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GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

A whistle blew today at Medway, Massachusetts. And that shrill blast was the sweetest music the town of Medway had heard in a long time.

It was the whistle of the local woollen mills, and it called 200 people to work -- called them back to their old jobs.

The Associated Press explains that for 18 months, during the time of the depression, nearly all the mill workers were laid off. Business was bad. And so the company discontinued the practice of blowing the daily whistle calling people to work. But now it's different. The depression is off so far as Medway is concerned.

Today the old whistle blew again. It sounded familiar to the folks up there, although they hadn't heard it for a long time. The shrill merry sound told the story that the mill is ruhning again with a full force of workers on the job.

I have heard stories about a lot of thrilling airplane rides in my time, but here's one that has a new twist. It's a sky voyage in a thunderhead. What is a thunderhead? Well, a thunderhead is one of those towering masses of dark clouds which mean thunder, lightning, wind and storm.

Ralph C. Wensinger, so the Associated Press tells us, is a pilot at Cleveland, Ohio, whose business it is to go up every day to 18,000 feet and make tests for the United States Weather Bureau. He zooms up to that dizzy height and makes observations with meteorlogical instruments.

Wensinger took off today and began climbing. Masses of clouds were in the sky. In front of him he saw a towering mountain of clouds that looked like cotton, and stuck up in the sky for several miles. It was a thunderhead.

Wensinger says he thought it might be interesting to see how a plane would behave in a thunderhead. So he

drove his ship right into that mass of storm clouds. And then things began to happen. SLAM BANG, and the plane was jerked and twisted out of his control. It started upward in a dizzy current of air. His instruments were useless. His plane was out of control. And still he was dragged upward and upward by that mad ascending current of air.

He tried to dive. His motor was going. He headed the nose downward. He was making a downward speed of 165 miles an hour, but really he wasn't making any downward speed at all, because the wind was pulling him up still faster.

"It seemed like years", "Wensinger declares. "But it was only a few minutes."

Then his plane was bounced out of the thunderhead, and he emerged still diving steeply downward.

The aviator felt that he had learned something and decided to try the experiment again, although in a smaller and milder way. He picked out a smaller

thunderhead and plunged into it. He had a still more exciting The smaller thunderhead was even more violent then the larger one. He was dragged up and up, to the very ceiling -- that is, he was shot upward until he came to the top of the ascending air current. Then he suddenly stopped rising. He declares he got a bump as when an elevator hits the top. the bump his plane was swiftly whirled to the side. The ascending current of air, having swirled unward for a long distance, switched abruptly and shot out sideways and took the plane right along. Wensinger was almost thrown out of the machine. He safety strap was unbuckled and he was ax saved by having his heels hooked under the seat. Anyhow he tells us that he learned something about the art of flying in thunderheads -that is, he learned enough not to try it again.

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Now comes word about that second attempt to make a non-stop refueling flight from the United States to Japan. Reginald L. Robbins and Harold Jones tried it a couple of weeks ago. They got as far as Alaska and tried to refuel x their plane there, but they couldn't make it and had to land in Alaska. Well, they tried it again. 9

They started out last night from Seattle, but once more they failed to make that non-stop flight. They got as far as Alaska where they were to do their refueling. But now, as the International News Service tells us, they have had to land. They came to earth today at Fairbanks, one of the chie owns of interior Alaska.

The indications are this evening that the round the world flight of Pangborn and Herndon is off, The International News Service gives out states the word that Mrs. Herndon has received a cablegram from her husband in which he says that the race is over. The

Gatty's record for a whirl around the globe. They encountered several delays in crossing Asia, but today landed at the two town of Khabarovsk in extreme eastern Siberia. From this point they were expected to head across to Alaska. But now this cablegram received by the wife of one of the fliers, indicates that they no longer hope to lower Post and Gatty's record.

Meanwhile, Amy Johnson, the British woman flier who is making a trip from London to Tokio, is still on her way across Siberia.

Where are the Lindberghs? Well, the Colonel and the Mrs. took off from the far northern part of Churchill on the western shore of Hudson Bay this afternoon. They headed for Baker Lake which you will notice on your Literary Digest Atlas is not far from the Arctic Ocean. No news has come from them tonight.

