

L.T. - SUNOCO. MONDAY, JULY 11, 1938.

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GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The story of Howard Hughes today might be summed up in six words - "Dinner in New York, lunch in Paris." That's what he accomplished, with his crew including our old friend Dick Stoddard. And aviation men all over the place are saying - that's the real ^{significance} ~~meaning~~ of what Hughes has done. It foreshadows the possibility of a sixteen-hour express service across the Atlantic.

~~Here are the figures of this history making achievement for the benefit of those who haven't already heard them.~~ Hughes cut Lindbergh's record ^{in less} ~~more~~ than in half. The Flying Colonel made it in thirty-three hours, twenty-nine and a half minutes. Hughes, sixteen hours, thirty-eight minutes. He reached LeBourget at precisely two minutes before noon, Eastern Daylight Time.

One thing that Hughes himself said of his flight is

particularly interesting. "We flew at an average of six thousand feet," he said, "generally at a hundred and eighty to a hundred and ninety miles an hour."

But he made an average speed on the whole flight of two hundred and eighteen miles an hour, with a tailwind.

He had intended to stop just an hour and a half in Paris and then take off for Moscow. But Dick Stoddart found the radio equipment out of whack, and needing repairs that would take up several hours. Bulletin:- Hughes announced he'll start on at midnight. Even with the delay he'll have plenty of chance to beat Post and Gatty's time around the world.

There was plenty of drama surrounding this trans-Atlantic flight. Soon after he had taken off from Floyd Bennet Field, Hughes found his engines, as he puts it, running rough. Furthermore, his compass didn't function. For some reason, the

compass cured itself in mid-ocean and began to work perfectly. Early this morning, we had a report that he ~~possibly could~~ ^{might} not get as far as Paris, that he might not have enough gasoline.

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Actually, he landed with ~~some~~ ^{lots} of fuel to spare. And he did all that through bad weather on the stretch across the Atlantic and until he had passed the ~~xxxxix~~ coastline of France. So all in all we may say that it was a pretty thorough and arduous test.

His own guess now is that he may be able to reach Moscow in seven and a half hours flying time. There he'll rest about an hour and a half. His next goal will be Irkutsk, in the ~~southern~~ ^{South-} part of Central Siberia, near Lake Baikal, ~~xxxxix~~ about three thousand miles from Moscow.

French wind and weather experts have advised him to fly at an altitude of eighteen thousand feet. At that height they say he'll encounter no difficulties. If he flies lower, he might run into storms and low ceiling.

There was one particularly interesting incident in connection with Hughes and his crew members at Le Bourget. When Lindbergh came to earth there ~~twelve~~ ^{eleven} years ago, one of the first

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to greet him was the French flying ace, Michel de Troyat. It was
to lend Lindy a leather coat. Today, the same de Troyat was one
of the first to throw his arms around Howard Hughes, and ~~he said~~ ^{shout:-}
"It ^{m.} is the greatest ocean flight in history. It shows that it is
perfectly feasible to fly between Paris and New York commercially
within twenty-four hours."

A Russian ace pilot also had his say about Hughes's
achievement. Just one year ago today, Michael Gromov was the leader
of the Soviet aviators who flew from Moscow to California by way
of the North Pole. And said ~~xx~~ he: "The next big feat in aviation
will be a non-stop flight around the earth by way of both Poles."

CORRIGAN

But for this sensational flight of Howard Hughes's, we would be paying ~~a good deal~~ more attention to the exploit of another American aviator: ~~That's~~ young ~~Mr.~~ Douglas Corrigan of

Los Angeles, who made ⁹~~that~~ non-stop flight across the continent. [^] *And*

he did it
[^] in a nine year old single-motored plane worth ^{less than}~~at most~~ nine hundred

dollars, and without instruments. ^{And -}
[^] He's going back to Los Angeles

in a couple of days. Many people were after him, trying to pay

him money for endorsing this, that, and the other product. But

said young Corrigan: "Nothing doing. Wait until I've made the

flight back to Long Beach, California, without accident."

CRASH

After the triumph of Howard Hughes, it's dismal to hear of an airplane disaster. One of Uncle Sam's big army bombers crashed in the jungles near Panama City. One killed two injured. They were making a navigation test.

GIRL AVIATOR

And here's a story of good courage in the air from New Jersey that's worth telling. The person who exhibited the courage is a nineteen year old girl. She has a private pilot's license with ninety-five hours of solo flying behind her. She was two thousand feet up over New Jersey this morning when she notice something was wrong with the plane. The motor was not behaving properly. She turned off the switch and the next thing she knew her propeller had dropped off. Nineteen year old Dorothy wasn't feazed in the least. Without any propeller, her motor shut off, she glided safely to a perfect landing on an airport five miles away.

