

Good Evening, Everybody:-

Here's a moody pathetic combination -- flowers, roses, lilacs and orchids, and the blind -- those that cannot see.

Take that new turn of tragedy in the story of Helen Keller. She has told in the most moving terms of Anne Sullivan Macy, her teacher, who taught her and brought to her all the light that could shine in the life of a blind girl. And now the teacher is going blind, and, turn about is fair play, Helen Keller is ~~teaching~~ teaching her, teaching her how to read the writing for the blind and how to get along as best one can without the luminous gift of sight.

Following that -- the International Flower Show here in New York, the spectacular exhibition of buds and blossoms! They staged a flowery luncheon at the Waldorf today. What's the connection between ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ sweet-smelling flowers and ~~flowers~~ and

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sightless eyes? One odd feature of the show is the dozens of blind persons who have come, no, not to see the lilies and dahlias and violets, but to ~~sm~~ smell them. One blind man told the officials that he has been sightless since birth, yet he knows more about flowers and horticulture than most of us with half a dozen pairs of super perfect eyes. He studied gardening by reading Braille. He made friends with flowers without ever seeing them. ~~Mr~~ Just by touching and smelling them he can tell you all about the magnolias and coreopsis and astors.

STRATOSPHERE

On my way to Detroit today I ran into a bit of news, ^{at Dayton, Ohio --} news that not only is of national interest but international.

Uncle Sam's aviators are ^{just about} ~~getting~~ ready to have another go at the stratosphere. They are going to try and penetrate miles and miles ~~far~~ farther into the outer air around this planet, farther toward the emptiness of outer space than the unfortunate Russian stratosphere explorers went.

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Right now, in the immense engineering department of the Army Air Corps at Dayton, some fifty men, mostly engineers, are working fast and furiously getting the gadgets ready. I spent ^{about an} ~~several~~ hours with Captain A. W. Stevens, who, with Major William E. Keppner, will make this next stratosphere journey. They are hurrying to get ready. They hope to rise to a height of somewhere between seventy thousand and eighty thousand feet, more than twice the altitude of Mount Everest. Fifteen miles into the air!

ARCTIC

Here's a slant on that party of Russian scientists still marooned on the ice of the Arctic Sea, up near Wrangell Island, the Island of Death. They're still there, apparently safe, so far, while heroic efforts are being made to rescue them.

They are up there as the result of what is called a war of exploration between Russia and Canada -- a peaceful war. The two countries have been pushing on and on up there across the spaces of the frozen sea, hoisting their flags and claiming possession of new islands and new blobs of land. The land, some of it, is rich in resources of timber, minerals and fisheries. Moreover both Moscow and Ottawa have their eyes on possible way-stations for a short-cut air route between continents. Pioneers have ~~established~~ established new outposts, scientists have been doing research work. Canada is reported as ready to send thousands of reindeer purchased from the American Reindeer herds of the Lomens of Alaska, as a food supply for some of these islands that seem north of everywhere. So it's a race, a race of discovery.

FRANCE

Over in France more than seventy men and women are in jail charged with being spies;—Russians, Germans, Britons, Poles, Roumanians, Frenchmen -- and two Americans. They say the two Americans have confessed. The French War Ministry announces that Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gordon Switz of East Orange, New Jersey, have admitted that they were acting as secret agents for the Soviet Government. The ~~main~~ details of the confessions have not been made public. Moscow will, no doubt, protest loudly that it is all nonsense. They would not think of hiring spies. The French will insist that it is true and then what will happen to the two Americans? If they really have confessed, they will probably be sent to prison. Switz is thirty years old and a graduate of Yale. He 's an aviator and says he went to France to sell airplane instruments. But he doesn't offer much information ~~about~~ about himself. He has not even requested the help of the American diplomatic officials. His wife was formerly Margery Tilley,

twenty years old and a pretty blonde. She is described as a graduate of Vassar. She went to France on her honeymoon with Switz.

