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Good Evening, Everybody:

Down in Cuba political affairs are in a state of greater tension than ever this evening. President Machado has suspended constitutional guarantees in a! I the provinces of the Island. That means that the military authorities are in full control, that in the time of war.

The Associated Press reports a fight between the Government forces and the Revolutionaries at the town of Guanabacoa, in which nine of the rebels and one rural guard officer were killed. Another battle is expected in that same section.

The soldiers are said to have surrounded a band of insurgents and are getting ready to attack them. Reports, are that the Cuban Navy is inclined to turn against President Machado. Several ships are described as having declared for revolution, but the Government denies this and dendrites that the ships are going about their usual duties.
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The State Department at Washington today gave out an official verification of the plan arplpaghed by the committee of experts who have been meeting in London; and working out the details of the Hoover plan. The United Press cables that papers were signed in London today which embody the whole scheme, It into effort details amp all.

Of course we all know about the moratorium of international debts according to which the nations don't have to pay each other anything for a year, now But what's going to happen when that year's over? A lot of us have been asking the question. And those experts in London have been doping out the answer. The payments which are being held up for a year will be put off until July list, 1933. Then they will have to be paid off a little at a time for ten years. The interest rate is named by the
3 International News Service as 3 per cent.
In other words, the nations that are relieved of paying money this year

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will have to during the course of the next ten years. Some people are inclined to think that this announcement was the cause of a rise in the New York stock market this afternoon. Anyway, prices went up for no apparent reason at all-unless the reason was that agreement arrived at by the experts in London.

## B1BLE_CONTEST

In Kansas City a man has just won a Bible-Reading match. Yes, it was a case of reading the Bible, although the man is blind. Of course the obvious answer is that he must do his Bible-reading with the aid of his fingers. No, that isn't so, because the man in question has no hands.

William MacPherson was mixed up in a dynamite explosion way back in 1906. He lost his eyes and his hands. Well, how did he win that Bible-reading event? Why, he reads the Bible with his tongue--passes his tongue along raised letters.

The news comes to light in an Associated Press dispatch, which relates that MacPherson has just won a $\$ 2,000$ prize in a Bible-reading contest at Kansas City.

## DIGEST

This next bit of information wont be of much use to us in these parts. It's a murky, cloudy evening. But tomorrow night will do just as well. And maybe the sky will be bright by them, with the stars shining and the Milky Way flung gorgeously overhead. Anyway, there are plenty of parts of the country where the sky is not cloudy tonight and where the folks can go out and have a good look at the shooting stars.

This week's Literary Digest gives us a couple of dates, August lIth and lath -- that is, tonight and tomorrow night. These are the times when the annual August swarm of shooting -stars put on their big show. You may see shooting stars at various times during the year, but August lIth and 12th are the big nights for those otroaking points of fight that make the heavens $a$ scintillating display of fireworks.

The Literary Digest tells us that this year is an especially good one to observe the glory of the August meteor

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swarm. A brightly shining moon is liable to put the kibosh on shooting stars, but new moon takes place on the lith, that is day after tomorrow. And so there will be almost the least possible interference by the glow of moonlight.

Doctor James Stokley of the Franklin Institute, ${ }^{m}$ Philadelphia, writes in Science Service concerning the shooting stars, and the Literary Digest quotes from the article reminding us that the meteors are nothing more or less than millions and billions of small bodies traveling around the sun. They are just a kind of astral debris. And every year that stream of small bodies cuts through the earth's atmosphere. The friction sets them afire and they appear as shooting stars and sometimes drop to the earth as meteorites.

Many of them are no larger than $a$ grain of sand. They just make a flash of light. They are completely burned and never reach the ground.

