

P.T. - Sunco Thurs., Aug. 19, 1937

CHINA

(Today the battle of Shanghai enters a new phase.) And it's an old familiar military story:-- ~~the fighting has been going on, and~~ into the fray come new forces. (The main army of Japan has <sup>now</sup> entered the battle.)

Today the Chinese drove with ~~an~~ heroic power, great masses of men hurling themselves against the mechanized line of Japan. The battle-front extends through the city and out to the surrounding country. To the rear of the Japanese is the river. And the surging regiments of China drove them back, ~~xxx~~ threatened to cut the Japanese Army in two, by forcing ~~themx~~ one section of it into the <sup>Whangpoo.</sup> ~~area~~ It was the most desperate of fighting, with the Chinese lunging against machine guns, ~~armyx~~ armoured cars and tanks. The Japanese gave way foot by foot, while meanwhile their artillery and bombing planes struck ~~at~~ the nerve centers behind the Chinese line. These nerve centers are plants for lighting, power, communication, transport -- strategic buildings. And that means -- part of a great city. The stronghold of the Chinese Army is Shanghai itself, the native city with its millions. That's where those nerve centers are. So you can

see what it meant<sup>t</sup> to bombard it -- the exploded<sup>ing</sup> fury of war  
let loose in the heart of the metropolis of the China coast.

(While the Chinese were driving back the Japanese line the  
regular army of Japan was landing. Hitherto the Mikado's troops  
in the battle have been Marines, sent from warships -- a mere  
skeleton force. But today seven troop ships landed regiments  
of regulars as re-enforcements. And sixteen more troop ships  
waited in the river with twenty thousand regulars aboard -- ready  
to put them ashore under cover of darkness.) They will be landed  
at various points, strategic points. <sup>R</sup> The Japanese don't intend  
to fight it out on a short front, <sup>merely</sup> pushing ahead in Shanghai  
proper. ~~that's the verdict of military men in the Far East.~~  
They intend to execute wide flank movements, sweeping around the  
Chinese and surrounding them. And their troops are to be landed  
at points up the river, where they can fight their way to the  
rear of the Chinese Army. Such is the strategy of the Mikado's  
generals. And one thing is sure -- it will transform the fight  
into a huge wide-spread engagement<sup>t</sup>, ~~it may end~~ <sup>and</sup> with the full  
power of Japan and China in <sup>one giant</sup> ~~a major~~ decisive clash. ~~in the~~  
~~Shanghai area.~~ <sup>There's a threat to close the river.</sup>  
<sup>And that would keep foreigners</sup>



## CZECHOSLOVAKIA

from escaping by sea. So the International authorities are demanding that the river be kept open. The diplomats of the world today were attentively tuning their ears to another false note in the international harmony. Portugal breaks off diplomatic relations with Czechoslovakia. Neither of those two nations are of giant magnitude and power. They're not anywhere near each other and couldn't get together to fight if they wanted to. Moreover, the cause of the row, as revealed today, is a mere business deal, a business transaction. So, one's inclination might be to gaze with a humorous eye upon the Portuguese-Czechoslovakian diplomatic rupture, and give it a laugh.

Let's take a look at the business deal that started the rumpus. Portugal ordered some machine guns from Czechoslovakia, which has some powerful armament factories. Now, that seems commonplace enough, until we ask about the size of the order. We are not told precisely, save that it's a big one. Little Portugal has an army of a mere thirty thousand men. So what does Lisbon want with all those machine guns?

Let's observe that the two small nations are focal points of peril. Czechoslovakia supposed to be an object of ambition of Nazi Germany, and the government at Prague has an understanding with Soviet Russia. How about Portugal? The Lisbon government is openly in favor of the Franco regime in Spain. Portugal stands with the Fascist powers in fighting Russia's support to the Spanish Left Wingers. So you can see the curious twist to that commercial transaction - Portugal ordering a giant lot of machine guns from Czechoslovakia.

