

**La Gorce,
John Oliver**

MEMORANDUM

DATE

TIME

June
17

FROM MR. LA GORCE

Skip

Thanks for the fishhook - I've caught a lot of things you have thrown at me but this is the first fishhook - there always has to be a "first time" the flapper said. Yes, I suppose your ancestors out in Noblesville Indiana used fishhooks to catch diplodocuses with like those New Zealanders catch lions. "He aint no Jim Tamer he's a lying so & so" you remember the story. Say, I begged Charlie Thompson to

MEMORANDUM

DATE.....

TIME.....

7
FROM MR. LA GORCE

Let me or himself get an album for his photographs as far back as the winter of 1915 when you went to the fancy dress ball at the Royal Palm dressed in Kotcher's Thruer Suit or was it the year someone's bloomers blew off the beach tourist tower & hung on Herb Duckwall's 2nd story shutter? - Sure I'd fix up his pictures if they cockeyed fish dynamiter sends 'em down here where I work 14 hours daily in a photographic dark room trying to figure out what them Mountain Owls

MEMORANDUM

DATE.....

TIME.....

3/ FROM MR. LA GORCE

have in mind when they mate
with the Rhode Island reds in the
chicken yard.

Yes, I'm coming down to this
There new Bankers Conventus but
I am coming down to rest and
not to listen to a lot of crap
from any Jess Andrews. I'll come over
to see house & see if you are
still bluffing about having food in
the house. If Margaret is there I just
know there will be plenty but if you
are alone I'd rather have chances at
the hotel around meal times & my room
is engaged there - yes begins & paid for.

MEMORANDUM

DATE

TIME

FROM MR. LA GORCE

4/
Shine up your old hat now
& look pretty for if you are
still wearing that so called "Sport Coat"
with two green patches on the elbows
& them Stallion pants both of em
look like they were handed out by
the Salvation Army during the hard
winter of 1778 I'd rather see you down
on the wharf or over in the bushes.
Well I'd be seeing you some how
& expect you'll be a specialist in
building outhouses by now -

Love Jack

MEMORANDUM

DATE.....

TIME.....

FROM MR. LA GORCE

Hey Skip -

I have read a lot of crap
written about you by a lot of
hired pen shovers who told in
fancy #2 words what a great
little guy you nearly were and I've
grinned behind my classic face at
the way you squirmed & got fussed
so I didn't have the heart to
kick you much for I hoped some
day some gifted quill like myself
would paint a word picture

MEMORANDUM

DATE.....

TIME.....

FROM MR. LA GORCE

2
of the "Little Giant of Crawfordville"
as she would be painted -
Alas I've waited too long and
another has done the job -
In "The Specialist" you are
once & for all made great
for surely Chic Sale had you
in mind when he wrote this
some years ago - Read it & weep!
Yours Jack

MEMORANDUM

DATE.....

TIME

FROM MR. LA GORCE

Skup

This guy must sense
some real estate deal in
his vicinity by the way
he holds his nose.

The photograph was taken
near Fort Pond on a
warm June morning
Yours Jack

MEMORANDUM

DATE _____

FROM MR. LA GORCE

TIME _____

Mar 2

Dear Skip -

This is a copy of a truly wonderful ambertype of Lincoln made from life and valued at \$10,000 - It is to my mind perfectly lovely - I've never seen a portrait that gave me more of a glow -

Knowing your admiration for Abe I send it to you so cherish it

Yours Jack

Favorite picture of Mrs Lincoln

Hey Skip - Here is a new racket
that your friend Bernard Macfadden
seems to like in. Can you beat
this layout? I just think you will
adopt it - fast 25 days right away

Let me know
if you get
this new religion
Jack

P.S.
What would
old Doc say for
pay to this

**THE WORLD-WIDE
FASTING MOVEMENT**

(The Most Basically Spiritual Movement Ever
Undertaken on Earth.)

Fasting Clubs of Chicago

Organized for Worldwide Regeneration

"Gutella"

Dr. George Huntley Aron, Ph. D.; A. M.
(Born at Chicago, March 30, 1893)
Secretary and Organizer

Residence, care of Edgewater Athletic Club
1205 Sherwin Ave., Chicago,

Co-operator's Correspondence Invited

Our Triple Purpose

- (1) To Regenerate the World with Advertising of Fasting Knowledge as an act of Philanthropy.
- (2) To provide Free Facilities for Fasting in Chicago, as an act of Philanthropy,
- (3) To Regenerate Ourselves, to Act as Free Instruments of God in the New Civilization at Hand.

WE PROCLAIM TWO (2) PRINCIPLES—

First, "That the Psychological Condition during Fasting is the Key to Worldwide Regeneration,

Second, "That the Hypnotizing and Re-education of the World's Subconscious Mind by Holding the "PERFECT VISION" during Fasting, is a Reality.

Write your Co-operator's Personal Letter for the 9 page
"FREE INSTRUCTIONS ON FASTING"

(Expected to be in the mail by JUNE 15th)

Or to Join the Rocky Mountain "FAST"

TO
GEORGE HUNTLEY ARON, Ph. D.
EDGEWATER ATHLETIC CLUB
1205 SHERWIN AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILL.

ILLUMINATI!

Your co-operation and comment by correspondence is invited as a matter of personal responsibility.

GEORGE HUNTLEY ARON, Ph.D., Secretary.

FREE INSTRUCTIONS ON FASTING!

now being revised and printed, will be sent promptly when ready by mail to all that write the request to the Secretary; (at the same time kindly explaining your personal experience with FASTING, if any.)

"THE FREE INSTRUCTIONS ON FASTING" consists of 9 pages as follows:
 Vol. 1. - 18 Chapters (3 Pages) "The Technique of Fasting."
 Vol. 2. - (2 Pages) "21 Methods of Quickening Elimination During the Fast."
 Vol. 3. - (4 Pages) "WHAT TO THINK ABOUT DURING THE FAST IN ORDER TO SET UP A NEW AND HIGHER CONSTRUCTIVE IDEAL."
 Section 1. - "38 Magic Words Defined."
 Section 2. - "Aspects of the "INDIVIDUAL" in the "PERFECT VISION."
 Section 3. - Outer Aspects of The "PERFECT VISION". The STATE in the NEW CIVILIZATION. (Based on Plato, Aristotle, Montesquieu, Fourier and Marx.)
 Section 4. - Extracts from Opinions of Great Men Past and Present.

THE ROLL OF HONOR!

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FASTING

Fifteen (15) excellent books and authors on the subject

- * (1) VITALITY, FASTING AND NUTRITION-----By Hereward Carrington, Ph.D.
See "WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA" for 1929
- * (2) WHY DID JESUS FAST?-----By Herman Arndt, Rev.
- * (3) THE PHILOSOPHY OF FASTING-----By E. E. Purinton
See "WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA" for 1929
- * (4) FASTING, HYDROPATHY AND EXERCISE-----By Bernarr Macfadden
See "WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA" for 1929
- * (5) THE FASTING CURE-----By Upton Sinclair
See "WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA" for 1929
- * (6) REGENERATION THROUGH FASTING-----By Julia Seton, M.D.
See "WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA" for 1925
- (7) PSYCHOLOGY OF FASTING-----By Mary C. Ferriter
- (8) PRACTICAL METHODS TO INSURE SUCCESS---By Hiram E. Butler
- (9) THE FASTING CURE-----By Linda B. Hazzard, D.O.
- ✓ (10) PERFECT HEALTH-----By C. C. Haskell
- (11) THE NO-BREAKFAST PLAN AND FASTING CURE---By Dr. E. H. Dewey
- (12) HEALTHOLOGY-----By I. J. Eales, M.D., D.O.
- ✓ (13) THE FASTING CURE AND MAN'S CORRECT DIET By R. B. Pearson
- (14) THE FAST WAY TO HEALTH-----By Frank McCoy, M.D.
- (15) METHODS AND USES OF HYPNOSIS AND SELF-HYPNOSIS-----

By Bernard Hollander, M.D.

The above books are obtainable at the OCCULT PUBLISHING CO.
1900 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill., on order

SEE NO. 5 FIFTH AD. OF SATURDAY,
SEE NO. 7 SEVENTH AD. OF SATURDAY

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

These ads. and this Program are of Historical Importance—Save It.

Some Day It Will Be Priceless.

The Ads. That Started Worldwide Regeneration.

No. 7 SEVENTH AD. SATURDAY, JUNE 1

LECTURES, DEBATES, ETC. FASTING CLUBS OF CHICAGO ORGANIZED FOR WORLDWIDE REGENERATION

"GUTTELLA"
Dr. George Hunter Aron, Ph.D., A.M., (Born at Chicago, March 30, 1893)
Secretary and Organizer
Residence, care of Edgewater Athletic Club, 1206 Sherwin Ave., Chicago.
Co-operators' Correspondence Invited

- OUR TRIPLE PURPOSE:**
- (1) To Regenerate the World with Advancing of Fasting Knowledge as an Act of Philanthropy.
 - (2) To Provide Free Facilities for Fasting in Chicago, as an Act of Philanthropy.
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Second, "That the Hypnotizing and Re-education of the World's Subconscious Mind by Holding the PERFECT VISION during Fasting is a Reality."

DR. ARON and Staff of FASTERS will leave for the MILLSON 1,000-acre PRIVATE ESTATE in the ROCKY MOUNTAINS, on July 22d for the "IDEAL FAST" viz.: "The FAST to Hunser," lasting from 40 to 90 days.

FREE DOUBLE LECTURE. No collection. TUESDAY, JUNE 4, AT KIMBALL HALL, Room 828, at 8 P. M. Sharp

Six (6) letters of encouragement from Co-operators or Fasters in this week's mail will be read, as follows:

- (1) Percy Ward, of The Rationalist University Society.
- (2) Alice Boyd of The Theosophical Society.
- (3) Ross Berger, Nurse at The Municipal Tuberculosis Dispensary.
- (4) Ross K. New, Late Editor of "The Occult Digest Magazine."
- (5) Nannie Verencius Keeler of The Church School of Self-Help.
- (6) Harry Owen Saxon, Publisher and Author of "VIBRATIONS."

From 9:30 to 10:00 p. m. An open conversation between audience and speaker, with 5-minute talks from experienced fasters. This week's MYSTERY SINGER will render her famous song, "OH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE AT LAST I FOUND YOU."
(Letters in advance to Secretary from visiting celebrities can reserve seats.)

FREE INSTRUCTION ON FASTING now being revised and printed, will be sent promptly when ready by mail to all that write the Secretary, inclosing a stamped, addressed No. 9 (35x5 1/2) return envelope.

THE 3D OF THE 16 FREE LECTURES THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY
Dr. Aron on "Reading the Free Instructions." This week's Co-operating Lecturer is ROBERT L. MOFFETT of The Executives Club, on the subject "Increasing Industrial Efficiency 100% Through Fasting."
(An Economic Discussion, based on a Study by Mr. Moffett of Efficiency Applied to Government.)

Announced to the American People the New Civilization's 1929 Economic "DECLARATION OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY."

"HOW THE GOVERNMENT CAN SOLVE THE FARM PROBLEM."

"If the Government were to take the 100's of Millions of dollars proposed for farm subsidies, spend it on buying up farms, and let these farms lie fallow, in a short time the farm acreage would be reduced to an area which would produce only what the people could consume."

See Editorial in "Liberty Magazine" for June 1st, 1929.

No. 6 SIXTH AD. SATURDAY, MAY 25

LECTURES, DEBATES, ETC. FASTING CLUBS OF CHICAGO ORGANIZED FOR WORLDWIDE REGENERATION

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FREE DOUBLE LECTURE. No collection. TUESDAY, MAY 28, AT KIMBALL HALL, Room 828, at 8 P. M. Sharp

Six (6) letters of encouragement from Co-operators or Fasters in this week's mail will be read, as follows:

- (1) Dr. Hereward Carrington, Ph.D., of American Psychological Research Institute and Laboratory.
- (2) Fred Moore of The Chicago Forum Council.
- (3) Dr. Morris Lycheheim of The Anthropological Society and The Walt Whitman Fellowship.
- (4) Rev. Herman Arndt, Author of "Why Did Jesus Fast."
- (5) Dr. George E. Boffenmeyer, M.D., Head of Lombard Fasting Sanitarium.
- (6) Frederick Boches of the Dept. of Physiology, University of Chicago.

From 9:30 to 10:00 p. m. An open conversation between audience and speaker, with 5-minute talks from experienced fasters. This week's MYSTERY SINGER will render her famous song, "OH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE AT LAST I FOUND YOU."
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THE 3D OF THE 16 FREE LECTURES THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY
Dr. Aron on "Reading the Free Instructions." This week's Co-operating Lecturer is NANNIE VERENCIOUS KEELER, Chicago's noted "All Systems" Character Analyst, on the subject "Awakening the Sleeping Millions Through Fasting."
(A Political Discussion, based on a Study by Dr. Aron of Policies from Hoover.)
Announcing to the American People the New Civilization's 1929 Political "DECLARATION OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY."

"That the President and Congress shall be selected by appointment by the Department of Vocational Guidance on the basis of Scientific Character Analysis, and not by Popular Vote."
DANIEL WEBSTER on "VOTING FOR THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE" July 4th, 1776. "Sir, before God, I believe the hour has come. My judgment approves this measure and my whole heart is in it."

No. 5 FIFTH AD. SATURDAY, MAY 18

FASTING CLUBS OF CHICAGO ORGANIZED FOR WORLDWIDE REGENERATION

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FREE DOUBLE LECTURE (Illustrated with Slides). No collection. TUESDAY, MAY 21, AT KIMBALL HALL, Room 828, at 8 P. M. Sharp

Dr. Aron on "Reading the Free Instructions." Dr. P. B. Schyman, M.D., on "The Physiology of Fasting" (Illustrated).

From 9:30 to 10:00 p. m. An open conversation between audience and speaker, with 5-minute talks from experienced fasters. This week's MYSTERY SINGER will render her famous song, "OH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE AT LAST I FOUND YOU."
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THE 16 FREE LECTURES THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY
MAY 21—"The Physiology of Fasting."
MAY 28—"Awakening the Sleeping Millions Through Fasting."
JUNE 5—"Increasing Industrial Efficiency 100% Through Fasting."
JUNE 10—"Organic Chemistry in the Body During Fasting."
JUNE 17—"Concentration of Mind and Emotions."
JUNE 24—"Illumination of Consciousness Through Fasting."
JULY 3—"Spiritualizing the Churches by Fasting."
JULY 10—"Religious Discussion."
JULY 17—"Complete Harmony and Beauty Through Fasting."
JULY 24—"Unfolding the Brotherhood of Man Through Fasting."
JULY 31—"The Key to Worldwide Regeneration is Fasting."
AUGUST 7—"The Relation of Fasting to Philosophy and Philosophers."
AUGUST 14—"The Outlawry of War and Worldwide Fecundation Through Fasting."
AUGUST 21—"The Relation of Fasting to Eugenics."
AUGUST 28—"Psychic Phenomena and Spiritual Illumination."
(A Summary Discussion—Final.)

No. 3 THIRD AD. SATURDAY, MAY 4

FASTING CLUBS OF CHICAGO ORGANIZED FOR WORLDWIDE REGENERATION

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FREE LECTURE (No Collection)
WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, AT KIMBALL BLDG., Room 828, at 8 P. M.

From 9:30 to 10:00 p. m. An open conversation between audience and speaker, with 5-minute talks from experienced fasters. MARY LUND, soprano, will sing this song: "OH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE AT LAST I FOUND YOU."

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FREE LECTURE (No Collection)
WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, AT KIMBALL BLDG., Room 828, at 8 P. M.

From 9:30 to 10:00 p. m. An open conversation between audience and speaker, with 5-minute talks from experienced fasters. This week's MYSTERY SINGER will render her famous song, "OH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE AT LAST I FOUND YOU."
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THE 16 FREE LECTURES THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY
MAY 15—"The Physiology of Fasting."
MAY 22—"The Relation of Fasting to 'Who's Who in America' for 1929."
JUNE 5—"Increasing Industrial Efficiency 100% Through Fasting."
JUNE 10—"Organic Chemistry in the Body During Fasting."
JUNE 17—"Concentration of Mind and Emotions."
JUNE 24—"Illumination of Consciousness Through Fasting."
JULY 3—"Spiritualizing the Churches by Fasting."
JULY 10—"Religious Discussion."
JULY 17—"Complete Harmony and Beauty Through Fasting."
JULY 24—"Unfolding the Brotherhood of Man Through Fasting."
JULY 31—"The Key to Worldwide Regeneration is Fasting."
AUGUST 7—"The Relation of Fasting to Philosophy and Philosophers."
AUGUST 14—"The Outlawry of War and Worldwide Fecundation Through Fasting."
AUGUST 21—"The Relation of Fasting to Eugenics."
AUGUST 28—"Psychic Phenomena and Spiritual Illumination."
(A Summary Discussion—Final.)

No. 1 FIRST AD. SATURDAY, APRIL 20

FASTING CLUBS OF CHICAGO ORGANIZED FOR WORLDWIDE REGENERATION

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FREE LECTURE (No Collection) on THURSDAY, APRIL 25th, at KIMBALL BLDG., 8 P. M.

From 9:30 to 10:00 p. m. An open conversation between audience and speaker, with 5-minute talks from experienced fasters. This week's MYSTERY SINGER will render her famous song, "OH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE AT LAST I FOUND YOU."
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FREE LECTURE (No Collection) on WEDNESDAY, MAY 1st, at KIMBALL BLDG., Room 719, at 8 P. M.

From 9:30 to 10:00 p. m. An open conversation between audience and speaker, with 5-minute talks from experienced fasters. This week's MYSTERY SINGER will render her famous song, "OH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE AT LAST I FOUND YOU."
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THE 16 FREE LECTURES THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY
APRIL—Holding the PERFECT VISION for Fasting Students.
APRIL—Why Multi-Millionaires in Wall Street Fast Secretly.
MAY—Re-educating the Race Subconscious Mind with Fasting.
MAY—Fasting Versus Hypnotism for Life at Last I Found You.
MAY—Shall Chicago Lead the World in Free Public Facilities for Fasting?
MAY—The Churches' Negligence to Teach and Practice Fasting.
JUNE—World with Its Spiritual Forces Regained by Fasting.
JUNE—Jesus, Moses, and the Prophets Would Be Unheard of Without Fasting.
JUNE—Fasting the Straight Road to Beauty, Health, Wealth, Love and Usefulness.
JUNE—Fasting Solves the Sex, Marriage and Economic Problems.
JULY—A World Society of Star Performers Through Fasting.
JULY—H. H. Hoover, Henry Ford, Mussolini, or Congress Would Lead the Fasting Movement? What Then?
JULY—You Want to Be Clairvoyant? Fasting Does It!
JULY—Numerology Made Plain.
JULY—Astrology Made Plain.
AUG—Theosophy Made Plain.
AUG—Spiritualism and Mediumship Made Plain.
AUG—Three Subtle Laws Made Plain: Reincarnation; Compensation; and Spiritual Evolution.
AUG—The Advertising and Building Fund for Free Public Fasting.
SEPT—Behold! The Superman is Here ONLY Through Fasting.
SEPT—Three Quick Results of Fasting: Concentration of Mind; Self-Realization; Perfect Self-Expression according to Capacity.

No. 2 SECOND AD. SATURDAY, APRIL 27

FASTING CLUBS OF CHICAGO ORGANIZED FOR WORLDWIDE REGENERATION

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FREE LECTURE (No Collection)
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From 9:30 to 10:00 p. m. An open conversation between audience and speaker, with 5-minute talks from experienced fasters. This week's MYSTERY SINGER will render her famous song, "OH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE AT LAST I FOUND YOU."
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(Letters in advance to Secretary from visiting celebrities can reserve seats.)

Y, MAY 18th, FOR LIST OF "THE 16 FREE LECTURES THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY" DAY, JUNE 1st ABOUT JOINING "THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN FAST"

WHAT TO THINK OF DURING A FAST IN ORDER TO SET UP A
NEW AND HIGHER CONSTRUCTIVE IDEAL.

Section 4.

Extracts from opinions of Great Men Past and Present.

Give Light and the People will find their own way.--Dante.

I fasted three months (90 days), before writing each book.--Andrew Jackson Davis, America's great Seer and Clairvoyant, in his last book of Autobiography, entitled "Beyond The Valley."

I fasted 80 days.--George E. Boffenmeyer, M.D., Head Physician of the Lombard Fasting Sanitarium, Lombard, Ill.

I would rather spend my money as I go along in life on my promotion of my highest ideals than to spend it on wasteful forms or bank it.--George Huntley Aron, Ph.D.

There is only ONE unforgiveable Sin, and that is NOT to tell your fellowman freely what you know of Fundamental Truth, but hoard it, or sell it to the most money-profitable market.--ARON.

"Howbeit this kind goeth not out, but by Fasting and Prayer."
--JESUS-Matt. 17:21.

"Paul besought them, saying this day is the 14th day that ye have tarried and continued Fasting, having taken nothing."
--PAUL-Acts, 27-33.

"Moses was in the Mount 40 days and 40 nights."--MOSES-Exodus, 24:18.

"And he was there with the Lord forty days and forty nights; he did neither eat bread, nor drink water. And he wrote upon the tables the words of the covenant, the ten commandments."
--MOSES-Exodus, 34:28.

"Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness, and when he had Fasted 40 days and 40 nights, he was afterward an hungered."--JESUS-Matt. 4:2.

I am still as great a believer in fasting now as I was 25 years ago when I wrote my book and see nothing essential to retract. I believe that rightly applied Fasting is a marvellous physical and mental regenerator and that nothing equals it for the cure of disease.--Dr. Hereward Carrington, Ph.D., from letter of May 13th, 1929.

Of all methods, there is no method, with the exception of Fasting, that can contain or has within its scope, such desirable attributes of a real healing system. These attributes are:

- (1) Sincerity of Inauguration.
- (2) Rapidity or quickness in obtaining results.
- (3) Thoroughness in obtaining results.
- (4) Cheapness or inexpensiveness in obtaining results from the standpoint of money expenditure.
- (5) Easiness in obtaining results, which last, means inexpensiveness as pertains to one's own nervous energy, because easiness in this connection means the least expenditure of nerve energy to obtain results.--Dr. P. B. Schyman, M.D., from letter of May 3rd, 1929.

An introduction to the three charming Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Fasting:

- "You, meet Miss Physical Elimination!"
- "You, meet Miss Mental Concentration!"
- "You, meet Miss Spiritual Illumination!"

"I am the Light, the Way, the Truth, Follow Me."

JESUS; After the 40 day Fast
but not before.

November 14th, 1940.

Mr. John Oliver LaSorce,
Hubbard Memorial Hall,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack :

We have had a regular cat and dog time with the servant situation since coming down here. Nakamura and Galloway are such unusually good servants that nothing short of these servants will ever satisfy me for the house - and the main thing I want to do now is to try and find Nakamura. I have already written Galloway.

Nakamura went to Japan and did not leave an address - and I want to get a letter to him. We know his name is K. Nakamura. He had one brother killed in an earthquake and one killed in a Japanese War - and that is about all we know of him except that his address is probably somewhere in Tokio. Is it possible for us to write a letter to the Diplomatic Representative in Tokio and have him locate this slit-eyed Jap and get the enclosed letter to him?

If this Jap only knew it - he could sit across the table from me, ask me for \$10,000 a year salary from me and GET it - but I think that \$200 a month will tempt him to swim the China Sea and get back to Miami Beach on the first boat. I don't want you to go to any trouble in forwarding this letter - but located as you are in Washington, you can probably pinch a couple of buttons and some of your well trained people will tell you just who to address this letter to - and you will notice that it has a stamp on it, at least the American stamp. You can put on the foreign stamp.

I received an insulting letter from that friend of yours, signed "Woody". Just now a good looking baritone singer is the farthest possible thing from my thoughts, except to be cast ashore on a desert island in the Arctic Ocean - and too cold for the fish to bite.

Yours very truly,

GGF:R

National Geographic Magazine

WASHINGTON, D. C.

November 18, 1920.

Mr. Carl G. Fisher,
Miami Beach, Florida.

Dear Carl:

I am in receipt of your letter of November 12th, and am sorry to hear that you are having internal, not to say intestinal, trouble at the well known Fisher boarding-house through unsatisfactory servants.

I should like to notify you right now that if you don't have this trouble fixed up in short order, I'll give up my room in your establishment and move my things to Tank Number Twelve, The Aquarium, and bunk with the Angel Fish!

Well, old thing, as usual you give me a laugh every time I hear from you, for who in the name of God ever heard of the Japanese Consul at Tokio, Japan! Do you know the American consul at Indianapolis, or the Florida consul at Miami! If not, don't start to hunt for them because you could spend a life-time and at the end come as near finding them as you would the Japanese consul at Tokio.

Be it known by these presents that Japanese consuls and American consuls are located outside of their own countries. However, take the pot, you educated son-of-a-gun!

I sent your namesake, Frank Fisher, over to the Passport Division of the State Department and they looked through vainly for any passport issued to K. Nakimura, but they did have a record of five passports during the last several years issued to five different Nakimura's, but in no instance was the first letter "K." So what I want you to do is to see if you can't get his full name and the correct spelling; also, let me know just about when he sailed and if from San Francisco. I have a dim recollection that Mayor Bill Smith at your request wrote him a letter certifying to his character, etcetera; and if I have that correct data I can send up to the Japanese Embassy and see if they have any record of him here.

If that fails and I have his exact name the only other thing I can do is try to get track of him by writing to Edward C. Wynn, Third Secretary of the American Embassy at Tokio, to see if he can interest the Tokio police or post office in trying to find him. You know I always thought this Jap was an Irishman, because Gilbert called him "MacNamara." If he doesn't come back I would like to offer myself for this job as a candidate, and I fancy after a little training I can buttle up to

\$2500 a year; that is, if you let me carry the key of the wine cellar where you keep that last bottle of Perfection, and always advise me at least twenty minutes before dinner is on the table about the guests you have asked and forgotten to speak about; and further if you promise not to leave in the middle of the dinner saying that you are just going upstairs to get a cigar and then go to sleep and forget to come back and finish your beef stew.

