a round-trip flight, between sunrise and sunset. But he didn't quite make it.

As he darted through the sky over France, he ran into rain, and fog, and heavy winds. He fought the gale until his fuel was almost exhausted. And then he came down near a small town a hundred miles south of Paris. He flopped his plane into a pasture, for a perfect landing, and called it a day.

There has been another invasion of Bufialo gnats in the state of Mississippi. Several weeks ago I told how a place of those pestilential insects had swarmed over a large section of Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas - killing hundreds of cattle. The gnat swarm was driven away by strong winds. But now. according to the Associated Press, the gnats have returned, and they seem to be worse than ever. School children are obliged to wear netting over their faces. The bite of this gnat resembles the sting of a bumble-bee, and several pupils were bitten so badly they fell ill. Folks in the South are wondering what they can do about the new plague; and they are hoping and praying that someone will tel: them how to get rid of the pesky nuisance.

The richest cat in the world is dead. She was named Mitzi, and she owned \$100,000 home at San Gabriel, California; and had \$15,000 in cash. That pussy cat lived a life of luxury and received all the comforts which wealth can bring.

The International News Service tells us that she was the heiress of Dr. Maude Cain. When the woman physician died, she willed to her favorite cat the fine home and the bundle of cash. But now the cat has died.

Well, that millionaire cat left an estate, and therefore the usual legal formalities are necessary. As in the case of humans, a post mortem was held over Mitzi's remains, to see that all of her nine lives were extinct. And then a death certificate had to be issued.

According to Dr. Cain's will, the house and the money that Mitzi leaves will go to a lady who lives in Los Angeles.

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Here comes a verdict of "not guilty." That is, the flappers are not guilty of using too much rouge and lip-stick. We are accustomed to think of the dashing youngsters, as being the make-up queens, but, according to the Associated Press, a national survey presented to the American manufacturers of cosmetics discloses that it is the middle-aged women who paint their faces with an enthusiastic lather of crimson and scarlet. The up-to-date flapper uses comparatively little paint - also the society matron. The stately ladies of the upper crust are very gingerly about daubing their cheeks with rouge and smearing their mouths with lip-stick. I suppose they don't think it is quite the thing -- and maybe it isn't.

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Click goes the shutter. The camera is focused and the picture is taken. That will happen hundreds of thousands of times all round the globe this summer. A world-wide amateur photographic contest was announced today - one of the biggest contests in history. One hundred thousand dollars in prizes will be awarded for the best pictures. The event, although sponsored in the United States, has international flavor. The idea is that the art of photography plays an important part in transmitting information throughout the world and thereby helps create an understanding between nations.

An amazing number of important people are named as patrons for the contest. They, include the Crown Princes of Sweden, Denmark, Norway and Belgium, the Presidents of Czeco-Slovakia and Mexico; Poincare, former President of France -- and also Mussolini.

Ten thousand dollars will be the first prize.

In the United States the contest will begin in May and will continue throughout August. In the fall a supreme board of judges will meet in the Swiss city of Geneva, and the prizes will be awarded there.

Well, it seems that this great country of ours has a new and important office-holder. I suppose there are mighty few of us who realize that the well-ited States has an Assistant President, But the United Press points out that President Hoover has, to all intents and purposes, given Mrs. Hoover the job of Assistant President.

He has done this by frequently calling upon the First Lady of the Land to help him est in duties that are outside of the ordinary social functions of the mistress of the White House.

When there's a job the President should do and can't, he sometimes calls upon Mrs. Hoover to perform the task for him. Twice during the past few weeks the First Lady has represented the President. She delivered a national radio broadcast on unemployment, and told the country how the President felt about several matters. Her pronouncements were just as authoritative as if the President had been at the microphone.

This week Mrs. Hoover is representing the President at the convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

They say the Chief Executive found his datebook so jammed that he simply couldn't attend. So Mrs. Hoover is there in his stead.

And on Friday, she again will play a semi-presidential role in Baltimore, at Goucher College commencement.

Yes, the First Lady of the Land does seem to be playing the part of Assistant President and playing it to perfection, according to all reports.

The Boston Transcript states today
that Uncle Sam has made an unusual
ruling in connection with indignant
aliens. It seems that in the United
States there are some aliens who want
to go back to their native lands. Uncle
Sam announces that he will pay the expenses
for those who are classed as indignant
aliens.

