Good Evening, Everybody: Another big flight got under way today. Two Texas aviators, Reginald L. Robbins and H. S. Jones, hopped off from Seattle this afternoon. Fonight they are heading across the Pacific ocean. The Associated Press tells us that they intend to make a nonstop flight to Japan. There's a nice slice of money waiting for them if they make it. A pot of Toyko newspaper has put up 25,000 dollars for a non-stopper from the U.S.A. to the flowery kingdom.

The latest word from the two adventurers was that they had been sighted flying over British Columbia. The International News Service tells us that the people of the town of Clinton in British Columbia got a glimpse of the transPacific airplane as it went speeding through the sky.

Meanwhile, those two round-the-world flyers, Post and Gatty, are off on another long flight. This time it's to be a sky voyage around the United States. They hopped off this afternoon for Oklahoma, but that's merely for a short
visit back home. After a brief stay in the old home town,
Post and Gatty will head back to New York, and then will come
a long series of flights in which they will visit airports all over the United States.

Their swing around the circuit will begin next wek
and will last for 6 weeks. They will head North from New York
to New England, and after visiting the New Bngland airports
they'll turn West, dropping in on the principal flying fields
all the Way across to the Pacific coast. Then they are expected
to complete the circle by return trip, swinging down across the

Southern states.

The Intemational Kews Service gives us the detail that
plans for that swing-around-the-circuit-flight are only 24 hours 01d, but already cities too numerous to mention have invited the round-the-world flyers to pay them a visit.

A report came in tonight that Mrs. Post and Mrs. Gatty

Were shaken up considerably when they landed at Columbus, Ohio.

They were flying in a plane that had been loaned to them and when they came down the left wheel buckled, threw the plane over on one side and smashed the wing. But tonight the two ladies are still planning on flying on to Oklahoma.

Now comes the old and familiar word---racket, but this time it doesn't concern one of our big American cities. They say that a big racketeering ring is performing its evil works down in Mexico, in the region of the Tampico Oil fields.

The crooks are said to be headed by high army officials and operators in the oil fields. They are shaking down everybody in sight, stealing millions.

The Associated Press gives us a melodramatic slogan which has been adopted by the racketeers. That slogan is "Silence_or_Death".

The situation has become so bad that the War Department at Mexico City has intervened and has ordered the military authorities to investigate the activities of the oil field racket and these activities are described as a "Reign of Terror".

This afternoon they had a bit of a show over in England in the jolly old House of Commons. Several M.P.'s didn't seem to be happy where they were sitting. They got up and stalked over to the other side of the house and sat down. As they did so there were loud cheers, mocking, ironic cheers from the members of the Labor party. For the last year or so we have been hearing quite a bit about a highly aristocratic titled gentleman of England and his equally ar istocratic and titled wife. They have been cutting a bit of political high-jinks over in dear old London. They are Sir Oswald Mosley and Lady Cynthia Mosley, both of the tophlof ene social elect, don't you know.

The Associated Press reminds us that Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia have been known as the millionaire Socialists. They come from exceedingly aloof and conservative British families. But they took to newfangled politicals ways and

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became Red radical socialists. They joined the Labor Party and were given high rank. Sir Oswald even became a member of the Labor Government. But, even the Labor Party which is quite socialistic in England, was n't radical enough to suit sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia. They came around to the opinion that the Labor Party was a stodgy old stick-in-the-mud sort of affair. They had a lively
disagreement with the leaders are now governing Great britain, and they went out campaigning on a political platform of their own.

Well, the final break seems to have come to day. Sir Oswa! Ma nd Lady Cynthia had their usual seats among the Labor members. Then created a sensation by getting up and walking over to the Conservative side of the House, where He sat down on one of the conservative benches. And maybe he felt at home there, because he used to be a Conservative M. P. before he became a

Red Radical.

And then Lady Cynthia daughter of Lord Curgon, arose with the stately grace of a duchess and joined oswald on the Soncervative side of the House. Several of their followers did likewise amid hoots.

