## NEW YORK

 It's to build a union terminal in New York City for all the railroads that at present have no terminals on Manhattan Island.According to the International News Service, a bill was introduced into the New York State Legislature today to provide for that super-railroad station. The plan is to have it in the area bounded by 23 rd and 16 th Streets on the north and south, and by 4 th and Fifth Avenues on the east and west. The bill also provides that the existing terminals in New York City be given added facilities.

Here's one for the youngsters.

When you go to school tomorrow the geography teacher may take up the subject of the United States, and she may say: NOW CHILDREN, THE WESTERNMOST POINT, THE FURTHEST WESTERN TIP OF THE UNITED STATES IS CAPE BLANC ON THE SOUTHER COAST OF OREGON.

And bright Johnnie or bright Mary can rise and say:

NO TEACHER, YOU'RE WRONG THERE, - and get away with it.

Well, school geographies have long been teaching that

Cape Blanco was the furthest west point of the United States. But that's all wrong. According to the United Press, recent geodetic surveys by Uncle Sam show that there are several tips of the Pacific Coast that are further west than Cape Blanco. It will be interesting to look this up in your new Funk \& Wagnals Atlas.

Yes indeed, children, teacher has been wrong on that point for many a year. Even teachers make mistakes - but not often. Oh dear no.

An impressive ceremony was held today, and 1 am glad I got back from Chicago in time to be present. It was the christening of the submarine Nautilus, in which Sir Hubert Wilkins intends to make $h$ is widely heralded trip under the ice to the North Pole.

The Brooklyn Navy Yard was the scene of the event. Many famous people were there. Standing a few feet from me was Simon Lake, one of the pioneer inventors of the submarine. He made an address and broke into tears in the middle of it. nd

Right next to me stood Dr. Isaiah Bowman, director of the American Geographical Society, holding an eight year old boy who will remember the occasion as long as he lives.

Every way l looked there were famous explorers. Stefansson, Fiali and many others. Also scores of Uncle Sam's Naval Officers in their gold braid--and with the ir wives. Newspaper men and an army of photographers.

The principal figure besides ${ }^{5}$ ir

Hubert Wilkins and the members of his crew was the grandson of Jules Verne, a characteristic Frenchman, pleasant, polite. He said with a touch of homor that this new Nautilus was a good deal more practical then the original Nautilus, the imaginary submarine in the famous book Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea, written by his grandfather.

Well, the new Nautilus was christened with appropriate ceremony. The grandson of Jules Verne, together with Lady Wilkirs,
were the sponsors. Instead of breaking a bottle of something or other, Lady Wilkins emptied a small barrel of ice over the bow, and that was indeed a vivid symbol of the fact that the bow of the Nautilus is going to be in the neighborhood of plenty of ice before its under-water journey to the North Pole is done.

I wouldn't have missed that ceremony for anything. I wish you could all have been there. The Nautilus looked tiny indeed compared to the great ships tied to the nearby docks. But if her cruise is successful she will be one of the most famous vessels in all history--since man first went down to sea in ships.

They have had an explosion and a big blaze in Detroit. People were tossed around like mannequins, and nine nearby houses caught fire. The people had to hurry from their homes as fast as they could scurry as the flames swept down on them. The explosion occured in golf ball factory. A 40 gallon tank of naphtha went up. That inflammable liquid had been used for cleaning golf balls. According to the Associated Press, the backfire 1 rom the grate of a high pressure boiler set fire to the naphtha, and off it went with a terrific bang. Only two people were injured. Two men inside the golf
ball factory were blown clear out into the street, but they escaped with only a few bruises. And I suppose it rained golf balls in Detroit.
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A ship steamed into port today at St. Johns, Newfoundland. A big crowd was gathered at the pier, but there was no cheering or hip-hip-hoorah of any kind.

