

Lowell Thomas - Oct. 20th '32

CHICKENS

Who was the aviator who flew low over the chicken coop of John Dorman near Vineland, New Jersey, last Sunday?

Mr. John Dorman who is a poultry farmer is ~~very~~<sup>mighty</sup> anxious to know. In fact, he wants the police to arrest the aviator.

Mr. Dorman says his hens were so frightened by the ~~noise~~<sup>roar of the motor</sup> that they've stopped laying eggs. All they do is cackle with wild alarm.

Farmer Dorman insists the time has come to equip chicken coops with anti-aircraft guns.

## WEDDING

All Germany is still agog with that royal wedding at Coburg. Sixty-seven royal<sup>folk</sup>~~ties~~, count 'em, sixty-seven, all in one castle at one time, and that in Republican Germany.

Well, a dispatch to the Newark News says that Republic or no Republic, there's no doubt <sup>but what</sup> ~~that~~ the German people, <sup>most of them, are getting</sup> ~~populace at large are having~~ a tremendous thrill out of this wedding. The religious part of the <sup>three day</sup> ceremony took place today in the historic Moritz Chapel where Martin Luther once preached. <sup>As</sup> ~~After~~ the royal cavalcade proceeded to the chapel the streets were lined with a multitude of cheering spectators. Nine groomsmen in uniforms so covered with medals that you could hardly see the color of them stood behind the couple, three Prussian princes, three Coburg princes -- princes from all over Europe.

Last night there was a torchlight parade with four thousand people in line. The local mayor, burgomaster as they call him, in those parts, presided. The parade was reviewed by the royal bridal couple.

By the way, the bridegroom's full name and titles are: Gustaf Adolph Oskar Frederick Arthur Edmund, Duke of Vaesterbotten, Lieutenant in the Swedish Guards, and heir presumptive to the throne of Sweden.

KIDNAP

Here's a real life adventure story from the Far East. A dispatch to the Cleveland Press narrates that for six weeks British and Japanese authorities in Southern Manchuria have been kept busy trying to rescue two British subjects, a young woman and a man, both of them employees of the Asiatic Petroleum Company.

Some six weeks ago they were visiting the racetrack ~~at~~ near Yingkow in the company of a friend of theirs, a Scottish doctor. Yingkow is at the mouth of the Lialo River in Southern Manchuria, south of Mukden. The bandits swooped down on the racetrack. The Scottish doctor escaped, but the young man and the young woman were nabbed by the bandits. The doctor <sup>got away,</sup> ~~escaped,~~ so the story runs, in a storm of bullets, and brought the news to the city.

Nothing was heard of the captives until two weeks later. At that time the young woman's father received a message signed by the bandit leader, demanding a ransom of seven hundred <sup>a preposterous sum,</sup> thousand dollars, as well as ammunition, arms, jewelry, opium and

silk. If they didn't get it, said the bandit, <sup>s</sup> they'd ~~be~~ kill the prisoners. Another trade they offered was that they would let their captives go if the Japanese would withdraw from Manchuria. Well, <sup>those</sup> ~~the~~ British prisoners were a long way from rating such a ransom as seven hundred thousand dollars.

But eventually the British and Japanese diplomatic officials managed to argue the bandits down to a more reasonable sum.

This was not achieved until after the young woman had written appealing letters to her friends saying that the robbers had threatened to cut off <sup>her</sup> ~~the prisoners~~ ears. They were fed and well treated, but the <sup>in</sup> surroundings were not <sup>exactly regal,</sup> ~~any too comfortable.~~

At any rate, they saw life, and came back with quite a story to tell.

~~FRXX~~  
PARIS

France has a new idea for settling the war debts  
~~for settling~~ owed to Uncle Sam. So indicates a dispatch to  
the Detroit News. Did I say settling? Well, not exactly, for  
the correct word should be revision of the war debts owed the  
U.S.A.

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Prime Minister Herriot discussed the debt question  
in the Chamber of Deputies today. According to a prominent  
Parisian newspaper the French Prime Minister distinguished between  
commercial and political debts. Meanwhile France will pay the  
installment of twenty million dollars due to Uncle Sam on  
December 15th. *Just pin money. But still 20 million  
is something.*

HELEN

There's an engaging story in the papers today about the strange adventures of an eighteen year old girl from Central America. To be precise, she is *Helena Araujo*, daughter of the former president of the Republic of Salvador.

A dispatch to the Boston Traveler relates that Helena, who was in England last July, stowed away on a sailing ship bound for Spain. *This gay Salvadorian lass,* ~~Helena~~, says the story, was seeking adventure. Apparently she didn't find it in Spain, because she soon left there to go to France, visiting the Riviera and Paris.

