

I'm thinking tonight that the most ironical name in this country is attached to a little fellow who is one of the world's ~~greatest~~ ^{crack} aviators. Imagine calling Jimmy -- Doolittle, when he does so much. After years of making the sky

a ~~mx~~ playground for his flashing stunts, Jimmy turns up today with a real wonder-flight. [It's dazzling enough to break Eddie Rickenbacker's coast-to-coast record. But Jimmy ^{Doolittle} broke it with a few fancy ~~tricks~~ ^{flourishes}. He broke the record by four minutes

and fifty seconds. Rickenbacker made his record by flying from Los Angeles to the Newark Airport. Jimmy Doolittle did it from Los Angeles to Floyd Bennett field in New York City. That's further east than Newark, eighteen miles farther. On top of that Jimmy flew two hundred and fifty extra miles, as a result of having run into an unexpected and exasperating tragi-comedy of weather.

It ^{was} one of those dinner-and-breakfast flights, dinner last evening in Los Angeles and breakfast this morning in New York. Eleven hours and fifty-nine minutes in the

air. He had Mrs. Doolittle along and Robert Adamson, who

helped him with the wireless. His plane was a Vultee Transport, with Wright Cyclone engines. That's all fine, but what about the weather?

The weather reports were most favorable. Fair weather from the Pacific to the Atlantic, with one slight exception. Jimmy was told he'd run into some clouds in the neighborhood of Burbank, California. And that was correct. He did run into those clouds; climbed through them, and didn't see the ground again until he hit the Atlantic Coast. Across the continent and didn't know it was there. It was one long streak of bad flying weather all the way. He had to fly blind, by instruments. Ice formed on the plane, dangerously. Jimmy had to climb to sixteen thousand feet to get out of the ice-forming condition of the atmosphere. And sixteen thousand was tops for his heavily-loaded plane, loaded with gas. He flew at that ceiling elevation all the rest of the way.

Then a dramatic break - break in the clouds. They saw sea shore below. Yes, the clouds broke just as they hit the Atlantic Coast. They were in clear weather now, and they headed

north for New York. The detour to the South caused that extra distance of two hundred and fifty miles. But still Jimmy broke the record.

Jimmy Doolittle, huh? Jimmy Do-much. His wife says -

Jimmy Too-much!

LINDBERGH

There was just one ray of light at Flemington today to break the fog of handwriting, and that was when ^{Mr. Morton C. Maish, a} ~~the~~ manufacturer of the middlewest, appeared on the witness stand. His appearance is swiftly explained when the detail is added that he manufacturers baby thumb guards. This of course harks back to the testimony of Betty Gow, that she found baby Lindbergh's thumb guard on the highway, not far away from the house, a month after the kidnaping. It has been a moot point - how that tell-tale object could have been lying there for so long, while all the hunting and sleuthing was going on. The defense has been intimating that it was placed there long after the kidnaping.

The manufacturer from the west was there to identify the thumb guard. The defense has been maintaining it could not have remained so long in the open without the metal parts of it rusting. ^{Mr. Maish,} The manufacturer testified that his thumb guards were rust-proof.

Then defense attorney Reilly, in his questioning, insinuated that the manufacturer from the west himself might have placed the thumb guard in the driveway. To which the manufacturer replied, very quietly: it was not his business to go strewing the highways with the articles he manufactured - *thereby winning the tilt.*

Beyond this, it was the same old handwriting argument, with more expert testimony, accusing Hauptmann of having written all the ransom notes. The State is piling up reams of expert opinion indicating that the Bronx carpenter was the kidnapper.

Another bit of handwriting information comes from Baltimore, where two graphological authorities, Samuel C. Malone and Arthur P. Myers, make the statement that they were prospective witnesses for the Hauptmann defense, and they were in line to testify that Hauptmann did not write the ransom notes. There was only one hitch. The two experts declare that after they had examined the ransom notes, they refused to testify. The reason they refused was - that they believed Hauptmann had written the notes. Attorney Reilly says the reason they quit the case was because the defense had no funds with which to pay them.

Meanwhile, those witnesses have arrived from Germany - relatives of the deceased Fisch, the dead man on whom the Hauptmann defense is trying to pin the guilt. They are a brother, Pincus Fisch, Mrs. Pincus Fisch, and Hannah Fisch, a sister. They were accompanied by a German nurse, presumably the nurse who

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attended Isidor Fisch in his last hours. It is not sure that she will be called upon to testify.

