

P. J. - Sunoco. Friday, July 29, 1938

CLIPPER.

No word from the Hawaii <sup>Clipper.</sup> ~~Clipper~~ This is all the more ominous because the big trans-Pacific liner, with its powerful wireless equipment, should be able to flash radio messages - if it is afloat somewhere on the sea. And yet more ominous, because the point at which the Clipper was last heard from was not far from the army transport U. S. Meigs, which promptly began a search. The latest is the transport vessel has now reached the area where the Clipper must have been forced down - and no sign of the big plane. Warships and army flyers have been scouting far and wide over the water, and the report - no sign. Flying from Guam to the Philippines, the Hawaii Clipper was last heard from at twelve thirty last night, <sup>^</sup>easter daylight saving time. And that makes it nearly nineteen hours overdue. Airline officials reckon that its fuel supply could have lasted until only ten thirty this morning, eastern daylight saving time - more than nine hours ago.

Among the fifteen persons aboard are men of note like Fred C. Meier, plant pathologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, ~~He is~~ famous for his biological studies at

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high altitudes. He made scientific history as a collector of

spores, <sup>the</sup> kind of plant organisms that are found drifting away up

up in the stratosphere. He was ~~aboard~~ aboard the Clipper,

studying minute plant life in the sky above the Pacific.

And another aboard was Dr. Earl B. McKinley of Washington,

Dean of the College of Medicine and a Professor of Bacteriology

at George Washington University, famous for his researches in

the cure of tropical diseases. And Wah Sun Choy, a Chinese of

Jersey City, said to have been on his way to China with funds

for the cause of Chinese independence.

Those trans-Pacific <sup>air-</sup>liners are great seaworthy boats,  
and the Hawaii Clipper might float for days - especially as the  
weather is not too bad. Yet the silence of the radio is

ominous, and so is the word - no sign of the clipper, although

searching ships are in the vicinity where it must have come

down.

PITCAIRN

*the remote Pacific Island of*  
There's word today from Pitcairn ~~Island~~, wireless

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communication reestablished. The news that flashes tells of better things for the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty. A ship has come to the island at last, ~~and~~ bringing ~~general~~ food and mail for the islanders. Tramp ships in the far Pacific <sup>have been</sup> ~~avoided~~ Pitcairn, because of reports that there was a typhoid ~~epidemic~~ epidemic on the Island. The descendants of the mutineers claim that this false rumor was spread ~~maliciously~~ maliciously by a man with a grudge.

Anyway, three months passed, without a ship ~~having~~ in sight of the rocky isle - no vessel bringing food for which the Pitcairn people could trade their island handiwork. The craft that ~~arrived~~ arrived today brought a mere twelve bags of flour, for the few score of islanders - but even that is something. The mutineers of the bounty, seeking a remote hideaway on the ocean, picked their island well - so remote that their descendants are in troubles when the few occasional vessels which go that way fail to appear.



CHINA.

The course of the war in China is indicated by an announcement in Washington today. ~~Secretary~~ Secretary of State Hull says that the American ambassador will leave Hankow on August first. He will transfer the Embassy four hundred miles up the Yangste to Chungking. The removal of the ambassador would seem to indicate the fear that the Japanese drive grinding on against Hankow, may be successful in a month or so.

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Meanwhile the Chinese today launched a savage attack over a wide front - to stop the Japanese.



SCHMELING

The American Embassy in Berlin is investigating the highly contradictory affair of the Joe Louis - Max Schmeling fight pictures. Our Ambassador has been asked by the management of Joe Louis to look into charges that a doctored German version is being shown. Scenes cut in from that first fight in which Max knocked out the bomber. Pictures showing Max Schmeling battering Joe. Films falsified to make Schmeling ~~look~~ look better in getting knocked out in one round - which the Germans claim to have been a kidney-foul-punch anyway. That's what the American Embassy is investigating.

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Statements from the German side make things quite mysterious. They say the pictures are not being shown in Naziland, never will be. Schmeling owns the German rights, and presumably is not adverse to making a few marks. They say he was informed that there might be a possibility of showing the pictures if some scenes were taken out, <sup>as</sup> so not <sub>^</sub> to overemphasize the walloping he took. But Max replied that he was obligated to the American film producer to show the pictures as is - or not at all. So the Nazi reply was - not at all:- The German motion picture business not interested in

the film.