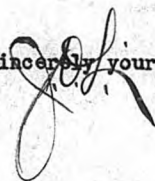
Haven't you got a snapshot or some sort of a picture of this Jap that I can send over with the letter, for you know as well as I do that it is like looking for a nigger porter by the name of George who used to work for the Pullman Palace Car Company somewhere to try to find a Jap in Tokio when you haven't even got his name right and don't even know that he lives in Tokio.

Cheer up, old thing, maybe you can get a little closer focus on this particular Eighth Wonder of the World and you bet I'll be glad to help you pin both his shoulders to the mat.

It has been as cold as the gleam in your eyes when somebody asks you for money these days, in this neck of the woods for the last week, and I have longed for the flesh-pots of Miamiland many a time. I am running a story on the Aquarium in the January number with a series of colored fish pictures, and have given you all the free advertising I think the freight will stand.

Glad you had a line from Weary and I'll probably lose my well earned home down there when this fellow cuts loose a line of soiled harmonies at your head; but anyhow Mr. Hart of the Miami Herald likes me and that's something.

Come on through with whatever dope you can give me on the Jap, and I'll do the best I can as usual.

Sincerely yours,


L/B

National Geographic Magazine
WASHINGTON, D. C.

April 25, 1921.

Mr. Carl G. Fisher,
Miami Beach,
Florida.

Dear Carl:

A letter to-day from Mr. B. W. James, formerly of the Surplus Property Division of the War Department, calls my attention to the fact that bids will be opened on May 10th at the Brooklyn Army Base for three 25,000-gallon Redwood tanks, knocked down, and as I understand it new. If you desire to enter a bid on either one or on all of these tanks -- and I think you'd stand a better chance of getting them if you bid for the three -- telegraph me and I'll put it in for you through the Washington office.

I sent Mr. Humpage the book of the Redwood Manufacturers Company which gives full details regarding these tanks. New 50,000-gallon capacity tanks cost \$900.00 and we paid \$400.00 each for the first two we bought complete from the Government for the Aquarium. I would say that \$225.00 apiece would be a good price for these 25,000-gallon tanks and probably bring home the bacon on them. They are located at New Cumberland, Pennsylvania, near Harrisburg.

I am now in a position to ask the State Superintendent of the Bureau of Fisheries of Pennsylvania to run over to New Cumberland in his automobile, only a matter of fifteen miles, and inspect these tanks as he did once before for me, if you are interested.

You better let me know about this as quickly as possible if you want to bid on them, and I'll loan you the money to make a deposit of 10% with the bid, since if you are not broke you must be pretty badly bent by this time.

I am very much interested in your remarkable invention to take care of crawfish eggs and shall not be real happy until I know the details.

As a real estate salesman you are a fine polo player.

I have had a very nice letter from Colonel Silva acknowledging the books that I sent him and he comes back asking me if I can place his son and two other young Cubans in jobs on ranches out in Montana or Wyoming this summer, but, alas, that is

C.G.F.

- 2 -

April 25, 1921.

a little out of my line. Now, if he wanted to place two or three certain dark-eyed Senoritas that I saw down there, there would certainly be pronounced activity in that stratum of the scientific world, locally known as ichthyology.

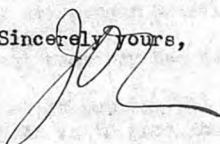
Seriously, I might be able to help one of them to a job in one of the National Parks, but to be responsible and under obligations for three half-grown Cuban schoolboys is a trifle of an overdraft on even my well known reputation.

One thing more, I believe we can put this Soldier Key matter across p.d.q. if you will authorize my taking it up on your behalf with Christian, Harding's Secretary, or Daugherty, the Attorney-General, which would mean that they would bring pressure to bear on the Department of Commerce that this little two by four Lighthouse Commission is under.

I hate to have you waste good political ammunition, however, on a small matter unless you consider it of sufficient importance.

If you decide to come North via Washington I wish you would bring me half a dozen Mitchell Imperials, for there have been so many visiting firemen here with displacements that something will have to be did.

Sincerely yours,



L/B

May 2, 1921.

Mr. John C. LaGorce,
National Geographic Magazine,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:-

Your telegram to John just read to me. It is true that Jim had a lot of old liquor that had the Internal Revenue Stamps on, and he also had a lot that did not have the proper stamps. In my estimation, the proper thing to do is to let it drop, as the law is very clear on the subject, and as most of the liquor has already been broken up, you cannot get it back. Only sufficient liquor was kept as evidence, but I don't know just which was taken.

I am getting what information I can and now seem to have the thing all straightened out, just where the information originally came from and all about it, and having all these facts, my advice is to drop the matter immediately.

We do not want any Red Wood Tanks now.

Mr. Chase is getting all the data together for the Soldier Key deal, which is in good shape to go through.

Ann is coming by way of Washington.

Yours very truly,

CGF:A

National Geographic Magazine
WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 17, 1921.

Mr. Harold Talbott, Jr.,
Dayton Wright Company,
Dayton, Ohio.

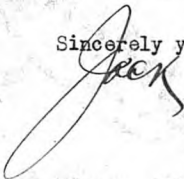
Dear Hal:

One of your confreres telephoned me that you had developed the theory that if you could raise big enough foxes you could train them for polo ponies and then when they were worn out on the field of battle you could skin them and sell their hides to keep warm milady's delicately nurtured body, and by feeding the meat to the Flamingo Polo Team make them crafty in battle, fleet of foot, and not so foolish about a lot of things.

I append herewith a list of the books on the subject, also the important magazine articles of the last decade, and will have sent you the Government bulletins issued by the Biological Survey.

My own opinion is that if you'd breed Carl Fisher to a Mullet and then cross the get with a strain of Uncle Tom Gettis and a dash of Spanish River Paper First Debentures you would get a new species of fox that would cause a guinea-pig to expectorate in the off eye of a Carthaginian Wampus.

Sincerely yours,



L/B

P. S. The only one of you alleged sportsmen who has had internals or gratitude enough to come on here and see your Black and Tan Cousins from Cuba is that greatly kidded and looked down upon Young of Detroit; and all this heifer dust about being busy, having engagements and work to do doesn't interest me none, for it is a chronic condition in my young life, yet I find time to show a little courtesy to Visiting Firemen whose hospitality I have partaken of and you can pass this along to the rest of the alleged polo players in the Central West with my compliments.

Carl
This is sure some letter -
Hal

National Geographic Magazine
WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 9, 1922.

Mr. Carl G. Fisher,
Care Alton Beach Realty Co.,
Miami Beach, Florida.

Dear Skipper:

I understand from Kenneth Roberts that George Horace Lorimer, Editor of The Saturday Evening Post, has approved his suggestion of going down to Florida, and I have talked him into going direct to Miami and stopping at Palm Beach on the way back if he felt like it. He and his wife plan to leave Washington, Atlantic Coast Line, 12:35 A. M., Monday, January 30, and are due in Miami at 11:10 Tuesday morning, January 31st. They will want room and bath at The Flannigan.


I regard this as an unusual opportunity for Miami Beach if Roberts can be convinced that it is the only place in Florida as a winter resort, for no matter what he writes about it, it will be read by a whale of an audience for he has a big following in the Saturday Post.

You will find him to be a big upstanding, very genial, chap, about thirty-eight -- our age -- with a broad sense of humor and very much alive to all that is going on. He will probably bring his own liquor, but it may not last through, so don't be afraid of offering him a little snifter, and it would be well to see that he meets such characters as Turkey Andrew, Bob Bullock, and John Levi, so that he can get local color.

You will probably receive a telegram from him asking your good offices in the matter of making a reservation at the hotel, so don't in your usual way, forget who he is and consign it to the wastebasket. He is up in the king-row among writers like Sam Blythe, Herbert Corey, and Harry Leon Wilson. It may be possible that I can get down before that time so that I can help you do the honors, but in case I am not, don't overlook this bet, and tell Jane that I know she will be nice to them for the good of the cause.

With regards to all,

Sincerely,



L/B

Washington

D. C. WASHINGTON

January 16th, 1922.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Hubbard Memorial Hall,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack :

Regarding your friend - Kenneth Roberts :

Have already notified Krom that we will take care of
him, altho' we are full. However, we will find some
place to tuck him away in one of our best rooms.

We will see that he is entertained - and I
have already told Jane to keep her eye on Mrs. Roberts.

Yours -

CGF:R

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

May 14, 1929.

Dear Skipper:

First let me take the stand and in my own language testify to the fact that nowhere in Europe or North Africa in spite of their centuries and advertising is there any winter climate comparable to good old Miami Beach and I don't mind admitting that not less than a hundred times during our four months absence did I wish to Almighty God that I was down there instead of where we were. Don't run out on me with a sneer that I should have known all this, for I never had any doubt but to successfully carry on this work I have to get out in the field at least every second year and recharge my geographic batteries for you can't sit at a desk month in and month out judging geographic values and what should or should not go into this yellow Magazine with any degree of clear-headedness and progress unless you do get out and see world geography in the raw.

We picked up with Gene and Polly Tunney at Trieste in Italy and together made a try out trip down the Dalmatian coast. Returning to the island of Brioni in the Adriatic we found we were all four still speaking to one another, for as you know after two weeks traveling together you either hate people's guts or you like 'em very much, and they decided that they'd like to go with us over to Algiers and Morocco and then to Spain. To make a long story short we were all together for three months and two happier, more considerate, and delightful traveling companions I have never met up with.

As you know, Gene is just a big boy at heart, tremendously interested in everything he sees, and Polly is as wholesome, whole-souled, and fine a girl as you would ever want to meet up with. She has a keen sense of humor and is willing to do anything that anybody wants to do, so it was fine going all the way. The secret of traveling with people is to give them the maximum of possible privacy and every little while we'd insist on those two youngsters going off for a day by themselves and we'd do the same thing.

I am delighted to hear from all sides of the magnificent season at the Beach this winter and how you had to turn them away in droves. I hope this was reflected in sales as well as in tourist profit.

We all got three bad body blows in the passing of Walter, Lyman Kendall, and my dear old friend Lester Jones whom I loved like a brother -- but there's no use dwelling on such things.

Glad that the return visit of the District of Columbia Bankers Association was successfully effected and if I can get squared away with this tremendous accumulation of work will run down with 'em and see you at Montauk, which I hope is also in for a banner summer season.

Am mighty glad to learn that in spite of the bad break she got Lucille is comfortably fixed for life as far as worldly goods go.

Fred Simpich told me that he had a very nice visit with you and enjoyed knowing you very much. He is a corking chap and one of the best story tellers that I know, next to you and that Indiana sheep stealer, Jess.

My boy Gilbert is in fine shape both physically and mentally. I came across a snapshot taken of him on horseback down at Miami Beach about nine years ago and when I contrast that to his nearly six feet and 170 pounds today I begin to realize that there is something in this old age thing after all.

I'll bet that caravan over the road from Sand Point to Montauk with your household goods would have made one of Ed Ballard's circuses look like a Sunday afternoon at Broad Ripples, and I'll bet old Rowdy was sitting up in front with the best of 'em!

I would certainly enjoy sitting down with you for a talk although I know who would do most of the talking, and I have a great longing in my heart to see you square yourself back, light two cigars at the same time, and start in to lie to me.

On the way back from Europe we met up with a little old lady whose name is Mrs. Hann, formerly of Indianapolis, and when we mentioned the fact that Miami Beach was the garden spot of the whole world she asked us if we knew you. When I sort of admitted without incriminating myself that we had a bowing acquaintance she pulled her chair a little nearer and started in for an old home week, whereupon I shortly discovered that from boyhood you had been able to pull the wool over another poor woman's eyes. While the old girl had not seen much of you during late years, which I told her was no hardship, she has a tremendous admiration for you and told me many stories of your younger days, her husband, I believe while an older man, was a friend of yours and Bob's, Charlie Summers, Wheeler's, and the rest of those high-binders.

My secretary showed me a story in the Detroit Athletic Club monthly magazine which, by the way, is a gem of the printing art - that you had presented them with that Remington picture and I am wondering whether you slipped over the copy or the original and conclude that because the copy was better you kept it yourself.

We saw a lot of bullfighting in Spain and because they are now putting canvas armor on the horses it is much less cruel, although at that I couldn't help but cheer on the bulls and hope that they would hook a couple of those spangle-backed knife throwers before they got through.

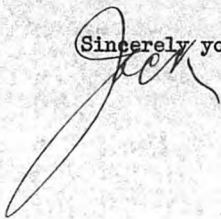
I am not going to try and dig up that gold star book tournament again because you have lied to me like a first baseman caught off the bag too long, but I will shortly send you a book called "Old Court Life in Spain" that

I want you to start in on and if you do read two or three chapters I know you wont put it down until you have finished because it is a fascinating historical romance of Spain that is as interesting as any fiction ever written and tells about those old dog fighters, their battles, scandals, and life in a remarkable way. You don't have to have visited Spain to really get a great kick out of this book, but you must realize that when those Arabs swept over from North Africa into Spain during the Ninth Century, conquered the whole land and then ruled it for 600 years until they were finally defeated and driven back to Africa by Ferdinand and Isabella, what a remarkable lot of people they were.

I think I got more of a kick out of a little monastery down in Southern Spain where Christopher Columbus and his son Diego were taken in in a starving condition and the monk in charge happened to be known to Queen Isabella and got Columbus an interview which resulted in her financing his voyage to the New World, than anything else. It was from this little seaside town that he set forth with his three small ships in 1492 and that old monastery is still standing and occupied by the same order of Franciscan monks.

Give our love to Margaret and as for your own weather-beaten self I look forward to squaring off with you before very long and having you tell me all about it.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Jack", written in dark ink. The signature is positioned below the typed phrase "Sincerely yours," and extends downwards with a long, sweeping tail.

May 21, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGore,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

Your last letter proves you have a guilty conscience, and I am willing to forgive you once more.

Have a lot to tell you about things in general. Lucille is fixed very well, all things considered, but certainly Jim would turn a couple of somersaults if he knew full details.

I hope you can print something about Columbus and his troubles.

Try to get down to the Bankers' Convention if possible.

Yours,

CGF:T

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

October 30, 1929.

Dear Skip:

Back away from me, you sand-lotter - we increased the page size and cover of this yellow journal on your say-so once and you never even noticed it although it cost us a mint! Like the old traveler who pulled out a German silver cased watch and somebody kidded him about its appearance whereupon he opened it up and showed that it had the finest Swiss works made, I don't say that the editorial content of this monthly struggle is the finest made, but what I do say is that I ain't seen no geography any better.

I argued with you one day until you fell backwards out of a chair and did a jack-knife off the porch, that we didn't want this magazine on news stands and the only reason that these periodicals rack their brains and spend untold money on colored covers is to attract the eye of the news-stander but if you go into respectable homes you will see this here now Geographic on the tables or in the hands of the family and you don't have any trouble picking it out.

I didn't know until your letter today whether you had made your southing or not, but since your feet are still planted in that 4-foot turf of Montauk I am sending you two phonograph records that I think are corkers. They are called "Barnacle Bill, the Sailor" and if you don't get a scream out of the words I miss my guess.

I wish you would instruct your bookseller or somebody to put a card or your name in any book that you send me so I will know that it is a gold star prize. Several days ago I received from the American News Company a book entitled "In the Reign of Rothstein" which I thoroughly enjoyed, for it gives a picture of the under-world in and about New York in first hand by a newspaperman whom I have known of for years, but there was no name or sign as to who sent it. I know without leaving my seat that you will claim that you sent it to me now, for just like the girl who got a pair of silk stockings from some unknown admirer, she sat down and wrote six letters thanking different men with the result that she immediately got five more pair of hose! If you didn't send it to me, say so like a man and I will send it to you for I believe you will enjoy it.

In spite of all I can do I suppose I have got to be satisfied with that roof-leaking bungalow down at the Beach this winter and it is going to be a terrible hardship but I will try to be a man and stand up under it, but will be crafty enough to take down a lot of chewing gum so I can spread it out in the cracks when the Heavens open.

At last I have finished this cursed Florida article and will now retire from the literary turf for it is as easy to get a comprehensive picture of that pistol-shaped peninsula into 12,000 words as it is to get

Charlie Thompson to tell the truth about a fish. When I turned the story in Dr. Grosvenor poked his head in my office door and said:

"Have you prepared an article on Florida or is this the Mohammedan idea of Paradise?"

I guess I have used all of the adjectives and superlatives known to the English language but at that I doubt if it will even come near satisfying those Crackers down there. Yes, I think I remember mentioning Miami Beach once, and I also let myself go in a description of a former pirate and wrecker whose name was Hog Johnson but in fear that he might bring suit against me for defamation of character I called him Carl Fisher instead, because I've got so much on you that you would never dare take me into court! It was only my Holy-Roman-American-Irish-Catholic restraint that kept me from telling the story of that masquerade party at the old Royal Palms and what became of the bloomers that blew off the top of the observation tower on the beach that increased the value of Herb Duckwold's place 50%!

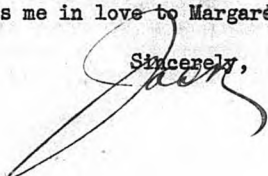
I got your wire about laying off the WIOD matter and stayed away from an oyster roast in order to get your telephone message which never materialized, so I cursed you roundly and went to bed.

Well, the boys have certainly been taken for a ride in this Wall Street crash and my only hope is that it wont have put such a dent in them that they will have to pass up Florida this winter. There is this much to say, however, that for every share of stock that was sold somebody bought and I guess there will be enough of them who have made fortunes out of selling the market short to spend their winter vacations in southern Florida. It hit me a lick on the chin but I weathered it somehow. A lot of people I know are bleeding internally and yelling for financial Kotex! After all, it is but history repeating itself, for we are a nation of gamblers and the only difference between one person and another is in the degree.

I suppose that old cranberry picker, Irv Collins, brought you back a pair of gray spats and somebody told me that they saw him walking down Piccadilly wearing a high hat and cane, but still sporting the old yellow No. 12s.

Ethel joins me in love to Margaret and you.

Sincerely,



November 9, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

I have been riding around three or four days and I have a chance to get my feet on the ground for the very first time. The records were forwarded from Montauk and we have not received them yet.

I sent you the Rothstein book and wrote you at the time that I was sending it.

We are having the names of all our guests at the cottages done neatly in gold scrip for the front door step address. This helps bootleggers to locate the place in the dark. They have not ordered one for you yet as I thought you might not want a lot of people to know you are at the Flamingo.

You would not know this place. We can hardly find our way about. The only way I can locate our office is to keep rubbering up over the tops of the other buildings.

I am sorry about that telephone message you did not get. I don't remember what happened at the time, but I will take a chance on the statement that all the lines out there were out of order from the very heavy wind storm.

The hotel registrations so far have not been affected on account of the Wall Street crash. I am sending you a list of the Building Permits for the year, which is almost unbelievable. We know, as a matter of fact, that these building permits only represent about fifty per cent of the investment and in a great many cases do not represent fifty per cent of the total investment. One permit I

Fidelity Union Bank

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
November 10, 1929,
Page 2.

know of was taken out for \$75,000, and the contract price on the house alone was \$145,000 the garage was \$20,000, and the ground was \$125,000, and the furniture I am told was \$100,000, etc. So no matter what happens to the rest of Florida, we seem to be keeping right on our gait here.

The Shadow K is down and I also have a good fishing boat this year, and if you can keep the rain and mosquitoes out of the cracks in your bungalow you should have a good time. I have already put you up for membership in the Committee of One Hundred. Of course, you have to make a short speech, but you usually get a good cigar and a little diluted gin.

Best regards to you and Ethel.

Yours,

CGF:T

La Gorce

National Geographic Magazine
WASHINGTON, D. C.

October 10, 1921.

Mr. Carl G. Fisher,
Indianapolis,
Indiana.

Dear Carl:

For a man who procrastinates as much as you do your first telegram amused me very much, and your second, which I presume was in an apologetic tone, gave me another smile.

Both Colonel Graham and General Mitchell were absent at the Aberdeen flying station the day your wire arrived, and I could not see them until the following morning when they returned. I even forewent the pleasure of serving on the jury, to which I had been called, that morning, in order to personally look after this little matter which you seem to be mixed up with, and as I telegraphed you the ball has started and you should hear officially from Colonel Graham before the end of this week. He told me that certain tackometers which you wanted were not available and that he would write you.

My good friend General Mitchell called him in and told him that we were all good friends of the Air Service and that he wanted everything possible done for us. Colonel Graham then took me to his office and we talked over the telegram for an hour, he agreeing to sell the stuff at the price you offered, provided bank acceptances instead of notes would be given, and all of the material removed from the stations inside of ninety days. He said that they would furnish all the spare parts they had and he would be personally interested in seeing that we got all there were. He is a very business-like little gentleman, who is anxious to do business when properly authorized, and I think there will be no difficulty.

What in the name of God you propose to do with all this junk is beyond me, but I presume you have some idea fixed in your mind that is like buying a homedown on Long Island right in the middle of a big golden-rod field so you could go there and hide from hay fever. This would be a gloomy world if you didn't give

me a laugh now and then, and I look forward to your next exhibition of mental gymnastics with the same expectation Gilbert does when he goes to a three ring circus.

I received in the mail this morning a personally dictated communication from Mrs. Talbott, indicating that she will arrive in the Nation's Capital at 10:00 o'clock to-morrow morning with two objects -- one to investigate the subject of National Music, and the other to see why the Indians have been so badly treated by the U. S. Government and all stipulations in treaties with the tribes disregarded, and she wants to see me as soon as she arrives.

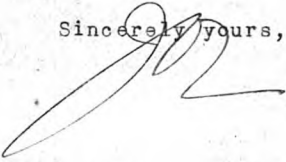
Now, I submit that I am a gentle-mannered, well house-broken come-on, who is willing to put his hand to the plow for a friend in distress, but sadly enough there is a limit to the hours of the day, and as I propose to eat regularly here in the North -- it's a simple matter down South -- I've got to draw the line at National Music and the troubles of the poor Indians! Therefore, if you will excuse my pointing, all I have to say is that both the music and the Indians can go to Hell, and I propose to move my office out into the hills of Maryland for the next ten days, where even the siren call of the Empress of Dayton won't reach my cotton-stuffed ears.

By the way, I was over to the wedding of Charlie Beck's daughter last week, and saw Weary. He said he was planning to come down and spend a week between Christmas and New Year's with you at The Flannigan, and a letter from Krom tells me that he hopes we will all be down, but you can count on having Weary with you anyhow.

In spite of the fact that you have consistently refrained from even mentioning a forthcoming event, if you fail to telegraph me when it occurs I shall find a way to get even with you that will make you unhappy for the rest of your life, but I shall feel very badly if I am not advised as to how things are.

If there's anything else you want done in connection with the details of this purchase of airplane engines let me know, but lay off me as far as National Music or the poor Indians are concerned, for you will be talking to a complete stranger!

Sincerely yours,



L/B

La Gorce

National Geographic Magazine
WASHINGTON, D. C.

October 13, 1921.

Mr. Carl G. Fisher,
Indianapolis,
Indiana.

Dear Carl:

I have your long hand communication describing the outrage perpetrated by this arm of the Government service in daring to publish a catalogue of the available material when they should have known that you intended to buy some of it, and I have harshly reprimanded the people responsible for it.

I had a personal interview again with Colonel Graham this morning, and he says that he will have six photostat blue prints made of each of the engines you are purchasing, and forward them. He will also give us the erecting stands and assembling tools if there are any, and he thinks there are. He says that the engines you propose to purchase, including the sixty-eight Benz, are all of those types which the Air Service has, and that they will not again be scheduled. Moreover, he doesn't believe that there will be any more catalogues issued after this one is exhausted.

He also states that this catalogue only contained one-tenth of the material available to be declared surplus property, but once again assures me that the catalogue specified all of the particular engines which you designated as desiring to purchase that the Air Service has.

There is only one complete copy of all of the available material for sale in existence, and this he agrees to let me have for a period of four days, and as soon as I get it, which should be in one week's time, I will send it to you by special delivery mail with the understanding that it is to be returned in time to get it here in four days, for I have pledged myself to return it, and as it is the only copy that they have and contains about four hundred typewritten sheets the whole thing will stand still until it gets back. I presume it would come under the head of work to have other copies of this made and therefore they are non-existent.

It was in my mind that on this complete list there might be a number of other things which you could find use for, and that you could buy them at a very low price, but naturally you can't buy something which you don't know is available. Under the law, the property of the Army can not be put on sale until it has been offered to all other Departments of the Government, but anything you see on this list which you want make a special list of and send to me and I will endeavor to have it declared surplus and available for sale at once.

Colonel Graham said that he felt sure that none of the other Government branches would want airplane engines or parts so that we might have anything declared salable that was desired. This gentleman is a very business-like, courteous and efficient type of officer, and having had the word from higher up to do anything in his power for me I should like to be sure that I do not ask him for anything which is unreasonable or not consistent with good business.

Returning to the catalogues, there were only a limited number of these gotten out, and they, of course, can not burn what they have left because you have purchased a small portion of the articles they contain, but I have positive assurance that these engines will not be listed again, for he said it would be foolish to advertise for sale something that they did not have, and he understands that you wish to buy all of the available engines of those types you designated. Unless you tell them, I don't know who is going to advise possible purchasers of these boats that you bought these engines from the Government at one hundred dollars apiece.

The first paragraph of your letter, which advises that you gentlemen declare me in on a company is very interesting, but if you expect me to put up \$33,333.00 or any part thereof you are talking to a complete stranger, or if I did it would be in Confederate bank notes of German Marks. Don't forget that I am the same little feller in the brown derby who signed up for a lot of sand on the edge of the Gulf Stream that was going to make me rich over night, and I have got to work like a veritable Tom Shipp chasing them out of their holes to keep my head above water, that is between you and Lyman Kendall.

