Good Evening, Everybody:-
Uncle Sam has a new speed king tonight, and his name is Major James $H$. Doolittle. When l left Cleveland last night the topic of the hour was the big coast-to-coast air race today. Nearly everyone seemed to think that dimmie Doolittle would win -- and dimmie sure did. Jimmie won the Bendix prize, and he smashed the coast-to-coast record. Nine famous flyers took off in their speed planes from California this morning. Well, Jimmie flew from the West coast to the East coast in $\mid I$ hours, one minute, and fifteen seconds. It wasn't so long ago that Captain Frank Hawks, the speed demon, made his remarkable record. He made the coast-to-coast flight in 12 hours and 25 minutes. But now Jimmie Doolittle has beaten this by more than an hour.

Jimmie made two stops on his buzz across the continent, the first at Kansas city, and the second at Cleveland. There
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was a $\$ 15,000$ prize up for that flight from Burbank, California, to Cleveland, where the National Air Races are being held. Eight other machines tried to give Jimmie a bit of competition for that Bendix prize, but he came into the Newark, New Jersey, airport roaring at 250 miles an hour, like a green and yellow projectile.

And so Jimmie Doolittle, as the International News Service sums it up, did two jobs to day. He broke the transcontinental coast-to-coast record. He also won the prize for the flight from California to Cleveland.

But even then Jimmie didn't call it a day. He refueled his little Laird monoplane, rocketed into the air in a steep climb and vanished into the darkening clouds. Yes sir, after that Pacific to Atlantic jump he doubled back to Cleveland and made that return flight from Newark Airport to cleveland in one hour and 51 minutes. In fact he made the round trip from Cleveland to the Atlantic coast and back to Cleveland in 4 hours, 38 minutes.

In the barren Arctic land of Spitzbergen, watchers gazing northward over the icy expanse of the polar sea, claim they have seen lights, which seem to be signel lights. Who cen be up there amid the floating ice shooting off signal flares? The only reasonable surmise is that it must be members of the Wilkins Expedition.

Perhaps they are aboerd their submerine, the Nautilus, or they may be marooned on the drifting ice. At least these are guesses that are raised by cables received today by the International News service. There has been no definite word from Sir Hubert Wilkins now since last saturday. On my way back from Cleveland, I picked un the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette this morning and read how faint wireless signals are reported to have been picked up from that party of adventurers headed for that submarine trin under the ice to the North Pole. of course there are in the polar regions curious phenomena of nature which would eccount for the silence of a radio, but on the other hend neonle are beginning to worry. Those recent redio messages from wilkins were so weak
thet no sense could be made of them. And that has raised the supposition thet perhans the edventurers have had to abendon their submerine and the powerful wireless set thet it contained and are now on the ice with nothing more than an ordinary portable radio set, which isn't canable of transmitting signals for any great distence.

Yes, there's a good deal of worrying about that submerine expedition thet, day efter day, forced its wey through the Polar Ice. On my way through philadelnhia this afternoon $I$ read in the Evening public Ledger thet the Norwegian government has ordered plenes to fly north to hunt for Wilkins and his men. These planes are headed for the top most shore of Norwey where they will be taken to far Northern Spitzbergen. Using thet as a base they are expected to fly over the polar ice, scouting for the North Pole going submarine and its crew. They are to investigate those lights that were seen glimmering faintly far out over the Arctic sea, to the North of Spitzbergen.

Well, that trouble in Chile seems to be settled, that is, the mutiny in the chilean navy. An Associated press story in the Evening Bulletin of Philadelphia includes wit a statement that was given out by the Government et Santiago today in which it said the the navel authorities and the revolting sailors on the warships have come to terms.

It looked as if the Chilean Government gave in and granted the demands which the sailors were making. These demends have to do with the old subject of money, cash, pesos. Business conditions are not so good in the long strung out republic along the western coast of South America. The President decided to do a littlefeonomizing. Economy is a good thing, but the president of Chile seems to have made a slight mistake when he decided to cut the pay in the navy. The sailors aboard the Chilean battlefleet at Coquimbo were highly indignant when they heard about that cut and the next thing you know, they mutineed, seized the ships and,

1 demanded that the government forget all 2 about that cut in pay. Now the0 any attention to Red agitators.

Here's a follow up on that story we had last night about the crisis between Mexico and China.

The jails on the Arizona side ot the mexican border are crowded with Chinese. These have come across the line from Mexico without permission and have been arrested by the American authorities.

The Associated Press reminds us that there is a bitter anti-Chinese campaign on in the Mexican states of Senora and Sinalao. The-bhinose have boon ordered to leave the oountry. They have boon attacked by mobs As the result thousands of are trying to kaxpxuxx get out of Mexico and many of them in their desire to get away, kept right on going across the border into Arizona, where they wicked up by the American authorities for violating the immigration law.

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$$ the women of Barcelona are taking a hand in the situation which is threatening them and their children with discomfort and hunger. They are demanding that their husbands abandon the strike and go back to work. They declare that the men wont get any more meals served to them at home unless they put an end to the trouble.

Today, so the International News Service sends word, the French government announced that it was lending a bit of money to Austria. The sum is a hundred fifty million Austrian shillings. That means twenty-one million dollars in American money.

Well, the Austrians chucked the Anschluss out of the window and the result is expressed in terms of cash.

