

L. T. - Sunoco , Tuesday, November 21, 1933.

Good Evening Everybody:

Those high flying stratosphere explorers got down all sale. Lieutenant Commander Settle and Major Fordney, having spent yesterday some 58,000 feet above this earth, had to spend the night sleeping in a New Jersey bog. But they reappeared today, in inhabited territory, and reported "all's well." The balloon in which they had soared more than 58,000 feet came down near Bridgeton, New Jersey. The gondola settled in a slough and there they had to spend the night.

This morning Major Fordney made his way through the marshes to a farm house several miles away and reported to the Navy Department at Washington. I'll bet that provided a thrill for the farmer and his family! Later in the day Commander Settle flew on to Washington to report to his chiefs, flew in a Navy plane --- while Major Fordney remained on the ground to look after the balloon and the metal ball in which they had gone higher in the heavens than any American ever went before.

LINDY

Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh have another achievement to their credit. They took off from Lisbon about eight o'clock this morning, and landed safely at Horta in the Azores early this afternoon, thus accomplishing the first leg of their return flight across the Atlantic. The Lindberghs ran into a storm soon after leaving Lisbon and consequently took more time for this hop than they expected.

THE KING

There was great excitement in England today over an unprecedented scene in Parliament. King George with his crown, his ermine robes and everything, the Queen by his side, was reading a speech from the throne at the formal opening of Parliament. His Britannic Majesty had hardly concluded his address when a Laborite Member from Scotland shouted out: "You're all a gang of lazy parasites". Peers and Peeresses in their jewels and all the others present were horrified. But the King was undisturbed. He paid no attention to the compliment, but turned, offered his arm to the Queen and moved away from the throne proclaiming the ceremony at an end.

That must indeed have been a dramatic spectacle!

Soon after this Prime Minister MacDonald told the House of Commons that all hope for disarmament was not lost. He said the government had no intention of allowing the negotiations to be dropped.

SPRAGUE

Here's another symptom of the opposition to the President's gold policy. Professor O. M. W. Sprague, Special Assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury, who quit his job in London as advisor to the Bank of England to work for his own country, has just resigned. Doctor Sprague minced no words today in giving his reasons for his resignation. He said he absolutely disagreed with the President and was convinced that the Roosevelt money policies will end in inflation. He further intimated that he had been ignored, "Having been given no opportunities for any discussion," with the President or his advisors since his return from the World Economic Conference in London. As soon as Dr. Sprague's resignation became known all Foreign Exchanges moved up prodigiously and Uncle Sam's dollar went down.

FORD

It seems to be on the cards that Henry Ford and the Roosevelt administration may kiss and make-up. The diffidence of the Ford Motor Company to sign the automobile code has been the cause of much palavar and worry. The latest dope is that Henry himself may pay a visit to the President at the Little White House at Warm Springs, Georgia, and iron out whatever misunderstanding there may be. However, this is unofficial, entirely unconfirmed. The members of the President's Staff at the Little White House say they have no information concerning Mr. Ford's proposed visit. But, it was added that if Henry cares to come the President will be only too glad to see him and talk things over. Incidentally General Johnson, Administration of N. R. A., is to be in Georgia this week.

TREASURY

That able and vigorous gentleman, Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Jr., is causing plenty of uproar as the new boss of the Treasury. Since he was sworn in as Acting Secretary he has been busy re-organizing the department, issuing rules and orders and making appointments. He has named a partner in a New York brokerage firm as special assistant for fiscal affairs and has appointed a former official of the Farm Credit Administration to be his own assistant.

One order Mr. Morgenthau issued yesterday has caused a bit of a hubbub, for the moment. It's an order that in the future all information to newspaper men must be given out direct by Mr. Morgenthau or through Herbert Gaston formerly of the New York World and ex-deputy governor of the Farm Credit Administration. The Washington newspapermen who cover the Treasury have sent a letter of protest to the President. But, as we have seen Mr. Roosevelt seems to have absolute faith in his new Administrative Head of the Treasury. They have long been intimate associates.

