

Good Afternoon, Everybody:

We have had a week of news that has touched upon just about every subject you could think of -- Politics, Statecraft, War, Economics, Comedy, Tragedy, Human Interest.

Things have blazed up in the Far East again.

In Manchuria the ^{Japanese} ~~Chinese~~ have been driving against the Chinese all week. ~~The last word, as the N.Y. Herald Tribune tells us,~~ ^{word} is that 150,000 Chinese troops have been gathered in mass concentration to ~~op~~ oppose the Mikado's forces. *So in Asia it's war.*

~~Over in Ireland politics is the word of the day -- both sides getting ready for a hot election with President de Valera forcing the issue and ex-President Cosgrave mustering the host^s of the opposition.~~

right at this moment -- today --
Over in Italy ^{is} they are celebrating a birthday -- Queen Elena ^{is} sixty years old. The daughter of old King

Nicholas of Montenegro, she was one of the stately beauties *of her time*

all and queenly. Victor Emmanuel is every inch a king and ^{Queen} Elena [^] ~~of her time, and still cuts a splendid royal figure as a~~
~~is every inch a queen. But she has more inches~~
~~Matriarch of Italy.~~
than she has.

It's the same old story in Washington -- Prohibition,
beer, repeal, the Senators doing the palavering. The beer
bill is still before that august body and the law-makers
have draped their togas around them ^{selves} majestically and are
battling about ^{beer.} ~~a bill to repeal the 18th Amendment.~~

~~People all over have been dipping into that report~~
~~of President Hoover's Research Committee on social trends.~~
It's pretty ~~serious~~ ^{stiff} going but it has ^{provided} a lot of dis-
~~cussion.~~

~~President-elect Roosevelt is mighty busy man. He's~~
~~getting set to take over the big job in March and just now his~~
~~principal study is financial. He's trying to figure out~~
~~what to do about the state of the nation's pocketbook.~~

The Marines left Nicaragua last week. After several
years of argument, Uncle Sam has withdrawn ^{the last of} his devil dogs from
the Central American Republic. And now who will
Sandino fight?

COOLIDGE

The outstanding event of the week, of course, and the saddest, ~~one~~, was the ^{passing of Mr.} ~~death of~~ ^{ex-President} Coolidge. The papers have been printing reams of interesting anecdote^s and interpretations about the man who so peculiarly seemed to symbolize America, especially the older, steadier, ~~and~~ more staid America. *And,* They have all been pointing out ~~the fact~~ that being president is a ^{devastating} ~~killings~~ job. The New York Herald-Tribune prints some interesting figures to bear this out. **I**n the older and simpler days of the Republic, presidents lived longer. John Adams lived to be ninty. ^{Thos.} Jefferson, ^{Jas.} Madison and John Quincy Adams all passed the ripe old age of ~~six~~ eighty. But since the Civil War only three presidents have lived to be seventy. They ~~were~~ Rutherford B. Hayes, who died at seventy, Grover Cleveland seventy-one, and William Howard Taft, seventy-two. The average life span for presidents is sixty-three years. Mr. Coolidge fell three ~~years~~ short of that mark.

On the other hand, the White House doesn't seem to be *nearly* such a devastating place for the wives of presidents; ~~they~~

~~survive their husbands for a long time.~~ Here's a striking, vivid fact -- there is alive today in this country not one ex-President; ~~but~~ there are six widows of ex-presidents. The Brooklyn Eagle tells us that they are: Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, the former Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who has remarried, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. ~~William H.~~ Taft, Mrs. ~~Woodrow~~ Wilson and Mrs. ~~Calvin~~ Coolidge. ~~It is pointed out, in explanation, that the president's wife is usually a good deal younger than the president himself, but on the other hand we have the fact that the duties of the First Lady of the Land are not nearly so overwhelming, so shattering, as those that bear down upon her~~ ~~their~~ presidential husband.

The crop of Coolidge anecdotes continue to grow.

The ex-president's Yankee shrewdness ~~ix~~, his monumental reputation for silence, provide an inexhaustible source of ~~quaint~~ ~~shrewd~~ humor. Hy Phillips in his column in the N.Y. Sun, ^{one I hadn't heard.} gives his favorite Coolidge story, It relates that Mr.

