

R.J. - Sunco. Thurs., Sept. 23, 1937.

CHINA.

47
There's something new at Nanking - and not the destruction and annihilation the Japanese promised. They raided the City yesterday, but not today. Instead, we are told of new Chinese sky flying equipment. Today in the sky above the Chinese Nationalist Capital appeared a whole new fleet of War planes. Where the Chinese got them is not told, it's a mystery. Maybe from Soviet Russia - that ^{'s} an inevitable guess.

Such is the prelude to the announcement made by the Chinese today, that they had driven off a war fleet of fifty Japanese planes. The Mikado's bombers took off from Shanghai and winged their way toward Nanking - to carry out the ferocious threat to destroy the City utterly. Before they got to Nanking, they were met by the Chinese squadrons, and driven away, chased back to Shanghai. Such is the Chinese claim.

But, it's a different story down the China Coast at Canton. There the City was frightfully devastated today by Japanese sky craft. The casualties are said to number at least a

thousand - all civilians.

48

The United Press flashes an interview with an eye-witness who saw today's bombardment of Canton. Here are a few sentences from that eye-witness account: "I saw twelve Japanese air formations over Canton, in groups of three. One group engaged a pair of Chinese planes and brought them down. I saw another thrilling fight between Chinese and Japanese planes, and one Japanese bomber was shot down in flames.

Thousands of Chinese cheered as they watched the death fight."

H Then that eye-witness account goes on this way: " The Japanese bombers were most resolute in the face of anti-Chinese aircraft guns and the attacks of Chinese pursuit planes. They dropped many bombs, creating most awful havoc and loss of life among the civilian population."

Eye-witness - of frightful horror. /

~~were parading with banners denouncing Mussolini.~~

Legion - lead .
----- 0 -----

49

The new Commander of the American Legion is **D** Daniel Dougherty. He is short and stocky, with a good deal of the chubbiness that often comes to a man twenty years later. The doughboys were trim and fit, thin and hard as nails when they marched in the World War -- but that was twenty years ago. Commander Dougherty is 43. He's a lawyer at Woburn, Mass. His manner is mild. His tactics are persuasive rather than overpowering. But he is a forceful speaker. **R** It was a two-man fight for the Commandership of the Legion, with Daniel Dougherty commonly mentioned as the favorite. Today his rival Stephen Chadwick of Seattle withdrew his name when it became apparent that Dougherty was sure to be elected. So that made it a unanimous vote for the new Commander.

FINISH UP FOR LEGION.

And That ^{just about} ~~will~~ bring to a close the Legion doings this year. So, ~~now~~ let's take a look back at the pranks the boys played in New York. Hotel men are especially well informed *They sure are!* on the subject. I've been talking to Richard Galba in charge of hospitality at the Bryant Hotel. He tells me that the commonest mischief along Broadway was a squirt gun filled with ice water. A doughboy would walk along with a smart stepping girl and pop her on the angle with a quick stream of ice water. That sure made the girls jump.

There were a couple of boys attached to one of those miniature trains representing doughboy transportation in France - forty men or eight horses *-- 40 & 8.* The train was equipped with a trench mortar in which a big firecracker was shot with a huge bang. The two joksters took their train down to the Japanese Consulate where a ~~strong~~ throng of Chinese pickets were parading with banners, protesting against Japanese aggression. The train drew up alongside the pickets, and the joksters suddenly fired their cannon. The Chinese pickets dropped their banners and fled in all directions. They

50

thought the bombardment of Shanghai had hit them.

Another detachment of Legionnaires saw a file of strikers picketing a Restaurant. They pushed them out of the way and took their banner and said: "Boy's, we'll picket for you." And they did. A notable C.I.O. job until they got tired of it and suddenly marched off, strike signs and all. The mortified pickets went back to strike headquarters for a new supply of placards.

Another outfit unhitched two ponderous brewery horses, and took them right in a small cafe. That Bar room was so narrow that the Police couldn't bet the giant horses out, and wrecked the place trying to do so.

