

R. J. - Sunoco. Friday, Aug. 20, 1937.

*Chase*  
*msc*

CHINA

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Today brought the Far Eastern war right on to our American doorstep. A United States warship hit, flames devouring American property in Shanghai, bullets and bombs falling closer to the American concession where United States citizens are concentrated. And at Nanking - sky bombs shook the American embassy.

The United States cruiser AUGUSTA was lying in the Whangpoo River, supervising the evacuation of American refugees. On both sides of the stream 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 AUGUSTA. 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 <sup>carnival</sup> ~~carnal~~ of cannon, stray shells landing everywhere. It is believed that the three which almost hit <sup>the American cruiser</sup> were fired by Chinese guns blazing away at the Japanese.

The Commander ~~Yarnell~~ of the AUGUSTA immediately gave the order - keep the crew below decks as much as possible. So the

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eight hundred sailors went below and stayed there, all of them save such as were urgently needed on deck. Then it was that

another shell came, and it hit! It landed square on the deck of the AUGUSTA - an anti-aircraft projectile that fell straight

*above and* ~~down~~ *down from high* burst with a *shattering roar.* ~~crash~~. Lucky most of the sailors were below,

lucky that only a few were attending to necessary duties on deck -

or many ~~of~~ might have been killed. As it was, one man ~~was~~ *lost his* ~~life -~~ *life -* killed, Sailor Freddy John Falgout of Raceland, Florida.

Eighteen others were injured, but not seriously. It is

uncertain which side fired the anti-aircraft shell,, but there's

some ~~belief~~ belief that it was hurled ~~low~~ by a Japanese

battery ~~was~~ *fight off* trying to ~~ward off the~~ Chinese bombing planes.

A few minutes later, another missile of high explosive hit - but not the ship. Narrowly missed it, exploded in the water nearby.

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Meanwhile, (Shanghai was burning, as desperate battle raged through the streets.) The Chinese hurling hosts of fighting men against the Japanese line, forcing it back in places.

China, striving by weight of numbers and desperate courage to

push the line of fiercely resisting Japanese into the river. War planes of both sides roared over the city, bombing incessantly. Chinese aviators did dizzy-power dives, hurling their bombs on the Japanese concession. Planes plunged head-first almost on top of the Japanese-Consulate-General, and released their bombs. One quarter of <sup>Shanghai</sup> ~~Shanghai~~ in flames! American property going up in blaze and smoke. The latest tells of the building of an American paint company - bombed and burning.

This evening high explosives ~~burst~~ burst near the American concession in Shanghai. Shells hit near the French section, right next door to the place where most of the Americans live. The American women and children are reported to have been removed from the city by now, in the general exodus. But many men still remain in the American concession in the vicinity of which <sup>bombs are exploding</sup> ~~the high explosive is bursting~~ this evening.

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The Japanese war fleets <sup>of</sup> the sky raided far and wide. Far up the Yangste, <sup>Hangkow. And Nanking,</sup> ~~bombarded Hankow and Peiping,~~ the nationalist capital, felt the havoc of war. A fleet of Japanese bombers raided Nanking and dropped bomb after bomb. Explosions burst near the American Embassy, and shook the headquarters of United

States diplomacy in China. The Central University at Nanking was blasted by the bombs and set on fire.

Such were the explosive events for Americans in China today. What are the repercussions in Washington? President Roosevelt has promptly announced that there ~~would~~ <sup>will</sup> be no action by Washington about the incident of the AUGUSTA. The State Department has word that the hitting of the ship was an accident. So <sup>any</sup> ~~an~~ action will be left to the discretion of Admiral Harry Yarnell, American Commander at Shanghai. He is empowered to act as he sees fit in answer to the shell that hit the American cruiser. There's some supposition that Admiral Yarnell may protest to both the Japanese and the Chinese, because of the way indiscriminate gunfire had ~~been~~ <sup>s</sup> blasted <sup>ing</sup> around American ships in the Whangpoo River. The Admiral has already been protesting about Japanese ideas of <sup>controlling</sup> ~~patrolling~~ the navigation of the river <sup>by</sup> ~~for~~ foreign vessels. The Admiral demands that the river ~~must~~ be kept open, for a free passage of American ships taking <sup>off</sup> ~~away~~ refugees.