What happened to the deal? There was a delay



about filling the order. Lisbon protested. Prague's reply indicated the suspicion that all those machine guns were intended ~~not~~ for the little Portuguese army, but for reshipment to Franco in Spain. Lisbon considered that an insult, its good faith doubted. Prague replied - well, anyway, Czechoslovakia needed the machine guns for its own armament program and couldn't spare any for shipment. To this Lisbon responded with the charge that this action by Prague was taken at the dictation of Soviet Russia; Red Moscow ~~was~~ stopping Lisbon from getting ~~machine~~ guns. So said Portugal, and broke off diplomatic relations with Czechoslovakia.

It still doesn't seem such a wild threat to the peace of the world. But, it's the first time that the Spanish Civil War has caused two outside nations to come to a formal break. And that's something to make the statesmen wrinkle their brows.

ROMANCE

The latest <sup>international</sup> ~~celebrating~~ romance of an American girl

51  
✓  
is in a state of doubt and uncertainty tonight. Honey Johnson ~~lands~~  
landed on her own home shores today, but a barrage of reportorial  
questions failed to disclose whether she will or will not marry  
Prince David Mdivani. He's the last remaining of the three  
marrying Mdivani brothers. Honey Johnson herself refused to  
answer "Yes" or "No." Which seems fair enough, because those  
two syllables are reserved for more sacred occasions than  
newspaper interviews. Moonlight is supposed to be shining and  
roses in bloom when a girl says yes or no. But Honey's parents  
replied for her, and said - no. Parents <sup>without</sup> ~~don't~~ need ~~so much~~  
of moonlight! ~~for those monosyllables~~

However, the romance was not left in any such ball  
of simplicity and uncertainty. It was made even more uncertain,  
but with frills and trimmings - by a young man who seems to  
have been Cupid's agent in the sentimental story of the heiress  
and the prince. On the Italian liner with Honey and her <sup>Mama + Papa</sup> ~~parents~~  
was ~~Yan~~ young Jesse Livermore, son of the Wall Street plunger.  
With him was his mother, who shot him a couple of years ago -



shot him under accidental, melodramatic circumstances.

Young Jesse Livermore relates how he told the Prince about

Honey, saying: "You're going to go crazy about that girl when you meet her," and how he told Honey about the Prince, saying:

"You're going to go <sup>looney</sup>~~crazy~~ about that guy when you meet him."

Cupid himself could have done no better. So they <sup>did - they went</sup>~~not~~ <sup>crazy</sup>

<sup>daffy</sup> about each other when they met. So says love's go-between,

and that would seem to be that. But it's not that at all.

Young Livermore says he isn't sure whether the romance is still

on, or <sup>off</sup>~~declared off~~. But Honey <sup>Honey</sup>~~met~~ met a couple of

other fellows on the boat - such is the story of the chap who

introduced them. Which leaves the latest international love

story in a state of suspended <sup>admir</sup>~~and~~ation.

COAL

Writing your initials is a simple thing -- <sup>but</sup> ~~it~~ it depends  
a good deal upon what you do it with. Take for example a ponderous  
machine that's a topic of conversation at Bluefield, Virginia  
tonight. There they are holding -- ~~the~~ Southern Appalachian Industry  
~~Exhibit~~ <sup>Exhibit</sup>, a three day festival of coal mining. And this  
evening the boys are talking about the modern ~~min~~ mechanical  
wonders of the black pits, such as -- the newest <sup>marvels</sup> ~~wonders~~ in the  
dust treat<sup>ment</sup>ing of coal, the oil emulsions made by the Sun Oil  
Company, ~~which~~ <sup>to</sup> lay the coal dust, ~~and keep it from becoming a deadly~~  
~~explosive.~~

3 And there's the coal shearing machine. It's a  
contraption that <sup>rips</sup> ~~sifts~~ into the vein of coal before the explosive  
is touched off. Operated by two men, it prepares more coal for  
blasting in fifteen ~~xx~~ minutes than <sup>the</sup> two men could do ~~it~~ in a  
seven-hour shift by hand. ~~It's~~ 36 feet long, ~~and~~ weighs thirteen  
tons ~~and~~ rips a cut nine feet deep. Yet it's so delicate and  
precise the coal miners use one superlative phrase -- they say  
they <sup>can</sup> ~~cut~~ cut ~~in~~ their initials with it.



