

Good Evening, Everybody:

One of the most sensational crimes of the year *was committed*
~~was pulled off~~ ^{today.} in Chicago. A motorcar was driving through the
heart of the Loop carrying two messengers of the Federal Reserve
Bank and a couple of mail bags. At one of the busiest corners
in the Loop another automobile carrying six bandits drew up
alongside the Federal Reserve messengers. The bandits forced
the messengers to the curb, then let out a heavy smoke screen.
Thereupon they poked the noses of three machine guns at those
Federal Reserve messengers, jumped out, grabbed the mail bags
and jumped back into their own car.

On their way west a few minutes later the bandits
car banged into another automobile holding six people. The
bandits ^{off} ~~carromed off~~ that automobile into a telephone pole *and smashed*

^{up.} At that juncture a couple of policemen appeared on the scene.

The ^{bandits} ~~robbers~~ mowed them down with their machine guns, killing one

tain
To...lost.

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policemen and wounding another. Then they stopped ^a passing car and escaped in it. Now officers of the City of Chicago of Cook County and of Uncle Sam's Government are on the look-out for those six bandits. It is believed their leader was George "Machine Gun" Kelly, of the Bailey-Underhill gang that kidnapped Charles Urchel, the oil multi-millionaire of Oklahoma City. The evidence that leads the authorities to this belief is the finding of a road map of the whole country with the roads in Kansas and Oklahoma heavily marked.

Whoever the robbers were, the joke is on them as they have probably realized by this time. For the two mail bags that they stole from those Federal Reserve messengers contained nothing but cancelled checks.

NBC

BONUS

That bug bear of politicians, the cash bonus for veterans, is in again. It reared its bogy head in Washington today. The Commander-in-Chief of ~~the organization known as~~ the Veterans of Foreign Wars, sent a request to President Roosevelt to call a special session of Congress, the purpose of that special session being to pass legislation for the immediate payment of the cash bonus certificates. Inasmuch as there are three and a half million veterans, the sum that it would cost us to pay the certificates amounts to the modest little total of two and one half billion dollars.

N.B.C.

LINDBERGH

Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh's cold cannot have been as serious as we heard yesterday, because a dispatch comes today reporting that the Colonel and his lady landed at Leningrad this morning. Incidentally, they're the first American husband and wife to land an American plane on Soviet soil. They covered the two hundred miles from Helsingfors, capital of Finland, to Leningrad in just a bit more than two hours. Probably for the first time since his historic flight to fame, the Colonel came down in a foreign city without a roaring crowd to welcome him. The Russians didn't seem to know he was there - that is the public didn't.

NBC

FOLLOW LINDBERGH

And just as we had thought the transatlantic flying season was over, comes the information that there are two planes all tuned up and ready to go the minute the weather sharks give the word.

One of the ~~aviators~~^{adventurers} is Colonel Hubert Julian, popularly known as the Black Eagle. He ~~is~~^{is} the dusky gentleman who became chief of the aviation forces of Abyssinia, then cracked up the most expensive plane of the Abyssinian equipment and was banished by His Majesty, ~~the~~^{and Lion of Judah.} King of Kings. This time the Black Eagle hopes to make a flight all the way from New York to India, ~~passing up Africa entirely.~~

The other pilot who is all tuned up and ready to go is an Italian named Caesar Sabelli. Signor Sabelli does not talk much about his plans, except that he hopes to fly to Rome. ~~The ship in which he expects to take off is similar to that in which his fellow countryman de Binedo recently lost his life.~~

N.B.C.

HAVANA

The State Department has information that the disorders in Cuba are reaching the point where they can no longer be diplomatically ignored. A complaint was made that the home of an American resident of the Island was looted last night. It seems that looting is ~~beginning to~~ ^{the order of} ~~become quite nice~~ ^{the day} down there. The American Ambassador has accordingly lodged complaints with the Cuban government.

N.B.C.

Worlds Series

SPORTS

Well, the baseball season is practically over except for the World's Series. ~~And I certainly hope I get a chance to see at least one of those games.~~ The New York Giants cinched the ~~Max~~ National League the early part of this week, and now the Washington Senators have the American League pennant in their pockets. If they lose every game from now to the end of the season they still can't lose the pennant.

So on October 3rd the World Series will begin at the Polo Grounds in New York City between Bill Terry's fighting New York Giants, and the equally pugnacious Senators owned by the veteran Clark Griffith and managed by Joe Cronin.

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And except for that World Series, from now on our interests will be focused on football. For tomorrow is the beginning of King Football's 1933 reign.

