

## *Why I Bought an Airplane Factory---* *A Message for Farmers*

By WAD ALLEN

As a general rule I buy automobile factories. But, as I so often have said, one should never be narrow minded to the exclusion of higher things. I can distinctly remember how my father used to tell me that a person gets out of a thing just what he puts into it. And in my quizzical way I started to wondering if a fellow always gets a thing out of whatever he puts it into. I now recall quite clearly my initial disillusionment when I first invested a penny in a slot machine and was rewarded with a quantity of minced ham. And how I stuck four fingers into an electric fan and only got three and a third of them back. So when the salesman came around with his airplane factory I said, "Well, will she run?" And that's how I came to buy an airplane factory.

I write the above merely to justify myself and to rectify some wholly unwarranted and maligning statements about myself which have been on the lips of some of our foremost critics ever since the appearance of my latest book called, *The Skin You Love to Frame*. My book is a dauntless expose of what really happens after a man attains the proper degree by graduation and of what a student should study in college in order that his father may not become disgusted and ask him to jump into the canal to see his grandmother. Believe it or not, our fathers are beginning to think and it is coming more and more to the place where when a fellow gets out of school he has got to know something. The day has passed when it was sufficient for a college graduate to have a complete knowledge of all the arts, sciences and professions. Nowadays he must be able to do one thing and do it well, i. e. hold up a bank or fly an airplane.

Such a statement as that last, coupled with my recent venture into the manufacture of heavier than air craft, has been sufficient to call down the wrath of those scavengers and muddle-heads who are only too eager to accuse me of commercializing my gift as an author merely to further my enterprise as a man of the world. Nevertheless it will be apparent to all right-thinking Americans that I speak with the utmost sincerity when I say that the future of all college graduates is in the air. And I only hope that there will be none of my readers so vile and inconsiderate as to accuse me of meaning something which I have not said.

Civilization has successfully passed through the ages of stone, bronze, copper and iron, and it will only be a matter of a few months now until we shall have passed successfully through the age of the cigar lighter. With the flight of time and the resultant maze in the sequence of events it is only natural that the college graduate, fresh and pink-skinned from his bath of knowledge, should become confused when considering the proper place to invest his money. Thousands of books, articles, editorials, letters and advertisements have been written by old men who in their childish manners think it is up to them to see the freshly born college broods safe in the arms of prosperity. Almost to a man these silly old fellows have espoused hard work, honestly and a small potion of luck as

prerequisites as wrong as those senseless fools who would upbraid me for purchase of my airplane factory. They have done mental gymnastics for so long their brains have grown thin.

My eldest son made a remark recently which has got me to thinking. "Papa," he said in his charming Irish brogue, "You are a handsomer man than Lindbergh and yet the only place I ever have seen your picture was that time when Mama cleaned out the attic. After all Papa just what good did your college education do you after all?"

Junior", I replied, (we call him Junior although his name really is Untensil, after his great grandfather. "Junior, you have got me thinking. We have read a lot about Lindbergh here of late. We read about how he will not smoke a cigarette, how he does not drink, how he will have nothing at all to do with women and how he has flat feet although he does not walk much. But after all, Junior, it must be remembered that Lindbergh flew to Paris once and after all that must have been why he has got so famous."

"But, Father", little Junior persisted as he persisted in doing in his childish way, "But, father! How comes it that despite all these handicaps Lindbergh has got up in the world while you still take out Christmas Savings and act like you are getting blackmailed at the first of every month?"

At that moment I felt the miserable pangs of a deep, black misery. Of course I realized my son's mistake but how could I ever impress upon his childish mind the fact that I could have done the same thing as Lindbergh if I had only had the chance. And there was that question, "How has he got up in the world while you-----". Like a flash it came to me at last. The answer—the big idea! !

"By airplane, my child! Lindbergh has got up in the world by airplane! Yes, son, in an airplane. Airplane, airplane. Hey! Hey! Airplane. And how!"

Astounding indeed is the progress which the world has made during the past few years through science and invention. A college graduate of fifty years ago faced far easier problems than those who are leaving the sheltering walls of their alma mater to battle with the appalling situations of today. A brief peek into the pages of history reveals a long list of facts which disclose to a remarkable degree the progress which our age has made. It is indeed surprising when one considers that Woodrow Wilson never ate an Eskimo pie; that George Rogers Clark never rode on a surf board; that William Jennings Bryan used to play Mah Jong; that Judd Gray never got to ride in one of the New Fords; that Bach never played on a saxophone and that Abraham Lincoln never belonged to a Rotary club. The list could be continued indefinitely with perhaps even more startling comparisons. But the fact remains that the college graduate now has to face conditions which would have made his grandfather start a civil war and run

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## WHY I BOUGHT AN AIRPLANE FACTORY— A MESSAGE TO FARMERS

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home after his bow and arrows. Doubtless this is the greatest age in the world's history. Whereas our ancestors are said to have been inhabitants of trees, the modern college man finds it impossible even to go out "on a limb" without calling down the wrath of his superiors. Yes we are progressing.

