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Warlike scenes were witnessed today in Cedar County, lowa. The National Guard was mobilized in the town of Tipton, all ready for the big cowbattle. Yes, all this military activity has to do with cows.

In fact, something of a cowbattle has already been staged. Two hundred farmers gathered in embattled array, and they stood off, repelled, and otherwise defeated a force of and deputy sheriffs and veterinarians. The sheriffs and the horse-doctors -- or maybe I should say the cow-doctors -- retreated in some disorder.

The Associated Press explains
the trouble by mentioning the bovine
tuberculine test law. That law specifies
that farmers' milk cattle shall be tested
for tubercular ailments. The farmers out there
don't like the system, and for some time
there have been disturbances when the official
cow-coefficial came around.

The trouble about the cows has become so acute that the Governor has

 ordered the National Guard into Cedar County to enforce the law and support the cow-doctors with bullets, bayonets, and machine guns.

Meanwhile, the farmers are uttering wringing words of defiance:

"They may lick us here," declared J. W. Lenker, one of their leaders.
"They may test cattle in Cedar County, but they will have to take the militia to every county in the state."

The United Press describes how Ed Scapil appeared before a gathering of fellow indignant farmers on a street corner. Ed had a calf along with him, and that calf had a white spot on its face. Ed said that that white spot was there because the mother of the calf had received the tuberculine test, the and the declared that the test was causing the calf to be under-developed.

And right there a small but rousing protest meeting was held.

I don't know what the cows have to say about it. I suppose they're just chewing the cud the way contented cows do.

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This was voting day in Detroit that is, voting day for the American Legion. The veterans at the convention decided on two important questions before them. One was the bonus. And the boys xxxxxxx/to support President Hoover. They decided not to press their claim for an immediate payment of the money still due on the bonus. President Hoover had appeared before the convention and xxxxx appealed to the legionaires not to make any further demands on the Federal Treasury. And today the Legion decided to follow the President's advice. The vote was \$902 against immediate bonus money and 507 for the proposal. American On the subject of prohibition

the Legion voted today to ask Congress to xxxx submit the whole matter to the people. In other words, the Legion is for a referendum on prohibition.

Then came the election of a new national commander. Henry L. & Stevens of North Carolina was chosen. The International News Service describes him

as a rugged country lawyer who served as a second lieutenant during the war. He is said to be one of the greatest orators of the South, which as we all know is a land of eloquence.

It looks as if Columbus were going to discover America again. At least we'll have a vivid reminder of that event which happened in 1492.

The Spanish government today ordered a modern reproduction of **** Columbus' flagship, the Santa Maria, to get ready to cross the broad Atlantic and make a tour of North and South American ports.

The International News Service explains a replica of that historic exerts Santa Maria, was built for an exposition at Seville. And this is the craft which is to expression the voyage of the original Santa Maria.

It will be a sight to stir the imagination to see that quaint, axd old-fashioned caravel approaching the shores of the Western world, even if the admiral of the Indes, Christopher Columbus, is not on board, and swely one of their stops will be San Salvador.

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At Geneva, today, China presented 2 to the League of Nations a complete acceptance of the League's proposal that both China and Japan put a stop to the use of military force in that quarrel about Manchuria. The Chinese want the League to arbitrate the dispute.

And at Nanking the Nationalist Government made a move that puts an end to the civil war which has been going on between the Nanking authorities and the revolutionary group at Canton. The proposals made by the Cantonese rebels was accepted. The idea, comments the International News Service, is for the Chinese to sink their local differences and present a united front against Japan.

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Now comes an unusual bit of news about Lin Bai. In Chinese that means white woods. It also is the Chinese way for pronouncing Lindbergh.

The celestials can't getany nearer that to pronouncing the syllables of the famous flier's name.

Well, the gist of the story is that Lin Bai has at last found a bit of rest and relief from fame. Ever since he made that celebrated lone flight from New York to Paris, why the slender young man has been pursued and pestered to death by admirers. He could scarcely appear in public without being mobbed.

But now it's different. The Colonel is making a series of flights in China to help the work of fload relief. And he isn't being bothered. Urowds are not tramping on his trail. The Chinese don't pay any attention to him. Except for a few officials they don't know who Lindbergh or Lin Bai is. They never heard of him. On the day the Colonel and his wife landed at

at Nanking the manager of the largest hotel in the city asked who this Lin Bai might be. Was he a Chinese or a foreigner? I suppose that when they told him that Lin Bai had flown across the Atlantic Ucean he wanted to know where the Atlantic Ucean was.

In any case Lin Bai and Mrs.

Lin Bai are just two more foreigners so far as the Chinese are concerned.

And they say the famous couple are thoroughly enjoying their temporary relief from the burden and the tyranny of fame.

There seems to be a bit of controversy as a result of that trip by submarine amid m Arctic ice which was made by Sir Hubert Wilkins.

Professor Sverdrup, a Norweitent scientist who accompanied the expedition, declares that it will be impossible to tow the submarine across the Atlantic, back to the United States.

The last reports, as we are reminded by the Associated Press, were that the Nautilus was to be towed out to sea and sunk. But apparently the United States government says "No." The Nautilus is a Navy submarine which was lent to Sir Hubert Wilkins by the authorities at Washington, who now demand that Sir Hubert should deliver the boat back to American shores, instead of sinking it at sea.

Professor Sverdrup declares that the Nautilus is much in such shape that she is only fit to be sunk or broken up for scrap. He adds that it will be impossible to tow her across until next

probably sink before she pot across the

The Professor was asked to tell something about the cruise which the Nautilus made under the ice. He answered that he was bound to silence, but that he could say that the trip had been awful.