Now, if there is anything else you want to know from Colonel Graham get together and make a list of them so I can fix

JAN 15

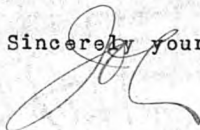
- 3 -

them all up at the same time, for I have already worn a beaten path between his office and mine, and the first thing I know I won't have time to go over and sit on the doorstep of the head of the Light House Service to get this darn Soldier Key thing in shape.

By the way, while I think of it, I was talking last night to a man who has a good deal to do with the State Department, and I spoke about your elephant trainer, and he strongly advised that you have this Hottentot appear before a physician satisfactory to the American Consul at Ceylon to get a clean bill of health, and setting forth over his signature and the seal of the American Consul that he has no diseases such as hookworm, which is very prevalent in that part of the world, which would bar him from entry under the medical laws of the U.S.A.

This friend told me that when the Immigration Department found themselves in a jam they generally found a way to refuse admission at the last minute on some such grounds.

Sincerely yours,



L/B

P. S. I am in receipt of a series of elephant pictures framed and ready to be hung, and I don't know whether to thank you or Ed Ballard, but they are certainly the world's last touch in profane art, and all I have to say is that these poor elephants have as much privacy in their love affairs as a goldfish in a bowl or *Mr. Ship is a bunk!*

October 19th, 1921.

Mr. John Oliver La Goree,
Nat'l Geographic Magazine,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

Just one more little errand!! The government has a number of 160 Horse Power Mercedes on their list which have not been released but which may be released some time soon.

We would like to have them let us have one of these motors now at the same price as the Fiat so that we can tear it down and have them to look it over and see if we would want to purchase the entire lot if they are offered.

We are at a big disadvantage in not knowing the size and weights of all the parts or whether they would be suitable to rebuild for our purpose. And if the Government would be inclined to let us have one of these motors, we would then be ready to say "Yes" or "No" as soon as we received a telegram stating that they were to be sold.

I would write direct but I don't know just which of the gentlemen with whom you have been figuring would be the proper one to approach in this matter.

If you would prefer, you can pass this letter on to the proper party who would have authority to advise us regarding this one motor which we would like to have here in order to test.

Yours -

CCF:M

October
31st
1921

Mr. John Oliver La Gorce,
National Geographic Magazine,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Jack:

As one bald-headed fellow to another fellow who has hair on the top of his head very much resembling the back of a ground hog, except when said hair is plastered down with goose grease or snake oil, I am calling your attention to a recent statement of the justly famous Dr. Clark regarding bald-heads versus thick heads.

I thoroughly agree with Dr. Clark and his opinion only strengthens my own that I have had for a number of years.

Added to this, I might say that I forwarded your little tribute to bald-heads to Commodore Kotcher, who, I tho't, was the most bald-headed man in the world. In his letter to me he advises me that aside from being poorly informed, you are a liar and a traducer of some of his women friends. And in spite of his sixty nine years, which he carries somewhat lightly, he claims to be in fit physical condition to chase you the heat of your life. In fact, he told me he expected to enter competition running under light wraps, without knee boots, bandages, or hobbles, and to take First, Second, and Third prizes with the compliments of all the old timers as judges.

Yours -

P. S.

I wish you would hand this opinion of Dr. Clark's to Jim and then to Tom Shipp and Werrenrath.

G. G. F.

Second P. S.

I have a letter from George Ade saying that he met Werrenrath in Chicago drinking Scotch highballs with one hand and singing with the other.

G.G.F.

December 9th, 1921.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Hubbard Memorial Hall,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack :

A friend of mine, the other day, suggested that the Government might have a very large amount of Very rockets, night bombs, etc, that could be used for celebrating Christmas Eve, etc. If the Government has a big quantity of this stuff on hand that is safe to handle and cheap as dirt, I would like to buy a bundle of it and celebrate on New Years Eve from the Flamingo.

Presuming as usual that it is no trouble at all for you to get this information for me, Old Dear, and also with the idea in mind that you would sit around and probably enjoy a fireworks scene more than any other rube at the show, I am not hesitating to ask you for your opinion.

Singers, Swimmers, dancers, divers and hand holders have been provided.

Yours -

CGF:R

National Geographic Magazine
WASHINGTON, D. C.

December 23, 1921.

Dear Skipper:

I have telegraphed and also written Mr. Chase to-day in reference to the Soldier Key matter. As I suggested when I returned the blank bid -- in view of the joker paragraph in which they give warning that on any evidence of inspired bidding between interested parties all bids will be thrown out, and inasmuch as the Assistant Secretary of Commerce knows General Spilman is interested, because he has called on him, and he knows I am interested, because I have been in to see him half a dozen times -- it would be better for neither one of us ^(Spilman & me) to bid, for the Commissioner of Lighthouses, who is a hard-boiled egg and as approachable as a cigar store Indian, has an inflated idea of the value of the Key, and I don't suppose he would hesitate to throw all the bids out on the technicality of cooperative bidding, in which case we would have to start all over again with further delay.

Of course, you were joking when you offered me a half interest in the sale of the improvements on this Key, or some such tommyrot, because as I have explained to you many times my willingness to do anything I can to further your game is based on my affection for you. Moreover, if I were connected with any sort of deal in a financial way my usefulness would be over very shortly, for that is the kind of thing which is so common here in Washington and smells to High Heaven, and anybody touched with a tar brush of that kind in connection with Government transactions might as well kiss himself good-bye as far as being able to do anything more is concerned, for they will very quickly get on to him.

Just because you do not understand what a miserable mass of technicality and red tape this whole Government idea is, you perhaps think that I am painting in a lot of high lights and making it hard or something, but that is also foolish for life's too short and I'm too busy.

I have written to Chase at full length about what I think ought to be done, and if you concur it ought to go through.

I am sorry I can't be down for the opening, but we are exceedingly busy here and it is necessary for me to stick to the work-bench. I'm delivering Werrenrath and perhaps Arthur Samuels which ought to get me a little something on the credit side, but I know you will miss my distinguished, not to say intellectual, presence, to give your gathering character.

I have been seeing quite a little of Kenneth Roberts, a staff writer of the Saturday Evening Post, whose travel articles on Europe and out-of-the-way corners of the world for the last five or six years you may have noticed in the Post. He is a very important man in the journalistic world, and has a great deal of influence. He and his wife are here covering the Arms Conference for the Saturday Post, and at Luncheon with him the other day I told him a good deal about Miami Beach and yourself. He said that he thought Lorimer, the editor of the Post, might be interested in some stuff on that part of the South, and that he thought perhaps he would drop down there about the middle of January and look it over. If he makes up his mind to go, it would be well to see that he gets accommodations at The Flamingo, for which, of course, he would pay as any other guest.

I know that you will like this chap, for he is much of the type you admire, a great big broad-shouldered human being, about thirty-eight, very humorous, and has a charming personality. His wife is considerably younger and a very nice person. Understand, I am not bespeaking for them any hospitality on my account, but I think it is a valuable thing for you to see that people of this kind, who are in a position to do a great deal in making the Beach known, are put in right.

I have had some correspondence also with Mr. Charles W. Brown, the President of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company. He is a very wealthy Pittsburgh man, who was in Miami last winter and he tells me that he expects to be down again in February.

I don't know anything new about Colonel Silva either, excepting that he left me a bill of thirty-eight dollars at the University Club, to which I gave him a card while he was here, but I am sure it was an oversight, and I'll at least have the satisfaction

them up, I will catch him some dark night and take them away from him.

Looks like we might have some business. I picked up \$100,000 cash sale two weeks ago. (Not sure whether I told you about it) to a real live wire from Racine, Wis. and in addition to this sale of the four beautiful areas across from our office, Mr. Osius, purchaser, is going to erect four beautiful houses on the property. He told me that he considered it a great privilege to be able to purchase property here and to spend about a third of a million improving it was his intention. I advised him that I appreciated highly the compliment and was perfectly willing to take out life insurance for him and carry it at my own expense as long as he had money in the bank to continue building.

Our hotels are doing better than others in town so that I believe in spite of the hard times, we are going to have a fair season.

I am exceedingly sorry you were not with us this Christmas - we all miss you but we are figuring that you will be down about the 15th or 20th of January.

Yours -

GGF:M

of charging it off on my income tax report. Besides, I would have paid more than that to have seen how that warrior acted the night Mrs. Silva poured champagne on his head when he wouldn't come home, at the Casino in Havana.

While dictating, I called up Tom Shipp's office, to see what the latest was on this matter of Mr. Sallee, who is held at Ellis Island. I was told that they had had a letter from Secretary Davis' office advising that the report hadn't yet come in on his case from Ellis Island, and I advised that they telegraph you they were watching it. I understand Chipp started South last night, so with he and Weary down there for your opening you won't miss me.

I am very glad to hear of Miss Rossiter's approaching marriage, in March, and am wondering if it is the Parson, or has she decided that she would not enter the church and picked out some good looking polo player!

Well, Old Timer, this Christmas will have an element of sadness in it for you because of all you have been through, but I am glad you don't write about it, and hope you don't think about it, for it doesn't do any good, and there you are.

Sincerely yours,
Jack

L/B

Mr. Carl G. Fisher,
Miami Beach,
Florida.

Later

Learn the report came to Wash at noon today & they think they will admit him as a "90 day tourist" or something like that.

4 Pm Sallee is admitted as 90 day tourist - But could do - Shipp
albeit get it fixed up & they have wired you

December 27th, 1921.

Mr. John Oliver La Gorce,
Nat'l Geographic Society,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

I have yours of the 23rd and as I told you before, whether you want it or not, this half interest in Soldier's Key goes to Gilbert and its going to be a bank account on interest for him and you can go to Bell with your ideas about talks of tower, dead fish, etc. Probably by the time Gilbert gets to be twenty one he will need a little sum of about this size to purchase himself a racing yacht or put up cash bond to get himself out of bootlegging trouble.

Took Weary over to Cat Key yesterday - had to drag him away. Tom Shipp is causing the usual commotion on the Beach. I seriously considered leaving him on Cat Key with Jack the Monkey but considering the great danger that Jack was in, brought Tom back home.

I would be glad if Mr. Roberts would drop down this way. We will show him every trick in the deck and try and make it interesting for him. We will get him accommodations some place if he will only wire me or if you will drop me a wire. We will also look after Mr. Brown.

I have a long letter from Silva. I am going to drop over there and see him sometime this winter if I get a chance and if he thinks it is right we might get together Bob Tyndall and start a revolution. Things are getting kind of dull here at the Beach and I think a real revolution would be interesting. I can have a coat of armor plate for the little elephant, mount a machine gun on him and teach him to operate it without assistance. With the Shadow we might clean up the coast line and get a few bottles of absinthe.

I am getting all of the letters Salie has written me since he started out to look for this elephant trainer and going to have them bound. I don't know anything that could be more interesting than his letters about his wives, elopements, gems, elephant trainers, and his troubles with Ellis Island. Tom Shipp just tells me that he has been admitted as a "90 day tourist" but we had to wire \$500 bond from here. I will certainly make Salie dig up a star sapphire for you and Tom. If he doesn't dig

National Geographic Society

WASHINGTON, D. C.

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE

VICE-PRESIDENT

La Gorce

May 15th., 1926.

Mr. Carl G. Fisher,
Miami Beach,
Florida.

Dear Skipper:

Bill Rogers, an old friend of mine, came to see me to say that the Corinthian Yacht Club here in Washington was throwing a regatta on September 18th sanctioned by the American Power Boat Association for the President's Cup, The Secretary of the Navy's Cup, and other prizes over a very fine course along the Lincoln Memorial Parkway where thousands of people can line the banks of the park and see the whole race from start to finish.

The Potomac is a very lovely river for such things and many rowing regattas have been held and several small sized power boat affairs.

Rogers is extremely anxious to have you enter and knowing of our contact has asked me to try and interest you. It is the old story, of course, and I told him that ours was a purely social contact and that I could not influence you to do anything, that you either made up your mind to do or not to do a thing on its own merits. But he said that they all knew that you had been a foremost influence in the development of speed boats and that if you would enter your new boat or a flock of the Biscayne Babies, or both, it would assure the success of the thing. He had been in touch with Chap who, for some reason was not very enthusiastic about the race being pulled here, and Rogers thought was that perhaps Chap had an idea that it would take away something from the other regattas.

I am laying the matter before you as it was explained to me and Rogers said that he sent full details of the race, conditions, etc. in his letter to you.

It certainly would be a pleasure for me to have you come down and show Washington what real boats are, but I also realize that it is a big expense and that you are a better judge of what you want to do than anybody else. So that's that.

Sincerely yours,

Jack

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

July 6th., 1926.

Mr. Carl G. Fisher,
Fisher Building,
Port Washington,
Long Island, N. Y.

Dear Skip:

I was glad to have your note from Miami but sorry that you had such an uncomfortable experience on the way to Bermuda and hope that the rest at Miami Beach made up for it.

I don't blame you for not knowing what doctor of letters means, and I really went down to George Washington University to find out for myself. It seems that at Oxford University in England a couple of hundred years ago it was decided that when a fellow had completed his studies in literature and had fooled the people into thinking that he was a notch or two ahead of the herd in the use of the written word or in research, they would name him a doctor of literature and upon the conferring of such a degree he was entitled to all the honors, rights, and privileges belonging to that degree -- if any.

It may be that some self-constituted press agent of mine had sold the faculty of this hundred year old university the idea that my contributions to contemporaneous literature were of such a nature that if they didn't buy me off by placing a two-bit laurel wreath on my perspiring brow I might go into the teaching game myself and work them out of a job, but anyhow it was all news to me and I'd like you to know that a doctor of letters is entirely different from doctor of divinity or of dentistry and that if I go broke in my old age it will mean that I can be sent out to Mooseheart and amid the Indiana sunshine and sweet aroma of the corn, can get along the best way I may without any interference from them.

I do want to see you and be with you very much, not to talk business but I have an idea which concerns you personally and I'd like to have the opportunity of going over it quietly and peacefully and what I want to know is that if I run over for a day soon, will you spend that whole day with me either out on the boat or somewhere away from the crowd? It will probably bore Hell out of you and you will give me a good cussing when you realize how foolish the idea that I have is, but it is my idea and I think a lot of it and as it doesn't have any bearing on

any other human being either to make or to injure them, but we two we might even take old Charlie Thompson along to act as referee in the distribution of 3-pointed pewter stars --- What do you say?

Gilbert is off to take his job on this Conawingo Water Power Project up on the Susquehanna River for the Summer and is just as happy in doing it as a Florida cracker is to sit under a coconut palm tree on the beach and watch the waves roll in.

With the hope that your poor old ribs have healed up and you are getting along all right,

Sincerely,

Joel

LaGorce

Port Washington, L. I.
July 8, 1926

Mr. John LaGorce
National Geographic Society
Washington, D.C.

Dear Jack:

You owe me about five Gold Stars. The reason for especially good behavior was on account of sea-sickness. We had a rough trip most of the way. In fact I never want to see Bermuda again. We have done more building in six weeks in Miami Beach than they have completed in Bermuda in 100 years.

Hope to see you soon.

Yours,

CGF:JD

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

October 15th., 1926.

Dear Skipper:

I am very glad to know that the loss at the Beach was not as great as first reported, but Heaven knows it is bad enough. John Barton Payne, of the Red Cross, certainly went off at half-cock but the fact of the matter is that he has been a sick man for about a year and is getting well along in years and is of the type who thinks because he is serving as the head of this thing without pay, that he can run it to suit himself. I was glad to see the page advertisement in the New York Times and Washington Post of the President of the Seaboard Air Line, who told the Red Cross in very polite language where to head in.

I have had a talk with Harry Wardman and Jim Hobbs, his associate, and they are looking forward with pleasure to looking over Montauk with you. The earliest that they can arrange to go down is Monday, October the 25th after lunch. If this suits your engagements and convenience I'll arrange to go over with them, and if you still wish to do so you can have the boat meet us at two o'clock in New York, which is the earliest they can arrange it, and either beat it right on down to Montauk or stop at Port Washington, whichever you decide. I have promised to let them know as soon as possible if this arrangement suits you, so please wire me how you feel about it.

Both of these men are human beings like you and me and are also good sports, like you, but I want to say that underneath they are as clearsighted and able businessmen as we have in these parts and don't have to look through a hundred inch telescope to see a good thing.

Thank you for telling me about Dan and Florence, but as you didn't tell me where they were I had to send the telegram in your care.

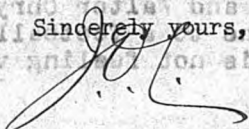
I have the copy of the Montauk booklet and it is a very nice looking first offense. When you talk about the value of booklets you make me smile, and it does not make me mad that you damned my feeble attempts to help you in that line with scant praise. If all you had to do was to get out booklets to sell sand lots at Miami at \$10,000 a foot a lot of people would have had you skinned to death years ago down there, but you remind me of the negro girl who, when asked by her white employer who was responsible for her being in a family way, in turn asked the white lady if a buzz-saw struck her in the back would she know which tooth cut her? There are so many components going into what success you had down there that you can't make a positive statement about any of them and prove it. Maybe you think it is your own beauty and winning way, or maybe you think it is the erection of the windmill in front of the Roman pools, or maybe it was the polo gang that Hal Talbott brought down, or the fact that you came very near having old man Bryan on your

payroll, but in summing the whole thing up don't forget that Almighty God had a little something to do with the climate and the Gulf Stream so that when you came along and killed a few of the mosquitoes that were annoying the panthers who used to scratch the back of the alligators who mated with the barracudas and gave birth to Jess Andrew, you can't always sometimes tell what was responsible for your success. Don't forget that I only collected my price for sweating that little old booklet out for you in rye licker that you don't like anyhow! So, all things considered, we're about even.

I have travelled a good many of the Seven Seas but I've never found anybody who was so persistent in their effort to put a plumber to work as a watchmaker, or turn a rat catcher into an architect, as your good self, and you're only running true to form when you pick out an insurance agent to run a half million dollar laundry or a sheep raiser to operate a hotel and expect to cut coupons with the profit. Now you lay off me about booklets, or I'll take a few inches of real hide off a tender part of your anatomy.

Aside from all that I am very fond of you and would like to know you a little better, so any time you are down this way stop in.

Sincerely yours,



P.S. Don't forget to wire me about that Wardman engagement.

October 16, 1926

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce
National Geographic Society
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

Monday, October 25th, will suit me okay. My car can meet you in New York at any time and at any place. To do this would be best on account of my desire not to ask any favors of the New York Yacht Club; at least not more than I can help. If we go down to New York in the boat, we would have to use their landing. The car could meet you at New York and be here in one hour and then we can start from here in my boat.

Caleb and Walter Chrysler and some of his friends have gone to a football game today in the Shadow K. Jim is not feeling very well, so I stayed here with him.

You can figure that it takes six hours from here to Montauk and we can look over the property in two hours, and of course we can return here the same night.

All that part of your letter where you raise hell about booklets, is ignored. There are several ways to kill panthers without taking them by the ears and kicking them to death.

Mary Brenneman just sold her house, so it looks like there are a few people left at the Beach who have money.

Having beautiful weather here now.

Yours,

GGF:JD

Charge to the account of _____ \$ _____

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NIGHT MESSAGE	
NIGHT LETTER	
Patrons should mark an X opposite the class of service desired: OTHERWISE THE MESSAGE WILL BE TRANSMITTED AS A FULL-RATE TELEGRAM	

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM



NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

NO.	CASH OR CHG
CHECK	
TIME FILED	

Send the following message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

Port. Wash.
October 20

1926

Mr. Kohlhepp
Miami Beach

See that copy of Trust Agreement and Will are
forwarded to LaGorce at once.

Carl G. Fisher

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

November 1, 1926.

Dear Skipper:

Certainly there were an interested and pleased lot of men following your personally conducted tour to Montauk and return, and the perfection of arrangements was right up to your usual standard. I want to say that I was as proud of you personally as an old hen would be of a chick hatched out in her late life, and I am looking around for a gold star prize to commemorate it.

Harry Wardman and Jimmy Hobbs were most enthusiastic in their acknowledgment of the splendid project and are sold on the proposition from a business standpoint if their actions and what they said on the way back are a true indication. The other men, while not so important, are nevertheless telling everybody in Washington about the thing and I will be more mistaken than ever before in my life if it doesn't materialize in a substantial business way. Both men were a little puzzled by your frankness in spreading out the facts for them to analyze and especially in the laying before them of the statement, and I think if you just sit tight that there will be a proposition come back before very long.

If you can see your way clear to come up to Washington on the way down South it would be an excellent thing, and if you will let me know several days in advance I can get together four or five other Washington real estate men and the President and one or two officers of Riggs National Bank for you to meet. I can arrange an anchorage and landing at the Corinthian Yacht Club here.

I think it would be well if you could spend two or three hours running around Washington in a car with Wardman and Hobbs and take a look at their projects, and your interest would please them. But that is a matter for your own decision and convenience.

Several of the men have expressed their pleasure in the receipt of the conch lamps which you had sent them. They certainly make a hit with every one.

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

- 2 -

Thanks very much for your wire about sending the old Packard over and I figure that you want to have that automatic brake fixed, but let's let it go until next Spring when you come North and I'll drive it over myself, for I can't use an open car around Washington during the Winter anyhow, being warm-blooded like yourself. I appreciate the thought, however, and will take you up on it next Spring.

For your files, let me give you the names of the men who were with you at Montauk:

Harry Wardman, President, The Wardman Co.
James D. Hobbs, Vice President, The Wardman Co.
Harry A. Kite, President, The H. A. Kite Company.
Britton Brown, Vice President, The Randall H. Hagner Co.
Herbert Quinter, The Wardman Company.
Wallace Chiswell, President, Industrial Insurance Co.

The copy of that document has just been received from Walter, and I will be glad to talk it over with you for I want to be sure that this is the last one and that you are thoroughly familiar with it. This may sound funny, but I only mean that it is a very serious undertaking and I want to leave nothing undone as far as I am concerned. I thoroughly understand that I have nothing to do with the disposition of the estate because that is solely your business, but I must know that your wishes are clearly set forth in accordance with the way you want them interpreted if anything should happen to you. For one thing, I see nothing in the document which provides for the appointment of other executors in case those named by you should die, either one or all, and as you know, the Court would then appoint whoever it pleased, whereas a clause designating several others to succeed the persons named originally in case of their death would obviate any Court action.

By the way, have you made any decision in the matter of asking the author of that booklet on Montauk trees and plants to cut it down one-third or even one-half in length? A thing is written to be read and if it is not read the object is defeated, and while this is a most intelligent and able presentation from a technical standpoint, not one person in 10,000 would wade through it, whereas if it was only half as long a very good percentage of intelligent people would be interested in it. That is the opinion of several of my staff here who looked it over at my request, and also the Beck Engraving Company. According to your own statement booklets are of very little tangible value anyhow, and I will agree with you that in this case you are certainly right unless it is operated on for something like half its length.

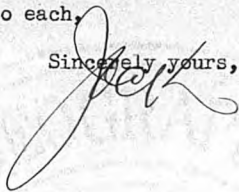
JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

- 3 -

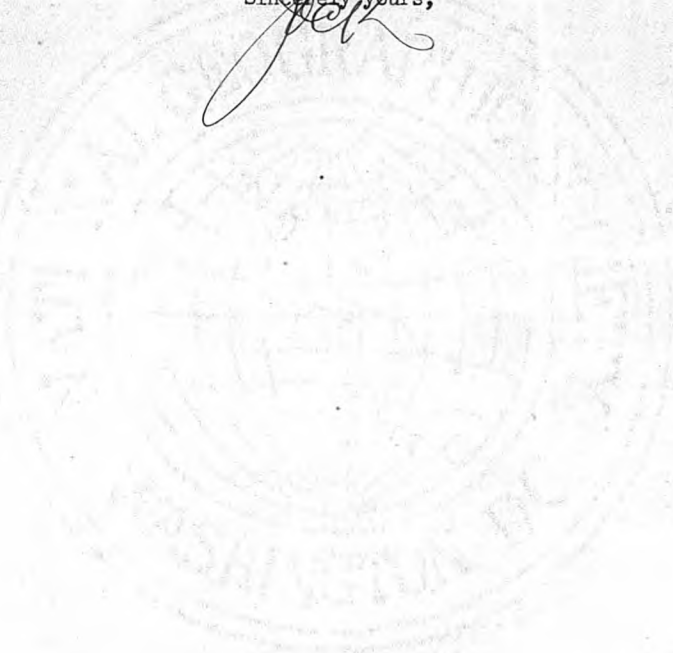
I am enclosing a little snap shot of my new home, where you may want to retire to in your old age. Although the fine old trees around it make it look as though it were miles in the country, as a matter of fact it is only fifteen minutes by motor from my office, but out of the beaten path, so it has the advantages of the country and the convenience of the city.

With best regards to each,

Sincerely yours,



Enclosure
Photo.



U

Please return
to C. G. Fisher

5

April 14, 1927.

Mr. J. LaGorce,
C/o National Geographic Magazine,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Jack:

I enclose herewith letter from Frank Shutt. Don't know what you can say about hurricanes in that country except that we have plenty of them but they are not usually severe enough to cause any great damage. If our roofs, windows and houses at the Beach and in Miami had been properly built we would have had very little damage except to shrubbery. Fortunately the shrubbery is coming out in wonderful shape. It cost us a lot of money and put a kink in our plans, but we are going to squeeze by. We may leave some hair off the flank and part of the tail as we edge on to the water, but we will be going in the right general direction.

You owe me about 150 gold stars and about a dozen nicked ones - that is, if you don't count tea, buttermilk, light wines and beer.

Hope to see you soon.

Sincerely,

Carl G. Fisher.

CGF/EVF

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

April 26th., 1927.

Mr. C. G. Fisher,
Fisher Offices,
Port Washington,
Long Island, N. Y.

Dear Skip:

I have yours of April 18th and glad to hear from you. Glad to hear that you sold the house at Sands Point at a price that let you out, no doubt, in good shape.