But, it doesn't follow that Sir Oswald and Lady

Cynthia have changed their political allegiance once more and gone back to the Conservatives. The-Jnited-Fpeee-expiains that hey merely have joined the Conservatives as members of the opposition to the Labor Government.

But you cant tell. Maybe the red radicalism of the two titled aristocrats is cooling of r and they may yet turn out to be hard-shelled Tories. Anyway, it's an amusing comedy which
is causing plenty of buzzing all the way from the drawing rooms of Mayfair and Chelsea to the slums and pubs of Limehouse.

I'm all hot up this evening on the subject of golf. A whole gang of us got together at the Literary Uigest offices this afternoon and had a regular fanning bee.

Most of us are just plain duffers, but a couple of those Literary Digest editors play quite a passable game. But duffers or good players--most of the boys thought themselves quite expert on the fighting subject of that new golf ball.

Well, it doesn't matter a great deal what kind of arguments we sent scaling into the summer breezes. The interesting thing was that the poetry editor, to prove a point of his, reached out and placed a horny hand on an advance copy of the new Literary uigest, which comes out tomorrow. He thumbed the pages ferociously and then read off a few figures. As you'll see when you get your copy tomorrow, the new Literary digest carries a sprightly article on the subj of the new golf ball.

We are told by way of preamble ab

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a test match between 4 crack golf professionals. They used both the new ball and the old ball, an experiment to see which one worked best. Hary U. Nash, of the New York Evening Post, kept an analytical score, and the results showed that there wasn't any appreciable difference.

And that bears out what has often been said, that so far as the topnotchers go, it doesn't matter to those sharks whether they use the new ball or the old--they handle one as well as the other.

But it's a solemn and unfortunate fact that the vast majority of golfers in this great country of ours are not sharks at all. They're just plain fish. In fact, I'll bet there are about a million golfers who cant play any better than I can--and that's--well--the less said the better. And the claim is loud made that while the new ball may work just as well as the old so far as the crack golfer is concerned, why, that same
new ball is a distinct handicap to old John Q. Duffer.

The Newspaper Enterprise Association has been conducting a nationwide poll among golf players. Returns have begun to come $i n$, and they show pretty emphatically how the majority of golfers feel. Here are some figures:New York City FOR the new ball - 1.856 AGAINST " " - 5,326 | Wichita, Kan. FOR the new ball - $\quad 82$ |
| :--- |
| AGAINST |
| 704 |

Pittsburgh
FOR the new ball
St. Louis
FOR the new ball AGAINST Knoxville, Tenn FOR the new ball5
62

And so on for a TOTAL of 2,163 FOR the new ball and 6,403 AGAINST that new ball.

However, a few things did turn up in that discussion about which we all could agree. One chap started to talk about the huge popularity of golf and how it's increasing in favor all the time.

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Everybody knows that, of course. And somebody else remarked that the average golfer is playing a much better game than he used to. And people are taking to golf more and more beau se they find they are playing a better game.

The concensus of opinion was that the average golfer has been helped tremendously during the last few years by the improvements in golf sticks.

For example, take the matched sets which you folks are using nowadays and compare them with the clubs we carried around half a dozen years ago. Remember how they were all of a different length. and a different balance? But nowadays all you have to do is to get out the clubs of your new matched set--the driver. mashie niblick, putter, spoon, brassie-and take a swing with each one and see how the balance of those modern clubs is the same.

No wonder the average golfer's game is better.

Then after the crowd of us got

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1 that hurrah off our chests, why, one bird turned up with a really snappy idea. Me said it was largely a matter of shoos. or canal boats, or brogans. He pointed out that the human feet had two functions in golf. not including the function of kicking yourself for dubbing a stroke. Your feet carry you around the length of the golf course, and that length certainly seems to grow considerably when your growling dogs are tired and aching.

