

L.T. - Sunoco - ~~Thurs.~~ August 13, 1937
Fri.

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Right now Fairbanks, Alaska, is all set for the arrival of ^{a giant} ~~an~~ airplane. A sky ship, not from the south ~~but~~ but from the North, from the North Pole. (The Soviet plane that took off from Moscow yesterday soared over the North Pole at five forty-five this morning, New York time.) And it flew through a raging polar blizzard, the icy gale of the extreme North. Last reports picked up at Nome said that all was well with the crew of six aboard the plane. But they are bucking strong head-winds, a gale of sixty miles an hour, and it may

be nine or ten o'clock tonight before pilot Levanovsky brings ^{the}

huge four-motored

~~the~~ ship down at Fairbanks.

It's broad daylight ^{even at night in mid-Alaska now.}

There seems some doubt as to the ultimate destination

of the ^{big} Russian North Pole plane. Yesterday we heard it was headed for New York

with a stop at Chicago. Today the Soviet representative

declared that the destination of this latest North Pole hop

was ~~Oakland~~ California.

A Soviet Across-The-Arctic Flight, after those

several previous ones, is no surprise. So if we want food for

astonishment let's look at another angle of aviation. Airplane

production this year. It must be surprisingly large, with all

I recall playing baseball once, there, at 4 in the morning.

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that sky ~~xxxx~~ armament building going on. But no -- it's surprisingly small. This we learn from figures given out by the Bendix Corporation, which, headed by Vincent Bendix, makes a study of world aviation. The figures show that airplane production for the past six ~~xxxx~~ months is only twenty-five percent of previous estimates. It was thought that more than twenty-three thousand planes would be built. Now we learn that the actuality is only a little more than six thousand.

What's the reason? Cold storage -- that's the answer given. Instead of turning out great numbers of planes the arming nations have been building huge quantities of airplane sections, wings, fusilages and motors, and then stowing them away so that they can be assembled quickly when needed.

Aviation cold storage.

~~(Use this for policy says downstairs)~~

COURT

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It's not easy to get a line on the amount of opposition to the appointment of Senator Black to the Supreme Court. Opponents of the Administration are loudly denouncing the idea of putting a red-hot New Dealer in the highest tribunal. Yet, what sort of Statesman did they expect the President to appoint? **R** There's also sarcastic comment on the strategic cleverness of the White House move -- naming a Senator when it's so much the tradition for Senators to stick together and support each other. **R** That highest Legislative body is called the number one Gentlemen's Club, and it has been a rule for the Senate to give three cheers for any honor bestowed upon a Senator. Still the Gentlemen's Club idea hasn't worked so perfectly this time. The Senatorial **E**spirit de Corps sagged a little bit yesterday when they refused to confirm the appointment of Hugo Black instantly and unanimously. Instead the appointment was sent through the routine, meaning, sent to the Judiciary Committee for consideration.

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Today, however, the naming of Senator Black was pushed along. It's true that the Judiciary Committee will not meet and discuss the appointment until next week. But today Chairman Senator Ashurst appointed a sub-committee, which quickly met and just as quickly put its okay on the gentleman from Alabama as a Justice of the Supreme Court. The next thing will be for the Committee-as-a-whole to act and then the Senate will take a vote..

There's some report that the law makers may call Senator Black up for examination, and question him in determining his fitness for the high tribunal. Such is the rumor. There's no stigma attached to the questioning ~~procedure~~ procedure. Both Justices Cardoza and Stone were called up before the Senate before their appointments were confirmed.

WARSHIPS

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The proposal to lend American warships to Brazil has been put off -- temporarily. I don't know how far the United States Government was affected by the protests and complaints, but of these ~~there~~ there were many. The Government at Buenos Aires was most polite about it, but also decisive. The Argentine said that for the U. S. A. to lend a flock of obsolete warcraft to Brazil was against the spirit of the Naval treaties. Moreover, it would provoke a Naval race among the South American Republics. In the United States too there have been complaints. Senators and Congressmen have attacked the plan on various grounds. One of these - that we should mind our own business and not butt into the affairs of other Nations.

