

L.T. - SUNOCO. THURSDAY, July 21, 1938.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

This will be a good deal of an aviation broadcast,
for the news tonight is replete with flying items. Nothing so
mightily impressive as Howard Hughes breaking the record around the
world or so ~~amazingly~~ ^{amusingly} thrilling as Corrigan's flight to Los Angeles
~~ending up in~~ ^{ending up in} Duolin. Yet, the across-the-ocean flight of the
~~pick-a-~~ ^{pick-a-} piggy-back plane ~~is~~ ^{may turn out to be} of singular importance to the art of aviation.

It may be the trail-blazer for a whole new development; ~~of aviation~~
distance flights made by small planes so overloaded with fuel they
have to be carried aloft by bigger planes.

The ~~pick-a-~~ ^{pick-a-} piggy-back plane called ~~the~~ ^{the} MERCURY, landed ~~in~~ ^{near} Montreal
this morning and at Port Washington, Long Island, this afternoon.
It would have reached ~~this~~ ^{the} latter destination sooner save for a
reason that points significantly to the great recent progress of
aviation.

The Port Washington base of Pan-American Airways asked the pick-a-back MERCURY to delay a few hours, so that its coming in wouldn't be complicated with a couple of routine flying events at the airport. The Imperial Airways' fly~~ing~~^{ing} boat CAVALIER, scheduled to take off for Bermuda at noon, and the BERMUDA CLIPPER scheduled to arrive from the Islands at three o'clock -- just time-table-air-transport. So the winged MERCURY FROM across the ocean was asked to come in afterward at about four o'clock. which it did. Bringing a cargo of newsreel film which will keep me working all thru the night at Movietone.

FOLLOW LEAD

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The ^{pick-a}~~pick-a~~-back MERCURY brings one thrilling story -

in its cargo. In the airmail, is a news story telling of a test airplane flight made in England. In the British rearmament program they developed a new military speed plane, which hasn't been working right - very wrong, tragically wrong, in fact. Several pilots have been killed in those speed machines of the sky. And the explanation seemed to be that the plane had a habit of going into a dive, wouldn't pull out. This was in the province of the new Under-Secretary for Air, Captain H. H. Balfour. It was his business to find out about the new plane and the fatal spin.

Under-Secretary Captain Balfour is no greenhorn in aviation. He was a World War flyer with a record of seven enemy planes shot down. So how did he answer the question of - whether the new plane actually did tend to go into a spin and whether it was ^{then} impossible to pull it out? ~~of the spin?~~ He climbed into one and took off.

He soared to seven thousand feet and took a dive of a thousand.

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Officers on the ground held their breath, and sure enough they saw the plane go into the deadly spin. They knew the Under-Secretary for Air was trying to pull it out, but couldn't.

They thought disaster was at hand, as the plane came spinning down at a deadly clip. But then the unexpected happened. With a ~~the~~ last desperate manoeuvre, Captain Balfour was able to pull it out, able to turn the machine over on its side, and straighten out.

He landed and reported - yes, it was true, the deadly spin and the refusal to pull out. He recommended that the design of the new speed plane will have to be modified.

That's the thrill story which comes from the ~~pick~~^{pick}-back ~~MERCURY~~^{And it} ~~and~~ will have to be the substitute for any tale of excitement about the newest trans-Atlantic ~~crossing~~ crossing.

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The pilot, Captain Bennett, and radio operator, A.J.Coster, had no wild tale to tell of peril and suspense. They had that typical British reticence, passing things off ^{with -} ~~off~~ - "Oh, I say", "It wasn't anything much, you know." When they landed at Montreal, and a microphone was placed before them, Captain Bennett's eloquence simmered to one remark: "I've never been in Canada before." He turned the microphone over to the wireless operator, saying: "Coster, you're more used to this sort of thing." Then Coster went on

the air and ~~he~~ said he had been in Canada before - and not much else.

The Captain wouldn't pose for pictures or bask in the limelight in any way. He seems to be of the Lindbergh tradition of publicity-dodging, and is about as boastful and oratorical as Howard Hughes, who said the New York crowd that welcomed him frightened him more than anything during the flight around the world.

HUGHES FOLLOW PIGGY-BACK

Howard Hughes today called on Secretary of State Hull to say "thank ^syou" for the help the State Department gave him for the record-breaking flight around the world. When Hughes landed in Washing^{ton} a couple of thousand people were jammed at the airport to see him -- and the globe-girdling aviator is ^{so crowd shy the} ~~renowned for being afraid of crowds, shy about~~ ~~publicity.~~ The news camera men snapped their scores of pictures of him, and begged him to "Give us a smile and wave your hands." But the earth-circling flyer couldn't work up a smile, and didn't wave his hands. ~~He~~ Just kept looking down, looking at the ground, ~~and seemed~~ anxious to get away from the glare of publicity.

