

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

( Hankow falls, as Canton fell -- without resistance. )  
The Japanese army just strolled in today. ) The easy capture of  
the south China metropolis severaal days ago raised rumors of a  
sell-out, silver bullets as they say in the Far East. But the  
Japanese seizure of China's capital today was a different sort  
of thing. ( It was an evacuation by the Chinese army to avoid  
capture. ) The Mikado's regiments strung out on a three hundred  
mile line shaped like a crescent, closing in on the north and  
south. An enveloping movement, which the Chinese might have  
resisted to the end. And then they would probably have been  
destroyed. Instead, ( Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek withdrew  
his divisions of picked troops from the trap, a retreat to the  
west - those far away reaches of innermost China. )

So the Japanese column striking from the north had little  
more than skirmishing to do, in its rapid march into Hankow today.

The retiring Chinese army has taken up new positions in the west, while a new Chinese capital is being established at Chungking, beyond the gorges -- far up the Yangtze. And the war will go on and on -- say the Chinese.

( Only a flaming city is left in the grasp of the Mikado's generals -- the mighty triple cities of Hankow, Wuchang and Hanyang, -- all dynamited by the retiring defenders, -- set on fire. )

Our attitude on the China question can only be:- wait and see. Will Japan be content to hold the rich and populous part of China? Or will the Tokyo warlords command a further unrelenting push into the wilds to eliminate Chiang Kai-shek once and for all, and also destroy the Chinese Communist Army? We can only do as the orientals do: - wait and see.

## SHIPWRECK

To all <sup>who</sup> ~~that~~ treasure the old tradition of the sea,  
there's an ugly note in charges made today against the captain  
of a Japanese steamship. ~~Today,~~ <sup>a</sup> shipwrecked crew were landed  
in New York, and this is the story they tell:-

The eighty-seven ton American schooner PIONEER was <sup>out on</sup>  
~~sailing on~~ the Atlantic with a cargo of lumber for the Barbados.  
A heavy storm blew and pounded the PIONEER <sup>until she was</sup> helpless; ~~she was~~  
wallowing in the wild waves, a distress signal flying at the  
masthead, her captain and crew of four anxiously scanning the  
sea for a passing ship to rescue her. And a ship did appear, a  
fine big modern steamer - Japanese. The men aboard the sinking  
schooner were overjoyed. <sup>And what did</sup> The Japanese vessel <sup>do?</sup> ~~passed~~ right near  
~~her~~ - but she went straight on, and ~~made~~ no attempt at rescue.  
The shipwrecked <sup>skipper</sup> ~~men~~ today declared that the captain from the  
Far East didn't even notify the Coast Guard of their plight.  
Says he: "If I had had a rifle ~~then~~ I'd have taken a shot at those  
<sup>s -- yes, I'd have shot 'em off</sup> Japanese ~~on~~ the bridge of their ship." They abandoned us and left  
<sup>said he,</sup> us sinking, "We were lashed to the rigging for the whole day  
after that, before we were picked up."

Finally  
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They were saved by an American vessel, which sighted them and manuevred in the storm to the rescue - a splendid exploit of seamanship by S.S. AMERICAN BANKER.

But Why should the Japanese have acted like that? Who knows?  
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They're ancient sea-faring people, and have their own tradition of the sea - perhaps not the same as ours.



SHIP

Here's a shipwreck<sup>story</sup> of a modest sea captain, a deep sea going skipper as shy and embarrassed as a blushing maiden. A tale of the sea that raises a question of nautical etiquette. When a sea captain is off watch and crawls into his bunk aboard ship to get some sleep, what should he wear? What's the fashionable style in nightclothes for a salt sea skipper?

Today in Seattle, an investigating board of the United States Bureau of Marine Inspection considered charges against a captain recently in a wreck. A modest, bashful skipper. His vessel in a dense fog, hit a sandbank near Cape Mudge, off Vancouver Island. The easily embarrassed skipper was in his bunk trying to get some sleep when the ship went aground. It took him nine minutes to get on deck and assume command of the perilous situation. Why so long? That's what the investigating board wanted to know.

Today the captain of much propriety testified, and gave the reason. He said it was because it's his habit to ~~sleep~~ sleep in his underwear. And so, he had to take time to get his nautical clothes on before he could appear on deck and save his vessel

from the peril of shipwreck. Here's what he told the United States Investigating Board: "At times I've come out in my underwear," said he, "but that isn't nice in front of passengers."

