

STRATOSPHERE

At two o'clock this afternoon a voice came down to earth over the Hertzian waves, saying: "I'm not quite sure how high up we are but it's over Seventy thousand feet. It may be seventy-three thousand, or it may be seventy-one. But at any rate, I am sure we have established a record."

The voice was that of Captain Albert W. Stevens, Commander of the U. S. Army National Geographic balloon that made this historic flight into the stratosphere. It is quite sure that he and his companion, Captain Orvil Anderson, have established the record if they only went Seventy thousand feet. The word is that they went up 74,000 feet. A couple of Russians went up to Seventy-two thousand last year. But as they were killed and their instruments were destroyed, their tragic feat has no official standing.

The world's altitude onight goes to Uncle Sam. The figures will not be definitely known until their instruments are unsealed and examined by officials of the National Geographical Society. Whatever they did, it is positive that they rose to a height of more than Fourteen miles above the earth. The previous official record was Sixty-one thousand feet, roundly speaking, twelve miles. Ten years ago today's amazing achieve-

STRATOSPHERE - 2

ment could not
have been dreamed of. Without the perfection of oxygen equipment,
it would be impossible even today.

must have
They made many observations of incalculable interest
to the men of science. They had with them instruments for measuring
the mysterious cosmic ray. Captain Stevens declared that at
fourteen miles the cosmic rays were a hundred and fifty times as
intense as they are in the air that we all breath. The outside of
their gondola was heavily encrusted with ice. And though it was
shortly after noon, the sky above them was deep purple, the horizon
black.

Not the least interesting part of the adventure was the
conversation over the radio telephone in which Captain Stevens
announced what he had done. Though many of us have talked over
three thousand miles across the seas down at the earth's surface,
there's something particularly miraculous in the idea of holding a
conversation with men suspended at that terrific height.

Captains Stevens and Anderson started to come down at
this afternoon. The have
two o'clock and we may hear of their coming to earth at any moment.

~~In any event, they have~~ made this a big day in the history of
American aeronautics and American science. — *important to the whole world.*

What sort of men are they who accomplish^{ed} this fantastic achievement, and had this rare experience? Well, Captain Albert Stevens is the ace cameraman of Uncle Sam's army air corps. As a flying photographer he has no peer. ~~His early record reminds one somewhat of Sir Hubert Wilkins. His coolness, his audacity when he gladly took photographs of the enemy positions along the front, had the competent officers gasping.~~

In the scientific world he is known as the only man who ever took a picture of the moon's^{shadow} moving across the earth. That was in 1932 when he flew over Maine at an altitude of five miles during an eclipse of the sun. He also shot the first photograph that proved the earth was round[^]. He went down to Central Argentina to do that.

^{At}~~At~~ four miles high he actually caught the curve of the planet on the plate of his camera. ~~By~~ His record goes even further than that. He has conducted explorations for the National Geographic Society. And he has made air maps of the great valley of the Amazon River and other large areas of South America.

Personally, he's a tall, dark, shy man, a bachelor. ~~He's~~

^A~~A~~ afraid of nothing in the air. But when he comes to ground women

and invitations to dinner and to lecture terrify him.

He was born in Belfast, Maine, a real Down Easter.

Though himself one of the most famous of cameramen, he is camera-shy and reporter-shy -- hates publicity. He's had enough exciting experiences to fill volumes. But he tells them reluctantly.

Captain Orvil ~~A.~~ Anderson, pilot of the ~~xxxx~~ expedition, is also one of the top-notchers of the Air Corps. Born at Springville, Utah, he enlisted during the war and in a fantastically brief time became an instructor. It was he who organized the Army Airship School at Langley Field, ^{Va.} He has been in charge of aircraft maintenance and has also functioned as a test pilot. Being from Utah, naturally, he is married, unlike his colleague ^{my old friend Cap.} ~~Captain~~ Stevens.

ARMISTICE DAY

It fills us with mixed emotions to observe the sentiments of the world on this, the Seventeenth Anniversary of Armistice Day. In America the word is "peace". In Europe they utter the equivalent of the same word but they say it with a growl.

President Roosevelt summed up the feelings of most of ^{over} us here when he said: "America must and will protect herself."

~~And~~ Then adding: "But under no circumstances will this policy of self-protection go beyond the limits of self-protection."

And the words of the man who headed the A.E.F., Blackjack Pershing, had also the American point of view:- "Observation of Armistice Day recalls the tremendous cost of life that we have paid for peace," said General Pershing in mid-ocean aboard the WASHINGTON; and he added: "It is my fondest hope that such a war will never happen again."

