

L.T. STANDARD, WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1944
SUNOCO

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The weather has turned bad again in northern Europe with a storm sweeping the English Channel today, lightning, thunder and rain followed by continued high winds and a murky sky. This followed five days of perfect invasion weather. In spite of poor flying conditions today, the big American bombers based on Britian hit the Nazis as usual though not in as great a force as yesterday. Today only 1700 planes were in the assault, only 1700. 500 of these were Flying Fortresses and Liberators and this time they were escorted by 1200 fighters. With all those fighters the Nazis didn't try to interfere. "The escort was so heavy it almost blacked out the sun above us, relates Lt. Bob Precossi of New York, and he adds "we were as safe as babes in arms." The targets this time - railroad yards. The American losses were

only one heavy bomber and four fighters. General Jimmy Doolittle and his airmen switching from German aircraft factories to centers of communications.

This blow from Britian is only half the story. The Allies launching today another of those one-two punches American bombers flew from Italy and again hit the key oil fields in Rumania, bombing refineries. The blow was so effective that it was impossible to spot the results accurately.. Huge fires were set, and the smoke of these obscured the targets, yet the obscuring smoke told the story in a way for that much smoke had to come from immense quantities of burning oil.

LYNCHING

Here's a late story just off the wire which gives us the Swedish opinion of those Nazi stories about the lynching of American fliers in Germany. Phoney propaganda, so think the Swedes. Nazi sources have varied details sometimes saying that five fliers were killed and sometimes relating that one American was mobbed. Today in Stockholm this latter version was given in the form of a lurid story. It told how an American Lieutenant came down by parachute in the Province of Brandenburg. A mob seized him and a German who spoke English intervened. He said to the American, "You ought to be ashamed to shoot at defenseless people." Whereupon the American is reported to have turned away coolly, spat on the ground, and said, "Well, that's war." His attitude inflamed the mob and they killed him. And this is the type of yarn which, say the Swedes, has all the sound of fraudulent German propaganda; nothing of the sort is printed in Germany but is released through pro-Nazi channels in Sweden, presumably to intimidate American fliers.

ITALY

In Italy the Allies today were driving to out-flank the Alban Hills. The city of Rome stands on a flat plain, that Ancient Latin plain, but there's high ground too, much of it to the south of the city - a group of hills, the Alban Hills. These are not towering peaks but they are rugged and cut up by ravines and form a defensive line well adapted to the German system of Pillboxes; so instead of a direct assault against the Alban Hill, British and American forces are driving to go around the ends. And the Americans today thrust along the beaches to get to the rear of the hills from the seaward side. And American soldiers captured a town with an appropriate name, a town called L'Americano, the American. One wonders how that place near Rome got the name. The story today is one of violent tank battles, American armor driving against a quality of opposition that today caused Allied Commander General Alexander to say, "It's evident now that the enemy intends to hold this line at all costs." The

ITALY

Stubbornness of Nazi resistance there is to be contrasted with continued signs that the enemy ~~intends to pull out~~ may pull out of Rome. And this is a battle in the dust today. The weather in southern Italy has been hot and dry for weeks; the powdered earth rises in dense clouds as the machines of war grind their way forward. The dust is bad, making it tough for half-choked soldiers and the tanks leave behind them a trail of white, whirling dust that discloses them to the enemy gunners. The latest is a dispatch from Rome itself via Madrid, a dispatch saying that Rome is almost deafened with the thunder of the guns, the artillery is so near now, not more than a dozen miles away and drawing nearer. Hour after hour the gun fire becomes more and more clear in the Eternal City, and a Spanish correspondent says that he counted huge explosions at the rate of sixty a minute.

SERPA PINTO

A Nazi violation of Portuguese neutrality is reported in the case of the steamship Serpa Pinto. A German sub stopped the vessel threatening to sink it, caused the loss of three lives and then took away two American citizens. These are Virgilio Magina of New Bedford, Massachusetts and Manuel Pinoto of Waterbury Connecticut. Out in the Atlantic the ship was steaming along when the sub appeared and fired a shell across its bow, stopping it. The U-boat captain said he was going to torpedo the vessel and order the passengers and crew to take to the life boats. They did and in the process the ship's doctor, the ship's cook and a sixteen months daughter of Polish refugees fell overboard and were drowned. Passengers and crew were in the life boats for nine hours during which time the submarine delayed the torpedoing of the ship. Finally, the U-Boat commander announced that he had received orders from Berlin to let the vessel go whereupon the people in the life boats went aboard agains, all except the two American citizens whom the submarine took away, for what reason, it's not known

TAX

The United States Senate has voted to cut the tax on night life, that impost of 30% on all places that have entertainment. Cabaret and nightclub owners have been screaming about it and the Senate was presented with figures to show how hard the 30% cabaret tax has hit, 2,431 hot spots closing down since the tax went into effect. The Senate today took the middle of the road and reduced the 30% tax to 20%, that is, 20 per cent to be slapped on checks of civilians; for men in uniform, no tax at all from now on.