And, secondly, we all know that balance is the important thing in shooting a good game of golf-and balance begins with the feet. If you haven't got your brogans planted firmly, if not elegantly, why, then your balance is well, about the same as my bank balance.

But. take the now and modern type of golfing shoe. It's made to be comfortable. Those shoes are made to take you around the course without getting your lumbering canal boats covered with burnaches. I should say

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that a pair of aching feet were a big handicap for getting the proper stance and balance for a good golf swing． Well，having reeled off all those things which the manufacturers of up－to－ date golfing equipment have done to improve our geme．the only thing that remains is for us to go out there and cut 5 or 6 strokes off our score． at San Diego, California, and ever sincethen San Diego authorities have been making efforts to get mim the killer.

The United Press informs us that the San Diego sheriff flooded the country with copies of the criminal's fingerprints, but still he was never caught -- and no wonder.

It has just been discovered that man those fingerprints really belong, not to the criminal, but to the head of the San Diego fingerprint bureau.

The criminal while committing the crime had left fingerprints on a screen, but the head of the fingerprint bureau in handling the screen left some of his fingerprints on it too. A slight mistake was made. The fingerprints that were photographed and sent all over the United States were the wrong ones. They

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were marks left by the fingers of the head of the fingerprint bureau.

And there's one grand piece of detective work that certainly did go wrong.
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RUSSIA

All over the United States, in fact pretty much all over the world, you will find individuals or groups of Russian exiles, members of the upper and middle classes of the old Russian Empire. The triumph of the Communists drove them out of their native land, and one of the great tragedies of the after war period was to le found in those same Russian exiles, yearning for home, penniless in foreign parts.

A former General of the Czar's army might be found wang waiter in New York. A princess of one of the most ancient families of Russia might be a dancing girl in Paris. A brilliant Russian engineer might be a chauffeur in constantinople or valet to a rich Chinaman in Shanghai. Well, right now these
melancholy scattered Russians are
 station feverish 1 told last night how Stalin, the Red dictator of Russia, had offered the proverbial olive branch to Russian technicians of the old regime. The Soviet author ities,

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in pushing along their five year plan, are now willing to employ the services of engineers and experts, members of the intellectual classes that are opposed to communism.

And so naturally thousands of Russian exiles all over the world have seen a sudden light - the possibility of returning to the ir native lands What are they going to do about it?

Well, in today's New York Evening Post there is an interview with one of the leaders of the exiled Russians in New York. He is George Djamgar'off, formerly an in the Russian Army. He declares that the Soviet Government has made overtures to Russian engineers, who are in the United States. He states that the ked dictator has promised these Russians employment and safety, has assured them that they will get money, and that they will be allowed to leave Russia whenever they please.

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But the former Russian military man tells us that the exiled Russian eng ineers have refused. They won't take a chance on the good will of the bolsheviks and go back to the land of the Volga and the Don.

He adds that there io one particular exile that the Soviets would like to get back. This man is Boublikoff, a railroad expert, who/发息 minister of transportation under the Kerensky Government.

The Russian railways are said to be in a bad way, and if there is any man who can straighten out the tangle why, that man is Boublikoff, the former Minister of Transportation.

Djamgaroff goes on to inform us of what he considers the reason that the Red dictator wants to obtain the services of the non-Communist Russian technicians. "The employment of foreign, especially American, engineers in Russia has not been al together successful," he declares.

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"The foreign experts have been handicapped by an ignorance of
the Russian language and of the ways of the people. Their
work has also been hindered by all the Socialist theories with
which they have had to contend."
    Aild so we are told Stailn realizes that he cannot
put through that five year plan without the help of the Russian
technical experts who do not believe in Communism.
    At any rate, these statements represent the viewpoint
of anti-Bolshevik Russians in the United States.
    sut the exiles are yearning to go home. Thousands
of them are singing Home Sweet Home in Russian; and I'm humming
that same tune myself as I say,
    SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.
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