The fight pictures will have one showing at least - Hitler will look at them. And maybe he'll have them fixed up to suit his taste. I don't see what the American Ambassador can do about that. If the Fuehrer wants to see things the way he wants to see them, <sup>it</sup> ~~if~~ hardly seems worth a diplomatic crisis.

under Danish law. And of course the Countess is a Danish subject, she having changed her citizenship not long before the marital squabble occurred. But the announcement says that the Count will sue and renounce his right to half of their common property. The only money matter mentioned in the settlement is this: The Woolworth Business has agreed to settle what is called "an appropriate sum" on their little son Lance. In fact, the agreement, as published, concentrates on the child - the Count to dictate upbringing, education, religion and career. The custody is divided between the parents. The agreement was made without dramatics, everything on a friendly basis. But in London talk has died down about the jealousy, the threats and other causes that broke up one of the most famous of international marriages.

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The news of a separation settlement between the Count and Countess Von Haugwitz Reventlow immediately raises the question: How much money did the heiress of the five and ten hand over to the Danish nobleman? The statement given out today indicates - nothing at all. The news dispatch mentions the Count's right to half of his wife's common property - this under Danish law. And of course the Countess is a Danish subject, she having changed her citizenship not long before the marital squabble occurred. But the announcement says that the Count waives ~~his~~ and renounces his right to half of their common property. The only money matter mentioned in the settlement is this: The Woolworth Heiress has agreed to settle what is called "an appropriate sum" on their little son Lance. In fact, the agreement, as published, concentrates on the child - the Count to dictate upbringing, education, religion and career. The custody is divided between the parents.

\* The agreement was made without dramatics, everything on a friendly basis. And in London talk has died down about the jealousy, the threats and other causes that broke up one of the most famous of international marriages.



STORM.

The rainy spell in the east having gone its way and given place to a heat wave - there are still a few storms to be reported. Albany was hit by a tempest today, with electrical pyrotechnics and a deluge of rain. It was so dark, the street lights had to be turned on. And bolts of lightning hit here, there and the next place. It rained so hard that streets and cellars were flooded - the water as high as the curb in some of the main streets.

The same story at Saratoga, where a thunderstorm hit an hour before the time for the horses to start running at the race track. And in New England, the fierce flames of lightning flashed; at Gloucester, a man was killed; at Northampton, five persons were stunned. The lightning hit houses, the public library, and also a dormitory of Smith College. Similar stories from other places. And at Rutland, Vermont, eighteen cows were killed by one bolt of lightning as they huddled under a tree.

CIRCUS.

Still more trouble for the circus. When the Barnum and Bailey big show disbanded because of labor disputes, part of its acts were incorporated with other circuses under the combined name of Al. G. Barnes, Sells Floto, and Ringling Brothers. And that consolidation has been having trouble on the road, picketed at various places. At Janesville, Wisconsin the picket line was so strong the circus broke it with an elephant. Now at Racine, Wisconsin, the attitude of the labor unions is so threatening that the circus has called off its stay there. It will go on to South Bend, Indiana, skipping Racine. No elephant breaking the picket line there.



POLICE.

New Yorkers have been wondering for some time - what's the matter with the police? Why all the suicides? These questions come to the forefront in more startling fashion than ever today, with the suicide of Inspector Louis Rosenfeld, a top ranking police official of brilliant career. He was at his Connecticut farm which he called - "Journey's End." And journey's end it was today. They say he was suffering from ill health and had been in a state of nervous distraction for some time. But the strange and perplexing thing is this - Inspector Rosenfeld is the seventy-first suicide on the New York police force in four years. So, a sombre question-mark arises.

The accusations of corruption against the sub-union officials.

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AUTO UNION.

The Union trial at Detroit, officials of the auto workers accused of Communism - came to a halt today. Union President Homer Martin said the adjournment is because of filibustering and deliberate delay. He declared that the officials charged with Communism were simply out to prolong the proceedings indefinitely. Five days of the trial, and only one witness was put on the stand. So the proceedings are postponed until August sixth, and during the interval the defendants will be called upon to produce their testimony in written form. This, it is expected, will put the evidence out in the public spotlight - everybody to know the details of the accusations of Communism against the auto union officials.

of him in his hand. The prisoner took one look at the baseball manager beside the judge, and said: "Oh, I know you, Mr. Scott. I used to see a bat boy for Ty Cobb."

"Oh, were you indeed?" responded Connie. "Now there was one great hitter - Ty Cobb."

The two got to talking baseball, until the judge intervened. "Say Connie, what kind of sentence do you think we ought to give this fellow?"

MACK

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The judgment of a wise judge has been a theme of perennial human interest, ever since the days of King Solomon. And today a wise judgement was handed down from the juridicial bench by Connie Mack, sage of Philadelphia and manager of the Athletics. The A's are playing a series in Detroit - not ~~that~~ they think they're going anywhere. They're in sixth place, strictly bound for nowhere. In Detroit Judge John P. Scallen, ~~is~~ an old-time friend of Connie Mack's, ~~and he~~ asked Connie to sit beside him while the court disposed of a string of minor cases.

Up came a prisoner. Name - Jack Berry. Charge - a ~~very~~ cop found him sitting on a park bench with a bottle of rum in his hand. The prisoner took one look at the baseball manager beside the judge, and said: "Oh, I know you, Mr. Mack. I used to be a bat boy for Ty Cobb."

"Oh, were you indeed?" responded Connie. "Now there was one great hitter - Ty Cobb."

The two got to talking baseball, until the Judge intervened. "Say Connie, what kind of sentence do you think we ought to give this fellow?"



Whereupon the wise man of baseball propounded  
 a wise sentence. "If", said Connie, "You would make him  
 come out to the ball park and see my team play, I think  
 it would be the worst sentence that could be imposed on  
 him."

And so the Judge decreed. He sentenced the prisoner  
 to the penalty of seeing the Athletics play. *And, as  
 usual the Athletics lost -- by a  
 lop-sided score.*



CAMPAIGN.

They say a warning was passed out in Washington today sent by the Senate campaign expenditures committee and received by various big time government officials. The committee says to the officials that there must be no interference in battles for the Senate in various states. Local government officials are not to take any hand in the contests. This follows a stream of complaints about the electioneering activities of federal agencies.

One such accusation involves Senator McAdoo of California. He today came forward with a vigorous denial. He wired the campaign investigating committee, demanding an inquiry. His California opponent charges that government employees in the state are being - shaken down. The story is that they're being assessed ~~five per cent~~ five per cent of their salaries - to raise funds for the Senator's election. McAdoo says It's all false and demands an investigation. The committee says okay to that and is sending two investigators to California to look into campaign affairs out there.

~~Amex~~

ROOSEVELT.

It's great to be a President - he lives in the White House, he presides over the Nation, he talks back to Republicans, and he catches so many ~~g~~ big fish you have to ask him to catch some little ones.

Off the shore of remote Hood Island, in the Galapagos group, the Presidential fishing party is casting its lines.

And they're obeying an injunction by Professor ~~Otto~~ Schmitt ~~of~~ the Smithsonian Institute, who ~~is the~~ scientific Ichthyologist aboard. The Professor cast a frowning eye on the big fish the President was catching. ~~He scowled every time a huge one was landed.~~ And, as the Presidential fishing luck was good, the Professor was frowning ~~and scowling~~ most of the time.

Because the large fighting fish of the deep sea are well known to science, and the Professor could learn little from them - no new ones to classify and study <sup>with</sup> the microscope. So Professor Otto Schmitt said: "Mr. President, please catch a few little ones." He pointed out that strange fishes, ~~some unknown to science,~~ <sup>the</sup> swarm in shallows of remote Hood Island. The President

obeyed the Professor, ~~everybody should obey a professor. so~~ <sup>did what he was told to do.</sup> caught some fish unknown to science.



KRUM ELBOW.

(There sure can be hard feelings between neighbors - as is illustrated today by the sale of the Krum Elbow estate just across the river from President Roosevelt's home at Hyde Park. A part owner of the estate is Howland Spence<sup>n</sup>, whose family is remotely connected with the Roosevelt family by marriage. There have been previous controversies between Howland Spence<sup>n</sup> and the President, as when F. D. R. wanted to give the name of "Krum Elbow" to the Hyde Park <sup>Roosevelt home</sup> ~~property~~. Howland Spence<sup>n</sup> objected vigorously, declaring that the homely name of "Krum Elbow" belonged to <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ place across the river. And at other times he has spoken forth as a bitter anti-New Dealer.

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Now Krum Elbow has been sold. To whom? Who are about to be across-the-river neighbors of the President? Why, Father Divine <sup>the Negro cult leader and his</sup> ~~and~~ angels for a new heaven.) Not only sold - but given away. Krum Elbow is jointly owned, and some are willing their share to Father Divine and the angels, but Howland Spencer is giving his part to them, gratis, free of charge at a cost of about twenty-six thousand dollars to himself, and in doing so he utters angry words. "Roosevelt," says he,



"has so corrupted the American workers that they won't work. I find it impossible to get men to work on my estate."

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By way of contrast, he points to Father Divine and the angels. "They all work", says he, "and share the fruits of their labors. They live off the fat of the land." *Then he goes*

*on:-* Father Divine won't have anybody as a follower if he has been on relief, unless he pays up what he has received from the government." And the Howland Spencer indignatio<sup>n</sup> rises high as he says this of Father Divine: "He's just the opposite of Roosevelt."

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Well, what comment can we make on this transfer of a five hundred acre estate with stately old-fashioned tradition? Now to become another heaven for Father Divine and his angels? And right across from the Presidential home? All this to the tune of anti-New Deal hard words. I suppose we can only say - "Peace, it's wonderful." *And so long until Monday.*

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