I'm sorry to have to tell you that there is no news from the TRADE WIND, that plane which started out for Bermuda so bravely this morning, on to the way to Europe.

Both the United Press and the International News service report that the plane has not arrived at Bermuda. It was due there between one and two this afternoon.

Grave anxiety is felt for the two courageous flyers, Capt.

MacLaren and xxxx Mrs. Beryl
Hart. Let's hope that, if they have been forced down at sea, some passing ship may have picked them up.

I scarcely have to tell you this next news -- the Republic of France is in deep mourning. For Marshal Joffre is dead.

All France is paying him tribute. There will be a solemn funeral and after that the hero of the Marne will pass into history, a vivid, striking figure for future generations to study and admire.

And what a figure. I always thought his pictures failed to do him justice, and made him seem smaller than he was. I know that when I met him for a brief talk not long after we had gone into the war, I was surprised at what a magnificent type of soldier was this man who turned the Germans back from the very gates of Paris.

For a Frenchman he looked like a giant. With his shaggy grey eyebrows, his flaring white mustache, his blue uniform, his cap circled with wavy bands of gold, and his rows and rows of medals, he was as magnificent a figure as appeared on the stage of life in our time.

Well, this great Marshal of France has gone,

but for long, long years to come he will remain vivid in the minds of all who remember those unbelievably dramatic days when the great German bid for swift and overwhelming victory seemed as though it must surely drive through to success.

The Battle of the Marne and the defeat of the collesal German war machine seemed like a miracle, and there stood the miracle worker Joffre.

Those millions of men in the A. E. F. will remember

Joffre perhaps better than any of the other French war leaders,

because Joffre as the grand old man, was seen the most, at

reviews, at parades, at the presentation of decorations.

Countless young Americans in those mad days saw in the majestic old warrior a personification of the ancient marshal spirit of France.

When the end came this morning shortly after eight o'clock, Brother Ferdinand, a monk who had nursed Joffre, said that "death came like the sand in an hour glass - none saw the actual passing of life." Thus passed a great soldier who had never lost a battle - Marshal Joseph Joffre, hero of the Marme.

NICARAGUA

On this side of the Atlantic, in Nicaragua the Marines are still fighting with Sandino's rebels. Two attacks were made on the marine barracks, and both were beaten off, and, according to the United Press, a detachment of 27 marines were attacked by 35 bandits. The bandits were beaten and six were killed. The International News Service reports that two marines have lost their lives in the Nicaraguan bush and Washington has confirmed this.

the 8

Here's the latest war bulletin - all quiet on the Canal Zone front.

That is, the new revolutionary government is in complete control of the Republic of Panama, and Dr. Alfaro, Panamanian Minister to Washington, has been asked to return home and become the president.

Dr. Arias, who led the revolt which was so sudden and successful yesterday, has been made provisional president.

The International News Service informs us that the revolutionists claim that the president and his first, second and third vice presidents came into office illegally; and that the presidency should go to the first vice president by the preceding xx administration. Well, Dr. Alfaro, now at Washington, was the first vice president in that preceding administration; and that is why he has been invited to become president now.

The deposed president and his family have been given living quarters in a hotel and are being treated with every courtesy.

By the way, and talking about Central America, do you chew gum? Well, if you do, here's a story, by gum, that will make you wiggle your jaws.

There's a little republic nestling among the palm trees of Central America called Guatemala. Guatemala is famous for two things: First she grows most of the chicle which eventually ends up as chewing gum on the sidewalks of North America. And, second, when little old Guatemala sticks her wad of gum under the kitchen chair and starts on a rampage, she can change rulers quicker than a magician can pull a while rabbit out of a silk hat.

Most of the republics of Latin America manage to worry along on a revolution a year, or thereabouts. But not Guatemala. She recently had three presidents in one week.