ROOSEVELT

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Ten thousand Texas folk witnessed a typical bit of Franklin D. Roosevelt showmanship at Wichita Falls today. In the course of his speech he said: "Now I'm about to create another precedent. It concerns the first citizen of the Lone Star State, the Governor^{of} Texas." The President went on to say that he had made considerable progress in his efforts to improve Uncle Sam's judicial system. Then he added: "In line with these purposes, I am seeking wherever possible, to nominate younger men to positions on the federal bench. So I offer the position of United States District Judge for the Southern District of Texas to James V. Allred, Governor of Texas." At that there was a yell which, as the phrase goes, "split ~~to well known~~ ^{the} welkin."

LABOR

For some time we've heard reports that even the labor unions were dissatisfied with the working of the Wagner Labor Act. Today we hear that the discontent is most rife in the American Federation of Labor, ~~and that's~~ the body which considers itself principally responsible for the ~~Wagner~~ Act.

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All this was expressed emphatically by ~~Mr.~~ ^{F.} William Green, President of the A.F. of L. He said the Federation is going to the bat with all its political strength to get that Act amended.

"The Federation," he ^{added,} ~~said,~~ "is wholly and fully responsible for the enactment of the Act." ^{then he went on:—} And ~~he added,~~ "No loud-mouthed representative of a dual union can claim any credit for it." ^{A hot shot} ~~Of course that was~~
one for the C.I.O.

Then ~~Mr.~~ Green explained: "We regret that the Act has been applied in many instances in a way we never dreamed about, clear out of accord with its letter and spirit."

SOCIAL SECURITY

There's sand in the machinery of the Social Security Act. A member of the Social Security Board made the statement today that "it is too cumbersome and probably in the long run too expensive."

So what's to be done? The machinery will have to be improved, simplified. It isn't a job for Congress but for the state legislatures. The Social Security Act at present is being administered by a partnership between the states and Uncle Sam. That's what puts the sand in the machinery. And the remedy is up to the state legislatures.

REVENUE

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(Depression or no depression, Uncle Sam took in a bumper crop of taxes in the year that has just ended. In fact, ~~he~~ broke all records. His income in internal revenue was over five billion six hundred and fifty-eight millions, ~~that is~~ one billion ~~dollars~~ more than the previous year — *still heavily in the red.*

The symbols of mourning hung today in the courtroom of the United States Supreme Bench. In front of the chair where the late Justice Cardozo would have sat if he had lived until another session, hung a sombre square of black silk.

In Washington and elsewhere there was a new turn to the guessing, about his successor. Until today it was generally

believed that Senator ^{Bob} Wagner of New York was a certainty. ~~for the now~~
~~member of the high court. But in New York~~ ^{But} the tongue of gossip ^{now says} ~~said~~

"No". Maybe he could have it if he wanted it. ~~Senator Wagner is~~ ^{But}

^{His} ^{in N.Y. however} friends say he's too interested in his present job, ~~He's one of the~~

~~big shots among the~~ ^{as an ace} New Dealers in the Senate. Also, his elevation to the Supreme bench would mean retirement from politics. And he's too interested in politics to give it up.

A suggestion today came from an unexpected source. The Honorable Claude Parsons, Representative of Illinois, sent a wire

to President Roosevelt, who is in Fort Worth, Texas today. The telegram urged the President ^{a distinguished Jew,} to appoint an Illinois man, Governor

^{Henry Horner for many years} Henry Horner. ~~Mr. Horner, as a matter of fact,~~ was a judge, before

he became Governor.

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And the territorial question reared its head today.

From President Roosevelt's special train there come rumors that Mr. Roosevelt may appoint some legal luminary from the far west. Not a single justice of the Supreme Court at present comes from the other side of the Mississippi, ~~the prairie state~~

REFUGEES

national

There is a good deal of dissatisfaction over that *inter-*
refugee conference in France. Delegates of the smaller nations
are growling. They don't like the way the three larger powers
have taken matters in their own hands, meaning Uncle Sam, John
Bull and France. More particularly they object to the secretary
of those deliberations. The representatives of the Latin-American
countries are particularly disgruntled. They claim that Uncle Sam
is not doing the right thing by them, not keeping them informed,
not behaving like a good neighbor.

PALESTINE

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The serial story of battle, murder and sudden death continues its tragic course in the Holyland. The total killed in the past week now ~~XXXXXX~~ mounts up to more than two hundred, ~~two~~

Arabs and Jews. ^Q ~~The~~ battle was fought in a village near Nazareth, *Home of the Man of Nazareth.*

A detachment of British police was on patrol duty. A band of Arabs

lying in wait, ambushed the ~~police~~ ^{officers.} The fight ended with a

Jewish policeman dead on the ground, ^{and} two Britishers wounded.

~~of course~~ This was followed by one retaliation after another.

At ^l ~~Tukarem~~, an Arab police commander was having his hair cut in

a barber shop. While he was sitting in the chair, off his guard, —

he was killed.

Sunday was followed by a long night of continuous violence.

Hundreds of Jews of the Zion Revisionist Party were arrested. In ^{TP}

London the Colonial Secretary announced that another regiment of

tommies from Egypt will arrive in the Holyland tomorrow. And

probably the police force will be increased.