McKEE

One visitor at today's session of the Senate Committee on banking and currency in Washington was Joe McKee recently defeated candidate for mayor of New York City. It has been widely rumored that Judge McKee would be appointed United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York to succeed George Medalie. However, Mr. McKee said he was present at the Committee hearing only as a spectator. Ferdinand Pecora, counsel for the Committee gave out the information that the inquiry into the closing of the banks in Detroit, the closing which touched off the big banking crisis of March, will begin in January.

WHALEN

Another brave man wants to abolish tipping. I mean Grover Whalen, head of the N. R. A. administration in New York. You may have heard that Mr. Whalen suggested that waiters and other restaurant and hotel employees would be better pleased if they got more wages and didn't have to depend on tips. So Grover is going to urge his ideas on the N.R.A. administration in Washington next Monday when there will be a hearing on the restaurant code. Some restaurant owners protest loudly that they cannot exist if tips are abolished. Others suggest a ten per cent service charge on all bills. It will be interesting to see what comes of Mr. Whalen's proposal.

SLUMS

One result of present conditions will be the abolition of large slum areas in our big cities. Secretary Ickes, as Administrator of Public Works, has allotted one hundred million dollars to the Federal Emergency Housing Corporation. This body will replace slums with modern apartments to bring in low rentals.

OTTAWA

Astonishing news comes from Ottawa. A British Royal Commission has been investigating the affairs of Newfoundland, and today its report was made public. This recommends that the present form of government on that great island be suspended and a commission of six be appointed to assist the Governor in administering the Island until its house is set in order once more.

At Newfoundland a wireless message from London brings further information that the Royal Commission's report described the financial tangle of the Province as the result of waste. The British Government has offered to take over the job of running Newfoundland.

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Gordon
Sinclair
of "Toronto
Star."

Nov. 21,
1933.

GORDON SINCLAIR

I had an odd experience in Toronto last night. On the staff of the Toronto Star is a much traveled young man whose newspaper beat is the world. They call him the most widely traveled reporter in Canada. Well, world traveler, Gordon Sinclair, was going to meet me at the broadcasting station in Toronto and tell you about some of his adventures among savage peoples. But Gordon got lost, in his own home town. That's the way with globe-trotters. They can find their way to Timbuctu or Khatmandu, or Zanzibar or Khaulahar, but in their own home town they can't even find their way home. At any rate, I am in Rochester tonight and just to give Gordon Sinclair a break I'll tell you one or two of the odd things he had intended to relate. He's quite an authority on women, savage women, wild women: --

"Here in North America," says Gordon, "I've observed that about one quarter of one per cent of our girls have, at some time in their maidenhood, a formal coming out party, with soft music, flowers, and all the rest of it -- our society debutantes. Ah, but high in the misty hills of wild New Guinea,

one of the last remaining cannibal lands in the world, every girl on or about her eighteenth birthday is formally presented to society while the witch doctors scream and magicians dance and the guests devour black dogs.

"Lots of so-called civilized countries put a tax on bachelors. In Toronto," says Gordon Sinclair, "we smoke bachelors out by means of an extra heavy income tax. But in Central Asia, in Turkestan, bachelorhood is a crime punishable by deportation for life. That's because women are too plentiful. Yet a few thousand miles away in another part of Asia, in the highest reaches of Burma's muddy Irrawaddy River, far beyond Mandalay, there are tribal women who have six and eight husbands each---and go through a formal wedding with every one of them."

So Reporter Sinclair decided not to stay there. He says he prefers polygamy to polyandry, or better still, monogamy.

His latest book called, "Cannibal Quest" came out today, and now he's off again for the West Coast of Africa, more cannibal country; and here's hoping he doesn't lose his way and turn up in the interior---the interior of a cannibal I mean.

