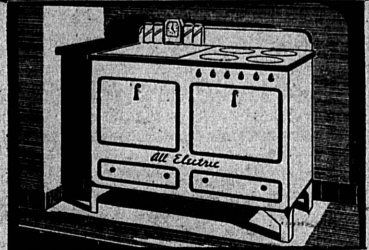


IMPROVING
Don Findley, who was injured in an automobile accident last

week, has improved and was able to leave the Jared Sidney Torrance Memorial hospital Tuesday to go to his home.

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THIRD CHAPTER of "I'LL TELL THE WORLD"

The Romance and Thrills of Newsgathering for the United Press

A Novelization of Universal's Screenplay of the Same Name

Written by Lincoln Quarberg and Frank Wead. Adapted by Dale Van Every and Ralph Spence.

THIRD INSTALLMENT
SYNOPSIS: Brown, correspondent of the United Press, a world-wide news-gathering agency, and Briggs, correspondent of the Confederated Press, a rival organization, have been carrying on a personal feud. Brown has just given Briggs a terrific lacing on a story about a runaway dirigible which has crashed in northern Canada. Briggs has been transferred to Europe. Brown has reported back to New York City.

Brown, beaming with self-satisfaction over the way in which he had scooped his rival, Briggs, on the crash of the ill-fated dirigible, breezed into the New York office of the United Press. As he passed down the long main newsroom, he waved greetings to other correspondents, editors and sub-editors. Men halted him, but he didn't pause. This was his hour of triumph, and he was going to make the most of it.



MICHAEL (Oswald Stevens)

At the end of the room was the office of Frank Hardwick, the brusque news manager who had sent Brown by plane to Canada. Brown dashed into the office, a wide grin on his face. He began immediately to sing his own praises. Hardwick paid no attention to this "sales talk" other than to grunt a taciturn greeting. The canny man pretended to be preoccupied with the study of an assignment sheet.

Then he laid aside the assignment sheet and with a carefully studied gesture picked up a dispatch and began reading it. He theatrically revealed his great interest in the news which it contained. Brown forgot about yesterday's triumph, lifted his eyebrows with curiosity, walked around Hardwick's desk and began reading over his shoulder.

The item revealed that Archduke Ferdinand, aged and venerable member of Europe's oldest royal family, had narrowly escaped death when an elevator in which he had been riding had plunged 17 floors before safety devices had taken hold.

"It happened right here in New York!" exclaimed Hardwick. "It looks as if there might be a great story there—if a man was clever enough to get beneath the surface."

"I can't see why you'd work up a temperature over that," said Brown.

"Modern elevators don't have such accidents, young man," suggested his employer.

"Who is this Ferdinand guy?"

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Brown demanded, his inquiring mind beginning to function. "Well, he's 80 years old. He's been visiting in New York two weeks. Hasn't broken into the news since he was exiled in 1918. Leaving on the Berengaria tonight," Hardwick replied.

Brown's interest lessened. He yawned.

"Well, Hardwick," he said, "inasmuch as I'm neither an archduke nor 80 years old, I'm going to keep a date with the sweetest little girl—"

The teletype started tapping out a news item. Brown, alert again, leaned over and began reading from behind his boss' back once more. The printer typed: "NEW YORK CITY, MAY 19.—(UNITED PRESS)—ARCHDUKE FERDINAND HAD ANOTHER NARROW ESCAPE FROM SERIOUS INJURY TONIGHT IN AN AUTO CRASH.

"THE AUTOMOBILE IN WHICH HE WAS RIDING WAS CROWDED INTO AN ELEVATOR LIFTED BY A TRUCK WHOSE DRIVER PROCEEDED WITHOUT OFFERING ASSISTANCE."

Hardwick looked over his shoulder at his correspondent. "Looks like a bad night for archdukes," he said. "Hop a cab and go down to the pier. See him on the Berengaria before he sails.

Brown bristled: "Say—wait a minute. Why Eskimos to archdukes in 24 hours? I've got a date with the most charming young lady—"

"She's not my girl," he decided. "I wait an interview."

Brown hesitated a moment. His news hunger got the best of him. He grabbed a telephone, got Lucile on the wire.

"Hello, honey! I'm just leaving the office. I'll be right there." He turned to Hardwick. "Lovely little thing. She's just discovered that a pinch of salt can be greatly improved by dropping it into a stein of beer. Now—"

Hardwick became irritated by this flow of words: "Listen, Brown—get down to that pier!"