(9) According to her own story, she had experiences aplenty during her wanderings. Sometimes she was without money. Frequently she hadn't enough to eat. She went without food sooner than ask for help, although her family in Salvador is quite well to do. Incidentally, her mother ~~is~~ an English woman. Her father was an engineer before he went into politics in Salvador. He's one of the Central American ~~ex~~ ex-presidents who was bounced by a revolution.

Well, today Helena Araujo's run-away escapade ended. Some prominent Salvadorians ran across her in Paris and returned her to the bosom of her worried family.

*I wonder if they use hair-brushes for spanking purposes in Salvador?*

GLASSFORD

Washington, D. C. is excited today because Brigadier General Pelham D. Glassford <sup>has</sup> resigned ~~xxx~~ as superintendent of police <sup>for</sup> ~~of~~ the District of Columbia.

General Glassford is an exceedingly popular man with all classes ~~of~~ in Washington, except, apparently, the Commissioners of the District. ~~of Columbia.~~ There are several interesting paragraphs <sup>that best seller</sup> about him in "More Merry Go Round" which is a sequel to "Washington Merry Go Round", - and how the Washington politicians don't love either of those books - well From More Merry Go Round one learns that in Washington society General Glassford is known as Happy Glassford. He's not merely a chief of police, he's a soldier, a painter, a ~~xxxxxxxx~~ connoisseur, and an exceedingly kindly and charming man. His handling of the Bonus Army occupation last July has been praised all over the country. Commissioners of the District, however, <sup>complained</sup> ~~charge~~ that he was too lenient in handling the marchers.

The Commissioners wanted the Bonus boys more freely clubbed.

General Glassford not only avoided the use of the big stick,

he gave freely of his own money when food ran short at the

Anacostia camp. And he even took a brick  
on the chest without much growling.

POLL

(7) The newspapers these days are carrying a good deal of discussion about straw votes. Mark Sullivan, the well known political writer, has an article in the New York Herald Tribune today in which he declares that the women voters are not adequately represented in the polls that are taken.

I dropped in today on my old friends at the Literary Digest and found a busy conference going on. The discussion concerned the Literary Digest Poll.

The editors admitted that one of the most important points in a gigantic nation-wide poll was that of getting adequate lists of women voters. In fact, they were busy devising ways of making sure that the feminine vote was fully represented in the poll.

Another point of discussion was that of the industrial vote. It seems that the great mass of industrial workers always tends to be under-represented in a straw vote. It's hard to get the names of the hundreds of thousands of men and women who work in the factories.

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One interesting <sup>point</sup> ~~fact~~ is that the general vote of the women and the vote of the industrial workers are frequently on opposite sides of the fence and tend to neutralize each other.

(The Digest editors tell me that the ballots in their big presidential poll are piling up, mountains of them.

They showed me a list of the latest city returns, which <sup>demonstrate</sup> ~~show~~ an interesting thing or two. For example, Marion, Ohio, the old home of President Harding, goes for Roosevelt - Hoover 405, and Roosevelt 659.

Then there's Davenport, Iowa, which hits close to President Hoover's birthplace. It also goes for Roosevelt. Hoover 760, Roosevelt 1041.

On the other hand, the New England states continue to show solid Hoover majorities. Danbury, Connecticut, <sup>up my way,</sup> Hoover 457, Roosevelt 319.)

Medford, Massachusetts, gives 435 votes to the President, while 322 go to the Democratic candidate. Rutland, Vermont, is <sup>almost</sup> ~~nearly~~ ~~near~~ a dead heat. Hoover 237, Roosevelt 236.

FIRE

(5) A fire which broke out in Philadelphia ~~had~~ at dawn this morning ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ drove several hundred families into the street at a most uncomfortable hour. The blaze occurred at a macaroni factory. Not only were five firemen seriously injured, but incalculable quantities of potential spaghetti were destroyed. At one time the flame<sup>s</sup> seemed beyond control, and it looked as though the entire area was in danger. Hence the spectacle of hundreds of people on the Philadelphia streets in their night clothes in chilly dawn. Eventually the fire was put under control.

FLY

A news item that I broadcast the other day brought up the question - how high does a fly fly? <sup>and why?</sup> That item seems to have interested an amazing number of correspondents. For instance, here I have a postcard written <sup>from the top</sup> ~~on the~~ top of the Empire State Building, <sup>by someone just above me.</sup> ~~And~~ It says: "To see how high a fly can fly, come to the 103rd floor any time."