Let us consider the present pestilence of radios. Aside from the cigar lighter the radio is possibly the greatest achievement of our age. It has done more to revolutionize the race than any one thing since the discovery of Listerine. With a radio and a strong imagination a man now lives in easy contact with the entire world. By a mere turn of the all important dial he may command programs ranging from the McVestryfish Soda Cracker hour, where Mme. Tastebud is describing a trip through Montgomery and Ward, down to the popular Hayrack hour where Dr. Lloyd Weevil is demonstrating a new beauty clay. And now that television is becoming a reality, the possibilities of radio are even more startling. We are told that television is going to make us see as well as hear the radio artists. In other words these instruments will transplant the entertainment, singers and all, right into our hmoes and I have learned of people who already are remodeling the living room to accommodate the crowd on nights when they broadcast grand opera.

The radio is but one of the many complications which have united to make this era one long to be remembered. It has done much toward educating the masses and it is but one of the things which nowadays make men dissatisfied with an ordinary existence. Another thing is the airplane. Another is television and still another is a headache.

No longer is a college graduate willing to retire from active, collegiate life to enter the ordinary fields of professional endeavor where his crowing achievement may be a Chevrolet automobile and where he may retire at the age of ninety-three with a house and fourteen children. Youth of today demands instant recognition; a barrel of quick, easy money and trial marriages.

I have just completed a tremendous task of research in effort to unearth some salient facts which might help the befuddled college product in his quest for fortune and I can find but two classes of professional men wherein the modern conception of successes are in evidence. These men are robbers and aviators. There are some who will say that the field is too small, but I say that the field is even smaller than that since the profession of robbing already is overcrowded. Where you read of one truly great robber who has amassed wealth and fame through a judicious practice of his art, you read of thousands who are being forced to sell their tools and to start making an honest living—which is the same as going into bankruptcy. First class stick-up men have told me that they have to "operate" on at least two subjects an evening in order to break even and then this will not pay the upkeep on their machine guns.

Rapid increase in the number of our robbers has resulted in an increase demand for burglars' tools which has shot gas pipe up to a new high peak on the markets

and has got sand bags to selling for fifty cents per pound. If the government does not soon do something to remedy the economic condition of our robbers or they are going to start starving to death which of course would decrease the economic pressure and would put their burglars' tools back into circulation.

And so it would seem that there is small choice for the modern college man when he essays to choose the ideal profession. There is but one sure-fire answer. If he would into a meteoric career, if he would be the hero of his race, if he would break down the doors to easy wealth and if he would do all this in a hurry; then let him take up aviation and fly an airplane at least three miles farther or at least three hours longer than anybody else. And as I write these words it seems that I already can hear the disgusting outbursts of resentment from those blatant fools who have so hounded men since I bought my airplane factory. Let them scream their silly imprecation if they like. But let it be said that I saw opportunity riding in an airplane and that I grabbed it by the tail.

## PARIS - - - - - NOCTURNE

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star entertainer, speaks a dozen languages. He makes a little money, then gets all dressed up in a pearl grey suit and a Derby to match and hies himself to Hindustan to learn another language and some more tricks. Palmer, the husband of Florence, has more tips on the races at Longchamps and St. Cloud than Citroen.

He began the same old line, "Say, Mr. Toner, play Rothchild's Lovelady in the third at St. Cloud to-morrow. The Baron told me he was going to let her go."

"Listen, big boy", I answered, "I will, like the devil. Why that gold tooth coon wife of yours is the only thing that keeps you in checkered suits, brown derbies, and pretty sparklers. Why don't you lay off the track for a while and make a million or so?"

But what does he care? He can always make more in the club when Lovelady loses in the third at St. Cloud.

The night air was delightfully cool. It felt like spring water trickling on my hot forehead. I bathed my unsteady legs in a pool of green moonlight which was shining in from somewhere around the Seine. The Tour Eiffelx sihouetted against the muddy sky on a background of stately Notre Dames and Madelaines, stretched up towards a flickering star like a phallic symbol.

I walked. Down the Rue de l'Opera antiquated buildings were sleeping. Several Nicolettes were looking for their Auccasins, but I was not in the mood. I finally landed in the Place de la Concorde, and after blowing a kiss to the comely statue of Strásbourg, I walked on into the gardens and thence to the Bois.

My mind had cleared. Paris smelled fragrant. The pungent odor from the gardens and trees, mingling with the bubbles of champagne in my nose was a delightful study in contrasts.

I was feeling grand again. Go home? Hell no! Hey taxi, you son-of-a-gun. Allons, plus vite, neuf rue Delambre, Montparnasse. Oui, monsieur, avec plaisir.