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Good Evening, Everybody!

Here goes my voice spinning through the air much like I've been spinning bodily through the air this afternoon. I landed from a sky voyage a little while ago. In fact I can still hear the roar of the motor in my ears. Because we came like the wind. It took me just 2 hours and 40 minutes to dart across the map from Buffalo to New York.

I had to stay in Chicago until late Sunday evening. Which meant that I must take a plane in order to get to New York to be in time to tell you the news tonight.

While one of my assistants
stayed over night in Chicago and then
boarded one of the big planes of the
National Air Transport today---! went
by train to Buffalo and came on through
in a high speed plane. My old friend,
Casey Jones, flew up to Buffalo for me.
Casey, as you probably know, is one of
the best known fliers in this or any
other country. He also is vice-president
of the Curtiss Wright Flying

Service.

Along with us was Norman Potter, recently a high school boy of Glenridge, New Jersey, and now an aviator in his own right. He was assistant pilot to Casey.

Well, Casey Jones is one of those rollicking men of the air who are becoming as much a type as the old-time rollicking man of the sea. He's full of jolly stories larded in with tales of thrilling adventure. But Casey was talking about something plain and matter-of-fact as we flew along, I sitting right behind him. Shouting over the roar of the momentor, he pointed out how much gas we would use on the flight from Buffalo to New York in our 240 horse-power Wright, going along at 140 miles per hour. It takes a good deal of gas to fly a big ship like that.

But it was different, added Casey, with that little flivver plane in which he's been flying around the country.

That's the plane about which a good dead

has been written in the newspapers of late. It flies on what seems a minimum of fuel. Casey flew that Junior plane from St. Louis to New York via Pittsburgh, a 1050 mile trip, in 15 hours; and the gas and oil he used was just \$7.20 worth. And that's travelling cheap. In fact a lot cheaper than walking.

Well, it was a glorious sky trip from Buffalo to New
York today. We began with a tremendous view of one of the
greatest phenomena of nature, and ended with an equally striking
view of one of the greatest phenomena that man has created. When
we took off from Buffalo we decided to loaf for a few minutes so
we circled above Niagara Falls, and saw the breaking of the ice a truly tremendous spectacle from the air.

And at New York, before we landed, we circled over the city right over the great tower of the Empire State Building.

And that was something to see.

Well, that's merely personal, but here's an aviation bit that's really important.

Today a bit of history was made.

Something new was started. For the first time advertisements were placed in passenger airplanes. I learned about this when I arrived back in New York with Casey Jones. I heard about it at the flying field and in more detail when I reached my desk. Here is what happened:-

Planes took off and in the cabin of each was a placard, an advertising card, just as advertising cards are seen above the windows of street cars, subway, elevated, and railroad cars.

Those advertisements in the cabins of airplanes tell sky passengers about -- the sounding board of American opinion. And that sounding board is the Literary Digest. In other words, the Digest made that bit of history today and started the movement of advertising in airplanes.

The advertising cards appeared in the planes of one of the big air lines, the Luddington Lines, the head of which is the well known transatlantic flier,

Amelia Earhart. This air line conducts a flying service between New York. Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. and the planes take off every hour, on the hour.

So the Literary Digest is doing a bit of pioneering, and pointing to the day when every sky commuter will sit and gaze at the advertisements on the walls of an airplane, just as we gaze at the car cards on our way to work by subway, "L", or street car.

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These matters of aviation bring us to an aeronautical problem I saw referred to in a paper today:

When I woke up this morning we were just pulling into Cleveland and I hopped off and picked up a flock of United Press dispatches that were brought down to me. In one of these I read the following question:-

YOUR HAT BLEW OFF AND WENT SAILING DOWN THROUGH SPACE, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

I kept thinking about that all afternoon as I came bowling across the snow-covered hills with Casey. We were up around 4000 feet most of the time and I concluded that if my "iron kelly" zipped off into space I'd just wave it a fond goodbye.

But that isn't what J. V. Neill said. He was flying out near Chicago when he lost his hat. It landed in a back yard.

Neill said it was a good hat, and he just swooped down right after it. He landed in the back yard, jumped out and got his hat, and then calmly soared up into the sky again.

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Tonight's the big night in the all was, cheered by/enthusiastic crowd. School children serenaded him with songs, and the streets were decorated with president.

However, according to the Associated Press, some few Porto Ricans were not so happy, and they expressed their disgruntled feelings by hissing.

However, there were a funded times cheers than hisses, and the shouts of bravo carried the day.

Yesterday the President talked by radio with his family at Asheville, North Carolina. Down in tropical Porto Rico the President must have had a bit of a thrill when he heard his

little granddaughter, Peggy Ann, pipe in her childish voice across fourteen hundred miles of space, and say:

GRANDDADDY, **** IT'S SNOWING HERE.

of the presidential voyage is that the chief executive did not take a top hat along with him. He likes informality and does not intend to impede this present voyage with a lot of stiff ceremony. And so, as the United Press informs us, the West Indians won't have a the function of the United States in a plug hat, a noble topper.

President Hoover will remain in Porto Rico until tomorrow, and then will set sail for the Virgin Islands.

Here is a paragraph, brief and clear, out of the statement issued by the Federal Farm Board. That statement announced that the government was going to get out of the wheat business.

The Farm Board has been pegging up the price of wheat by buying grain at from twenty to thirty-five per cent above normal, world prices. But that's going to stop now.