One new element in this season which is quite welcome is that for the first time in many years admission

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prices will be reduced. For instance West Point has already announced that in all its encounters the cost of tickets will be ~~reduced~~ one dollar ^{less.} How much they will ^{mean} ~~be reduced~~ by the time we get them from the speculators remains to be seen. At any rate, the official price of tickets for the big games between the Army and Harvard and the Army and Yale will be a dollar less than they used to be.

Among the important games tomorrow will be those between ^{the} University of California and the University of Santa Clara; between Oregon State and Willamette; and between Leland Stanford and San Jose. Those will be the most interesting games in the West. In the South, West-Virginia will meet Washington and Lee; Southwestern will encounter Mississippi. ~~In New York Chick Mehan's Manhattan team will entertain the boys from Saint Bonaventure.~~

N.B.C.

*Captain
T. L. Lewis.*

GROVER

Whalen

The boiling of the political pot in little old New York is getting to be of interest far beyond the confines of Father Knickerbocker's domain. The scrap, of course, is all about the mayoralty election. As I mentioned the other night, the Tammany tiger was sadly jarred in the primary elections. Nevertheless, the Tammany leaders stick by their guns and insist on trying to re-elect the present Mayor of Gotham, ~~the~~ ~~former surrogate, known as~~ ^{Mr.} ~~Bob~~ O'Brien.

Well, the ~~xxx~~ setback the Tammany leaders got in the primaries has stimulated the rebellious element in the wigwam and produced an ~~exceedingly~~ interesting situation. The leaders ~~as I observed,~~ remain loyal to the present Mayor, but the ~~rebellious~~ rebels want to elect that brilliant and urbane celebrity, Mr. Grover Whalen. I suppose it is hardly necessary to tell you that Mr. Whalen is one of the most ^{colorful} ~~interesting~~ ~~and attractive~~ public men in New York City. At present he is functioning as New York Chairman of the N.R.A. Administration.

*John
Walker.*

GROVER *Whalen - 2*

For quite a while he was known as the city's official greeter.

His top hat, his gardenia, his perfect clothes, got more attention than the brains concealed beneath his top hat.

Then all of a sudden Jimmie Walker nominated him police Commissioner and Grover, to the astonishment of everybody but those who knew him well, demonstrated that beneath that much publicized top hat there was an ample supply of brains.

In fact, he was one of the most interesting police commissioners New York ever had.

Well, today the idea among the rebels in the Tammany wigwam is to run Grover for Mayor. This movement ought to make interesting reading in your favorite daily paper for

several weeks to come. *Just by way of news, I hear that the Honorable Grover no longer sports the hitherto ubiquitous gardenia in his N.E.C. buttonhole. How come, Grover?*

Captain
Patrick Tayleur.

British Soldier.

~~with~~ Orderly to
Allenby, etc.

Sept. 22, 1933.

INTRO TO CAPT. TAYLEUR

The other evening I ran across a fellow on the street and got to talking with him. He attracted my attention because he was such a soldierly looking chap, the very figure of the bronzed and grizzled veteran of years of war and adventure -- and I liked the twinkle in his eye. He had a bristling grey mustache of the sort you see on old-time British sergeants. What he told me bore out entirely the impression he gave. He said he had been a soldier and then a sailor for fifty years. And he reeled off a whole string of wars he'd fought in, romantic campaigns that we read about with wonder -- the Afghan border in India, the Matabele wars, ^{the Ashanti War, and} the campaign against the Mad Mullah in Somaliland where he served under ^{Colonel} Youngusband; ^{also} he was [^] with the Imperial Light Horse in the first victory in the Boer War. In fact he was in all sorts of battles in Africa. Yes, and he even fought on the Road to Mandalay, in the Burmese wars, in the land of pagodas, in the Third Dragoon Guards. In the Great War he was orderly to Lord Allenby in Palestine, right up to the capture of Bethlehem and Jerusalem. What a record! As a matter of fact he was

St Francis

with Allenby forty-six years ago in India, when Allenby was a young captain in the **T**hird Dragoon Guards.

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Before he was a soldier he spent many years at sea on British and American ships. He sailed in the American full-rigged ship "the Paul Revere" in the Calcutta trade, carrying jute from India to New York. He calls himself a "blue-nose" because he was born in Maine and brought up on the coast of Nova Scotia.

I asked him: "How about coming with me to the studio some night and stepping to the microphone for a word or two?"

He replied that he had never been a man of words but he'd do it. And so I have him here now, the grizzled old veteran, Patrick Tayleur. And I am going to ask him to name his most thrilling experience. How about it [?] ~~Captain? Which~~ ~~was your most thrilling experience?~~

~~I'd have a hard time telling which was the most,~~
~~thrilling for me, but I do know which one was the most,~~
~~thrilling for the general public.~~ *Well, Boy,* Back in the Nineties, in

1893, about the time you were born, everybody in England was talking about Wilson's last stand. It was something like *your* Custer's last stand, ~~here in the States.~~ And I was one of the six men who came back to tell the tale.