Near the sacred Mount Taber there was ^Q ~~another~~ fight.

An attack on military police by an armed company of terrorists.

They wounded one British officer and two soldiers. But three of the attacking force were killed.

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There's a rumor from Rome which is startling if true.

It means the break-up of the agreement between Mussolini and

John Bull. ^{And -} That would throw the whole balance of European politics

into a new turmoil. The rumor is that some of the Fascist big-wigs

are bringing pressure on the Duce, ^{urging him to} "Denounce that British-Italian

treaty!" The present state of affairs they say is an affront to

the dignity of Italy, this business of having such a long wait

before the treaty is put in force. The principal argument on the

Duce is the old one epitomized in the phrase "Perfidious Albion."

England is not on the level, they say, and all negotiations for

an Anglo-Italian treaty are simply another perfidious ^{machination}

to double-cross Mussolini and bring his policy into ridicule.

The rumor has been heard in England. The answer to it

on the banks of the Thames is, "pooh, pooh!" If Mussolini

withdraws from that agreement, England won't recognize the conquest

of Ethiopia, ^{which is} ~~and that's~~ a consolation ~~that~~ the Duce most devoutly

wishes.

COLORADO

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It seems to be a big year for the Colorado River. Another expedition is on the way down the big stream, from Utah. Three men in two small boats ~~xx~~ started from Hite, Utah, fifty miles from the nearest town, a hundred miles from a telephone. They're running the rapids in two small boats, home-made affairs. One of them is a professor of Princeton University and the other a Princeton under-graduate. And with them is a ~~kitexx~~ guide ~~well~~ versed in the rapids and whirlpools ^{and wives} of Colorado.

~~and~~ The Neville expedition, which had such a tough time of it last week, is not ready to cry "Enough." ~~As you will remember,~~ It took them eighteen days and many perilous hours to get to Lee's Ferry, Arizona, from Green River, Utah. Nevertheless, they're preparing to continue south through the hazards and chances of the Grand Canyon, all the way down to Boulder Dam, Nevada. ~~The two women in the party are quite undaunted.~~

LT re
Pawling
ball game.
July 11, 1938.

SOFT BALL

I saw the sight of my life yesterday -- and so

did not only my NINE OLD MEN but also our youngest and

most athletic ~~baseball~~ ^{P. H.} players. ^{We saw} ~~we saw~~ the Soft Ball Champions ^{of the World} perform -- and it was an experience both painful and wonderful.

— Pawling
Because our Dutchess County [^] team of snappy, youthful softballers played ^{them}.

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The Briggs ^{outfit} ~~team~~ of Detroit, Michigan, won the National ~~soft ball~~ Championship last year, and of recent weeks they've

been making a tour displaying their wizardry. They stopped off

up at our ^{Quaker Hill} ~~Dutchess County~~ ball field, and made our eyes blink --

with speed, speed of ~~playing~~ play, speed of ~~fast~~ fielding;

and above all, speed of pitching. It seemed incredible that

those pitchers could zip the ball across so fast with that mere

underhand flip of the arm. ^{TR} They told me ~~that~~ in Grade A Soft

Ball the big sphere crosses the plate with just as much speed

as in Big League ^{hard} ~~base~~ball. And, as the pitching distance is

only forty feet as compared with sixty in ^{hard} ~~base~~ball, it's in

the catcher's mitt before you are aware it has been tossed.

^A That Briggs team represents the pick of thirty thousand company

employees, and about one hundred and fifty soft ball teams that play for the various company plants. I was told that the game

has become so fast and expert that ^{now} two types of ^{this brand of} ~~soft~~ ball are

being developed. One -- the speedy kind. The other -- what they

call the Cripple A, ^{in which} ~~in that game~~ you pitch the ball ^{so as to} ~~as you~~ describe

an ~~xxx~~ ^{it} arc, loop ^{er} over -- a slow ball. That's the kind of pitching

for teams of men of thirty and over,- The Cripple A. And I

figure that our own youngsters were about Cripple XI

Who won? Don't ask. Those Briggs champions

just lobbed the ball over most of the time to amuse us. But

when they tighten^{ed} occasionally, and the pitcher pitched 'em fast --

our athletes could hardly see the ball. I've been fooling

around with ~~soft ball~~ ^{this sport that is the rage of the country,} for several years; and yesterday I found

out what it was!

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foolin' around

A dull feature of this present ball season has been the absence of one spectacular name from the headlines: Mr. Dean, the Dizzy one, the pitcher for whom Wrigley paid the record price of a hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars. There seems to be a chance that Mr. Dean before long may be again in the pitcher's box and also in the spotlight.

They've taken more X-ray pictures of Dizzy's arm and the doctors say the arm is sore and probably will be for some time and pitching will not make it any more so. Odd. Isn't it? So it won't hurt him to pitch, said Wrigley, :- "Dean can pitch anytime he thinks he's ready." Pitch, and wisecrack!

And SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.