Oscar at the Waldorf -- and Manager Frank Ready told me that while playful and boisterous, the Legionnaires were the best natured chaps he ever saw. The West Virginia contingent, including that famous drum corps from Logan were so thankful for New York courtesy that they present one hotel manager with a Theatre. They chased away the ticket sellers and ticket takers, and ran the box office themselves, taking in the money and ushering in the patrons. They kept up the pretense that the Theatre

belonged to their hotel manager pal until finally they got tired of it, turned all the money over to the management of the Theatre, and went on to a new joke.

I myself, saw a Legionnaire sitting a whole afternoon, fishing in the big fountain at Rockefeller Center, right under my office window. Hour after hour they doughboy kept up the solemn pretense, casting into the fountain and catching fish.

The Legion Convention, with its giant parade, was a spectacular affair, but it was the Legion joles and high-jinx that will make New Yorkers remember the Convention for a long, long time to come. New York needed some laughs and the Legionnaires provided Father Knickerbocker with more of them than he had had in years!

From New York the Legion Convention is now extending over to France -- a pilgrimage of five thousand, to the land the doughboys knew so well in war time. The French Government has prepared an elaborate reception, but let's hear about that from somebody who knows better than I. The Legion tour is being

Roux.

Sept. 237

1937.

directed by Maurice Roux, head of the French War veterans in America. He's in charge of the committee that will show the Legionnaires around. So now Captain Maurice Roux will tell us about the Legion program in France.

MR. ROUX:

Our plans, Mr. Thomas provide a maximum of hospitality. The Legionnaires will be the guests of the French Government for six days and six nights.

More than five thousand, many with their wives, will be brought from the pier at Havre or Cherbourg by special trains to Paris, where they will be assigned to various hotels. Every morning they will be taken to the front, Champagne, Verdun or the Argonne. On October 6th, there will be the dedication of the Statue of General Pershing in Versailles. On October 7th, a monument erected to the American Poilu near Chateau-Thierry. There will be a luncheon at the Invalides and receptions at the Paris exposition. Finally the Legionnaires can travel through France, where many small towns and villages are ready to receive them. There the inhabitants expect to see some of those who

*Many thanks M. Maurice Roux,
I'm sure France will show
the boys the time of their lives!*

lived with them in Nineteen Seventeen. They are waiting to
reminisce before a glass of good old pinard with their American
comradēs. The French Nation will welcome with open arms old
friends found again.

L.T.:- Many thanks M. Maurice Roux, I'm sure France will
show the boys the time of their lives!

It was ENDEAVOUR TWO that sailed the race and lost.
after the great yachting event, both craft were sent back to
England, each towed by a motor driven yacht.

ENDEAVOUR ONE ran into a heavy storm ten days ago.
The tow line broke, and she drifted away in the gale. Ever
since then the yacht has been missing. The United States
Coast Guard hunted far and wide over the sea for her, with
no result. Finally, the Coast Guard gave up the search.

Today flashes the word - "ENDEAVOUR ONE has been
found." A dispatch from London tells us that the yacht,
missing for ten days, has been located - in far off waters.
Her position is given as latitude thirty-two north, longitude
thirty-nine west. That places ENDEAVOUR ONE to the southeast

Many thanks M. Maurice Roux,
ENDEAVOUR I'm sure France will show
the boys the time of their lives!

Endeavour

¶ The word "Endeavour" occurs in the news tonight
in a dramatic complication. We find it twice - ENDEAVOUR ONE
and ENBEAVOUR TWO. They're the pair of racing yachts that
T. O. M. Sopwith brought to the United States this year in his
futile challenge for the America cup. In the previous cup
races, ENDEAVOUR ONE sailed ⁱⁿ the competition and lost. This
last time it was ^{of course} ENDEAVOUR TWO that sailed the race and lost.
After the great yachting event, both craft were sent back to
England, each towed by a motor driven yacht.

55
ENDEAVOUR ONE ran into a heavy storm ten days ago.
The tow line broke, and she drifted away in the gale. Ever
since then the yacht has been missing. The United States
Coast Guard hunted far and wide over the sea for her, with
no result. Finally, the Coast Guard gave up the search.

