Good Evening, Everybody:

but the most exciting appears to be that from Berlin. What had been expected for many mention happened. But what followed was quite unexpected. Chancellor von Papen dissolved the new Reichstag, the German parliament. But the Reichstag declined to be dissolved.

A dispatch to the Montreal Star describes this as happening amid scenes of tumult amounting almost to riot.

What this means is that the German parliament is in a state of open rebellion. This morning's session was opened by the Speaker who is a Hitlerite. He called immediately for a vote on motions that had been offered by the Communist levels. These motions were for the wiping out of President von Hindenburg's emergency decree, - the decree which inaugurated Germany's twelve month plan for economic recovery.

The German speaker departed from the customary procedure in calling for this vote. He did so without waiting for the usual opening address of the Chancellor. When the Speaker ordered the vote, Chancellor von Papen mounted the rostrum immediately and read the decree dissolving the parliament.

The Speaker refused to leave the rostrum and insisted on a vote being

rough. The Communist motions were passed by 513 to 32, a gigantic majority.

decrees of dissolution were invalid. They were presented by a government which had just been overthrown by the parliament.

Perhaps I should add that in Europe it is customary for a government to resign if the parliament pass wote overthing them. The Speaker's declaration was received with thunderous cheers.

Now It is expected that the government will proclaim a tonight. Under
state of emergency such a proclamation it will rule as under
martial law. It's been hinted that force will be used if

necessary.

Incidentally, the parliament adjourned until tomorrow,

just as though there were no such thing as a decree dissolving

it. Von Papen and findenburg the parliament it. The source, of course, considers that it does not

exist any longer. and how's that for a dramatic and dangerous tangle?

HUTCHINSON

Here's a story in which I'm afraid no news is bad news. No tracehas yet been found of Colonel George Hutchinson and his flying family who were forced down at sea yesterday afternoon. A dispatch to the Buffalo Times reports that cruisers and airplanes of several nations are hunting for the amphibian, and its crew of eight, including Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson and their two small daughters.

No less a celebrity than Dr. Knud Rasmussen, the famous explorer, is one of those looking for the Hutchinsons.

He was asked by the Greenland authorities to join in the search.

A naval flying machine from the scientific expedition now headed by Dr. Rasmussen, Yook off from the southern tip of Greenland and followed the route taken by the Hutchinsons. Officials and natives are joining in the hunt. Seaplanes, motorships, motorboats, Eskimo fishing vessels and Kayaks, tiny canoes made of skin, are combing the ice floes off Greenland. Even women launched their wife boats to look for the missing. A British steam trawler is quartering the

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between Greenland & Iceland.

waters of Denmark Strait, But the latest radio message from
this trawler brings no good news. A German war ace who has
been working on a motion picture film in Greenland, dropped
his work to take part in the search.

SCHOOL

Today, as I suppose everybody knows, is Blue Monday, in Canala of the U.S.A. the day when millions of children went back to school, I've always doubted the fitness of calling it Blue Monday because I've observed that one respect in which American xx children differ from those of other countries is that they are singularly glad to go back to school. Well, whether they're glad or not, back they are.

I don't know how many youngsters this affected.

But in New York alone there were over a million. Probably

the total all over the United States xx and Canada is not less

than fifteen million. Reports from many centres of the United

States indicate that the school terms will be shorter this year

than usually, owing to shortage of public funds. In the large

cities several, children had to be turned away or put on half

time because they swamped the available seating capacity of the

public schools.

MAN HUNT

Out in my home state, Colorado, there's a manhunt going on of a spectacular and appearant sort.

In the Insane Asylum near Pueblo there were two maniacs, actually dangerous, but men who can talk straightsame so far as the average observer could tell. The sister and wife of one of these two lunatics visited them yesterday. A few hours later they staged an escape over-aweing the guards with guns which had been smuggled into them. When they got outside the asylum they jumped into a car and drove off, taking with them one of the women who had visited them yesterday. Both of them are now roaming the countryside holding the young woman prisoner. She has been described as the sister of one of them, though it should be added that a leter dispatch says she is believed to be the sister. The other woman who visited them claims she knew nothing of the escape.

