5

12

15

16

Good Evening Everybody: Excuse me, folks, while I get out my handkerchief, because this is a tearful story, and I may be in tears before I get through with it.

It begins with the old but ever new theme of love and romance. The Associated Press informs us that in Chicago, Miss Peggy Costella was engaged to be married to Timothy Cummings. It was love and romance 10 all right, but it ended in tears.

Timothy borrowed a diamond ring from Peggy, and he wouldn't give it back. Peggy decided to get that ring, and the way she tried to do it was what you'd have to call very 17 tearful.

She went to Tim's apartment 18 19 and when Tim still refused to give back the ring she took out a fountain pen. It was a tricky fountain pen. In fact, 22 it was a tear gas fountain pen, and 23 Peggy proceeded to release a cloud of 24 tear gas. Tears streamed out of Tim's 25 eyes. The gas drifted toward Peggy

and tears'streamed out of her eyes.
Oh, it was one tearful scene.

Peggy fled still weeping. The police seized her. She was hauled to court where Tim told what had happened. The Judge fined Peggy \$30., but made Tim fork over the diamond ring. So Peggy was really ahead of the game. Her tears were not in vain.

A curious bit of law was written in the Statute books today. Governor Roosevelt, signed a bill which makes it a crime to use a glass pistol---yes, a pistol made out of nothing more dangerous and desperate than glass.

This law is intended to strike at criminals who hold people up with a dummy gun. Of course you think the glass weapon is a real bullet-shooting piece of artillery and that ordinarily is sufficient to make man put up his mita. hands. At the same time if the robber is captured he cannot be convicted of aommitting a crime by the use of deadly weapons. That glass pistol can no more be used against him than if he had had in his pocket a watch crystal, or wore a glass eye.

It will be different in the future in New York State. According to the New York Sun it will be against the law to use an imitation pistol or to carry or possess one. Yes, fellows you'd better check your glass pistols at the door, and those against gun pistols, and those pistols that passe out eigenettes when you pull the trigger.

Now comes - no story, The American Society of Newspaper editors is ket holding a convention in Washington. President Hoover will address the editors tonight. He will give them a heart to heart talk, candid, confidential. He will just speak his mind right out. It will not be for publication.

The President will talk to the assembled heads of American publicity, but, according to the Associated Press, not a line that the President utters will be given any publicity at all. As the newspaper men say, it will be - no story.

12-1-30-5M

A strange story comes from that region of strange stories---Hollywood. Saturday evening a man jumped from a pier into the sea--five life-guards had a hard time rescuing him.

According to the United Press, he was Michael Romanoff, a film director, of Hollywood.

Now Mr. Michael Romanoff is, so he soys, haunted by Prince Michael Romanoff. The Prince is an imposter. He is said to be the son of a Cincinnati tailor. Same Sometimes he poses as Rockwell Kent, the artist. Sometimes he pretends to be another celebrity but nearly always he passes himself off as Prince Michael Romanoff, brother of the late Czar Nicholas, the Second of Russia.

He follows a profession of general swindling. Every so often the report comes out that somebody or other has been victimized by the bogus Prince Romanoff. And constantly, his nefarious doings have been attributed to Michael Romanoff, the film Director, at Hollywood.

People think that he is the one who has passed himself off as a Prince and jipped somebody out of some money. His protests and denials have been vehement but still many people doubt.

kecently the fake Prince has been busy in Hollywood and even the friends of the real Michael Romanoff grew doubtful.

And so the persecuted film director, haunted to desperation, jumped into the sea and had to be fished out.

Here's a late International News Service flash which makes it look as if there will be a big heavy-weight boxing bout this summer between the giant Italian Primo Carnera and the loquacious Lith, Jack Sharkey of Boston.

The New York Boxing Commission today reinstated Carnera. Fiddlefeet, as the big Italian is known because of the enormous size of his dogs, was put on the black list by the New York Commission sometime ago because of a bad looking bout that he fought out on the Pacific Coast.

But now he will be allowed
to fight in New York State, and if the
bout between Fiddlefeet and Sharkey
materializes, why, some of the proceeds
will be divided between fifteen charities.
I suppose that fifteen charities have
been selected because Carnera is said
to wear a number fifteen shoe.

DIGEST - GIRL PITCHER

I've been looking at pictures today, just thumbing through the pages, looking at pictures.

This week's issue of the Literary Digest, the April
18th number, has an unusual assortment of interesting illustrations.
One in particular caught my eye.

A photograph of Jackie Mitchell, the Chatanooga girl
pitcher who fanned the Sultan of Swat the other day. It shows
the girl-wonder in full baseball regalia. She's in the act of
throwing the ball - an out-shoot, in-shoot, or almost any kind of
shoot. And it's easy to tell that it's a girl. Jackie is
throwing the ball with that characteristic feminine muscle-bound,
cramped-shoulder heave.

You will all remember that recent amazing exhibition game in Chatanooga, - the one in which Jackie pitched against the New York Yankees. The girl wonder struck out the mighty Bambino.

Well, the Digest has gone far and wide to collect all the comedy that developed out of that funny bit ob baseball farce.

One snappy line is culled from an article by Rud Rennie in the New York Herald Tribune. You know the common baseball phrase that a

recruit player is sent back to the miners for further seasoning.