The vessel was the rescue ship Sigona, bringing back the 29 woebegone survivors of the Viking--that same sealing ship the Viking which was making motion pictures and blew up with a terrific loss of lives. The survivors came ashore, many of them badly bruised and battered.
a story of ironic drama was told. Henry Sargent, one of the Americans aboard the Viking in charge of the taking of the motion pictures, tells that he was sitting in a cabin. With him were Varick Frizzell and Arthur Penrod, the other two Americans who vanished in the explosion.

A member of the crew came in and suggested that a sign marked "Danger" ought to be placed on the door of the store room which contained the supply 114

## VIKING - 2

of explosives which the ship carried. Frizzell said that was a good idea, and that, while he was no artist, he was going to make this sign. He had actually started to paint that sign of danger. And then that same supply of explosives went off. The explosion tore the cabin apart and filled it with flame and smoke. TIThe story, as wired in by the
 lost sight of Frizzell and Penrod. - Sargent himself was saved, but the other two men were never seen again.

In New York State the political pot is boiling more fiercely than ever. Morning and evening papers headline the fact that the State Legislature has voted for a sweeping inquiry into the affairs of New York City. The head of the investigation will be Judge Seabury, who has been prominent in the recent outcry against the scandals involving the police force and other branches of the city government.

Yes, it's boiling, that political pot in New York City, and it may cook up a few sensations bigger and louder than ever.
President Hoover is on the high seas again tonight.

He steamed away from Porto Rico this afternoon and is now
headed for the Virgin Isles. He may arrive tonight.


Last night President made a speech at San Juan,
Porto Rico. He addressed an audience made up of the

Legislative assembly of the island and many prominent citizens.

The President promised that Uncle Sam would help Porto Rico in every way possible. According to the United Press, he declared that Porto Rico's main problem was economic and could be solved by industrial progress and by the improvement of agriculture.

The Chief Executive made no reference to the political situation in Porto Rico. He didn't say anything about the demand of some Porto Ricans for self-government. He implied that the present American administration, headed by young Teddy

Roosevelt, is okay.
told the Chief Executive that thoys wanted an election so the Porto ligans themselves could decide upon tho future of the island.

Well, all that aside, the-
Resident of United States has rooived an enthusiastic weloome from the people of the beautiful caribbean ito.

With the President away, there is a breathing spell in Washington--a sort of political holiday. But folks have to have something to talk about and this is a good time to sit back and pass
nd judgment on the Hoover administration, which is just two years old this month.

All over the country political wise-acres have been striking a balance. There is a great variety of opinion, and it's summed up in interesting fashion in this week's issue of the Literary Digest.

The Digest finds there is general agreement that the president shows the strain--the wear and tear of his first two years in the White House.

The Washington representative of the Assoc lated Press tells us that new lines are being etched into the President's face; his hair is thinning; and his hair is turning white.

But, we hear al sot that the President is actually in better physical condition. He is naturally inclined to be stout. He really doesn't like physical exercise, but just the same he has been resolutely and methodically doing his daily dozen. Also, he has been dieting. and The result is that he has cut away a good deal of surplus avoirdupois. The Digest quotes the Washington Evening Star as saying that a recent visitor to the President summed up the change in
the the Chief Executive's appearance by saying: --HE WEARS A FIGHTING FACE NOW. The Digest editors discover that there is a pretty general agreement about what writers call the "DEFLATION OF HOOVER". This, of course, is a natural reaction from the super-man idea.

HOOVEB--DIGESI--4

But 1 am giving you only a hint of the widely conflicting ideas which that Digest article lines up, with one bal anced off against the other.

For example, the Kansas City Star regards the President's first two years in office as the biggest comedown in American history.

On the other hand, another important paper, the Seattle Times proclaims that the country, as a whole, looks upon President Hoover's record with a feeling of satisfaction.

Well, those two conflicting
opinions certainly don't gee and haw. But it's a vital and interesting topic and you will find the views of the country summarized in a concise way in this week's issue of the Literary Digest.

