Good evening, everybody.

It would take one of those artists 3 who get up wild, modernistic stage scenes to do justice to this first item. Last 5 night at almost the identical hour that 6 I was telling you about an earthquake 7 in the Andes, they were having an earthquake in Mexico City. Houses 9 started to rock, and for four minutes the 10 shaking continued. Walls swayed dizzily and fell crashing. People rushed into the streets in a panic.

For three days Mexico has been having unusual weather conditions. There has been snow and cold. Last night the rain poured, and the wind howled and the 17 lightning flashed.

And right in the middle of that storm came the earthquake. While the city shook the sky took on a strange, unnatural, unearthly hue. A weird, flickering light, a strange yellow glow came out of the storm and out of the blackness of the night. The terrified people who abandoned their houses milled

11

13

around in the streets, and thousands kneeled to pray, while the earth kept on trembling as the tempest beat down.

According to the Associated Press, one person was killed and twenty-five injured in Mexico City. The shocks were felt over a wide area all the way down to the Atlantic Coast. The International News Service states that the quake was especially severe in the city of Oaxaca, where seven people were killed. In all twenty-five lives have been lost.

This is the worst earthquake that

Mexico has had since the disastrous

trembler of 1911, and that quake took

place under extraordinary circumstances

too. Mexico City began to rock and shake

just a few hours before Madero, the

victorious revolutionary chief, rode into

the city at the head of his army. And

Madero made his triumphal entry into a

city filled with ruin and devastation.

23

24

Now comes what seems like a small edition of the Great Flood when it rained for forty days and forty nights.

There have been tremendous rains, cloudbursts, and floods in South Africa. Rivers which are normally dry at this time of the year are raging torrents, and bridges are being swept away. The deluge has caused landslides, which have blocked railway lines.

The International News Service informs us that there had been a drought, and last Sunday prayers for rain were offered in churches all over the South African Union. The answer to the prayers was overwhelming, and it almost seemed as if the flood gates of heaven were opened. The drought came to a sudden end.

I wish I were down in Rio de Janeiro tonight. They certainly are celebrating. This afternoon eleven giant planes swept over the harbor, and circled above the city. Then they swo oped down all eleven of them, in perfect formation.

And that completed the most ambitious flight ever made by a great squadron of the air. I mean, of course, that squadron of Italian bombers from Rome to Rio.

On the last leg the eleven machines made eight hundred miles in seven and a half hours. And now all that remains for the aviators who made the historic flight is to enjoy the entertainment that the wildly enthusiastic Brazilians have arranged for them.

Here's a little aviation thriller.

The Wabash River, went on a rampage and flooded the country. Several families were trapped by the theore. They made their way to a hill, which stood like an island in the middle of the murky flood.

Waters of the river. And they waited there, and maybe they were singing the old sentimental song "On the Banks of the Wabash". But I think they were they were without food. It was freezing weather, and they had no extra clothing.

Well, airplanes are doing a lot of rescue work these days, and pretty soon an army plane was sent to drop food and clothing to the people marooned on the hill. The pilot was Lieutenant Genaros, of Ft. Benjamin Harrison. He swooped down over the refugees, and, thying low, started to drop the packages and bundles.

A high wind was blowing, and a blustery wind gust caught a roll of blankets, and blew one blanket loose. That blanket floated and drifted, and

13

16

17

19

20

21

was blown upward. It was blown right 2 into the tail of the plane and got all tangled up with the rudder. It was just snared among the pulleys and wires and tied the rudder like a snarled fishing line.

Well, It's no fun to be flying in a plane that won't steer. Lieutenant Genaro 9 looked anxiously below for a landing place. The hill was a bumpy affair, and all he could see was a wan short stretch of ice, where shallow waters of the flood had frozen. That's where the Lieutenant had to show some first rate airmanship. With a plane that wouldn't steer, he made a clean landing on that small bit of ice.

The first thing he did was to pull that blanket out of the rudder gear. Then he turned over his supplies of food and clothing to the refugees who came running. to him. That was all right, but his troubles had just begun. How was he soing to take off his plane when wasn't room enough to gun give it any kind-

13

14

15

16

17

18

He had the refugees hold the plane while he opened the motor wide. The propellor roared. He gave her the gun, and at a signal the men on the ice turned her loose and she bounded into the air and was off.