This afternoon 1 read a story. I read every word of it right through. It was an experience related by a college girl. She wrote it as an original theme in the course of her studies in English composition. Her name is Rhoda Reynolds. She's at Wellesley, Class of 1933.
that story, because it really moans something. It begins with a picture of a little girl, smiling yet always squinting her eyes. Somehow these two things don't seem to go together -- a bright childish smile, and a squinting of the eyes that looks like worry. The little girl smiled because she was happy. She squinted her eyes because she was near-sighted -- although she didn't know it.

It had never occurred to her that anybody man could see any better than she did. In grammar school she couldn't distinguish the figures on the blackboardifunléss she sat in the first row
of seats. At hide-and-seek she was always it, because she seldom noticed the other kids hiding and peeking out from behind trees and bushes.

One day she was walking along the street when she saw three people. She thought they were her father, $m$ other and brother. She ${\underset{\Lambda}{e}}_{\infty}^{\infty}$. didn't pay any attention to her. When they drew close she found man they were strangers, and she flushed scarlet with the embarrassment of a child.

When a beautiful landscape was pointed out to her she mas mostly a green blur, but she was too proud to admit it. She merely had the vague notion that something was wrong with her, and all the time she squinted.

It was inevitable that sooner or later a child like that would be fitted with glasses. They put a pair of spectacles on her nose.
"It was almost like being born again," writes Rhoda Reynolds. "Everything became clear and distinct.

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could recognize people on the other side of the street. I could sit in the back row at school and read every figure on the board."

And here's a curious thing -- what surnrised the
girl the most was the floor. Heretofore it hed seemed nothing more then a brownish surface. But now she could tell that it was made of nanks, neatly fitted together. She was so astonished and delighted that she counted every plank.

She had never observed before that her father's hair was so thin at the tod. And she never knew her mother's heir was turning gray.

Well, thet is the humen little story which Rhoda Reynolds, Wellesley ' 33 , tells us. And I think it's an appropriate tale to pass along in connection with that article in this week's Literary Digest on the re-opening of school. There are thousands of children who are suffering from weak eyes, defective vision, as Rhoda Reynolds suffered. Did I say thousands? Well, I meent millions. of 25 million school children in this country, 5 million have bed eyss. And
a large proportion of weak eyes cen be permanently cured by wearing a pair of spectacles for only a couple of years. Eighty-five per cent of all knowledge is gained through the eyes. Eighty per cont of all muscular activity is controlled
by the eyes. All those millions of youngsters that are about
to begin a new school season need 100 per cent normal vision
if they are going to get a fair chance at their studies.

## DIVORCE

There seems to be a slump in the divorce market．Man depression has done a lot of mean things，but he seems to be less of a home breaker than the radiant spirit of prosperity． An Associated Press wire from San francisco quotes a local judge as pointing out that the number of divorces is decreasing，it has gone down considerably since the last year of the保 San Francisco judge points out the reason：When the stock market was high level＇，says he，it seemed almost everybody was either getting alimony or paying alimony．

Yes，恧hat＇s the key to the situation－alimony．Husbands haven＇t got so much money nowadays，and don＇t part with it so easily．And what is divorce without alimony？Any modern woman can answer that question wi thout a Wit of trouble．

And so，with the slump in the alimony market there is also a decrease in the number of divorces．

HORSES

And that same mean looking fellow, reports that there is an increasing demand on farms for horses and mules. The Associated Press gives a reasonable explanation. Farmers are short on money but long on crops. You can't feed the crops to a tractor but you can to a horse. Of course, the farmers ${ }_{\wedge}$ heard all about the glories of mass production. And Old Dobbin isn't so good at mass production. That's where the tractor comes in. More recently the farmer has been accused of the crime of overproduction. Well, how can he do the noble deed mass production without committing the mortal sin of overproduction? Well, that's a puzzler that's a little too perplexing for Hiram's brain, and you can't blame him if he's inclined to say that the grand and glorious doctrine of mass production

1 was just a bunch of hokum so far as he was concerned.

Anyway, the Uepartment of Agriculture reports that the farmer is turning against mass production and against the tractor. He isn't thinking so much about hitching his wagon to a
8 star any more. He's just hitching Old Dobbin and Dobbin's cousin the Missouri mule in their familiar places in front of the plow.

I realize that at this point 1 ought to let out one loud deep note, and try to roar like a lion. Because that would be the proper way to illustrate the little trick which Ed Stevenson pulled at the Zoo down in Washington. Yes, Ed roared like a lion. In fact he roared at the lions.

Ed seems to be a humorous chap with a sense of the appropriate. He was

Zoo and the lions roared at him so he just roared back at them.

This is the place where 1 ought to exercise my voice and give a demonstration of just how the lions roared and how Ed roared in reply.
 lions roared the more Ed roared, and the more Ed roared the more the lions roared and there was one grand pandemonium in the zoo.

Keepers came rushing along and told Ed to shut up, but Ed just roared like a lion at them.

I don't know if he roared at the
cop who was the next arrival but anyway the cop took him to the lockup.

The cop testified against Ed and told the Judge that Ed sounded more like a lion than the lions themselves. And just to make his testimony stronger that Washington policeman, there in the courtroom gave what the Associated Press calls a "mild duplication of a lion's roar." The Judge was shocked by Ed's sense of humor. "If I had been the keepers" declared his honor,"I would have taken this man, opened the cage and thrown him the lions". And I suppose Ed let out a roar when he heard that.
well, as I said before, I am not
 kind of vocal exercise for Ed Stevenson. I' ll content myself with a mild and pe aceful bleat, something a lamb, as $D$ say:so long until tomas row.