It was in the first Matabele war. The Matabeles were one of the most warlike tribes in South Africa. Their king was old Lobengula, and he was stirring up trouble. We were thirty-nine men to begin with. Captain Wilson and Major Willoughby were in command. We were a detachment of the Bechuanaland Border Police. And on the 12th of September, 1893, we were riding along, deep in the Matabele country.

They fell upon us suddenly, a thousand warriors, a thousand black devils. We were trapped in the bush. We fought as well as we could and tried to hold them off, but it was no use. They swarmed on us from all sides, stabbing and

spearing with their assegai^s. Captain Wilson was killed and so was Major Willoughby, and one by one our men fell beneath the Matabele spears. Six of us escaped, got away through the bush and across the Shanganie River on horseback before they could catch us.

When we returned to civilization we were treated as heroes. That was a day of glory, forty years ago when I was one of the survivors of Wilson's Last Stand, as famous in South African history as Custer's Last Stand is famous here. ~~in America.~~

It has been great fun, my boy. I'm getting on seventy-seven years old now, and have no regrets. Eleven years ago they told me I was too old to go to sea any more. Huh! I was a mere youngster -- only sixty-six years old. So, when they told me that -- I started out and walked around the world, *and here I am.*

Good for you Cap, and ^{I hope} you keep going
till you're a hundred!

FORD

Henry Ford, although he has not signed the N.R.A.

automobile code, has gone it one better. The N.R.A.

Administration was informed today that in ^{the} future the Ford

factories are going to operate on a basis of a week of only

thirty-two hours. The N.R.A. Code specifies a forty hour

week. A thirty-two hour week means only four days.

N.B.C.

PARADE

New York City

~~Asbury Park in New Jersey~~ is going to have an interesting

spectacle tomorrow. That will be the parade and reunion of the

Seventy-seventh Division, the famous New York Seventy-seventh

of which the historic lost battalion is one of the units.

This parade and reunion is to celebrate the eve of the anniversary

of the terrific battle of the Argonne. They expect to have

five thousand of those Seventy-seventh men in line.

Dr. Wagner.

PRINCE

(We now have a bit of information about America's favorite royal personage -- you know whom I mean, the Prince of Wales, of course.) My colleague, Tommy Ybarra, has a piece about H.R.H. in the forthcoming issue of *Colliers*, which gives us a new picture.

(It seems that His Royal Highness has got the English Tories worried. Not because of the way he falls off his horse, or because of his golf game, or his dancing. They are worried because he seems to be becoming radical.) Ybarra relates that a conservative peer was so excited about some of the Prince's recent activities that he spoke right up to him and said: "Sir, you are becoming ~~commoner~~ ^{commoner and} common ^{or} every day."

(H.R.H. ^{has been} ~~is~~ touring the country getting together with what the English like to call the lower classes.) He's fraternizing with people who until today never got closer than shouting distance to royalty. Furthermore, the Tories find that the Prince is being too outspoken about the condition of

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the poorer people in Great Britain. He grew indignant over some of the things he saw in his travels and said right out in public that the ~~informative~~ nation should be ashamed to permit such conditions. All of which the Tories find unseemly in a constitutional prince.

N.B.C.

END

(1)

Mr. George Cassidy of the San Francisco Cassidys, had an interesting lesson in hospitality last night. Mr. Cassidy returned home fairly late from the theatre, quite tired and ready to go to bed. Just as he was opening the door of his apartment a gentleman with a broad smile and a long revolver stepped up to him and said: "Hello Pal, why don't you ask me in?"

Mr. Cassidy of the San Francisco Cassidys, did what any sensible man would do. He said: "Come in." Once inside the gentleman with the pistol said: "How about a drink, Pal?" So Mr. Cassidy of the San Francisco Cassidys, butted a couple of highballs.

The visitor with the revolver drank his down, said: "Ahhhhh", and then asked: ~~what~~ "What have you got in the way of silverware, clothing, and, oh yes, I almost forgot, money."

Mr. Cassidy, of the San Francisco Cassidys, dug up and then said to his visitor: "Anything else?" ^{To which the intruder replied:—} "Sure, pack them in the bag"

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while I have another drink." So Mr. Cassidy of the San Francisco Cassidys packed all his valuables in a bag, handed them over to his visitor who said: "Thanks old boy, maybe

I'll do as much for you sometime, and *Solong —*

SO LONG UNTIL ~~TOMORROW~~. *Monday.*

N.B.C.