I am very much interested in what you tell me concerning Joe but hope he isn't going to give up his present executive position unless you have a really definite assignment of work for him, for he has the responsibility of his family, and while I know of no man who has more valuable assets in experience, absolute honesty and loyalty, if it is to be the same story over again it would certainly be too bad.

I am interested in what you tell me about Walter making his headquarters at the Beach this Summer to look after things down there and that Hugh is confining himself to the legal matters, and as Bowman is severing his connections I am wondering who is to be responsible as the head of the actual work and hope that you have found somebody who can harmonize these bickering factions and work out with you a definite policy that will be sound in principle and airproof against the never-ending criticisms, jealousies, and advice that would put any project up the stump.

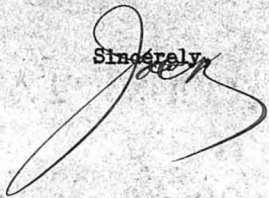
I have a feeling that if some definite and airtight program could be settled upon you would get an immense amount of satisfaction and happiness out of the project, whereas for the last year or more you have nothing but trouble and fighting, disorganization and discontent. I do hope that this new arrangement will once and for all straighten out these tangles for you because none of us are getting any younger and we are all entitled to the peace and happiness that an interesting work and a little sunshine in the personal atmosphere brings.

While in Hawaii I found a very beautiful nautilus shell. I will send it to you but if you don't want to have it around I'll give it to George Krom for the hotel. You gave me the pair of queen conchs a year ago at the time that you gave them to Wardman and Jimmy Hobbs, for which I thanked you both personally and by letter.

Sorry things are so situated here this week that I can't get away but I do want to run over at the earliest opportunity and look you between the eyes to see how much you stutter and act shifty over your claim of gold stars.

I wish you could see these big paintings which Wyeth has completed and are now hanging on our walls in the Library building at 16th and M Street, but he has never done anything better than that Duel on the Beach for you. Wyeth asked me today if you would have any objection to the Ladies Home Journal publishing a picture of the Duel on the Beach in colors in their magazine, stating of course that it was your property. I told him that I did not think you would object but no doubt would be glad to have others see it, so please let me know if it is all right with you and whether you want to have the line of ownership read "Painted for Carl G. Fisher of Montauk Point, Long Island" (or Port Washington, Long Island).

Dr. Grosvenor is on his way to Morocco and I am holding down the lid in my feeble way, so am not exactly footloose. Kindest regards to M and yourself,

Sincerely,


April 29, 1927.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington D.C.

Dear Jack:

I will be glad to have that Nautilus Shell, and it will be all right for Wyeth to run a copy of his Beach Duel picture in the Ladies' Home Journal and credit same, of course, to Montauk.

I would like to know where the hell you get that way about gold stars. You bring up the question so continuously I think you are hiding behind a smoke screen. I had some very fine old Scotch and some Rye that we brought up from the Bahamas which I was expecting to send to you, but I thought inasmuch as you would be up most any time you could take it home with you. But from your frequent remarks, I am presuming you are off liquor of all kinds, and even lemonade. Now you just start in mailing me gold stars and I will see how far you get, and I won't check up anything on you for beer or light wine such as Shuttias y queam.

I have a job that Joe Sheedy can work on for at least a year and if he gets it over it will be a very good year's work. If he cannot do it, we will do something else.

Wishing you a pleasant summer on
Turtles Rocks,

Yours,

CGF:T

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

July 6th., 1927.

Dear Skip:

Hope you had a good trip out to the Corn Belt but what took you back there at this time of the year must have been something with a giant size \$ in front of it, for I know how you love Broad Ripples and it's memories, but not enough to require asbestos soles on your sieve shoes when visiting there.

Thank you, you darn old pirate, for the three books you claim to be sending, namely: Revelry, You Can't Win, and the Last Crusade. If you had a memory as long as a Jew's foreskin you would recall the fact that I was the interested friend who sent you both Revelry and You Can't Win, telling you that I knew the dirty slap at Harding would anger you but that I thought you ought to read it and also that I was going to meet the author of You Can't Win out in San Francisco because it was one of the best books that I had read in years. Your impulses are generous but your memory a washout.

I am mighty glad to hear that you are doing some horseback riding and hope your undies didn't rub raw spots on the old rump.

On Saturday and Sunday I ran down to Cape Charles, Virginia, a little old world spot which you may remember is opposite Cape Henry, and that is where Chesapeake Bay and Hampton Roads empty into the Atlantic. Three old friends of mine, all of them doctors, used to play together in a mandolin and guitar orchestra 25 years ago while working their way through college and all three of them are big men now in the profession but have never lost their love for their instruments and this was a reunion at the home of one of them. Dr. Clark, who lives in Philadelphia, has a summer home down at Cape Charles and while I never believed it possible he has as a friend a native of the village who is a second Charlie Thompson in that he is a guide and fisherman, for it is a great duck hunting and fishing area -- this chap whose name is Southey Bell, is without any doubt the most amazing banjo player I ever hope to hear, for not only can he make the thing sound like a brass band in full swing, but his personality is so much like Charlie's that I was startled. Of course he can't read a note of music but can play anything that anybody else can play and can honestly make the box talk. I thought of you and would have given a hundred bucks to have had you down there for a couple of hours for you never heard such music as those four fellows played -- two guitars, a mandolin, and banjo -- since you were born.

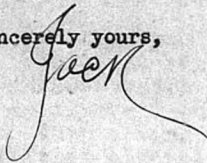
If you would arrange to stop over in Washington for a day and a night when you are going south I'll try and get this man up here, for knowing you as I do I would lay my roll on the fact that you wouldn't let him be ten feet away from you for 24 hours. No, he has a wife and six children and wouldn't leave down there for anything and would be lost out of his native habitat, but he certainly would be a whiz on the stage not only because of his banjo playing but because of his likeable personality and real charm of manner.

I had a letter from Caley Bragg about the exchange of cars and he says he has a three year old Wills-St. Clair sedan which he is willing to swap for the old Packard.

I am glad to hear that I owe you three gold stars and a handful of tin tags but if your memory is no better about that than it is about who gives you books I wish you would get an adding machine.

With the hope that all is going well at the Point and that you and Margaret are both in good shape,

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Jack", written in dark ink. The signature is positioned below the typed name "Jack" and extends to the right with a long, sweeping tail.

July 8, 1927.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

Thanks for your insulting letter of the sixth. I did go west to see that we got all the cash at the gate. I did not have my receipts more than an hour. Turned them over to the Fletcher American, which helped my credit some.

I do remember now that you sent me "Revelry" and "You Can't Win". At any rate, you have not had "The Last Crusade" which is much better than "Revelry". I believe I sent you "Tom Masson's Annual" and this cleans up a lot of good books that I have read recently.

We are having some wonderful horseback riding; no raw spots. I know you will be pleased at the success of last Monday. The old "Shadow K" now is making about seven hundred miles a week and we are knocking them off as fast as they show up.

My feet itch to hear that guitar and mandolin outfit. I ran across this same sort of a bunch at Nassau; three negroes; not the ones we ran into when you were there. This was another outfit and they were wonderful, but too dirty and evil looking to ever hope to have them near Montauk. With the wind favorable, you could stand in the middle of the square at Nassau and locate this outfit by smell. Do you remember that tough bird who could speak Portugese? He was a well dressed and good looking gentleman compared with these bandits we had on board.

Jim Davis is trying to arrange a plan which will drag me down to that red hot town of yours. It looks terribly good and may develop into something big.

I know the Wills-St. Claire Sedan which

Mr. LaGorce.
July 8, 1927.
Page 2.

he refers to. It is in very good condition, looks fine, and if I were you I would trade quick. It is the most practical car for you to use. The last time I saw it it looked practically new. I advise a quick trade by wire. Make him deliver it and save you seventy-five bucks.

You owe me seven straight gold stars and at the end of the month you are going to owe me twenty-three more.

Montauk is going great; better than I ever expected. We had over five hundred guests turned away on last Saturday and had 552 for dinner. Expect as many tomorrow unless it blows up rain and bad weather.

To show you how we are working the old "Shadow"; we leave here today at two, arrive Montauk at eight; call at the hotel for half hour, see Jim Davis fifteen minutes, return to the boat and come to Port Washington at three o'clock in the morning; leave here tomorrow, Saturday, one o'clock, arrive Montauk seven, return Sunday night arriving at Port Washington at twelve, probably going back Monday evening, Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon.

In addition to this, played twenty-three holes of golf with Albert Champion yesterday, played bridge with him until twelve o'clock, put him to bed dead tired for once, got him up at six thirty this morning and sent him to Larchmont to play golf with Lou Wasey. I sold him -- or rather he sold himself, eleven business lots and a hill top site for a residence, and I only got \$85,000 from him. A hell of a lot of work for \$85,000, but Albert is such a good fellow that I enjoyed it.

Good bye, old dear; our force has just arrived and we are going to have a business meeting. Wish you and your Mrs. would come up and see us some time. Will get on the old boat and go to Montauk for a day.

Rowley has thirteen pups, all look alike, and I named one "Jack LaGorce."

Yours,

CGE:T

P.S. You can get a real slant on what some real
people think about Montauk by talking to Fred
Britten or Jim Davis.

WESTERN UNION

SYMBOLS	
BLUE	Day Letter
NITE	Night Message
NL	Night Letter
LCO	Deferred
CLT	Cable Letter
WLT	Week End Letter

CLASS OF SERVICE
 This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its character is indicated by a symbol in the check or in the address.

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at **158 MAIN ST., PORT WASHINGTON NY**
N53 34. WASHINGTON DC AUG 4 128P

PORT WASHINGTON NY
AUG 4 1927

CARL G FISHER.
PORT WASHINGTON LONG ISLAND NY.

IN ACCORDANCE YOUR LETTER JUNE FOURTEENTH TO STOCKHOLDERS
 WOULD LIKE TAKE UP TWO AND HALF ACRES MONTAUK AT FORTY
 FIVE HUNDRED PER ACRE STOP HAVE ASKED JOE SHEEDY MAKE
 SELECTION SUBJECT YOUR APPROVAL REGARDS.

J O LAGORCE.
147P.

Telephone *Plu 948*
 Telephone *Thompson*
 Time Delivered *1:50 P.*
 By *ms* To be *mailed*
 Attempts _____
 to _____
 Deliver _____

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 4, 1929.

Dear Skip:

It is quite evident that you don't read your mail for I advised you of my great pleasure in the receipt of the Brady 5-foot shelf and thanked you for remembering me. They look as if they would be mighty interesting reading and I am taking along a couple for the 13-day voyage beginning January 9 and ending in Trieste, Italy. I suppose there aren't less than seven million things which you would rather do than to be cooped up on a 750 foot boat for thirteen days, so you are probably wondering to yourself what a moron I am, but I can only remind you of what the old lady said when she kissed the cow!

Larry Richey and Joe Murphy both called me up to say that they had a nice visit at the Beach and had definitely settled on the Penney place, which is a fine arrangement for you get the full benefit of Hoover's presence without the great expense attached to it, and also the credik for inviting him anyhow. You always were a lucky stiff, only sometimes you have more luck than others!

Howard Coffin got a good break at Sapelo and St. Simon's in the Coolidge visit and it should give his new project a big start in the right direction. Can you picture Cal and his 5-gallon hat stepping out after big game? You see, this fellow never learned how to play and is just now waking up to it so that like any small boy, dressing up in a sombrero and chaps gives him a big kick and he has no idea what he looks like - any more than you did the night you dressed up in Commodore Kotcher's Shrine Patrol uniform and fez to go over to that party at the Royal Palm fifteen years ago! Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and think about that and laugh myself wide awake, yet I will say this for you, that you never make that sort of a mistake twice, but so you wont be too conceited I will add that you can think up more different kinds of mistakes to make than any other seven men I ever came across!

My advice to you is to lay off that meat ax, Will Rogers, for you have as much chance of crossing that bird as Jess Andrews has of making a living raising fat-tailed sheep, but at that you were always a glutton for punishment so I suppose you will keep on till he throws a javelin through your lower bowel and then you will lay down and take no more interest in the proceedings. You might ask Jess if he knows why they bury all sheep raisers in Scotland on hill-sides and when he gets that .22 calibre brain all haired up you can tell him to conserve his mental energy since the answer is -- because they are dead! I heard that joke pulled at a dinner table the other night and the sweet young girl it was pulled on just threw her plate of soup across the table into the guy's lap, so stand away from Jess when you let go.

I have sent you a couple of pockmarked gold star books in the last few days and expect that I will owe you a maximum of one when I get back from the other side.

*They sail today
on Ulecoia
from
my*

I hope this season will be a banner one at the Beach and everything points to it.

Ethel joins in love to you and Margaret, and I hope you will take care of yourself.

Sincerely,
Act

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

SIGNS

DL = Day Letter
NM = Night Message
NL = Night Letter
LCO = Deferred Cable
CLT = Cable Letter
WLT = Week-End Letter

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.
Received at 805 Fifth St., Miami Beach, Flo.

MZA356 20 NM=WASHINGTON DC 11

1929 JAN 11 PM 4 44

CARL G FISHER=

MIAMIBEACH FLO=

FATHER NEPTUNES DOPE SHEET SAYS THIS WAS A GREAT DAY
 FOR GREENSBURG INDIANA TWENTY ONE YEARS AGO MANY HAPPY
 RETURNS=

JACK LAGORCE.

January 16, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

I hope this letter catches you some place in Spain. I am going to send it to your office and tell them to forward you these two stories. These are brand new ones from Walter Kelley.

A Scotchman took his wife's false teeth in his pocket to work so his wife could not eat while he was out of the house.

Another Scotchman sent his wife to the country, so she could have the benefit of "Rural Free Delivery."

I received the books but have not had a chance to read them yet as we are very busy. I hope you have a good time and come back feeling fine. I suppose by the time you return I will be located at Montauk and I will expect you to stop over. Will have the new house finished by April.

We had a great shock in the loss of Tex Rickard. He was one of the best promoters we have ever had at Miami Beach and he was getting ready to do big things here because he loved the country. It seems every time we get a hold of a real live man down here something happens to him. Old Mr. Talbott was first, Albert Champion, and now Tex Rickard. However, our bad luck cannot last for ever.

I am forwarding you Kin Hubbard's latest book, "Barbed Wire". I think it is the best line of humor I have seen this year.

Best regards. Good luck.

Yours,

CGF:T

April 8, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Jack:

Your several messages have been received and I do deeply appreciate hearing from you, although we don't know where to write you except through the Geographic.

Since you left, I notice the color of the Geographic paper is off about ten per cent, also the general reading matter is a little shy.

I do not envy you your trip abroad because I can read in the Geographic about the fleas, mosquitoes, lack of plumbing, poor food and other conditions that the much abused tourist must suffer to see the same things that I can look at in the Geographic Magazine.

Just returned yesterday from a trip to Cuba and I am telling you, old kid, it was a bad business. The old "Shadow K" stood right square on end, and with all the women hysterical, all the seamen sick and throwing up, it was not much fun. It has taken us two days for us to recover fully.

The Government search nowadays for liquor and narcotics is almost to the limit. The Government hires the poorest possible class of men for this job and the way they handle the job is terrible. I don't know just what is going to happen if we don't do something about prohibition laws and create respect for the general laws of the country.

Hope to see you all soon in Montauk.
Love and best wishes.

Yours,

CGF:T

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

May 1, 1929.

Dear Bob:

Arrived home on the Leviathan a few days ago after four months on the other side covering pretty well the Dalmatian coast, Italy, Algiers, Morocco, and Spain. I maintain, as I always have, that there is no winter climate on the face of the earth comparable to Miami Beach and they can have the rest of the world as far as I am concerned, with my compliments. It is necessary for me at least every other year to get out into the field and get my toes into raw geography in order to maintain an editorial balance and grasp of things, but I would have ten times rather been at the old Beach this winter than any old world spot that I visited.

French Strothers, formerly editor of World's Work and now closely associated with President Hoover on his personal staff at the White House, called me on the telephone to ask me to see a Mrs. Grace S. Carlson. After the interview I was satisfied to give her a letter of introduction to the Montauk organization and because of Strother's important position with Hoover I couldn't refuse and had to talk with the lady yesterday. She has been associated with the J. C. Nichols Companies for eight years in an executive capacity and has very high recommendations from her former connection which, as you know, is a very large and successful real estate development in Kansas City. Mrs. Carlson said that she had a great desire to spend a few years in the East which was the one reason for severing her connection with the Nichols company and that as they knew of the Montauk development she thought that she might be valuable.

I explained to her that mine was not an official position with the Montauk Development Corporation but that some of my best friends were carrying on the work and while I could make no recommendation the only thing I could do was give her a note of introduction to you. Please understand that I don't make any request or suggestion in the case of this lady and am sorry to have been obliged to give her the introduction, but at least you can look her over and hear what she has to say about herself and then use your own judgment in case there is any need for a woman of her experience and personality. She strikes me as being of the same general type as Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper who did so much promotion work at Miami Beach, but I want to reiterate to you and the Skipper that I have no personal interest in this and only did it because I had to.

I am delighted to hear of the magnificent season you had down South and am in hopes that it put you over into the profit column with a big wallop.

How shocking was poor Walter's passing! From what I can understand he made a gallant battle against heavy odds, and I deeply sympathize with his family.

I had several body blows while away in the sudden death of our dear friend Colonel Lester Jones. He was without doubt one of the finest, most able, and loyal men I ever knew. He never failed to respond to the call of a friend and would go to any length to help. You also know of the death of Lyman Kendall. When I left Washington he was in splendid shape but I understand threw himself into the bull stock market and made a few more millions but at an overwhelming rate of interest since it shortened his life. So it goes.

Coming back on the Leviathan we met an Indianapolis lady whose name is Mrs. Hamm who said that she had known you and Carl for years and had a high regard for both of you. She lost her husband about a year ago and another member of her family while she was abroad, so she was pretty much broken up.

I made immediate inquiry upon my return as to the possibility of finding a place for Sam for the summer but find that our own field parties are restricted to technical personnel; in short, men who have qualifications for scientific work, and the leaders insist on picking up men to do the rough work in the localities where they are going, such as guides, packers, and camp help. I will keep my ear to the ground, however, and if I can turn up anything which would interest him will let you know at once.

Ethel joins me in the kindest regards to Dean, yourself, and the children, and with the hope that all is going well with you,

Sincerely yours,
Jack

May 11, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

Through general newspaper advertising I learn you are back in the States and at work. Let me congratulate you on making a trip such as you have finished without some sort of infection, sarcoma, fever, ague, small pox, or bleeding gums.

We had a great season at Miami Beach this winter. I have a lot of figures mapped up in the next week or so and am going to get out a small resume for some of our friends. (How do you pronounce "resume", as "rezume" or do you call it "resumay"?)

Have an engagement this morning with Arthur Brisbane. Expect to pick up a few stray opinions on the Einstein theory.

As you know, we have sold the house at Sands Point and are moving into the new house at Montauk. We are leaving here, bag and baggage, chickens, dogs, parrots, wild women, worn out Fords, etc., on Wednesday. We figure we will leave here with ten car loads of truck on Wednesday and be open for guests on Thursday evening.

Hope to see you and Ethel soon -- if you are still travelling together after your last trip. If you are leaving her home these days, can arrange to send Margaret to the theatre for a quiet evening between ourselves.

Yours,

CGF:T

6 at Miami Beach:

Flamingo
Nautilus
Lincoln
King Cole
Boulevard
Main Sales Office.

4 at Montauk:

Manor
Sales Office
Mr. Haynes' office
Yacht Club ?

National Geographic Society

WASHINGTON, D. C.

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
VICE-PRESIDENT

May 22, 1929.

Dear Skipper:

Even in a well-regulated machine like ours at The Geographic a cog tooth breaks now and then and I am unhappy to find that during my absence abroad your office made a request for some copies of the Book of Fishes and it was handled in a routine way. To eliminate dreary details I will say that a package containing six copies of the Fish Book has gone forward to you at Montauk for whatever use you care to make of them.

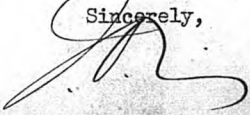
The National Geographic Society doesn't make any profit out of its books and has no desire to do so for we are not in the book publishing business on a commercial basis, therefore the charge covers only the printing, binding, and mailing. There is more than \$100,000 worth of color work in this Fish Book but because most of the plates had been used in The Magazine originally, the initial cost of the plates and original paintings is not included in the price of the book to members. If the book was published in a commercial way it could not be sold for less than \$12.

(4)
You have probably forgotten that a year ago I had made up for you four exhibition picture racks for Montauk and six for Miami Beach of the colored plates of the fishes. For a time one of them was hung on the wall just opposite the elevator in Montauk Manor but I never knew what happened to the rest of them and it may be that they are just stored and you might have somebody look them up and see if they are properly placed. I recall that Walter Kohlhepp acknowledged receipt of the shipment of six sent to you at Miami Beach but God only knows what became of them.

By the way, there has recently been published by G. P. Putnam Sons, New York City, a little illustrated volume entitled "Field Book of Marine Fishes of the Atlantic Coast" by Charles N. Breder, Jr., of the New York Aquarium. It is well illustrated and full of information, in fact I think it is much more valuable than my own book. It covers the fish of the Gulf Stream as well as the Middle Atlantic. You know that with my conceit when I say it is better than my own it must be pretty good.

I hope that you are headed for a big selling season at Montauk and all is well.

Ethel joins in best to Margaret and to you,

Sincerely,


order

May 24, 1939.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
National Geographic Society,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

I have yours of the 22nd. First, I want to tell you that the exhibition racks are doing wonderful work. The one in the main office here is thumbed over by everybody. In the south, we have one in the Flamingo Hotel, one in the Nautilus, Lincoln, King Cole, Boulevard, hotels, and in our main sales office on Lincoln Road.

I received from W. K. Vanderbilt one of the special books he had made up in a limited edition for some friends, and it occurred to me that the National Geographic's book, while not so elaborate, was very much more complete in details and that I would like to give a lot of them to some of our special customers. I would like to buy, say, 25 or 30, if you will bill them to me and if you have them in stock. I don't see how you could even print them at twelve dollars apiece. They are beautiful. I keep one on the Shadow K and one at the house.

I will send for one of the books you refer to, but I don't think I would spend any money on Breder's books to give away to my friends. Everything you have done, old dear, for me in the fish line has been one hundred per cent.

I am going to drive through to the Races in the new Aerocar. I am anxious to have you see this new machine which is the invention of Glenn Curtiss. The Briggs Company of Detroit have taken the contract for the United States for knocked-down bodies and they are turning out a lot of them.

Montauk

June 12, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

I have received a couple great books lately from you. Unfortunately, I had read "Little Caesar".

*and
Catholics*

I don't want you to do anything more for me for a while but I do want you to transfer your affection to Charlie Thompson just one shot. Charlie came back from the Vanderbilt trip with a marvelous collection of pictures -- at least, he thinks they are marvelous, and some of them are very interesting, especially those of burning the infidels. It struck me that in your organization you could have somebody put these together in a nice album which Charlie could keep and hand down to his kids. You know how Charlie is; he will peddle these pictures around and lose them all inside a couple months, and I am taking the liberty of sending the pictures down to you after Charlie puts a memo on the backs. You have them made up in an album and I will pay for it.

Inasmuch as he brought you a marvelous fish hook from New Zealand, made of bones, I thought this fish hook would add greatly to your collection -- rather, he brought it to me and I am going to pass it on to you for your collection. I am making you a trade on a twenty cent fish hook for this album. If you expect me to pay for the album, you can send the fish hook back express paid. I am writing Charlie and telling him to get all his pictures together and get them labelled. I will see that the fish hook goes off to you promptly. There is a great story with the fish hook.

The natives not only catch fish with these hooks but they even catch small animals up

Mr. John Oliver LaGr ee,
June 12, 1929,
Page 2.

to as large as small deer and they catch wild hogs, also birds. They frequently throw these hooks into an animal from ambush, and where they can penetrate the abdomen you can easily see it would be severe. You may have a better collection of tin swords and hatchets than I have, but I am quite sure you have not anything of this fish hook type in your collection.

Hope you will be up this way. We are in the new house and plenty to eat.

Yours,

CGF:T

P.S. I have just received the "Chic Sale Book". I am going to read it as soon as I can get out of the office. The only reason I don't tell you what I think of you some times is because I am acquainted with that thin skin of yours. Then I don't want to cut my supply of books, albums, etc. If you ever quit sending me these little tokens of appreciation, then you might as well leave the Geographic without a forwarding address.

Charles just came in and tells me he is going to send over to Vanderbilts and get a set of fish hooks which they catch lions with, and I am going to try to talk him out of one of these and send it on to you. The outfit they use for panthers and lions consists of about twenty hooks on a tightly woven terribly strong rope. These are thrown in such a manner that three or four of the hooks take hold at one time. Usually these semi-lariats are thrown from trees and the animal is jerked into the air. When the natives are sure he cannot get loose, they walk up to him, take him by the ears and kick him to death. I am going to dangle a set of these hooks from the seventh story window of my office building soon.

Montauk

June 13, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

Be sure and come down
to the Bankers' Convention. You
can help a lot in explaining why
the fish is only half cooked and
condensed milk for the coffee.

Charlie Thompson is
going to try to catch a Swordfish
for their dinner; but for God's
sake, don't promise the swordfish.
You know, they don't keep engage-
ments promptly and they care nothing
for conventions.

Yours,

CGF:T

CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED	
DOMESTIC	CABLE
TELEGRAM	FULL RATE
DAY LETTER	DEFERRED
NIGHT MESSAGE	CABLE LETTER
NIGHT LETTER	WEEK END LETTER
Patrons should check class of service desired; otherwise message will be transmitted as a full-rate communication.	

WESTERN UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

NO.	CASH OR CHG.
CHECK	
TIME FILED	

Send the following message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

JUNE 18, 1929

JOHN OLIVER LAGORCE. NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY
WASHINGTON D. C.

