

OFFICIAL BULLETIN



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The Weather:
Today: Rain and colder
tonight.

The Fallacy

The Weather:
Yester Year: Blizzards
sweep country.

of the

Old Fashioned Winter

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THE earliest broadcasting station of which we have any record was located in the general store and post office of every cross-roads town. From his privileged position on the top of a cracker barrel, an ancient and bewhiskered inhabitant, in a voice that was charged with static, announced to a waiting world that things were not like they were when he was a boy, by gosh. In those days men were men and women were bears for punishment. And the girls, how sweet and modest and lovely they were as compared to the bold, bad, brainless, daughters of the present.

To-day we have more modern methods of broadcasting but, while our methods may be different, our programs are pretty much the same as they have been in past generations. For instance, the following article appeared in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper under date of February 11, 1888:

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

WHAT are we coming to? This is the cry we hear day after day, from the grandmothers and the maiden aunts and bachelor uncles as they listen to the slangy speech, note the careless ways and see the disobedience of the younger generation. They evidently contrast the lawlessness of the young people of the time with their own silent, unquestioning obedience, and that not without proper pride in the picture they see of themselves.

They are scarcely the critics that the forward, virtuous children of the day really need for their control, but there is not the slightest doubt in anyone's mind as to the difference that exists between the child of to-day and the child of forty or even twenty years ago. The boy of to-day certainly calls his revered father "the Guv'nor," and the girl certainly dictates to her mother the very ribbon she shall buy for her hair, to say nothing of other more important dictations, and both are apt to be fashionable men and women at the age of ten.

You can appreciate from the above that the doleful and pessimistic note of the downfall and the decadence of the race has been dinned into the ears of