

L. T. Sun Jan. 12 - 1933

PICCARD

*the stratospherician,*  
Professor Piccard, the man who went higher up into the heavens than man ever went before, arrived on the soil of the U. S. A. today. One important thing he told reporters is that he hopes to make his next ascent into the stratosphere from *North* American soil. *The reason is, that* ~~That is, because~~ the magnetic pole is *at the top of North* ~~in~~ America, and Professor Piccard believes that the next trip should be made from a point somewhere near Hudson Bay.

He also makes a prophesy. He says that stratoplaning, that is, airplaning in the stratosphere, will some day be a common place *feature of high speed* ~~of~~ transportation. ~~In the stratosphere,~~ He points out *that* a plane ~~is able to~~ *capable that can do* two hundred miles an hour close to the earth, can go six hundred miles an hour with the same amount of energy *in the stratosphere.* He also predicts that rockets will be used largely for transportation. For instance, mail will be ~~sent from here first~~ *shot* across the continent by rocket, and ~~eventually~~ *in time* across the Atlantic. *If it happens in our day I hope their aim is good.*

*Papa Piccard* - as he is affectionately known - Incidentally, ~~the Prof~~ was rather annoyed at a wild newspaper story that had become current about him. That story

was to the effect that he had extracted the teeth of a neighbor's dog in order to keep it from biting his own children. In answer

to this the <sup>long haired</sup> Professor said: ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ "That <sup>ees</sup> ~~is~~ canard,

not true. I am great lover of animals. Original story <sup>ees</sup> ~~I~~ I pulled thorns from rose bushes so children be not scratched.

Imaginative and insatiable journalists substitute dog for rosebush

and there, as you say in your country, <sup>there - nez pa?</sup> you are, What to do about

imagination of journalists I know not."

<sup>All of which</sup> show that Papa Piccard can go up in the air without visiting the stratosphere.

Professor Piccard is ~~to~~ lecturing tonight before the

National Geographic Society, in Washington.



CONGRESS

( The United States Senate is having a tough time with the noble Huey Long, yes, the celebrated Kingfish of Louisiana. Huey has got the Senate stymied, as the golf players would say. Huey doesn't like the new bank reform bill of Senator Carter Glass. So what is Huey doing about it? He's trying to talk the ~~down~~ thing to death.

Here he's been talking three days now.) (What a wife that man would make for somebody.) ~~It'd even back~~

Huey got a ~~small~~ couple of converts today -- Senator~~s~~ Wheeler of ~~Oklahoma~~ and <sup>Sen.</sup> Thomas of Oklahoma. Most of the rest of the Senate were believed to have been in favor of Senator Glass's bill. In fact, they are considering how they can gag the talkative Huey. But it's an old tradition of the Senate that unlike the ~~House~~ of Representatives, Senators can talk as long as their voices hold out.

These three, <sup>Long, Thomas & Wheeler</sup> ~~Senators~~, are in favor of inflating the currency. They say, in fact they have threatened on the floor, to block all business until a currency inflation measure is passed. When three senators make up their mind to talk, there's no telling what will happen.

~~and~~

JAPAN

There is conflicting news today from the Far East.

A cable to the New York World Telegram carries advices that Japanese airplanes are rading the principal cities in the Chinese province of Reyho, one of them the capital of the province, formerly the summer residence of the Manchu emperors.

From Mukden comes a report that thirty-five train loads of Japanese troops left for Chinch~~ow~~<sup>ow</sup>, which is the base of the Japanese army east of the Reyho frontier.

Both the Chinese and Japanese armies are fighting in bitter cold. A blizzard is sweeping northern Asia and the temperatures have dropped to forty degrees below zero.

Another ~~xxx~~ cable brings the report that <sup>peace</sup> negotiations are going on between the Japanese and the Chinese, ~~for a truce~~. Officers of both armies met in the presence of British naval offic<sup>ers</sup> ~~to~~ to consider terms. No definite facts about the results of the meeting have come to light.

10



DOG

From the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia comes a peculiarly tragic tale. A story in the New York Times relates that a hunting expedition consisting of two different parties went out into the hills looking for bear.

After the shooting began a dog belonging to one party left his master and joined the others who seemed to have <sup>been the first to find</sup> ~~found~~ the trail of game, ~~first~~. This annoyed the owner of the dog who accused the other man of being inconsiderate.

Words led to words and they soon became fighting words. In fact, it didn't take very long before rifle butts leaped to shoulders and shots were fired. At the end of it all two men were dead and two others wounded. All as the result of a quarrel over a dog.

CINCINNATI

9

The Credit Man's Association of Cincinnati has caused quite a stir not only in Ohio, but all over the country. The credit men got hot and bothered about some of the professors of the University of Cincinnati. Professors who have been lecturing about the depression, say the credit men, have been laying it <sup>on</sup> a bit thick. They complain that it's an outrage and a nuisance and all sorts of things. In fact they claim that it ~~is~~ time to call a halt.

A writer in the Cincinnati Post remarks that he too would like to hear professors saying only cheerful things. But, he points out, that to seek the truth and expose it should be the ~~an~~ chief business of professors, just as it is of credit men. If, for instance, a credit man found a customer to be a dead-beat and reported him to be an honest man, the Association of Credit Men would promptly throw him out. The same thing, remarks the Cincinnati Post, ought to apply to professors.

Well, it's a difficult problem. I wish the Cincinnati



Association of Credit Men could sit at my desk some days and see the letters that come in. If I relay a bit of encouraging news one batch of correspondents writes in calling me every ~~thing~~ <sup>thing</sup> ~~bad name~~ from a <sup>stooge for</sup> ~~hireling of the~~ Wall Street ~~interests~~ to a Socialist candidate for President, in fact all sorts of ~~bad~~ <sup>hard</sup> names.

On the other hand, if I happen to make a reference which might indicate that times aren't as good as they were, another batch of letter writers tell me I'm a Jeremiah, a knocker, a wet-blanket gloom, and a Bolshevik.

So I can sympathize with those Cincinnati professors.

AUTO SHOW


This was Women's Day at the <sup>National</sup>~~New York~~ Auto Show

~~at~~ the Grand Central Palace. Ladies prominent in the various professions, in fact in all lines of endeavor, were guests of the management. As I remarked the other day, automobile manufacturers are now operating on the theory that in many families of the U. S. A. ~~ix~~ it is mama who decides which car will be bought.

Marion Clyde McCarroll in the New York Evening Post, has some caustic remarks to make on ~~that~~ subject. Marion ~~says~~ she's a trifle fed up <sup>with</sup> ~~of~~ having automobile salesmen tell her that all the manifold improvements in not only the appearance but the machinery of the modern car are being done for the ~~Little~~ Woman. Marion says she's been shifting gears and starting cars in the good old way for several years, and that the old fashioned ~~xx~~ gear shift never bothered her. Marion <sup>adds</sup> ~~says~~ ~~that~~ the next automobile salesman who tells her ~~that~~ all these improvements are being done for her sake is going to get a <sup>left upper-cut to the chin</sup> ~~hatpin run into~~



from the Little Woman,

~~him~~ Marion says further that she'll challenge any man of her acquaintance and any automobile salesman she has ever met and take him out on the road and drive his head off. And she believes that taking person for person, women are just as good drivers as men. 

WOMAN

Did you know there was a lady soldier in Uncle Sam's army? There not only is one, but she <sup>has</sup> served among Uncle Sam's doughboys for twenty-five years, Twenty-five years and a half, to be exact. Her name is Miss Olive Hoskins, or, I beg her pardon, I should say Warrant Officer Olive L. Hoskins.

Warrant Officer Hoskins joined up in 1907 in the Philippines. She went to work as a headquarters clerk. There she stayed until 1916 when the grade of headquarters clerk was abolished. She then became an army field-clerk and did eleven months work on the Mexican border under BlackJack Pershing.

6  
Warrant Officer Hoskins says that one of the great disappointments of her twenty-five years service was that she never got to France. In 1919 when her <sup>hitch</sup> ~~term~~ was up she volunteered for more service in the Philippine Islands. And now they are sending her back to the Philippine ~~Islands~~ where she did her first hitch.



A scientific gentleman at <sup>the</sup> University of North Carolina, by name H. M. Holliday, sends me an item that may interest the scientific minded.

"Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second," says Mr. Holliday. "So if your automobile could travel at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, it would catch up with the light from the headlights, and they would appear to go out. " <sup>says he</sup> "And <sup>^</sup>that's just what happened to me when I put Blue Sunoco in my tank. Then when I would slow down the lights would grow dim, and then if I slowed down still more, they grew bright. But when I stepped on it, out would go my lights."

When it comes to a high speed imagination, Scientist Holliday is just about 186,000 miles per second ahead of anyone I know.

5

FRONT ROYAL

The other evening I happened to mention the town of Decatur, Georgia, where the plight of taxpayers is remarkably different from that of the taxpayers in most other cities. Today I have a letter from a correspondent in Front Royal, Virginia. Front Royal, ~~Virginia, which~~ is only eighty miles from Washington, D. C. <sup>at</sup> ~~is~~ the northern entrance to Shenandoah National Park.

The town of Front Royal adopted a city management in August, 1930. At that time the finances of the town were in terrible shape. They were forty thousand dollars <sup>shy - in the hole, on delinquent</sup> ~~out in delinquent~~ taxes, electricity and water accounts.

After two and a quarter years of city management all bills have been collected. Front Royal ~~ix~~ has spent seventy-five thousand dollars on improvements. Every current bill has been paid. No salaries have been reduced. All bonds and interest have been paid to date. What is more, taxpayers got a Christmas present in the shape of having forty per cent <sup>tax reduction</sup> ~~of their~~ ~~property tax remitted for prompt payment.~~ In addition to all this there's a substantial balance in the town treasury.

That's the sort of town where the curse is taken off paying taxes.



CARD

4

A ~~famous~~ Russian poet once wrote a story, a story which subsequently became ~~very~~ famous, <sup>under</sup> ~~with~~ the title ~~of~~ "Queen of Spades". In fact, it was subsequently made into a well known opera, <sup>called "The Queen of Spades" - a tragedy.</sup> From Birmingham, Alabama, comes a story which might be entitled: "Queen of Clubs," only this Birmingham story is a comedy.

A dispatch to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin relates that a colored gentleman was arrested on the charge of burglary. Part of the loot taken from the house that was burglarized was two packs of cards. On the person of this colored gentleman a detective had found two decks which corresponded to those missing from the house.

Now part of the evidence was that one of those decks of cards was one card shy. "The burglar," said the police, "had in his haste dropped the Queen of Clubs."

When the case came to trial, of course, the cards were shown in evidence. Can you imagine the dismay of the

3  
prosecutor when it was shown that the crucial deck of cards  
~~not only~~ was not minus the Queen of Clubs. On the contrary, that  
deck ~~it~~ had fifty-three cards, because there were two Queens  
of Clubs in it.

The colored gentleman was hurriedly acquitted, and  
he says, that in <sup>the</sup> future, wherever he ~~goes he never will be without~~ <sup>will carry a ~~Queen of~~</sup>  
a Queen of Clubs ~~in his pocket.~~ <sup>instead of a rabbit's foot.</sup>



INDUSTRY

I <sup>just</sup> came across a quite <sup>an</sup> encouraging bit of information

from Youngstown, the heart of the Ohio iron and steel business.

The Youngstown Vindicator declares that iron and steel operations in that district have advanced to the highest point in three months. Additional furnaces have been started up and mills which have been closed are reopening. Several hundred employees have been called to work.

Since steel is one of the most important key industries of the country, the Youngstown business barometer means a good deal to all of us.

BATH

— I mean one  
Did you ever take a bath<sup>^</sup> that cost a hundred dollars?

2  
That is what happened to a gentleman in Brooklyn today. His name is Joseph Collins, and he's two years old. As the New York Sun remarks, if he lives to be a hundred-and-two he probably will never get such an expensive washing.

Joe's mother stuck him in the bath tub this morning and<sup>then</sup><sub>^</sub> remembered some clothes she had hung out on the roof.

She went to get the clothes leaving Joe in the tub. When she got back she found ~~xxx~~ herself locked out<sup>her apartment.</sup><sub>^</sub> Immediately she pictured little Joe drowning in a half filled bathtub. So little Joe's mother lifted up her voice and made the neighborhood acquainted with the facts. In fact she made almost all Brooklyn acquainted with the facts. The sound of her screams alarmed a neighbor who telephoned police headquarters that somebody was being murdered. Police headquarters sent out a radio alarm. By the time the story went the rounds, the cops were led to believe that several women were being murdered.



No less than seven police radio cars sped to the scene, each with two coppers aboard, ~~and~~ their sirens blaring. Meanwhile the <sup>harness-bull</sup> ~~harmless-copper~~ on the beat had turned in an alarm and sent for the emergency <sup>crew.</sup> ~~truck.~~ Seven radio cars and an emergency truck and their crews were on the spot to save little Joe Collins from drowning <sup>in the bathtub.</sup> And by the time the officers got into that bathroom there they found little Joe, as naked as the truth, playing boat with a cake of soap and ~~is~~ perfectly happy.

One of the Technocrats on the New York Sun figured out that the total cost of sending out those seven police radio cars and the emergency truck was one hundred dollars ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> cash and enough energy units to catch a hundred robbers.

ENDING

In yes & by the way, I saw  
~~I came across~~ a touching item in tonight's New York  
Evening Post. A lady was telling <sup>a friend about</sup> ~~another of~~ her trials and  
tribulations in moving. So her friend said: "Well, dear, if  
it gives you so much trouble, why did you move?" And the first  
lady explained: "I couldn't stand the neighborhood. It was  
so unfashionable."

"Well, dearest," retorted her friend, "couldn't you  
think of any other way of improving it than by moving?"

And that brings it to the moment when it's time for me to

<sup>improve the situation by moving</sup>  
~~me to move~~ away from this microphone and saying

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW, and by the way  
Tomorrow is Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>.



# RETAKE

ENDING

*In yes & by the way, I saw*  
~~I came across~~ a touching item in tonight's New York  
Evening Post. A lady was telling ~~another of~~ *a friend about* her trials and  
tribulations in moving. So her friend said: "Well, dear, if  
it gives you so much trouble, why did you move?" And the first  
lady explained: "I couldn't stand the neighborhood. It was  
so unfashionable."

"Well, dearest," retorted her friend, "couldn't you  
think of any other way of improving it than by moving?"

And that brings it to the moment when it's time for me to

*improve the situation by moving*

~~me to move~~ away from this microphone and saying

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW, *and by the way*  
*tomorrow is Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>.*