From Germany there comes a denial -- No, the American-Brazilian plan has nothing to do with Germany. The U. S. A. was not proposing to lend warships to Brazil as protection against aggression by Germany -- a German peril. This follows reports that the purpose of the United States Government was to arm the South American Republic against a

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possible attack from abroad, with Germany prominently mentioned.

Anyway, the whole thing has been delayed. Secretary of State Cordell Hull announced this today and used the word -- postponed. The State Department is postponing that loan of warships to Brazil.

CHINA

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(The battle of Shanghai is raging,) the clash expected for several days. Thus far it's been mostly an artillery duel -- and that's about the most sinister thing that one can imagine. An exchange of heavy cannon fire, barrages of big-caliber shells in a huge teeming City of millions. The Mikado's guns placed in the area of the Japanese concession ^{away} blasted ^{city of} at the Chinese ~~section of~~ Shanghai. And the name of ~~the~~ ^{setting the bombardment} section has a familiar ring to those of us who remember a few years back -- Chapei. That's where the savage fighting took place in the former battle of Shanghai several years ago. ^{TR} Chapei is a crowded district, typically oriental, characteristically Chinese. The Chinese are holding it with heavy forces of troops, and today scores of shells landed and exploded in Chapei, fires flared into the sky. Chapei is burning in many places.

^{kept answering all day -}
The Chinese artillery ~~is~~ ^{aiming} at the Japanese positions in their concession. And that's a part of the City too. Shells exploded among houses, and fires flared. A giant

^{giant oriental city - -}
gun duel in a ^{the} classic burning of Troy

becomes a mere bonfire by comparison.

American warships steamed to the aid of American
citizens, ^{today.} The U. S. S. Sacramento landed patrols to defend

the American concession in the International settlement.

Americans and Europeans are on guard. ^{right now} ~~the~~ International

troops ^{are} ~~is~~ marching on armed patrol. ^{Another Battle}
^{of} Shanghai.

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Sohnston.

Aug. 13,

1937.

INTRO TO MR. JOHNSTON

A couple of years ago, while on a trip through Virginia and West Virginia I came upon a fabulous place in the mountains. It was a moonlight night. Before me was an immense white building that looked as though it might have been a palace created by the Genii of the Arabian Knights. Surely, more magnificent than the palace of Alladin. It stood in the midst of a seven thousand acre park. Three golf courses, swimming pools and lakes, two hundred and fifty miles of horseback trails. It seemed unbelievable -- high up there in the Allegheny Mountains, at White Sulphur Springs, west Virginia. The fairy-like palace I had come upon in the moonlight turned out to be "The Greenbrier" one of the most beautiful hotels in the world.

The Lord and Master of Greenbrier, the gracious and genial host, a man of international fame in his world, Mr. L. R. Johnston has just dropped in to see me, just dropped in from a fishing trip to Cape Vincent, on the St. Lawrence River. I believe he has met more famous men than almost any man I know. Just off hand Mr. Johnston can you think of a yarn about someone whom we have all heard of?

MR. JOHNSTON: How would it be if I told you about two men you all know? I used to see a good deal of John D. Rockefeller Senior and one day Will Rogers joined us. Will and John D. went out on the links and played a game of golf together. Will kept telling stories to John D. ~~about~~ and he had the richest man in the world shaking with laughter, so much so that John D. Rockefeller sat down at every tee and laughed and laughed until the tears came into his eyes. Finally John D. said, "Will, either you have to stop telling stories or I've got to stop playing golf."

TORPEDO

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Last week the harbor of Newport was crowded with boats, everything from chugging motor launches to palatial yachts. Imagine a torpedo running wild in that crowd of gala craft. A huge, hurtling missile on the loose.

That's what happened today. The most prominent craft in Newport Harbor was Vincent Astor's much publicized yacht, the Nourmahal, aboard which President Roosevelt has gone on fishing vacations. And the Nourmahal was narrowly missed by the torpedo on the loose. The runaway missile charged right by the yacht kept on going and hit the shore so hard that it climbed plowing through the lawn and broke a fence at the ~~xxx~~ Hamilton ~~H~~ Fish Webster summer home. Such was the power and impact of the torpedo. No, it didn't explode. It was a dummy, such as is used in target practice by Submarines. It ~~xxx~~ had been fired from an underwater ~~x~~ draft and somehow had taken a runaway route through Newport Harbor.

