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Good Evening Every body:
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 just hang 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 1 heard such remarks as "GEE, ST. LOUIS MADE TWO IN THE FIRST" and "WOW SIMMONS HIT A HOMER".

Was 1 annoyed? Well, I was as much interested as those $k i d s$ and every so often $l^{\prime d}$ go out there and elbow through the crowd of office boys and porters and stretch my ka 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
bated 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. to make an airplane record has failed. the famous Australian flier started out in an attempt to beat the record for a flight from tngl and 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 ${ }_{\text {n }}$ of miles in Asia Minor. He was caught in a sandstorm and had to land. This delay makes it seem as if he won't be able to set any new record. The present record, by the way, for the eleven thousand mile sky voyage from England to Australia is eight days twenty-two hours and twenty-five minutes.

AIRPLANES

There are 300 airplanes in these parts that will have to limit their activity to solid ground, the plain old terra irma -- for a while, at least. They are planes whose owners and pilots don't happen to be licensed in New York state.
A.Y. I aw 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 $n$ ames some of the pilots who are affected by the new law. One is Bert Acosta, the trans-Atlantic flyer. Another is Roger Wolfe Kahn, $t$ he son of Otto Kahn, the financier. And a third is Jack Chapman, eleven-year-old aviator who has made solo flights. He cant 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.

DIRIGIBLE

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 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 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 smokescreen in time of war to protect a dirigible from attack.

And it was out of the smoke-screen

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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 smoke-
produce ing 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.
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 ${ }^{\text {and }}$ automobiles. ^teThere was a small stampede, as 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 $r a i n$ of acid came down. They gasped and choked

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and $r$ an 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 $h$ is 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.
all of which doesit mend the clothes or take the spate off the automobiles.

In Iowa the unemployment situation is being relieved somewhat by old Mr . Gopher. I mean that pestilential orittur something like a prairie dog, which is the Western versi on of the eastern groundhog.

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 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 low 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 \$l600., which has helped quite a few chaps to tide things over.

This next bit of news certainly does n't look anything like depression. It tells us of a huge gain in thetavalue 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, ll 7 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 lO-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 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.

John c. knapp.

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Elevator Company.
Set. 17, 1931
p. 11

Tall stow 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.

Egr_Mr_-_Knapp

Well, Lowell, I guess lid better be careful what 1 say, and tell only the

Eor_Mr__Kngpp_- 2
me right into the Tall Story 1 have in mind. It's one of those whoppers that circulate in that Iall 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,
relates the experience as his own. Mr. Daub was a guest in that hotel. And it certainly was cold that night. There was Q fires 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 salad, thorpe want any elevator that ho could take down to the ground. And the stairway was choked 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 l said, when a man talks over a microphone and $h$ is words can be heard over thousands of miles, held better be careful to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.
 tall Story Club of yours. troops mobilized on the border of Manchuria.

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 a long the border and received a report in reply that twenty thousand Soviet troops are gathered opposite the town of Mianchuli, which is near the line separating Manchuria from Russian 21 Siberia. That may be an indication of the interest which the Soviet Government is taking in that row between the Chinese and the Japanese.

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

The 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. 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

MUSSOLINI - 2
reports that the Black Shirt Dictator today received a cable from China announcing that he has his first grandchild. 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 1 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.

I don't quite understand the mental processes ot 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 tire 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. Ihe Associated Press quotes the judge as saying it would be just sixty days tor the would-be pall-bearer. Then the sentence was suspended.

## POLICE

 bit of dialogue this evening. It was spoken at Sacramento, California.4 Governor James Rolph, tanto, was asking a few questions of R. A. service. They were talking about $t$ he 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.
"l 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 8 th have -- one, two, three, four, five, or six?"
"Yeah," responded the Governor, "and I'd like to find out why a traffic con 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 TOMORROT.

