

## The Record Breakers

By W. E. Hill

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Another endurance record, unfortunately as yet unsung in the public press, has been established by Mrs. Thetis Opendoor Cook, who has been consistently roguish over the radio mike for one hour a day, three days a week, for months and months. Mrs. Cook gives a shopping talk, and no one in the broadcasting station thought for a moment that she could be cute for such a long stretch without going all to pieces in a nervous way. "Boys and girls of the radio audience," Mrs. Cook is beginning her talk, "I jus' hope no one of you has been a naughty boy or girl since Wednesday! And this morning, I want to tell you of the darlinest sale of mattresses I found yesterday at Humdinger Brothers' big store. They are made with the dearest little bunches of thistle-down you ever laid on, and every one of you will want, I am sure, to own one. Just write in to 'Lady-who-shops-for you,' care of station W-O-O-F," etc., etc.



Mr. Dowd doesn't know it, but he is well toward establishing a record of endurance for listening uninterruptedly to the tales of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Blow concerning their lovely offspring, Doris and Roy. At exactly 8:18 standard time, Marcus began telling how bright Roy was when his teacher asked him to spell for her. "Spell cat," she said, and Roy spelled "K-I-T-T-Y." That's the way I spell it," said Roy. Well, it's 11:20 now, and the Blows are still going strong on the children!



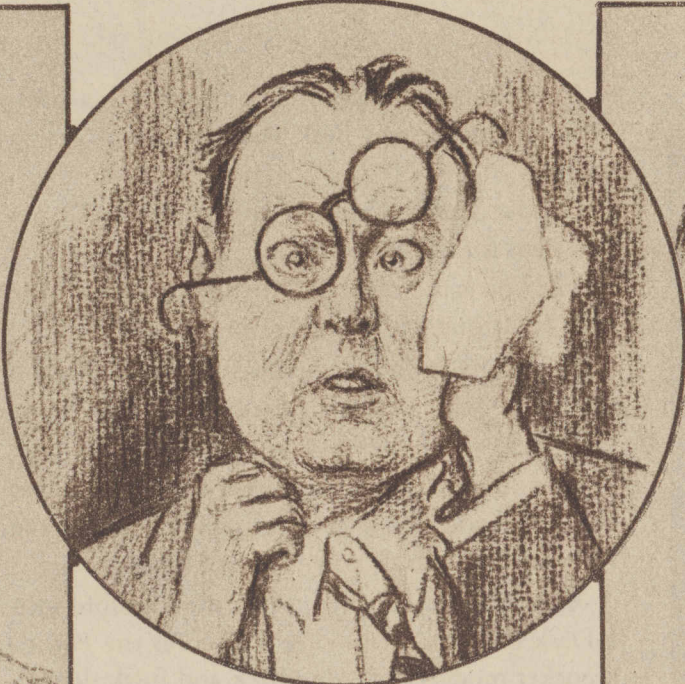
It was during the recent heat wave that a new record of bathroom occupancy was established among families using one bathroom in common by Harold Simkins, of the Gugenberger Arms apartments, 2292 Blimp street, when he stayed in a tub of cold water with his copy of "Liberty" for 4 hours and 28 minutes, despite the threats and imprecations of the family without.



The dance marathon contestants are going round and round the dance floor, first Laurence falling asleep and having to be waked by a sock on the jaw, and then Gracie beginning to go bye-bye and having to be poked in the eye by Laurence. So far they have danced 9,999 hours and six minutes. Laurence is saying to Gracie, "S'funny, kid, but your pop don't seem to like me—he don't seem to get chummy with me!" "Why, Laurence," Gracie is replying, "him and mom is crazy about you!"



This, boys and girls, is Miss Junie O'Halloran, who is the heroine of an endurance record that may get her a week in vaudeville. Junie, strange as it may seem, has battled her way through half a dozen years of bathing beauty contests, never having been chosen as "Miss San Diego," or "Miss World," or "Miss Universe," although there was some talk about giving her the title of the most beautiful girl in the moon, and calling her "Miss Moon." But somehow it fell through. Anyway, her endurance has been pleasantly commented upon.



An unrecorded endurance record has been recently established by Mr. Isadore G. Likely, who withstood the onslaught of a high-powered insurance salesman with a brand new proposition showing that a hundred thousand spent on policies would be an asset, not a liability. Isadore was all in after one hour and some odd minutes.



Mrs. Miller Iddington-Smith has an enviable record in her select coterie for being the lady with the largest number of operations to her credit among prominent social lights. Almost everything inside Mrs. Iddington-Smith has at one time or other been taken out or arranged differently. She will gladly give an account of any or all her minor or major operations, particularly at matinees and bridge parties. "My dear," Mrs. Iddington-Smith will say, "I am so glad to hear that Dr. Wump has your sister in his care. I can't even begin to tell you what he did for my adenoids. And he's marvelous with the lymphatic glands!"



The flagpole sitter. Mrs. Dorothy Skeedaddle read about the tree sitters and said to herself, "If such as they can break into the picture section, so can you, Dorothy Skeedaddle, with your beauty and brains!" whereupon she went out and entered a flagpole sitting contest. Her husband, Howell Skeedaddle, is a proud man these summer days.



Meet Miss Genevieve Pounce, who gained undying fame only a few days or so ago by staying in a plane (in an endurance flight) five minutes and seventeen seconds over her home town of Wetowatsee, Nebraska. Genevieve is a girl of high ideals, and it dawned upon her that the pilot of her plane was leering at her in a most unpleasant way. So Genevieve, rather than spend the night in such low company, jumped with her parachute and landed in her own front yard, thereby establishing a record—being the first aviatrix to walk home, in a manner of speaking, from a plane ride. Seven Wetowatsee churches have combined to present her with a medal.