Most modest captain! Just suppose he wore nothing at all in bed -- why the ship could sink down to Davey Jones' locker before he'd appear that way in front of the passengers.

The Investigating Board took no exception with the captain's delicate modesty. However, they wondered why it took him nine minutes to get his pants and sou'wester on. So today the shy, modest mariner on charges of -- negligence. Embarrassing him more than ever.

The investigation of Un-American activities produced a sort of medical challenge today. Bring on the truth-serum, bring on the drug of veracity.

One of the witnesses, Ralph Knox, has been charging that Benedict Wolf, a former Secretary of the National Labor Relations Board, invited him to join the Communist Party. A strange invitation from an official of the United States government. Wolf denies this, says that as a Secretary of the N.L.R.B. he never invited anybody to become a Communist. So it's a case of yes and no, with one telling the truth and the other a falsehood.

To this Knox today replies with a telegram to Chairman Dies, offering to submit to a test by truth serum. He offers to take the drug of veracity, and let the former N.L.R.B. man do the same. The medicine, it is presumed, will make them both tell the truth -- and see who's right.

Serious, imposing matters were discussed today before the New York Herald-Tribune Forum -- that annual event which places before the public expressions of opinion by Number One personalities of national and world affairs. There was a stirring ovation for Mrs. William Brown Meloney, organizer and originator of the Forum.

The last thing on the program this afternoon was a debate on that much debated theme -- a third term. And the protagonists of the opposing contentions were those two professors so prominent in the early professional stage of the New Deal -- Professors Moley and Tugwell. Tugwell advocated a third term, Moley tearing the idea to shreds; that original brain-truster.

Amid all the majestic declarations at the Forum today was one that encompassed two themes, subjects of worldwide import -- morality and world peace. The speaker was a mighty man who hit nearly three hundred last season, knoced out a couple of dozen home-runs and fielded his position magnificently. Playing first base for the Yankees -- Yes, Lou Gehrig, in the guise of a



philosopher and exponent of world affairs. Columbia Lou.

As a deep thinker, Lou couldn't quite get away from baseball. So he propounded a theory of hits, runs and errors as a moral phenomenon. He told how he grew up in a poor neighborhood, and he loved to play baseball. Some of the other boys didn't care for baseball. And see what happened to them'. Lou told how one year the Yankees played an exhibition game at Sing Sing, "It was like old home week," said Lou. Among the convicts there he recognized boyhoodplaymates the ones who didn't like baseball. And Lou declared himself thusly: "It made me think a minute," said he. "Maybe if those fellows had gone in for sports they would have walked out of that prison gate when the ball game was over. Maybe if I hadn't gone in for baseball, I wouldn't have been able to walk out either."

Then Lou edified Mrs. Meloney's and Mrs. Reid's learned Forum by telling how world peace can be achieved:- baseball, that's the way to do it.

When the public is busy discussing the pennant races," expounded Lou, " and speculating on who's going to win the World

Series, it doesn't have to work off its natural instincts for excitement by starting a war."

So maybe if they could turn Hitler into a second baseman, and Mussolini into a bat boy, the golden age of peace would be here.

WRECK

Today at Council, Idaho, the doctors made their diagnoses of John Parson and said:- "he probably has a broken back, a fractured spine." Now let us see what John Parson did while in that condition, what he did for all of twenty-four hours.

On Sunday night he was one of a family party of five in an automobile accident. They were driving along a remote and deserted section of highway near the Snake River. The car ran off the road and plunged down a mountainside for fifteen hundred feet to the riverbank.