YOU AND ETHEL ARE INVITED TO STOP AT OUR HOUSE
THEREBY SAVING \$36.75

CARL

RHT:T

CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED	
DOMESTIC	CABLE
TELEGRAM	FULL RATE
DAY LETTER	DEFERRED
NIGHT MESSAGE	CABLE LETTER
NIGHT LETTER	WEEK END LETTER

Patrons should check class of service desired; otherwise message will be transmitted as a full-rate communication.

WESTERN UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

NO.	CASH OR CHG.
CHECK	
TIME FILED	

Send the following message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

WASHINGTON D. C.
JUNE 18, 1929

CARL G. FISHER. MONTAUK. N.Y.

NOT BY YOUR NEW ZEALAND FISH HOOK. I LOST A LOT OF
SILK UNDERWEAR THAT WAY ONCE WHICH COST A LOT MORE THAN
\$36.75. AND BESIDES IT IS ALL PAID FOR AND I CANNOT
GET IT BACK SO WHY TAKE CHANCES. WHEN WE ARE BANKERS
WE ARE BANKERS: BUT WILL RUN OVER FOR THE INVITATION
TO YOUR HOUSE.

JACK

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 24, 1929.

Dear Skip:

This is a rat cheese and cracker letter of thanks for one good meal that I nicked you for and also in testimony of the loan of that suitcase, but I want credit for its return and also for a lot of licker that I didn't use, being a most temperate young man. I would like also to call your attention to the fact that that box of Larrafiagas you thrust on me had six of them taken out when I opened the box at the hotel, so I wont give you credit for but 19 cigars and one parrot.

My congratulatory felicitations on that Ark of the Covenant that you jokingly call a Chrysler and you loan to your friends in order that you may collect their accident insurance. By rights it ought to be in the Smithsonian Institution alongside of the John Bull engine and a mastodon tusk, for Walter Chrysler must have built that when he was a little boy and wore diapers. Those weren't headlights you thought you saw but the phosphorescent glow from the old bones of that hack which worked so hard getting up the hill to your house that they gave off a yellowish glare.

Don't forget that story about the sparrows they sold down in Barbados and I'd like to hear you telling it to the next one for with your imagination I never know my own stories. Moreover, I believe you would have made a fortune as a fiction writer instead of losing your stallion shield as a real estater.

I do, however, congratulate Margaret on that beautiful new house and if you will just listen to her in the way of interior decorations, get those two bloody clocks off the chimney ledge, and hang up a couple of those old rifles of yours under the mantelpiece on the stone breast and don't insist on hanging up that crayon of Charlie Wheeler on the side wall, it will be real nifty.

Not that you give a damn, but the Bankers Convention was a big success and they were happy and satisfied with everything that you provided for them.

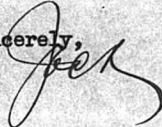
I am mailing you under separate cover a copy of that New York Times Sunday book review that we were talking about in order that you can see how they speak of the new books coming out.

In return for that suitcase I am sending you framed reductions of the two big ten foot square maps which Wyeth painted for us that show the track of the great explorers from Marco Polo to Commander Byrd. I think they would fit in to your walls but if Margaret don't like them you can take 'em down to the office.

Ethel and I enjoyed seeing Margaret and you very much and hope to see you again during the summer.

Much love to you both,

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to be 'John', written in dark ink.

P.S. - Thanks anyhow for your consideration of the stock matter we discussed. Anything you decide can be done will be all right with me.

Montauk

June 27, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

Thanks for yours of the 24th. I am not going to take the clocks off the chimney. The chimney was built for the clocks and they fit perfectly. You can take your ideas on interior decoration and go to hell with them, so far as these clocks are concerned. I will be willing to listen to you on other subjects that do not break into the general toute ensemble of the fire place.

I could not figure out a proper way to handle the stock situation because it would open an endless chain of difficulties, but I have figured out, as I just have written you, a plan whereby you can either be very rich or broke. Take your choice.

I have the circular of the Rocky Mountain Boulder eating club. I am inclined to think you can get away with most anything now-a-days. I would like to see the layout of expense account and salaries of the cheap gravel eating officials. There is no doubt there is a lot of good in just what they are talking about, if you can get away with it.

Yours,

CGF:T

CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED	
DOMESTIC	CABLE
TELEGRAM	FULL RATE
DAY LETTER <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	DEFERRED
NIGHT MESSAGE	CABLE LETTER
NIGHT LETTER	WEEK END LETTER

Patrons should check class of service desired; otherwise message will be transmitted as a full-rate communication.

WESTERN UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

NO.	CASH OR CHG.
CHECK	
TIME FILED	

Send the following message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

JUNE 26, 1929.

JOHN OLIVER LAGORCE. NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY
WASHINGTON. D. C.

MEETING IN NEWYORK YESTERDAY DEVELOPED SOME VERY
UNUSUAL AND NEW PROGRESS HERE HAVE MADE UP MY
MIND I NEED SOMEONE TO HELP ME CARRY THIS AFFAIR
CAN MAKE IT VERY INTERESTING TO YOU. THINK IT
WORTH WHILE FOR YOU TO GRAB NIGHT TRAIN AND COME
UP TO SEE ME

CGF:T

C. G. FISHER.

Charge Montauk

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

SIGNS

DL = Day Letter

NM = Night Message

NL = Night Letter

LCO = Deferred Cable

CLT = Cable Letter

WLT = Week-End Letter

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at MONTAUK MANOR, MONTAUK BEACH, N.Y.

17NC 16

WASHINGTON DC 228PM JUNE 26 1929

CARL G FISHER

MONTAUK BEACH NY

IMPORTANT MAGAZINE MATTERS BREAKING HERE PREVENT LEAVING WASHINGTON
IN ABSENCE OF DR GROSVENOR SORRY PLEASE WRITE

J O LAGORCE

303PM

June 27, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

I have your wire of the 26th. A lot of work is piling up on me here and I am quite anxious to dodge it. This whole proposition is a big one and it means a great many millions in the final finish. The amount of money involved means nothing to me as I am tired of trying to make money and I would like to rest.

The whole thing is for me to pick someone who can handle the job. Of course, you take quite a chance in considering such a proposition if you want to take a chance; you will either be very rich or you will be broke. I can make you a proposition whereby my stock which I would be willing to give you would eventually be very much worth while -- or would not be worth anything, but so far I have never had any stock in anything that did not turn out worth one hundred cents on the dollar.

My idea of the thing is for you to come up here and let me elect you as President of the Corporation. I will give you to start with \$100,000 worth of my stock for which I paid \$100,000 spot cash. I will give you an interest in the company and if it is necessary I will give you more than \$100,000 worth of my stock. I will let you try it for a year. If at the end of a year you are not satisfied, you can quit; but I believe from casting about that you can handle the job better than anybody else I know of.

I would like to ride horses every day and take care of my health instead of being in the office. As near as I can figure out, from all

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
June 27, 1928,
Page 2.

standpoints of my vision, you have been working like a dog and you have not made the amount of money you should have.

This is not a proposition that can hang fire for a long time. We should get some action this season. We have a house here which we can turn over to you that is well located and very good for the job; and we also have an organization that can cooperate thoroughly.

If we can get eight or ten of the proper people to locate here to get the thing started, we are over the top. It is a matter of selecting and really getting eight or ten people. We know from past experience that one good man draws fifty mediocre people, and after you once get the ball rolling you have no trouble at all.

I am perfectly willing to put as much as I have back of you in this program. Think it over and write me right away.

Yours,

CGF:f

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 28, 1929.

Dear Carl:

I have yours of June 27 and greatly appreciate the confidence and friendship which it conveys. I would like to put my shoulder to the Montauk wheel and help put the splendid project across the winning goal not alone for the financial reward but to give what I have, or you think I have, to aid in your success.

With the hope that you will regard this as confidential and between us I dare not take it on after the warning of three heart specialists that while I am not in any immediate danger I should lighten my load as much as possible because a couple of my valves need grinding and science has not yet found a way to do it.

To go into Montauk work and do justice to it would require the hardest kind of mental effort of which I am capable and with the nervous nature that lies just under my fat exterior I would drive myself to the limit, fret, and worry in the effort to master the entirely new field of work with its responsibility and the doctors tell me I would probably crack up within a year.

I have worked hard and earned my living since I was 14 so don't mind work; in fact, I'd be lost if I didn't work hard but I don't want to crack up. We have now 700 people in our Geographic offices and I have trained some fine, younger men so that more and more I am putting the grind on them and giving my time to administration and editorial direction - don't even write much any more. In the past twelve months I laid off four months and in the next year I plan to lay off probably six months and increase it thereafter.

If I had helped build to success any other kind of a magazine I would own part of it by this time but although knowing I couldn't own it I kept on because I enjoyed it and really have been rewarded in everything but wealth. My tastes are simple and so are Ethel's, so we live comfortably and are happy.

There is no use going over past ground but I am very, very sorry Joe Sheedy didn't stay with you. He has rare abilities of loyalty, executive capacity, and tireless industry. True, he did not know the real estate business, but neither do I. Today he is Executive Vice President and General Manager of the U.S. Lines, Inc., at a salary of \$75,000 and a big block of stock in the corporation. If it hadn't been for the hammer throwers he would have made just the man you need, but that's out..

Now this is just a thought and I have no means of knowing that he would consider it except that I heard he was getting tired of the grind of banking business - Lee Olwell is one of the score of Vice Presidents of the National City. He combines long business experience in financial

projects, has a host of friends, and a fine personality. He probably gets \$30,000 a year, and loves Montauk. Why not sound him out?

Frankly, you need a real executive to do what you want and they are high priced and damned hard to get these days.

Skip, I greatly appreciate your offer and wish it was safe for me to accept it.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to be "J. K. R.", written over the word "Sincerely,". The signature is fluid and extends downwards with a long, sweeping tail.

Montauk

July 1, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

I have yours of the 28th and, of course, I am very sorry to have the 'inside dope. However, I don't blame you a bit for not taking any new job. Money is not everything; it is only a nuisance. It is a damn sight harder, I find, to keep money than to make it.

I will sound out Lee Olwell but I don't think there is a chance.

I am also sorry about Joe Sheedy. I think most of the "Hammer knockers" have disappeared.

I am havin' Bob mail you a block of stock for Gilbert. This stock is not going to cash for some time but it will cash some of these days so put it away for a few years.

Yours,

CGF:T

MEMORANDUM

LaGorce

FROM MR. FISHER

DATE July 3, 1929

TO Mr. R.H. Tyndall.

SUBJECT

Transfer Three Thousand Dollars' worth of Montauk stock to Gilbert LaGorce. This is a personal gift.

The other Two Thousand Dollars' worth of Redfield's stock can be transferred to myself.

RHT:T

~~-----~~
Montauk

July 9, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. LaGorce:

Enclosed please find Certificate No. A-160, for 300 shares of Class A Common Stock of the Montauk Beach Development Corporation, which Mr. Fisher has directed be sent you.

Please sign the enclosed receipt and return.

Very truly yours,

T

Secretary to Mr. Fisher.

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

July 10, 1929.

PERSONAL

Dear Carl:

I have yours of July 1. I hope you have some luck with Olwell who would be an ideal man if he would go in it and my reason for mentioning him was that someone told me a while back that they thought he was getting pretty tired of the banking game and that he was not entirely satisfied with conditions as they existed which, however, may not be the case at all, but I thought it was certainly worth while your trying.

It is very kind of you, Skipper, but I am really sorry that you want to give Gilbert a present of stock. It is a very serious problem in this day and generation to keep a youngsters feet on the ground, especially when he has so much on the ball as this kid. If you lived in the city you would know better what I am talking about for these youngsters of 16, 17, and 18 today have ten times as many temptations as we had and most of the fathers and mothers that I know are worried all the time trying in every way to hold the kids down to a reasonable limit so that they can get a real start in life and not burn themselves out before their judgment has matured and that they wont turn liberty into license. It is all very well to say that kids work themselves out if they have the right stuff but I have seen a lot of wreckage strewn along the shores.

OK
I know your generous nature and appreciate fully what you want to do, but if you don't mind I would rather have anything of that sort placed in my name as trustee so that he wont know anything about it until he is of age.

I hope I didn't embarrass you by asking if there was any way that I could trade my stock for lots, my idea being, as I explained to you, that I have considerable of my capital tied up in it and I felt that I could do much more with land than with scrip. However, if it is not practicable, then please forget it and I will say nothing more about it.

Under separate cover I have sent you a book that I spoke to you about entitled "All Quiet Along the Western Front". It is the story of the German doughboy and is one of the most striking things I have read in years. I don't think any of us gave a thought to what the common soldier was going through in the German trenches, for we were concerned with our own. This book has had the most amazing success and I think you will find it very interesting.

By the way, I was talking to Roy Howard who is at the head of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Syndicate and controls the United Press. I am sure that you know him since he is a friend of Tom Shipp's and has been at Miami Beach a number of times. He has a yacht and tells me that within a couple of weeks he is going to cruise down the Sound to Montauk and I told him to be sure and see you down there. I think it would be wise to write him a letter saying that you had heard he was coming down and that you want him to make himself at home, and send him out fishing with Charlie Thompson. Next to Arthur Brisbane I don't know of a more powerful man in the newspaper game than he is. His address is:

Mr. Roy Howard,
Scripps-Howard Newspapers,
Grand Central Building,
New York, N. Y.

He is a little bit of a chap but a ball of fire and controls about 40 newspapers.

Ethel joins in love to Margaret and you.

Sincerely,
Jack ↖



NEW YORK *Telegram* SAN FRANCISCO . . *News* BUFFALO *Times* COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen* HOUSTON *Press* KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel*
 CLEVELAND . . *Press* WASHINGTON . . . *News* INDIANAPOLIS . *Times* AKRON . . . *Times-Press* YOUNGSTOWN *Telegram* EL PASO *Post*
 BALTIMORE . . . *Post* CINCINNATI *Post* DENVER *Rocky Mt. News* BIRMINGHAM . . . *Post* FORT WORTH . . *Press* SAN DIEGO *Sun*
 PITTSBURGH . *Press* COVINGTON *Kentucky Post* TOLEDO . . . *News-Bee* MEMPHIS *Press-Scimitar* OKLAHOMA CITY *News* EVANSVILLE . . . *Press*
 — *Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post* ALBUQUERQUE *New Mexico State Tribune*

SCRIPPS • HOWARD

NEWSPAPERS

MEMBERS OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS . . .
 OF THE UNITED PRESS AND OF MEDIA RECORDS, INC

NATIONAL ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, Howard P. Connab.e, *Detroit Manager*, GENERAL MOTORS BUILDING., DETROIT
 NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, ATLANTA, PHILADELPHIA, DALLAS

Montauk

July 13, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

I have yours of the 10th. I thoroughly agree with you that the stock should be placed in your name and it will be. If you will return the certificates to Bob he will attend to it at once. I hope you will get that kid a job shovelling gravel or on the railroad. If you don't, he will break your neck and your heart, also, as all kids do who don't have to work.

I brought up the question the other day of trading your stock for lots and it seems there are all sorts of legal complications and reasons just why it cannot be done. Bob is figuring on some other thing we can do.

We made several good deals here lately that have not been so great in money but have been good for the property, and the stockholders are taking a lot of heart. In fact, under our original plans our stockholders were given to believe we would not pay dividends under five years. The five years is almost up and I am in hopes we can maybe have the stockholders all sufficiently interested at the end of the five years to wait another two or three years. However, don't think I have forgotten this job.

Have just received your book this morning and I want to read it tonight. It annoys me like the devil that I cannot seem to get the right kind of books to you before you read them or before you send them on to me, so I will have to confine my presents to fish-hooks that somebody else hands me.

Montauk

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
July 12, 1939,
Page 2.

What I can do for you and Ethel in the next two weeks is to send you out with some of your friends on a real swordfishing trip. Right now they are catching them by -- well, say; yesterday six, which is not quite by the dozen but that is sure getting swordfish. Charlie Thompson has taught these birds down here where the swordfish are and how to catch them and it is developing into a great game. So if you will get up an independent party to go out and catch yourself a swordfish I believe you will have a good time. And this time I would like to have you come to the house. We can take care of four very easily, and give me a little time to be all set.

Charlie Thompson is more popular than a president. The telegrams and telephone calls for his services are enormous and I am sending down for the Shadow II and it will be here tomorrow. With the "N", we can at least tag along back of Charlie Thompson to find out just how it is done. I wish you would consider coming up for two or three days' fishing. If it is too rough outside, I am getting some boats for inside fishing, and we have just discovered there are very good bass on the small lakes. Outside of this and plenty of gin, I don't know what I can offer you.

I have known Roy Howard for years and thanks for your suggestions. I will drop him a note today. I don't think there is a chance to get him with Charlie Thompson but at least we will see if we cannot make him have a good time.

Wonderful weather here. Fire in the grate every day. We are making quite an effort here now to get somebody to carry a full supply of wool underwear.

Yours,

OGF:T

Skeleton of Monster Diplodocus Found in Indiana

NOBLESVILLE, Ind., June 17 (I.N.S.).—What was believed to be the skeleton of a diplodocus, a prehistoric monster nearly 80 feet long, was found by workmen digging a ditch on a farm northeast of here.

Eighty bones already have been unearthed, one thought to be part of a limb nearly five feet long.

Perry U. Bray, local expert, today was trying to assemble the skeleton. Only one other diplodocus skeleton has been found in North America. That is in the Smithsonian Institution.

RECEIPT FOR REGISTERED ARTICLE NO. 195

15 fee paid, 1 class postage paid, 7-19, 1929
From M. B. D.C. (Date)

Addressed to Mr. John Oliver LeGon
Washington, D.C.

Accepting employee will place initials in space below, indicating restricted delivery.

Return receipt fee _____ Special delivery fee _____

Delivery restricted to addressee { in person _____
or order _____ Postmaster, per J.M.



MEMORANDUM

FROM MR. FISHER 's Office.

DATE July 12, 1929

TO Mr. John Oliver LaGorce.

SUBJECT

Dear Mr. LaGorce:

Set of two books was sent you from Schulte's Book Store by Mr. Fisher. I did not send them a card to enclose as I thought Mr. Fisher would be writing you about them.

Very truly yours,

T

Montauk

July 15, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
National Geographic Magazine,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

The Smithsonian Institute recently placed in the automobile section of one of their buildings one of the old time racing cars built by Mr. Winton, known as "Bullet No. 2". On this automobile has been placed a card on which it states that this automobile in its day was the fastest automobile in the world and was driven by Barney Oldfield and Earl Riser.

There wasn't any Earl Riser that drove that car; it was our good old friend, Earl Kiser. Earl drove that car for Mr. Winton for three years. It was while driving that car that he had his accident that cost him his leg.

Some clerk has probably made a typographical error and I think that in justice to Earl it should be rectified. That automobile will probably be in the Smithsonian Institute for many years. Thousands of people see it and read the card daily. As you are the Mayor of Washington, I am asking you to please see that Earl Kiser's name is correctly spelled so that people will know just who it was that drove that car.

Yours,

CGF:T

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

July 16, 1929.

Dear Skipper:

By the most peculiar coincidence you hit the nail squarely on the head in sending the two volumes entitled "The Sexual Life of Savages", and I'll tell you why.

You remember Frank J. Hogan, the attorney I brought down to the tennis court that day and after you finished we all went up to your house, he being the lawyer who won the Doheny suits against the government and also got the acquittal of Colonel Stewart of the Standard Oil of Indiana which, right or wrong, was a remarkable legal victory?

Well, in the mass of notices of scientific and travel books that I receive (evidently being on the sucker list of most publishers) of forthcoming volumes, I happened to see a four page prospectus of this Sexual Life of Savages so put it in the mail for Hogan with a note that in the American edition they wanted several more chapters and I thought he could write one. This occasioned a blast from him.

He left yesterday for a cruise with the Doheny's from San Francisco out to the Hawaiian Islands and until I had a note this morning from Walter Thompson saying that your card had been omitted from the books I thought Hogan had sent them. It is darn nice of you to think of me in connection with them and they will make quite a display in my savage library.

I am sending you today a book entitled "The Cruise of the Kronprinz Wilhelm" which I want you to read as a remarkable and true narrative of the war. This ocean liner belonging to the North German Lloyd fleet was in New York when the war was declared and they sailed out of the harbor fully manned and equipped, ostensibly for Bremen but with secret orders to act as a raider against English and French commerce. In spite of the host of allied warships out hunting for her the Kronprinz Wilhelm escaped every net for three years and succeeded in capturing and sinking upwards of 20 ships without taking a single life, and at one time had more than 300 prisoners aboard who were all returned to some port safely from time to time on captured vessels. The climax of the three year's work was reached when because of the scarcity of fresh vegetables 60 of the Wilhelm's crew were down with scurvy so they decided to voluntarily intern and came through the blockade fleet of English warships outside of the Virginia Capes and anchored in Chesapeake Bay with only 25 tons of coal left in her bunkers. This was one of the most dramatic naval episodes of the World's War, since in the three years scouring of the seas and capturing of vessels the Germans, as I said before, did not take a single life!

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

July 16, 1929.

Dear Skipper:

By the most peculiar coincidence you hit the nail squarely on the head in sending the two volumes entitled "The Sexual Life of Savages", and I'll tell you why.

You remember Frank J. Hogan, the attorney I brought down to the tennis court that day and after you finished we all went up to your house, he being the lawyer who won the Doheny suits against the government and also got the acquittal of Colonel Stewart of the Standard Oil of Indiana which, right or wrong, was a remarkable legal victory?

Well, in the mass of notices of scientific and travel books that I receive (evidently being on the sucker list of most publishers) of forthcoming volumes, I happened to see a four page prospectus of this Sexual Life of Savages so put it in the mail for Hogan with a note that in the American edition they wanted several more chapters and I thought he could write one. This occasioned a blast from him.

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Much thanks to you and Margaret for the very kind invitation to run down for two or three days and we will certainly try to take advantage of it a little later, giving you plenty of notice to see if at the moment it is convenient. I don't know of anything I'd rather do than to see old Stone Crab Charlie Thompson sink a hook into a swordfish, for you know that I have been collecting weapons for many years.

I don't know that this is possible, but it might be worth trying through Lawrence Richey, Hoover's personal secretary. You know the President is a nut on fishing and spends almost every week-end down in Virginia or up in Maryland after trout and black bass. Larry Richey himself is also a fishing bug and if you say so I will quietly extend an invitation through Richey for himself and the President to run down to Montauk and try their luck. If Hoover can't do it I believe Richey would and when he came back and told the President about it he might sell him the idea. If the thought, which as I say is only a possibility, seems interesting give me a flash and I will do what I can.

Don't run out with the idea that these summer jobs Gilbert has are beer and skittles. As a seaman on a Survey ship off the coast of Alaska two years ago he had a lot of tough experiences in those stormy seas; last summer on the international line between northern Minnesota and Manitoba he was an axman helping to clear the trail with the engineering gang and incidentally had an accident cutting his foot which required 7 stitches; and this summer he is working 12 hours a day as a Patrol Ranger watching for forest fires, helping to regulate automobile traffic, and doing general police duty in the Yellowstone.

Tell Charlie Thompson his photographs have arrived and will be worked over and put into an album for him and that as a photographer he is a darn good fisherman.

Ethel joins in best to Margaret and you.

Sincerely,


P.S. - Are those bloody clocks still screaming from that beautiful stone mantelpiece?

Montauk

July 19, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. LaGorce:

I enclose certificate of
stock in the Montauk Beach
Development Corporation in the
amount of Three Thousand Dollars,
for Gilbert LaGorce, the stock
being issued to John Oliver LaGorce,
Trustee.

Kindly sign the enclosed
receipt and return.

Very truly yours,

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

July 19, 1929.

Dear Skipper:

I have yours of July 15 and if the identification card on Bullet No. 2 was wrong when whoever told you about it looked it over, it has since been corrected and I enclose the data on the card today obtained by one of our staff who I sent down to personally view it before writing a letter to the Smithsonian that was calculated to blow them out of water.

Earl can now be assured that he is receiving the open-eyed appreciation of the thousands of squareheads who journey to that distinguished institution.

In speaking with one of the curators in charge of that department which contains the old clothes of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Hog Johnson, and other notables he told me confidentially that the Smithsonian was depending on me to secure for them without fail and in the near future, that old brown sports coat, patched on both elbows and with soup deposits all the way down the front, together with that pair of brown monkey cloth pants that you have been dazzling the natives with day after day since Jess Andrews' grandmother was a maiden lady.

I told them that the only hope of throwing a net around those relics was to step you up close to a quarry where they were blasting with dynamite and have them blown off of you, since your poor, dear wife, and a host of admiring friends had been trying by coveys, squads, and regiments to wean you away from that threadbare uniform without success during many years ago.

I told them that you had a couple of old clocks on your mantelpiece that you might be induced to give them if they wanted something of yours to display, for you were getting generous as Hell in your declining years and had recently given me a Jewish fishhook made out of a hog's collar-bone.

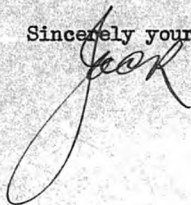
The doddering old scientist turned away, slowly shaking his head, and muttered that he guessed you would be buried in that hand-me-down suit after all, so they had better give up all hopes and compromise on an old vest of Billy Tiger Tail's.

Maurice Long called me up over the telephone to say hello yesterday and in order to terminate the chatter and get back to my work I asked him if he knew where I could buy a couple of good laundries down in Southern Florida, and then hung up. Half an hour later one of the officials

of the telephone company called to say that if it was not for the fact that I knew Dr. Bell he would take the telephone out for they had never heard such a line of profanity since the Harding administration.

I want to take my hat off to you, however, as an expert in interior decorating, for when a guy has a solid silver cuspidor on the floor and a Woolworth clock on the mantelpiece he is certainly entitled to a cut glass midiron!

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Jack". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed phrase "Sincerely yours,". The signature is somewhat stylized, with a large loop at the end of the word "Jack".

Montauk

July 22, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

I have yours of the 19th.
I can easily see why you don't want to
relinquish that soft job you have and
really get down to thinking of any cam-
paign other than insulting your friends
and making semi-Will Rogers remarks about
almost everything that comes into your
mind.

The Woolworth clock, by the way,
is the only one in the house that keeps
time. I can catch a customer or dodge
the sheriff by that clock while I would
surely lose out with any other of the
dozen clocks in the house.

I certainly got a laugh out of
your conversation with Maurice Long. In
fact, I get a \$175,000 laugh all around
when everything is considered. I was un-
der the impression that nobody could tie
a rope around Maurice but it seems to me
that bunch of high binders down there did
everything to him possible except take
his socks and I understand now they are
going to combine on him for blackmail.
Give the old bird my regards if you see
him soon.

Yours,

OF:T

Montauk

July 20, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver La^oforce,
Washington. D. C.

Dear Jack:

Just a note to tell you I have read over the sketch of this "Cruise of the Kronprinz Wilhelm" but this book is a peach and I think it was probably one of the most remarkable single jobs accomplished by any of the powers. I enjoyed it very much.

Just got in a new book I think you will like and I don't believe you have had it so I will tell Galloway to ship it on to you.

We have a beautiful day today; the hotel full and the yacht basin has some magnificent yachts.

Yours,

OGF:T

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

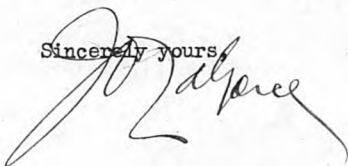
July 22, 1929.

Dear Thompson:

I enclose herewith the receipt for
300 shares Montauk Beach Development Corporation
stock, issued to John O. La Gorce, Trustee.

Thank you for your interest in the
matter.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "J. O. La Gorce", written over the typed words "Sincerely yours,".

Encl.

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

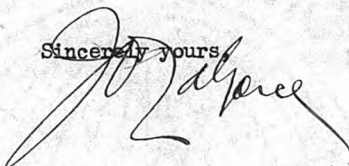
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Encl.

July 22, 1939.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

I know you will be interested
in the fact that on Saturday night
we had over three million dollars'
worth of yachts in our harbor, and
an overflow at the hotel.

Yours,

GGF:T

September 30, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington D. C.

Dear Jack:

You have rung into me all kinds of old timers, including gun-men of all caliber; but the nicest man you have introduced me to recently is Jim Shoemaker. I think I gave him a couple of ideas that are all right in promoting the property he has for sale.

Incidentally, while I was playing tennis, Jim Shoemaker decided to play Bridge with the ladies. He remarked he was not much of a Bridge player; and after he had played Bridge until most time for him to catch a train, he dealt as follows for partner:

The Ace, King, Queen, Jack, 10, 9,
8, 7 of Spades;

The Ace, King, Queen, Jack, 10 of
Hearts;

Then he dealt on one side of his
table to his competitor:

Ace, King, Queen, Jack, 10, 9 of
Club; and a suitable hand to complete
the game which made them round wind up
in a riot. The women fought over the
board and Jim sat and smiled. He remarked
later that he had very poor hands but his
partner usually had very good hands to sup-
port him, and the fact that they had 2,000
or 3,000 to the good was an accident!

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
September 30, 1929,
Page 2.

Of course, I am not dead sure about your friend, Jim, but if I was going to be in a poker game when he was, I would play with rubber cards and lead weights and a bell that would ring any time after four of a kind were dealt in one hand.

I am going to try and help him put over the thing he has out west because I think it is a good thing for someone who is nutty to pick fleas and cooties etc. off sick cattle and try to get back his health breathing in quantities of free air.

Tours,

OGF:T

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

October 7, 1929.

Dear Skipper:

I had a good laugh from yours of September 30 and am so glad that you met and liked old Jim Shoemaker who is of the salt of the earth. He is really one of the finest men that I have ever known and his heart is as big as his body.

Although I told him that I didn't think you would be interested in his proposition he had heard so much of you that he wanted to meet you anyhow and I thought you would enjoy knowing him. He has had a world of frontier experiences but has kept his nature sweet and fine in every way and Ethel and I are always delighted to see him in Washington where he shows up every couple of years and dines with us.

He has always been very fond of my boy Gilbert and when he was a little fellow used to write him long letters telling him Indian stories which he illustrated by pen and ink drawings and though that was ten or twelve years ago Gilbert still keeps those letters.

As I grow older I am able to separate the sheep from the goats and after all you can almost count on your fingers the real people of the up-and-up variety that you have formed contact with and want to keep close to your heart whether you see them or not.

I do hope that you have had a fine season at Montauk and presume that you and Margaret, with Galloway, Rowdy, and the parrot will soon be heading South. Ethel and I would truly love to have you stop over here if only for a day and promise not to try and "entertain" you and guarantee some Smithfield ham, spoon bread, and fresh cackle berries.

Some of my associates intimated, and in fact suggested, that it would be a good thing for me and for The Magazine if I would take a trip to South Africa this winter but I looked them squarely in the eyes and told them to go to Hell and reminded them that because of their insistence I took my foot in my hand and went to Europe last winter on a guarantee of sunshine and pleasure on the Mediterranean and French and Italian Riviera, and that I might as well have been down with Dick Byrd in the Antarctic! Moreover, that if they wanted my address for any reason after the tenth of January it would be Miami Beach, then changed the subject.

I have made arrangements with Charlie Krom on a business basis and I don't want any darn foolishness for there isn't going to be any more poor relations stuff pulled.

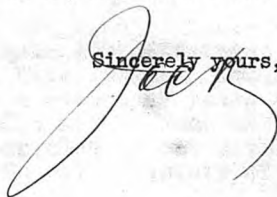
By the way, I have been working at odd moments for some months on a general article on Florida which will be published in the January number together with 24 pages of four-color autochromes which alone will cost \$50,000 to produce, and a map that costs another \$25,000 in our edition which is now 1,500,000. As I said above this is a general article on the State so to avoid the charges of favoritism against The Magazine, which would lessen its value, I have had to mention one or two other places down there but you may be sure that I have done the best I could for old Fisherville.

There is so much competition and jealousy down South that I have no doubt I will catch the devil from many sources but you can't contain between the covers of a magazine all of the information which would splash over a 500 page small type book, but it should whet the appetite of a lot of people among the five million who are supposed to either look at or read this yellow monthly struggle, to go down there and see it themselves.

I suppose old Irving Collins will be walking down the gangplank pretty soon sporting spats and high hat, monocle and cane, and will have forgotten all about Quaker traditions, but we will soon beat that out of him -- he is sure a kindly old soul and I was very happy to get Jo Sheedy to give him the best on the ship both going and coming.

Ethel joins in love to Margaret and to you and it would please us very much if you would stop over and see us on the way down and I promise not to abuse you very much, or any more than I can help, which is a sort of a rubber promise.

Sincerely yours,

A large, stylized handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Jack". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name "Sincerely yours,".

October 9, 1929 .

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
National Geographic Society,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

I have yours of the 7th. I was very much stuck on old Jim Shoemaker. He promised me he would get down to Miami Beach this winter and take a look at a real development. While he has been around some, I thought we might get Charlie Thompson to let him catch an octopus or a red-hot alligator or something that might interest him, even though he has seen a lot of fast work in the West.

It is great to hear that you and Ethel are going to be down south this season. I don't know what arrangements you have made with Charlie Krom, but I am going to write him a letter on my own hook. You know we would have been very glad to have you at the house; but I suppose you would be more or less embarrassed at the house entertaining a lot of your high browed friends while I go to sleep in the next room over beer and cheese.

The January Geographic should be a bear cat. It doesn't make any difference to us if you never mentioned Miami Beach. You know the work you did there a good many years ago for us, putting us on the map to such an extent they can't rub us out or blow us out either. I hope you won't forget to put a picture of Ev Sewell in -- for God's sake don't leave him out.

I expect to see Irv Collins this afternoon. He probably did the same trick I did on my first visit to Europe, in buying a lot of cheap jewelry for souvenirs -- match boxes, cigarette holders, and such junk. They all turned

Mr. John Oliver Ladore,
October 8, 1929,
Page 2.

black on me the second day at sea, so I threw about two hundred dollars' worth overboard.

I don't think there is a chance for us to stop over going down. I would leave for Miami Beach this week, except for business to attend to here. We are having beautiful weather but it is getting rather chilly up here and I am wild to get down to the Beach.

They have put up over six million dollars' worth of residences since January, and about eleven million dollars' worth since you were at the Beach; and in the first five days after the hurricane over \$300,000 worth of building permits were taken out for new residences. I am delighted to know you are going to be down there. I am sending down the "Shadow H", which I had remodelled into the cutest fishing boat you ever saw. I put a new deck house on, lowered the cockpit aft with big leather cushioned seats and awnings, so that it is just about the last word now for a fishing boat; and I certainly expect you and Ethel to use it -- and this is no idle threat.

We will no doubt have a reorganization of this company here some time within the next coming month, and at that time I am going to try and arrange on some basis to transfer our stockholders to a holding company of land in which I will be largely associated on a very substantial basis. I will write you further about it when we get to it.

Yours,

OGF:T

LaGorce

October 9, 1929.

Mr. Charles S. Krom,
Hotel Essex & Sussex,
Spring Lake, New Jersey.

My dear Krom:

Jack LaGorce writes me that he has made some sort of a deal with you at the Flamingo. I suppose it is for a couple of rooms some place in the hotel. Now, Jack is bringing out in the January "National Geographic" 24 pages of four-color auto-chromes on Florida development, costing them some \$75,000 or \$100,000 to produce. So Florida owes Jack a lot and we should not allow him to pay.

If you have a cottage left, I would prefer you give him the same rate for a cottage you are giving him for the rooms. I know he wants to pay something but you can just let him have the cottage at the same figure he would pay for a sitting room and bedroom. He will do a lot of entertaining among his old friends and will be easily the outstanding citizen of your hotel. On receipt of this, let me hear from you at once how you can fix him up.

If you have not a cottage, get in touch with Able and see if he has one at the Nautilus, as I don't want Jack cooped up in the hotel.

Yours,

CGF:T

MEMORANDUM

DATE

Oct 10

TIME

FROM MR. LA GORCE

Dear Skip -

The Society prepares prints + makes available a daily illustrated "Lesson" on geography which goes to 40,000 public schools throughout the U.S. They are short and to the point. I thought you would perhaps be interested in reading this one "Where Hurricanes are Born" They are mailed to schools only each week one Bulletin for each day.

Love to all

Jack

October 11, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
National Geographic Society,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

Thanks for the hurricane dope. There is only one thing I see about this dope that causes me some little worry -- I have not read all the data yet, but I am afraid I cannot do anything to stop these hurricanes on short notice. However, I am going to think it over and I will let you hear from me if I get some bright ideas that might be patented.

Yours for deeper thought,

P.S. I am sending you the Einstein book. It is just out and I don't believe they have sent you a free copy because it looks to me like this crowd are out for the cash and they don't care for any high-browed review articles. I believe you will enjoy it. I have not come across any type of crime in a book yet that I am not familiar with -- but you never can tell; I might get a new line of thought.

October 15, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorse,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

I had a letter from Charlie Krom and he tells me they have one of our old bungalows which leaks considerable during the rainy season, and as it does not rain during the time of your stay I thought this bungalow would suit you better than the rooms in the hotel.

It will be much easier for you to slide in and out late at night, and as there are only two steps to get in the door the chances are you can make it.

As this is a hard bungalow to rent, we are going to make the rate just the same as the rooms with bath.

Yours,

GGF:T

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

October 21, 1929.

Dear Skip:

I suppose I should be grateful for your advices contained in yours of October 11th that you can't do anything to stop these hurricanes on short notice. My observation of you during the last 15 years convinces me that while you can do nothing to stop them, you can do more than any dozen Hoosiers alive today to start them!

What about this long distance forecast wizard by the euphonious name of Brown whom you annually pay a lot of money to that you might be notified several weeks before such disturbances were even thought of by God? Has he gone the way of old Doc Gapefruit? — No, I wont shut up either!

Don't you dare send me that Einstein book for if relativity has anything to do with relations I don't want any, thank you. If I can't understand the Fisher theory how in heck can I ever hope to know anything about Einstein's viewpoint?

Old Jim Shoemaker was in to see me on Saturday and his eyes almost filled up when he told me of your kindness and the warmth of your reception, and then had a good chuckle over your description of the bridge hands he dealt out. Jim is a real person and I wouldn't trade his friendship for a tank car of conch juice.

I have had a telegram and several letters from Miami Beach in reference to this fight before the Federal Radio Commission to protect WIOD. It is a ticklish situation for this Commission is fighting among themselves all the time, I understand. Our dear old friend, Lester Jones, who was so helpful in that and other things has passed away and I miss him more every day. I understand that Mr. Arthur E. Cook, formerly secretary to Jim Davis, is representing the Miami Beach people and I am endeavoring to get him over the telephone and tell him what I have been able to find out through an underground line.

It is my opinion that some strong political pressure ought to be brought to bear in this case and no doubt Senator Fletcher could be helpful if he would. If this decision goes into effect on November 1 the only step that WIOD could take to hold it up would be to file a formal protest in the District Court of Appeals and then try and get an injunction to prevent the order of the Commission from going into effect. This is, of course, pretty drastic and will make them mad, but if they are going to chop you in two anyway what do you care how sharp the ax is?

Please don't forward this letter to anybody for it would not be well for me to be on record because I cannot connect up The Society with anything like this.

It just doesn't look as though I could ever get away with anything for a letter from Charlie Krom today tells me that following your advices to me you have instructed him to stick us in this broken down shack nearby the Flamingo and I just want to say that if the doors have stars instead of crescents in them I am going to write Chick Sale about it! I might have had use for this convenient and unobtrusive crib ten years ago but it is a little late for Herpicide now, and moreover don't think that it is going to bar me from dropping in to your mansion around meal times very frequently because even if you don't make any mention of the nosebag I still stand fairly strong with Margaret and also my old friend Galloway.

Late
I have just talked on the telephone with Mr. Cook, attorney for WIOD and he told me that he had considered as a last resort a court injunction. He told me that Jim Watson was very strong up in that Commission and that if his interest could be obtained it would be very helpful, so maybe Bob Tyndall could get in touch with the Senator.

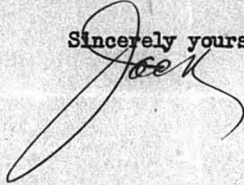
I hope this very bad stock market isn't going to have any effect on patronage down south for they are certainly taking the boys for a ride. However, things may change before the first of the year as they generally do.

Whipping this Florida article into shape has been some job, for while I am trying to write about St. Petersburg and Winter Haven, the Everglades, and phosphate industry I find my pencil is putting down Miami Beach and it will probably wind up in my losing my job. Seriously, when you marshall all of the facts about the natural resources and industries of that pistol-shaped State it is really an astonishing total and compares favorably with many others of the Union.

Wish there was some way that I could work into this yarn a description of that time Jesse Andrews broke all of his fingernails and dislocated both shoulder blades when that bank robber pulled a fast one on him out in Indiana, because if I am going to be down South this winter I want to start an early barrage against that lousy sheep herder who camouflages his real vocation in life by lolling around with a polo mallet in one hand and warbling "A Sweetheart of Sigma Phi" which causes the old dowagers to roll their eyes and open their mouth like a school of mullet chased up on the beach in the hot sun by a school of amber-jacks.

If you had real good sense you would come to Washington in that prairie schooner trailer of yours and stay over a day with Margaret so that she might know that Washington is really in the same hemisphere with Montauk and Miami Beach, but then I know I am only wasting my breath, so cheerio,

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Joe", written in dark ink. The signature is positioned below the typed phrase "Sincerely yours," and is partially enclosed by a large, loopy flourish that extends downwards and to the left.

October 28, 1939.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

There certainly has been a lot of dust kicked up in the south regarding W.I.O.D. The boys down there did not really know my attitude until after they got a big start. Personally, we would rather sell the equipment and use the cottage for some guest of national importance or rent it to someone with enough cash to pay for this type of cottage.

W.I.O.D. has lost a lot of its kick with the progress up north and it is used a lot for advertising purposes. Otherwise, it is quite a serious expense account and if the City of Miami are so crazy to go after it, we would just as soon give them the right to have our line as well as their own. Thanks a whole lot for your thoughtfulness and consideration but I had rather save our influence and the dog fight for something more important some time in the future.

Yours,

CGF:T

October 28, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

I am enclosing you a sample cover for the National Geographic that would look good. It has a "human touch" and "action" and I understand that the circulation of these two magazines has passed the Geographic. I know they must sell a lot of them for they get a pretty stiff rate for their advertising.

I have a letter from Bill Anderson telling me why they use small type in his paper. He has entirely satisfied my curiosity by the statement that it costs a lot less. If you will tell me why you don't use a cover something after this sample, I will be entirely satisfied and I will let the subject drop.

Yours,

GF:T

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

November 15, 1929.

Dear Skipper:

I guess you have been reveling in old Miami Beach since your arrival and if these building figures which you enclose are approved by a certified public accountant and not groups of numbers which you have grabbed out of the ether and would change five minutes after without batting an eye, I am not surprised that you have to have a guide to show you around!

In common with almost everyone else I know this Wall Street catastrophe caught me a buffet on the chin that made me see more stars than old man Baumgardt can show on one of his lantern slides, and I am hanging on the ropes as poor Gene did in that eighth round at Chicago wondering what it was all about while being soothed by the sweet musical notes of the twittering birdies. However, just as Gene did, I took the long count of 9, got up and back-pedaled as fast as a fat man can and hope to be able to outstep the sheriff until things right themselves. I haven't traded a share of stock on a margin with a broker in 15 years but I had a line of sound securities which were carried by my bank and fortunately my connection is such that together with the fact that the stocks I have are all in solid corporations I think I will be able to weather the gale although shipping water over both rails and manning the pumps on the basis of 24-hour shifts! Such being the case I am in a little better shape than a score of my friends who were wiped out and bled white. But enough of this sob stuff.

Thank you very much for that Rothstein book which I found of amazing interest, but you are intentionally disingenuous if you say that you wrote me at the time that you were sending it.

Before I join any Committee of One Hundred I want to see the membership list because if the roster contains the names of yeggmen like J. Andrews, old Doc Gapefruit, Hog Johnson, or the President of the Zoline Corporation you will see nothing but a cloud of dust from me and I'll tell you frankly that I don't breathe freely in any such uplift atmosphere.

A note from Charlie Redden today says that poor old Howard Coffin has just undergone an operation in New York City and is not in good shape which I am much distressed to hear.

After the titanic task of getting this Florida article to bed I am so saturated with that State that I imagine I have sand fleas all over me and find I am scratching myself in public where one doesn't scratch in polite society. The trouble is that I know I am going to lay myself

open for all kinds of criticism and arguments not only about what I said but what I didn't say, so to prepare myself for when we come down I am going to have some cards printed reading as follows:

"Well, why the Hell don't you write one yourself if you think you can do it so much better? Go hire a hall and get a real audience, don't waste your breath telling me for I am deaf anyhow. All of the facts in that article that are wrong were supplied me by Skip Fisher so take it up with him; he can juggle figures like nobody's business. I will admit I don't know anything about anything and that goes for Florida. Yes, my father was a bachelior and from your looks I wouldn't try to climb up a family tree either if I were you. Most of my best friends are Jews and the arrow points to our room in the hotel".

Between now and then if I can think up anything else or if you can help, I will be glad to add them to the card. A writing man is born with two strikes on him anyhow and there never was a two legged goof who didn't think he could build a fire, run an automobile, or edit a magazine better than the fellow who is doing it.

I have been sick in bed for a week with a heavy cold that might have jumped into pneumonia the doctor told me and now when I cough people look at me with a greasy eye and say: "Oh, yes - getting ready for Florida, aren't you?" whereupon I try to cough in their faces and pass along the germ.

I just received a copy of the "Lure of Miami Beach" and I think it is a very fine job, particularly as to pictures, and congratulate whoever put it together.

Don't put my name on any of those cottages or I'll have the law on you -- I know your game, which is that you will just tell all of the bar flies that hang around the shadows that you have closed up shop and send them down to me, but they will only come once because all I am going to have sitting around is brackish water and a few ginger snaps.

Ethel is fine and joins me in the very best to Margaret and yourself,

Sincerely,



P.S. - Taking advantage of the stock market collapse in which you didn't have a dollar I suppose you are going to make that old brown sport coat with the patched elbows stand up for another season -- and as for them liver colored pants, I'll bet when you take 'em off at night they just walk right over and hang themselves up in the closet through sheer strength and advanced age!

November 18, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

We have already commenced to cash in on your arrival. Note enclosed picture in our new paper published on Miami Beach. You will note these pants you are wearing are too big in the legs and a little long. I suppose you have allowed for shrinkage the first time they are washed.

Jess Andrew will be here Saturday and Dan Mahoney tonight and several others of the Old Guard this week. You might hope a ride out of Washington and run down for a week, get rid of your cold and we will run over to Nassau for a day. The blue room at the house is all shined up and the cockroaches run out of the kitchen. If you decide to come, wire me.

I really believe it might pay you to run down here as I have a deal I want to talk to you about on Montauk stock -- and I am not kidding you now. This may mean a lot more to you than railroad fare. If you can get away and spare a week, wire me and jump a train.

Yours,

CCF:T

Signed by:

December 16, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C

Dear Jack:

Thanks for the books; they come in just the right time. I notice that MacFadden's "True Detective Mysteries" is soon to pass the combined circulation of "Liberty", "Saturday Evening Post" and "The National Geographic". No use to answer this last remark as you have answered it for the last three or four years in the same way each time. The best thing I can see about MacFadden's publication is he has a lot of people furnishing him some really interesting information using their own typewriters and paper and paying their own postage and are satisfied with the comments on the last page regarding their character and past achievements.

I have been looking for the January "Geographic" but for some reason it has disappeared. I think Jess Andrew picked it up with his hat. He swiped one of my "True Detective" magazines the other night and I had Galloway start in at 2.30 in the morning and call him every hour and ask him to please return it as I could not sleep without finishing Gerald Chapman's life.

I get a lot of good pointers out of these detective stories in locating loans and sand lot buyers. Now-a-days I have got the art down so fine I can look at a man's shoes, his finger nails and get a whif of his breath and tell exactly just what he wants. It's a fifty-fifty bet anyway either to renew without interest or cancel.

We cannot figure just what is driving all the people down here early. All the hotels are opening to increased business and all our cottages are leased. Edsel Ford just got under the wire for the last cottage at the Nautilus -- at a slightly increased rate. As a result of a mistake

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
December 16, 1929,
Page 2.

in the architect's drawing, one of the bathrooms is four inches larger than any other bathroom in any of the cottages.

The wind is from the northeast and I can tell they are shoeing polo ponies, from here in my office on the seventh floor.

Had another very heavy rain yesterday so we will have to refinish the ceilings in your cottage; hope it will not rain for the balance of the season.

Charlie Thompson has a new invention to locate pearls in mussel shells without opening.

Best regards.

Yours,

CGF:T

MEMORANDUM

DATE _____

TIME _____

FROM MR. LA GORCE

December 17, 1929.

Dear Skip:

This is the FIRST copy off the presses of the January issue of the Yellow Peril's 1,300,000 edition. I send it to you with the hope that you will read what I have to say about Florida with friendly eyes for you know my limitations as a writer, and further that there is a limit to what may be put between the covers of a monthly magazine.

I could go on writing for weeks about Miami Beach alone, but that wouldn't be a State article and as everyone knows I'm a nut on the Old Beach I had to hold myself down in order that the story would be fair and of some value to the whole picture.

I hope it will help the whole picture, at least it can't do much harm.

Sent you several books a few days ago, one by the same author as "The Reign of Rothstein", another of short yarns of the West Indies, and a third an English idea of murder mystery. I received your card saying a book called "Nigger Fingers" was to arrive but the name was changed en route to "Trigger Fingers" and its a corker. Thanks, Old Top.

Glad to hear things are in good shape with you. This is the most active time of our business year in The Geographic and I've had my nose to the grindstone, but between January 7th and 10th I'll be crowding around you claiming notice between 12 and 1 o'clock daily, and sometimes about 7 PM, so be on guard.

Love to Margaret and yourself in which Ethel joins,

Sincerely,

Jack

December 21, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

Thanks for the "Louis Perreti". It was a good book and I enjoyed it very much.

Your January edition is a very handsome book; considerable more advertising than usual. It certainly is a great boost for Florida, and you would be surprised to know how many old-time residents of Florida are not fully acquainted with the resources of the state.

I am going to try to have a restless time tonight and read "Short Yarns of the West Indies."

Yours,

CCF:T

National Geographic Society

WASHINGTON, D. C.

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE, VICE-PRESIDENT
JOHN JOY EDSON, TREASURER

GILBERT GROSVENOR, PRESIDENT

O. P. AUSTIN, SECRETARY
GEO. W. HUTCHISON, ASSOCIATE SECRETARY

December 20, 1929

Mr. Carl Graham Fisher,
Miami Beach,
Fla.

Dear Sir:

The outstanding article on Florida, beautifully illustrated with 41 full-color plates and 73 monochrome engravings, as described in the enclosed circular, will come to you in the January, 1930, issue of your National Geographic Magazine. As a supplement to the issue you will also receive a specially drawn, five-color, Map of Florida measuring $12\frac{1}{2}$ x $13\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

This valuable presentation of the beauty and charm of Florida, its romantic history and economic development, will reach through The Magazine 1,300,000 homes of intelligent, travel-minded people in whom will be stimulated a real desire to visit and perhaps settle in your delightful commonwealth.

Because this issue will bring home to your neighbors the really great educational work of The Society, many of them should desire to become members of our organization. The Florida material must appeal to people of intellectual discrimination as being in itself a rich return for the small membership fee. Incidentally, as the printed edition is limited to enough copies to supply membership needs, becoming a member of the National Geographic Society is the one way your friends and neighbors can make certain that they will obtain this material on their State.