The famous young couple had a whale of a reception at Churchill, the new inland port on the shores of Hudson Bay.

Sirens shricked, bells rang, and horns tooted. Bright colored

bunting flew from the houses and the inhabitants everyone of them, raised a roar of cheers for the lone eagle and his wife.

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There is a report of a disturbance in Chicago tonight.

The International News Service states that a two hour battle

was fought on the South Side between about a thousand negroes

and 100 or more police. Three were killed and three were

injured. The trouble is said to have been touched off by the

eviction of a woman from her home, by a landlord. The dispatch

attributes the affair to communist agitators who are said to

have simply used the incident as an excuse for starting the

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Here's a strange one: - Page 8

They had an epidemic of duels at the University of Vienna over the week-end. Forty-six college boys got out their swords and sabers and fought 23 duels.

Duelling is still the fashion over in Austria, and the college students think it's a smart thing to slash each other a bit. The reason for the weekend epidemic is that a certain Professor was promoted in the faculty. He's Monseigneur Ignaz Seipel, the Austrian statesman who, who while just a parish priest, became the head of the government of the Austrian Republic several years ago. Of course anything that has to do with Monseigneur am Seipel stirs up quite a bit of controversy. The students of the University are divided for and against his political policies. And so when the clerical-statesman was advanced to a higher rank in the University, why that provoked a storm of arguments among the students. was also provoked those 23 duels. The

New York Evening Post states that several of the students were severely wounded. But the duellists of the central European universities don't seem to mind younds very much. They were to swagger around and show their scars.

6-16-31-5M

In Massachusetts an automobile was stolen. It went whizzing along a 3 road the town of Amesbury. It took a wild lurch off the road, ran down 5 hill and landed in a brook. There it e remained. The man who was in it ducked 7 away into a strip of woods.

The police drove up clanging in 8 a patrol wagon. They looked over the car 10 and then all the cops started hunting around for the man who had been in it. 12 While they were busy the man in question 13 sneaked up to the road got into the patrol wagon and drove off. He had a wild 15 nice long ride for himself in the 16 patrol wagon. and then, as the United 17 Press informs us, ran into a sandbank at Salisbury beach. The patrol wagon is busted up a bit considerable.

Well, that worthy citizen may not be such a good driver, but he certainly has his nerve.

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afternoon which gives us a clear slant on an important truth. It's about vacations, and it points out that perhaps the most important part of a vacation is the absence of worry and peace of mind that we should enjoy. The article is from the Chicago Journal of Commerce. This week's Literary Digest, in discussing vacations, quotes that article on the subject of vacation insurance.

I ran across a short article this

when we are away from our work on an outing is tranquility of spirit and peace of mind. And the best way to secure that is to be protected against any kind of mishap that may occur.

For example, as the Literary
Digest points out, many states have put
into force automobile responsibility
laws. And the way to be squared with
those laws is to be insured. The
vacationist should have complete accident
and health insurance, and full-coverage

insurance -- that is, a policy that covers you no matter what happens.

And then, when you go on a vacation you usually leave your house alone, locked up and blinds down - and sometime with the gas left on - by mistake. Somehow most of us can't stop thinking about our houses when we are away. But there's no need to worry if you have protected yourself by insurance.

of Commerce, tells us there's what is called a "tourist floater policy." That policy covers just about as much as the main tent of a circus. It will guard you against almost any kind of trouble - - all the way from a farmer's cow that thinks she's a g dog and starts to bite somebody to a snow-storm in a South Carolina swamp in the middle of August.

A will has filed to at Salem, Massachusetts. Less Written in the usual thorny, dry-as-dust language of the law, but beneath the maze of legal terms year in the pathos and the glamour of the old tale of Cinderella.

A wealthy woman was drowned in a moonlight excursion on a lake, and now her will leaves a splendid fortune to a girl she picked out of an orphan asylum a dozen years ago.