SAAR

As I see it, the result of the Saar points to some broad general meanings. Plenty of people will tell you that the Fascist dictatorships in Europe do not have the support of the people, that it is merely the ~~administration~~^{abolition} of liberty and ~~of~~^{of} free elections that make^s a population seem to support a dictatorial government. The question is asked: "How could human beings deliberately vote away their freedom, their rights?"

^{TP} You can answer a good deal by pointing at the Saar. Here the election was perfectly free. The League of Nations authorities running it were certainly not ^{over} anxious to have the Nazis win.

^T Yet, the Saar overwhelmingly votes itself into the power~~of~~ of Hitler's iron dictatorship. ^{TP} Of course the coal mine valley ^e is German and the people ^{should} ~~might~~ be expected to prefer union with Germany. If a mere majority had been scored it wouldn't mean so much. But here in a free election hardly one person out of ten voted to keep clear of the Iron Regime of the Nazis. ¹ Nine out of ten were against the mild League of Nations regime and in favor of the ^{Hitler mailed Fist.} ~~Iron Fist of the Nazis~~

That ninety percent vote, in a significant way, resembles

those overwhelming majorities scored in elections in the Fascist countries.

~~dictatorship~~ Accustomed as we are to close elections, ~~xxx~~ with sixty percent a huge majority -- we are ~~accustomed to~~

think of those Fascist elections as farces based on coercion.

And here we have the free Saar election going the same way, ^{TP} So

one cannot help feeling that those immense, almost one hundred

percent majorities are based, not on force, but on some new and

more powerful kind of persuasion. ^{TP} The election's aftermath was

precisely what was to be expected -- an exodus ~~well~~ ^{well} under way,

the anti-Nazis clearing out of the country before Hitler comes in.

Premier Flandin of France has issued an appeal asking

~~xxx~~ Germany to give the minority a break and not force its

opponents to leave their homes. But the appeal is not likely

to have much effect. The Saarlanders are staging wild celebrations.

They are not doing any great violence to the anti-Hitlerites

-- outside of taking control of the local police force already,

and putting anti-Nazi policemen in their own jails. Other

Nazi opponents have gotten word that they ^{id} better leave the

country. And the exodus ^{is on al} ~~has begun~~ though there's a waiting time of a few weeks. The ^{League} ~~Nazis~~ will turn the Saar over ^{to} ~~the~~ Germany in March.

There ~~at~~ the usual rumours of putsch and plot. Word flashed of ^a ~~the~~ Communist conspiracy to seize the valley. The international police jumped in quickly and found there was ~~not~~ much to ~~it~~.

^{7P} An optimistic note ^{is} ~~is~~ sounded from Berlin. It was obvious that the clearing up of the Saar question by removing an aggravating point of dispute would help peace and harmony along, and Hitler himself sounds the peaceful note. Immediately after the election-figures were published, he went on the air and told the people of the Saar that a fifteen year wrong had been cleared up.

"Your vote," he proclaimed to the Saarlanders, "is a step toward peace. After your return Germany has no territorial demands on France."

^{say is} They ^{is} ~~is~~ Hitler is so elated that he is likely to take Germany back into the League of Nations -- as a gesture of victory and good will.

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RUSSIA

Reports of something like a minor revolution come from far off Russian Turkestan, near the Afghan border. It concerns that problem which the Soviets have frequently found so difficult - the collection of grain from the peasants.

~~They~~
Mohammedan peasants of Turkestan refused to surrender their quota of grain to the Communist ^{tax} gatherers. The police went to enforce ~~was~~ the collection. They found themselves faced with rifles and machine guns. They called a regiment from the nearest Red army garrison. There was bitter fighting. Finally, the Reds beat the Mohammedans. The defeated peasants escaped across the border into Afghanistan, where they are safe from the executioners

~~and~~ of the Communist secret police.

Afghanistan is a haven for all the refugees of Central Asia. Then they sit there in the Afghan mountains and cook up plots.

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That grain collecting party, which turned into a battle, cost two thousand lives, an equal number of Mohammedan peasants and Red soldiers.

OIL

Along the old caravan route across the north Arabian desert, oil is flowing. Since the days when history was dim and young, the strings of plodding, swaying camels carried silks and spices across that waterless sea of sand - now it's oil, not oil by ancient caravan - oil by modern pipe line.

At the town of Kerkuk, in Iraq, east of the River Tigris, they are celebrating today. With the young King of Bagdad presiding over the ceremony, they are opening the most romantic pipe line in the world. It has been under construction for two years, with American engineers directing the job. The distance is twelve hundred sandy desert miles. It taps the rich Mosul oil field, piping petroleum under the historic rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates, all the way to the Mediterranean shore of Palestine, to the seaport of Haifa. Eighty-five thousand barrels of oil a day will be poured through the capacious pipes laid on the floor of the desert.