And according to an article in this week's Literary

Digest, Uncle Sam is a bit embarrassed as a result. Why? Well,

thereby hangs a tale. It's a romantic story, one of many

interesting yarns that you will enjoy if you turn to your current

issue of the Literary Digest.

There was an explosion out in Ohio, today. Gases blew up and tore the top right off a mine near Dennison. The explosion was so violent that a roof was also blown off a building three miles away. According to the International News Service five men are trapped in the mine. They are imprisoned behind a barricade of fallen soil and rock which has closed up the shaft. The work of rescue was immediately begun. Fifteen of the rescuers were driven off by gases. Engineers flew by plane to direct the work of digging out the entombed men.

AKERSON

It was announced in Washington today that

Down President 2 Hoover is losing one of his secretaries. 3 George Akerson who has been associated 4 with Mr. Hoover for some time has 5 accepted a position with a big movie 6 concern. The New York World says states 7 that his salary will be \$35,000 a year.

Out at Cleveland the Association for the Advancement of Science closed its meeting today, and awarded a prize of \$1,000 to Professor M. A. Truve of the Carnegie Institute, and two of his 8 assistants. The International News Service informs us that Professor Truve and his assistants were rewarded for their work in creating a kind of ray almost as powerful as the X-ray.

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The 31st annual New York auto show got under way this afternoon. It opened with the bugling of conches, as they say in the Orient, and with vast crowds surging around some three hundred new models of cars.

The rather sombre shades that have been the vogue in recent years seem to be giving way this season to more vivid colors.

Also the optimism of the 11 12 executives of the automobile industry 13 seems to be as bright as the new pastel 14 shades used on the rakish looking bodies 15 of the vehicles that will whisk the 16 American people up and down the continent. 17 this year. The Nabobs and Moguls x 18 of motordom declare that Mr. John Q. 19 Public and his wife are going to purchase 20 at least three and a half million new 21 cars in 1931, maybe four million, and it 22 is a comfort to know that when we do 23 buy them we can save on the gas a little 24 more than we used to. They are all 25 geared up for higher and snappier speeds.

had waxxxx ext out in two and then attached with special hinges.

the automobile show is now on and they say it's the most spectacular ever.

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Well, after automobiles, let's go to horse blankets. I suppose one could stage quite an argument about who the best dressed people in the world are, but there's no doubt about where the best dressed horses used to be found. It was in Russia, and the best dressed horses in the world were the magnificent steeds of the czar.

There's to be an exposition in New York of a collection of treasures from the Hermitage palace in old St. Petersburg, the palace where the czars once held their splendid court. In the New York Evening Post today there is a feature article by the Post's roving reporter. He's my old friend, Louis Sherwin, and Louis tells of having looked through that collection of Russian Imperial XXXXXXXXXXXXX treasures. What hit him the hardest were the horse blankets. He saw dozens of marvelous saddle cloths of the richest silks and chromatic velvets. They are so heavily encrusted with gold and silver

that they weigh almost as much as medieval armor.

One was sent by the Emir of Bokhara to the coronation of the unhappy czar Nicholas. It is made of a mulberry velvet.

Louis says that these fabulous horse blankets are mostly from the province of Uzbegistan - that is the country of the Uzbegs.

and northern Afghanistan. A few years ago while a guest at the Court of the Amir of Afghanistan one of the sights that impressed me the most was these same Uzbegs, swaggering half Mongol horsemen from the depths of Central Asia. And I can understand why the czars got their horse blankets from the Uzbegs. I never stopped admiring the magnificent trappings demarks with which those horses - their superb saddles and ornate bridles and their blankets of exquisite weave, encrusted with gold and silver.

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A wild, strange i scene has been enacted over on the border of Soviet Russia and Rumania. The Soviets decreed that the cathedral at Tiraspol should be destroyed. And, according to the Associated Press, soldiers of the Red Army began the work of wrecking the old building. Nearby a crowd was gathered, a crowd of people faithful to the old religion. They knelt in the snow and chanted prayers as the work of destroying the cathedral went on. Then the Bolshevik soldiers built a big bonfire. They built it of holy icons and the holy wafers of the sacrament. When the people kneeling in the snow saw the sacrilege thay rushed to the fire to save the sacred objects.

