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It was announced today that Jimmy Walker, New York's debonair Mayor, will leave xxxxxxxxxxxxx tomorrow night for California.

But this time it's no gay vacation for Jimmy on the sunny shores of the Pacific. He's going out to intercede for Tom Mooney -- that same Tom Mooney who has been in prison these many years.

The International News Service explains that Mooney, himself, and his mother have made a personal appear to Jimmy Walker saying that as things stand the prisoner's only chance of being released is through the good of fices of the Mayor of New York.

Walker is said to be a close personal friend of Governor Rolph of California. Jimmy believes Tom Mooney to be innocent of that bomb explosion on Preparedness Day, in San Francisco. And Mooney and his mother believe that Jimmy's pleading persuasion will go a long way with Governor Rolph of Califor

In Washington Dino Grandi, the Italian foreign minister, has completed his negotiations with President Hoover. Everything is said to be O.K.

The Associated Press declares that today Grandi had a long talk with Mussolini on the trans-Atlantic telephone, and the Duce said "Splendid! Fine!"

The black-shirt dictator gave his telephone approval to the diplomatic conversations that have been going on and announced that his government in entirely agrees with Uncle Sam's attitude on international questions.

In Kansas City a crowd of ladies had an idea which was just small and ordinary in the beginning. But it grew by leaps and bounds, until now it's a mighty big thing and mighty beneficial too.

At the women's gity glub the officials asked each member to contribute a quart can of fruit or 10 vegetable for the benefit of the 11 unemployed and the needy. As the canned goods came in they stacked it all in a corner of one of the rooms of the club. It was a nice tidy heap, and Robody 14 guessed how big it was destined to grow. But, relates the United Press, as club members dropped in and saw the stack of canned fruits and vegetables they felt an impulse to add some more and they did. It's one of those cases where suggestion is a powerful

And that increasing stack of canned goods was a powerful suggestion. The women just kept increasing the pile,

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influence.

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until it grew into a mountain. The
campaign was called off today because
thousands thousands of cans of
fruit and vegetable have been collected.
A truck was filled for a first delivery
and tonight the unemployed and the
needy in Kansas City are starting to
eat up that mountain of canned goods.

a mountainous and noble idea.

A super-government is planned for Chicago. The International News Service reports that the scheme got under way to erect what they call a super-government, which will take over the work of a number of departments that didn't seem to be running any too efficiently.

The romance of rubber is told in the new Literary Digest, that came out today -- rubber, synthetic rubber. Of recent years there has been much talk about the fulfillment of that old dream of the industrial age -- the creation of artificial rubber out of common products around us.

With the death of Edison, it was announced that in his laboratories they had succeeded in making rubber out of goldenrod. Right after that, word came of the creation of snythetic rubber by another and very different process.

In this tatter process, only the simplest materials are used. You take coal, common coal, and put it together with limestone and water, and presto chango, you have rubber.

The New Literary Digest calls it a Fairy Tale of Fact, and that certainly is an apt description.

The story begins at that great mid-Western fortress of football, Notre Dame. Twenty-five years ago, long before

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Rockne and the Four Horsemen, Notre Dame was just an obscure mid-Western university. It wasn't even dreaming of its great football days to come.

on the faculty was a young priest,
the Reverend Julius A. Nieuwland, who was
devoted to Chemistry. He spent his days
in the laboratory, stirring up odd
mixtures in test tubes and retorts. He
passed acetylene into a solution of
copper and salts of ammonia, and the
result was the first step of discovery.

That was the first step of discovery.

Ever since then Father Nieuwland has been fiddling around with that curious new substance which he had stumbled upon.

experiments, he found that he could take that strange gas he had discovered and turn it into a kind of oil, Two years later an assistant of Father Nieuwland's tried a chemical trick with the oil and turned it into a highly elastic material, resembling rubber.

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At this point the Du Post people offered the co-operation of their engineers, and the drive for a real artificial rubber was under way.

