2-15-1938

UA37/23 WHAS Broadcast No. 79

WHAS

Western Kentucky University

Earl Moore

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Recommended Citation

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WHAS Broadcast No. 79
Tuesday, February 15, 1938
3:30-4:00 p.m.

From Extension Studio in Bowling Green

**Strings and Voices**
"College Heights."

**Moore**
Western Kentucky State Teachers College greets you all both
great and small with the words of our college motto — —

**Voices**
Life More Life.

**Moore**
Life More Life is our motto and our wish for all our listeners.

**Piano**
Chords.

**Moore**
Here is the seventy-fifth number in this series. The Director
of Music for our programs is Professor John Vincent, head of the Depart-
ment of Music. He will present our musician for today, Mr. Vincent.

**Vincent**
It is my great pleasure to announce a short concert by Mr.
Charles Massenger, who has recently joined Western's music faculty
as teacher of singing.

We consider ourselves very fortunate to have with us a man
of Mr. Massenger's attainments. He has an enviable record in the
concert field, having sung with the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company,
with the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, and at Chautauqua, New York,
and he has concertized throughout the country. Mr. Massenger is a
graduate of Williams College and Columbia University. He studied
voice and singing in New York, in Italy, and in Dresden, Germany.

Again let me express my pleasure in introducing Mr. Charles
Massenger to you. The first song by Mr. Massenger is "Where'er
You Walk," by Handel. Chester Channon is at the piano.

**Massenger**
"Where'er You Walk."

**Moore**
Mr. Massenger has just sung Handel's "Where'er You Walk."
His next song is Schubert's Serenade.
Massinger: "Ständchen."

Mr. Massinger will sing another group of songs before the conclusion of the program.

Now ladies and gentlemen, we bring you an eyewitness account of recent conditions in Shanghai, China, by a special student in Western Teachers College, Mr. William Webb, who has consented to answer a few questions concerning his experiences abroad.

Mr. Webb, how did you happen to be in Shanghai? Will you tell us who Shanghai'd you?

Webb: Why, yes, Dr. Moore. On graduation in 1929 from Earlham College in Indiana I was fortunate in securing a three-year appointment as instructor at the American University of Beirut, Syria, whose impressive campus is beautifully located on the shores of the blue Mediterranean, in the shadows of the snowcapped Lebanon Mountains, about one hundred miles north of Jerusalem.

There I was fortunate in contacts with students of two dozen nationalities and in opportunities for travel in the Holy Land, in north Africa, and Europe. I was even more fortunate when in 1932 the 'gal o' my dreams', a Yankee staff member of the University hospital, agreed to become the 'light of my life' forever.

We were wed near the Street called Straight in Damascus, oldest city of the world; and a honeymoon to Bagdad, city of Arabian Nights, was extended through Persia, India and Malaya to China.

When we arrived in Shanghai with a pack and a suitcase each, we did not guess that we would be leaving that port exactly five years later with three full crates and a couple of kids, all refugees in the 'undeclared war' of 1937.

Moore: How did you like Shanghai?
Webb

Probably people either love Shanghai or loath it—I mean pre-war Shanghai. We loved it. Unfortunately the word Shanghai for many has come to be associated with deceit and coercion, with bandits and beachcombers, with drugged or drunken seamen. For us, however, Shanghai will always be associated with that first glimpse we caught of the world-famous skyline on that lovely afternoon when we arrived. We did not dream as we gazed at those buildings on the Bund that we would be staying a time—that beyond the clock-tower of the Customs House, the great dome of the Hongkong-Shanghai Bank, the pyramid crest of the Cathay Hotel and the rest, was a School of Commerce of the University of Shanghai, where I would be teaching the language of international trade,—and a hospital for Chinese women where my nurse-wife would be teaching the language of humanity.

As we looked out over the waters of the world-famous harbor, we did not see the mud and scum of a murky river, but the more romantic rippling reflections of a great peaceful square-sailed, black-hulled Chinese junk—reflections disturbed now and then by the passing of a motor launch, a tooting tug or fussy little ferry. We moved past great bulks of foreign freighters and lynx-like luxury liners lying impressively at anchor, as were also units of the French fighting fleet, and burly British battleships and American men-of-war. About us were ships of all sorts, flying flags known 'round the world—ships come to pay tribute to the Titan of Commerce that was Shanghai. This, we knew, was the financial, industrial, commercial capital of China, termed "Paris of the Orient," "Paradise of Adventurers," "Port of Missing Men." This was the glamorous, sub-tropical, cosmopolitan Shanghai, the "brightest, gayest, darkest, saddest city in the world."

Moore

Did you see any fighting in Shanghai before you left?
Yes, indeed, including the first day. Before summer school was over we had booked passage for Ningpo on Friday, the thirteenth of August. By a curious chance Friday the thirteenth turned out to be the first day of fighting in Shanghai. Two days previously a dozen Japanese gunboats had sailed up the river on one side of the University campus, and a company of Neipponese marines had taken over a Japanese cotton mill on the other side, while on a third side work had already been begun in leveling off a Japanese golf course for an airfield. Chinese troops had blocked the road to the Chinese Civic Center, and the American Consulate authorities advised that we evacuate before the road to the International Settlement should be closed. We did.

Enroute we found ourselves in the midst of throngs of Chinese refugees—herds of human beings, flocking toward the safety of the Settlement, their boxes and bundles piled high on handcarts, rickshas, or rickety wheelbarrows, in taxis, trucks, or whatever available vehicles. Rich and poor, young and old, fat and lean, were all straining in one direction—toward the foreign concessions.

Next day we boarded our boat off the Bund—a small coastal steamer jammed cram-full with six thousand refugees. When she weighed anchor there were still thousands more lining the waterfront, waiting with their babies, bags and belongings—and heavy hearts. As we sailed down the river on that fateful afternoon of Friday the thirteenth—unlucky for Shanghai—we glimpsed the great glow of burning Chapei reflected from the heavy clouds of the heavens above.

After a month in Ningpo, during which time we experienced the horrible tenseness of six bombing attacks, we returned to Shanghai, and witnessed there a week of the first "big push" by the Japanese.
Terrible days they were—and nights—in which the sullen roar of mighty motors in the air combined with incessant booming of heavy artillery and intermittent rattling of machine guns to make bad dreams worse.

We shall not forget that last ride through Shanghai in a special bus, past the boarded windows, sandbag emplacements and barbed wire barricades of the city streets. Then across the creek all the desolation of the war zone—just wreckage and ruin where not long before we had been shopping and greeting friends. Two houses where we, ourselves, had lived were in similar condition—shattered by shot and shell. At last we reached the wharf, so crowded with war supplies, and the boat that would carry us off to Japan and on to America.

Nor shall we soon forget that last lingering look as we rounded the bend in the river, nor the lump in the throat as we murmured, "Goodbye, Shanghai." And all the time the squadrons of bombers were roaring past on their deadly errands, squadrons of gunboats were dealing out their distant destruction, and squadrons of cavalry and of trucks with munitions were racing up and down along the shore. At last we knew what Sherman really meant.

Moore: Everybody is interested in Chiang Kai-Shek. Tell us something about him.

Webb: There are many things that might be said about the rise to power of that amazing man. It is well-known, of course, that General Chiang, through the influence of his Christian, American-educated wife, became himself a Christian in 1931. Three years later the Generalissimo inaugurated the famous New Life Movement in a speech at Nanchang in connection with a clean-up campaign there. That local movement caught the imagination of the people and spread over the whole country like
wildfire—to gradually become one of the strongest factors in the building of the new wall of strong nationalist public opinion in the New China.

Though the New Life Movement has been termed just a conglomeration of the principles of his devout Methodist mother-in-law, the laws of the Boy Scouts, and ideals of Bruce Barton and Dorothy Dix well mixed together, the important thing is that it is a boosting of Christian and Western ideals in classical Chinese terms. The generalissimo reminded his countrymen that courtesy (Li), righteousness (L), honesty and purity (Lien), and highmindedness (Ch'ih), were four ancient Chinese virtues that had made the nation great in olden times. These virtues, he claimed, should be applied today in such ordinary matters as food, clothing, shelter, and action.

It was in connection with a program like this that the New China was gradually evolving. Japan knew that China was becoming too strong. Japan knew that she must strike before it was too late.

Mr. Webb, in your opinion, what does the future hold for Shanghai?

The Chinese called their city "Shang-hai-tai-tai"—"above-sea-mud-flats." By a curious coincidence the sound "taï" also means "collapse," so punsters for some time had predicted: "Shanghai Collapse! Collapse!"

The rise of Shanghai in less than a century from a mere fishing village on swampy mud flats to become a Titan of commerce, and one of the first half-dozen most populous cities of the world is a miracle-story. Midway on the great China coast, and gateway to the thickly inhabited Yangste valley; midway between the two great industrial regions of the world, the eastern coast of North America and western coast of Europe; and nearest Chinese port to Japan proper—Shanghai's position on the globe is of tremendous strategic importance geographically and commercially. There is no doubt that this great city of the east Asiatic
mainland will rise again from the ashes of catastrophe as did the Phoenix of old, as did Tokio after the earthquake, Chicago after the fire, and Louisville after the flood. Whether its political status be that of a free city (as the Japanese predict) or whatever form, Shanghai will rise again.

With proper encouragement it is even possible that Shanghai will some day become the wealthiest, busiest, biggest city on the face of the earth.

*Moore*  
Thank you, Mr. Webb. And now we must return from faraway Shanghai to American terra firma. Mr. Charles Messenger, recently added teacher on Western's musical staff, with Chester Channon at the piano, sings another group of songs. First, "Passing By," by Edward Purcell.

*Messenger*  
"Passing By."

*Moore*  
Mr. Messenger has chosen for his next number "Mah Lindy Lou," by Lily Strickland.

*Messenger*  
"Mah Lindy Lou."

*Moore*  
Mr. Messenger's final number this afternoon, "A Wanderer's Song," by Bach.

*Messenger*  
"A Wanderer's Song."

*Moore*  
And so concludes the seventy-fifth in this series of programs coming to you each Tuesday from the campus of Western Teachers College in Bowling Green.

Mr. Sterrett tell the people what to expect next week, please.

*Sterrett*  
On Tuesday, February 22nd, a special program in celebration of Washington's birthday.

*Moore*  
That will be appropriate, indeed.

*Strings*  
"College Heights," fading for:
You have heard today Mr. Charles Massenger, recently added to the musical staff of Western Teachers College, noted tenor, and Mr. William Webb describing his experiences in Shanghai, China, last fall.

This is Earl Moore saying goodbye until next Tuesday at 3:30 C.S.T. and wishing you Life More Life.

(Strings up and continue)