That story is in the new Literary Digest that is on the stands today. It's just one of a number of vivid facts, which the Digest gives in an article on the perils which face aviators who go out to rescue people. For example, take the case of the aviators in the Far North, who have to do their work during the short Arctic day.

You'll find all about it in the new Digest.

Here's another legend exploded. Over in London the Gargemen who navigate their clumsy craft along the Thames have been famous as a rough and hardboiled lot. They swaggered and used hard language and generally were ornery customers. But now the Associated Press informs us that those old bargees of 9 London are greatly changed. Their each ways have toned down. They've lost their ancient fierceness.

Just the other day Lord David Cecil made a sensation along the Thames waterfront when he said that the old bargemen were chiefly remarkable for a pleasing and old fash ioned courtesy. And that caused an old river character to compose a poem, which spread up and down the Thames, tors

MEREXEXEREXEXED IT IS:

Oh, the bold bargees of London, Will soon be wearing spats, And when they pass each other's barge. They'll always doff their hats. Instead of calling, "Hey, you lout!"

12

13

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

They'll give a bow and gently shout,

10 11

12 13

14

15

16 17

18

19 20

21

22

23 24

25

Well, that's too bad. remember myself a greenhorn in London standing and watching those bargemen and believing the old tradition all the time that they chewed nails for

As they sail up and down,

"Good morning, Mr. Brown."

breakfast, es washed their faces with

handfuls of tacks sandpaper and combed their beards with Fish hooks.

A long telegram from Pittsburghwas delivered to me at the offices of the Literary Digest today. It's from Ted Claire and tells about a dog that was 5 marooned for fourteen hours on a man cake of ice way out in the middle of the Pittsburgh reservoir. Of course the 8 Pittsburgh papers told about it last 9 night. But it's mighty interesting.

In his wife, Ted tells me that a 11 crowd gathered and tried to coax that 12 day to jump off and swim ashore. But he 13 wouldn't be coaxed.

Well, they finally got to feeling 15 so sorry for that handsome big police 16 dog shivering and freezing out there on 17 the cake of ice, that they decided not 18 to let him die of cold and hunger. They 19 thought it would be better to shoot him. 20 So they got a rifle and opened fire from 21 shore. But they missed the dog every 22 time.

Then a little girl came running up. 23 24 She was six-year-old Dorothy Shoprone. 25 She looked out and recognized the animal

on the ice floe. It was her dog Keno.

Well, Dorothy just called once to old Keno and she accomplished what the others had vainly been trying to do for 5 hours.

At the sound of the little girl's voice, Keno took one jump off that big cake of ice and started to swim as hard 9 as he could. In a couple of minutes he was scrambling on shore and jumping and barking in front of his little mistress. Then Dorothy took Keno 13 home to thaw him out a bit.

14

6

10

11

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

I suppose we'll have to break this next bit of sad news to mother, although she may not like it. They say that the religious appeal of mother songs is vanishing. Those old camp meeting songs which told about mother are losing their magic. At any rate according to the Associated Press, so says the Reverend George Dibble, a singing Evangelist.

have the biggest effect upon religious meetings was - Tell

Mother I'll be There. But now, says Reverend Dibble, that song

has lost its effect. The reason, thinks the Evangelist, is that

mothers aren't the same these days. That is, he thinks the

younger generation isn't producing the old fashioned kind of mother

any more.

The Reverend Mr. Dibble adds that the most persuasive song of all nowadays is the old fashioned hymn "JUST AS I AM."

He says it has sent more people into the kingdom of Heaven than any other song.

Mark this one down as the craziest law of the year--or, at any rate, proposed law.

Down in Georgia some people think there ought to be a law against wearing red netkties. And so a bill has been introduced in the Georgia House of Representatives providing that anybody who wears a red necktie must pay a special tax of a dollar per day.

But that's not all. That law will also levy a dollar a day on all persons who wear loud socks--you know, the rainbow variety. And that same dollar a day tax is to be levied on all girls who wear stockings with runs in them.