And we hear that airplanes will fly regular patrol routes, over the old caravan trail, now a trail of oil pipe. They will scout overhead for a spot that leaks, easy to detect - black oily splotches on the glinting yellow face of the desert. And the sky

patrol will spy out not only leaks, but also maurading Bedouin. The wild nomad of the desert is a mischievous soul. And I can imagine some of the old scoundrelly sheiks I have known finding no more hilarious fun - than cutting the great pipe line, and watching the oil spout! Sheiks like boys on Hallowe'en.

Young King Ghazi of Bagdad talks English, plays tennis, likes to wear English clothes. Last year the more fanatical Arabs started a whispering campaign, saying he planned to marry an Englishwoman. The young lord of the old realm of Haroun al Raschid was too wise for that. He spiked the rumor by marrying his second ~~XXXXX~~ cousin, Princess Alija. He had never seen her, save when her countenance was hidden by the traditional veil of Islam. But when he did, he was pleased, for she was comely to behold.

That was all as it might have been in One of the Thousand and One Nights. Now, another night, another story, may be added, as the King of Bagdad dedicates the pipe line carrying oil along the caravan route of the desert. Oil from the Garden of Eden.

I don't usually mention birthdays. But congratulations are in order today to America's second ranking general in the World War, General Robert Lee Bullard. He's seventy-four.

MONKEY

From India, land of strange stories, comes one of the strangest I've heard. An English vaudeville actor was traveling with a couple of trained monkeys in Bengal. One day he went into the forest with his monkeys. He didn't come back. The monkeys did, and they were chattering excitedly. The police looked into the matter and the two monkeys led the way into the woods to a place, where they found the actor - stabbed to death.

On their way back to the neighboring town, the fellows with the monkeys stopped at a ~~xx~~ wayside inn for some food. Two strangers entered the place and as they did, the monkeys went wild. They jumped at the two men, attacking them fiercely. The police intervened and arrested the two - searched their homes, and there they found a watch and bits of jewelry belonging to the murdered actor, and some blood-stained clothes.

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The trial will take place with the two monkeys as central figures - another of those singular criminal cases for which India is famous.

COFFIN

From Prince Edward Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, comes ^a ~~an amazing~~ story - relayed ~~on~~ to me by Ben Deacon of the Canadian National Railways. It concerns one Charles Coughlin, who forty years ago left his home on Prince Edward Island and after wandering about finally landed in Galveston, Texas. He died there and was buried.

On September eighth, nineteen hundred and one, a terrific West Indian hurricane swept the Gulf of Mexico, and caused that historic calamity ~~of~~ ^{at} the southwest, known as the Galveston flood. The wind blasted at a terrific velocity of a hundred and thirty-five miles an hour, and swept the raging waters over the city. The churning torrents washed out the cemetery, where Charles Coughlin was buried, swept away the earth and the coffins, which floated away on the Gulf.

Recently, a floating coffin drifted ashore at Prince Edward Island. Upon examination, they found a plate with the name of Charles Coughlin, the same man who had left his Prince Edward Island home those long years ago. Wind and current had carried the coffin *— for thousands of miles —* from the Gulf of Mexico off Galveston, all the way around into the Atlantic and up the coast to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. An unusual way for a local boy to return home.

DEMOCRATS

Which party is better off - the Democratic or the Republican? Of course, I mean, financially better off. The Republican National Committee proclaims a real G.O.P. triumph, when it announces that the deficit incurred in the course of the presidential election two years ago has not only been cleaned up, but that there is a surplus of a hundred and eighty-four dollars in the pot.

This political financial victory has excited shame and humiliation in the Democratic ranks. For while the Democrats won the election in the terms of votes, they are way behind so far as the dollar is concerned. The Democratic National Committee is five hundred thousand dollars in the red. So now Jim Farley, Chairman of the Committee, asks a philosophical question. "If so many people vote Democratic, why can't some of them pay Democratic?" Whereupon, he has started a drive to raise the needed half million. Today the word is that a list of five hundred prominent members of the Jeffersonian Party has been drawn up. Only the most distinguished Democrats are on it. I wonder if Al Smith is one. Gee, it must be fine to be on that list! Each one will be given the honor of donating a thousand dollars to get the Democrats

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out of the red. What an honor!

That will wind up the deficit. And this winds up the
broadcast - and,

SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.