Coolidge and Mr. Hoover were sitting together and were being

photographed. The movie men wanted them to ^{indulge in} ~~have~~ a bit of conversation to provide sound effects. They spoke to Mr. Coolidge about it. After a few minutes Mr. Coolidge told

the movie men: "No, it's no use, ^{boys,} I can't make Mr. Hoover talk". *And that from the man of silence was a gem.*

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And then the world of music has lost one of its most colorful and diverting figures -- the great pianist, DePachman, has died in Rome. The Boston Post tells us ~~that~~ he was an astonishing poet of the piano, and one of the most

eccentric of musicians. New York newspaper men x well remember that famous visit ~~that~~ DePachman made here some years back. They were gathered at his hotel to interview him. The smiling, little, bald-headed man played a bit of Chopin marvelously for them. Then he took off the tattered, greasy old coat that he was wearing. "This was Chopin's coat", he exclaimed with profound reverence and "now gentlemen, I will give you a priceless privilege, I will allow you to kiss the coat that Chopin wore!" And that gang of hard-boiled newspaper men, one after the other, had to kiss Chopin's coat.

A newspaper ~~fix~~ friend of mine tells me of an amusing experience he had a ^{day or two after that.} ~~couple of days later.~~ He interviewed DePachman in a restaurant. The old boy strained his soup through a tea-strainer -- to keep the germs out, he said. The pianist and the reporter parted at the corner of 34th Street and Seventh Avenue. As they shook hands, DePachman said= that he would allow the reporter to kiss him on his bald head, and my unfortunate newspaper ^{friend} ~~man~~ had to kiss the great pianist

and very shiny dome right
on his bald ~~head~~ at the corner of 34th Street and 7th Avenue.

INTRODUCTION OF CAPT. GROW

During the past week^s there^{has} been a revival of interest in an episode which was one of the striking events of the year five years ago -- back in 1927. It ^{was} ~~is~~ the case of an attempt at a record-breaking non-stop oceanic flight that came to a mysterious close -- a plane disappeared, a lost aviator. It was August of 1927 that Paul Redfern took off from Glynn Isle Beach, Georgia, on what he intended to be a non-stop flight to Rio de Janeiro. The last that was seen of him was when he circled a ship off the north coast of South America. Then he vanished, nothing has been seen or heard of him since -- nothing but ~~the casual~~ strange rumors from the depths of the South American jungles. These have caused expeditions and hunting parties to be sent out to investigate, but without result. ~~But~~ Now during the past week or so more rumors have come drifting in from the trackless green of the Amazon jungle, and once more expeditions are ~~on their~~ ^{under} way to see if they can solve the mystery of the fate of Paul Redfern.

Commander
Harold B.
Grow.
formerly of
USN and
Peru.

Jan. 8, 1933.

INTRODUCTION TO CAPT. GROW - 2

When I was in Pittsburgh ^{the other day} ~~a couple of weeks ago~~, newspaper reporters asked me if I could add any interesting fact or detail to the story of the lost aviator. I was sorry but I couldn't help them a bit. During the past week, however, I ran across an old friend who certainly is able to shed a good deal of light upon those jungle-drifting rumors about the vanished adventurer of the sky.

At the time of Redfern's disappearance, the ^{Commander in-} ~~Chief of all~~ ^{for} ~~Minister of~~ Aviation ^{of} the Republic of Peru was ^{Commander} ~~Harold~~ B. Grow, formerly of the U. S. Navy. In Peru he was General Grow. It was he who ^{led the first expedition to} ~~directed the work~~ investigating those first rumors about the lost ^{aviator.} ~~aviator.~~ And so I have asked him to tell us something about that strange case which has come sliding into the news again. How about it Commander Grow? If this were Peru I suppose I would say "General" Grow. ^{Anyhow -} How did you happen first to pick up those weird rumors about ^{Redfern coming down} ~~a lost airplane~~ in the Amazon jungle?

COMMANDER GROW

Well, Lowell, the Reports just came drifting into Aviation Headquarters at Lima. They came from across the ^{Andes,} ~~mountains,~~ from the vast stretch of jungle land at the head waters of the Amazon. ~~I instructed one of my officers who was going out that way to investigate. He did and reported to me that the story originated in Huanta. The people there first heard about the matter from a traveler. He had been told the tale by a plantation owner far in the interior.~~

^a ~~This~~ plantation owner ^{was supposed to have told a traveler} ~~reported~~ that one afternoon he was standing in the patio of his hacienda when he was startled by a terrific roaring noise. He rushed out to the verandah of his house to see a huge thing which looked something like a bat, disappear ^{into the canyon} around the bend in the river.