The Literary Digest quotes the United Press in saying ,
that now it has succeeded. As yet the new substance cannot be used for automobile tires.

And now comes what is always an interesting question.

Who will get the money? The new snythetic rubber promises to

be worth a great fortune. But Father Nieuwland will not get

a nickel of it. He explains that he is a member of the

Congregation of the Holy Cross, a religious order devoted to

poverty. Father Nieuwland has taken the monastic oath of

poverty. Whatever is earned will go to the Order of which he

is a member.

The President of China has girded his ancestral sword and is going to the wars. General Chiang Kai-Shek, head of the Nationalist government at Nanking, announced today that he was on his way to the battle front to take charge of the fighting against Japan.

They say that all China is shocked by the crushing defeat which the Japanese have inflicted upon the army of General Ma, whom the Chinese have been hailing as their savior.

At Shanghai, cables the International News Service, there was something of a turmoil today when 15,000 children abandoned school and thronged into the streets to collect money for the fighting forces in Manchuria. They invaded stores and stopped pedestrians and automobiles. They caused a wild traffic jam in the main street of Shanghai, until the police took a hand and straightened things out.

The United Press cables a statement issued by Prime Minister Briand of

France today. As acting president of the League of Nations, Briand declared that if the United States would intervene in the Manchurian embroglio, why that would bring a peaceful solution. The League of Nations is talking over the idea of declaring an economic boycott against Japan.

In Washington the Japanese ambassador called upon Secretary-of-State Stimson twice today and explained the Japanese viewpoint concerning the big battle yesterday. He declared that the Japanese attacked and captured the city of Tsitsihar only as a means of breaking the military power of General Mah Chan-shan. He promised that the Japanese well retreat from the city as soon as the Chinese army had been put out of commission.

Sir Hubert Wilkins. Misterlian. of the Outomarine "Vautilus". Nov. 197 1931-p. 12.

When explorers from this continent set forth they usually carry 3 two flags. And this holds true of many foreign explorers as well. They 5 carry the flag of their own country. 6 and the flag of the Explorers Club of New York. Perry did this, so did 8 Amundsen, so did Byrd, and so have a host of others.

Sir Hubert Wilkins, although an Australian, has carried the flag of the 11 12 Explorers Club on six expeditions. 1 have just attended a picturesque ceremony when Sir Hubert returned the 14 flag to the Explorers Club. It was 15 covered with the grease and grime of 16 his submarine, the Nautilus, and it 17 was the first flag ever carried into the Arctic Ocean by submarine.

I have just seen the motion picture film record of the expedition. I was doubtful as to what they might show. But I was wrong. They are the most eerie, the weirdest, the most unearthly pictures I have ever seen .

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unlike anything ever made. They were 2 taken from the submarine under the 3 Arctic Ice pack.

The scientific organizations that backed the Wilkins-Ellsworth submarine expedition say it was a great success in spite of the various mishaps that occurred to the Nautilus at the start.

Captain Wilkins has been busy assembling the data that he brought back from the North. So far he has not told his story on the air. But tonight, he has consented to do this for the first time, for the benefit of the friends of the Literary Digest.

And now, just for a moment, you're going to hear Sir Hubert give his first radio talk on the first submarine expedition into the Arctic. He will tell of one incident on his xxxx journey. Of course, it would take hours for him to tell the entire story which is one of the most dramatic in the entire history of exploration. Sir Hubert Wilkins:

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Scarred and dented by tusks of ice, with propellors saw toothed and maimed, one blade turned over like a half closed hand, the "Nautilus" was sunk until her eyeports dipped into 6 the Polar Sea. We were stretching caution to the limit as half crippeed 8 we nosed beneath the icefloes. Capped 9 by amethyst tinted icicles we played 10 hide and seek at the bottom of Arctic 11 Pack. We were terribly awed by the 12 grinding crunch of the ice upon the deck and on our own weak shoulders we 14 seemed to be bearing the full weight of 15 the frozen mass.

The scrunching of the heavy ice was a sound unearthly, fearful, like the ripping of calico in giant strips. Like earthquake shocks. We 20 trembled with fear.

But as we looked through the portholes our fear gave way to wonder and admiration. Our steel bow moving stealthily, was disturbing the mighty ice cakes and releasing from beneath

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1 them showers of pearl like bubbles. 2 Light striking through, made the clear 3 ice look like a mass of diamonds set in opal. We were in a veritable alladins 5 cave.

Small black fish were startled B 7 from their iceholes. Their gills 8 fluttering, tails lashing they backed 9 away. Shrimps and prawn-like creatures, 10 large and small, sprang off their tails 11 like kangaroos in a nightmare. Sea 12 fleas and other things that looked like 13 cockroaches with waving horns, fled from our vision. Alone, passing unconcerned, were jellyfish. They looked like miniature airships drifting in starlight.

Then as we plunged up from beneath the pack, the ice slithered from our sides like thin avalanches. With the hatches open we were free in the wind again. We breathed deeply of the cold exhilirating air.

But all on board felt a strange, unnatural tiredness. In those preceding. minutes we had lived ages in a new

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world. A world such as no human had ever seen before. It was glorious and wonderful. No matter how long we live we shall never forget the strangeness of these scenes nor will we give up hope of returning to view them once again.

I have no time tonight to describe them in greater detail. Perhaps some day I might be permitted to tell you the whole story from the lecture platform.

And by the way did you hear about the King of

Roumania getting a black eye? It has been officially announced

that King Carol failed to preside at the opening of the

Roumanian parliament because he had a cold. That's the

official account -- but here's the inside story, as cabled by

a news correspondent in the Balkans:

They say that King Carol had a fist fight with his brother, Prince Nicholas, and His Majesty got the worst of it.

The cause of the row was the marriage of Prince Nick to a lady not of royal rank. The King has been raising cain about it, and the report is that Prince Nicholas went to the royal palace to have the matter out.

The trouble began when King Carol reminded the Prince of his royal dignity and duty. Prince Nicholas said, "What do you mean, royal dignity and duty? What about Madame Lambrino? And what about Madame Lupescu?"

He reminded the King of the King's own scandalous romances, which have been the talk of the world.

## 1 the talk of the world.

It was all very distressing, and it
was still more distressing when the
royal battle of words turned into a
battle royal of fists. The King and the
Prince went at each other. The result of
the battle was never in doubt. Prince
Nicholas is a powerful chap, and he has
been studying boxing for the last couple
of years. By the time the officers of
the royal household had jumped in and
stopped the scrap, King Carol had a royal
stackeys. Shimer.

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At Council Bluffs, lowa, a man has been doing a lot of figuring. He is E. V. Gustafson who used to be the city clerk, and is a shark at figures.

Last Sunday an Omaha newspaper told that Dr. Leopold Bauer of Austria had deposited one shilling in the Bank of England and announced that in his will he would leave instructions the shilling must remain in the bank for fifteen hundred years and draw interest during all that time.

Of course, there's no telling where the Bank of England is liable to be in fifteen hundred years, but never mind.

When former City Clerk
Gustafson of Council Bluffs heard about
this - well, that is when took pencil
and paper and started to figure.

The Associated Press relates that he worked so hard and so long that at last he has doped out the answer. He tells us how much that

shilling now worth twenty-five cents will amount to in fifteen hundred years at an interest rate of five percent, compounded semi-annually. Here's how much.

Four thousand fifty-one octilions, five hundred and seven sentillions, eight hundred and seventy-two sextillions, three hundred and eleven quintillions, seven hundred and seventeen quadrillions, seven hundred and sixty-four trillions, eight hundred and ninety-six billions, three hundred and nine millions, five hundred and ninety thousand, three hundred twenty-three dollars and twenty cents.

Well, now just let me get my breath long enough to say - SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.