## GRAVES

After all the terrific hullabaloo about the Supreme Court,  
*What's tonight's word?*  
what's the latest aftermath? <sup>^</sup> The echo resounds - a woman

senator. The President tried to enlarge the court, and failed -  
after a thundering battle. He named a new justice to the  
highest tribunal, and that went through - after some more  
thundering battle. Senator Black gets the court job, and of  
course leaves the Senate. So <sup>^</sup> who is to take his senatorial  
place? The gallant <sup>h</sup> answer resounds - a lady. The new senator  
from Alabama is to be appointed by Governor Bibb Graves. And  
whom will he appoint? The domestic echo resounds - his wife, *Dixie*

This has not been officially proclaimed - not  
absolute and positive. But it ~~is~~ certainly looks that way.

54  
—  
Governor Bibb Graves flew to Washington to consult the President  
about the appointment of a successor to Senator Black. And he  
took his *Lady Dixie* ~~with~~ with him. Today in the national capital the

Alabama Governor was questioned about ~~that~~ <sup>t</sup> appointment, ~~of his wife~~

She too was questioned. Their answers were not - yes, but ~~were~~  
pretty close to it. "I think," <sup>said</sup> ~~said~~ Bibb ~~said~~ about his wife, "that

she can fill any job anybody could fill."

"I think," Bibb's wife said about herself, "that it takes women as well as men in this business of life."

So it looks as if we'll have another lady lawmaker in the Senate, to join company with Mrs. Caraway who is now the lone woman senator. Mrs. Caraway succeeded her late husband to the toga. Mrs. Graves is to be appointed by her husband. It must be what they call domestic politics.

Dixie Graves is fifty-four, tall and distinguished. A collegiate career gave her degrees in literature and law. She has been active in such organizations as the United Daughters of the Confederacy. And in the days of the suffrage fight, she campaigned for the cause of "votes for women." Now - the Senate, and it would seem that the votes of women are of less importance than appointment by hubby.



ROOSEVELT

Now for the great question - who squirted the champagne on the Mayor? John Roosevelt says - he didn't. <sup>TP</sup> Who socked the Mayor of Cannes over the head with a big bouquet of flowers?

The President's twenty-one year old son responds - he didn't.

<sup>TP</sup> Today in France John Roosevelt gave an emphatic denial - it must have been some other guy!

All of which evokes a calamitous vision. On the festive Riviera, the "battle of the flowers" at Cannes, everybody full of joy - if not <sup>some</sup> ~~any~~ thing stronger. Mayor Nouveau goes to greet the

son of the President of the United States. The Mayor has

prepared a speech - "a pretty speech", <sup>a flowery speech</sup> ~~it is called or it~~

~~would have been a pretty speech if it had ever been delivered.~~

~~In the midst of~~ <sup>for</sup> the battle of the flowers. The Mayor approaches

a two horse carriage. In it is the son of the President -

or he thinks it is. But that's a mistake - it's <sup>a couple of other fellows,</sup> ~~some other guy.~~

Anyway, it's an American. That much is evident. So the Mayor

greet <sup>two</sup> the <sup>fellows</sup> other ~~guy~~ and starts to deliver that pretty speech to

the son of the President of the United States. And <sup>one of these 14</sup> ~~the other guy~~

<sup>other fellows</sup>

reaches down for a bottle and xx squirts champagne in the

Mayor's face and all over his new suit, and then pops him  
over the head with a big bouquet of flowers. <sup>Now</sup> Would any son  
of ~~our~~ <sup>I ask you?</sup> President do a thing like that? No, a thousand times  
no, as they say in France. It must have been some <sup>a thousand</sup> other ~~fellows~~ <sup>fellows</sup>.