Now for a real thriller.
I told last week how an American naval airplane had disappeared during maneuvers at Panama. The plane was flown by Chief Pilot Harshman of the Navy. It disappeared in a cloud bank and was not seen again. Two hundred army and navy fliers scouted one hundred miles over the sea for several days, but could n't find any trace of the missing machine.

But now Harshman has been
rescued. He was picked up off the

News Service he lost his bearings in heavy clouds and flew on and on until I his fuel was exhausted. He landed on the sea. At night he tired off his signal flares, but there was no xix one to see them. Heavy rain poured down continually.

* The plane was breaking up
in the sea. He abandoned it and took to his rubber lite-boat. And then for
$A \perp R P L A N E-2$
three days more he drifted. Sharks followed the boat. I hey circled it, swept up from under it. Scenting death, they kept continually after the rubber lifeboat.

Harsh man saw a plane high in the sky and headed nor th. The plane did not see him. Then a ship hove in sight. It came his way. He was half dead with hunger and thirst when they picked him up.

ALRELANE - Record

An airplane came to earth today over in France. It had been in the air 32 hours and 18 minutes after setting a whole hatful of new world records, records for duration, distance and speed. It had previously set a world record for duration with one-ton load and a duration, distance and speed record with a two-ton load. That made seven records altogether and that's gite a few to hang up all at once.

According to the Un it ed Press the two aviators were Lebrix and Dar et. Lebrix is the famous flier, who with $h$ is companion coste, made a not able flight across ${ }_{\wedge}$ south Atlantic and flew around the world, on around moat of $t$.

There was a loud and lively discussion this afternoon over In the old Swiss city of Geneva. A committee is meeting and discussing the economic union of Europe which was proposed by Foreign Minister Briand of France.

The argument started when an Italian delegate got up and demanded that sōviet Russia be made a fullfledged member of that committee. He said that any discussion of an economic union of Europe would be m mean any thin without the soviets taking a full part.

According to the United press, Delegates of other nations opposed the admission of Bolshevik delegates, and the big talkfest grew fast and fur ions. We'll probably hear a great deal more about this noisy argument.

Now for a cable from China, a cable that makes me feel that I want to nominate a new member to the Tall Story Club tonight. He is called the Szechuan Giant.

He has wandered into the Ling Kiang Szu district of the Province of Szechuan. He says he is 150 years old, but he cant prove it. He adds that he is a giant, and for that statement he doesn't need any proof at all. He is way over seven feet tall. His arms are as big around as a child's body. His fist is like a football, and his eyes are as big as the mouth of an ardinary person. He eats six pints of rice a day. Yes, that's what the International News Service cable says. So it must be so. And, what is more the szechuan Giant tells a tall story that is just about as tall as he is.

He says that one hundred and ten years ago he carried $t$ wo millstones, each of which was more than eighteen men could lift. With one of those huge millstones on each shoulder he started across a great

GIANT - 2
bridge. His weight was so much that the bridge collapsed. He fell and broke his back. That caused his spine to double up a bit, and as a result he isn't as tall as he used to be.

Yes, sir, that one certainly does entitle the Szechuan Giant to a membership in the Tall Story Club. W The yarn has also persuaded the Szechuan villagers to provide the giant with his six pints of rice a day, and ẋxpmoxato he probably thinks that a good deal more important.

I'Il begin this next item by reading the score. It was 165 to 14. Yes, and the game was basketball.

According to the International News Service the game was played over in China between the team of Shin Ta Ta University and the ri Wen college five.

Mi Wen sounds good, but ri Wen didn't win. Yo Wen had the 14 points, while Shin Ta Ta had 165 pounta.

Well, the boys certainly scored a lot of goals. They had that ball bouncing in the basket most of the time. The Shin Ia Ta collegians as a matter of fact made a goal every thirty seconds during the forty minutes of play. The high point man was Wang who all by himself scored fifty points.

Ray for Wang, and rah, rah, rah for Shin Ta Ta.

Which reminds me that it's time for me to stop dribbling the old news basketball and say "Ta Ta."

So, so long until tomorrow.