ROBBER

George Bistany, Director of the Municipal Zoo at San Francisco figured in an exciting affair last night. He lives in the official residence on the grounds of the zoo and his nearest neighbors are the lions, the pythons and the zebras. As he sat at his desk reading there was a knock on the door and three men appeared. One of them said:- "Let's use your phone." And another covered Bistany with a gun.

Huh! But Bistany, a veteran of many an African game hunt knows how to handle his weapons. He whipped out a revolver and let fly. The three would-be robbers ran out with Bistany chasing them. The Zoo director fired again, and this time got one of his men. Thereupon he calmly blew the smoke out of his gun barrel, reported to the police and went back to reading his book.

PARIS BOMBS

The Paris police have a curious problem on their hands. About three hundred and fifty bombs are found in the French capital each month, war-time bombs, souvenirs, left behind by people who are moving, who chuck them into cellars, into the famous Paris sewers, and so on. Many are dangerous. In fact many explode.

Prior to nineteen-fourteen they had the same problem. About two hundred bombs a year were found by the Paris police. Bombs left over from the War of Eighteen-Seventy. They got rid of these World War bombs by putting them in an enormous press, which breaks them up slowly without causing them to explode.

ITALIAN THRIFT

Frank Schoonmaker, writer and correspondent, sends me word from Italy that the Italian people are becoming more industrious and more thrifty. Deposits in savings banks have jumped way up in the peninsula all the way from Venice to Taranto. He states also that Mussolini's stand against inflation appears to have been a most wise move.

OLYMPIC

The Hitler Government seems to be growing tame, or at least calming down. Word was conveyed today to the United States Athletic Association that there will be no objection to the participation of Jews in the Olympic games of 1936, in Berlin.

QUAKE

Our old planet shrugged its shoulders in convulsive fashion about half past six yesterday evening somewhere up in Eskimor land, in the Baffin Bay country, near Greenland. Father Lynch, eminent seismologist at Fordham University, telephoned me today that this quake was even as terrific as the disastrous one which shook Japan in Nineteen-twenty-three. But the novelty of last night's affair was, according to Father Lynch, that there has never been a quake up there in the Arctic regions. At any rate there is no record of any such happening. So I'll bet a lot of Eskimo medicine men will make capital out of that quake! I can just see them squatting on the ice shelf and around the walrus oil lamp listening to Old Medicine Man I-Suck-A-Muck-Luck telling the igloo dwellers that it was all a part of his black magic.

POLISH SPOOKS

Here's a sad story, Mates:-

Three plastered Poles decided to visit a Warsaw cemetery and have a drink at the grave of a departed friend. It was a dark night. One of the three jokingly said to the dead man in the grave:- "Salutations Serge, how goes it with you down there, and who are your friends these days?"

Whereupon a sepulchral voice spoke back from the grave and the three plastered Poles nearly jumped out of their skins. The voice said:- "It's a bore down here, on my back all the time. I wish I had company. I think I'll have one of you fellows come and join me tomorrow".

Whereupon the three plastered Poles ran, terror-stricken, stumbling over grave stones in their hurry to get away. But one of the pickled Poles fell on a tomb-stone and cracked his head. And, the next day he went to join his pal, Serge beneath the Polish sod.

PARROT-INDIA

A curious item comes from far off Rajputana, from the Hindu desert kingdom of Gwalior, - that's where the Maharajah has the finest string of royal elephants in the world all bedecked with jewels and trappings of solid gold. Rains and floods were threatening enormous damage in the country of Gwalior; and in one household the occupants were saved by a poll-parrot. In the middle of the night the family was aroused by the creaming parrot, shouting in Hindustani:- "Juldy jow! Juldy jow!"--which means raus mit ihm- hurry up, hurry up! The members of the family did "Juldy jow" and they got out of the building just in time, before the walls collapsed. As the roof descended the parrot could still be heard screaming:- "Juldy jow! Juldy jow!" And it's time right now for me to Juldy jow, and say:- so long until tomorrow!