Good Evening Everybody:

I had rather a hectic time this afternoon. I was between two fires—one fire was the news as it came streaming in and the other was the baseball game. When the World Series is on, things always get a bit disorganized around an office especially if that office has a news ticker. The office boys just don't seem to be able to control themselves when they know the game is being ticked off, play by play. They thang around the ticker, and when they don't they are telling each other what the score is, who made a hit and who slambed out a home-run.

So all afternoon I heard such remarks as "GEE, ST. LOUIS MADE TWO IN THE FIRST" and "WOW SIMMONS HIT A HOMER".

Was I annoyed? Well, I was as much interested as those kids and every so often I'd go out there and elbow through the crowd of office boys and porters and stretch my km neck for a look

at the United ticker, and exciting game.

There's something particularly tense and thrilling in watching the plays as they are ticked off -- STRIKE ONE -- BALL ONE -- BATTER FLIES OUT TO CENTER. It certainly looked like the unexpected when St. Louis by clean straight hitting batted the Mighty Lefty Grove for two runs in the first inning. Then the Athletics scored four in the third, and later on Simmons smacked a homer.

Well, the Athletics, the favorites to win this 1931

World Series, snared the first game by a score of 6 to 2. And tonight Connie Mack is stroking his famous adam's apple with much glee.

It looks as if the latest attempt 1 to make an airplane record has failed. fámous Australian flier started out in an attempt to beat the record for a flight from England to Australia. Well, he just seemed to vanish from sight and a good deal of worry was felt. And now comes a cable from the International News Service which states that Kingsford-Smith was forced down near the town of Milas in Asia Minor. 11 He was caught in a sandstorm and had to land. This delay makes it seem as if 13 he won't be able to set any new record. The present record, by the way, for 15 the eleven thousand mile sky voyage 16 from England to Australia is eight days 17 18 twenty-two hours and twenty-five 19 minutes.

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24 25 There are 300 airplanes in these parts that will have to limit their activity to solid ground, the plain old terra firma -- for a while, at least. They are planes whose owners and pilots don't happen to be licensed in New York state.

A law went into effect today which prevents any pilot from taking a ship up unless he has a license. And the boys will have to stay on the ground until they get their flying papers. The New York World-Telegram names some of the pilots who are affected by the new law. One is Bert Acosta, the trans-Atlantic flyer. Another is Roger Wolfe Kahn, the son of Otto Kahn, the financier. And a third is Jack Chapman, eleven-year-old aviator who has made solo flights. He can't get a license until he is 18 years old. So he says now that he guesses he will have to ride a bicycle for the next several years. The new law has made a number of the aviators hot under the collar, and they say they're going to Albany to protest.

In New York City today a lot of folks have been trying to figure out who was to blame for the rain of acid that descended from the sky yesterday. Some say the Navy was to blame, and others say NO, it wasn't the Navy at all.

Anyway, a shower of acid fell in a drizzle on the crowds of people and the automobiles in the streets. There were plenty of people and plenty of automobiles, because all this happened right in the middle of the town.

Meanwhile, in the sky a warlike spectacle was seen. The giant dirigible, the Los Angeles, went sailing along over the city, and around the big ship a speedy airplane cut capers. As it swept along it left behind at a huge trail of smoke, and that smoke spread through the atmosphere and became a vast dense curtain. The whole thing was an exhibition of how a plane could lay a smoke-screen in time of war to protect a dirigible from attack.

And it was out of the smoke-screen

that the rain of acid came. It is explained today that sometimes that particular chemical smoke combines with elements in the air, and the change produces hydrochloric acid.

The aviator in the smokeproducing plane had been instructed not to
lay that heavy curtain too near the
dirigible, because the hydrochloric acid
in the air might eat through the fabric.
That particular burning stuff has a way
of biting into cloth.

I suppose the dirigible didn't get any of the acid, but the people down in the streets did. It came raining down. The tiny drops landed on people's clothes and burned holes in them. On hands and faces it inflicted a stinging sensation. And it burned spots in the upper parts of automobiles. There was a small stampede, the New York Evening Post relates.

On 20th Street, between First and Second Avenues, a crowd of children were watching a football game when the rain of acid came down. They gasped and choked

and ran home in a hurry.

The Captain of the Los Angeles declares that he wasn't responsible for it. He says he was ordered by the Navy Department to take his airship over New York City. He had nothing to do with the smoke-screen, and adds that permission to lay it down was obtained from the New York City authorities.

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In lowa the unemployment situation is being relieved somewhat by old Mr. Gopher. I mean that pestilential crittur something like a prairie dog, which is the Western version of the eastern ar oundhog.

Brother Gopher is a lot smaller than a groundhog, but he operates in much the same way. That is, he operates on your gardens and gardens in general. What a gopher can do to a fine head of lettuce or a big luscious cabbage - that's what makes the farmers hair turn grey.

In lowa they have a bounty on gophers, a nickel for every one of the pests that you can kill. And so the boys have gone in for gopher hunting. More than twice as many bounties have been paid this year as last. The Associated Press gives this year's gopher crop as thirtytwo thousand. At five cents a piece that means \$1600., which has helped quite a few chaps to tide things over.

This next bit of news certainly doesn't look anything like depression. It tells us of a huge gain in the value of real estate in New York City in the past year -- that is, so many new buildings have been put up that the total value of property which the city represents has made a big increase.

The New York World-Telegram gives us a set of figures issued today by the Department of Taxes and Assessments. They tell us that the taxable value of property in the past year has increased by over one billion, 117 million dollars. A large part of this is explained by the fact that a good deal of property has been exempt from taxes for ten years, and that 10-year period is up. But nearly half a billion dollars of the increase is accounted for by new buildings which have been put up. For example, there's the Empire-State Building, which is marked down as being worth 42 millions dollars.

And here's an interesting figure. How much do you suppose the American metropolis is worth, just as so much real estate? Well, it is worth over 19 billion 296 million dollars.

No, those figures don't have any of that lugubrious complaining sound of depression in them. They seem to have the ring of prosperity.

9-9-31 5M

John C. Knapp.

V-P of Stis
Elevator Company.

Bot. 1, 1931

P. 11

Tall Story
anecdote

Now I think I'll call on Mr. Knapp here. He is Mr. John C. Knapp, Vice-president of the Otis Elevator Company. He's the man who makes things go up and down, I am going to ask him if he has encountered anything interesting recently in his up and downs. Yes sir, that's the microphone, Mr. Knapp. It will catch anything you say and send it over a few thousand miles even quicker than your elevators go.

A GOOD THE REAL WAS A THE CALL TO THE REAL WHAT

Well, Lowell, I guess I'd better be careful what I say, and tell only the truth. I don't want to get caught in anything false or inaccurate, so I'll play safe and tell a Tall Story. Is that O.K.? Fine. Here goes.

I was around at the New Waldorf-Astoria this afternoon, at the grand opening. Well, it's amazing how the modern hotel is developing -- and that's no Tall Story.

Of course, I was interested in the elevators. The elevator, as well all know, is to those tall buildings what the arteries are to the body -- and that's no tall story either. In fact, the elevator is almost a thinking piece of mechanism. And the skyline of New York City is the result -- of elevators. For instance, in the Empire State Building the order was that the elevators must deliver 15,000 people onto the sidewalks in 30 minutes -- between 5:00 and 5:30 every evening.

Well, that new Waldorf is the tallest hotel in the world, and it leads

mind. It's one of those whoppers that circulate in that Tall Story Club of which Lowell Thomas is the official scribe or grand giraffe, or something. Yes, this one is a hotel yarn. It concerns one of those old-fashioned hotels, a regular fire-trip in a small town. And it didn't have an elevator.

Russell Daub of Erie, Pennsylvania,

me right into the Tall Story I have in

Daub was a guest in that hotel. And it certainly was cold that night. There was a fire, The old shack started to burn and just kept burning. Mr. Daub was trapped in his room, which was on the top floor. No, as I said, there wasn't any elevator that he could take down to the ground. And the stairway was choked with smoke and flames. What did he do? Well, here's the way he tells it:-

"There was a pitcher of water on the dresser. I grabbed it and rushed to the window. I poured the water out in a long stream. Well, it was so darn cold that night that the water froze on its way down, and I slid to the ground on an icicle."