Now what do we hear from Europe? Like other countries, Italy had a big celebration, a ^{monster} ~~master~~ parade in Rome. With stern face, the Duce sat on his ^{black} ~~big~~ stallion while twenty-five thousand Fascist troops marched by. Then the Black Shirt Dictator spoke ~~to~~ ^{from} the balcony of his palace and said: "The forces you have seen

ARMISTICE DAY - 2

are ready to defend Italy's interests, in Africa, in Europe, or anywhere." You might construe that as another version of "self-protection". But what did the Duce say next? "In one month we have regulated two old accounts." Of course he meant those old sores, the Italian defeats at Aduwa and Makale in Eighteen Ninety-six. In conclusion, he used the pregnant words "the remainder will be settled later."

London observed Armistice Day with a repetition of the solemn ^{cenotaph} ceremonies that have become a tradition throughout the empire. But in Paris there was a different picture. A parade of twenty-five thousand Poilus marched to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and everything seemed peaceful, to a point. Then a clash, a fight, a riot! Columns of Communists smashed into crowds of Fascists. Boulevards resounded with shouts of, "Down with the Communists!" Side streets were tumultuous with shouts of "Down with the Fascists! Fascists want war!" Police and mobile guards rushed in trying to suppress the riots. Cafes closed their doors. The reserves were called out. Every street corner had its fist fight. Movie houses had to be protected. In the end, the forces of the law won out. But Armistice Day Nineteen thirty-five in Paris was a day of tumult.

52
But the most ominous symptoms of this Armistice Day come from the Far East. In the last twelve hours conditions in Shanghai have grown more and more threatening. The answer of the Chinese to the landing of the Japanese marines is an outburst of anti-Japanese riots.

It would seem that in moving to avenge the death of one Japanese, the Mikado's officers have precipitated a reign of terror that may lead to anything. One Chinese mob raided a Japanese store, smashing its windows in the heart of Shanghai's business district. There are two thousand marines from Nippon in the international city now. If the disturbances grow any worse they will afford the Mikado's war ^{lords} ~~lords~~ an excuse for a still more formidable invasion. Memories of the last battles in Shanghai are still vivid. What has happened today is even more alarming than the ^{killings of the Japanese Marine} ~~death of the marine~~ Nakayama, which touched off the present China Coast trouble.

EARTHQUAKE

When houses tumbled to the ground in parts of Greece, some of the Helenes thought they had another revolution. Instead of that, it was just another earthquake; and quite a severe one. The worst of it occurred around Epirus. There was a panic, although no lives were lost.

But there was a much worse panic on the island of Antigua in the British West Indies. There they had not one quake but a whole series, seventeen hours of it. In St. Johns, the inhabitants rushed into the streets and stayed there as buildings shook and walls cracked.

This brings to light a curious bit of natural history that I never knew before. There's a town in Scotland that has a quake every day in the year. It's a place called Comrie, in County Perthshire.

In that neighborhood there's a pathological phenomenon known as the Pendleton Fault. The experts tell us that a Fault is a formation of the crust of the earth which slips every so often. It doesn't move more than a fraction of an inch at a time. But when you get an entire area of the earth's surface slipping

EARTHQUAKE - 2

even a fraction of an inch, it's enough to jar the countryside.

Strangers who go to Comrie, not knowing of its idiocyncrasy, become terrified. But shaking walls, jingling windows, pictures falling to the ground, mean nothing to the old inhabitants of Comrie. They just pick up whatever has dropped and settle comfortably back in their chairs for another go at the bagpipes.

Today in Philadelphia they opened their thirty-fifth annual auto show. It has become a tradition in Philadelphia that this event should be ushered in by that Antique Auto Derby that I've helped judge in previous years. In spite of the rain twenty-one antediluvian cars took part. The oldest dated from 1902. The youngest was of 1910 vintage. They represented four states, One of them, a Packard had huffed and puffed all the way from Saint College, Pennsylvania, a distance of two hundred miles.

The automobile world was in a celebrating mood today. There had been no little anxiety over the revolutionary move in changing the date of the National Auto Show from January to November. But the experiment more than justified the audacity.

54
These November shows produced more sales than any previous ones held in January. And that's enough to make November a permanent date for the National Auto Show.

Not only was the Grand Central Palace jammed through the week, but also the Ford, Zephyr-Lincoln exhibit at the Astor, and the Park Lane. And you had to fight your way into the special General Motors exhibit at the Waldorf where Frank ^Ready tells me they broke all records.

FURS

National Fur Week begins today. And it had a prelude.

