

ULM

The story of the Trans-Pacific fliers had almost disparingly anxious look until the last minute today. And it's still that way. Anxious! A frantic search. But here's encouragement. The story takes the line of high-hopes that turned suddenly into alarm, as brief, anxious radio dispatches came flashing by wireless. Then that familiar ominous suspense of silence. Then the bright flash:-- they've been located.

Yes, their hopes were high as they took off from Oakland, California, the Australian Captain, Charles Ulm and his two co-pilots. Six years ago Captain Ulm flew almost the same route to Australia with Kingsford Smith. That was pioneering adventure. This time the fliers were striking out for commercial practicability. They intended to map a course for regular trans-Pacific air service.

On they flew, ticking off the miles, eating up the distance, across the immense expanse of the Pacific. They were making splendid progress toward their first scheduled stop, Honolulu. Then they got lost. Frantic wireless flashed came from the plane asking for directions. They couldn't find their way and their supply of

gas was running short.

Then the most alarming dispatch of all came, when the fliers wirelessly that they had been forced down on the ocean. They had run out of gas completely and had been compelled to land on the sea. They were able to radio this brief word to Honolulu, and then their transmitter went dead. That was inevitable since the radio apparatus was run by the engine. No more gas, no more engine, no more flying, no more wireless.

All that could be determined was that they had been forced down on the waters somewhere in the region of Hawaii. ~~and they were~~

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Stormy waters. There ^{has} been a blow out there on the Pacific, with ~~it~~ high-running waves. How long could the ⁱⁿ plane live in a heavy sea? Moreover, the ocean out there is studded with ^{storm-swept} coral reefs on which a plane might be ripped apart. The picture was a familiar one of a tiny speck on the vast expanse of ocean. What chance was there of finding them? A coast guard cutter and three Navy planes put out from Honolulu to hunt for them. But the chance seemed none too good that the searchers would be able to find the pin-point on the sea.

And in fact, those searchers didn't find pin point. It was an ocean liner that did. The word comes flashing that the American liner, the President Coolidge, has located Captain Ulm and his two co-pilots on the sea three hundred and seventy-five miles out of Honolulu. And there is hope that they'll be picked up. Ships are racing to the scene.

And so the story rests more hopefully than might have been expected from the way dispatches came in telling how the latest trans-Pacific plane had been forced down on the stormy Pacific.

McCARTER

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Thomas Nesbitt McCarter of New Jersey is bucking the New Deal. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau says to Mr. McCarter: "You're a high class business man and good citizen." As President of the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey and also President of the Edison Electric Institute, Mr. McCarter is leading the utilities ~~company~~ fight against the President's Tennessee Valley Power program. And the Secretary of the Treasury pats the enemy on the back and utters soothing compliments.

But there is something else in the combination to explain the seeming paradox. It concerns taxes. As the commanding general of big utilities interests, Tom McCarter is on the paying end of plenty of taxes. He was approached by a gang who proposed a scheme to swindle the government ^{out} of several million dollars of tax money. They had a crooked plan whereby he could save all sorts of cash by gypping the tax collector. It was a large and complicated conspiracy, involving employees of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. ~~And I suppose~~ They knew Tom McCarter was bucking the government on the Tennessee Valley project and I suppose they thought that might make him all the more ready to listen to their scheme, to enable him to do some tax ~~cheating~~ ^{chiseling}. They were wrong.

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McCarter merely got hot under the collar. He went to the Treasury Department and exposed the whole scheme which is now being thoroughly investigated.

So that's how it happens that Tom McCarter, the utilities battler against the New Deal, gets a big bouquet of flowers from the Secretary of the Treasury. On one side of the fence they are scrapping, on the other they are shaking hands.

HOME

The latest Home Loan development concerns a gaunt gentleman with a goatee, who ~~likes to wear striped trousers and a white opera hat~~. He is a newspaper publisher in addition to being a ~~government~~ government official. He was once President of the United States Chamber of Commerce. ~~Cutting somewhat of a~~ ^{quaint} figure, the gentleman of the goatee has quaint, ~~gaunt~~ ideas about honesty. His name evokes bitter denunciation from many politicians. He won't play politics. They say he pays no attention when Jim Farley talks political wisdom in the appointment of office holders.

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John H. Fahey is Chairman of the Federal Home Owners Loan Corporation. and he's the man behind the stern statement issued to home owners whose mortgages have been taken over by the government. The figures show that the hundred and fifty thousand borrowers have kicked in with about seventy per cent of the ^{current payments} ~~money~~ they owe to Uncle Sam. Of the thirty per cent in default, part is owned by people who have simply been unable to pay - another part by those who can pay but have the idea that the government won't do much of anything about it. They think your Uncle Sam is an easy going old geezer who won't ^{mind} ~~do anything much~~. It's to these latter that the

warning is issued. Chairman Fahey declares there will be no fooling.

Those who are able to pay and won't do it will be foreclosed.

