

L. T. Sunoco - Monday, November 20, 1933.

Good Evening Everybody:

Here's a thriller: At five o'clock this afternoon the latest news from that flight into the stratosphere of Lieutenant Settle and Major Fordney was, that they thought they were up some fifty-eight thousand feet in the air. They held a conversation by means of a two way radio hookup over the N B C networks, with Admiral King, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics. At that time Commander Settle and Major Fordney said they were drifting at the rate of about twenty miles an hour and were up in the air somewhere over Cumberland, Maryland. I've just learned that they are on their way down. 58,000 feet was as high as they went. So they failed to break the world's record of 63,000 .

TORONTO

I'm in Toronto, Canada, tonight. And things seem to be improving up this way. F. D. Tolchard of the Toronto Board of the Toronto Board of Trade tells me that between April and August the number of persons on the relief list has dropped from 1,500,000 to 1,000,000.

Car loadings are creeping up again. Wholesale prices continue to gain. Bond prices are up.

The number of bankruptcies have shown a decided drop this year. Wholesale and retail trade from coast to coast is showing an improvement.

Also Canada's exports continue to mount. In October they were the largest since December 1930. The country's trade balance for the first seven months of the present fiscal year was in her favor to the extent of some \$80,000,000, compared with only some \$36,000,000 in the same period last year.

Canada's total trade in October exceeded one hundred million dollars, the biggest month since November 1931.

So, I find many people with smiles on their faces up here.

DISARMAMENT

A cable from Paris informs us that the Disarmament Conference at Geneva will be adjourned indefinitely tonight. However the scene of its operations will be transferred to Italy. You may remember that Mussolini suggested it be held there and that Hitler expressed his willingness. So the nations will foregather shortly at San Remo. Arthur Henderson of Great Britain will again be President, but the big feature of this gathering will be the presence of Mussolini.

SPAIN

Fuller returns from yesterday's elections in Spain are now available and it is obvious that the conservatives have it. With this it is interesting to observe that women voted for the first time in the history of Spain. In fact the feminine voters outnumbered the men. As a result the Socialists were hopelessly beaten and the Agrarians and Centrist Parties won a decisive victory for the right. It was a lively election with not only broken heads but even several killings.

FRANCE

Meanwhile another cabinet crisis is at hand in France. The government formed by Senator Sarraut, only a few weeks ago, is already toppling. Uncle Sam's gold policy is believed to be responsible for this upheaval, because the sensational fluctuations in foreign exchange drove the rate for English pound sterling to eighty-three francs and also caused the flight of a great deal of French capital to London.

EXPLOSION IN ENGLAND

All England is horrified over that mine explosion which killed fourteen men underground yesterday. Today King George and Queen Mary sent messages of sympathy to the families of the men who were gassed, and Prince George went to inspect the scene of the disaster.

UNEMPLOYMENT

Further encouraging news from the fight in the U. S. A. against unemployment was made public today. Representatives of the National Women's organization met in the East Room of the White House as guests of the First Lady. Harry Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator told them that between three and four hundred thousand women now out of jobs can be put to work immediately on civil works projects. Another bit of news comes from San Francisco where officials of both the city and the state of California met to perfect plans by which two hundred thousand people will be put to work immediately, men and women. California is to get sixteen millions as her share of the President's civil works program.

MIKHAIL KALININ

The recognition of Soviet Russia by Uncle Sam was celebrated this morning in an address to us, delivered over the air by Mikhail Kalinin whose official title is Chairman of the Central Executive Committee of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, President of Russia.

He declared that the resumption of diplomatic relations would be vitally helpful to the peace of the world.

Meanwhile in the U. S. A. business men and manufacturers were rubbing their hands and calculating what the recognition of Russia might mean to us in terms of dollars and cents. The head of the Michigan manufacturers association figures that Michigan alone will sell some forty million dollars' worth of products to the Soviets in the ~~xxx~~ next twelve months, mostly automobiles and tools.

Incidentally the R. F. C. in Washington makes public the fact that so far Moscow has not tried to make a touch on Washington or asked for the financing of credits.

GOLD

By the way the R. F. C. has raised its price for newly mined gold--raised it another ten cents, the first rise in six days. The price per ounce in Washington is now thirty three dollars and sixty six cents, twelve cents lower than London. Chairman Jones of the R. F. C. says that since the President's new gold policy was started Uncle Sam has bought two hundred and sixty five thousand ounces of American gold at a cost of about seven and a half millions.

As you perhaps have heard, there's a gold mining book going on up here in Canada ~~to~~[^] all the way from Labrador, where there doesn't seem to be much of it, to Dawson, in the Klondyke, where there is still a lot of it.

From the Toronto Board of Trade I learn that Canada will produce about 90 million in gold this year -- an all time high. Canada's mineral wealth alone is enough to insure her property. It has hardly been tapped.

A widely known Canadian book publisher, Sam Gundy, reminded me this afternoon that a young Scot mined a lot of gold in the Klondike with his fountain pen, -- Robert W. Service, the poet.