Next, an Indian ^{was supposed to have told} ~~had come drifting into Huanta with~~ ~~a tale of~~ how, ^a seven days' journey inland, he had seen an enormous monster, something like a bat, with its head buried in the sand of a riverbank. He declared that there were strange markings on the side of the giant bat and he had

tried to copy these markings. The signs that he had scrawled down resembled the characters "R-2", which seemed to fit the markings on the Redfern plane. He reported that in the sand nearby he had seen footprints -- the footprints of shoes. The natives of those parts do not wear shoes. He declared that later on he observed a bearded white man approach the huge thing that was like a bat. ~~The officer who investigated reported skeptically that~~ ^{TP} It was all hearsay, but it seemed to me that the rumors had too much detail to be mere invention. So I communicated with Redfern's parents in the States, and with the assistance of the Peruvian War Department, ^I ~~we~~ ^{and crossed the Andes with my men} organized a methodical searching party. We picked up the same rumor again and again, but never could find either the plantation owner or the Indian who was supposed to have seen the giant bat. ~~We sent out a number of small searching parties but~~ ^{TP} It was impossible to make any kind of real search through the enormous maze of jungle^s and rivers. The official report was that the rumors were -- just rumors. But I have

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never been able to convince myself that there might not be something in them.

Now the rumors are coming in again, stranger than ever. A jungle traveler reports that deep in the tropical forest a white man was captured by the Indians who made him their chief. He is said to be a ruler of the tribe today and is well and happy. That's not impossible; the Indians down there have the ancient superstitious belief in ~~the~~ a White God who is destined to come out of the sky and rule over them. This is the same belief that Cortez found when he conquered Mexico. I myself know of an Indian tribe that for a number of years has had a white man as its chief. It happens that he is a fugitive from justice and an unmitigated soundrel but just the same ~~he~~^{he} is the white sky god come to rule over the people of the jungle.

I wouldn't want to guess whether these new expeditions will ever find any trace of Paul Redfern but the wild jungle of inner South America is a mighty strange place.

It gives you a feeling that anything might happen -- that anything may turn out to be true.

MOTOR SHOW

By the way, Commander Grow, you've lived in the jungle. But did you ever see a duck-billed platapus? If you have lived in Australia, that is, wild tropical Australia, maybe you have. One striking thing about the new Motor Cars at the New York Automobile Show is that from the rear they have lines like the duck-billed platapus; also like the beaver. In fact, experts call it "beaver-tailing." It means that new cars are more perfectly streamlined both front and back.

In spite of the fact that we are in the midst of a depression, or is it because of it, everybody is saying that the National Automobile Show is the most striking and interesting every held.

Apparently ~~the~~^{the} ~~automobile~~[^] manufacturers are exceedingly optimistic. They feel that there are so many old cars on the road that people simply have to buy new ones. In fact the head of one great motor concern predicts that his firm will do from 300 to 400 per cent more business in 1933 than in 1932, and he's one of the oldest men in the business.

The most interesting thing I have read about automobiles in a long, long time is an article in the new Collier's, the January 14th issue. John T. Flynn is not an automobile man. He is a staff ~~reporter~~^{writer}[^] for Colliers; and he has been doing some investigating. He says that right now about seven million American women are urging their husbands to turn in the old ~~car~~^{one}[^] and buy a new one. ~~He says~~ ~~we have been destroying our cars as never before.~~ Vacant ~~lots are full of them.~~ He tells us that last year something happened that had never occurred before in automobile history:- For every three new cars made, five old ones were sent to the junk yard. ~~His article goes far to prove that there are more prospective customers ready to buy automobiles~~

~~than ever before. And that may help to bring back prosperity~~

~~to all of us.~~ But the ^{point in} ~~being about~~ Mr. Flynn's article in

Collier's, ^{that excited me} was his statement, backed up with figures, ~~to~~ showing

that it is cheaper to turn in your old car and get a new one

than it is to keep the old one and run it.