That's the word from the gentleman with the goatee, ~~who wears dark~~

~~g trousers and a white opera hat,~~ ^{who} and is known to be excessively

hard-boiled with questions of simple honesty.

MORRO CASTLE

They are rushing the prosecutions in the Morro Castle case. The date of court appearance is set and the ~~large~~ charges are comprehensive indeed. The defendants are Acting Captain Warms, Chief Engineer Abbott and Vice-President Cabaud of the Company that operated the ship. There is a whole list of charges of negligence against Captain Warms, concerning the lack of discipline of the crew, the lack of fire precautions, the failure to arouse the passengers in time, and the delay in sending distress signals. Chief Engineer Abbott is accused of negligence during the fire and of having left the burning ship in life boat Number One. Vice-President Cabaud is accused of having known that fire regulations were not observed aboard the ill-fated ship, and having wiked at conditions of neglect.

two ship officers
The ~~three defendants~~, having been indicted by the grand jury, will be arraigned before the court on Monday, and face drastic penalties of each as much as ten years in prison and a fine of ten thousand dollars.

~~The New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Company, who was~~

The steamship company

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operating the Morro Castle, is similarly accused of neglect,
and will face a ten thousand dollar fine if found guilty of
violating the United States code regulating the ~~steamship~~ traffic ^{at sea.}

the French Republic...
the great industry...
his affairs...
was...
dramatically...
I have built...
chief creditor...
the...
affairs...
were...
Henry Ford...
Kingdom of France...

CITROEN

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The Henry Ford of France has lost out. Andre Citroen, the renowned French manufacturer of small motor cars, stands today another victim of the depression. His creditors conferred with the French Finance Minister and today Citroen is out of control of the great industry he built.

His affairs came to a crisis several months ago. At that time Citroen made an impassioned plea. "Gentlemen", he declared dramatically, "the day I am deprived of control over the business I have built, that day I shall commit suicide." With this, his chief creditor, the great Michelin Rubber Company, agreed to pay the Citroen bills for three months, in the hope that the Company's affairs would pick up. The three months were up today, and things were as bad as ever. So Citroen, the plump, jolly, round faced Henry Ford of France, was formally deposed as the head of his kingdom of French flivvers.

WOMAN

On Thanksgiving Day I told the story of a man and woman arrested in Chicago. Federal Agents nabbed them as they got off a bus that had just pulled into the station, and the first report was that the two prisoners were John Hamilton and Mrs. Baby Face Nelson. John Hamilton being the gangster who was the partner of Baby Face in that gun battle in which two federal agents and Baby Face himself were killed. The woman of course is the widow of that Public Enemy Number One and was beside her husband and Hamilton during the pistol fight. Her real name is Mrs. Gillis.

I told how the report had been immediately denied by the Department of Justice, with the statement that the two prisoners were not John Hamilton and the much hunted woman, but were two other people.

So this afternoon I was particularly interested in reports that came telling that Mrs. Baby Face Nelson - Gillis is under arrest, and in fact has been under arrest for some days. The Department has been keeping it a dark secret. I notice that

the statement declares that the woman has been in custody since November twenty-ninth. That was Thanksgiving Day.

So maybe our original story was correct after all. I wonder?

... battle in Paris ... as a ... It is all involved in those legal complications that tangle the brain of the layman into ... But it seems to amount to this:

Mrs. Vanderbilt's lawyers asked ^{Justice} Judge Carey to issue a writ of habeas corpus returning little Gloria Vanderbilt to her mother. ^{The Justice} ~~Justice~~ had not acted upon this writ of habeas corpus. So Mrs. Vanderbilt appealed to the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court, asking the judges to order Justice Carey to take action on the habeas corpus affair. But the Appellate judges say no. They leave it up to ^{the Justice} ~~the Justice~~

But at the same time this opens up the road for Mrs. Vanderbilt to carry a regular appeal to the highest court, so while the judges deny her petition, they also ^{open} ~~open~~ the way for the long series of legal maneuvers which are sure to be made

VANDERBILT

There seems to be some confusion about who won and who lost in the latest legal action in the Vanderbilt case. ~~Some people might take it as a defeat for Mrs. Vanderbilt in her battle to regain custody of her daughter, or it might be taken as a victory for her.~~ It is all involved in those legal complications that tangle the brain of the layman into ~~complicated~~ knots. But it seems to amount to this:

Mrs. Vanderbilt's lawyers asked ^{Justice}~~Judge~~ Carew to issue a writ of habeas corpus returning little Gloria Vanderbilt to her mother. ^{The Justice}~~Judge Carew~~ has not acted upon this writ of habeas corpus. So Mrs. Vanderbilt appealed to the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court, asking the judges to order ^{Justice}~~Judge~~ Carew to take action on the habeas corpus affair. But the Appellate Judges say no. They leave it up to ^{the Justice}~~the Judge Carew~~.

