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Good Evening, Everybody!

Well, along about now 19 mayors are sailing the ocean blue, passing Sandy Hook.

All those mayors, most of them with their wives, are on the French liner, the Paris, which put out the sea this afternoon. They're on their way to visit France and make a tour, especially a-tour-of-Paris.

They are mayors of cities at lover the United States, cities that received and welcomed the two French fliers, Coste and Bellonte, And those two French aviators are going to see that they are shown a royal time in gay Paree.

The International News Service tells us that several chief executives

of American cities who couldn't go sent representatives—and it must be a sweet job to be the representative of an American mayor in France at a time when the French people are out to entertain them, give them the keys of Paris, show them the sights at the boulevards, and otherwise see that time doesn't hang heavy on their hands. I wish some mayor would send me as his representative on a jaunt like that!

But let'sm put aside vain and frivolous hopes, and go on to this next dispatch.

arrived in the city of Milan, Italy, today. And I'll bet he's as madm as a hornet. Toscanini, the world-renown maestro, has the reputation of having a fiery temper.

He was ordered to leave the city of Bologna, and before that still more unseemly things has occurred. Toscanini was struck by an angry Fascist.

According to the Associated Press, the maestro was to conduct a concert at Bologna. In the audience was Count Ciano, a minister of the government and the father-in-law of Mussolini's daughter. A delegation of Fascists met Toscanini at the stage door and asked him to play the Fascist anthem, "Giovinezza," in honor of the Count.

Toscanini refused. He has had arguments before because he will not play the Fascist song at his concerts. He says it's not high and lofty music.

Well, the argument there in Bologna waxed hot and furious, and finally one of

the Fascists struck the maestro.

Toscanini returned to his hotel. And
the local Fascist official called upon
him and ordered him to leave town.

That brings the long standing
quarrel between Toscanini and the
Fascists to what seems to be the breaking
point. Mussalini is a mighty man in
Italy, but so is Toscanini, and it
remains to be seen whether Italy is big
enough to hold the two of them.

New York had a lively riot today. 200 Reds held a demonstration at Battery Park.

According to the United Press, the Communists were protesting against the deportation of & Chinese medical student who is being given the gate on account of his radical activities.

He's being deported back to China, and the Communists claim that as a roaring Red Communist he will be less welcome over there than here. In fact, they say it will be worth his life to get into the hands of the Nationalist authorities over in China.

And so, weeken the 200 American Communists had a noisy indignation meeting in front of the barge office at the Battery. The police went into action with their night sticks.

One agitator was knocked down.

A bunch of lady Reds fought with the cops, and one of them was hutt with a night stick.

Just the same, it looks as if that, Chinese, is going to be sent back to the land of his ancestors.

4-9-31-5M

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There seems to be no end of to the disturbancem in this world. Old Man Trouble has popped up his ugly head in Sweden.

The Stockholm government today took strong measures to stop wild strike riots which began in the town of Adalen and now have spread to Stockholm.

There was wild fighting in Stockholm today. 30,000 strikers gathered for a mass meeting and then started fighting with the soldiers. The mob bombarded the troops with stones. The soldiers opened fire with their rifles.

According to the International News Service, a warship and a trainload of troops today arrived at Adalen, where the trouble started. 6 persons have been killed and many injured in the m serkes of riots.

It seems odd for stolid and sedate Sweden to be staging a free-for-all like that.

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Shadows stepping out of former ages must have hovered over a great public square in the Eternal City this afternoon. During the long course of the centuries the Popes of Rome have at periods issued encyclicals -- official pronouncements on subjects of interest and importance. In other centuries these encyclicals might be delivered to 10 the world by oared gallies, by couriers on horseback, by ships under sail, by steamers, by telegraph. But today a Papal encyclical, or at least a summary of one, was announced to the world over the radio.

Pope Pius XI himself spoke the message into the microphone. The International News Service informs us that an imposing scene was enacted in Damascus Square. Amid a throng of thousands and thousands of pilgrims. the Ponti#\$ stood on a raised dais before the microphone. He spoke in Italian, French and German -which three languages he speaks well. -- a sentence

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or two in Italian, then a translation 2 into French, and then a second 3 translation of the sentence into German.