Yet, you can't convince the unfortunate Mayor.

He spoke today in these affecting terms: "I was told", he says  
with gestures, "that my assailant was young Roosevelt, although  
I had never seen him before. I regret to say that I am certain  
now it was young Mr. Roosevelt."

John ~~Roosevelt~~ is described today as eager to  
appear before the Mayor for identification - to prove it was  
some other guy. But he was persuaded not to. Maybe because  
such a thing would be undignified, or maybe because the Mayor  
might take a look and say - well, what might the Mayor say?

One French official along the Riviera gives out  
an explanation with that typical French clarity. In the  
battle of flowers, he elucidates, it is customary to throw  
individual flowers, one at a time. But it's unusual to hit  
somebody over the head with a ponderous bouquet - let alone



squirting champagne at him, let alone the fact that it was the Mayor.

So the controversy rages, and those two other fellows must certainly be ashamed of themselves.

## HYPNOTISM FOLLOW ROOSEVELT

Maybe those four other fellows are the same as the magicians who is raising trouble in central France. He is called Ben Abakuk, and he is described as a wonder worker in hypnotism. He certainly works wonders, if half the things they say about him are true. The least of the wonders is the fact that he is in jail tonight. Because Ben Abakuk hypnotized three gendarmes. If you've ever been in France, you know how dignified a gendarme is. Well, Ben hypnotized the three of them right out in public. They were coming along the street on their bicycles. And he made passes at them or something like that, and compelled them to dismount, and walk down the street carrying their bicycles on their heads. And that was something the French peasants hadn't seen in a long time. At least he didn't squirt champagne in their faces. Instead he compelled those three hypnotized gendarmes to stand on their heads and turn somersaults. The peasants in the village were as astonished as if they had seen Napoleon marching through town, doing the goose-step. So the un hypnotized gendarmes seized him and threw him in the French jug. And there he reposes, charged with disrespect to the law. See Mayor of Cannes for

more about that.

However, the case of Ben Abakuk is likely to have more repercussions than the affair of the champagne and the bouquet of flowers. France isn't likely to declare war on the United States because the Mayor says the President's son doused him with bubbly. In the case of Abakyk, there's a vociferous clamor that he be released. The peasants of the French countryside demand it.

With this comes a weird story of superstition. They tell how the wandering hyynotist drove into the village of Sarcine; long flowing hair, butterfly collar, corduroy trousers, and velvet boots. He proceeded to cure the peasants' horses of their maladies. He hypnotized the cows into giving more milk. He made the hay grow taller. He cured the sick and improved the crops, all with his hypnotism. So he became a local miracle worker. Then he made his mistake when he hypnotized those three gendarmes and made them carry their bicycles on their heads and turn somersaults. But nevertheless, the villagers are storming the magistrate, demanding that the wonder-worker be released to improve themselves and their crops.



And for fear all this will have an evil effect on you --

I'll say ----- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

American property in Shanghai, Hankow and other cities is being  
in the American concessions where United States citizens are  
concentrated. And at Hankow - the bombs shook the American  
cavalry.

The United States cruiser ALBATROSS was lying in the  
Yangtze River, supervising the evacuation of American refugees.

On both sides of the great artillery fire was thundering.

Suddenly near the ship, only a few yards away, water spouted  
out of the river and there was a thundering roar! A big shell  
had narrowly missed the ALBATROSS. Then - there were two other

roaring spouts of water, as two more shells exploded nearby.

The American cruiser was in the thick of it - a wild, furious  
battle.

Many shells were falling everywhere. It is believed that

the three shells which almost hit the ALBATROSS were aimed at  
the ship.

away at the Japanese.

The Commander of the ALBATROSS immediately gave the  
order to keep the ship's guns as much as possible. To the