Well, Rud Rennie remarks that after Jackie couldn't get the ball

over the plate for Push 'Em Up Tony Lazzeri, she was taken out of

the box and sent back to the kitchen for further seasoning. The

double meaning of that word "seasoning" is the spicy part.

The Digest quotes the Cincinnati Times Star as saying that Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig displayed real gallantry in striking out. When faced with an ordinary pitcher those ponderous sluggers are primeval brutes, but with a lady tossing the ball they were polite, refined gentlemen.

It reminds the Times Star of Bob Fitzsimmons, the heavyweight champion and the deadliest hitter of them all. Bob showed up one day with a black eye. He displayed the shiner with great pride, and explained:- "the little woman thinks she can lick me."

Yes, sir, it does come to pretty much the same thing when Bob Fitzsimmons' wife slammed him in the eye, and when Jackie
Mitchell, the girl wonder, struck out Babe Ruth.

Right now over in London they are getting ready for a crucial vote in the House of Commons. A big debate has been going on all afternoon, and in fact the balloting may be going on right now. It is a test for the Labor Government. The Conservatives have introduced a motion which reads as follows:

That his Majesty's Government having failed to carry out their election pledges with regard to unemployment - do not deserve the confidence of this House."

That's the motion the M.P.'s are voting on.

The International News Service informs us that the Liberal Leader, Lloyd George, has promised that his party will support the Labor Government. A group of the Labor Government, however, have bolted Lloyd George's pledge and state they will vote with the Conservatives. Ramsay MacDonald, the Labor Prime Minister, expects that his Government

will win with a margin of about thirty votes.

All England is watching because if the Labor party is beaten, there will almost certainly be a dissolution of Parliament and a general election.

5 6

2-1-30-5M

The state of affairs in Spain this evening is about the same as it was yesterday. The radicals are still grumbling and threatening, but their activities have not become any more violent. In fact, they have quieted down a bit.

According to the Associated Press, King Alfonso, who is now in France, has made a declaration that he did not abdicate the Spanish throne. He merely left the country to avoid civil war. He says he is still King of Spain and he is certain the Spaniards will call him back to his throne. agains

NICARAGUA

In Nicaragua, Sandino's rebels are closing in on Puerto de Cabeza, and they are said to be determined to take the town.

This is an International News Service dispatch.

The government at Washington has formally declared a policy of non-intervention. The New York Evening Post describes the program that Mr. Hoover is following as a reversal of the former American policy of protecting American property by force of arms.

The President is helping Americans get out of dangerous places. He is aiding the Nicaraguan government to use the Marines to put down the recent outbreak, and he will not pay any attention to the requests of American property owners who want the Marines to jump in and protect their belongings from the insurgents.

I asked Frank Higgins what he found the most interesting in my nightly broadcast.

"The Tall Story Club!" he replied.

"When I was a youngster, "he added, "I lived among the lumbermen of Northern Minnesota, and those chaps all loved to spin tall yarns. My Dad ran a hotel. We had a bell boy named Mickey Doolittle, and an Irish terrier that was a wonderful retriever."

"One day Mickey took the dog down to the Mississippi
River. There was a pier jutting out into the river, and on one
side of it water was three feet deep and on the other it was ten
feet deep."

"If Mickey dropped a stone on the shallow side, that dog would dive down, fumble around among the rocks and then bring up the stone Mickey had dropped."

"One day Mickey was trying to show off the dog. But he didn't have a stone so he threw in a silver dollar. Accidentally he threw it in on the wrong side of the pier, the deep side."

The dog dived in, but many minutes passed, and he didn't

An hour went by and Mickey gave up in despair. He came back to the hotel and was trying to think up some good excuse to tell my Dad for having let the terrier drown. But while he was doing this in walked the dog, wringing wet, carrying, not the silver dollar, but four pounds of fish and twelve cents in change.

And that, says Frank, became the champion Tall Story of Minnesota.

Well, this seems to be the Tall Story Club's official fish story day. Fish stories are in the news. Here's an Associated Press Dispatch which states that Bob Renison of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, is retiring as President of the Hackle Club, which is an association of 300 fly fisherman.

Bob is famous for a rule which he passed as President of the Club. He decreed that no women should be admitted as members because he said after long experience he found that no woman could ever be taught to lie, and fib and fabricate, and tell Tall Stories as a true fisherman should.

Well Bob Renison ought to meet Courtney Ryley Cooper, a writer who in the Elks Magazine, states that fishermen are not liars at all. He declares himself in this way: INSTEAD OF BEING AN UNMITIGATED, FOURTEEN-CARAT, CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN LIAR, THE USUAL FISHERMAN IS A FAIRLY STURDY EXAMPLE OF HONESTY AND NAIVE TRUTHFULNESS.

TALL STORY - END - 2

New New York Sun informs us that Mr. Cooper explains that the fisherman's reputation for lying and tall-story telling is based on that BIG FISH THAT GOT AWAY. That big fish did get away, declares Courtney Riley Cooper. Being a big and powerful fish, he was qualified to look after himself and escape from danger; so he got off the hook, or broke the line. Anyway, he did get away and the fisherman is not a liar.

Well, I can't decide between these two learned gentlemen.

I'll have to pass it on to some of you educated and talented

members of the Tall Story Club. And at the same time I'll say,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.