EARTHQUAKE

This evening from the Philippine Islands, we have a story of sardonic coincidence. Into the harbor of Manila steamed the American liner PRESIDENT JEFFERSON - crowded with ~~refugees~~ refugees. Aboard were three hundred and seventy-six Americans taken from war-blasted Shanghai, saved from that nightmare of bullets, explosions, flame and death. Aboard the PRESIDENT JEFFERSON, the refugees gazed joyfully at the lights of Manila. Peace and safety, a secure refuge from the fury of war. The liner docked. They went ashore as fast as they could - those three hundred and seventy-six refugees. They hurried down the gangplank into the Customs House, a confusion of fugitives who carried with them belongings that they had been able to rescue. Chief among them were Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, wife of the Colonel<sup>Ted --</sup> - she and her son.

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That scene of refugees-landed should be the end of the story - but, it's only the beginning. Suddenly the <sup>customs</sup> building shook, with the rumbling of the earth. There was a cracking and crashing, all Manila shook, lights out everywhere! Buildings tumbled, masonry fell shattering into the streets.

There was panic among the refugees, yells and screams. Mothers seized their children, and there was a wild rush. The shriek of one girl sounded the keynote: "Is this another war?", she cried. <sup>TF</sup> No, it was an earthquake. The severest tremblor that Manila has had in forty years, <sup>And it</sup> had to hit just as the refugees landed. There were two shocks, a second twenty minutes later. Buildings were damaged all over the city, as they swayed in the ~~ea~~ quake. The earth dropped in places. The electric light system was disrupted. The trembling of the earth was felt at points two ~~hundreds~~ hundred miles away, but the center of the quake was near Manila, and <sup>that great</sup> ~~the~~ city suffered the most.-

**I**t didn't do much damage, a number of injuries, but no fatalities. The most startling effect was the terror that gripped Manila - the triple terror that seized the three hundred and ~~seventy~~-six refugees from war torn Shanghai!

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This evening President Roosevelt has a document to sign, a bill Congress sent to the White House today. It's that loop-hole plugging law, to prevent income tax evasion. It contains a whole series of provisions to keep people from ~~not~~ cutting their tax bills. The principal item is the one we have heard so much about -- concerning holding companies. A lot of headlines were made at the Congressional investigation, which showed how tax payers formed holding companies and reduced their payments, all according to law. So in the bill on the President's desk tonight is a clause that cuts <sup>out</sup> ~~down~~ the possibility of reducing taxes by means of holding companies, and plugs that loop-hole. The President is expected to sign it in a jiffy.

But they say he will veto another law that Congress sent over -- it's one that concerns sugar. They say Mr. Roosevelt doesn't think it's so sweet. However, Congress rushed it through and sent it along.

All this Congressional rush leads to the broader fact that the session is about over. The lawmakers are speeding it up to get through ~~tonight or~~ tomorrow, call it a session and go home. They still have a wrangle about the Housing Bill, but expect to get that straightened out -- tomorrow night at the latest. Mrs.

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Sen. Bibb Graves took her oath of office today.

MILLIONS IN JEWELS

I had a million dollars worth of jewels in my hands today. So, that may explain <sup>things</sup> ~~it~~ if I sound a bit jittery this evening. Strolling down fifth Avenue I passed a big exhibition of Russian Imperial art objects. Going into the Hammer Gallery ~~with~~ <sup>encountered</sup> a friend who took me around and showed me the jewels of the Czars -- more diamonds and emeralds than I had ever seen before.

Along with visits to the Empire State Building; Radio City

(Rockefeller Center); Central Park, and so on, visitors to New

York <sup>ought to</sup> ~~would~~ get a thrill out of the Russian Crown jewels. And,

at the same time, <sup>perhaps,</sup> ~~may~~ see why the Russian Revolution ~~with~~

occurred, and why we are not likely to have one of the same sort.



FARM

We've known for some time that the American wheat crop this year <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ of bumper bigness. Today, the latest estimate indicates a gross of eight hundred and ninety million bushels. That's two hundred million bushels, more than this country needs for its food supply, which means - a whole lot for export. In fact, this year for the first time in fifteen years, the U.S.A. will export more wheat than Canada. It was in Nineteen Twenty-two that our neighbor to the north outstripped us in selling grain abroad, and we've never caught up - until now. The reason is that while our wheat crop <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ bumper, Canada's <sup>is short</sup> ~~was ravaged~~ ~~is unharmed~~. The normal crop for the Dominion runs between two hundred and fifty <sup>and</sup> four hundred million bushels. This year it's a hundred and seventy-five. It seems odd that two nations side by side, in virtually the same wheat belt, should differ so greatly - bumper in one and a short crop in the other. But that seems to be the fact.

