## ZEPPELIN

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

A great sight was witnessed today on that lake that borders on both Switzerland and Germany. I mean Lake Constance, on the shore of which Germany builds her great Zaps.

Well, as the International News Service describes the scene, there were hundreds of boats on the lake, and people lined the banks. They were treated to a great show -- an important aeronautical experiment.

For the first time on record a giant Zeppelin descended
on the water. The huge Graf, which has flown over oceans and sailed around the world, was equipped with pontoons today. The great cigar-shaped bulk nosed down toward the lake. With skilful maneuvering, she slid gently onto the water and came to rest. Ordinarily, to land the big ship, there must be a mooring mast or a crowd of men as a ground crew. But today she had neither mooring mast nor ground crew, and she proved conclusively

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that a dirigible can $I$ and unaided on the surface of the water.

The Graf Zeppelin floated on the lake for ${ }^{\text {gite }}$ a while. And the United Press tells us how the crew aboard got out their rubber boats, launched them in the lake, and $p$ addled around the dirigible.

Then they scrambled aboard again, and the Graf Zeppelin taxied along the water for a short distance, rose in the air again, and sailed away through the sky.

News from Paris sounds a note of ${ }_{2}$ French disarmament. The French government proposed to build 44 million dollars worth of warships dur ing the coming year. But the French Chamber of Deputies has said -- NO, THAT'S TOO MUCH. The Deputies decided that 20 million was about the $r$ ight figure, and so it looks as if the French might build less than half as many fighting ships as has been intended.

The New York Even ing Post gives the interpretation that this cut in ship building is intended as a French gesture of peace toward Italy -- just a move toward settling that familiar old argument between France and Italy on the subject of how big a navy each country should have.

Another interpretation is that the French want to fall in line with President Hoover's declaration that unless there armament reduction there cat be no debt reduction. People over in Europe seem to be

DISARMAMENT - 2
convinced that President Hoover has given out a hint that if armies and navies are cut down the United States may be willing to cut down the amount of money that's coming to us from those old war debts. It has been stated that President Hoover had mode no promise, but it's hard to convince the Europeans on that point.

Anyway, advocates of $d$ isarmament are delighted with the cut in the French naval estimates and are loudly congratulating that well-known old bird, the Dove of Peace, whose feathers are always a bit muddy and ragged but who still manages to emit a gentle coo coo now and then.

There is a happy young American 2 woman in London tonight. All day she She is Rosa Ponselle, the star soprano of New York's Metropolitan Opera House. She scored an overwhelming triumph at historic old Covent Garden last night. The London correspondent of the New York Evening Post uses the adjective delirious in describing the ovation she got, and it's only appropriate that Ponselle has this great London success in an opera written by her teacher. The opera is called Fedra, and the composer is Romano Romani. He is an Italian, but he has been 曼 New York ${ }_{\wedge}$ for these past fifteen years or more, and during most of that time has coached Ponselle in her operas, guiding her interpretation, instructing her in the singing of lyrical phrases.

Well, he wrote this opera Fedra and they say it is just the part for Ponselle. She always cuts a stately figure on the stage, and this new opera

## RONSELLE - 2

gives her a chance to wear a red wig and a gorgeous silver robe. And the music is said to rise to a super cher Anyway, the great soprano, singing the music of her teacher, has conquered London.

And now comes another story,

Then at last, after years the manager accepted his comedy called Bourrachon, and, as they say on Broadway, it went over big. It was a wow.

Well, that seems like $x$ the perfect ideal of a happy ending, but there's something more to the story a tragic something more.

The playwright had been in bad health for some time. He grew weaker as the rehearsals of his play went on. The night when it was produced he was sinking.

PLAYWRIGHT - 2

The curtain rose, the actors played their laughing parts in the comedy, but the playwright was dying. At his home he was informed that the play seemed to be going well, but he died before the last curtain and the ovation.

His last words were: "M\& If I die before the end, don't tell the news. I should not like to influence the critics" Well, the audience shouted and cheered with applause, and the critics wrote eloquent praises, but the playwright can never know anything about that.
I Canadian Pera singer soared higher than ever be fore in his life today. Yes, away above high c. In a glider, tow ned by an ariplane he went up to 12,000 feet. Then the plane twined him loose and he glided across the English cham el from England ty France - from Lympee to St. Ingelhort

The Republic of Venezuela has a new President tonight.

I told the other evening how Senor Perez, who then was President, had been asked to resign by the Venezuelan Congress, and how he had been told the same thing by Gomez, Venezuela's iron man.

Well, Gomez had been President for a long time, and then had stepped out of office, saying he was too old. But, as the Associated Press informed us, the old dictator was still a great power in the land. And when he told the President to resign -- well, the President resigned.

Today the Venezuelan Congress -lected a new president. They elected him by a unanimous vote -- and he is Gomez, the old iron man. And thus Venezeula has her famous dictator back again in the President's chair. \#Gomez has long been one of the dominant figures in South American politics. I had occasion to hear a good deal about him
not long ago. General Rafael de Nogales, Venezuela's Soldier of Fortune, who was a Turkish General in the World War, told me many stories about Gomez. Nogales is an gld-time revolutionist and an enemy of Gemetater. But he admitted the ability and granite strength of the old man. He told me that Gomez is one of the $r$ ichest men in the world --richer, perhaps, than Rockefeller or Ford. Kelso a pure lydian form the harsh And tonight the old dictator is sitting in $h$ is usual place down in Venezuela -- in the presidential chair.

In Mexico high ecclesiastics have Republic against the Governor of the state of Vera Cruz. They ask the President to intervene and put an end to what they call religious persecution.