In Denver, the home of the parents of the other man, is being guarded, as it is feared he may make an attack upon thema.



There have been lots of races this year but the most curious was one which started from Newark, New Jersey, today.

It's between an ox cart and four planes. The idea is to celebrate the annual dinner of the Pioneer Air Transport Operators Association by illustrating the progress made in 100 years of travel.

The team of oxen were started from the Newark flying

field by Governor Moore of New Jersey and Captain Eddy Rickenbacker.

At the same the long distance planes were departing on their regular schedules for the north, west and south. The oxen were to go as far as Times Square, New York City, the heart of the benderloin.

Of the four huge liners racing with the oxen, the first to reach its destination was that piloted by S.T.B. Crupps, who reached Montreal, flying at an average speed of eighty-one miles an hour, in spite of strong headwinds. Pilot Crupps expects to be back in Newark before the oxen team reacher Times Square.

Other pilots meached Jacksonville, Kansas City and Omaha. The oxen will probably reach their destination just as the five hundred guests of the Pioneer Air Transport Operators Association are sitting down to dinner. By that time the pilots will have gone backwards and forward between Omaha, Kansas City, Montreal and Jacksonvilleand backs.

The eyes of the United States are focused xxxix today on Portland, Oregon, where the American Legion is holding its fourteenth national convention. Much is expected from this convention. It is being watched keenly by officials of President Hoover's administration. They are doing their utmost to prevent a vote condemning the President's conduct in calling out the troops to evict the Bonus Expeditionary Force from Washington last July.

A dispatch to the Boston Traveler relates that the report of the Attorney General about the Bonus Army has aroused violent indignation among the Legionaires. The Attorney General's report declared that the Bonus Army brought into the City of Washington the largest collection of criminals ever assembled in the city at one time. A resolution has been drawn up by the Pennsylvania delegation to the Legion, the gist of which is that the President of the United States handled the situation in a regrettable manner. Conservatives

are trying to keep this resolution from reaching the floor, but every effort will be made to bring it out into the open.

Graver still is the anxiety as to whether the Legion convention will demand the immediate payment of the cash bonus, but that question probably will not be settled until later in the week.

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BEAR

From the trails of British Columbia comes a yarn today that rivals the exploits of Banta Carson, Jim Bridger, Solonet Star, and is a thoroughly authenticated tale.

Frank LeForgue, a trapper of a place called Nineteen-Mile, - a wilderness trail in British Columbia was treking along the Princeton trail the other day. In his path he encountered a large log. He stepped over it and, what do you suppose he stepped into? A large and exceedingly active and exceedingly angry bear. Brother bear promptly waltzed into Frank and grabbed him by the leg. Frank, who was a man quite well on in years, lost his rifle in the scramble. Nevertheless, he managed to pull out his hunting knife. There was a terrific tuxxix tussle such as we used to read of in the dime novels. And the end was the same, as you read in the dime novels. Frank LeForgue, with nothing but his hands and his hunting knife, tom and mangled killed that bear. He was badly lagersted but managed toxet to get to the hospital, and latest accounts say he is recovering. Well, I think that's a bear-cat of a story and with that I

will say So Long Until Tomorrow.