The Soviet authorities had expected something like that, and they had a force of cavalry waiting. The horsemen charged into the crowd, laying about them with the flat of their sabres. There was a wild fight. It was on the bank of the Dnieper River, and that is

the Drieper forms

Across the river hundreds of Rumanians were watching. They saw the blaze of the holy objects. They saw the fight between the cavalry and the people. And they themselves broke out in wild excitement, shouting and protesting. Finally the fight died down, the people were driven away, and the tearing down

of the old cathedral went on.

My news item of the day was picked for me by James

Montgomery Flagg, the famous artist. Monte Flagg as his friends

call him, drew my attention to a story announcing that what is

undoubtedly the world's most famous mystery seems to have been

solved at last.

The United Press sends in the yarm and it tells us that they have just found out who the man in the iron mask was. We've all heard about the man in the iron mask. Dumas wrote a novel about him, and there have been countless stories and rumors about who he was. He was a mysterious prisoner during the reign of Louis XIV. He was kept in a prison on a little island off the French Mediterranean Coast. Then he was held in the Bastile. They said he wore an iron mask over his face, but that is known to have been an exaggeration. It was really a black velvet mask. He kept his face hidden and nobody ever knew who he was. Voltaire circulated a wild melodramatic story, saying that the man in the iron mask was a twin brother of King Louis XIV.

who was kept hidden away so that there might be no dispute about who should be king.

But now comes word from the island fortress on the IIe. St. Margarete where the man in the iron mask once spent years of imprisonment. They say they have discovered a message scratched on the wall of a deep dungeon and this message states that the name of the man in the iron mask was Mattioli.

Well, this Mattioli was an Italian who betrayed the confidence of King Louis XIV. He was arrested on May 2, 1679. They say the king kept Mattioli a secret prisoner and compelled him to wear that mask on his face so that his identity might not be known.

well, if they have really discovered the secret of the man in the iron mask, James Montgomery Flagg certainly is right in saying that the world's most romantic mystery has been solved at last.

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broadcast of the news with a few words out of the book of extetiquette for copes policemen.

The United Press informs us that at Gloucester, New Jersey, the town authorities have gotten a set of rules for the local police force. Here are several of them and they certainly ought to improve the Gloucester cops. For example, / kxxx police officer should not go to sleep on his beat. Nor should he display a lack of energy. He should not talk rough, or even loudly. The Gloucester cops have got to speak in x well modulated tones and give burglars and traffic violaters xxx the soft answer that turneth away wrath. The authorities at Gloucester also say that Gloucester cops must not take bribes. They must not visit gambling houses, and they must show up on the job ten minutes early every day.

well, I think those are good to top rules, but it occurs to me that if there

are rules for a Gloucester, New Jersey, cop, there might also be rules for the radio voice of the Literary Digest.

should not go to sleep on his beat. He should not talk rough, or shout loudly, nor should he make a practice of visiting gambling houses - at least if he wants to hold on to his money, and there's no doubt but that the radio voice of the Literary Digest ought to be on the job ten minutes early. Of course, every once in a while I come rushing in waving the latest news flash, with hardly a second to spare, just in time to jump to the microphone, with the second hand sliding nearer and nearer my 6:45 deadline.

Well, news has a way of coming in at the last moment. But there is one respect in which a Gloucester, N. J. cop is different

END - 3

from the radio voice of the Literary Digest.

If one of those policemen out in Gloucester were to take it into his head to work ten minutes overtime, they would probably pin a medal on him. But a radio voice is certainly not supposed to work ten minutes or even one minute overtime. As a matter of fact, the time has come for me to start for the country, where I go into hiding each Sunday. So long everybody,