Today flashes the word - "ENDEAVOUR ONE has been
found." A dispatch from London tells us that the yacht,
missing for ten days, has been located - in far off waters.
Her position is given as latitude thirty-two north, longitude
thirty-nine west. That places ENDEAVOUR ONE to the southwest

ENDEAVOUR - 2.

of the Azores, some seven hundred and fifty miles from Ponta Del Gada. After she broke loose in the storm, she was blown for over fifteen hundred miles - the frail J boat with her towering masts driven that far by the howling gale. She's reported in good shape, beating her way north, sailing back to England.

ENDEAVOUR TWO, which lost this year's cup race, had no such mishap, her tow line didn't break. Right now she's on the Atlantic, carried along by the motor yacht Philante.

56
TP Today in England the wife of the skipper of ENDEAVOUR TWO received two messages. Both concerned that picturesque Captain who navigated the yacht. A deep sea sailor who wore the high buttoned top shoes ^{so} favored by the British Jack Tar. He was salty with the ways of the sea, and a great yarn spinner of briny tales. One of the messages received by the skipper's wife today was a letter from him, mailed before he sailed from New York. He said he was in good health, feeling fine! The other was a wireless message saying - the skipper had died!

ENDEAVOUR - 3.

He was stricken by a sudden, fatal illness, as the cup challenger was being towed on the North Atlantic homeward bound.

Such is today's coincidence in the news concerning the TWO ENDEAVOURS.

GIANTS

(The Giants beat the Cubs today, so the issue seems all but settled in the National League.) Three and a half games behind Chicago has only the merest whisper of a chance. The Yanks lost today, but that didn't matter. They were as good as in yesterday. This evening it's all over, because the Detroit Tigers also lost -- eliminating themselves.

So, unless there's a weird miralce, there will be a subway series in New York. Which in a way seems a shame. For New York had it last year. It seems tough that some other part of the country hasn't a share of the great baseball classic.

MUSSOLINI.

There was quite a campaign of Fascist versus Communist in New York Harbor today. Mussolini's son, Vittorio, arrived aboard the Rex, and the Reds were out to give him a raucous welcome, not only on land but also on sea. They had a tugboat with a loud speaker aboard. They steamed down the bay to meet the Rex, intending to salute Mussolini's son ~~aboard~~ with howling denunciations of Fascism; and then escort the liner to the dock, blasting through the loud speaker all the time. That would have made quite a sour welcome to America for Mussolini, Junior. The difficulty was that the ~~the~~ Rex steamed along so fast up the bay and the Hudson that the Communist tug couldn't get near her. There was a fog in the harbor, and the people aboard never even saw the craft of Reds!

The Communists made a hasty landing on lower Manhattan, and dashed uptown to the pier of the Italian line.

There, they had a truck with a loud speaker. *There was a* heavy Police

Guard at the pier, but the Reds got through it by pretending

What do you know about that?
~~that~~ they were an N. B. C. sound truck. So as the passengers

landed they blasted a roar of anti-Fascist epithets for the

58

58 1/2
ears of the Duce's son. The only trouble was - that young Mussolini wasn't there. The Port authorities had taken him off the Rex down the harbor, and landed him at a dock a mile away from the Italian line. So all the Communists got was some exercise for their lungs, and the privilege of being arrested. It was an employee on the nearby British Cunard Line that caused them to be locked up for making a demonstration against the son of Mussolini, that same Duce who is much on the outs with England. The Communists were discharged by Magistrate Broadsky.

59
Meanwhile, young Mussolini was at his Hotel, giving an interview, ~~to the reporters. It was noticed that~~ he looks strikingly like his father, the Black Shirt Dictator. He didn't have much to say - except that he likes Greta Garbo and Mickey Mouse. He's on his way to Hollywood to study American Motion picture methods - then ^{he'll} ~~to~~ return to Italy and produce pictures there.

59 1/4
Meanwhile, however, the anti-Fascist Cohorts ~~had~~ ^{are} ~~did~~ catch up with him. Outside of the young man's Hotel pickets ~~are~~ ^{are} parading with banners - denouncing Mussolini. They're still parading as I say s-l-u-t-m.