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Good Evening, Everybody:

This afternoon the French
government handed to the American
Government its reply to President
Hoover's proposal for a suspension
of reparations and war debts. The
French reply accepts President Hoover's
plan, with-important-reservations - very
important as a matter of fact.

summary of the attitude which the authorities in Paris take. They do not agree with the President that Germany shall be relieved of all reparations payments for one year. Germany at present is making two kinds of payments under the Young plan. One kind of payment is called obligatory and has to be made. On top of that is a added to be made to be alled conditional. The Germans have to pay this as far as they are able.

The French are willing to call off these conditional payments for a year, but they insist that Germany shall kick in with the unconditional

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payments. However, the French do not demand these unconditional payments outright. They propose that Germany should hand over the money and put it in the Bank of International Settlements at Basel. This is a financial institution which handles the reparations payments. The money is to be placed in the bank and then the bank will decide who is to get it. If the bank thinks that any nation involved is so bad off financially that it needs the money, why then that nation will get as much as the bank thinks fit. and Germany is included. If the Bank of International Settlements should decide that Germany needs the money more than anybody else, why then Germany would get it back, all of it or part of it.

In other words, according to the report which the United Press gives us, France insists that Germany keep up some of the reparations payments, but it will be up to the Bank of International Settlements to decide whether Germany will or will not get the money back.

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President Hoover has been getting plenty of applause for his dramatic bit of international politics. And now comes a suggestion to award him the Nobel Peace Prize. A nomination has been entered. The Lord Mayor of Berlin declares that the Hoover plan means more for a real reconciliation among nations than anything that has been done in 10 years.

And so he gives a loud hoch and comes out on a platform of HOOVER FOR THE PEACE PRIZE.

Meanwhile, the effect which
President Hoover's diplomatic move had
on the stock market keeps going on and
on. They did a land-office business
on the stock exchange today. The New
York Evening Post calls it "a wild rush
to buy stocks." All along the line
prices advanced. Activity was so great
that the stock ticker fell 4 minutes
behind the market.

The financial expert of the Literary Digest pointed out to me that the significand thing about the day in the stock exchange was that commodity prices went up strongly. He explains that this is even more important than the booming of the market in general, because commodity prices have an immediate and intimate bearing upon business from top to bottom.

Another highly encouraging fact concerns a couple of big railroads. It had been rumored that the Baltimore & Ohio and the Northern Pacific would not pay any dividends this year. But that

isn't so. Today these railroads declared regular dividends.

That's just another sign that the railroads are O. K.

President Hoover has plenty of work these days -- but here's one job he didn't do.

The White House was buzzing with grave international problems, German reparations, war debts, the world-wide economic crisis, and ways of getting prosperity back. Well, one more problem showed up today. A couple strolled up to the White House -- a man and a girl, both of exceedingly dark complexion.

"We twants to see de Pres'dent," declared the negro, with a broad beaming smile. The dusky girl on his arm giggled bashfully.

"What do you want to see the President for?" demanded the Captain of the White House police.

"We wants to get married," explained the negro, with a still more cheery smile, "and we subtainly would lak to habe President Hoover to pubform de ceremony."

The Captain of the White House police let out a gasp, and when he had

recovered his mountain presence of mind,

he sent the couple around to the

marriage license bureau. And what a

subline opportunity the Hoover missed.

for some publicity Mr. Hoover missed.

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Last night at this time the big news in the world of aviation was that an airplane was speeding along through the sky across the Atlantic Ocean.

And tonight we have the same news. Another plane is somewhere out there over the grey waters of the Atlantic, making a transoceanic flight.

At dawn this morning the two Danish fliers, Hillig and Hoiriis, took off for a flight to their native country, Denmark. According to the Associated Press they got away in fine style. They have no wireless set along, and no word can come from them until they land, although, of course, ships at sea may sight them and wireless the word to shore.