Some 250 applications have been received for this free transportation -- from folks who are indignant. And nearly all are citizens of Great Britain. And they're going back to dear old London. I guess it's all for the best, because the height of indignation is an indignant Englishman.

Uncle Sam has recognized the new Republic of Spain. According to the United Press, the State Department made this formal announcement today.

Well, a number of the leading governments of the world have already recognized the new republic. And now the eld gentleman with the red, white, and blue suspenders just about makes it unanimous.

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Now comes, a new Literary Digest
poll. The Digest, your know, is famous
for conducting polls which have the habit
of coming out amazingly true. This
time, the Digest, in the new issue--the
April 25th number that goes on the
stands tomorrow--conducts a poll on
that same
Spain.

The editors of the famous magazine have, figuratively speaking, gone across the ocean to gather significant opinions the downfall of King Alphonso.

First of all, they consult the Spanish Conservative newspapers. And They quote the ultra_Conservative Catholic journal of Madrid as saying--WE LOYALLY ACCEPT THE REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT BECAUSE IT REPRESENTS THE UNITY OF THE COUNTRY, AND PEACE, AND ORDER.

"ALPHONSO WAS A GREAT PATRIOT," it declares. "HE LOVES SPAIN. HIS MAJESTY MOST FAITHFULLY COMPLIED WITH THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE."

On the other hand, the Digest editors

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show us how another Conservative Spanish
paper called "A.B.C.", blames the
recent trouble on the disloyalty,
ingratitude, and ambition of those who
surrounded the king, — It speaks of parasites
parties hated by the people who lived
artificially at the expense of the
crown.

Then that Digest poll goes on to consult the Republican papers. A song of triumph is sung in the journal El Liberal, which cries out: "THRICE THE SPANISH PEOPLE ROSE AGAINST THEIR KINGS--IN 1808, there 1869, AND 1931."

The date of 1808 refers to the time when the Spaniards rose against the king, who was became placed over them by the great Napoleon.

The 1869 revolution was one in which Spain dethroned the reigning queen.

On this subject, the Digest editors quote the New York Sun, which reminds us that the present new government is the second republican regime that Spain

has had in 60 years. The Spaniards declared a republic in the 1868. But, after a few years of trouble and disturbance, the monarchy was restored.

Naturally, the Socialistic
newspapers in Spain shout with glee.
The journal El Socialista recalls that,
at the time of the Spanish republic
more than 60 years ago, there was a
jubilant shout that the false Bourbon
race had fallen forever. This, proclaims
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4-9-31—5M

In the south Atlantic this evening warships and transports crammed with soldiers are waste making ready to put to see their way to steam for the Madeira Islands. The to stamp out the rebellion. at Funchal, the capital of the Madeiras.

The Lisbon government has been trying to bring the trouble to an end without bloodshed. According to the Associated Press, an ultimatum has been sent to the rebels, and they have rejected it. And That seems to leave no alternative. but fighting. And so the warships and the troop transports of the Portuguese government with getting ready under way to leave for Funchal, capital of the madeiras.

Madeira Islands are fortifying their positions, digging trenches, and placing guns, in readiness to resist the attack when the parties are some.

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This was Fish Day for newspaper men along the New England coast -- and I happened to be lucky enough to get in on it. In fact, I had one of the jelliest experiences of my life. A group of journalists were taken out to sea, taken out to one of the fishing banks to watch one of the world's most important industries in operation.

We got up at dawn, this morning. went down to the famous Boston fish pier, which I believe is the second most important in the world -- second enly to Grimsby, in England. And there we saw endless streams of trucks leading up with fish packed in ice to over North America. We rubbed elbows with ruddy faced, weather-beaten sailors of a dozen nationalities brawny Italians, descendants of the men who for thousands of years have fished in the Adriatic, the Tyreenean and Mediterranean; Portuguese, descendants of the hardy race of swarthy men who have long been famous up and down the

New England coast; stalky chaps from Iceland, Newfoundland, Ireland -- and, well, from everywhere, including, of course, plenty of Yankees.

While they worked they roared with laughter and shouted jests at each other.

the Captains who had just come in sell their morning's catch. The Boston fish market, as you perhaps know, sets the standard of price for the fish of this part of the world.