So, Sor Hubert may have a thrilling story

10 to tell.

McClelland Barclay-cover artist -Sept. 24, - p.11 1931 I've a guest across the desk tonight who get's more out of life than almost anyone I know. When he was a young man he became a sailor and joined the famous Glouscester fishing fleet off Nova Scotia. Then he studied art. Today he is one of the best known artists in America. You see his covers on magazines every week. Sometimes he does his work on a romantic island in the West Indies - sometimes in Mexico - or up in Maine.

When a beauty contest is staged at Galveston or Atlantic City they send for him to act as a judge. That's because he paints such bewitchingly beautiful women.

His name is McClelland Barclay. Well, Mac, can you think of anything that might be included in that Book of Marvels the Literary Digest is bringing out?

I've seen marvels out there as well as in foreign lands. For instance a cyclone hit St. Louis in 1896. It staged some freakish tricks. It blew out half of the walls of a building, leaving the furniture absolutely intact - even the coverings on the bed absolutely unruffled. It blew down our back fense at home, and left it in high waves like a scenic railway. It took the roof off of one house and set it on the top of another house which had lost its roof - and it fit so well that even the driving rain did not penetrate the interior.

But the world is full of mervels. Take sceining for a school of mackerel on a pitch black night. They do this off Nova Scotia. The schools are seen as a huge, green milky tone on top of the water, caused by their stirring up the phosphorous in the sea. The result is a mass of dull green light.

Another marvel to me is to watch the tiny creatures deep in the sea - like the sea horse which isn't even two inches long.

You remember them Lowell. Remember that day down at Bermuda, when we all went deep sea diving with Will Beebe?

By the way did you ever see a rainbow in a snow storm - or a rainbow in the moonlight? Well, I saw that rainbow in a snow storm one day out in Detroit. Yes, there are a lot of things that ought to be included in that Literary Digest Book of Marvels.

And most marvelous of all is a beautiful woman.

Well, Mac, I thought you would pay a compliment to the ladies. Yes, you are right. They are the most marvelous of all. But, to get on with the news. It seems as though the plumed serpent might be chucked out of office - I mean the governor of the Mexican State of Lower California.

They say that Senor Carlos Trejo y Lerdo de Tejada has an odd taste for clothes and personal decoration. He appears in public in the funniest sort of masquerade get-up. They claim that on one occasion he appeared dressed so ridiculously that it reminded the people of the plumed serpent. Well, the plumed serpent is the old Aztec god Quetzalcoatl. Yes, that's a curious way for a governor to go around.

An Associated Press wire from Mexico City states that the Chamber of Deputies has requested the President to remove Senor Carlos Trejo y Lerdo de Tejada, alias the plumed serpent, from office. Several charges are specified.

One relates that the plumed serpent spend seven thousand dollars on a handsome public monument. Three days after the monument was unveiled it fell

apart. I suppose it must have been rained on.

A second accusation relates how the plumed serpent misused a large amount of money that had been appropriated for road construction. Instead of constructing roads the governor is said to have used the money to plant cactus in Tiajuanna. I don't quite get the point here, but it does seem odd to plant cactus. And then there's that peculiar masquerade. The Mexican Chamber of Deputies declares that when senor Carlos Trejo y Lerdo de Tejada appeared in public dressed up as the plumed serpent, why, that was humiliation to the people of Lower California.

Anyway, they seem to want to make things hot for Senor Carlos Trejo y Lerdo de Tejada, or in other words, the plumed serpent, also the ancient Aztec god, Quetzalcoati, Guetsal-Boahtel,

A bit of important business was transacted today by the Tall Story Club. The truth-telling brothers got together and discussed a point of etiquette -- WHAT SHOULD YOU DO WHEN SOMEBODY TELLS YOU A TALL STORY? It was unanimously agreed that you shouldn't hit the tall-story-teller on the head with a brick. Nor is it entirely polite to reply, "You're another."

The lerned specialists in the elevated glories of the Great American Whopper came to this decision: -- WHEN SOMEBODY TELLS YOU A TALL STORY, WHY YOU SHOULD RESPOND WITH SOMETHING STILL TALLER, IF POSSIBLE.

As an example of what is recommended by the Tall Book of Etiquette, Professor W. H. Grosjean, a New York French instructor, tells us what happened one day when somebody told a tall one to a Gascon. Readers of "The Three Musketeers" will recall that the Gascons are famous for their devotion to the Great French Whopper.

how Anyway, somebody was telling the Gascon a fish story:

"Where I come from," he said,
"there isn't any need of using hooks and
lines when you go fishing. There are so
many fish in the rivers that when you want
to get a pail of water you have to push
the fish aside so that you can get into
at the water."

"Well that's nothing," responded
the Gascon, "where I come from there save
so many fish in the rivers that there's
no water left."

At this point a loud voice was heard, a voice with a rich Italian accent. Yes sir, it was none other than Cesare Antonio Moneta, the culinary expert of Mulberry Street. The Brother Moneta is a devotee of the Great Italian Whopper, and when he begins to tell them tall his patrons choke on their spaghetti.

Signor Moneta told how over in Italy one chap was telling another how big the mum cabbages grew on his father's farm:

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"Oh yes," he said, "my father grew a cabbage so big that the cows ate at it for two days and only consumed one leaf.

It's so big that Mussolini thought it was the dome of St. Peters."

"Yes, that sounds like a big cabbage," responded the other chap, "and you'd better have your father bring it amound to my father's place. My father has the pot to cook it in."

And now in honor of the great Italian whopper I think
I'll say:-

Addio sino domain, or in other words,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.