

L.T. - SUNOCO. TUESDAY, OCT. 15, 1940.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The British Admiralty this afternoon announced a clash in the Mediterranean. It occurred last Saturday, and the British ~~XXXXX~~ say they sank two small Italian destroyers and one large Italian destroyers. This fight at sea had already been reported by the Italians - over the weekend. The word from Rome was that two Italian torpedo boats had been sunk and one Italian destroyer. So there's not so much discrepancy thus far. Rome, however, claimed that a British cruiser was sunk and another damaged. Of this London today makes no mention, merely stating that one British cruiser was damaged superficially.

That cruiser was - the AJAX, which played the leading role in this new battle at sea. It wasn't so long ago that this same cruiser AJAX played the leading part in another and more famous engagement - the defeat of the German pocket battleship, GRAF SPEE. In the Battle of the River Plate the AJAX was one of the three British cruisers that fought so brilliant a fight. She was the one that escaped
with

little damage. And, having been fixed up, she was put on duty in the Mediterranean.

The story goes that last Saturday, eighty miles southeast of the coast of Sicily, the AJAX had a fight with the two smaller Italian destroyers, and sank them. Shortly afterward, the British cruiser encountered an Italian flotilla of a cruiser and four destroyers. There was a heavy exchange of gunfire, and the AJAX inflicted heavy damage on a big destroyer. Then later on, British naval planes located the crippled destroyer. The injured craft was being towed by another destroyer - "which", says today's report of the London Admiralty, "had gallantly come to her assistance."

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The Admiralty account, after paying tribute to the gallantry of the enemy destroyer, then goes ~~in~~ on to show that the British themselves were not to be out-done in that chivalrous quality. ~~The~~ British squadron promptly appeared on the scene. Whereupon the Italian destroyer that was helping its companion, made off at high speed. The crew of the helpless craft that remained behind began taking to their boats. The British squadron with^hheld its fire for

half an hour, until the Italians had time to get every man to safety. Then they polished off the destroyer with gunfire. Next they dropped rafts to the survivors to help them stay afloat. And they sent a wireless signal to the Italian coast, a broadcast on an ordinary commercial wave length - summoning help for the survivors. This in the words of the London Admiralty, "in spite of the fact that such a signal compromised the position of the British forces." Anything to be generous to a defeated enemy - which certainly sounds like that traditional old way of the sea.

BOMBING

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It's hard to know how to handle the bombing story, these nights of the prolonged war of the air. Almost any evening now, one might simply say - same story as last night, only worse. *However* That would be a curt dismissal of a stupendous tragedy, ~~but~~ *although* actually the day-by-day history is - repetition. Tonight, London is sustaining a climax of more than twenty-four hours of the explosive rain from the sky - almost without a let-up. Squadrons of the Nazi Luftwaffe are over the City incessantly, doing their devil's work; ~~in other parts of Britain~~, endless series of detonations, *with* ~~of~~ fires flaming here and there.

The British Minister of Labor had a narrow escape.

He is one of those powerful labor figures in the Churchill Cabinet. ~~A bomb blasted nearby while he was asleep, just missing his house.~~

as far
~~The other way around~~, the Royal Air Force *hitting at*
the Germans - it's pretty much the same. Today the British flyers too achieved *almost* ~~what was pretty much of~~ a climax of their raids on the invasion bases - and Berlin. London reports the blasting of a most significant kind of plant - a giant Nazi refinery making synthetic gasoline. That's hitting at the very heart of the

Hitler war system - the synthetic production of fuel for sky

The latest, Berlin is being bombed
fleets. so savagely the German Govt
has ordered an evacuation of children.

In connection with the war, one salutary statement was

made to the United States today. The President of the United Press,

Hugh Baillie, was speaking in Cleveland. And he spoke of the

importance of not letting ourselves be deluded. He described

one of the most important functions of the news men nowadays

in these words:- "To prevent there being any more great delusions,

such as those which have already shaken the world -- such as the

delusion about the strength of the French army and the Maginot

Line, which had everybody fooled, including the French.' One delusion

that should be shattered right now," he added, "is that the season

is too late for an attempted invasion of England."

SOVIETS

The Soviet enigma is so portentous and so much talked of, that it's well to look closely at every bit of evidence that bears upon the Red puzzle. There are all kinds of rumors that Stalin is going to take action against the Hitler seizure of Rumania. In ~~all~~ the maze of reports, here are the ^{ascertainable} ~~irrevocable~~ facts tonight.

One, is a statement issued by the official Soviet news agency. Ordinarily, it might seem to be no great matter, but it is being cited as headline evidence of Soviet opposition to the latest moves of the Nazis. It's couched in the form of a denial. The Soviet news agency, Tass, takes occasion ^{to contradict a Danish} ~~to deny~~ newspaper ^{The Tass} report. ~~The~~ dispatch reads as follows:- "The Danish newspaper POLITIKEN publishes a report of its Berlin correspondent stating 'The Soviet Government was informed in timely manner that German troops would be sent to Rumania. The Kremlin was informed of the aims and number of troops sent to Rumania.' Tass is authorized to state that this report of the newspaper POLITIKEN does not correspond with the facts."

This denial is the more pointed because it refutes not merely a Danish newspaper, but actually a German dispatch made

officially on Saturday night. D.N.B., the news agency of the Nazi government had made this statement:- "Nations friendly to Germany and those politically interested in the sending of the German military mission to Rumania, have already been informed by the Reich Government of the move." That certainly implied that Soviet Russia was told. But today Moscow says - no.

In the Balkans, there are continuing reports of Soviet mobilization on the Rumanian frontier - facing the Germans. This is discounted by Soviet sources -- saying there is nothing more than military routine, Another Balkan report is that Moscow is prepared to give armed support to Turkey, if the Nazi war machine should try to drive through that country/ There's no confirmation of this. In fact, it is very much doubted in London. A united Press dispatch today from the British capital uses these words:- "Reports that the Soviet is encouraging the formation of a Balkan bloc of Turkey, Greece and Jugoslavia was strongly doubted here."

London's doubt about the likelihood of Stalin doing anything to stop Hitler in the Balkans continues with the surmise that the Soviets may soon make a non-aggression pact with Japan.

The meaning of this is plain. Germany is bound by a military alliance with Japan, and the Soviets cannot stay at peace with one side without also remaining at peace with the other. It is known that Hitler is strongly pressing Stalin to come to a non-aggression agreement with Tokyo.

CONSCRIPTION

Well, this nation has its Director of Conscription. The Senate today confirmed the nomination of Clarence Dykstra, President of the University of Wisconsin. He becomes the supreme chieftain of the draft, which will register more than sixteen million men tomorrow.

The next step will be the lottery, the drawing that will determine the order in which the men will be called to the army. There have been rumors that the lottery would be put off until after election -- maybe for political reasons, so it was surmised. Election Day is November Fifth, and today we have a statement from conscription headquarters that the drawing will probably be staged between October Twenty-Eighth and November Second. That would put it just before election.

As the deadline for the draft approaches, army enlistments are continuing to pile up. Last week there were more than five thousand. Bringing the number of recruits up to a hundred and fifteen thousand. And that's only about thirty-eight hundred short of the enlistment quota. It puts our army strength to a total of more than three hundred and fifty-two thousand - a record high for peace time.

The Navy too is getting its recruits - in one especially attractive branch; the Aviation Training Division. In this, young men enlist to become flying cadets with the fleet. And, more recruits are needed in the Aviation Training Division of the Navy.

WILLKIE

Today we had two answers to a couple of kinds of political argument:- One being the lofty business of trying to smear a candidate. The other, the chivalrous and gentlemanly way of throwing things - or is it? Smearing is old stuff in American politics, the lowest kind of electioneering - the dregs. But it has happened before. Throwing things, however, is not so familiar. We hitherto supposed that our American way was a bit more decent, a trifle above the bar room brawl variety.

Today comes a loud denial from Elwood, Indiana - Wendell Willkie's home town. The Elwood affair comes under the heading of smear Number Two. The first was an attack originating in a Democratic negro organization in New York, an attack on the German parentage of the Republican candidate. That was hastily denied by the third term chieftains, with a wealth of explanation. The second smear was a document stating that Willkie's home town of Elwood is anti-negro, a Jim Crow sort of place, where the colored people are badly treated. This was contradicted today by Elwood folks - officials who came out with

indignant denials that Elwood had ever done anything against the negroes. Third term protagonists are busy denying that one too. So much for the smear part of it.

The matter of throwing things was discussed by the Republican candidate himself. At Rochester, New York, he made allusion to the various sorts of missiles that have been tossed at him - tomatoes, potatoes, eggs, etcetra. And even a metal wastebasket which injured a woman a couple of weeks ago. And was Willkie indignant about having these various objects hurled at him? Well,

He declared it boded ill for this nation. He viewed with alarm - *that* the aim of the throwers was so bad. And we Americans are supposed to be a baseball-playing people! Wendell Willkie expressed it forcefully in these words:- "I am convinced from the number of pitches that have been made at me, and from the few hits that have been scored - that America, as a baseball nation, is on the decline."

Well, that good-humored reply should be a fitting rebuke to those political controversialists who do their thinking with smears and rowdy mishavior.

~~Meanwhile, Edward J. Flynn, Democratic National Chairman,~~

EPISCOPALIANS

There was quite a row today, not among the Rumanians, or the Bulgarians - but among the Episcopalians. Sound and pious churchmen forgot a good deal of their meekness and forbearance, and wrangled with a stormy argument. For two hours the Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal ~~fan~~ Church at Kansas City was in an uproar. What was the cause of all the ructions? Why, such things as - "Sunset and Evening Star", and - "Golden Harps Are Sounding." In other words, it was an argument about sacred anthems - proposed revisions in the hymn book.

A new hymnal for the Protestant-Episcopal Church has been compiled and was placed before the Convention for approval. Now it happens that the compilers of the new humnal saw fit to eliminate some of the old favorites. Hymns like "Breast the Wave, Christian"; "Brightly Gleams our Banner"; "Angels, roll the Rock Away". Also - "Sunset and Evening Star" and "Golden Harps are Sounding." Well, there was plenty of sounding - but not of golden harps - as the ~~peaxixi~~ opposition rose in thunderous protest. They were a bloc of southern delegates, who cling fondly to the abolished old favorites. They protested against the omission of the hymns they love. They

shouted, "Put 'em back!"

Well, the controversy lasted loudly for two hours,
and then the question went to a vote. The new hymn book won by a
big majority. The omissions were sustained by a vote of two to one.
Then things became tranquil again, and it would have been appropriate
to remark, "Golden Harps are Sounding" - only it's ^{not in}~~not in~~ the hymn
book *any more!*

TATTOO

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The Government of the United States is great and mighty. But now and then somebody pops up who is able to overrule the majestic authority that holds forth in Washington. Who can this be? Who is powerful enough to compel ^{Uncle Sam} ~~the United States~~ to change a decision? The answer may astonish you - a tattoo artist, one of those professors who tattoo designs and inscriptions on the human epidermis.

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Everybody knows, or should know, that the Social Security system assigns a certain number to each individual. That number is fixed and perpetual. Not even the most commanding figure in politics can make the Social Security system change a man's number. Who can then? The echo resounds - a tattoo doctor.

Today at St. Joseph, Missouri, a mechanic appealed to the local Social Security Board and told the following story: A ~~Social~~ Security number was assigned to him, and just so that he'd remember it - he had it tattooed on his chest. But the tattoo artist made a mistake, and imprinted indelibly the wrong number. The mechanic explained that to have the number on his chest corrected, would cost three dollars per inch, not counting the pain. So he asked the

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Social Security Board to change his number on their records,
and make it conform to the tattoo scientist's mistake. The plea
was granted - the Social Security number has been altered.

Mighty is the power of the tattoo doctor!

And
mighty is the power of Blue Sunoco,
And s-l-u-t-m.

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