Then we all climbed aboard a trawler and headed out to sea. Our skipper was Captain Nick Cole, an Irishman from Newfoundland, a boyhood chum of Bob Bartlett, famous skipper for Perry when he was trying to reach the North Pole.

The crew of our trawler were all Newfoundlanders - and mostly Irishmen.

As we made our way through the fog to the fishing banks, punctuated by blasts from the fog siren, Paddy Norcutt in his rich down-East brogue as ever I

did hear, told us of his 40 years at sea. Why, in just one year Paddy survived two famous shipwrecks. That was in 1910. He was on the 5-masted "Murtie B. Crowley" when she was blown against the rocks at Martha's Vineyard and pounded to pieces. Paddy and the Negro cook took refuge on a yardarm. 🛧 dory finally rescued them, and also saved the Captain's wife who was dressed only in hip boots and her nightgown.

That same year Paddy went to sea in the only 7-master that sailors hereabouts remember ever having seen -the "Thomas W. Lawson," wrecked by storm on the wild west coast of Ireland.

When we got out to the fishing banks, rendezvous for fishermen from Nova Scotia. Gloster, and all up and down the North Atlantic, a vast net was dropped overboard. The soundings showed that we were in waters 40 fathoms deep. Immense wood-and-iron doors took the net to the ocean floor. Then we got under 25 way, full speed ahead.

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While we trawled, the cookie, a
Newfoundland Frenchman, served us late
breakfast in the galley.— The fiddles
were on the tables to keep the dishes
from going in our laps. He served up an
immense kettle of steaming fish chowder,
then, steaks, -- you should have seen
those steaks -- hardtack and coffee.

our principal hosts on the expedition were: - Frank O'Hara, owner of a fleet of trawlers; Jack O'Donnell, descendant of a long line of Irish-Yankee fishermen and himself a soldier of fortune; and George Willie, president of the United States Fisheries Association, the Massachusetts Fisheries Association, and the Boston Lobster Group,

from the semen we learned much about the fishing industry. We found out that today it is almost as easy to get fresh fish a thousand miles from the coast as it is here on the edge of the ocean. Modern methods of refrigeration are responsible for this miracle.

These men are trying to make

Americans realize what the folks in most other countries already know — that fish is a food of surpassing excellence, that ought to be eaten all through the week, and not just on Friday. In other words, they are trying to make America fishminded and lobster-minded.

When we heard the winches start to creak we all ran out on deck and watched the haul. Inch by inch they drew in the giant net, and out on the deck fell piles of shimmering, silvery, wiggling fish -- haddock, flounder, gray sole, hake and cod.

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The New England chapter of the Tall Story Club comes to bat tonight.

These old and historic northeastern states are famous for the brand of imaginary yarns and general un all-around whoppers that thrive in this breezy atmosphere.

Of course, no one would venture to say that the spirit of exaggerated prevarious was brought to Plymouth Rock by the Pilgrim Fathers. They were stern, upright men, who shunned propose the Tall Story telling spirit of New England must have been derived from the Indians.

Anyway, Jack O'Donnell, the skipper of our fishing craft today, is renowned far and wide as one of the tall story tellers of old New England. And he related an extraordinary incident of the ingenuity and progressive spirit of the New England fishermen along the rock-bound coast of Maine, and whatever other kind of shores they have up this way.

Jack said those shrewd Yankee fishermen go out in a sout and take with them a big auger--you know, the kind of boring implement that you use to dig postholes. Well, they use an auger made of wood, so that it won't rust.

auger was to work and dig a hole in the water: When that hole in the water is complete. A peculiar thing happens.

They have a fish in these parts known as the skike. The skike is an impetuous fish, and when he sees that hole, he rushes right up into it. In fact, he rushes so fast that he shoots out above the surface of the water.

which swells his lungs out. The fisher whole body swells so that when he tries to get back into the hole, he's too big.

The fisher water, the fishermen seize Mr. Fish. And then they have skike chowder and fried skike

to go along with their baked beans for their supper that night.

Well, that's a tall, tall story.

And now I think I'll follow the example of that noble fish, the skike. Having reeled off the news of the day, I'll come up for air, and say-
So long until tomorrow.