Meanwhile, ~~we~~ hear some words of wisdom about agriculture in the United States. What great farmer utters them? Well, ~~he's~~ he's great, but hardly a famous farmer. He's Henry Ford,

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*farm tractor*  
who makes the <sup>A</sup>wheels go round. ~~rather than causing the crops to grow.~~ But Henry tells us about farming. <sup>Henry</sup> ~~he~~ declares that the troubles with American agriculture can be laid to the methods of American schools. Well, the schools get a lot of blame these days, and now they're scolded because the dust blows, & the soil erodes, and the <sup>C</sup>rops don't grow right. Such is the verdict of Henry Ford who has an interview in the forthcoming issue of COUNTRY HOME, ~~MAGAZINE~~.

"If you're interested in solving the farm problem," Henry told the interviewer, "go first to your common schools. Demand that they be made practicable <sup>able</sup>. Stop ~~this~~ this costly practice of hiring girls just out of colleges as teachers, with ~~no~~ <sup>no</sup> practical <sup>A</sup>experience." I suppose Henry wants the co-ed graduates to get some experience as pretty milk-maids down on the farm before they undertake the instruction of youth.

Henry climaxes with this denunciation: "Washed-out land and farmed-out land," says he, "are a reflection of the qualities of local schools." I suppose he means; teach the kids not only their a.b.c.'s, but also - agronomy, soil conservation and animal husbandry. It mightn't be such a bad idea at that!

STARVATION

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Down in Oklahoma the doctors are skeptical about the man whose story is that he starved for forty-one days - so that he could send money to his wife and children. The patient, after a collapse, is in a hospital. He says he thinks his name is George Jones, and that he has a wife and two children. He speaks of having suffered from a sunstroke. The doctors say he is a victim of amnesia - loss of memory. They don't believe that he went without food for forty-one days. They declare positively that he did not starve for those six weeks. They suspect there must be some hallucination in it all.

The only authority for the man's prolonged fast is a diary that he carried. In this diary is a day by day account of the pains and tortures of hunger. In its first entry, dated July Ninth, the statement is written - "Today I've decided to stop eating and I shall let Nature run her course." Then follow a sequence of entries like this: "Last night I dreamed I was eating cold milk, gravy and bread." Another says: "My courage is very weak. I look longingly at food." Then, later on: "30 days have I fasted. I was home last night and ate six pieces of cherry pie before I awakened." And again:

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STARVATION - 2

"I watched people eat today. Strange, but it no longer made me wild."

What can this haunting diary mean - written by the man who has lost his memory, and who had a sunstroke? Can it be hallucination? The doctors declare positively that he did not starve for those forty-one days.

## UNIVERSE

Having scanned the foreign news and the American news, let's go on to some news about the universe. It's shrinking. Yes, such are the latest tidings about the cosmos, those billions of miles of space calculated in terms of astronomical years. The universe is shrinking, the way a balloon does when the air is let out, <sup>or</sup> the way the traffic violator shrinks when the cop comes alongside. This has been discovered by Professor Sambursky. Now, who is Sambursky? He's the latest Einstein, arising and making things even more incomprehensible than they are. The Professor is a member of the faculty of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, and what he has to say will be Greek to most of us - if not Hebrew.

So, let me be the professor for a minute and throw some darkness on the incomprehensible. Astrophysics used to tell us that the cosmos was expanding, exploding in all directions, like a Fourth of July firecracker. But now Professor Sambursky says it's just the opposite. The universe ~~is~~ contracting, the reverse of explosion, <sup>or</sup> exploding inwardly, not out.

How does he know? It's like this. The giant

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telescopes and spectroscopes show that the enormously distant heavenly bodies are rushing away, everything traveling outward.

So that looks like an expansion, explosion. But there are a few tricks about it which make Professor Sambursky figure it this

way:- Maybe those remote heavenly bodies are not rushing outward at all, ~~but we're~~ <sup>We</sup> rushing <sup>inward</sup> ~~into them~~ instead. That <sup>make them</sup> would <sup>look</sup> about the same. The middle of the universe moving

inward upon itself, ~~xx~~ an inverse explosion toward its own center, everything getting smaller, shrinking in size toward the tiny minute. We ourselves ~~are~~ decreasing in size, but as everything else is doing the same thing, it doesn't make any difference.

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That's the Sambursky theory of the shrinking universe, and if that isn't Greek, it's Hebrew, ~~or~~ <sup>or</sup> I'm a Chinaman -- and SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.

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