Negro Vote

In Georgia today they are going to have showdown legal test to determine whether or not negroes may vote in the Georgia Democratic primaries. The primaries, of course, have hitherto been limited strictly to white voters. Part of the southern political way of preserving what they call white supremacy. Now, however, the Supreme Court of the United States has ruled against the exclusion of negroes from the Democratic primaries in Texas and that has an obvious bearing on the white man's primary system in the other southern states, so in Georgia the whole thing is going to be tested up and down the line through the courts. But we don't suppose that this will be any bitter antagonistic thing between whites and negroes; it has been amicably arranged. Today white election officials completed an agreement with negro leaders, and agreement for a test case, in friendly fashion. Primary elections will be held July fourth and a few negroes will go to the polls to vote. They will be denied the right to vote, thereupon they will sue in the state

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courts. Such is the plan that was agreed upon at a meeting of whites and negroes today. Afterward, one of the whites who participated spoke of the attitude of the negroes at the meeting and said, "They are among the best leaders in negro life, persons whom the community respects. Our discussions were pleasant and amiable," so he said.

MONKEYS

Well, over in England today a wartime sensation of monkeys was ended, ended with a shock. And now Londoners can turn their full interest to war and invasion without wondering about the problem of the monkeys which were raising so much kane on the princely estate of Lord Ingraforth at Hampstead. The two monkeys, a pair named Jack and Jill, were favorites at a carnival. Large siminans, Aftican monkeys, each over two feet tall. Their trainer, Tom Lee, famous in times gone by as a flag pole sitter. Tom won the British ~~xxxx~~ championship some years ago by sitting on a flag pole for 111 hours and 38 minutes and then he turned animal trainer and the pride and joy of his life were those two clever monkeys, Jack and Jill. The carnival visited Hampstead. There the unlucky thing occurred. Jack and Jill got loose. They proceeded to scurry across the country. Being tree dwellers, they selected the finest grove of trees they could find, great majestic trees on the estate of Lord Ingraforth at Hampstead. Jack and Jill got up in the trees and

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and then proceeded to stage something of a local reign of terror there. Lord Ingraforth's estate has spacious grounds and these in wartimes had been turned into gardens. The two monks got among the luscious vegetables and did a job of sabotage. Time and again they'd dart down from the trees and play havoc in the gardens. They disrupted life on that estate at Hampstead and at night they'd go wandering and they would frighten women. They nearly scared a couple of old ladies to death. This went on for five days, and all the while Tom Lee, former flag pole sticking champion, was doing his best to get the monkeys down out of these trees. He pleaded with Jack and Jill; he threatened them; he cajoled them. Nothing doing. So he tried to knock them out with morphine, smearing the drug on slices of bread and ham. Jack and Jill ate the sandwiches, morphine and all and nothing happened. He fed them sleeping tablets in a saucer, enough to put an elephant into a sound slumber. The monkeys devoured the sleeping mixture. They just yawned

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a couple of times and then went on raising kane. Today was the deadline. The carnival was moving from Hapmstead and they couldn't leave the two terrorizing monkeys in Lord Ingraforth's trees, could they? Unless he succeeded in capturing his wayward charges, Trainer Tom Lee would have to shoot them. He made one final desperate effort to avoid that sad conclusion. Jack and Jill were fond of whisky; they liked to tipple neatly from a bottle. Now, whisky is scarce even in England and mighty expensive, but the trainer made the supreme sacrifice. He placed a quart within reach of the monkeys and waited for them to drink it. The whisky calculated to put them into an alcoholic stupor and make them dead drunk. Jack and Jill came out of the tree, they went for the bottle, Ah, but instead of drinking they knocked it over. The precious whisky spilling on the ground and that was the end. This evening Tom Lee got out his rifle and with a sad heart he raised it, took aim and shot. Out of the tree dropped

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Jill, stone dead. Tomm Lee didn't shoot again for
down scrambled Jack; his mate shot out of the tree, he
surrendered submissively.

MASCRIANI

At Schenectady, New York, Tony Mascriani, 16 years old, is going to stay in school until he graduates. Tony has made up his mind that in wartimes like these that it was no use going on with high school classes. He'd get a job until he was old enough for the army. He was all set. He was determined about it. But now he has changed his mind, or rather his older brother, Mario, changed it for him. Mario himself quit school before graduating and he was sorry afterwards. He joined the army and went for service overseas. As a soldier he realized how he could have used the schooling that he had missed. So he wanted Tony to graduate and get a diploma. He discussed the matter with another brother, Joe, who is also in the army. And he promised Joe that he would make Tony stay in school. Mario was living at his home, having been discharged from military service. He was a hero of the campaign in Tunisia where he won the American Purple Heart and the French Croix de Guerre. He was severely wounded in the legs and worst of all he lost

MASCRIANI

the gift of speech. Knocked unconscious by the concussion of a bomb, he sustained some nervous injury and when he came to, he couldn't walk and time went on and he never uttered a word. He couldn't talk. But that didn't keep Mario Mascriani from holding a job upon his return home for he went to work at the General Electric Company at Schenectady as an inspector, unable to talk and performing his tasks with sign language and pencil and paper. And in that way too he kept insisting that his younger brother, Tony stay in school. Well, the climax came today. The kid was stubborn, said he was going to work. Mario argued with him, using sign language, pencil and paper, but Tony had made up his mind. Whereupon the veteran of the Tunisian campaign grew angry. "All right," he said, "You support the family and I'll stay at home." And he really said it. And Tony started. Their mother who was with them gaped, for Mario had blurted right out with spoken words and a loud voice, the first words he had uttered since that bomb explosion in Tunisia

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sixteen months ago. Something had snapped, something had broken the spell of dumbness. He said afterward, "I just got so boiling mad I had to talk, I guess."

And he's been talking all day now with the restored gift of speech. PS - Tony has decided that he's going to stay in school.

PPS Here's Hugh James.