The explanation is given in that paragraph, which, according to the United Press, reads as follows:

OWN INTERESTS. That's the paragraph That's what the Farm Board thinks, and it only remains to see what the farmers will think.

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Another one of the few remaining survivors of the Civil
War has gone. The child bride of the Confederacy has died.
She was Mrs. LaSalle Corbett Pickett, widow of the famous General
Pickett who led the magnificent and forlorn charge at Gettysburg -

The child bride of the Confederacy was a mere girl when she married the fiery cavalier of Lee's army, General Pickett.

He survived the desperate charge which he led against the Union line. He died in 1875, and after that, according to the International News Service, the former child bride devoted herself to immortalizing in speeches and in writing the charge of Pickett's division at Gettysburg.



The incident I'm going to tell about next came as the climax of a stretch of hard luck. reception committee at Brooklyn Navy Yard was waiting for the arrival of Sir Hubert Wilkins and the Nautilus, the submarine in which Captain Wilkins intends to navigate under the ice to the North Pole. The reception committee was headed by the grandson of Jules verne, author of the famous tale 11 "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea". 12 in which the exploits of the imaginary 13 submarine, the original Nautilus, were described.

But Sir Hubert, in his modern

Nautilus, didn't get to the reception.

A tragical mishap had occurred. William

Grimmer, the quartermaster of the North

Pole going submarine, was on deck, when a

lurch of the undersea craft threw him

overboard. He was in heavy nautical

clothing, which prevented him from

swimming. He sank before he could be

rescued.

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The New York World-Telegram reminds 2 us that the bad luck of the Nautilus began on March 15th, when the undersea 4 craft left the shipyards at Camden. A 5 heavy snow storm forced her to put in at 6 the navy yard at Philadelphia, and that 7 caused a delay. After she'd got under 8 way she was refueling at Marcus Hook and 9 an anchor chain parted. It was recovered 10 after hours of grappling.

And now the Nautilus has lost her 12 quartermaster as the tragical climax of 13 a hard luck series.

Sir Hubert Wilking, however, has met hand luck before. He has fonglit it ever since childhood — and he has never let it beat him. 17

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Here's a bit of good news. It comes in a report issued by the Federal Reserve Board, for February.

This report tells of the number of banks that have re-opened, -- in other words banks that are back on their feet after having had a touch of hard times.

According to the Associated Press it shows that the number of bank re-openings is increasing while the number of bank failures is going down and that's one good prosperity note.

There's one kind of news that I often find difficult to understand. In fact, it sometimes gives me a headache. I mean financial news, reports about money conditions. I suppose I haven't been familiar enough with large amounts of currency to have my mind enlightened on financial matters.

I have just encountered about an idle billion, that is a billion dollars that aren't doing anything. Bertram Moody a banker of Amherst, Massachusetts, informs us that the corporations of the United States have all that money lying around, and they don't know what to do with it.

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An interesting story telling all about it appears in this week's Literary Digest, the March 21st number.

A few loud voices were raised over in Germany today. They say they won't listen to any protest. That is, if the other fellows do any protesting it will all be in vain.

It's about that economic union of Germany and Austria which has been under discussion for the past few years, and which seems about to become a reality now.

Germany and Austria have announced that they will enter a customs union, that is, they will favor each other in the way of tariffs. They won't impose the same high duties on each other's goods that they impose upon merchandise of other nations.

According to the International News Service a high German official declared today that any protests which Germany received would be ignored. They would simply be returned without answer. If, after that, the former enemies of Germany continue to complain, why the Germans will then insist that the matter shall be taken before an international tribunal and be decided on an impartial basis.

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Over in Spain/for the next few weeks the people are going to be plenty interested in newspapers and magazines.

Prime Minister Aznar of Spain has issued a decree which is short and to the point. It announces complete freedom of the press. For seven years Spain 8 has had a censorship of all printed matter -- and now that's off.

According to the International News Service, people are expecting a flood of violent, satirical, stinging literature directed against the government and the king. They're wondering how the government and the king will like that.

Not only has freedom of the press been decreed, but complete constitutional government also. There will be an election to decide whether Spain is to become a republic or remain a monarchy. And that election is sure to be hot and 23 heavy, also wild and wooly. Rotter even than the spectacular municipal election they are going to have out in Chicago 2 weeks

Eig Bill Thompson.

On the train last night I ran across the well-known hard liner -- no, not headliner, hard liner -- Ogden Nash, the author of a book called "Hard Lines", which consists of hard-boiled poems. In fact Ogden Nash used to be my literary advisor before he turned poet.

He's discovered a new way to murder the king's English.

He just takes our native tongue and punches it in the eye, uppercuts it in the solar plexusm and finally wrecks it completely.

The crime is usually accomplished in the way he makes rhymes, or rather the way he tortures words in fitting them together as cock-eyed rhymes.

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Well, in the smoking car Ogden scribbled a couple of lines on a sheet of paper and handed them to me. Here's the way they read:

Is Lowell Thomas
The cat's pajamas?

No, Ogden, no--not at all. I'm just a hard-working fellow who's a bit dizzier than usual tonight as a result of jumping across three states in less than three hours. And as for pajames, I'm not thinking of the cat's pajamas but of my own.

I'm going to crawl into them as soon as I can, and tear off a few yards of heavy sleep to make up for a few miles of it lost last week in Chicago where folks never seem to sleep.

So goodnight - and, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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Yes, you've guessed it.

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