

L. T. Sunoco, Mondy, August 13th, 1934.

further down the river than they are now, say fifty thousand years ago!

I wonder what it looked like then when Mr. and Mrs. Pithecanthropus Erectus went there on their honeymoon? But anyway there's a party new Niagara for honeymooners now.

Hello all you summer tourists, here's one for you:-

Niagara Falls has a different face today. Huge masses of rock fell from the crest of Horseshoe Falls, on the Canadian side, and went tumbling down. Niagara splashes plenty, ordinarily. But what a splash that was today. And it changes the beauty of the world's best-known cascade, enough to put the picture postcards out of date.

It's making Niagara more beautiful. And I suppose you'd call that a forward step. But just the same it's another ~~step~~ backward step. The falls are moving backward, slowly, but surely. In 1931 seventy-five thousand tons of rock fell from the American side and caused a U-shaped dent.

It's been ~~believed~~ going on for thousands of years. Originally the falls are believed to have been seven miles

BYRD

further down the river than they are now, say fifty thousand
years ago!

I wonder what it looked like then when Mr. and Mrs.

Pithecanthropus Erectus went there on their honeymoon? But

anyway there's a party new Niagara for honeymooners now.

There was plenty of worry about him, especially

after the report that he had injured his arm. It was feared

that he might be found in bad shape when the rescue party

finally got to him after its fight for weeks with polar storms

and snow and ice.

The fact that he has come through the ordeal in good

shape is graphically proven by the stories the newspapers are

telling us so vividly -- the dramatic tale of how they found

Dick Byrd.

The rescue party, pushing along with tractor screens

the rugged ice of the frozen continent, finally saw the beacon

that Dick Byrd kept burning on top of his snow-covered shack.

As they draw near they see the Admiral, himself on top of the

BYRD

The report is -- okay, the report on Admiral Byrd. He's thin and weak and shaken after his vigil of five months alone in that ice-bound hut in the remote wilderness of the Antarctic continent. He was there all the time, a solitary hermit, suffering from the cold, from the fumes of the stuffy kerosene stove and from an insufficient diet.

There was plenty of worry about him, especially after the report that he had injured his arm. It was feared that he might be found in bad shape when the rescue party finally got to him after its fight for weeks with polar storms and snow and ice.

The fact that he has come through the ordeal in good shape is graphically proven by the stories the newspapers are telling us so vividly -- the dramatic tale of how they found Dick Byrd.

The rescue party, pushing along with tractors across the rugged ice of the frozen continent, finally saw the beacon that Dick Byrd kept burning on top of his snow-covered shack. As they drew near they saw the Admiral, himself on top of the

shack, thin haggard, and shaggy, with bristly beard on his face and hair grown long like a Robinson Crusoe of the South Pole.

"Hello fellows," he called cheerfully. "Come down inside and get warm. I have some hot soup for you."

"So they went in and got warm and had some hot soup. And thus ended one of the strangest episodes of exploration, the self-imposed, monkish solitude of Dick Byrd in his Antarctic hermitage. And now we are all waiting to hear him tell why.

EXPLORATION

The romance of exploration thrills the soul and stirs the imagination, but not the soul and the imagination of the Canadian Government. They take a hard-boiled, cold-blooded, fishy-eyed attitude about those perils in far-off places, ~~that quicken the blood and excite the yearnings of wanderlust in the rest of us.~~ The Canadian authorities declare that there are too many explorers, and ~~they're~~ not good ^{explorers.} enough. There are too many people who go on expeditions into the Canadian Far-North, and don't know what to do when they get there. They seek for glory and all they find is trouble.

So, from now on every explorer-bold, who goes exploring in Canadian territory will have to have a government permit. And before he gets that he'll have to pass an examination. He'll have to say where he is going and why. He'll have to pass a physical examination to indicate how much hardship he can stand. And his equipment will be examined too, *down to his last magnetic gyro-compass.*

Certainly does sound wonderful for the Canadian Government to be so charitably concerned about the welfare of all those explorers. But wait a minute, maybe it isn't so

EXPLORATION - 2

sentimental and tender-hearted as all that. Here's another thing the would-be explorer will have to do. He'll have to put up a deposit to cover the cost of a searching party to go to his aid, if that should be needed. Ha, ha! That's the tip off! Marvelous!

So, I'm afraid that the present Canadian solicitude for the hairy chested explorers boils down to the financial fact that all those half-baked expeditions that go poking around in the northland cost the Canadian Government a lot of money -- sending out relief parties to bring 'em back alive.