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As the automobile plunged, Parson and his mother-in-law were thrown out, at the top of the slope. He tried to get up but couldn't. Something in his back had snapped. He couldn't stand, couldn't walk. All he could do was crawl on all fours. In that fashion, he crept to his mother-in-law and helped her as much as he could. Then he struggled his way down the mountainside to aid the other three who had plunged to the bottom with the car. It took hours as he crawled down groping in the darkness. He found only his wife alive at the edge of the water. *After pulling* her up the riverbank, *he* built a fire and made her as comfortable

as he could. Then to get help he climbed the fifteen hundred feet  
up the mountainside. He could make it only a foot or two at a time.  
Hours passed. ~~and it was~~ <sup>came.</sup> Daylight, <sup>and</sup> All day long he toiled, <sup>and</sup> night  
came on again <sup>and</sup> before he reached the top of the slope. No one  
in sight along the remote highway. He knew that only an occasional  
car might pass at long intervals. <sup>So</sup> He scribbled a note, stuck it  
in the band of his hat, and lay the hat in the middle of the  
roadway, where he weighed it down with a stone. Then he went  
creeping along, trying to make his way to the town of Curcum. He  
was halfway there when a passing motorist saw the hat and note -  
and brought rescue.

Today the doctors think that John Parson has a broken  
<sup>And</sup> back.- he went through his toiling ordeal of twenty-four hours  
with that kind of injury!

After which a safety  
story is surely in order.



## AUTO TEST

Now let's ask -- what's the difference between a trained college athlete, and you and me and the rest of us ordinary fellows? Well, you could write a book answering that. The University of Pennsylvania today undertook to give the answer from one particular point of view - safety in an automobile, swiftness of reaction in slamming on the brakes. Ten athletes, including the captain of the Penn football team, were tested one after another. At the wheel, a signal given, and how long did it take them to put the foot on the brake? The average time was five-tenths of a second. For automobile drivers in general the average is -- seventenths of a second. Which shows how much faster are the reactions of a trained athlete.

Safety study in college -- where the Lord knows it's needed.

The Sun Oil Company -- my sponsors -- for years have led in the safety movement.

## BRIDGE

When a metropolitan city stands on the bank of a river, many a story of the river is to be told -- things floating in the stream, victims of tragedy, telltale objects. London has its dramas of the Thames, Paris its episodes of the Seine. In New York it's the Hudson. You could write a book of stories about objects found floating in the Hudson. Today -- something new. A Bridge, a first-class one hundred feet wooden bridge, intact, in excellent condition. Yes sir -- found floating in the Hudson River today. Whence it came, nobody knows! But it must have spanned an upstate tributary of the big stream. No doubt it was washed out during the floods several weeks ago -- swept away by the deluge, the bridge floating off almost undamaged. You could take it right back and put it in place.

Somewhere upstate tonight the folks are missing a bridge, and the New York Marine police have broadcast an inquiry for the owner. They've tied up the bridge at a pier on Seventy-second street. There, waiting for somebody to come and claim it. But how would they take it home.

## BEER

There's one familiar object that seems to express the very spirit of the rollicking and the jovial -- a beer keg. Of course, we know about the curse of strong drink. We understand the perils that lurk in a glass of beer -- and a beer keg contains many, many a glass of beer. Even admitting the foaming wickedness of the brew, the beer keg does seem to be a thing of jovial simplicity. And honesty? Ah, not at all; we learn today. The beer keg can be a crook and a swindler! So we are informed by the New York Commissioner of Markets. He declares that some breweries are using short-measured kegs, not enough beer in them. The consequence, bartenders do not put enough beer in the glasses of customers. And the customers don't put enough beer in their stomachs. A vicious circle. Some of the kegs are as much as thirty per cent short, and the beer drinkers of New York are being swindled out of ten million dollars a year. And when they hear this, they'll weep in their beer.

The New York Commissioner of Markets is starting a drive against the dishonest beer keg -- he's threatening criminal prosecution. The idea being -- the keg contains the wickedness of beer, but not enough of it.



PRISONER

In a Brooklyn court today, a prisoner faced the judge - and declared he couldn't speak English. "No sp<sup>o</sup>ok ~~E~~ngl<sup>is</sup>h", he muttered brokenly.

A policeman took the stand and testified that when arrested the prisoner spoke plenty of English. He had two gallons of whiskey, said the cop, and admitted in fluent English that he intended to sell it illegally.

When in the courtroom the prisoner heard this, he shouted: "It's a lie! I did nothing of the sort! He's a liar!"  
*I didn't say ~~it~~ it all. I didn't have the whiskey.*  
All this in copious English.

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*77* Whereupon <sup>and</sup> the judge also spoke English ~~when he~~ said - "Held for trial, bail three hundred dollars." And now <sup>my final say -</sup> ~~will say, likewise in~~  
*likewise in*  
*9/4* English, - SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.