Well, the plane that was on its way across the ocean last night is in Berlin this evening. Wiley Post and Harold Gatty landed safely in England this morning, took some more fuel aboard and headed for Berlin where they were given a huge reception. Berlin went wild. They have a fast plane, and the United Press and the International News Service tell us that they made faster time than any other trans-Atlantic fliers have ever made.

From England they didn't go straight to Berlin, however.

They landed at Hanover. They were a little bit puzzled. They

didn't quite know the sky route to the German capital. So they

landed at Hanover for flying directions. The aerodrome officials

there told them the way - You take this road and at the first

turn after the high school turn right, and three hot dog stands

later you turn left. Of course, it isn't quite like that in sky

travel, but it's something like it.

Well, the two aviators took off and started for Berlin.

A new minutes later they were back at Hanover and landed on the field again. They had forgotten to look at their gas tank and now they found that they were short of gas. So they landed for some more fuel. After they had gassed up they jumped into the sky once more and this time made straight for Berlin. They landed at Templehoff Field where there was a big crowd to greet them.

These two exceedingly efficient fliers are spending the night in Berlin. They will have a much needed sleep and in the morning they'll be on their way across Russia. After a stop at Moscow off they'll go again, racing around the world, against time trying to beat the record made by the Graf Zeppelin.

Now comes a man saying--it was
the closest call I ever had. Well, that
may mean a lot or it may mean only a
little. It depends upon the man who
is saying it. In this case the man is
Jimmie Doolittle, the daredevil aviator
who has the reputation of having had
perhaps more close calls than any other
man alive.

Jimmie was flying late yesterday evening in a mighty peculiar airplane. He had built it himself. It was a speed plane which had cracked up, just a wash-out. It had belonged to another crack flyer who had smashed it up. Jimmie took the wreckage and rebuilt it, made it a faster plane than it ever had been. And in aviation circles it was known as the mystery plane.

Well, last evening Jimmie took off to try it out. And it turned out to be just as fast as he hoped it would be. He was zipping along a hundred feet above the ground and got the bus up to a speed of 235 miles an hour. Yes, it was

fact, but -- the blooming contraption wasn't quite as strong as he thought it would be.

"I was hitting it up at 235 miles an hour, just a hundred feet above the 5 ground when I felt the right wing grow 6 heavy", says Jimmie. "I couldn't tell rexactly what happened, but I knew it 8 must be something bad." That's his 9 story. And what had happened was that 10 the terrific speed was ripping the fabric 11 right off the wing, and Jimmie had to do 12 something and do it in a hurry. It was 13 one of those split-second moments when 14 everything depends on the speed with 15 which a pilot thinks, and acts.

Try to land? That would have been suicide. He did just the opposite. He turned the nose of that one winged airplane upward. He wanted to get a 20 little more altitude, because a hundred 21 feet is no distance at all for a parachute jump. He swung the machine upward as sharply as he could. He turned it clean over on its back. Then he jumped, or rather he just let himself fall headfirst out of the cockpit.

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And still he didn't have any too much room to drop in.

Jimmie pulled the rip cord. The ground was so close that he seemed to hit it the next second. The parachute just had time to man open, jerk him right side up and break his fall. He landed with a jolt, but that was all. The plane landed not far away.

The motor buried itself five feet in the earth.

One of the first to run up to Jimmie was a ten-year old boy, and that boy was his son Jimmie Junior.

"Son that was the closest call your old man ever had", said the daredevil of the sky.

And I guess there isn't anybody who is going to rise and make any argument about that.

I have a radio message from a friend of mine who is returning from Europe on the big liner the George Washington.

It tells of a rescue at sea -- that is, in a way it's a rescue.

The George Washington received a wireless message from an American freight ship saying that they had a fireman dangerously ill aboard, and no doctor.

Well, Captain Fried of the George Washington is famous for his rescues. You'll recall he gained great fame when he saved the crew of the Antinoe. He changed the course of the George Washington. And presently they sighted the old freighter with the sick fireman.