They will seem to appear in ono

Anyway, the scientists are still studying the matter, and in fact they're asking the rest of us to help them. The Associated Press passes along a call issued by Alfred H . Joy, astronomer of the Mount Wilson Observatory. We are requested to look for shooting stars tonight and tomorrow night and count as many as we can. The astronomers are particularly keen to get data on especially bright meteors.
Well, the August meteor swarm is a glorious sight to
see. I hove there are a lot of you folks who are having bright skies so you can take a took at the shooting stars tonight and have a grandstand seat at the big celectial shoupf the year.

The rescue of a group of aviators at sea was announced this afternoon. The Honduran flyers who started out secretly from New York on a flight to their native country were nicked by by the American steamer Biboco in southern waters. The wireless message from the ship doesn't give any more details.

Those sky adventurers were missing for quite a while.

They took off without word or permission, and it was believed that they had met the fate of so many venturesome flyers who have gone winging their way over wide expanses of water. Apparently the Hondurans were forced down at sea, but they were lucky. At any rate, the International News Service gives out the word that they were picked up by an American steamer. And Bert Acosta is not a member of the party as was reported yesterday.

But no word of rescue comes in the case of Parker Cramer, and his companion Oliver Pacquette of Detroit, we who were flying the North Atlantic, bound for Denmark. Their flight to chert an air-mail route across the North Atlantic seems to have come to a sad end. Shorty Creamer and Pacquette have vanished. The Associated Press reminds us that Scandinavian 2
airolenes and ships have been scouting for them, but no trace has been found.

Herndon and Pangobrn, seem to be in real difficulty
in Japen. They are charged with heving photographed Japanese fortifications from the air and the International News Service reports that they have been ordered to jail.

When Lindbergh has a forced landing -- yes that's news.

Today, the Colonel and the Mrs. hed to meke their first nonscheduled stop in the course of that journey of theirs from the United States to Japan. They had a forced landing on the remote coast of Seward Peninsula.

They started out from Point Barrow for a non-stop
flight across Alaska to Nome. When they failed to arrive at None on schedule there was a bit of worry. Then a wireless message came from the Lindbergh plane, from Mrs. Lindy no doubt, stating that the weather was so bad, the fog so thick, that they hed been forced to land. The colonel brought his plane down near the rocky coast of Seward Peninsula on the waters of Kotzebue Sound, an arn of Bering Sea.

Seward Peninsula, is a barren, desolate land, treeless, covered $x \dot{x}$ with tundra. So they landed right in the heart of the reindeer end Eskimo country.

Carl Lomen and his brothers have their herds on Seward Peninsula. So Slim and Anne may have dined on reindeer steak todey. And there is nothing more delicious.

Sometime ago I told a story of a remarkable reindeer drive right ecross the top of North America. The Lomen brothers, the reindeer kings of the Far North, are merching a herd of several thousend reindeer from sxxyi Seward Peninsula, where the Lindberghs are, ecross the Arctic edge of the continent, to Canada, so the Canadian Government can use the deer for starting a new industry among their Eskimo tribes. The herd has not reached canada yet and may not for another year.

Reindeer meat from Seward Peninsula is being shipped
regularly in cold stroage to all parts of this country right from Kotzebue Sound where the Colonel and his lady are held up by fog. Late this afternoon they flew on to Nome where they are snending the night.

Next comes word from tropical weters of a minor airplene mishap, minor for the peonle, but major for the plane. A big Pan American airvays machine has sunk in the Harbor of Ponse and aboard it was Mrs. Theodore Roossvelt, the wife of young Teddy, the Governor of Porto Rico. The big bus went un and took a company of passengers, including Nrs. Roosevelt for a spin through the sky.

The International News Service accounts for the accident by saying that the pilot made a perfect landing ix in the harbor and was taxi-ing for shore when the pontoons hit a sunken rock. The passengers were taken off quickly and safely, but the plane sank to the bottom of the harbor.

Now let's see, here we have the chicken and the egg. Now, not which came first--which came down first.

Well, as a matter of fact, they came down together, the chicken and the eggs. They came down in a parachute and the chicken clucked vigorously and and not an egg was broken.