Well, it looks as though

~~So, I guess,~~ there ~~are~~ going to be ~~more~~ enormous

^{National} crowds at the Auto Show this week, ^{at Grand Central Palace and} ~~And so vast is the~~

~~also at the big special General Motors show at the~~
~~motor industry, and so important that it has a big year,~~

Waldorf,

~~well maybe that will hasten good times for all of us.~~

FASHION

Occidentals are going Oriental! That's the news from Miami, Florida. The New York World Telegram correspondent tells us that pyjamas are ^{now} losing out and that the latest beach fashion is ~~to~~ to don skirts[—] or ~~Malay~~ sarongs, I should say. These are either colorful cloth prints from Hindustan, or strips of silk from Burma, or batik work from Sumatra or Java.

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The news is that the coverage is somewhat less than usual. I didn't think that was possible. There is a gap just above the waist. And just above that, well, I am getting out of my depth.

At any rate judging from the way the report reads, you will have to look out gentlemen, the ladies are going "Goonna - Goona."

~~Have you noticed how names are changing in the sports world, I mean, among the gentlemen of the prize ring? There was a time when the names in the headlines on the sports pages were names like these: Sullivan, Corbett, O'Brien, Jim Flynn, and so on, most of them with a good old Irish ring. Now at the top of the pile among the heavy weights are names like Schmeling, Baer and Schaaf.~~ ^P As a result of the hammering that Ernie Schaaf has just given Stanley Poreda, some of the box-fight experts are talking about Schaaf as the next adversary for Primo Carnera. Schaaf and Champion Jack Sharkey have been business associates. But, the Boston Post states that Schaaf is ~~getting ready to~~ ^{now} break ^{ing} with Sharkey because he ^{himself} ~~now~~ has visions of grandeur, ^{in fact} ~~he~~ thinks he will soon be ready to fight Jack Sharkey for ~~that~~ heavy weight crown. And by the way here's a new name for Primo Carnera, the man Schaaf will fight next. Instead of calling Carnera the Ambling Alp or ^{the} Leaning Tower of Gorgonzola, because of his giant size and his canal boat feet, the Boston Post refers to Carnera as "Bootsie." And that's the latest news ^{from} ~~of~~ the

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Rue de la Cauliflower.

Did you feel that breeze blowing your way from Manhattan Island this week? Well that was the breeze caused by that dashing, breezy young lady from Texas, Babe Didrikson, the lanky girl from the Longhorn country who ran away with the Olympic games ~~one~~^{last} year. In the papers she was quoted as saying "I can do anything in sports as well as a man." Whereupon Charles E. Parker, sports expert for the Scripps-Howard newspapers did some quick investigating. Then he announced that although Babe Didrikson is champion of the world in many sports, among women, she not only falls far below the records set by males, but she hasn't yet come within a long, long way of the records made by school boys. For instance, in the high jump her record is 5 feet, 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches and the high school boy record is more than a foot higher than that. Her javelin throw record is 143 feet, 4 inches while the high school boy's record is about 62 feet farther than that, and the world's record for men is 100 feet farther, *and so on.*

~~And so on.~~

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As a result of this investigation Expert Parker philosophically adds that "misogynists are breathing easier today." Misogynists of course, being those of the male sex who believe women should be kept in their places. Apparently Mr. Parker thought our American misogynists were worried by the achievements of the Texas Babe.

~~Economize! Economize! That is the cry, we hear on all sides. And just to show that it can be done in the world of sports Judge Landis, Czar of organized baseball who has been drawing down a salary of \$65,000. has voluntarily slashed his salary by \$25,000. It is down now to \$40,000. So far we haven't heard just what Babe Ruth's cut is going to be.~~

Ah, here's the strangest sports item of all. The Sunday Post of Boston tells us that over in Manchuria a whole regiment of Japanese soldiers is being equipped with

skates, ice skates. The Swiss, French, Austrians and Italians, and also the Swedes, Norwegians and Finns, for years have been equipping some of the ^{iv}soldiers with skis. But this is the first time we have ever heard of an army ~~being put~~ on skates. What a thrilling motion picture that would make; the Japanese Army on skates chasing the Chinese from Shan-hi-gwan to Ching-wan-dow, *while the Chinese say what I'm saying now:- so long, ~~until~~ see you later.*