There is a regular spy scare in France that recalls the old hue and cry of wartime. The French police claim the new crop of secret agents are resorting to the most clever devices. They have cameras in wrist watches and in fountain pens. They say one spy under arrest had a camera capable of taking pictures at a distance of sixty miles. This epidemic of spying and panic about spies follows inevitably from the vast French military activity that has been going on since the war -- three billion dollars worth of fortifications on the German border. It is a giant series of subterranean fortresses, a hidden underground world dedicated to war. There is an immense concealed power of cannon and machine guns and huge deposits of ammunition. There are mammoth tunnels ~~and~~ that run hundreds of feet below the ground, tunnels like subterranean cities. Through them run high-speed

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subway trains, so whole armies might be shuttled swiftly of Holland, has gone to the distant kingdom for guests and back and forth, and there is a network of telephone wires commensurate alike, where golden voices play heavenly music on celestial harps. She was seventy-five years old, and for

These are rumors that have leaked out concerning the more than half a century old the Grand Dowager of Holland's gigantic invisible French defense against Germany. Much more they say she was the virtual ruler of Holland, the power remains a secret. That is what the spies are trying to find behind the throne of her middle-aged daughter, Queen Wilhelmina.

out.

It was the gossip of royal courts many years ago, how King William the Third of Holland determined in his old age to take unto himself a wife. And how he sought the hand of a young German princess, Pauline, but she refused. Nay, nay, said Pauline. She said the king was too old. Then her winsome young sister Princess Olga heard of this, and she spoke. "I'd never refuse to marry a king," said she. She always was a bright girl!

And, she became a bright old lady. The sprightly grandmother gained affection, with her sweet, kindly face and sparkling eyes. She always wore a blue velvet bonnet and

QUEEN

The grand old lady of Europe, Queen Mother Emma of Holland, has gone to the distant kingdom for queens and commoners alike, where golden crowns play heavenly music on celestial harps. She was seventy-five years old, and for more than half ~~xx~~ a century was the Grand Dowager of Holland. They say she was the virtual ruler of Holland, the power behind the throne of her middle-aged daughter, Queen Wilhelmina.

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And, she became a bright old lady. The sprightly grandmother gained affection, with her plump, kindly face and sparkling eyes. She always wore a tiny black bonnet and

a long sweeping skirt. Around her throat a ribbon tied
with a true lovers knot. She loved shopping with an umbrella
and a huge handbag, just like any ^{house frau} hausfrau. She was the
first dignitary to visit ex-Kaiser Wilhelm when he took
refuge in Holland. It was part of her gracious charity to
show kindness to the ruined fugitive who had fallen from
such a height to such a depth.

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And so sentimental Hollanders are saying that
this good-hearted grand old lady of Europe is still wearing
the crown, an angel 's crown now.

Washington -- has a...
inside, with solid gold...
drinking cups.

My friend, General...
Santa Domingo has a car...
bullet-proof plateglass...
fenders of the presidential car are...
However, they are not there for the purpose of...
the President's subjects. They are there...

Being in Detroit I took the occasion to ~~go to~~^{visit} a place where they have to know a good deal about kings and queens, the Packard Plant. In the mile-long line of finished and almost-finished cars that I saw at this huge factory, Messrs ~~Alson~~ Denison and ~~H.P.~~ Olmsted showed me several that had been ordered by European royalty. And I couldn't help grinning at the discovery that kings, queens and princes, have just as curious quirks and fancies as American millionaires.

For instance, one Majesty -- I won't say which Majesty, for fear of getting a kick from the Legation in Washington -- has a traveling miniature bar built for him, ^{the car,} inside, with solid gold bottles, ^{all gold} cocktail shaker, and gold drinking cups.

My friend, General Trujillo, President of Santa Domingo has a car built ^{here} of bulletproof steel, and bullet-proof plateglass an inch thick. And mounted on ~~that~~^{the} fenders of ^{that} ~~the~~ presidential car are miniature machine guns. However, they are not there for the purpose of shooting down the President's subjects. They are there for decoration.