As for an interview, he said: "Fellows I'm awfully tired of talking."

Yes, publicity can ~~give~~ have its terrors -- and that is illustrated by what happened to Ethel Merman today. Ethel is a torch singer of Hollywood and Broadway, neither of which localities is famous for avoiding publicity. And Ethel wasn't avoiding it today. She arrived in New York by railroad, the

press agent had it fixed for cameramen to be there to get ~~her~~ her picture. They wanted something snappy, a bit of action. So somebody handed her a switchman's lantern, and told her to wave it in sprightly fashion as she stood on the steps of the car. Ethel did -- she gave the lantern a lively swing and instantly the train started, jerked forward. Evidently the ~~engine~~ engineer had mistaken the torch singer's lantern ^{to start the train.} foolishness for the brakeman's signal. The panicky Ethel jumped off with a bounce. ~~And today she knows something about the perils of publicity.~~ Now maybe ^{even} she feels like becoming an aviator and dodging the limelight.

However, there's one flying man who isn't phased, terrified or perturbed by publicity.-- There's Corrigan. The legion of reporters can't scare that lad, nor can batteries of cameramen make him cast ⁺ down his eyes and look at the ground.

He will never say -- "Fellows, I'm awfully tired of talking." ^{He} ~~does~~ ^{say he doesn't want publicity and says it} ~~And~~ ^{And} if he happened to be Ethel Merman starting the train by mistake, ~~he'd~~ he'd holler: "Hooray, let's go places."

long interviews.

Today the whole Corrigan episode ^{seems to be} ~~is~~ bound back for the United States. The rickety-rackety old crate ^{has been} ~~is being~~ packed as steamship cargo ^{— and has sailed.} The government authorities released ~~it~~ ^{it} to

Corrigan on the definite assurance that he wouldn't try to

fly it back to the U.S.A. And Corrigan himself is scheduled to

^{But — they're not sure about that. It might} sail home on U.S.S. MANHATTAN. ~~It must~~ seem mighty tame ~~to~~

^{Voyage to} that aviation prodigy-of-the-unexpected whom the ~~Irish~~ Dublin Irish call -- the pride of the Corrigans.

AIRPLANE

52 { There was a seaplane crash on the Pacific coast. A Navy observation plane was launched from the Battleship IDAHO, and came smack down in San Francisco Bay today. The last seen of it, only the end of the tail was above water.

SABOTAGE

A story of the most sinister kind comes from Philadelphia. It's printed in the PHILADELPHIA DAILY NEWS, and tells^S of a discovery at the Naval Aircraft factory. Five big bombing planes had been overhauled and were ready for test flights. In a few hours, they would ~~have~~ taken off with full crews. Then, just in time, something was noticed.

"A sagging wing," relates the PHILADELPHIA DAILY NEWS, ^{that} "revealed[^] cables and support guys in the wings had been maliciously weakened or severed, spelling sudden and sure destruction for the planes and crews if the flying craft had gone aloft."

And then the Philadelphia paper continues: "A sharp-eyed inspector is said to have noticed the weakened wing and ordered the steel sheathing stripped away for a complete check. It was found that numerous cables, turn-buckles and supports were eaten or frayed away. Acid was suggested as a possible agent of the general and purposeful damage." So says the News, which declares that ~~6 men~~ ^{and} counter-espionage officers are now investigating what looks like sabotage and spy work.

HELIUM

The row about helium flared up again today. Secretary of the Interior ^Wickes took a fling at Commander Charles E. Rosendahl, America's Number One dirigible man. The Secretary doesn't like what the airship commander said about the German request for helium. Commander Rosendahl has just returned from Germany, where he looked over the dirigible situation there. And he says there's no reason why the United States should not sell uninflamable helium for the Zeppelins, to take the place of explosive hydrogen.

He declares there's no possible angle of war - the big gas bags, while magnificent for passenger service, are of no military use.

He insists that if we sold helium to Germany, there wouldn't be a chance that it would be used for any war purpose.

Commander Rosendahl is interested in dirigibles, his life's work, and ~~the~~ airship development lies largely in Germany. Moreover, Rosendahl saw the explosion of the HINDENBURG, which brought the earnest German request for helium to take the place of the perilous hydrogen. So it's quite natural that the Number One United States airship man should be interested in the helium question.

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All of which arouses the ire of Secretary Ickes, who has been foremost in refusing helium to Germany. Ickes uttered scathing words today about Rosendahl. "After being wined and dined in Germany," said the Secretary, "he comes back here and says that helium has no military value." And then he pointed to things Commander Rosendahl said in his recently published book named "What About The Airship?" In the book, said the Secretary, Rosendahl argued that the airship was of decided military importance.