The bill was introduced by Representatives Bessie Kempton and E. H. Griffin. The United Press informs us that the bill has been held up temporarily and has been referred to the the Georgia Game and Fish Committee.

And put this one down in your list of quaint Chinese stories. Five dollars for mending the Holy Chicken. It was a bill for services rendered.

It certainly puzzled the Quartermaster of the Fourth

Regiment of the United States Marines now stationed on the China

Coast. When he enquired about that five dollars for mending the

Holy Chicken, he found out that the Holy Chicken was not a chicken

at all. It was the American Eagle.

According to the International News Service, a carved image of our national emblem, the Eagle, is part of the decoration in a certain church out in China attended by the Marines. The Eagle needed shining up a bit, and they gave the job to a Chinese artisan. To his untutored mind the noble bird was just a chicken, and since it was in a church it must be a holy chicken. What could be more logical.

A United Press dispatch has just been handed to me which states that President Hoover tonight signed the drought relief bill. This makes \$45,000,000 available immediately for seed, fertilizer and equipment loans to farmers in 21 southern and middle western states.

Now comes a discovery which may mean a great deal to all of us. It promises to put more nourishment and health-giving substance into milk and other foods.

One of the important health-giving elements of milk is Vitamin D. It is often lacking in ordinary milk because the cows don't get enough sunshine. So scientists have tried to create this element in milk by exposing the milk to artificial rays, which have about the same effect as sunlight. In the past they have been able to produce Vitamin D in milk, but the process has always given the milk an unpleasant taste. But now the New York Times tells as us that Professor Sperti, of the University of Cincinnati, has found a way to put that same Vitamin D into milk without affecting the taste at all.

We learn that Vitamin D is formed by the irradiation of the pro-vitamin known as ergosterol. The vitamin begins to form at the critical wave length of 3100 angstron, and one result is that it cures rickets. Dave Bowman, one of the editors of the Cincinnati Times Star wires me that he votes for this for the news item of the day.

I think I ought to call for another three cheers for science right here, because science has achieved another one of its MARXHXGHA marvels - I might even say miracles. It has discovered what a wonderful thing is a beard, whiskers, spinach as some each it.

The United Press informs us
that a scientist out in lowa has found
that whiskers are not merely beautiful
and ornamental but they also strain and
wash the air we breath and keep our
chests warm in the winter and cool in
the summer. In other words, whiskers
are/XEXX useful to us, if we have any.

These discoveries about beards, whiskers and spinach come from a zoologist out at Grinnell College, I wa, and the zoologist is Amy Elizabeth Blagg. But she doesn't say how she is going to get any of these newly discovered benefits which whiskers bring the wearer. So why should amy get all hot and bothered about beards.

I had an interesting visitor today. He was Farmer Rucker from our in Ottumwa, Iowa, and he came in to thank me for having broadcast the fame of a champion egg-laying chicken of his.

Farmer Rucker is really a former university professor or poultry husbandry and is an authority on chickens, and he goes into the egg laying business on a scientific basis. He told me that his chickens really lay eggs according to algebraic formula, and he gave me a book which he had written, entitled:- "How to lay eggs."

It was an interesting visit and also useful, because

Farmer Rucker had a try at picking out my news item of the day.

It's a story that would make any farmer just lean against the old

fence and laugh his whiskers off and holler out: "Hi there, wait

a minute. Whoa Dobbin. What kind of oats do you think you

ought to get?"

Well, old Dobbin sure did

10

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

21

22

23

eat some valuable oats.

The Associated Press informs us that Mrs. E. M. Marshall of Madeira, California, was leaning against the fence at a riding academy. On her hand was a \$500. diamond ring, and that same hand was gracefully draped over a stall. 8 The horse in the stall, attracted by the glittering, gleaming gem, just reached over and took a bite at it. He nipped the diamond right out of its setting and swallowed it.

Whoa there, Dobbin! No horse was ever supposed to eat diamonds

Well. I'm going to close tonight with a warning that Farmer Rucker of Ottumwa, lowa wants me to give to all you folks who live in the country, on the farm. Says Farmer Rucker, "folks, when you go out to feed the horses at daybreak tomorrow morning and when you give old Dobbin his hay and oats, look out for those \$500 diamond solataires on your fingers %."

And Solong until tomorrow.