The Governor and the legislature in the state of Vera Cruz have put through a law which declares that there shall be only one priest to every 100,000 people.

The Church authorities, as quoted by the United Press, claim that the law is unconstitutional and, furthermore, that it will be impossible for the priests to carry out their religious duties if there is only one to every 100,000 people.

President Ortiz Rubio has summoned the Governor of Vera Cruz to come to Mexico City for a conference. It is believed they will talk over the religious situation.

Meanwhile, the clergy in the state of Vera Cruz are carrying on as usual.

## MEXICO - 2

They have been told, the International News Service informs us, to go right ahead until they are arrested.

Under the new law only eleven priests would be allowed to officiate in the state of Vera Cruz. The Church authorities have ignored the law by refusing to name the eleven priests.

The Associated Press reports that a Catholic priest was attacked and seriously wounded near the town of Huatusco. He was returning home after a visit to a dying person, when communists set upon him. The Reds then attacked the Parish house, but were driven away when a crowd of country people came to the rescue.

## DIGEST

In the current issue of the Literary Digest are two of the most interesting caricatures live ever seen. Both drawings show the sardonic features of Bernard Shaw. One is done by the caricaturist Houghton of the Continental Daily Mail which is print ted in Paris. The other sketch was penciled out by Sha himself. It's a mocking selfportrait.

These two caricatures are evidences of an adventure, an adventure in art - because for an artist to call upon that formidable Irishman Shaw may be classed as an adventure.

The Literary $U$ i gest quotes the caricaturist Houghton, who, writing in the Continental Uaily Mail, tells us what a sharp critic Shaw is of his own portrait.

Shaw was posing and the artist was working his pencil. The famous dramatist took a look at the drawing and said the ears weren't right. They weren't big enough.
"! have elephant's ears", commented Shaw.

A minute later the dramatist

And next to the sketch Shaw
wrote a message to the artist. You will see in your copy of the Literary Digest that it reads:
"Dear Mr. Houghton:
"You have not done my legs on the caricature scale;
this does them more justice."

Well, apparently Shaw hasn't much vanity about his own
looks. Here's what he thinks of himself: elephants ears, squirrel's eyes, mouth stretching from ear to ear, and giraffe's legs. And that ought to be a picture for a painter to have some fun with.

Today was the gale day of the year at New London, Conn.
the day of the annual boat race between Yale and Harvard up until this evening it looked as though old Eli intended to walk all over John Harvard - or rather row rings around him.

The bulldog swept to victory - easy victory in both
the Freshman and Junior races. But along about 8:00 $0^{\prime}$ clock tonight
the big fellows up stream swung into action. And what a race! It was anybody's race most of the way - but the victory went to Harvard; by two lengths. So Harvard had the last laugh after a day that was all blue -- Yale blue.

## KID

A cur ions story comes from Maryland this evening, and I suppose it will make a lot of parents think. Roger is tour years old, but even in his tender years he has a jail record. His mother sentenced him to jail.

Roger apparently is a lively little 9 lad and something of a trial for mother. 10 He was disobedient, and if his 11 mother told him to play in the front yard when he saw the man in uniform.
 Pera said she was the judge and she was going to sentence roger to one day inciail

## KID－ 2

${ }_{1}$ She asked the cops to take the little ${ }_{2}$ lad and lock mix him in a cell over night， ${ }_{3}$ and the did．Sometren and the wailing four 4 year old to the police station and put ${ }_{5}$ him in a cell．All around were the rough s voices of tramps and burglars in the lock－up．The boy was too frightened to tory．He just went to one corner of the cell and cuddled up with his head on 10 one arm，and that＇s the way he stayed all night．

The next morning，as the
International News Service informs us， ha 争较 showed up at the jail．She had it all fixed up that Roger＇s lesson should be climaxed by a sermon from the chief of police．She expected to stand by in 18 maternal dignity while the chief told 19 Roger all about the necessity of being a ${ }_{20}$ good boy，but the scene turned out to be a little different．

They brought Roger to his mother，

23 and the majestic chief of police stalked in．Yes，the chief had a few things to

$K \underline{K}-3$
out a long and forceful sermon - but it was ins mat got it. Instead of scolding the boy, the police scolded the mother. He told her that jails were not made for four-year old boys, and that she had done the wrong thing by having that small ki id kid put in a cell and kept there for the night, frightened to death.

And that's a story that should make a few parents think.

## DIVER

A swift little thriller comes from over in England -- a tale of dreadful peril, and then a fine rescue.

On the river Thames, near Dagenham, on the outskirts of London, they are building a jetty for a Ford plant. Divers haven working under the surface of the river. Dangerous stuff, that diving business -- you know it's always liable to happen -- the diver gets tangled up under the water mam somehow, and they can't get him up. And that's desperate.

Well, it happened to day. A diver working 16 feet below the surface of the Thames got snarled up among a bunch of cylinders that had been laid down. Somehow or other he got himself jammed and couldn't get out -- try as he might. Luckily, the tube which supplied him with air was 0.K. But there he was, at the bottom of the river, and he stayed there hour after hour.

An earlier dispatch today from the International News Service told the tale

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of peril -- said the diver had been down $\overline{6}$ hours and they couldn't get him up. They were working like fiends. They were feeding him oxygen. They didn't know how long he could last. Other divers were trying to unsnarl manamina him, but it was a hard job.

All the suspense was there -the pity for a man probably involved in a dreadful Fate.

But after 7 hours of heroic work, a rescue was brilliantly effected. They got the diver free and drew him to the surface, and tonight he's O.K., breathing a big sigh of relief.

And thate a pleasant note on which to end this evening'e adventure with the news. And now of thimila sill came up for ar and say oolong untie tomorrow:

