce Brier of the San Francisco Chronicle.

In addition to being a news hawk he's the author of several books. When those fearful and spectacular events broke out at San Jose he was the star reporter sent to cover the story.

So let's switch to New York and have Royce Brier, the

Pulitzer Prize winner, give us an inside slant of a reporter

on the job - - his biggest job.

assayaper game. I had got the information in confidence.

twisting people were jurned in the part when Soleen and

I may be getting a prize for what I wrote, but they tried to give me something else for what I didn't write. The Chronicle knew two days in advance that there was going to be a lynching. We learned that a vigilante committee was forming in SanJose. I informed my city editor, Mr. Lynn Fox, who the leaders were. We knew twelve hours in advance that the lynching was scheduled for midnight.

I had confidential information - - and that is what I did not include in my story. Later on they brought me before the SantaClara grand jury and tried to get me to give this information. But I wouldn't do it.

The reason is simply this: The ethics of the newspaper game. I had got the information in confidence, and A newspaperman has to keep a confidence, like a lawyer, or a doctor.

I still can see that mad mob scene. Five
thousand people were jammed in the park when Holmes and
Thurman were hanged. Little old ladies who looked like
movie mothers laughed and cheered while hard-faced sophisticated

For Royce Brier. (2)

women broke down and wept.

There was one surprising thing. All through
the four - hour assault on the fail the traffic cop stood
at the corner tooting his whistle at the stream of passing
cars. We newspaper men noticed him with amazement. With
the terrific action of mob violence going on just beside
him, he merely kept on directing the traffic. Several
traffic violators who ran past a red light or made a wrong
turn got a severe bawling out from that cop, while one
hundred feet away a squad of his fellow policemen were
hurling tear gas bombs into the mob.

That was the biggest news day I ever saw.

millioneirs elmost collapsed. With tours in his oyes he wen

winning that award. Via the radio I am reaching my hand across the alleghances to congratulate you.

And it's also a big day for Chicago, with

Samuel Insull returning to the scene of his former triumphs.

He comes back as a prisoner to the place in which he was once almost the uncrowned king. And he comes to face what will undoubtedly be a long, bitter fight for his liberty and, as he puts it for his vindication.

On the train out to Chicago he seemed to be confident, even cheerful. He dined and joked with the newspaper men and gladly posed for his photograph.

Wainly trying to raise two hundred thousand dollars bail for the man whose wealth was once reckoned at two hundred millions. When he reached Chicago and learned that they had failed, that he had to go to prison, the aged exmillionaire almost collapsed. With tears in his eyes he was taken to prison declaring that he probably would not emerge alive.

and it was a big day for the air mail. The army has turned back to the civilian fliers the job of being uncle Sam's sky piloting mail man. And the army did it in style. Remember that raw day last February when Uncle Sam's fliers took over the mails from the private lines? Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, flying the last civilian air mail plane, ripped his load of mail along the skyways from LosAngeles to Newark in thirteen hours and five minutes, for a record.

An army flyer set out from Losangeles with a load of mail in a Martin bomber with Wright Cyclone engines in it. With throttle wide open the plane flashed from coast to coast.

The time: Thirteen hours and fifty three minutes. That is a little longer than it took Rickenbacker. But it is a record just the same, because the army plane flew two hundred and seventy nine miles more and made three more stops. The last stage of the record flight was made by Lieutenant Elwood Quesada. And he also flew the army plane that carried

AIRMAIL FOLLOW INSULL - 2

the first load of mail after those contracts were cancelled.

and now that the Army has finished its job as air mailman, let's take a retrospective look. In spite of the unfortunate mishaps, the Army fliers have done a noble job.

We are told that the mailman's job has been more valuable experience for the Army fliers than anything since the World war. And curiously enough, the cancellation of the air mail contracts seems to have increased passenger traffic in airplanes. The big controversy has made people more air conscious than they were before.

Anyway it's all over now and we can give three cheers for the Army fliers and for their Commander General Foulois. Col. Hank Arnold, Major Jones - and the lieutenants who did the job. Gen. Foulois, by the way is one of the few men in the United States Army to rise from a private to a general. He was the first Army man ever to fly in an airplane, back in nineteen hundred and nine with Orville Wright, as an army observer in the days of those box kites.

He also led the American air attack during the

AIRMAIL FOLLOW INSULL - 3

troubles in Mexico and in France commanded the First Aero
Squadron. He is a short, stocky wind-tanned soldier. He's
always smoking a pipe - and he can make an airplane talk.

Long Follow Airmail.

So now the August Supreme Court of the United-States has to take a hand in the troublesome affairs of Senator Huey Long. It is all over that five hundred thousand dollar libel suit brought against the Kingfish by General Ansell.

The Kingfish made a speech in the Senate some fifteen months ago, in which he made the most sensational charges against General Ansell. The general claimed libel, since the Kingfish had deliberately circulated copies of that speech in the mails.

And he claimed that since members of Congress are immune from arrest while Congress is in session, they are also immune from service of a summons. But the Lower Courts don't agree with him, and now it's up to the Supreme Court of the land.

All of which increases the Kingfish trouble in Louisiana. What they need down there is the Medford Tribune of Medford. Oregon. That paper gets the Pulitzer prize for

Long Follow Airmeil (2)

"Public service" - - For its activity in preventing a bitter political fight in Oregon from breaking out into open violence.

s from forming on the surface.

LT: Coatesnille, Pa. Nay 8, 1934 Good news from Coatesville, steel town -- home of
Lukens, the world's largest steel plate mill. The giant
Lukens plant is now running to sixty percent of its capacity.
That's not peak, but it's encouraging because steel is a basic industry.

How would you like to spend your life in the midst of an old time Fourth of July celebration, cannon crackers going off all around you, the whole time? Well, that's what life is like to the steel workers in the giant Lukens plant mill.

Ingots of steel five feet wide, two feet thick and fifteen feet high, weighing as much as eighty thousand pounds, red hot all the way through, are sent between the most powerful rollers ever built. Back and forth this steel ingot passes, each time getting wider and thinner, until it's only an inch thick. And each time it goes through the rollers chemicals are thrown on it to keep scale from forming on the surface.

And those chemicals explode with a shattering roar like the crash of artillery.

Most successful industrial city Y. M. C. A. in America.

An inspired man, J. O. Hoffman, has found the way to interest

young men of that steel city. He knows how to interest
them in things that are really a lot more fune than drinking
and a lot more fun than prowling the street in gangs. Every

Y. M. C. A. secretary ought to serve an apprenticeship in
that Coatesville "Y", and every industrialist should visit
it.

Ministers Follow Long.

In Newyork two hundred ministers of the gospel talked peace and good will, as you might expect them to.

They denounced war. Five of them were former chaplains of the army. They black-listed war by an overwhelming vote.

Dr. Emerson Fosdick, of NewYork's famous Riverside
Church, expressed the general feeling when he vowed he'd
never support another war. "I'll see you in prison first,"
He annotanced dramatically.

Yes it's all peace and good will, but suppose the country really did have a war of life and death? we can't help thinking of Peter the Hermit who preached the first crusade, and the other militan churchmen throughout the ages.

The Pulitzer prize for the best history was goed to wan by Herbert Agar, for his book "The People's Choice." The theme of the book is that six of the first seven presidents were first - rate men. All of their successors he describes as " A feeble and meritless tribe," that is, all except Lincoln, Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson. The book stops with Harding. Would he have included Franklin D. Roosevelt among the great?

The English certainly do. The reception given
to the British edition of President Roosevelt's book
"On Our Way" is one chorus of cheers. In fact the English
critics are far more unanimously enthusiastic about Mr.
Roosevelt than his own country—men. Even the London
Morning Post, usually so anti-american, declares that many
European statesmen, including Hitler, should read Mr.
Roosevelt's book " to learn how it's done."

Birchall.

The five-hundred dollar prize won by Frederick T. Birchall of the NewYork Times comes at appropriate moment, just in time to make up for the extraordinary treatment he received from a German government official in Cologne. Mr Birchall, who won the prize for the best work as a foreign correspondent, is head of the Times foreign service. He was on his way out of Germany. If you try to leave Germany you musn't take more than fifty Marks with you. Mr Birchall had even less than that so they suspected him of a concealed wad. They searched not only his overcoat and his valise, but they made him take off his shoes, his socks and stripped him down to his underwear.

And presumably he's now on his way to London, fully developments in that clothed once more to cover the trade war between John Bull and the Mikado.

In Tokyo they are talking about retaliation against Great Britain's imposing import quotas against all Japanese good entering British Dominions.

Birchall.(2)

In Osaka, Japan, manufacturers are saying "Japan must fight back". The Tokyo government pretends not to be disturbed by England's action. But the Japanese newspapers are loudly calling for reprisals.

Be that as it may, England and Japan are definitely committed to that dangerous thing - a trade war.

that eleved billions in the hand ere worth twesty one billions

We are all familiar with the fact that of the

European nations that owe us money Finland is the only one

that has been paying up in full. That seems to entitle

Finland to the honor of being the international guinea pig

for war debt experimentation: And it may be profitable for

the little land away up north. The dope is that President

Roosevelt will try to reach a debt agreement with Finland,

and agreement to reduce the debt. And this may go on record

as a precedent for dealing with the other nations.

out some plan with Finland for the payment of the principal of the debt and not the interest. Europe owes us twenty one billions. With the interest cut off she would have to pay us only eleven billions. Mr Roosevelt is said to figure that eleven billions in the hand are worth twenty one billions in the bush.

That war debt dilemmaties up neatly with the Pulitzer prize award for the best editorial.

It was awarded to E.P.Chase, Editor of the News-Telegraph of Altantic, Iowa, for his editorial entitled:- "Where is our money?"

Yes, where is it? A lot of it went over to Europe for a vacation and doesn't seem in any hurry to return home.

or and fally our passes. They beatled factors with adding

8/2

America such as a scrap brewing between the Fascists and the Reds in Chile, we find an unusual duel in South America.

Somebody was hurt, badly hurt.

And we observe one of the duelists is a brother of that interesting figure Sanchez Cerro, who rose from military obscurity to become President of Peru and after fantastic ups and downs was assassinated. The brother of Sanchez Cerro fought with a newspaper editor - - and not for any Pulitzer prize. They battled fiercely with sabres and both were cut and gashed about the face and arms. The editor was dangerously hurt. Yes, dueling can be a serious business in the shadows of the Andes.

And now the old newspaper cry - - forms closed.

Editions gone to press.

And, - SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

CHARLES AND THE SERVICE STREET, THE SERVICE AND ADDRESS OF THE SERVICE.

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