DITMARS

Here's an animalx story from Panama. Some parts of it rival even the tales of my friend, Carveth Wells about the tree climbing fish, and other marvels of Malasia. Dr. Raymond Ditmars, Curator of mammals and reptiles at the Bronx Zoo, has just returned from Panama bringing back with him yarns even as prodigious as those of Carveth Wells. A story in tonight's New York World Telegram says that among the things Dr. Ditmars has discovered was a huge bronze colored frog which does not croak but sings jazz in the best Broadway manner. Then he found a blue faced katydid that trills like an opera singer. The principal horror was a spider so large that it dines on birds. It is already calculated as the prize chicken-ester of the Joox Well. Dr. Ditmars is a serious scientist and anything he reports has to be treated with respect. He brought the jazz singing frog back with him. He shristened Boop-a-dee. It seems that Boop-a-dee is the principal part of the lyrics sung by thouse this frog. I'm sorry to have go to

relate that the trilling katydids did not survive the voyage from

Parling baseball game. Sept. 127 1932-p. 14

PAWLING

I had a big surprise yesterday. Our side won. We most unexpectedly won the baseball game. Those of us who live on farms played the merchants in the nearby town, the Quaker Hill Saints versus the Pawling sinners. We thought we didn't have a chance. We had heard that most of the sinners had played semi-pro ball a few years back. So it looked like the same old story - the Sinners wiping up the landscape with the Saints. So just to show how we felt we marched on the field on crutches and in invalid's wheel chairs. We looked just like a bunch of saints after a bout with Satan. The Sinners were swell ball players. But there was a miracle. Sinner Holmes, the Pawling bankerx played a bang up game in left field. Sinner Slocum, the garage man, played a snappy game on third. Sinner Flanigan, the Butcher, well, playing First Base was his meat. But on our side you should have seen the Saintly Casey Hogate, the 300 lb. owner of the Wall Street Journal floating around the bases. I think he must have hypnotized the Sinners, because when Squire Aiken got through

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of the astonished Saints. But they may be still more astonished next Sunday when the return game will be played.

Baseball is still the best game of all. And those sand lot contests all over the country bring a big thrill to the fellows that play in them.

Ex-Mayor Jimmy Walker is on the high seas trying to rest, and, if you believe it, dodge publicity. Meanwhile, his successor, Mayor Joe McKee, is causing considerable perturbation in the ranks of politicians. Mayor Joe continues to be so energetic and to shape so well that the political leaders don't quite see how they can keep their promises to honorable Jimmy to get him re-elected this fall. This jars the leaders because Joe McKee was not at all in their scheme of things.

Then an important move was made today by Mayor McKee's friends. The law firm of which he was a member before he took public office brought suit in the New York Supreme Court to try to prevent an election being held November 8th for the mayoralty.

The City Clerk had notified the Board of Elections that the office of Mayor was vacant. The position taken by Mayor McKee's friends is that the office is not vacant, that the Mayor resigned and that the President of the Board of Albermen succeeded him and consequently is Mayor. Therefore, they say, Judge McKee should continue in the Mayor's office until January 1st, 1934, and the next election for the mayoralty should not be held until next November 1933.

CARVETH

Over the week-end there landed in New York several photographs of a piece of petrified wood, deluged with historical importance. Yes, deluged is right. This piece of petrified wood is a hunk of Noah's Ark, left over from the Deluge.

Early in the summer I announced the departure from these shores of Carveth Wells, the traveler who is always going somewhere. Now he is back from Russia and the Caucasus and the mountains of Armenia. In fact, he's here in the studio with me tonight. Carveth tells how he got indigestion from the bad food in Russia, living on sunflower seeds, and how he photographed the petrified piece of Noah's Ark/ This truly remarkable relic is kept in the historic monastery on Mt. Ararat. Few outsiders have ever been allowed to see it, much less photograph it. Carveth told the Armenian monks that the Bolsheviks were likely to take over the monastery and if they did they would probably ration off the petrified piece of Noah's Ark

for food. So he persuaded them to let him take some photographs of all that remains of the well known boat that saved the animals two by two, the elephant and the kangaroo.

As to whether it's really a chip off the old Ark, I don't Noah. And don't blame me for that gag. Carveth Wells himself sprung it on the reporters.

Well, I may not noah much about Noah, but I do noah it's time to say, s - l - u - t - m.