The sea was high and it was midnight -- and there was a bit of skillful work. A life boat was lowered, and the sick fireman was taken aboard the giant American liner. The doctor gave him a bit of quick treatment and says he'll recover.

Well, just at this point I think I'll bid five spades.

I occasionally do; and I usually get set by about three tricks.

Anyway, as I come to this story of the great bridge controversy,

I feel as though I had big something like five spades. And I feel
as though I was trying to figure out a way to make the tricks -because a great bridge controversy is deep stuff. In fact too
deep for me. At any rate the controversy is shaking the country
has to do with the approach-forcing system, and the one-club bid,
and the ace-showing bid, and all those things which get a simple,
honest, guileless bridge player like me into water that's both
deep and hot.

The bridge experts have come together and decided by a large majority that what the country needs is one system of bidding. Heaven knows, how many systems there are now. Anyway, the bridge experts have decided to get up one standard system.

There's one expert, however, who is uttering, "No, nothing doing," in a loud voice. He is Ely Culbertson. He has a system of his own, and he says it's the best. It's called the "approach-forcing" system. I believe it has something to do with that bid of two

which requires your partner to keep the bidding open.

The New York World-Telegram today informs us that Mr. Culbertson is willing to back his system with cash. He challenges the other experts to play 100 rubbers -- they using their system, and he using his. And he's willing to bet 5,000 dollars to 1,000 that his "approach-forcing" system will win.

Meanwhile, the situation is complicated by Madeline

Kerwin, president of the American Bridge League. She claims that

she helped to invent that "approach-forcing" system, and that

Culbertson adopted it as his own.

Anyway, the arguments are flying thick and fast as to the merits of the systems of bidding, with loud shouts about approach-forcing bidding, and ace-showing, and minor-suit bids, bidding a short suit -- but wait a minute, I'm all tangled up with those technicalities.

Let's try a news item that isn't so complicated. But wait a minute, look what I've stepped into.

It's about

And now along comes the American Moon Committee. Yes, we have committees on pretty nearly everything in the world, and we also have a Moon Committee. They're a group of distinguished scientists who study the moon. They take care of the earthly concerns of the Man in the Moon, and, for one thing, assure us that the moon is not made of green cheese.

In my advance copy of the Literary
Digest -- the one that will be out
tomorrow, I read that the chairman of
the Moon Committee is Doctor Fred E.
Wright, and Doctor Wright has been
conducting some very learned experiments,
trying to find out just what the moon is
made of -- if not green cheese, what
kind of cheese? Doctor Wright tells us
about it in an article in Current Science,
and the Literary Digest passes on the
word to us.

Now these profound scientific experiments usually seem too deep to be understood right off the bat. But you commonly find that at the bottom they

are quite simple. That's one thing we Literary Take the problem of trying to find out what the moon is made of -or at any rate, what the surface of the moon is made up of. Moonlight, as we all know, is sunlight reflected from the surface of the moon. So Doctor Wright simply set out to find out what substance on the Earth turns sunlight into moonlight. In other words, he took various substances and reflected sunlight from them, and he found one which seemed to fill the bill. When sunlight was reflected from it, why, that reflected sunlight was just like moonlight. Thus the Doctor assumed that the surface of the moon must be made up of that particular substance.

And what substance was it? Well, to pumice stone. Now pumice stone comes from volcanos. When volcanic lava is fiery and molten, why, it has a kind of foam. That foam, when it turns hard, is pumice stone.

Well, scientists all along have

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observed the surface of the moon to be covered with what looked like volcanic craters. They believe that the surface is largely of volcanic origin. And of course the new pumice stone discovery fits right in with that same idea.

And so, as you'll see in your copy of the Literary

Digest tomorrow, we'll have to revise the old saying that the

moon is made of green cheese. The moon is made of pumice stone.

Well, it's June, and its going to be a bright moon-light night. And who cares whether the June moon is made of pumice stone or of green cheese. Anyway,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.