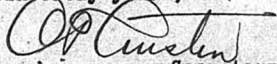
As a personal recognition of The Society's services to Florida, may we ask you to nominate for membership those friends and acquaintances whose interest in things geographical and whose standing in the community would make them desirable members of this educational organization?

You need not hesitate to extend this compliment to your friends for fear that you may name those already members. Only 1 out of 86 residents of Florida is as yet a member, and all nominations are, of course, carefully checked against the roster to avoid duplication.

Your nominees will not be importuned to join. Your officers merely communicate to them the fact of their nomination, explaining the purposes of The Society and inviting them to share its benefits. Nomination, of course, imposes no financial obligation upon you as nominator.

I shall be glad to see that your nominees are notified promptly, so that their applications may be passed by the Membership Committee in time to ensure their receiving members' copies of the Florida number.

Sincerely yours,


Secretary



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FI 9 CGFP FI MIAMI BEACH FLO DECEMBER 28, 1929.

JOHN OLIVER LAGORCE, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, WASHINGTON DC

LEATHER COVERED BOOK RECEIVED TODAY FOUND NO EXTRA SHEETS

W. E. THOMPSON.

CHARGE GENERAL COMPANY BUSINESS

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

December 27, 1929.

Dear Carl:

I have yours of the 16th and am glad the books arrived safely and were deemed worthy of your nocturnal attention.

With your appetite for hectic literature I know you to be one of the most omnivorous readers in the country. You will find that word under the O's and it doesn't cast any aspersions on your ancestry, which I hasten to tell you for fear you will adopt it as a new piece of profanity on that sheep herder whereas you would be complimenting him.

I will give you a pretty high rating on your judgment as to the interest of True Detective Mysteries, but in my unspoken thoughts I just credit it to the fact that even an astigmatized porker sometimes finds an acorn.

It was mighty kind of you and Margaret to remember us with that darn nice crate of fruit and I am already suffering from superacidity as a result of over-indulgence.

Maurice Long, that elongated Wild Irish Rose, dropped in to see me a day or so ago just up from Miami Beach and says that the place is blooming like a garden of roses and that I will have to have a guide to find my way around and that he heard you were working ten hours a day, but changed the subject when I casually asked him "Working at what?"

Ran up to New York over the last week-end on business of The Magazine and spent Sunday with the Gimbels who threw a party for Gene and Polly Tunney. Gene is in fine shape and glad to be home again and his wife has entirely recovered from her serious operation. He asked about you right away and said that he hoped to get down this winter for a visit.

You may be interested to know that Jo Sheedy's wife had a baby girl on Christmas Eve and she is to be christened Joan Leviathan Sheedy.

I think I have persuaded Bernard and Alva to run down for a little visit this winter and as none of us want to go to the Bath Club anyhow we will get along fine.

Did you hear the story of the Scotchman whose little girl had bad cramps, so he took her out for a walk in the hope of meeting some doctor on the street? He walked the child's feet off up to her knees and finally came up with a medical man with whom he had a slight acquaintance and stopped to talk to him. Incidentally he mentioned the fact that his little girl was sick and upon being asked what was the matter said she had bad cramps and asked what to give her. The doctor suggested 10 cents worth of castor oil, so the Scotchman moved on.

A couple of days later he happened to meet the doctor again on the street and was asked how his little girl was and if he had given her the castor oil.

He replied that she was all right but the castor oil was too expensive so he took her home and told her ghost stories instead!

Your saying that the wind is from the Northeast and you can tell they are shoeing polo ponies reminds me of another one that they tell on the wife of your friend Jim Davis.

It seems that she walked into one of the exclusive grocery stores here in Washington to buy something that the Department of Labor don't stock and stopping suddenly, sniffed the air and said to the grocery clerk:

"My man, do I smell fish or is it my fawncy?"

He stepped well behind the counter and replied:

"We don't carry fish, madam; it must be your fawncy".

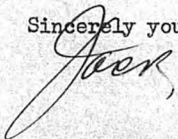
You can tell those two to Jess and if he lays a couple of polo balls you might put 'em in stock for winter use.

Ethel and I are planning on shaking the dust of The Geographic off our feet and leaving Washington on the 9th or 10th of January, so you better go over to a Turkish bath, have your hair cut, a manicure, and get the elbows of that old brown sport coat again half soled so that you will be able to stand the eye test I am going to give you.

I am already getting a little suspicious about this outhouse where you insist on parking us alongside the Flamingo for past experience has taught me that anything you hand me sight unseen is very likely to be full of fish-hooks. The chances are it is located, or if not you have moved it, right under the wall in a direct line of trajectory from your seventh floor deck so that whoever you stick in there this winter will be given the suite rent free provided they throw all their empty bottles and soup bones over on our cottage. I want you to understand that I am coming down there for a well-deserved rest and I don't propose to have a lot of these Hoosier pig raisers and sheep herders making any beaten path to my door and making the nights hideous by serenading me with tenor solos as for example "A Sweetheart of Sigma Phi", and what's more you needn't tell Ev Sewell that I live there either.

Well, you and Rowdy get all polished up now, for I intend to give you a darn good inspection before very long.

Sincerely yours,



December 30, 1929.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

I cannot tell you how much we all appreciate the wonderful layout in The Geographic, and also I am thankful for that leather bound volume. The City Council and The Committee of One Hundred are considering a suitable memorial and you will probably be a very popular fellow around here when you arrive.

Being one of the great founders of Florida, however, will not protect you against bootleg liquor that may be pushed on you by some of your friends, so be careful.

I have a letter from Mr. Austin wanting some recommendations for membership. We can give Mr. Austin our selected hotel list or any other list you wish. In fact, we will do anything to help, except loan you money and we might loan a little if held up with a lead pipe.

Hope to see you and Ethel soon. Best wishes for a happy New Year.

Yours,

CGF:T

December 30, 1928

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

Since you know Gene's address, I wish you would invite him and his wife to be your guest on a trip to Gun Key or a fishing trip to Cuba on the "Shadow K". I would consider it a favor if you will get six or eight of your crowd together and take this trip. The boat is laying here at the dock and not doing me any good, and two fine characters I had for the boat have petered out on me.

The Scotch story is, as usual, second hand. George Ade has been here a week with all the new ones. The other story is brand new.

Why not ask Bernard and Alva to also join you on that trip? I cannot think of any other guests you would like but you can figure on accommodating eight very well on the "K".

Yours,

CGF:T

P.S. Charles Thompson is in again this morning with some real stories. If you would get the girl who wrote "Trader Horn", or someone of that character whom you know to come down here, I will bet you could get out a book from Charlie Thompson that would equal "Trader Horn".

December 30, 1929

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Text

GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETIN

Published Weekly by

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

(Founded in 1888 for the Increase and Diffusion of Geographic Knowledge)

General Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

Where Hurricanes Are Born

MOST of the so-called West Indian hurricanes, such as that which recently swept the Bahamas, come into existence over the warm seas somewhere between the West Indies and the coast of Africa.

First Gentle Eddies, then Gigantic Whirls

They are probably gentle little eddies of air at first, but gather momentum owing to differences in temperature and air pressure, until they become gigantic whirls sucking air like giant vacuum cleaners.

The observer in the path of a hurricane can hardly believe that these destructive winds are swirls. He sees the effects of and feels a straight blast of air moving at great speed, overturning ships, trees and buildings. If he watches long enough, he will see this destructive blast almost completely reverse its direction. These winds are created by the pumping force of the central swirl; and while the center itself may be moving across country at the leisurely rate of 8 or 10 miles an hour, the winds rushing inward from all directions to disappear up the "spout" reach terrific speed. The usual maximum speed is 100 miles an hour. The fact that the hurricane last year at San Juan, Porto Rico, blew at a rate of 132 and perhaps 150 miles an hour stamps that storm as of extraordinary violence.

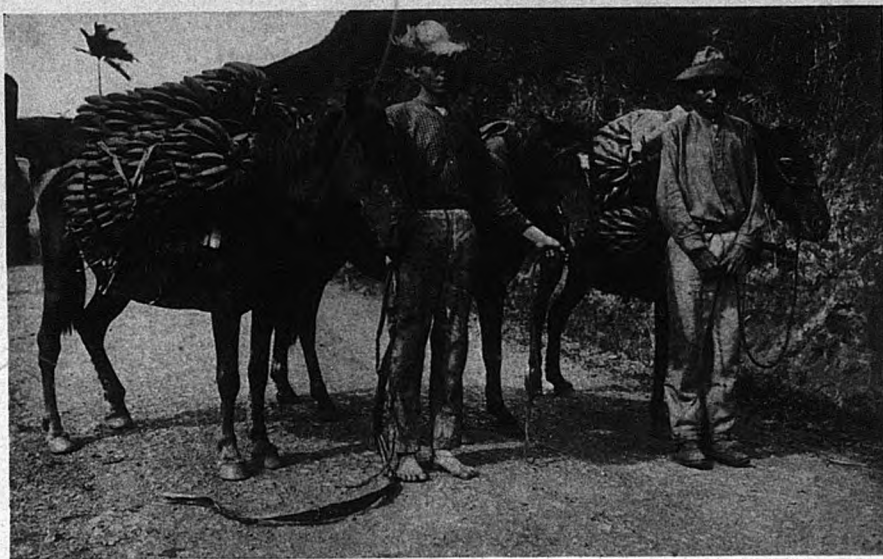
Why Hurricanes Often Come in Early Autumn

The routes followed by West Indian hurricanes in general are similar, but the storms differ much in their detailed paths. They are born in the region of the trade winds. All of them first move westward, as the trade winds move, and most of them later turn northward.

Many hurricanes make their turn northward well east of Porto Rico. A good many others strike south of that island as well as southward of Haiti and Cuba. But there have been all too frequent occasions when the storms have driven straight across Porto Rico or its island neighbors.

No Hurricanes in June for Forty Years

Since hurricanes are formed by the interaction of heat and atmospheric pressure, the summer months and those of early autumn, when the accumulating effects of the summer sun are still to be felt, are naturally the periods when hurricanes are most likely to blow. Porto Rico, for example, has not experienced a hurricane in June during the past forty years, as shown by a study by the United States Weather Bureau. Only one or two have occurred in July. In August, September, and October, however, the island has repeatedly suffered in varying degree from these destructive storms.



© National Geographic Society

PORTO RICO BANANAS EN ROUTE TO MARKET

Porto Rico, along with other islands of the West Indies, has suffered so frequently from fall hurricanes that owners of big plantations take out hurricane insurance on their crops. When the Island's sugar, coffee, and tobacco crops were seriously damaged by last year's hurricane, crop insurance helped the islanders to get back on their feet financially.

Form for Renewal of Bulletin Requests

School Service Department,
National Geographic Society,
Washington, D. C.

Kindly send.....copies of the GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETINS for the
school year of 1929-30, for classroom use, to

Name.....

Address for sending Bulletins.....

City..... State.....

I am a teacher in.....school.....grade

Enclose 25 cents for each annual subscription. *(Covers postage only)*

GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETINS

Published Weekly by

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

(The National Geographic Society is a scientific and educational Society, wholly altruistic, incorporated under the Federal law as a non-commercial institution for the increase of geographic knowledge and its popular diffusion.)

General Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

Contents for Week of October 21, 1929. Vol. VIII. No. 14.

1. Lindberghs Accompanied by Flying Escort That Numbers Millions.
 2. When Waterpower Comes to Andorra.
 3. Samarkand Turns from Oriental Rugs to Cotton.
 4. The Aleutians Once More Serve as Milestones for Aviators.
 5. Where Hurricanes Are Born.
-
-



A STARLING GETS HIS MIGRATION TICKET

(See Bulletin No. 1)

HOW TEACHERS MAY OBTAIN THE BULLETINS

The Geographic News Bulletins are published weekly throughout the school year (thirty issues) and will be mailed to teachers for one year upon receipt of 25 cents (in stamps or money order). Entered as second-class matter, January 27, 1922, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized February 9, 1922.



© Photograph from José B. Alemany

DANCING THE "SARDANA," THE NATIONAL CATALAN DANCE, IN THE CENTRAL SQUARE OF ANDORRA LA VIEILLE (See Bulletin No. 2).

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

March 11, 1930.

Dear Skip:

This is no bread and butter letter but a line to say that we reached home right-side-up-with-care together with a thousand recollections of a delightful season at the winter garden spot of the wide wide world.

For the unstinted kindness of Margaret and yourself Ethel and I can only again express our heartfelt thanks and no one on earth could have done more for their friends than you did. The only kick is that there were not enough hours in the 24 to do all that one wanted to or to be in two or three places at the same time. It was certainly most kind of you to ensoonce us in the cottage with the leaky roof and to make available the old Packard omnibus, to say nothing of the visit to Nassau and to Bimini, the negro prize fights, and the chow mein suppers. Everybody was simply bully to us and nowhere in the world could we have been so comfortable and happy.

Lumping all that I have truthfully expressed above on one side, I want to tell you again that it is all over-topped by my genuine pleasure in finding you in such fine physical shape for it was just like old times, in token of which you will find above a big, gold star without a nick.

Due to the sudden death of Ed Grosvenor, twin brother of Dr. Grosvenor, and also the passing of Judge Taft, both of whom were members of our Board of Trustees, it was very wise for me to get back on the job for Dr. Grosvenor is so broken up over the sudden death of his twin that I want him to go away as soon as possible and that means I have to take the rudder and wont be able to get back to the golf tournament, much to my disappointment, but will insist on having a rain check for that big fish hunt another time.

I am worried about Earl and do hope that he is improving. Moreover, I think he ought to be urged to run up to Pittsburgh and see the specialists who know and understand his case; in short, not to leave anything undone that will bring him around, for he is too fine a man to let anything happen to.

I know there is no use in urging you and Margaret to stop over here even for a day and see us in Washington, but anyhow you know the latch-string is always out.

Ethel joins in love to Margaret and to you and our kindest regards to the good friends about you.

Sincerely,

Jack

P.S. - I hope Walter Thompson is well over his tonsil operation by this time and sorry I didn't know about it until the day we were leaving or I would have dropped in to see him at the hospital.

April 16, 1930.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

In Roy Chapman Andrew's book, "On the Trail of Ancient Man", there is a story about a species of Jackass in Mongolia Desert that run forty miles an hour.

I am just wondering what the expense would be to get one of these young jackasses and have him at Montauk. Do you know through your friend just the best way to go at this, and give me an estimate of the cost to ship him by steamer?

Yours,

CGF:T

ARRIVALS

HOTEL BOULEVARD

APRIL 14th 1930

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Deane

Richmond Hill, New York.

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

April 23, 1930.

Dear Carl:

I have yours of April 16 and mighty glad to hear a peep out of you and presume you have been luxuriating down there in Little Paradise which I know you love out of season much better than when the crowds are there.

Your interest in wild asses doesn't surprise me for God knows you have had enough contact with them! However, I don't see why you want to go to the trouble and expense of importing one from Mongolia when you can transplant Jess Andrews since he is the wildest ass I have ever seen or read about. I have never seen him run fast because I wasn't out there at West Point when that bank was held up, but I have seen him kick, bite, and bray.

If you are serious I shall be glad to find out from Roy Andrews if it is possible to import one of Jess's cousins, but haven't you got enough white elephants on your hands without adding what Kipling describes as a "Devil, an ostrich, and an orphan child in one"?

I am writing Roy Andrews for a photographic print of this four-footed speedster and will send it along to you as soon as I can capture it. If you ever light in New York City for two or three days I would like to arrange to have you and Andrews meet for he is a very charming and human chap; indeed, next to old man Baumgardt, the best lecturer that I ever heard.

Admiral Byrd is coming to Washington right after he lands to give The Society his first lecture and the first showing of his motion pictures of the Antarctic about June 10, but I presume there is no chance of prying you loose from Montauk. However, you can read about it in The Magazine because he is going to give us his first story of the expedition.

I have gotten together a hundred copies of the Florida issue which I want you to have and I am sending down 50 and will hold the other 50 until next fall because with your usual lavishness you will give them all away and there will be none left when you may want them next winter. I am also sending 25 copies bound which you can give to special people if you want to. I am sorry that it is contrary to the rules laid down by the Board of Trustees to permit such things to be made available in large quantities and the reason is that these issues are primarily published for the members of The National Geographic Society and it cheapens the whole thing if there is a general distribution, in their opinion. This does not sound like good business but it has worked out very successfully for without membership in The Society there wouldn't be any Magazine as we are not in the commercial printing business and whereas all magazines lose from 40 to 80% of their

subscribers of record every year, our gross loss from every known cause is never more than 10%, which includes the death rate. I just fuss you with these dreary details so you wont think that we are dumber than we are.

I have to thank you again and again for the endless kindnesses to Ethel and me this winter, the only regret being that there were so damn many people down there and so much doing that I wasn't able to always do the things I wanted to do most, for I love the old days, Skip, when just a small crowd hung together doing things that were good fun and hammering at one another under the rules of the London Prize Ring. As we get older those times stand out as the best and I hold them close to my heart.

Since getting back here and putting my nose to the grindstone I haven't had any time to read but have my weather eye out for some interesting books which I will send along from time to time as nicked star prizes.

One of our explorers who has just come in after two and a half years in the interior of China where no white man had ever been before, made friends with a little Lama king who took a fancy to him and to whom he told a great deal about the United States. The only water this king knew about were the rivers in his part of China away up near the Tibetan border which they cross in little boats held by a ferry rope. When he was told of how far it was across the great ocean to reach America he thought over it a while and then said that he didn't want to hurt the man's feelings but he could hardly believe there was a rope that long to pull the boat with! When he was told about our zoological park here in Washington having elephants, lions, and hippopotamuses, the first question he asked was how big was the dragon we had in the zoo, and when told that they didn't have any dragons he then wanted to know how we got thunder since thunder came from the noise made by the armored wings of the dragon clanking against its sides! This explorer found and photographed a 26,000 foot mountain which had never been reported before, to say nothing of 5,000 new plants and flowers, trees and grains, many of which were never before heard of by our Agricultural Department and Smithsonian to whom we turn over such things.

Well, I suppose you will be heading North before very long and you better prepare yourselves because I am going to run down to Montauk and spend a week-end with you whether I am invited or not this summer.

Ethel joins in love to Margaret and yourself. Do hope Earl is much better by this time. Please give them all our regards,

Sincerely,
Jack

April 26, 1930.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

I am glad to have yours of the 23rd. It is tremendously interesting about the little Lama king. The one thing that always puzzles me is how, with all the wonderful dialects they have through China and Mongolia, an American who certainly cannot speak Chinese can make himself properly understood, even with interpreters. I will certainly be glad to read this article from Bird and I suppose you will have the China story in an issue to come out soon.

It is mighty good of you to go to all the trouble to dig up all these extra Florida editions for me.

I have not any idea what it costs to crate an animal as big as a good sized dog and ship it half way around the world. I understand from Andrews' book the young ones are easily tamed. I would be willing to pawn my extra neck ties and spend a few hundred dollars on expense to get one of these young asses and raise it. I tried to teach Jess a few things but I got him too late in life.

I am figuring on getting away from here about the fifth of May. I think I will go up on the old "K". We have to do some work on the "K" when she gets north to put her in shape for charter during the summer. However, we are going to send up the "H". Charlie Thompson is going up about the same time. I do hope you will run out to Montauk. It is very nice out there in the early spring with log fires, hot tea and cakes.

We are doing a little business rather late in the season, which is usual, but at any rate we are selling some property -- not enough to get excited about. We are all in a lawsuit this week, trying to legally and properly get rid of Capone.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
April 26, 1930,
Page 2.

I don't think you have read "Pat Crowe".
He seems to be the crack criminal of all the
reformed ones in captivity. I am sending you the
book. Mike Glenn is very well acquainted with him
and he vouches for this story being all true.

Yours,

CGF:T

September 25, 1930.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C

Dear Jack:

Thanks a lot, old dear, for the hat. What I have got to do now is find a collar and neck tie to go with it.

Fred Britten wants to borrow it to attend a Fireman's Ball, so don't be surprised if you see this hat show up in Washington during the warm spell next summer.

Why can't you and Ethel run up this week-end? The hotel is closing on Monday. We would love to have you and Ethel come up if you can do so.

Yours,

CGF:T

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

September 26, 1930.

Dear Skip:

I received a telephone call from the local Board of Health not long ago advising that a suspicious looking package addressed to me had been turned over to their Contagious Disease Department by the local postoffice and called upon me to assume legal responsibility for its contents. As we receive packages from all over the world sent to us by explorers and discoverers in every field, I told them not to be alarmed but to put on rubber gloves and make delivery, which they did.

After soaking the package in hot steam for 24 hours, donning a gas mask, and armed with a pair of tongs I opened up the bundle expecting to find the body of some prehistoric Hoosier or the thigh bone of some ancient 7-day bicycle racer, but what met my gaze was one of your old 50 cent picnic bennies! From the stains and grease on it I concluded that it had served your purpose as a napkin at various chowder parties and stone crab feasts and that someone had sold you the idea that it ought to be in the Smithsonian Institution side by side with the John Bull engine and those objects of art that you have on your mantel piece at Montauk.

I had it fumigated again, sprayed on it a bottle of Jockey Club cologne, and then sent it down to the Smithsonian with a letter saying that I had been advised it was the lid of Captain Karlos Fischzmer, a Hessian mercenary who had been captured at Yorktown with Lord Cornwallis and escaping from the Army beat it over the Alleghanies to Indiana where his descendants were notorious in the State history, one of them being elected captain of the Indiana Wheelmen and had been barnstorming as a race rider, snake charmer, and parachute jumper with a medicine show; likewise being the inventor of the thimble game and the originator of the well-known slogan "Never give a sucker a chance".

I received a very grateful letter from the Secretary saying that they would put it in the same glass case with the BVD's of Brigham Young and the particles of broken finger nails shed by a certain polo player from West Pint who shaved them off against the rough plaster ceiling in a bank when a lone stick-up hacked about 80 directors, clerks, and depositors. They said that while they were honored to have this cootie cage, that I would be required to take out an insurance policy against damage to surrounding objects and I told them that I would have to think that over.

This has been the hottest Washington summer since that of 1912 when I first met you here with old Amos Batcheler on that August afternoon when you showed up in the Press Club arrayed in that little, round, white circus hat, a heavy overcoat, and sieve shoes - which occasion, by the way, was the beginning of my downfall in the social scale for prior to that meeting I had been acclaimed as a model youth overflowing with virtue, perspiration, and noted for doing a good deed every day.

*South
with me*

Oh, I had been reading in the newspapers about you all having to wear Eskimo clothing and have log fires burning every day at Montauk, so if cursing could hurt anybody you would have been gathered to your Father's long ago, but being one of these peculiar people that have to work for a living and trying to keep up the standard of this yellow monthly struggle so that the inmates of Federal and State penitentiaries would have something worthwhile to look at I have been pretty well tied down.

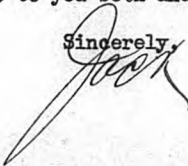
Seriously, both Ethel and I have been very much distressed to hear of Margaret's illness and do hope that she is entirely well by this time. I had to make a flying visit to New York a couple of weeks ago and that evening ran into Caley Bragg at a private dinner given to the French flyers and he told me about you.

Skipper, I have just had a very severe blow which caught me on the chin and I have much difficulty in getting up from the canvas. My son Gilbert, not yet 20, who had the brightest prospects for a happy and fine career in the writing game was again a Ranger in the Yellowstone Park this summer and suddenly stepped out and got married. The girl is nice enough, comes of poor but good people who have a farm out in Maryland, and it will probably work out all right but it means that instead of his finishing college and equipping himself for the game he was going into that would have taken him all over the world and given him a lifeswork that I, myself, would envy, he now has to forego that, go to work, and take his chances. There is no use in having hysterics and playing the part of an outraged parent, so I am helping him get a newspaper job, establish himself in an apartment, and accepting a condition over which I had no control.

I know you feel that a higher education is unnecessary but that is because you are who you are, but it is a bitter disappointment to me that a youngster with everything on the ball could be such a fool as to tie a millstone around his neck at his age. I have done the best I could for him. He has had a tour of work as a junior seaman on a Coast and Geodetic Survey vessel off the coast of Alaska; the next summer with an engineering outfit on the international boundary between northern Minnesota and Manitoba; followed by two summers work as a government Ranger in the Yellowstone Park where he was on horseback or motorcycle most of the time and came out of it all with a good record. This contact with the world gave him a poise way beyond his years and built him up physically until he would pass for 23 or 24 and I was planning to send him abroad next summer for three months to take a look at the old since he had seen his own country first very well.

They have just returned to Washington and I am sorry, therefore, that we can't come down this week-end but do hope we can before you and Margaret fly South.

Ethel joins in love to you both and the hope that all is well,

Sincerely,


October 2, 1930.

Mr. John Oliver HaGoroe,
National Geographic Society,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

I wired you asking you if you take a short sea trip to Miami Beach, leaving here the 10th, 11th, or 12th. I hope you can take a week or ten days off and go with us. The crew so far is Earl Kiser and his wife, Frankie, Dr. Nelson, Dr. Maxwell, perhaps John Levi, and myself.

Now regarding that hat I sent you: I intended to write you a letter but I have been so busy I just muffed it all the time. If there is any grease on that hat, it is from the brow of Teddy Roosevelt because I gave that hat to Teddy Roosevelt. Albert Beveridge conveyed the hat to Teddy Roosevelt and got the hat back from Roosevelt for me to initial. During the time the hat was in transit, Roosevelt was shot. He was due to be at my house the day after the shooting for a week's period of swimming and horseback riding. Beveridge was making arrangements for the presentation, etc., etc. However, if you will send the old hat back to me, I will get you another one that has not any grease spots on it. It takes a big hat for you or Roosevelt and I thought this hat would fit your head, especially since your head has swelled a little in the last couple of years.

I am overlooking all the insults in your last letter. If I get a chance I am going to take a couple hours off in a correspondence school so I can insult you properly.

I note what you have to say about the terrible blow you have. This is no blow, at all kid, it is just a gentle sephyr. The kid will be all right and the quicker you get him to work the better. If you had had him selling newspapers some time ago, you probably would not have had him in this jam, but you are so

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
October 2, 1930,
Page 2.

darned smart you will have to eat your turkey now. But at that, I think the kid is all right. He shows a lot of independent spirit and also he does not give a damn for your opinions or advice, which is another good indication. And after the final finish is written it may be the kid's name will be engraved in sandstone instead of yours -- did you ever think of this angle to the fact that you are parent to a brain that is more or less developed? In fact, I think you are a plain damned fool to worry about the situation. The boy is all right, let him alone and let him go to work. He probably does not want to be a Doctor of Ikhology, Ithology, Minology, Nutology, or some other "ology"; he might prefer to be a contractor and lay sidewalks. You know after all, a quiet little apartment, if it is only one room and bath, with a glass of beer, some cheese and rye bread, and a woman, beats any picture you can paint.

Drop me a note and let me know if you are going down south with me.

Yours,

CGF:T

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

October 1, 1930.

Dear Skip:

Thanks for your wire today with the happy invitation to glide down on the edge of the Gulf Stream to the Promised Land. Dr. Grosvenor has not yet returned after several months absence and I cannot definitely tell for a few days whether or not I could get away but heavens knows I would love to do it. If this delay is in any wise embarrassing or would keep you from shipping some other deck hand please don't hesitate.

Wire me upon receipt of this whether you have read a new book entitled "Bring 'Em Back Alive" by Frank Buck, the story of an American whose business is to obtain and bring back wild animals from all over the world. It is a whiz and either this man is as big a liar as Jess Andrews and would make Charlie Thompson look like a defeated Tom Thumb golf course champion, or he has had the most amazing experiences and I want to send it to you.

I got a long telegram this morning from the chairman of the Municipal Aviation Board of Miami saying that the Committee of One Hundred who are having a banquet at the Biltmore in New York on October 8 had invited about ten of the leading Army and Navy generals, two Assistant Secretaries of departments, etc., to come to the dinner and they wanted me to see each of these dignitaries and urge their acceptance. R. V. Waters may know a lot about airdromes in Greater Miami but what he doesn't know about official Washington would fill books for these Generals and Admirals and such get an average of ten similar invitations a week from people who want to use them at their banquets for window dressing and I know them well enough to know that if I should call upon them with any such suggestion they would just ring a bell and have a wagon take me over to St. Elizabeth's Insane Asylum at the thought that they would spend \$25 or more to go over to New York at their own expense and sit at a banquet with a Committee of One Hundred they never heard of for the purpose of ballyhooing Miami from an aviation or any other standpoint. If the gentleman working this project had the common sense that God generally even gives to gnats he'd know that these fellows are only paid salaries that permit them to live from hand to mouth let alone pay their own transportation for several hundred miles to sit down at a dinner with people who they don't know with a full realization that they only want to use them.

I telegraphed Mr. Waters that I regretted I could not undertake their mission since by force of circumstances I have to live here and want to be considered sane, if not intelligent, and that their only hope in a bet of that kind was to get Mr. Robert Law or Mr. Harvey Firestone to press the invitation and assure them that it meant with all their expenses from Washington and return. The Comptroller General, who is only responsible to the President, wont even let the government departments buy newspapers to see what is going on in the world and any expense that is not entirely within the narrow regulations for official government travel is tossed back into the lap of the individual with the suggestion that if they want to go joyriding about the country they will have to pay their own expenses. This, of course, don't go for Congress who appropriate anything they

want for their own joyrides but when it comes to an Army or Navy officer, no matter of what rank, they either pay themselves, walk, or stay home and tend to their knitting. I only tell you this because it is really funny how little outsiders know what is customary in these governmental circles.

I have a fine picture of you all polished up and highly starched sitting at the wax-works table on this occasion and being called on to make a Speech. I haven't the exact figures of what the surplus in the U. S. Treasury is today but I imagine that it would require it all together with the cash income of the ten leading bootleggers of the country to hire you to do it -- and the funny part is that you can do it as well as any non-professional orator that I have ever seen when you are backed in the corner, you old Tom Cat!

I was 50 years old two or three days ago and I didn't have to be reminded of it for I haven't six more hairs on the top of my dome of thought than you have, and my knees are beginning to sag but I will make you reach out and kick poor old Rowdy in the slats through sheer annoyance by telling you that I have lost six pounds in the last month by a little diet so I have the figure of a bridegroom even if I haven't the back to swing it.

Do hope Margaret is all right now and that things are looking up with you.

With love to you both in which Ethel joins,

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "John". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed word "Sincerely,".

October 6, 1930.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Jack:

Thanks a lot for yours of the first. You must have been particularly sore when you wrote this letter.

They couldn't drag me into the dinner with the "20 Mule Borax Team". I am going to sit in the house and play bridge.

Am leaving Friday or Saturday (according to weather conditions) on the "K" and I wish you were going along.

I note what you have to say about the kid. There is an old German saying, "If you spill the milk, grab a rag and say what you can."

There is a new patent medicine advertised in "The National Detective Stories", made in Joplin, Missouri, called "Hee Haw." Why don't you try a fifty cent bottle for the several things that ail you?

Yours,

GGF:T

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

November 15, 1930.

Dear Skip:

I am glad you liked "Bring 'Em Back Alive" for it isn't often that my selections meet with your full approval. I am sorry to say that I don't know this Mr. Buck and I think you must have in mind our mutual friend Gene Buck who writes the words and some of the music for Ziegfield's Follies and who had charge of the entertainment program at Montauk which you made possible when the District of Columbia Bankers Association held their annual meeting there the first year. Gene is a peach of a chap and he came over personally from New York and brought with him two real artists to entertain the poor devils who came to the dinner given for me by The Society last week.

I got your telegram about my fallen arches and it gave me a good grin when I thought that if I had worn sieve slippers all my life I might have as big hoofs as you have and then perhaps could get around corners as fast as you do without skidding.

I have to thank you for your good wishes in connection with my 25th Geographic birthday and had a real regret that you were not among the victims present for I think I only needed to see you looking up at me with that peculiar kidding smile to overflow my cup of misery. While there were only two speeches I want to tell you that that was just twice as many as I wanted to hear and I sat there with my tin ears pinned back wondering who in heck they were talking about for by the greatest stretch of my imagination I couldn't see any resemblance to myself in what was said and when I finally staggered to my leaden feet to reply I forgot everything I ever knew and when I opened my mouth nothing came out for the first few seconds although I thought I was talking!

They tell me that I managed to get through briefly and coherently but I never wished for anything so much in my life as that I was in the same condition of oratorical glitter as that night on the sloping deck of the old wreck down the Keys when we had the pirate party. I was heartened to see Irv Collins and Charlie Krom sitting out there all dressed up and nowhere to go but at another table were a lot of enemies leering up at me, among them Bernard Gimbel, Roy Howard, Father Duffy, Bob Johnson, Walter Trumbull, and several other New York gangsters who had come over to have fun with me.

Somebody must have spilled the beans in Florida because I received upward of 200 telegrams from all over the State not only from friends in Miami and Miami Beach, which I might have expected, but from Mayors and heads of civic bodies throughout Florida congratulating me on my Geographic birthday and saying some mighty nice things about what I had tried to do for Florida.

The Society has decided to accept the invitation of an eminent French explorer to send a representative with his party that will cross Asia by motor starting from Syria and go straight across middle Asia to China. The leader is Colonel Georges-Marie Haardt who two years ago was the first to cross the Sahara Desert by motor. There will be 35 in the party with six caterpillar Citroens, each with a trailer, and they will be gone 14 months. Our representative will be the only American in the party, all the rest being French.


Colonel Haardt has come over especially from France and it has fallen to my lot to make the negotiations with him on behalf of The Society and that has tied me up for a while, but I am looking forward to running down and camping on you again before long, so get your witnesses lined up on this alleged claim to unnicked gold stars.

Do hope Margaret is making a satisfactory recovery and don't forget that if there is anything Ethel and I can do we will gladly run over to New York.

If you don't mind, I am going to send Ed Romfh a small photographic copy of that bonefish cartoon that must have hit you a wallop on the jaw because you haven't peeped about it. I told Walter Trumbull, the sports writer who was over for the dinner, how you hung that jesse on us and he was so interested that he wrote a story about it which was published in a number of papers and I'll send you a copy as soon as I can get hold of it.

Give my love to Earl, Frankie, Bob, and Littlejohn. I gave Pete Robineau the suitcase you loaned me for him to return to Miami two days after I arrived and he promised to deliver it at the house. Those papayas slowly ripened and I ate them for two weeks after I returned and they were wonderful.

Give my regards to old Charlie Thompson who was kind enough to send me a telegram about my anniversary and don't forget to remember me to my friend Galloway.

Sincerely,


November 22, 1930

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
National Geographic Society
Washington, D. C.

My dear Jack:

I have been waiting several days
to write you regarding the insulting draw-
ing which you and Rube Goldberg got up.

If you had only put in the rain,
the cartoon would have been complete. Do
you realize that I sat out in the rain there
for hours to catch those fish?

Yours,

OGF:A

MEMORANDUM

LaGorce

FISHER

DATE November 22, 1930

C. S. Krom

SUBJECT

I have yours of November 14th.

Don't forget that we are holding the same cottage for Jack LaGorce we had last year. He is a great contact man himself.

CGF:A

Labace

December 3rd 1931

Mr. John Oliver LaCores,
National Geographic Society,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Jack:

I have yours of the 27th, and thanks a lot
for the flagpole information.

I don't know how the Aeronautical Society
can object to the height of flagpoles, when there are plenty
of hotel towers all around this part of the country that
are two hundred feet high.

Now regarding Byrd. I don't think so very
much of that outfit because it is purely a family outfit.
I invited him once to Montauk, and we had a very nice little
cottage there, which had several bedrooms and rather a
good sized dining room and living room, and a two car
garage. The house was not large enough to hold his
servants and assistants to his family. If it was only
Mr. and Mrs. Byrd I would say O.K. immediately, but if it
takes a cottage to hold eight or ten nieces, aunts, nurses,
etc. then I am off the Byrds.

Yours,

C. G. FISHER

CGF-JM

LaCorce

December 8th 1931.

Dear Jack:

Yours of the 5th. As usual you are O.K. in most of the things you have in mind.

Why the Hell did you want to waste alot of stationery writing to me about Byrd, if you had already made a deal with Charlie Krom, and where the Hell, and how the Hell, did you get any idea that I was criticizing your sportsmanship, even though you could not play duck on dories with pumpkins.

Another thing, you poor catfish, did you ever stop to think I am deliberately going to get all kinds of opposition to my 550 foot flagpole, and then I am not going to put it up. My God some of you people in the advertising business are dumb. Oysters are the bright lights of modern society. I am trying to keep this quiet, so you tell the War Department to get an injunction against me.

Hope to see you soon, Jack .

Yours,

Mr. John Oliver LaCorce,
National Geographic Magazine,
Washington, D.C.

CGP-HM

LaGree

April 4th 1932.

My dear Jack:

First tell Ethel that I ate too much German cheese last night, and it gave me hay fever.

I will be glad to get the book.

Bill McCoy brought over his bootlegger friend, and I had to tell him I could not take a chance on selling the boat to them.

Two or three pieces of property have been sold here for the past few days, but it was all "distress" stuff.

We had a hot meeting of the tax payers this morning, so hot in fact they called out the fire department. I jumped up and tried to get a motion to adjourn, but instead of saying adjourn the meeting I said advocate.

It continues to be beautiful weather.

Godd luck!

Yours,

CCF-HM

Mr. John Oliver LaGree,
National Geographic Magazine
Washington, D.C.

LaBorce

June 16th 1932.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
National Geographic Society,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Jack:

"Panama" came in this morning, and I hope to have a lot of real pleasure in reading it tonight.

We have been tremendously busy in the last couple of weeks. Have abandoned the house up on the hill, and turned it into the bondholders for sale.

We have moved into one of Margaret's old houses down on the beach. It is really a nice old place, and we finally have the leaks stopped up and the rat holes blocked, and I believe it is going to be a very pleasant place this summer.

In the meantime, I am working as much as it is possible on small steel and concrete houses idea that I believe may work out if there is such a thing as buyers for houses during the next year. I am getting a lot of real assistance from the transite and steel Companies, and I hope to be able to send you more particulars in the near future.

I don't believe the people in Washington realize the conditions that the country is drifting into. So many people in Washington eat at the public trough of funds, that they don't understand the word depression.

In the little town of Port Washington, the Purdy Boat Works after hard work by some of the members of the family for fifty years, had a good little business that was paying small profits to twenty five members of the Purdy family, including grandchildren, and some fifty men who have been in the boat building business all their lives.

They had a good business established, and some \$43,000 in a savings account in the bank. This bank busted, practically wiping out the entire Purdy industry, their workmen and their savings. It is doubtful what

their

J. O. LaGorce - #2

will come back to them, if anything from this failure, as loans have been made on real estate that at the time looked safe, but under present conditions won't bring even fifteen cents on the dollar.

Here at Montauk, one of the most prominent citizens who had a \$300,000 estate, got into such shape that he needed \$2500.00. The only security he had left was his estate, and you will be surprised to learn that not a bank in this country would loan him even \$1,000 on this estate.

There was absolutely no opening for any assistance from the Government, and this assistance was wanted by a man who has had no experience in loans, and has always carried a sufficient bank account to take care of his requirements. In order to avoid lawyers fees, liens, etc., he had to raise \$2500.00 and as a last resort, the only place that this money was available to him in the United States that he could find, was to dispose of his stock of liquor accumulated over a period of thirty years. A bootlegger was found who immediately gave him spot cash, which pulled him out of the hole.

You can see the ins and outs of this story without any further explanation, but it is a most damnable situation for a country to be in. There is a lot of talk about a revolution, and I for one am for it, and the quicker the better. Of course I would prefer to see a peaceful sort of turnover, but I am afraid unless something radical is done in a very short time that the powder cake somewhere in the country will be out loose.

If the politicians in Washington could be forced to get out of Washington, and travel through country generally, incognito, and not be met on trains with bands by hungry politicians, and if they had a chance to wander through the country and see just what the real conditions of things are, it might do some good.

J. O. LaGerree - #3

We hope to see you some time this summer.
We have dug up a lot of beautiful wild roses and
honeysuckle in our backyard, and planted potatoes
and horse corn.

Yours,

C. C. FISHER

CCF-BM

LaGorce

March 20th 1933.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
National Geographic Magazine,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Jack:

I have yours of the 13th. I was sorry I could not get over to the train the other morning, but the truth of the matter is that I could not get out of bed. My back squeaked like a hinge on an old rusty gate, and I had Bill Nelson work on me until along about eleven o'clock.

I have learned in the last few days that four small doses of soda daily is all that I need, and I am shooting on all six, without an ache or a pain. This in spite of the recommendation of two or three doctors that I was already in the grip of senile disability, and the cords through my general ramifications had rusted off. God deliver me from the advice of doctors!

Galloway advised the baking soda, and it only took a nickle's worth of Arm & Hammer soda to cure me completely.

Thanks for the picture of the Wild Horses you sent to Hal Talbott.

Talk about your politics up north! They are nothing as compared with this country. We are now in a free for all dog and cat fight regarding another plan for the harbor improvement, and again it looks like we might get together and have a chance to put it through. If so, I hope to wiggle out of my difficulties. I will probably lose all the hair from my ears down, and be singed completely, but I will still retain an appetite for light wine and beer, and be able to drink a little more beer at a greatly reduced figure.

I am sorry I could not get together enough of the various ingredients to make a trip over to Cuba in the "K", but let us hope there is another day coming.

J.O.LaGorce - #2

You can tell those cockeyed Demosrats up there, who are against this modification, that the people of the country are putting the skids under them. I am going to propose that the public schools see that the pupils learn the names of these wild asses from the plains, just the same as they learn their A.B.C's, so they will never forget them.

Best regards,

Yours,

CARL C. FISHER

CGF-EM

Copy to:
Fred Britten

LaGorce

April 3rd 1933.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
National Geographic Society,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Jack:

Is there any way you can get, through Joe Murphy,
the low down on Mr. George M. Crump.

Last year he was the Manager of Montauk Manor,
and this year he is all prepared to run a one night
stand gambling outfit, and I imagine use "Mickey
Flinn" on the side as he is that type, but he
made a good bid for the hotel, and now claims that
he is entitled to have it again this year.

He has one of my very good friends in a very awkward
position, and I am sure this man Crump can be located
as a blackmailer, and perhaps a lot of other things,
if we could only get some dope on him.

I could get Mike Glenn to work on the job, but that
means a lot of expense money, and takes a lot of time.
I could write Joe Murphy myself, or you could show
him this letter, but I thought it would one of the
best things to mention it to you, and see if you
can suggest asking Joe Murphy to help me out.

We have heard rumors that Crump is in trouble at
Washington at this time, but we cannot chase
these rumors down, but he is a bad actor, and we could
easily kick him out of any consideration at Montauk,
except that he seems to have the bee on a friend
of mine now.

I wish you would use your own judgement about this
matter and hand this letter to Joe Murphy, if that
is what you think should be done, but I want to get
some information about Crump. I will of course
consider it confidential where my information comes
from, but I would like to pass it on to this friend
of mine as a club that will keep Crump from what
I consider practically high handed blackmail.

Yours,

CGF-HM

CARL G. FISHER

LaCocoe

April 17th 1933.

Mr. John Oliver LaCocoe,
National Geographic Magazine,
Washington, D.C.

My dear Jack:

Thanks a lot for yours of the 13th. I certainly cause you a lot of trouble.

I want to go ahead and order one thousand of these sheets, so I am enclosing a check for \$120.00. This is a much lower price than we could get here, and probably the work will be very much better. We will forget about the pine tree.

I hope I didnt disturb you regarding the John Hertz matter. I think a good deal of John Hertz, and was very sorry to see this argument come up, which I am sure was really caused by his attorney.

Beer don't bother me at all any more, what I am going to try to do now is to invent a new drink which gives all the kick of "Green Stripe" has no sugar, is low in price, and busts the Volstead Act.

They tell me that in Siam they boil an ant eater's tail, and get a concentrated juice that is non-alcoholic, but that will recusatate any normal human being after he has been dead for ten days.

Your last book was a bear, especially the gold hunters story. I got to the particular foot of the pass, or think I did, from which your picture was taken, and I also spent some little time panning gold. There are two or three ways to do it, that you did not describe, that would be interesting to read about. I think your next article on research of scientists in general will be very, very interesting.

We are going to out open the dining room next year and have tables on the porch, I have thought about it for two or three years.

Mr. J. O. LaGorce - #2

Give Ethel my regards and tell her for intestinal
'flu, a spoonful of paprika twice a day or perhaps
three times a day will be good.

Best regards,

Yours,

CARL G. FISHER

CCF-HH
Enclosure.

May 1st 1933.

LaBorce

Mr. John Oliver LaBorce,
National Geographic,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Jack:

Yours of the 26th. I think the second paragraph of your letter covers the whole situation. The Republicans are naturally looking cockeyed at the new three ring circus maneuvers, new acts with new clowns, and a sunshinyday, with a big audience. It is going over big!

The guys that started a whispering campaign that Roosevelt was weak and vacillating, should apologize to themselves in a God's prayer before each meal. Just what is doing now has headed off a real revolution, and it would not have been bloodless, as you can see from what happened in a few isolated spots about the country.

There isn't any doubt, but that the financial interests had the Government in a straight jacket, and were just commencing to tar all the knots.

I don't know how we are going north, we may send the Shadow up and at the last minute I might jump on board. Thank God, all we have to do now is to feed the crew with grits and chuck steak. We can get one hundred good men to go north for a ride, and as long as there is plenty of oil on board it might be best to take her north, and try to dispose of her there.

If we drive north, you know it is a lot out of the route to go by Washington. You have to go through so many cities. I don't know what route we followed to get here, but it was a good road, and until we got down in Virginia, we practically had the road to ourselves. However, we may run out of gas somewhere near Washington, and if so, we will stop off at least, and have a chicken dinner, if you have any chicken. If not, we will take chuck steak and grits.

By the way, since I saw you I have lost nine pounds. I had a bottle of that beer analyzed, after receiving

Mr. E. O. LaGorce - #2

your letter, and the doctor who made the analysis called on the phone and said "Hold everything until I get there" He arrived breathless and informed me that he had not been able to make a complete analysis, but he was sure that there was a percentage of "Mickey Flinn" and some sort of coal tar product in it, that is made from boiling roofing material in varnish and vinegar. I told him I had had perhaps a couple of hundred bottles this winter, and felt no great effects, and he asked me as a favor to will to his college my stomach for a sample. At any rate I am off that bear, and I sold back what I had in stock to my local bootlegger, and to my local broker in beer.

I have a few bottles of Indian Sherry left, and my doctor advises me to have half a pint a day in grapefruit juice, stating it would really be good for me, and I believe him because I am feeling better in the last few days, and haven't had any rheumatism or neuritis, which I understand is more aristocratic to have than rheumatism.

Earl Kiser is laid up for a few days, and I am afraid he will have to finally get on crutches; that tin leg irritates the muscle of his leg. Don't write him anything about it, because he is very sensitive.

There is a baseball picture out with Joe E. Brown as the star, if it comes to Washington take my advice and see it. I haven't laughed as much in the last ten years as I did last night at this picture.

Now referring to the sepia stickers, I have about three or four hundred of these pamphlets, and I might as well get them in the mail, and ten or fifteen bucks is just about my speed for a half tone in sepia. Have them printed and send them on to me, and I will send you the dough.

Regards to Ethel and the bunch.

Yours,

CGF-HM

CARL G. FISHER

May 13th 1933.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
National Geographic Magazine,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Jack:

Replying to yours of the 10th. I seem to be always getting you into some kind of a job that you are doing for me. I will pack up the whole outfit and forward them to you today, and I won't need them until I get to Montauk.

I almost had an order the other day for a beginning unit of five houses, but like a lot of other orders, I think it may blow up.

It looks like I will deliver the "SHADOW K." tomorrow, at just ten and two fifths of one cent on the dollar of what it cost. However, I am glad to get rid of it, and it will give us some money to move on.

We are still selling some property, and there is a real boom in houses. Wherever you turn there is another house going up. If we can only get through another year, we are going to kick loose of Deputy Sheriffs, collectors, chisellers, mortgage holders, blackmailers, and I think one more year will see several of my relatives dead.

Dan told me he had a great time. Dan has learned many things in Miami, in fact you want to keep your eye on anybody from this section of the country.

I would like to stop off and see you folks, and take a look at the remains of the wastrel Hoover administration, but when we finally start north, we will have to move fast, there are a lot of things to attend to in New York.

I want to see your new offices, and I would like to have a little time with my patent attorney. I have finally got a tail hold, in fact a 52% interest in a new patent that is either a good thing or a louse, but so far it has only cost me about \$400.00.

Mr. J. O. LaGorce - #2

Up to the present time the Patent Department can find no interference of any kind, and we haven't found a crack engineer yet who says the outfit won't work. I hope to have a sample operating in the early part of July at Fort Washington, and will tell you more about it then, or else it may be that I won't even bring up the subject.

Earl is much better, most of his trouble is mental, his stocks are all going up.

Tell Ethel for her stomach to eat a lot of green corn. I had a blood test taken about two weeks ago, and it showed a small amount of sugar. The Doctor put me on a diet, and had to lay off corn and beer, so I have only been eating about ten ears of corn a day, and four to six bottles of fine Cuban beer daily, and the last test showed me 100% from top to bottom, and I haven't felt better in years.

I beat Doc Nelson yesterday swimming, at every trick he knows, and he was coached for some time at Notre Dame. I gave him fourteen years handicap, I turned six back somersaults off the spring board yesterday, none of them quite perfect, but pretty good, everything considered.

I must admit however that it took Nelson, Galloway and Garrett, all three of them to get me out of bed this morning, also a gallon of alcohol rubbed into me to limber me up. Am going swimming every day, and am really having the only vacation I have had for a long time.

Regards,

Yours,

CARL G. FISHER

P.S. Just a line to let you know that in the last two years they have discovered that they can grow sweet corn south of Miami. They are selling on the market here hundreds of thousands of dozens of this

John O. LaForce - #2

corn at 25 cents a dozen.

I made a ninety mile survey down near Homestead the day before yesterday, and we must have seen 300 patches of corn varying in size from one half an acre to 25 acres.

This corn is snow white, and the ear of corn is almost as big as the stalk, at least the ear of corn is four or five times as thick as the stalk. You remember I once told you that the first experiment with corn here showed a stalk 6 or 7 inches in diameter at the base, and 20 feet tall, with an ear of corn not as large as your little finger and almost as hard as navy beans.

I could not find a single farmer who could tell me anything about results, so I am going to make another trip soon. But this is a great thing for the southern part of Florida, it is simply wonderful to think that the prospects will be to ship this early corn on to northern markets.

I am going to send you a mess by express, cook it in milk, and tell me what you think of it.

G.G.F.

Labaree

May 17th 1933.

Mr. John Oliver LaGorce,
National Geographic Magazine,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Zack:

I learned yesterday, after the corn had been shipped, that we were at the tail end of the season, and it is very hard to get any real good corn at this time.

Also I learned that the corn won't ship very well, unless in refrigerated cars, and that it should be eaten within three or four hours from the time it is pulled to get the best results on constitution, teeth, mustache protectors, etc. Now if this corn arrives hard and hot and tough, lay it away and the next time you come to Montauk, put it in your grip, and we will give it to Jerry.

Also found borers in the end of the corn, which is not very serious so far, but perhaps they will multiply in the next few years to be a menace to the corn crop in Florida, and I can't help but think of an old farmer down here one time that told me, most everything would grow in Florida, but there was a special "insect for every vegetable".

Yours,

CARL G. FISHER

CGF-HM