FOLLOW QUEEN - 2

One day the Packard people got a special order all the way from Hindustan from the Maharanee of Seringapetam. They had received word from abroad that this was an especially difficult order to fill. So they sent out a hurry call for W. H. Graves, the Chief Scientist of the Packard plant, who is responsible for the instruments of precision with which these cars are made. When they opened the specifications, what do you suppose they consisted of? A lady's slipper. Instructions were that the car was to match the color of that Hindustanee Maharanee's slipper, and every inch of the upholstery was to be of the identical weave of cloth, car and upholstery pure white. What a job for the chauffeur to keep it clean. Detroit, but all over. As I saw that mile-long line of cars I thought "By Jove, somebody must be spending money!"

STRIKE

While I was tearing through the acres upon acres of that plant I observed no symptoms or indications of strike atmosphere. When I made this comment aloud I was told, "Oh, we leave that to Alvan McCauley, the President of the Company, and also President of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce to worry about. He's probably confabing right now with the other maharajahs of the automobile industry, Alfred Sloan, Roy Chapin, and W. P. Chrysler, and with General Johnson at the Waldorf in New York. However, everybody in Detroit is hoping and praying that President Roosevelt will be able to make peace once more."

So far as I could observe, not only here in Detroit, but all over the country, everybody is hoping and praying either for a miracle or for another Presidential stroke of genius.

STRIKE - 2

In asking the Unions to hold off on the strike that was announced to start tomorrow morning he has done what many people have been praying for.

The President said he wanted to have a talk with the Union representatives, wanted to see them Thursday morning. Mr. Roosevelt realizes that a general automobile strike would be a serious matter for the country, would cripple the industry that is showing perhaps the most exhilarating upward trend just now, and might greatly impede his drive toward national recovery

The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce has already agreed to meet the President and talk things over. If the Union leaders do likewise, the President will be in there tackling a critical job of composing the differences between Capital and Labor. It is one of the most delicate situations he has had to deal with thus far.

Along comes a confirmation of what we heard last night about Mrs. Roosevelt and Mae West being the two women most prominent in the news. In Washington the National Women's Press Club staged their annual stunt dinner, and the First Lady of the Land was the guest of honor. What about -- the first lady of the free and easy? Why, the leading skit in the show nominated Mae West, with all the entrancing lookdumb. And, it is wrinkles that give a face character and intelligence. A lot of girls have had their faces lifted and pried out, leaving them looking so crazy dumb they will not Mae West's, ~~venerable body~~, the Republican body. I wonder whether Mae West's curves would make politics go straight?

The beauticians also declare that in the big beauty contest which brings their conference to a close, the winner will average ten or fifteen pounds heavier than last year. I suppose this well-fashioned hips, and a double chin or two, also look intelligent. Well, nobody ever said Mae West was dumb. If wrinkles and curves make people look interesting, I suppose there will be a regular glorification of wrinkles

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In talking about curves and wrinkles we observe that the latest fashion decree is for crows feet, those lines around the eyes -- and a corrugated mouth. That's the way it will be if the beauty shop owners of New York have their wish. Assembled in convention, they declared that it is all right for the girls to be beautiful, but they shouldn't look dumb. And, it is wrinkles that give a face character and intelligence. A lot of girls have had their faces lifted and ^{ironed} ~~ripped~~ out, leaving them looking so ~~dumb~~ dumb they will have to go back to drydock to get the creases and crevices revamped into the map. As a great philosopher once remarked, "everything changes except change."

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and an apotheosis of curves at that mile-long art extravaganza
in New York at ~~the~~ Rockefeller Center.

OLD DOBBIN - ENDING

Editor Grovner of the Hamilton, Ohio, Journal-News, tells me about a curious cross-country journey that is on right at this moment, Somewhere in Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Martz are jogging along on a thousand mile journey from Kansas to Pennsylvania, jogging along in a horse and carriage, saying: "Giddap, Dobbin!" And old Dobbin isn't in any hurry, and neither are Al Martz and his wife. It was just nine months ago that they started out from Topeka, Kansas, and said "Giddap, Dobbin." Since then they've just been joggin' along. They are on their way to visit the folks -- back in Pennsylvania. And like Al Martz and his wife, it's time for me to ~~say~~ start for Pontiac, Michigan, and say "Giddap, Dobbin" and --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.