2.T. - Sun. } Thurs.

Another record. A cold and lofty one. And also a fast one. Nine miles up in the air, to where outer space begins -- almost. That's the new altitude record made by the Italian war ace, Renato Donati. It's a new world record for heavier-than-air machines. The exact height to which he rose was forty-seven thousand five hundred and seventy-two feet. The previous record was held by a Frenchman who, last September, went up to almost forty-five thousand.

The figures are not official because the Italian's barograph has not yet been checked.

The machine in which civilian flier Signor Donati pulled off this stunt has been seen in action by many

Americans. It's that same acrobatic Caproni biplane that was piloted by kirkx Lieutenant Tito Falconi when he made us gasp and marvel at the National Air Races in Chicago last year.

tion of the airmail contracts the result of a carefully organized conspiracy. The Vermont Republican Senator wants ex a chance to prove it. He claims he can back up his charge with documentary evidence. He wants to show that the independent airline operators planned a subterranean, deep laid campaign, to take away the airmail contracts from the companies that had them. And Mr. Austin brings the further accusation that members of the Administration, whom he does not name, were in this conspiracy.

If Senator Austin is able to make good, there will be another sensation. But we are getting so used to it sensation. compared to which the Postmaster General's cancellation all -- so blunted that the sky will have of the contracts will have been tames to fall down to give us a sensational thrill,

Here's another one of those stories behind the news. The news is that Miss Nan Johnson, a comely nineteen-year old lady of Fairmont, West Virginia, is to sing for the President at the White House next week.

The story behind it is that when whe was six years old, this young singer became stricken with the same ailment that once afflicted the President. And, like Mr. Roosevelt, she fought her way out of it. He became President. She became a xingx singer. President and Mrs. Roosevelt heard about kex the career she is making, and they sent her an invitation to sing for them.

And so he will listen to her -- he, the President and she the singer, each of whom fell into the same misfortune and won the same victory.

ROOSEVELT

It looks as though President Roosevelt were going to need all the health and vigor he has been piling up during his vacation. When he reaches Washington tomorrow with General Johnson, he will find two other strike situations on his hands, one in Detroit, the other in Alabama.

throw a large monkey wrench into the machinery of automobile production. Without the things the tool and die workers make, the automobile manufacturing plants cannot earry on. So the outcome of tonight's meeting of the strikers will be watched, anxiously. The Administration is basing its hopes an Edward McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor, who is handling this situation.

Down in Alabama, it is not the workers but the employers who are up on their ears. They are putting their thumbs to their noses at General Johnson, defying him to force them to increase wages and put in a seven hour day. The header of these mine owners says they would rather have industrial warfare than have to take orders from what they call a military ringmaster.



It seems that we all underestimated the influence of the waxt Senator from Michigan. It really looked as though that Couzens amendment was killed -- the one to add a ten per cent surtax on income tax. But Mr. Couzens managed to get it reconsidered and the Senators reversed themselves. Now it's up to the House again. From the way the wind is blowing, it looks as though the amendment will be adopted by the Representatives.

This surtax doesn't mean a flat blanket ten per cent on your income. It means, for instance, that if a man, after deducting all his allowances, has a taxable surplus of one thousand dollars, he pays the present normal four per cent on that, which means forty dollars. In addition he pays a ten per cent surtax on that forty. In other words, instead of the tax on one thousand dollars being forty dollars, it will be forty-four.

Another Congressman is on the track of a plot.

Representative Sirovich of New York thinks he has discovered a Japanese conspiracy to snatch the Aleutian Islands away from Uncle Sam. Mr. Sirovich was visiting Russia last summer and claims that he saw maps and plans which Soviet spies had stolen from the Mikado's men.

The idea, as Mr. Sirovich understood it, was that the Japanese would grab the Aleutians and climb up that ladder of islands and seize Alaska; and, from Alaska make airplane raids down the Pacific coast aginst the cities in Washington, Oregon and California.

Sounds melodramatic. Could it be that the idea was instilled into the head of Representative Sirovich by representatives of the Soviet for the purpose of arousing American suspicions against Japan? That sounds a bit plotish too.

But more soberly it may be that Japan has prepared such plans. Every war college gets up plans for all sorts of possible wars and campaigns.

The aftermath story on Insull concerns the precautions the Turks took to guard the fugitive. A whole regiment of Golden Horn police formed an armed escort while the American Consul led Mr. Insull from the jail down to the boat.

The authorities evidently were afraid that some one would organize a corps of adventurers to snatch the prisoner out . of their clutches.

out in Wyoming today. A few years ago oil was struck several miles away from the town of Rawlings. A group of producers and refiners started to exploit the wells. Rawlings, the nearest town, was too far away for the workers to travel, so the producers set about to build a model town, named Parco. It cost them more than ten million dollars. That was quite a lot of money to lay out on a community with a population of less than eight hundred. Every house in it was a model home. Parco had its own electric light plant, gas plant, water works, sewage system and everything. But the depression hit.

And today Parco is broke. And the dream town is being offered on the auction block, to the highest bidder.

There's a chance for somebody who wants to set up a Utopia.

Buy it and you can name it after yourself.

Some time ago I mentioned that the most radio-conscious town in America was Troy, Ohio, with a percentage of sixty-two per cent of the population owning sets. Mr. George L. Dalton, City Auditor of Troy, writes me that I under-estimated the radio-conscious Trojans. There are twenty-five-hundred-and one families living within the ramparts of the Buckeye Troy, and twenty-two-hundred-and sixty-two of them have a radio. The percentage is slightly over ninety per cent.

I make this correction in the hope that somebody in Troy, Ohio, may hear it --- they've got enough radios.

We've been hearing that the Canadians are keenly interested in the New Deal. There has been even the suggestion that something like the Roosevelt program might be adopted in Canada. These reports have been followed by a storm of contradictions. Several high moguls of the dominion government declared that while the New Deal might be all right for the Americans, the Canadian government had no idea of imitating the N.R.A. or the P.W.A., or anything so alphabetic.

Nevertheless, along comes word that Přemier Bennett now wants the Constitution of Canada revised. He xxxxx sees the necessity for making it more adaptable to present day conditions.

To people south of the border, it is astonishing to learn that four of the western provinces of Canada have adopted so many changes that they are described as "sovietized". So much so that the Dominien Government of Ottawa finds it necessary to ask for special powers in order to deal with that situation. The new state of things in the Western provinces has brought about a conflict between those western provinces and Ottawa.

Next comes a declaration made in London by Canada's

High Commissioner. That potentate told the Londoners that in fifteen years the government



of the Dominion would be dictating their policies to the British Empire. I wonder how London took that?

In the same breath, the Canadian High Commissioner

pointed with pride to the way in which his country has come through

the depression. He pointed out that big banks and other institutions

of Canada were never threatened though south of the frontier banks

were closing daily. Canada, he said, has built her economic and

social structure with great deliberation and soundness. And he

attributed that to the canny Scots who really run Canada, which is

to a large extent a Scottish province.

By the way the name of the High Commissioner who made these remarks is Ferguson.

The plot against King Carol of Roumania that I mentioned the things humania in Koumania, other day has turned the country upside down. The arrest of the alleged conspirators has by no means the last of the affair. Things are so serious that the government has clamped down a rigid censorship. Foreign newspaper men are warned to send out no news except what the government press bureau hands out.

The most interesting rumor around is that government

leaders are trying to persuade the King to become reconciled with

Queen Helene, his wife, whom he banished from the country. The

Queen is particularly popular among the Roumanian peasantry,

got exceedingly sore when His Majesty threw Her

Majesty out. I understand that Today the King's officers are telling

him that if he doesn't make friends with the Queen, there will be

civil war in Roumania.

When anything goes wrong in France today, it is blamed on Stavisky. The latest calamity for which the so-called Russian mystery man is held responsible is the burning of France's great liner, the ATLANTIQUE.

You will recall how that giant steamer, built for the South
American trade, caught fire and burned to the water's edge on her
trial run. She was the greatest floating city in the world, but after
the fire only her hulk remained.

The British underwriters contested the claim, saying that she was not a total loss. But the French courts threw out that defense and ordered the insurance people to pay. But now the claim they have proof that Stavisky and his gang were mixed up in the destruction of the ATLANTIQUE. They are sitting tight on their evidence, refusing to say anything further until the appeal comes into court. If they that Stavisky did instigate the burning of their ease, it will stamp Stavisky as probably the greatest criminal in history. Ship it will mark him as perhaps the most extraordinary criminal in history.

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The news that London is going through a stock exchange boom is rather disturbing. The district around Lombard Street and Threadneedle Street is in a state of puzzle and excitement such as hasn't been seen for years. Clerks in brokerage offices are working till the small hours to catch up on orders. Stocks are soaring skyward. No one seems to know the reason or see any sound foundation for this boom, except the prodigious rise in the price of gold, due to px President Roosevelt's policy.

John Bull that this sort of thing cannot go on indefinitely, that what goes we are down! But the lessons of nineteen twenty-nine seem to be entirely forgetten in dear old London today. The disturbing part of all this is that a crash in "The City", as they call the financial district in London, is fix bound to have repercussions all over the world.

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The rescue of those Russian scientists marooned on the Arctic ice turns out to be a wilder thriller than we want could have guessed -- a dizzy thriller of aviation.

The rescued people were carried off in planes with cabins large enough to carry only two passengers normally. Instead of that, five passengers were carried, three inside and two out. And here's the way they did it. The outside passengers were carried on the wings of the plane. They were wrapped in several thicknesses of parachutes, to protectthem against the terrific cold.

Then they lashed one man to the upper side of each of the lower wings of the bi-plane.

In this fashion the work of rescue is still going on. It isn't nearly complete. There still remain a number of the shipwrecked survivors still to be brought by plane from the northern isolation of the polar ice. The ones weakened by warm hardship, and the women and children, are being brought off first.

One thing the Communists seem to be able to do with **x**x skill and courage is rescue work under the most difficult conditions.

ROLLOW RESCUE

Another rescue tale comes from Nova Scotia.

A young seaman on a Gloucester schooner got lost from his ship in a blinding snow storm. For three days he drifted without food or water in an open dory. His hands and feet were frost bitten. But thirty-five miles xxxxxxxx southwest of Sable Island he was sighted by the Captain of a vessel from Lunenberg, Nova Scotia. The castaway fisherman was so helpless that he had to be lifted aboard like a bale of freight. Adrift in an open xxxx boat, the worst old peril of the sea.

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Tahiti - Tréasure - Pirates: There's romance for you. Combine them and you have a romantic yarn.

All over the world in these last few years thousands of people have returned to the fascinating but usually futile pursuit of gold hunting. Some have gone to the storied islands of the South Pacific. Every steamer takes out either one person or a party armed with maps, compasses, secret charts and mythical information bound for the South Seas.

Of course most of them find nothing. But they boom trade in those tropic islands.

However, one mf party of treasure hunters is supposed to have found pirate gold. It was on a little coral island in the Tuamotu Archipelago, midway between Australia and South America. Ingots of the Incas.

All the visible supply of the fabulous treasures
of the Incas were long since looted by Spanish Conquistodores.
Pizzaro and his men. But the fold found on that coral island
in the Tuamotus is believed to have been stolen by pirates

from Peru way back in the days of the glory of Spain -- stolen and buried in the Tuamotus, on a remote island of the Pacific.

In order to obtain the gold the treasure hunters must build a coffer dam. So some of them are hurrying home to procure equipment.

The South Sea Islands are not the place where stolen gold is being hunted. Similar search is going on in Nova Scotia. Herbert Lash of the Canadian National Railway tells me that a company has been formed in British Columbia with a capital of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And it's going to hunt the far famed treasure of Captain Kidd, who some say cached his loot in that region. Many Canadian historians doubt that he ever got so far north.