Brown shook his finger under his boss' nose. He harangued: "I date a blonde and you think of a balloon. I date a redhead and you think of an archduke. Some day you'll pay for this, Frank Hardwick!"

He dashed out of the office, leaped into an elevator, and reaching the main floor, ran to the street and hailed a taxicab. He ordered the driver to speed to the steamship pier. Arriving, he sprinted into a telephone booth to call his girl. She was thoroughly angry at his delay in keeping his appointment.

"I'm practically with you, honey," he said apologetically. "Hold everything. Goodbye."

Then he telephoned Hardwick. He was just reporting that he was "all eyes and ears" when another taxicab drove up. There was a terrific explosion. He staggered as the concussion struck him. The glass in the booth was shattered and it rocked. Pieces of taxicab came through the broken pane as he ducked.

"The archduke," reported the correspondent, "has just arrived!"

Hurriedly, he gave Hardwick an eye-witness account of the bombing of the royalist's taxicab.

"They can't kill the old fellow!" he concluded. "He's running up the gangplank like a scared rabbit."

He sighed heavily, thinking his work was done. Now he could—"Run after him!" ordered Hardwick. "Get on that boat and stick to him until you find out who's trying to kill him and why."

Brown was outraged: "Say—that boat's heading for Europe in five minutes!" he protested.

"That's nothing. So are you!" snapped Hardwick, who rang off.

"But I gotta date—" Brown was panic-stricken when he found himself talking to a dead wire.

Anxiously he searched his pockets for another nickel to call Lucile. He had none. He hailed a passerby who paid no attention. In desperation he tried a woman who ignored him. As a last resort he muzzed up his clothes, disarranged his tie and battered his hat. With a hang-dog air, he stepped directly in front of the next man who passed.

"Brother, can you spare a nickel?" he asked plaintively. "Once I built a railroad, and made it run—"

The man, sincerely touched, offered him a dollar. Brown refused it.

"I don't want a dollar!" he shouted, almost wild with desperation. "I want a nickel—a nickel—"

The Samaritan, thinking himself about to be attacked by a maniac, gave it to him and retreated swiftly. Brown dashed into the telephone booth, called his girl again. The steamship whistle began blowing insistently. He finally got the connection.

The girl was furious. She told him just how she felt and just what she thought of him.

"Forgive me, honey!" he gasped weakly, when at last he got a chance to say something. "Listen, babe—will you excuse me for about three weeks? Yes, sure, honey, I'm coming up—"

There was a final blast of warning from the deep-throated whistle. "up by the way of Switzerland!" he concluded.

He slammed up the receiver before she had time to get in the last word and reed for the liner's gangplank.

He made it by inches.

Six days later Brown arrived in Paris. He went directly to the bustling United Press bureau there. This was one of the organization's main news clearance points. It was alive with messengers, editors,

translators and staff men, all working under George Marshall, a business-like executive in his early thirties.

He announced himself to Marshall, who greeted him cordially. Marshall immediately put in a trans-Atlantic call for Hardwick at the New York offices. When the connection was established he gave the instrument to Brown, declaring that Hardwick wanted to talk to the correspondent.

Brown suggested to Hardwick that he call Lucile and explain that he'd be a little late for his engagement with her, but Hardwick chose to ignore the remark. Instead, he told Brown to stop his clowning and settle down to the business of finding out why there had been so many attempts on Archduke Ferdinand's life.

"As soon as you've found out about that," he said, "you'll have a real story!"

He hung up.

Brown asked Marshall if he had anyone on the staff who knew anything about the personal habits of aged archdukes who went around dodging bombs and trying to stay out of traffic accidents. Marshall said he did, and sent for Paul LeGendre, Marshall explained that LeGendre was an authority on royalty, such as it was, still existing in Europe.

In response to Brown's questions, he said that Ferdinand had returned to Europe to participate in a reunion of his family at his birthday dinner.

"All of the family is gathering at the old Hotel Europa at Vichy," LeGendre concluded.

Brown leaped to his feet, headed for the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Marshall, surprised at this sudden move.

"To Vichy!" Brown called back over his shoulder.

(To Be Continued)

Harbor City To Get Flood Relief

Relief from flood waters for residents of Harbor City is in prospect today, with a survey under way by the county surveyor's office. It is proposed that application be made to the State Emergency Relief Administration for funds with which to make the installation.

The proposal as tentatively outlined would provide for the installation of one major conduit. The waters to be taken care of flow down to the Harbor City section from the Palos Verdes Hills to the south, according to surveyors.

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