~~H~~ Those ponderous missiles race along at twenty knots and have enough impetus to drive them eighteen thousand yards, miles. Even a dummy torpedo hits hard enough to rip a boat apart.

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So you can imagine what that wild torpedo might have done
in Newport Harbor a week ago amid the boats that thronged
the cup races.

BOXING

It's good advice to be told -- use your head. It's the brainy thing to do. There's a report that Tommy Farr is going to use his head. Well, he may need the combined sagacity of half a dozen philosophers when he gets into the ring with Joe Louis week after next. But Tommy, they say, is going to use his head for something else than thinking. He will battle to victory, if and but -- mostly but! He will imitate the billygoat and butt Joe Louis into oblivion. He'll go into the ~~right~~ ring with three fists, his head being one. So they say.

All of which seems to perturb the Brown Bomber not at all. He remarks that it is going to be a rough fight, and that he can be plenty rough himself. And if there's to be any butting, he has a head which he can use for something else besides thinking. That seems reasonable, because nobody has yet suspected the tan-colored champ of using his head for the deeper meditations, ~~and thought.~~ Joe Louis is no Shakespearean Gene Tunney. So the if and but turns out this way -- if there's to be any butting the champ will do his share of it.

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~~Once before he was warned about rough tactics in a~~

BASEBALL

The pennant races in the major leagues are not so hot as the middle of August comes on. The cubs are well out in the front in the National League, and the Yanks are making a runaway of it in the American. All the suspense lies in individual competition, players running races for individual records. And the key man of it all is Joe De Maggio.

First of all there's the race that San Francisco Joe is running against Babe Ruth's mighty home run record in 1927 when the bambino hit sixty for the season. This morning, Friday, August the thirteenth, the figures showed that Di Maggio had hit thirty-four in one hundred and two games. Ten years ago Ruth hit his thirty-fourth home run in his ninety-seventh game. And on August the thirteenth the Babe had piled up a total of thirty-six. So Jolting Joe is sliding behind the pace once set by the busting Babe.

There's drama in those individual competitions -- the brilliant Joe DiMaggio competing against the historic record set by Babe Ruth and fighting it out in a present-day competition with the Bambino's old team mate, Iron Horse Lou Gehrig.

Why am I so baseball minded today? Perhaps it's because I myself am scheduled to participate in an epic game over the weekend, a return game between our Dutchess County Nine Old Men and a scintillating aggregation headed by Gene Tunney, Heywood Broun, Westbrook Pegler. Among the players on my Pawling - Quaker Hill team will be Sir Hubert Wilkins, beard and all, to give the House of David tough; Ted Shane, the humorist; Colonel Stoopnagle of Radio fame; Captain Frank Hawks; former Attorney General Bill Donovan -- with Catherine Cornell as the umpire. Joe DiMaggio and Lou Gehrig would laugh themselves to death if they could see that game. It will be broadcast by the N. B. C.

And by the way here's one about Walter Johnson, of Rochester New York; not the famous Walter Johnson, the legendary pitcher, The Rochester Walter Johnson, is a catcher. He was up before a Judge on charges of being intoxicated when the automobile accident happened.

"I'm going to send you to jail decreed the judge, two weekends in stir for you - two Saturdays and Sundays."

"But Judge," pleaded Walter Johnson in tearful alarm

"You can't do that. I am the catcher on the Oddfellows Baseball

team, and we have a couple of games scheduled for the next two Sundays. How can the Oddfellows play ball without their Catcher?"

The Judge thought it over and brought all his legal wisdom to bear on the question. Then he handed down another decision "The Catcher," he declared, "plays an important position in a ball game. So I will not penalize the Oddfellows for your misdeed. Therefore I sentence you to Jail for the next two Saturdays, but not Sundays."

"Thank you, Judge," cried Walter Johnson with fervent gratitude. *Then he added: "Judge ~~Judge~~ I can say 'to the jail' — That ought to show you folks how important we catchers are and,*

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY."

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