Did you ever see two million dollars' worth of fur collected in one place? In Little Old New York you can see many a spectacle of stupendous luxury. But one of the most extraordinary was a sight here at Rockefeller Center, a sight to make the eyes of a Russian Czar or even a Chinese Emperor bulge. More than two million dollars worth of furs assembled in one place. One single piece alone, an ermine wrap, valued at six thousand dollars. Even the wives of Asurbanapal - Sardanapalus, or Queen Semiramis, or your own wife, would have appreciated that.

FOOTBALL

55
As gallant a heart-throb story as I've heard in a long time comes from a football field. It seems that among sports, the gridiron game has more than its share of emotional human incidents. Perhaps that's why it has such a tremendous hold on young and old, men and women alike.

The story begins a year ago, when one of the greatest American ~~halfbacks~~ ^{tackles}, Joe Sullivan of Notre Dame, died. The first among those who mourned him, was a gentleman on ~~Staten~~ ^{Long} Island, ~~Lieut~~ ^{Lieut} ~~policeman~~ Tim Sullivan, Joe's father. But he wasn't the only one. Not for a day in the last twelve months was Joe Sullivan forgotten at Notre Dame. And a week ago last Saturday came the great game against Ohio State. The result of that day, the ~~brave~~ slashing victory for the fighting Irish, ~~is~~ football history! What we did ~~not~~ know at the time was that, sitting at his radio on ~~Staten~~ ^{Long} Island that afternoon, was the gray-haired police veteran, Tim Sullivan. When the Ohio State men crossed the Notre Dame line for the second ~~xx~~ touchdown, he looked up, sighed, and said: "Mother, how beautiful it would be if our Joe were out there."

56
What Tim Sullivan didn't know was that at that ~~moment~~ ^{between halves} very moment, Coach Elmer Layden was in the locker room ~~at~~ ^{with} the

Notre Dame team. He wasn't ~~bawling~~^{bauling} the Irish out. He just looked at them and said: "Don't forget, boys, we're doing this for Joe.

This is Joe's game."

And it was indeed Joe's game. For it was those words that made the fighting Irish rush out on the field and pluck victory out of defeat in the most dramatic ball game of ~~the~~^{the} year ~~or~~^{any year.}

But that isn't all of it. We have to switch back to the home on ^{Long}~~Staten~~ Island. As the feverish words of the announcer came tumbling out of the radio, Lieutenant Tim Sullivan listened with rising excitement. Galloping sentences described the irresistible rush of the fighting Irish. And the police veteran could be heard gasping: "By gorry, Joe, if you could hear that!" And when the final ~~xx~~ whistle blew, he cried: "They've won, mother; they ^{ve}won, Joe!" And with those words he slid gently off his chair to the floor. The heart that had carried him through many years of police work had given way under the excitement, ^{he lingered for days and has now died,} The doctors said it was "arterial ^h~~h~~emorrhage". What actually happened was that Joe Sullivan's father had gone to join the boy who had been the pride of his life.

57

SUPREME COURT

Just by way of a change, the New Deal gets a lucky deal from the Supreme Court. The Roosevelt policies have had so many socks in the eye from the federal bench, that a government victory before the Nine Highest Justices is surely page one news.

The issue is one about which even the leaders of the Administration feel pretty queasy, the Guffey Coal Bill. It was attacked some time ago in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. ~~The James Walter Carter,~~ ⁴ an owner of mines in West Virginia and Maryland, asked the Supreme Court of the United States to enjoin the government against enforcing the provisions of that Act until the case is decided by the District of Columbia tribunal.

The answer of the nine Supreme Court Justices was brief. It might almost be comprised in the single word: "No". The Supreme Court bluntly declines to interfere in the due process of that case.

LETTERS

We've had ample reason to realize that the Duce's army is as complete in modern equipment as any in the world. But its modernity goes further than the latest word in airplanes and tanks. The Duce's general staff goes so far as to save the Italian doughboys the trouble of composing their own letters home. For every sentiment or piece of information that a lad sweltering in the Danakil plateau or the mountains around Harar wants to communicate to Piza or Perugia, there's an official form. There are sixteen of them. If Giuseppi at Makale wants to send a loving message to Bella Maria in Piedmont, he goes to the army post office picks the form he wants, and says: "Number Fifteen". Thereupon, all he has to do is sign his name and pay the equivalent of thirty two cents, which is almost a whole day's pay for an Italian buck private.

By the same token, if Mama Lucia at Palermo wants to read the Riot Act to Vincenzo at Ogaden, saying: "No money received for three weeks", she hies herself to the post office and there picks herself form Number Thirteen, or whatever number it is. Thirteen would be appropriate. It's the hard luck number.

In short, the Duce's general staff has taken a leaf from the book of our own Western Union when it started devising form messages for every occasion. And I have a form message for this occasion:- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.