They say his "Songs of the Sourdough"--- the Shhoting of Dan McGrew, the Cremation of Sam McGee, and so on, have brought Service about a million dollars in royalties. The boys certainly would whoop it up in the Malamute Saloon if they heard that! A million out of poetry! (Whistle) Very few miners ever got that much out of the ground.

A still more vital item comes from the R.F.C. at Washington. This body has paid out seventy-one million dollars in cash to liquidate assets frozen in closed banks. This money went directly to the depositors.

BANKS

I was reminded again today of something I suppose most of you know: Mr. A. E. Arscott, one of the heads of the Canadian Bank of Commerce told me there had not been a bank failure in Canada in ten years. We who live south of the International boundry certainly have reason to congratulate the Canadians on this.

Coming across the border early this morning I had an experience I have never had before in years and years of travel; I found myself with a depreciated dollar. To buy a Canadian dollar I had to pay a dollar and four cents in Uncle Sam's money.

LEAGUE OF WOMEN

Women everywhere are asking the question: "what does NRA mean? What is it doing to my husband's business, to his job, to me and so on?" In Boston the women are doing something unusual. The Massachusetts League of Women Voters is seeking the answers. The governor of the state will give his interpretation, - also professors from Harvard, and executives from Washington. This school for women will hold its sessions, open to the public, tomorrow and the next day. Particulars can be obtained from the League of Women Voters, Mount Vernon Street, Boston.

REUNITED

Thirty four years ago a man in Chicago, an immigrant from Germany, quarrelled with his wife. She left him, taking with her their three children whom she subsequently placed in an orphanage. Then she returned to Germany. The mother died, the father lost track of his children.

Day before yesterday the son, now grownup, read a newspaper item mentioning his father. This was the first time in all those years that this young man knew his father was still alive. What was more he discovered he and his father were living around the corner from each other in Joliet, Illinois where the son is a teacher in the high school and papa is a mechanical engineer. So today they were happily reunited after thirty four years separation.

CRAB RACING

Have you heard of the latest society fad? It's the crabs - racing crabs. How's that for something cock-eyed? When it comes to the bizarre and unusual just leave it to New York's Four Hundred - or have they a 400 now? At any rate for the next swanky ball of the year in New York, to arouse the enthusiasm of the blasé, the craving for something never heard of before, they have imported crabs, racing crabs, the darnedest things you ever saw in your life. .

They are called Fortuna crabs. Just little fellers. But you should see them do their stuff. They come from a cave on a remote island in the South Seas. Their idea of finding a home is to find some other creature with a shell, lure him out of his shell, and then Mr. Crab takes it.

They have been imported specially for what is called the County Fair Ball to be held in the near future at the Waldorf, with the social leaders of Manhattan as the patronesses. So we might say the racing crabs will do their stuff under the patronage of Mrs. Marshall Field, Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mrs. George D. Widener, Mrs. Payne Whitney, Mrs. Lucius Boomer, Mrs. Averell

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Harriman, Mrs. Vincent Astor, and so on. I wonder if the crabs will be properly impressed with all these names?

I have seen the racing crabs, and each has had its shell lacquered a different color so that you may distinguish them. All you have to do is put them down on a runway that slopes up. They have an irresistable urge to climb. Each crab must have his own groove or runway, otherwise he will crab the race by sliding off sidewise instead of going in the right direction. Can't you just see the lovely bejeweled ladies of New York cheering and clap hands, and all aflutter as their favorite crab comes down the home-stretch?

LINDBERGH

Pan American Airways informs me that all Europe has been guessing about something that concerns the Lindberghs, not the Colonel and his lady, but their aeroplane. On the side of it is a strange word, and everywhere they have gone, in Iceland, The British Isles, Holland, Paris, when they called on the League of Nations in Switzerland, and in Spain, folks have nudged each other and asked: "What under the sun does that funny word mean, painted on the side of the Lindbergh plane?" the word is T-I-N-G-M-I-S-S-A-R-T-O-Q --tingmissartog. Now the officials of Pan American Airways have given me the answer to the riddle, it's a Greenlandish Eskimo word. When the Lindberghs flew across Greenland to the remote seaport of Angmagsalik, on the east coast of Greenland, an Eskimo committee called on Lindbergh and said they would like to name his plane. He asked them what sort of name they had in mind. To whom they replied:--"Tingmissartog". Colonel Lindbergh wanted to know what that meant. And they told him it meant "big bird". Then they said they had some paint and would like to paint the name on his ship. Whereupon Lindbergh said: "It's a fine idea boys, go ahead".

The chief scientific advisor to Pan American Airways, on all subjects pertaining to exploration and the Polar regions is that distinguished Arctic traveller, Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Stefansson has been in touch with the Lindberghs on their recent exploration flight via the northern route to Europe and they sent him an odd bit of information which Dr. Stefansson has just passed on to me. It is, that some of the Eskimos in Greenland speak English, and those who do, have radio sets and they get this Sunoco News Broadcast every evening in far off Greenland.

And now, as the Lindberghs poise on the other side of the Atlantic, ready for their homeward flight, that same Greenlandish Eskimo word is on the side of the plane, Tingmissartoq, the big bird.

And-if-I-don't-stop-my-talk, I'll-get-the-bird.

So as we Eskimoes say, Tingmissartoq, and

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.