The Pope spoke on the subject of 5 labor and the duties which employers and employes owe to each other and to 7 society. He declared that in the past 8 there has been an excessive and unjust 9 disproportion of the commodities of 10 between capital and labor -- on one hand 11 immense riches accumulated in the stan 12 of a few. white on the other hand the 13 proletariats with nothing save their empty 14 hands and the sweat of the brows.

"It is therefore absolutely necessary, " declared Pope Pius, "to reconstruct the whole economic structure 18 to bring it back to the requirements of social justice."

The sum and substance of it is that the Pontite advised both workers and givers of work to practice charity and exercise a fraternal spirit, one toward the other.

The broadcast was heard clearly

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all overthe world -- as was the English

translation which was spoken into the

microphone in Rome by Monseigneur Francis

J. Spellman, of Whitman, Massachusetts.

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4-9-31 - 5M

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Another bit of news from Rome is that the representative of the Pope at Madrid has been instructed to file a protest with the Spanish Republican government denouncing the burning of 6 Spanish churches during the past few days.

The exact contents of the protest are not made public, but the Associated Press informs us that it is understood that the Vatican will demand reparation for the enormous property damage resulting from the Spanish riots.

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4-9-31-5M

This evening's boxing story -- a tale of the manly art of the left jab to the nose and the right-hand poke to the body -- runs something like this:- Mendoza led with his knife! Yes, that's it -- with his knife. That seems like a curious turn of affairs in a boxing bout, but this is the way it happened:-

Down in Mexico City, according to the Associated Press,

Felix Mendoza and Louis Osorio are boxing enthusiasts, or were.

They think they are pretty good with their fists. So they decided to have a bit of an impromptu prize fight. They adjourned to a vacant lot and got a third man to act as referee and a crowd gathered. The bout began and there was some pretty punching and blocking and foot work.

Then Osorio sent a right to Mendoza's jaw -- it was a hard punch - a haymaker -- -- and Mendoza got man. He drew his knife and went after Osorio in the good old Mexican fashion. The referee called foul but in the maantime Osorio had been cut up a bit. And that ended the bout.

Newspapers all over the country today are commenting upon the amazing career of David Belasco, who died late yesterday.

They point out how the most famous figure of the American stage our generation began his career, while still a boy, as a performer in a circus. Belasco's father was a clown, and he raised the future impressario to his own profession.

Later on the boy passed into the world of the theater, and from then on his rise to fame and greater fame was continuous, until as he the United Press reminds us he became almost a legendary figure. And a most striking figure he was, with his shock of gray hair, his handsome, distinguished face, and the clerical garb he always wore, with the Roman coliar.

People often wondered about that Roman collar. Well, Belasco, who is said

to have had a Jewish father and a Gypsy mother, studied for the Catholic priesthood under old Father McGuire, in Vancouver. And so the clerical tradition came naturally to him. At the time he became connected with the theatre, the stage was not highly regarded by religious people. And so Belasco, as a dramatic gesture, wore the Roman collar.

happens that today is the anniversary of the death of Edmund Kean, perhaps the most renowned actor who ever trod the boards of the English speaking stage. Kean died just 98 years ago, on May 15th, 1833. ***Immunium** I discovered this **** Coincidence *** today while looking up a few things that happened on May 15th in former years. As usual, there's a colorful list.

On May 15th, 1567, Mary, Queen of Scots, contracted her third and most unfortunate marriage, with the Scotest nobleman Bothwell.

And then in 1610, Louis XIII became King of France--on May 15th. And that leads us to one of the greatest names in history, Cardinal Richelieu, who became minister to Louis XIII.

And on May 15th, 1767, the Republic of Genoa sold the Island of Corsica to the King of France, and this leads to another great name, Napoleon Bonaparte, Corsican, and the father fought against the French.

And then in 1773, on May 15th, one of the greatest of Napoleon's enemies was born, the Austrian statesman, Mětternich.

But let's get away from these old days and come back to the present.

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Don't let anybody tell you any different, because Aviator de Condon himself called me up today from Pittsburgh and told me the story. He wanted to be sure that if I told it over the air, I had it right. Because sometimes stories have a way of getting tangled up. and he doesn't want any mistake about this one.