Mrs. John Bartlett Pierce, wife of a millional Pe Chicago radiator magnate, had a beautiful estate at Lynnfield, Massachusetts. Somebody from an orphan asylum came to her one day and asked her if she would permit the orphans to have a day's outing on her spacious grounds. She was told how much it would delight the orphans to be allowed to play beneath the clustered trees. The wealthy woman said: YES, and the day came when scores of children without parents romped and shouted across the green and

through the woodland of the estate. The millionaire's wife watched them. She had no children of her own.

One girl caught her eye -- a pretty, sad-faced child of six. Mrs. Pierce called the little orphan to her. There was something about the big, round childish eyes that made a swift appeal. The millionaire's wife knew at once that she wanted to become a mother to this motherless tot.

She made inquirjes. The girl was Editha Scanlon. She had a brother and a sister in that same orphanage. The mother had died, and the father was left without any one to take care of the children. He was a strone-mason who worked hard all day for a workingman's pay. He put the children in the orphan asylum, a religious institution.

Mrs. Pierce appealed to the father for permission to adopt the child and told him she wanted to bring the girl up as her own daughter and give her the glittering place in the world

that millions could provide. The father replied that he didn't want his family to be separated. The three children were together at the orphanage. He didn't want one to become a stranger to the other two. Mrs. Pierce overcame that objection. She replied that she wanted to keep Editha with her but would place the other two children in a good home with the mother of her housekeeper. And so the matter was arranged.

Editha went to live with her foster mother amid the wealthy splendors of the big estate. Her brother and sister grew and flourished in the pleasant home that had been provided for them. The three children were often together.

Years went by and time and circumstance changed. The girl Editha went to fancy schools and took a place as one of the wealthy children of Massachusetts. Scanlon, the father, worked day in and day out and at the trade of a stone-mason. He didn't see the girl after that. He was content that the trade of the content that the conte

children were not separated, and he did
not want to intrude upon his daughter,
who had become a member of a class far
removed from his own. He contented
himself with telephoning her by long
distance twice a year. After a while he
died.

And now, as the International News Service summarizes the story, when the the girl is 18, comes the tragedy on the lake and the death of the foster mother. And the former sad-eyed child from the orphan asylum, now a society debutante, finds herself the heiress to a fortune.

The fish-story section of the Tall Story Club was somewhat bothered today about a report from Boston which tells about some good fishing on the Massachusetts coast. Hake is running up there. The hake is something like a small cod. And of course as we all know, Boston is the "home of the bean and the cod."

Well, the hake hakebeen running so plentifully that there's been an epidemic of fishing. The ladies especially have been going in for the ancient art of Isaak Walton -- especially at Carson Beach breakwater. Women who had never caught a fish in their lives have been pulling in fine strings of hake. And they've been proudly carrying their fishermen habbees look they astonishment and inoredulity of everybody.

Well, several members of the Tall Story Club were gathered together this afternoon debating the subject. They were trying to decide in their minds

 I walked up to them and presented an Associated Press dispatch. That dispatch doesn't say it's a tall story. No, it merely gives an explanation. It appears that at the Carson

whether it was a tall story. Just then

Beach breakwater some small boys were doing a thriving business by renting fish lines to the ladies. The lads were collecting at the rate of 25 cents for each fish caught. The ladies were catching plenty of fish, and the boys were collecting a nice profit.

It was so extraordinary that the police baggar became suspicious. They made an investigation. They discovered that each boy who was renting a line had a partner, and that partner was a boy who was stationed down below the breakwater. The lines of the fisher-women came down in such fashion that the boy down below could get hold of the hook. He had a pail of live fish with him, and he was hooking the fish onto the line. The fish were worth maybe a fight with a fish were worth maybe a fight was hooking the fish with and he was hooking the fish onto the line. The fish were worth maybe a fight was hooking the fight with a fish were worth maybe a fight was hooking the fish were worth maybe a fight was hooking the fight was a fight was hooking the fight with a fight were worth maybe a fight was hooking the fight was a fight was hooking the fight was a fight was a fight was hooking the fight was a fig

nickel each, and those lads were collecting two-bits apiece from the fair anglers.

Well, when the members of the Tall Story Club heard this they folded their tents like the Arabs, and stole away.

Which reminds me that it is time for me to fold my tent, mount my camel and disappear into the desert. So salaam alicum, and,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.