They have invented a new kind of parachute over in Russia. The Associated Press describes it as having a rubbercovered airfield bag, in addition to the regulation umbrella spread of the ordinary parachute. Soviet engineers claim it is a great improvement. They think it wi ll make parachute jumps much safer and besides will be of considerable use in dropping articles of merchandise from aeroplanes.

The new type of shute comes down much more slowly than the ore nowinke. earache. They made an experiment and dropped a chicken and a basket full of eggs in one of these new contraptions. There was a long and gentle glide to the

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earth and the landing was so easy that even the chicken's feelings were not hurt. and Not an egg had the slightest suggestion of a crack.

This new parachute is as yet very small. A large type such as would be useful for human beings has not been developed. But the Soviet engineers say they are going right ahead and turn out a full-fledged parachute which will enable a 200-pound man to jump out of an airplane at 100,000 feet and not have extern ounce of breath knocked out of him 14 when he hits terra firma. two about people who are alone, just lonesome, in this populous country of ours. I have been getting a number of letters from lonely people.

A couple ff weeks ago I told how 1 had Someth stack of a to send to people who find time hanging heavy on the ir hands. And many folks have been writing in. for share of those 100 gross puzzle books.

There's one woman who tells me of the loneliness of the farm. She's a semi-invalid and can't get out very much and all day her husband is in the fields. He has mighty little time to spare from the labor that the growing crops require. I guess we all know or have heard what farming means in the way of work.

And then there's a woman who writes in the language of the Quakers. "A short time back", she begins, "I heard thee say". Yes, it's the old Quaker "thee" and "thou", which is still spoken
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And, by the way, in Pennsylvania. Simedley D. Butler, the who is of Quaker stock, always talks with the Quaker "thee" and "thou", when he is at home. Well, anyway, this Quaker lady tells me that she gives some of her time to the charitable kindness of paying visits to invalids and she knows x女xty they ease the dragging hours by working crossword puzzles. She points out the great loneliness that so often besets folks who are sick and shut-in.

And then there are mothers whose children have grown up and drifted away. I spoke about them before. Their letters ke ep coming in and they certainly do give a touching picture of the woman who for years has been absorbed in the companionship of her children and then one by one they marry and form families of their own and she is left alone.
one particularly eloquent and
pathetic better $\underset{x}{x} x \& x$ comes from a woman quite young too, who says that her children have left her. Yes, they went
away to a distant place but she expects to re-join them soon. She says she is ill, and that it won't be long before she meets her children in the "land beyond the clouds".

Well, I have known, myself, what it is to be lonesome -no, not in some distant wilderness. If you are in a remote
desolate region you'll nearly always find some Arab or Malay
or some other kind of tribesman who is an interesting and amusing companion. One can often be the most lonesome in the middle of a
laughing, chattering crowd.
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And now along comes another. way of how to live to be a hundred -- or rather 152. Slave Natova, who lives near the city of Varna in Bulgaria, is 152. And now she tells us the secret of how she has managed to keep alive and healthy for that length of time. The International News Service reveals to the world the remarkable way in which you can live to be 152 ,

Here's how you do it:- You go to bed with a potato. Yes, every night you should sleep with a common, raw, garden variety spud. Or maybe ito a Bulgarian potato you Slaver

Slaver Natova explains the
scientific reasons. She says that a raw potato draws the rheumatism out of the joints. She declares that if you sleep every night with a potato, why it draws all the rheumatism right out of $y o u$ and also other maladies, and in consequence you go on living indefinitely,

The old lady seems to be in excellent health. She milks the cows

OLD_AGE_- 2
and takes care of her great-great-greatgrandchildman. She also plays the ikulgarian accordian. In fact, she has taught each one of her dozens of descendants to play Bulgarian melodies on the Bulgarian accordion.

Well, it's time for me to be going now. I'Il steer my way homeward, but l'm not going to play on any accordian, Bulgarian or otherwise. And l'm not going to sleep with a potato That's that, and

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