One thing is certain -- five billion dollars of drought damage! Meaning, that the farmers need an enormous amount of help! Right now the Emergency Relief Administration is spending about thirty million dollars a month for drought relief, a million a day. Add to that another hundred million a month for general relief throughout the country -- unemployment relief, and so on. It certainly will be a relief when we don't need so much relief.

DROUGHT

If you want to make a lot of money, just figure out the meaning of the drought, the effect it is going to have on business and finance for the next six months or a year -- and invest your money accordingly. It's a dizzy kind of puzzle. Take this angle: How will the agricultural problem look next spring, the prospects for the farmers -- agricultural surpluses wiped out and maybe a bumper crop ahead? Also -- will the rains in such a large section of the drought area come in time to do the crops much good? Or have the fields been too thoroughly ruined by the heat and dryness?

One thing is certain -- five billion dollars of drought damage! Meaning, that the farmers need an enormous amount of help! Right now the Emergency Relief Administration is spending about thirty million dollars a month for drought relief, a million a day. Add to that another hundred million a month for general relief throughout the country, unemployment relief, and so on. It certainly will be a relief when we don't need so much relief.

----- 0 -----

But here's an item on the other side of the ledger. You wouldn't think that the farmers, hit by the drought, would be paying the Government anything much. But there are. Uncle Sam lent them a lot of money in the form of crop loans, and the farmers are paying it back right now at the rate of a million dollars a day -- and this in spite of the fact that the Government extended the date of payment for those loans until September first.

----- 0 -----

And, don't let's think that those weekend rains dappened the entire roasted desolated area. Kansas, Missouri, and Oklahoma have been still baking with that intense heat. Oklahoma jumped into the unenviable distinction of being the hottest and driest. In Oklahoma City signs were seen in store windows reading: "Forty-four days since it rained." Just the opposite of Noahs adventure when it rained for forty days and forty nights.

The authorities in Oklahoma City are afraid of fire, afraid if a big blaze broke out it might not stop until there

was nothing else to burn, everything like tinder and water so scarce.

You'd be astonished and indignant if some filling station charged you thirty cents a gallon for Blue Sunoco, although mebbe it's worth more than that. Or, put it this way. If plain water is worth thirty cents a gallon, what should your Blue Sunoco be worth? About a hundred dollars a pint, I suppose. Then suppose you drove up to a filling station and saw a sign reading "Gasoline seventeen cents a gallon -- water thirty cents a gallon." Well, you'd be either in Crazy Land or in the heart of the Oklahoma dry section. Water is so scarce that motorists have to buy it for their radiators, and right now they are paying nearly twice as much for water as for gas.

It takes freak things like that to tell the story of some vast, wide-spread disturbing phenomenon like the drought.

----- 0 -----

The President has plunged into the labors of drought relief. And he has also set his mediation men to work trying to settle that aluminum strike of the big Mellon interests of Pittsburgh.

That newest loud and melodious arrangement of "Home Sweet Home", with full orchestra and a billion dollars, promises to put a couple of million men to work:-That's the labor angle. It should boost activities in the ^{building}~~building~~ trades:- That's the business angle. The home owner is likely to be acutely interested in the fact that if he goes to the bank to borrow some money to make improvements on his home, the Government will guarantee twenty per cent of the sum. That, of course, will make the bank more inclined to lend the money.

So the huge billion dollar project resolves itself into -- a loosening of credit, improvement of homes, decrease of unemployment, and ^aboostⁱⁿ the building trades. That's the way the President expects it to work out.

The man who is running the show is James A. Moffett, who threw up a hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year job to work for the Government. He was the senior vice-president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, ^{and}~~and~~ was invited by the Administration to take a place on the ~~Advisory~~ Advisory Committee of the NRA.

He wanted to accept. The President of ^{his}~~the~~ company thought he should not. As a result of the disagreement James A. Moffett threw up his vice-presidential job and joined the NRA. Now he becomes Administrator of the Federal Housing project.

SILVER

There's a whirring and a clanging and a roaring of machinery -- printing presses in full blast. Is it some giant edition of a newspaper being run off? Or millions of copies of a best seller? No, not a best seller, but the best buyer--money.

The Government printing office has been grinding out eighty million dollars. This is according to the nationalization of silver which was announced last week. The flooding stream of banknotes is being issued against the huge store of the nation's silver which the Treasury Department is taking over. Silver is the metallic base which functions as security for all those new fives and tens and twenties.