But at the same time this opens up the road for Mrs. Vanderbilt to carry a regular appeal to the highest courts. So while the judges deny her petition, they also ^{have}~~open~~ the way for the long series of legal maneuvers which are sure to be made

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in the attempt to overthrow the decision that gives the
little million-dollar girl to the custody of her aunt, with
mere weekend visits to her mother.

The village has been adopted by the girl
and typists in the London Head of Executive Office.

The town is called Page Park, and it certainly did need
adoption. It's a mining village and four years ago the mine closed
down. The town was left destitute, no way to make a living.

Then last summer mysterious things began to happen. A
mysterious stranger visited the place. He was widely known as
the "man from the islands", and he still won't say who he is.

The "man from the islands" engineered some highly peculiar
deals. First the village girls, particularly received the gift
of a thousand dollars with a promise of more to come. The "man

from the islands" had persuaded the big-wheeled business girls
in London to take an interest in Page Park. Last some financial papers
of adoption from the girl clients and typists. They were spreading

rumors from their own mouths and were adopting the village
of Page Park as their own.

It's common enough for children to be adopted, but here's an English village that's been adopted. Who is the foster father, and who the foster mother? There is no foster father, ^{but} ~~and~~ there are a lot of foster mothers. The village has been adopted by the girl clerks and typists in the London Board of Education office.

The town is called Page Bank, and it certainly did need adoption. It's a mining village and four years ago the mine closed down. The town was left destitute, no way to make a living.

Then last summer mysterious things began to happen. A mysterious stranger visited the place. He was merely known as the "man from the midlands", and he still won't say who he is. The "man from the midlands" engineered some highly philanthropic doings. First the village quite ^{un}accountably received ^a ~~the~~ gift of a thousand dollars with a promise of more to come. The "man from the midlands" had persuaded the big-hearted business girls in London to take an interest in Page Bank. Next came formal papers of adoption from the girl clerks and typists. They were subscribing funds from their own small salaries and were adopting the village of Page Bank as their own child.

JOSEPHINE

Pages out of the life of one of the tragic women of history are revealed in New York. They have been brought to the United States and put on exhibition at the National Fine Arts Exhibition at Rockefeller Center, which is devoted this week to the relief fund for architects.

The tragic woman is Josephine, the divorced empress of Napoleon. Gabriel Wells, the New York collector has put on a show of documents, autographs, letter written by Josephine, state papers pertaining to her.

It is well-known that Napoleon was immensely in love with Josephine, and this is moodily borne out by a letter in her own handwriting -- to a cousin of hers. It was ~~many~~ early in the days of the marriage of those two fated people, the young general destined for imperial glory and then St. Helena, and the Creole beauty from Martinique destined to become empress and then to be cast aside. In the letter she speaks of Napoleon quite informally, calling him merely Bonaparte. And she adds cheerily;- "I have found my darling husband (Bonaparte she means) more amiable and more in love with his wife than ever."

There is another document written years later in the handwriting of Napoleon's imperial Chamberlain. It is the notification to Josephine that she was being divorced. The Imperial Chamberlain tells the grief-haunted woman that the divorce will be considered one of history's most beautiful pages.

"It is without equal," he writes lyrically, and explains that it is all because of Napoleon's desire to have a son. Then the Imperial Chamberlain tells Josephine -- "Yes, the Emperor will remarry."

There's a world of pity in those two documents -- first the early-day letter of a wife telling how much her husband loves her, and then years later the official notice telling Josephine that she was being discarded.

AMAZON

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The police, the sleuths, the gumshoe detectives of Boston, made no progress today in that feminine ~~mystery~~ mash mystery, the woman kiss-and-run terrorist who has so deeply scandalized the city of the Puritans. It used to be a crime in Boston for a man to kiss his wife in public, but now it's a case of men being forcibly kissed, not by their wives, but by a ruthless, seductive Amazon, who seizes a shrinking man in her powerful arms and imprints a kiss of brutal violence on his chaste and modest lips, and then flees - not the kind of fleas you have, the kind of fleeing you do!

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The first word of the kissing woman prowler came when a big, burly Bostonian rushed into a police station and shouted: "Can't a decent man go about the streets without being attacked by a ruffian woman?" And he told how he was walking along, sedate and demure, when a woman rushed ~~ix~~ up to him, seized him, pinned his arms to his sides, and kissed him repeatedly, often, many times. And then, before he could call for help, she had darted away! *Curse her!*

No wonder the men of Boston are terrified. The honor of ~~the~~ manhood is threatened by ~~the~~ wild women. So the men are calling

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upon stalwart American womanhood, saying: "Think of your brothers, your sons, your husbands, and protect them!"

I'll venture to say that if the attacks of the kiss and run Amazon continue, a squad of police women will be assigned to protect the Boston men.

Well, I certainly am glad that I am not in Boston tonight. Here it's different. A man can walk down the street without being insulted, annoyed and kissed. So I'm not at all nervous or timid, as I start on my way. And boldly say,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.