So the helium argument continues to make an ugly noise - with our Secretary of the Interior taking a sock at our foremost dirigible expert.

CZECH

Gay Paree is at its gayest, a magnificent ceremony and a good time for their visiting Majesties, King George and Queen Elizabeth. Today, in the midst of all the gaiety, came one thing quite in keeping with the joyful mood. The Czechoslovak question is about to be settled, so said French Foreign Minister Bonnet. He declared that an agreement was on hand between Berlin and Prague on the perilous subject of the German minority in Czechoslovakia.

SOUTH AMERICA.

(Paraguay and Bolivia signed a treaty today, calling off the Chaco dispute. For a hundred years the two countries have quarreled about the Gran Chaco, a region of jungles and pampas, deep in the continent. The savage war they fought a couple of years ago, is still fresh in memory, and right until today there were fears that the bitter bloody struggle would break out again. But today signatures were inscribed on a formal treaty of peace.)

It was quite a ceremony, at Buenos Aires - signing in the presence of the representatives of six nations that act^{ed} as mediators, one of them the United States.

MOTORCYCLE

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Death ^{rode} ~~road~~ in flaming flight on a Long Island highway today. Motorcycle speedsters were having a fling of ~~his~~ swift-ness on the road. One of them, driven by Robert Jordan, was doing eighty-four miles an hour - when in banking the exhaust pipe scraped the curb. The pipe was loosened and got tangled in the whirling spokes of the rear wheel. The motorcycle lurched madly, hit a guard-rail, and went bounding into the air. As it did so, the gas tank exploded - and it flew like a flaming projectile, machine and man ^{both} ablaze. Death for the driver, and a pile-up ~~in~~ ^{and} injuries ^{for} ~~They were~~ other speedsters who were caught in the wreck.

BEER

Here's a fashion note on beer. How high a collar should a glass of beer have? You know - on top of the amber beer, the white foam which bartenders call a collar. In New Jersey, Frederick Burnett, the State Alcoholic Beverage Control Commissioner, got an inquiry from the Chicago Municipal Reference Library, asking what regulations Jersey has on the subject of the foam ~~an~~ the beer - how much of a collar ~~was~~ allowed. The Jersey Commissioner replied - no regulation at all. But this he expresses in two-dollar words, as follows:

"If a bartender," he writes, "puts on a neckband of towering proportions, he will be reminded by the thirsty that, although sartorially impeccable, an overfoam is bibulously abominable - and that beverages are made to be consumed and not admired for the elegance of the haberdashery."

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If you get what the Alcoholic Control Commissioner means, you'll admire his final pronouncement, thusly: "A customer will patronize a place which affects the low-roll or ^{shoe-string} ~~shoe-string~~ collar on the beer. Thus beer seeks its own level," says he. And I think I'll seek my own level with another kind of story - something less beery, ^{and} sesquipedalian.

CARNEGIE

Romance has come to the eighteen year old granddaughter of Andrew Carnegie, one of the richest young heiresses in the United States - romance in the form of a middle-aged Scottish lawyer. He's hardly the type you'd think would inspire the rose colored, moonbeam kind of sentiment. He's formal, sedate, legalistic - the very figure of an Edinburgh lawyer.

Louise Carnegie Miller all her life has visited Scotland, keeping up the Caledonian tradition of the Scottish ironmaster. She was a tiny tot of three, when she met James F. G. Thomson, ~~in~~ twenty-six, ~~just~~ a year younger than her father and just in the beginning of his career as a barrister of Edinburgh. He dandled the child on his knee, and thereafter saw her year after year on her visit^s to the Carnegie Scottish estate, "Skibo ~~Castle~~ ^{Castle}." ~~As~~ she grew older, he taught her fishing and hunting and golf - inseparable companions.

Today Louise Carnegie Miller is in the bloom of eighteen. James F. G. Thomson is forty-seven, typically middleaged, typically His conversation is dry and reticent, to the point - the Scottish way. a man of the law. As regular as clockwork he is seen walking across Parliament Square to the courts, dressed in the sombre black coat and striped trousers of an Edinburgh barrister. He lives with

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his mother in an old-fashioned house on Heriot Road, which they call "the street of lawyers." Always professionally correct, he is the very model of a Scottish lawyer.

The date of the wedding has been set - next week.

And today the forty-seven year old lawyer makes the comment that his eighteen year old heiress bride will settle down and, says he: "carry out her duties as the wife of a hard-working man."

GIRLS

Two girls were married today - yes, two girls. At Dubuque,
Iowa, Mr. Ivan Girls, spelled G-i-r-l-s, was married to Miss
Margaret Girls - also spelled G-i-r-l-s. The two Girls will make
their home at Rock Island, Illinois, and it would be ironical
if in the course of time, the announcement should be - "It's a
boy." *o s-l-u-t-m.*

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