The new money is being put into circulation as soon as the ink dries. A lot of it goes out through the Federal Reserve banks, and a lot more is handed out by the Treasury in payment of current expenses.

It's inflation! But only a little bit. Eighty million dollars will buy shoes for a lot of babies, or plenty of stream-lined gas for your car. But it's only a small fraction in comparison with the immense amount of American money already in circulation.

CHILE

Last week we heard that the Government of Chile had recalled its minister to Paraguay, a drastic step in the dispute between the two countries. Yesterday was moving day for the Chilean minister. He was supposed to take his diplomatic departure from the capital of Paraguay. But today he's still there. He hasn't left yet. This has given rise to rumors.

The official explanation is that the Chilean minister, after all the strain and agitation the diplomatic row has given him, is prostrate with a nervous breakdown. So he hasn't been able to leave Paraguay. But you know the old story about diplomatic explanations: nobody believes them. So the rumor is -- rather pleasant -- that the minister is scheduled to stay on, because Chile and Paraguay are about to patch up their quarrel.

BULLFIGHT

Down in the hills of North Carolina they are saying
it was the power of prayer. And of course it is about
Another bullfight story -- this time brief and grim. *The*
Great Belmonte is in the hospital tonight, dangerously injured.
Years ago he retired from the arena at the pleading of his wife.
Recently in his fortieth year, he heard the old call of the bull-
ring again, and could ^{not} resist. He returned with his old
dazzling skill, while Spain thundered with acclaim. *He* Before
one great throng after another he killed his bull. *He* He's
fighting ^{again} tonight -- not in the bullring, but in a hospital.--
~~after~~ *The* The bull knocked him down and viciously gored him twice
in the arena at Santander.

Belmonte invented a spectacular new method with
the cap and sword, closing in with the bull, right to its very
horns -- the most thrilling ever seen in the Plaza Delos Toros.
Of his style one critic said:- "Such a method must be rounded
off by his death."

And it nearly ^{has been} rounded off that way, in the arena
~~in the old city of~~ ^{at} Santander.

PREACHER

Down in the hills of North Carolina they are saying it was the power of prayer. And of course it concerns that Holiness preacher who set out to prove that his Holiness religion would protect him against the rattlesnake. We heard last week how he proceeded to brandish a big rattler aloft.

And also from the scientific side we hear about the power of prayer. Dr. Raymond Ditmars, famous authority on reptiles, points out that a rattlesnake bite is fatal about fifteen per cent of the time. A man with a powerful constitution might easily pull through -- particularly if he were in the right state of mind, not in a panic of fear. That's where prayer comes in, "a kind of psychologic fortifying," according to the reptile expert.

Anyway, the Holiness preacher, after having been bitten twice by the rattler, lay prostrate, showing all the symptoms of a bad case of snakebite. He would accept no medical treatment, but, after a hard struggle he pulled through, and today is on his feet, preaching again. And in the Southern mountains they are saying, "it was the power of prayer".

The tune of this next item is "Babes in the Woods",
though not quite so sad.

8
For five days they hunted the five-year-old little
girl who was lost in the woods -- Florence Spence of Winnipeg,
Canada. The child's father, who is a trapper, led a ceaseless
hunt, but the babe could not be found.

Then a miner, who had helped in the hunt, had a dream.
He dreamed he had found Florence and it was so vivid that when he
woke up he remembered the place. He set out at once and went
to the patch of woodland, and there he found the child. ~~And~~
~~there she was,~~ Weak from hunger and exposure, but otherwise
all right.

8 1/2
"Yes," he says ^{in a dream!} it all came to him, ~~is~~ ^{is} that just a dream?

My fellow citizens. I call upon every red-blooded, liberty-loving American to rise and shout:- "Hi there Jim Farley! Hi there!"

The Postmaster General has done a great wrong. Let us defend the sacred principles of the citizens of Stevenson, Connecticut.

For two score years, next haying-time, Stevenson has had its postoffice in the general store. And, in consequence the postoffice seldom closed, even at night -- because there was nearly always a check tournament going on, and the loyal citizens who didn't want to play checkers, pulled up their cracker boxes and talked politics.

The old postmaster and owner of the general store has died. And Jim Farley has appointed a new postmaster, a feller who can't play checkers, and hasn't any cracker boxes for the loyal citizens to sit on. So that's why a petition has been drawn up and signed by practically all the voters of Stevenson, demanding that the postoffice shall be continued at the general store, and that the new owner of the store shall be made post-

master,

9 1/2 So Hi there! Jim Farley! and

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW