LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE LITERARY DIGEST FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1931

AUTOGYRO

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

There was an accident to a windmill today -- I mean one of those windmill planes. Amelia Earhart was flying in her autogyro, and the bus cracked up.

Miss Earhart, who already has made the first transcontinental flight in an autogyro, was doing some more of her
cross-country flying. She took off from the aviation field at
Abilene, Texas. The autogyro hopped into the air neatly enough.
But as it went skimming along, Miss Earhart evidently couldn't
get it to climb.

The contraption nicked the top of a landing field lamp post and headed straight for the automobile parking space. The famous woman flier tried desperately to maneuver it out of the way, but, a moment later the crash came.

The tail of the windmill plane slapped into two cars.

Then the machine hit the ground with a resounding crash, and was badly damaged. But, as the International News Service informs us,

Miss Earhart climbed out of the wreckage smiling that infectious

charming smile of hers and in no way seriously injured.

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And that was a lucky break.

The old theme of swords beaten into plow-shares or of the Hoyal war horse which in his old days was put to work pulling a laundry wagon -- well, that melancholy story is repeated tonight in the case of an airplane that has been turned into a hot-dog stand.

Only two years ago a giant transport plane which could carry 25 passengers was built at a cost of about 100 thousand dollars.

The company that manufactured it was forced to sell its properties at public auction. The big plane went for a song.

And now once more it has been sold, this time for only 500 m dollars. The New York Sun tells us that the Majestic transport plane which was intended to wing its way through the sky, will now be used as a hot-dog stand.

The man who bought it thinks that a big airplane standing at the road-side will attract the people passing in cars and will make an ideal hot-dog stand.

Thougand dollar transport plane that has been transformed

home for hat do

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I've some new light on those ugly scandals that are coming through from President Hoover's summer camp at Rapidan.

The morning papers carried a few earlier rumors about a lot of disgraceful happenings among the group of distinguished statesmen that are attending the President of the United States.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Jannoke has preferred charges against Hugh Gibson, the American Ambassador to Belgium, who is visiting President Hoover.

The Assistant Secretary of the Navy accuses the Ambassador of having gone fishing in that pool of pet trout and of having caught Toby, the favorite Presidential fish. Toby was a large, over-fed trout that was the special pet of the President's five-year-old granddaughter, Peggy Ann.

The International News Service, in

reporting the story, declares that a friend of the President recognized Toby as the fish was just about to be put into Ambassador Gibson's frying pan.

But the latest word is that this is not the first scandal of the sort at the President's Rapidan camp. Last week, Representative Will R. Wood, Republican of Indiana, visited the President. Mr. Wood has quite a reputation as a fisherman. He got his eye on that ornamental pool in which the pet Presidential trout are kept.

These fish are really of superior size and quality. They're fed by the Presidential help and are given the leavings from the Presidential table. In consequence, they're large and fat, and hang around the surface of the water waiting for some more to eat.

Representative Wood got himself a rod and line, and a fish hook--also a worm. And he proceeded to do some very successful fishing. The pet

Presidential trout were accustomed to have somebody come along and throw them something good to eat, to them, and they didn't make any difficulties at all.

Representative Woods, however, made the mistake of showing his prize catch to the President. He expected to get the praise which every good fisherman desires. But, unfortunately, the President instantly recognized the fish as some of his choisest domestic trout. So all the praise that the Republican from Indiana got from the Chief Executive of the United States was a grow! something like this:

"Huh," grunted the President, "you better keep out of my aquarium." after this."

statesmen at the Presidential camp just can't keep their fish hooks out of the mm pool full of tame fish. Yes, that's a terrific temptation to put in front of

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and Now comes the strange story of a 54-year-old bookkeeper who dreamed a dream -- and it was a bad dream. At Gary, Indiana, Ferdinand Daum has been arrested. And mostly for a dream. He has been dreaming of a life of crime.

He was a bookkeeper who day after day sat over his ledgers and pushed his pen, living a grey, quiet life. But curious visions were fermenting in his brain. He dreamed of himself as a master-mind of crime, as one of those nefarious evil geniuses who plan and direct the operations of armies of 15 - crooks.

The United Press tells us that this middle-aged clerk started in to turn his evil dreams into evil realities. He got hold of two young men and persuaded them to become his followers. He outlined grandiose schemes of crime. He explained m his plans to flood the brokers' offices of the country with a shower of forged stock certificates. He had a grand idea of a giant counterfeiting ring.

Kidnapping too was a part of his criminal vision. He wanted to establish a whole chain of kidnapping gangs.

In his wild dreaming he went even so far as to think up a gigantic plot for demoralizing the stock market and causing another panic.

The middle-aged bookkeeper **ent

further. He sent one of his young

disciples to consult a Chicago engraver

on the subject of getting dies for

making counterfeitin money. He bade

his other disciple to go to a prominent

packing magnate and demand 4,000 dollars

by way of extortion.

And he also primed both of his followers for a plan to kidnap another rich packer.

Here was where the would-be mastermind went wrong. He really wasn't meant
for crime at all. He was merely
innocent. One of his disciples was a
more cunning fox than he. The young
man went to the packer who was to be

kidnapped and offered to expose the plot -- in return for some money. Well, they were all much too smart. The packer moved fast, and all three landed in jail.

The police found an arsenal of weapons in the possession of the middle aged bookkeeper. They asked him what he wanted with all the fire-arms, and he replied simply that somedya he thought he might take up a life of crime.

Well, the middle-aged dreamer seems not to have carried any of his crimes much beyond the stage of fantasy. He merely had a wicked vision, and that vision turned into the sour reality of a dreary, cheerless cell in a jail.

And how's that for a marvelous plot for a short story.

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What I need now is a tone of deep humility. The truth is that I can't tell the difference between the new golf-ball and the old golf-ball. The new one acts just as badly for me as the old one did.

And so I'm a sort of innocent by stander in thet controversy which is raging among golfers, some men singing the praises of the new ball and others howling in furious protest.

This week's Literary Digest tells us the odd fact that in some places they're bootlegging golf-balls. The United States Golf Association has ordered that only the new ball be used. But some of the indignant golfers are buying the old balls and sneaking them into play.

The new golf-ball is slightly bigger and also slightly lighter than the old one. And it happen appears that the golfers can't drive it so far. And if there's anything that most men on the links love--it's distance.

The Digest quotes George P.
Hammond, writing in the New York Sun,
who declares that while the new ball
may be O.K. with the expert professionals,
why it handicaps the average dub golfer.
And naturally old John Q. Dub is
mighty sore.

The Digest gives us a few opinions of Paul Gallico, who writes in the New York Daily News. Paul tells us that he was and at a golf course recently where there was a painful chorus of complaint.

"They were blaming the new ball for the depression, for the weather, for their troubles, for the bottom falling out of the market."

"She won't putt," they squawked.

"She won't drive. She won't come out

of traps. She won't hold a line. She
flies away in the wind."

"The new ball did everything but bite them on the leg."

But there are a few golfers at least who approve of the new ball.

Paul Gallico says he rather likes it. He declares that the somewhat larger and somewhat lighter sphere behaves pretty much the same as the old one.

"Hit her and she'll go. Slice her and she'll slice. Hit a good shot and it's good. Dub it and you get what you deserve."

But just the same, the new ball does provide Mr. John Q. Dub with a beautiful alibi when he hits a bad one. He doesn't have to blame himself any more. He can just blame the new ball.

I ran across a news dispatch this afternoon which contained what I consider a priceless bit of description.

The story concerns the marital wars of a man who is 68 years old, and also is blind. His wife is ten years younger.

The aged blind man sued for a divorce, and the priceless bit of description comes in an International News Service report which tells us of the complaint that the blind man made against his wife. He declared that his wife "blacked his sightless eyes while he was kneeling in prayer".

That's all forgotten. The couple made up. The blind man forgave his wife when she returned to him his box of liver pills.

government.

The London correspondent of the New York Evening Post cables this afternoon that he has learned that the present crisis in the British Parliamentary affairs is nothing more than a clever scheme to get rid of one of the present members of the

The Labor party is in power only because it is supported by the Liberal party. And at present the Labor and Liberal parties are having an argument about the Labor project of taking from the British landowners a certain percentage of the value of their land as taxes. The Laborites say the percentage should be taken from the value of all land. The Liberals think that only unused land should be taxed in this manner.

But the story now is that this is only a sham battle. And the real idea is to bring about a crisis which will force out the Labor minister responsible for the proposal.

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He is Phillip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer. And they say he has made enemies both in his own party and in the Liberal party by the cold and methodical way with which he insists on logic and good sense.

They say that the austere socialist Snow den is proud of having a reputation in financial circles as being a sound financier.

And so, according to the report, both parties want to get rid of him in a nice, gentle way. And they're trying to create a situation where either he'll stick to his guns and see the Labor party thrown out of power, or he'll resign, or he'll accept the Liberal party's ideas.

of course, they hope that he'll resign. They're banking on him not to accept the Liberal party's means notions because one of Snowden's chief characteristics is stubbornness.

The whole story has an air of conflicted composited round-about and round management may political intrigue.



My News Item of the Day was picked for me by one of the most interesting little ladies in this old world of ours. She is a Chinese princess—Princess Der Ling.

Well, I can't begin to tell you the amount of exotic Officental romance that this little lady represents. She is of an ancient family of the Manchus, the conquering, ruling class that governed China for centuries.

Her father was a great dignitary under the old Manchu regime that preceded the Chinese republic. He was Chinese Ambassador to Washington, to the Court of St. James, to Paris, He was one of the most distinguished diplomats of his time.

And his daughter, Princess Der Ling, **Land Manchu when a little Manchu princess, was a lady in waiting to the famous Empress Dowager, that extraordinary woman whom they called "Old Buddha", and who ruled China as long as she lived.

Princess Der Ling was reared in the bizarre, curious
life of the old Chinese imperial court -- in a regime of haughty
Manchu nobles, learned silken mandarins, and that formidable
woman, "Old Buddha" herself.

Well, as I remarked, I had Princess Der Ling pick my
News Item of the Day and here is the bit of news that she
cinsiders the most interesting item in the tidings of the day.

It's a dispatch that concerns bandits and a missionary.

Months ago, reports the United Press, the Reverend Bert Nelson, a missionary of Indianapolis who has been laboring in China, was captured by bandits. They demanded a ransom.

The ransom has been paid, but the bandits have decided to hold the missionary so that he can teach them English. The American Consul at Hangkow has received a letter from the Reverend Mr. Nelson in which he says "THEY HAVE DECIDED TO KEEP ME HERE AS AN ENGLISH TEACHER."

Meanwhile, the bandits having received the ransom in money, are making new demands. They say that before they release the missionary they must have 360,000 feet of telephone wire, some medicien, a few airplanes, printing presses, pianos and pipe organs. They also request a lot of tennis racquets, basket balls, golf clubs and other sporting equipment. The assumption is that these peculiar bandits have an idea of giving up their wicked ways, and are taking up music and sports. And that wouldn't be a bad thing at all.

On the other hand, the belief is that they are making their demands so complicated merely for the purpose of having more excuse for keeping the missionary with them -- as an English teacher.

In addition to picking the News Item of the Day

Princess Der Ling told me how to big you goodnight in the

stately Manchu dialect of old China. She has translated it for

me literally. Here it is:- Until the morrow may the golden

butterfly sit on your ear and feed you honey and may you have

happiness and prosperity. And,

So LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.