Well, <sup>I'm only</sup> ~~my office is~~ on the 83rd floor, but <sup>maybe I'd</sup> ~~curiously~~ <sup>better fly up another 20 floors and investigate this solemn</sup> ~~enough it has been quite a while since I've gone as high as~~ ~~the 102nd.~~ <sup>matter.</sup>

Then here's a letter from a young lady named Marjie Goldsmith of Newark, New Jersey. <sup>Margey</sup> ~~She~~ says: "Are you interested in how high a praying Mantis/fly? <sup>can</sup> Last spring", <sup>adds</sup> ~~says~~ the young Miss Goldsmith, "Mummy and I made a pilgrimage to the top of the Empire State, ~~Building,~~ and there on the edge, just next to the telescope sat a large Mantis looking very passive and self satisfied. And this is not a tall story", she adds.

Then from Providence, Rhode Island, Mr. J. R.

Little writes to me: "If you want to know how high can a fly fly, <sup>what</sup> I would like to know <sup>is</sup> how high can a grasshopper hop."

Last time Mr. Little was in New York he went <sup>to the top of my new</sup> ~~up the Empire State~~ <sup>perch</sup> ~~tower~~ and saw a grasshopper on the railing looking as if he were

going to hop up to the mooring mast. Mr. Little adds that

~~he is not a candidate for the Tall Story Club, and~~ will swear <sup>to the</sup>

<sup>veracity of</sup> ~~to~~ this <sup>fact.</sup> ~~fact.~~ <sup>But</sup> Mr. Little <sup>wants</sup> ~~would also like to have~~ further

information on how high can a grasshopper hop.

FORGER

The New York World Telegram <sup>tonight</sup> ~~today~~ carries <sup>an</sup> ~~another~~

interesting true detective story. For several months Uncle

Sam's Secret Service agents, <sup>ones</sup> ~~those~~ who are most <sup>accused with those</sup> ~~interested in~~

<sup>shifty</sup> artists who put out counterfeit money, have been interested in

a particularly skilful engraver in Providence. Early last

summer they interviewed this gentleman who was known in the

underworld as ~~one of~~ the most ~~exquisite~~ gifted free hand

engraver on the continent. They couldn't pin anything on

him so they let him go. But before they let him go, he left

his visiting card with the chief of the Secret Service.

Within the last few weeks a number of shopkeepers, business men of allkinds, have been taken in by a singularly plausible series of five, ten and twenty dollar bills. It baffled a number of experts, but the chief of the secret service remembered the calling card he had from the Providence gentleman who was such a skilful engraver. He compared the engraving on the calling card with the engraving on the bogus bills. Now

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it so happens that all engravers have individual characteristics which by an expert in the craft, can be easily identified.

The chief of Uncle Sam's secret service boys ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ saw that the engravings on the card and on the bills were identical. So they took another trip to Providence and called on the gifted engraving gentleman who made his home there.

By the time Uncle Sam's officers got through questioning the Providence ~~gentleman~~<sup>engraver</sup>, they had a thirty-two page confession and five prisoners, one of them a woman. Four others are still at large, but Uncle Sam expects to have them in the ~~coop~~<sup>calaboose</sup> before long.

The happy ending of this is that a large flow of bad money amounting to about three million dollars has been stopped up.

And that's an interesting illustration of how some ~~flow~~<sup>flow</sup>

~~coppers~~<sup>slenters</sup> ply their intriguing profession.

## VICE PRESIDENTS

Mr. Eugene Bond of Frankfort, Indiana, writes me that he doesn't believe there is a person in the United States who can name more than five of our vice presidents. He says: "Will you please name all of our vice presidents, as I think it would be most interesting."

Well, let's see now. There was Tippecanoo and Tyler too. I guess that means Mr. Tyler was one of them. And Teddy Roosevelt, and Calvin Coolidge, and -- yes, T.R. and Mr. Coolidge and, and, and, I think I'd better go on to the next item.

## TALL STORY

Well, the whopper tellers of the land are certainly out to win those autographed copies of the book Tall Stories. The Sunoco Contest, glorifying the Great American Whopper, is going full blast. Here is the price winner for tonight.

At Wilson, Pennsylvania, a peculiar phenomenon was observed by Bill McGogney, a notable Tall Story teller of those parts.

"I was riding along with a tank of Blue Sunoco," declares Bill, "when I noticed a peculiar sound coming from the exhaust pipe. I listened closely, and what do you suppose? Every time we passed another car on the road, that old exhaust pipe spoke up and said: 'So Long Until Tomorrow.'"