Yes, as I said, when a man talks over a microphone and his words can be heard over thousands of miles, he'd better be careful to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

But Lowell, even our the elevators don't go high enough for that Tall Story Club of yours.

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push the button and come down to some 14 plain, solete facts. Here's now comes, a report of Soviet troops mobilized on the border of

Representatives of the
International News Service in China
asked Marshal Chang, the military
Governor of Manchuria, to give them
a report on Soviet activities along
the border of his province. Ever since
the trouble between the Chinese and the
Japanese Manchuria there have been
rumors about what the Red Army of
Russia might do.

Marshal Chang sent out
telegrams to his military commanders
along the border and received a report
in reply that twenty thousand Soviet
troops are gathered opposited the town
of Manchuli, which is near the line
separating Manchuria from Russian
Siberia. That may be an indication
of the interest which the Soviet
Government is taking in that row
between the Chinese and the Japanese.

Manchuria.

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Well, poor Mussolini. It's just too bad. He's giving up his job - I mean one of his jobs.

Time was not so long ago when the Duce was Minister of about just everything in Italy. He held nearly all of the cabinet posts. He was Minister of War, Minister of Marine, Prime Minister, and so on, down the line.

In recent times, however, he has dropped a lot of those jobs and turned them over to other men. Recently he has been only Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior, and now he isn't going to be Minister of the Interior any more. The report is that he is going to resign that post and turn it over to somebody else. And so that will leave poor Mussolini with only one job. Yes, he won't be anything more than Prime Minister, Duce, Dictator and boss of everything in Italy.

But then Mussolini may find a little consolation in the fact that he is now a grandfather. The United Press reports that the Black Shirt Dictator today received a cable from China announcing that he has his first grand-child. His daughter and son-in-law are stationed at Shanghai, where the son-in-law is the Italian Consul.

I don't know how Mussolini
likes being a grandfather, but I
remember how Irvin Cobb took it when he
became a grandfather. He was at the
Dutch Treat Club in New York and one
of the speakers at the luncheon turned
to him and asked him how it felt to
be a grandfather.

Cobb got up with his huge good humor. What he said had all of that whimsical geniality for which the man is famous. "It's all right to be a grandfather", said he, "only it's tough to be married to a grandmother."

It was said in such a kindly frolicsome way that everybody roared with laughter.

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I don't quite understand the mental processes of this chap who comes along next. But anyway, he was angry, highly indignant, just plain mad. At any rate, a funeral was going down the road at Wadena, Minnesota, and Charles Milbradt, a farmer, started to shoot at the hearse. It appears that brother Milbradt wanted to attend the funeral. In fact, he wanted to be a pall-bearer, but they turned him down. They said he couldn't be a pall-bearer because he showed up dressed in overalls. It must have been one of those society funerals.

Anyway, that made Brother
Milbradt angry. He got his gun and as
the funeral passed by he opened fire on
the hearse. He shot the hearse up quite
a bit and then the next thing you know
he found himself telling the judge
about it. The Associated Press quotes
the judge as saying it would be just
sixty days for the would-be pall-bearer.
Then the sentence was suspended.

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I'd like to pass along a brief bit of dialogue this evening. It was 3 spoken at Sacramento, California. Governor James Rolph, Junior, was asking a few questions of R. A. Vandergrift, the head of the civil 7 service. They were talking about the civil service examination through which traffic policemen were put. Some of the questions didn't seem to have much to do with traffic regulations. In fact, they sounded more like an examination to be taken by a college professor.

"I don't see," declared the Governor. "why a man who wants to be a traffic cop should be required to know who was the fifth wife of Henry the 8th."

"But, your Honor, that wasn't the question that was asked," expostulated the head of the civil service. "Nobody asked those- would-be traffic cops who was the fifth wife of Henry the 8th. The question went this way: How many wives did King Henry the 8th have -- one, two. three, four, five, or six?"

"Yeah," responded the Governor, "and I'd like to find out why a traffic cop should have to know THAT."

The United Press dispatch on the subject tells us that there was no reply, and I'll leave it to you to figure out the answer, while I say,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.