He doesn't want anybody going around telling something that bidn't happen. Well, plenty happened as it was. Enough happened to make this my News Item of the Day.

J. D. Condon, or Dan, is a flying man and one of the officials of the Pittsburgh Airways. The regular plane took off from Pittsburgh for Buffalo today, and three ladies were aboard—three ladies who were looking forward to a perfectly thrilling ride to Buffalo. As a matter of fact, they didn't get any thrills at all, but that wasn't the airplane's fault.

In taking off from the rield something happened to the landing gear, and it broke loose. On the ground Skippy Taylor, an air-mail pilot hastily painted on the side of another plane the words:- "Broken Wheel". Then he shot into the air, speeded up ahead of the big passenger plane and flew along side until Charley Weiblin, pilot of the disabled ship signalled that he understood.

In fact Charley leaned out of his cockpit and saw that his wheels and undercarriage were swinging around like a flag in the breeze.

well, they were up in the air alright, and what were they going to do about getting down on the ground again? The pilot just kept circling.

Another plane came up to join him and a flyer named

Lutz dropped down on a rope with some tools and eqipment and tried

to transfer himself to the disabled plane in mid-air. But it

didn't work and Lutz had to climb hand over hand back up that

dangling rope.

Several thousand people had

gathered below and watched with their hearts in their mouths as the plane just circled round and round over the flying field.

Seeing there was no other way, the pilot finally had to take a chance on landing. He came down on that same Pittsburgh field and did a ground loop or two--meaning that the plane spun around and cut a few didoes. That was all. No harm was done.

The three Ladies in the cabin, according to Condon, didn't realize what was going on. They thought it was all a part of the ride.

They climbed out of the cabin onto the field, there in Pittsburgh, and exclaimed:--

"So this is Buffalo! Wasn't it a grand trip! Just think of flying all the way from Pittsburgh to Buffalo in such a short time! Where is Niagara Falls?"

The flying men on the field didn't say a thing. What was there to be said? They would have been glad enough to let

it go at that, but someone had to break the news to the ladies that they weren't in Buffalo at all, but right back there at Pittsburgh where they started from.

Well, that's the story, and Dam Condon says he doesn't want any wild, imaginative tall stories going around about what happened to that plane and the three ladies. "These are the simple facts", says. Condon.

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Now we come to the subject of Scotland Yard, the most famous detective organization in the world, without which no British mystery story is complete. Yes, that's a name to conjure with, if you want to conjure visions of grim dramas of crime, and the hard, shrewd spirit of unraveling crime, and the bloodhound pursuit of criminals.

Wouldn't you like to go on a visit to Scotland Yard? Wouldn't you like to walk up to the headquarters of all those famous detectives of fact and fiction?

Well, on page 17 of this week's
Literary Digest there's a photograph of
a couple of fine, old-fashioned mansionseat least they look like mansions--with
high roofs and decorative chimneys. And
in front of them are cool, shady trees-all quiet and homelike.

You'd think that these old-fashioned old world mansions of England might easily be the scene of some weird mystery, a mystery to be solved by the skillful sleuths of Scotland Yard.

But they're not that at all.

Those two mansions are Scotland Yard

itself, the headquarters of the worldrenowned police organization.

And that photograph in the Digest has all the thrill of the unexpected, to see the headquarters of grim and mysterious Scotland Yard turn out to be a couple of quaint and quiet looking old mansions.

Quick, Watson! The needle!

Well, just as I am about finished and all ready to take it easy, I have to come across this next disturbing item.

It's a report from the NEA. It says that at Sagus, Massachusetts, William O'Brien returned to his parked automobile and tried to start it. For a half hour he sat there pushing on the starter—and nothing happened. Then when he investigated and opened the hood he found the engine was gone. A couple of hard—hearted thieves had just sneaked up and swiped the whole blooming engine—from excylinders to fan belt.

All of which reminds me that my minety four year old tydesdales are champing at the bit down stairs, and I hope when I get into the old buggy that I won't find that somebody has pinched my ninety mechanical horses. Anyway, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.