

L. J. Lunsco. Aug. 24, 1937.

CHINA

There's not one battle to tell about in the Far East tonight, but two. (Giant clashes between the Japanese and Chinese ~~are~~ raging ~~in~~ not merely in the Shanghai area, but also in North China, in the neighborhood of the old capital -- Peiping, ^{Beiping.} The latest in the Shanghai tragedy is a continuation of the ~~first~~ frightful story we've had day by day -- warfare from the sky striking at a city of millions. Today, ~~when it was~~ ^{over} night in Shanghai, ^{over} flocks of Chinese warplanes ~~are~~ roared over the city, dropping sky torpedos four feet long. If you stood one on end it would reach up ^{almost} to a man's shoulders -- each weighing eleven hundred pounds. These ~~missiles~~ missiles of destruction and dread were rained on the greatest Chinese city, by the Chinese. They were ^{bombing the} ~~bombing the~~ part of Shanghai held by the Japanese. The Mikado's men replied with an incessant rattle of anti-aircraft fire, the sky dotted with bursting shells. Japanese warships in the river doused their lights, to keep from being ~~ex~~ targets from above. The Chinese report that they hit and disabled a warship flying the flag of the Rising Sun.

47

48

On the ground, while Shanghai was being blasted by sky bombs -- cannon, rifles and machine guns were completing the carnival of destruction and death. One of the most savage of battles raged all day through streets and suburbs. The results were obscure. Each side claims progress. At last reports the Japanese were staging a powerful drive. So Shanghai today was ravaged from the sky and ^{by} ~~from~~ weapons on the ground -- the continuing tragedy, the teeming population of civilians caught helpless, through no design of their own, ^{caught} in the maelstrom of war.

There's one proposal of peace. It's of British origin, ^{and it} has the approval of the Chinese leaders. ^{Not} ~~in~~ a general peace between the two nations in conflict, but a mere local arrangement at Shanghai. The British propose that both the Chinese and the Japanese shall withdraw their forces from the city. The Chinese central government at Nanking answered that today -- ~~xxx~~ saying YES. But it still remains to be seen whether ~~the~~ Japanese will accept the arrangement.

Certainly there should be some quick end to what seems one of the most needless of the mad orgies of war. (The quarrel at Shanghai seems from the beginning to have been an irrational flare of pride, anger and defiance on both sides.) One ironical story comes of the various irritating events that preceded the Japanese attack on the city. It tells how a sailor of a Rising Sun warship disappeared in Shanghai. He couldn't be found. The Japanese protested. He was thought to have been murdered by the Chinese. There were recriminations and counter-recriminations -- all adding to the smoulder of hatred. It was only after days that the Japanese sailor was found. ^{He had been} ~~He was~~ celebrating in Shanghai and ^{had} overstayed his shore leave. He was afraid to go back to his ship. He disguised himself in Chinese clothing and didn't dare ~~to~~ speak because he knew no Chinese. He wandered about -- silent, dumb. Finally, he stowed away on a Chinese river steamer. There they found him. And he was returned to his ship -- ^{all} after causing ^{a grave} ~~an~~ international incident.

49

Shanghai holds the headline tonight, with the terror and wantonness of war. But, the major ^{Far Eastern} issue for the years to come is being ~~fight~~ fought out in North China. There the island ~~kingdom~~ empire of Japan expects to add the five northern provinces to its ^{sphere} ~~spear~~ of domination on the mainland. And there tonight a great battle is raging, with a vast host of men engaged on a long extended front. The Japanese are driving on. The Chinese are counter-attacking, to trap them. And to the strategies of battle is added another element -- the weather. It is teeming with rain in North China. The land ~~is~~ turned into a sea of mud -- a vast quagmire. ^{In this morass} ~~In this~~ more than one hundred thousand men are battling on a front more than one hundred miles long.

50

WASHINGTON

It was rainy and slushy in Washington today, bad weather for a march, a parade. Yet (a procession of twenty-five hundred were on the move through the Washington streets. They carried flags and sang songs - the march of the unemployed protesting against being dismissed from the W.P.A. They want to be back on the government payroll.)

They sent a delegation of eight to the White House to present their demand. The delegation was received by the suave presidential secretary, Col. Marvin McIntyre. He consulted the Boss and brought back the Presidential word:- No more workers of the W.P.A. will be dismissed -- without cause, such was the presidential concession. But, it's impossible for the government to give W.P.A. jobs to all the needy unemployed - so said F. D. R.

As to the demand of the marching unemployed, that all the W.P.A. workers who have been dismissed shall be put back on the payroll, the President said, "No," with regrets. He said he could not agree to the demand.

PLANE

This afternoon a giant mechanical arm reached out and snatched a wrecked airplane from the waters off San Diego, California. The Navy raised its giant flying boat that crashed with ^{the} ~~the~~ loss of six lives - two rescued.

~~It is~~ ^{new} The first disaster to befall the Navy's fleet of sky giants. The wrecked craft was soon to have flown in a non-stop mass formation ~~voyage~~ to the Panama Canal Zone - one of those ~~various~~ spectacular squadron flights the Navy has been making of late. And with the news of the crash comes the ill-omened name - Moby Dick, the white whale, sea monster of old, dark legend. The Navy flying boat, landing on the sea, probably a forced landing - struck the derelict hulk of an old whaling ship. Derelicts are a notorious danger to ^{the ships of the sea.} ~~speeding ships~~. But it's a new one for an abandoned hulk to bring disaster to a giant of the sky. The derelict whaling ship has a history - motion picture history. It was used in the making of a ^{movie} ~~motion~~ ^a ~~picture~~ feature ^{film of} several years ago - the film called "Moby Dick."

52

KIDNAP

A set of directions flashed in the news today. They seemed ordinary, domestic, a mere household concern.

"Please feed the baby," the news dispatch read, ^{"feed her at"} ~~not~~ six o'clock in the morning and at two and six in the afternoon, and ten in the evening."

Yes, mere household directions - but they are from a mother to a kidnapper - from Mrs. Dorothy Lucas of Chicago, to the one who snatched her three months old baby girl out of its carriage in front of a Chicago grocery store.

The police were optimistic. They were sure the baby would be returned soon - when the kidnapper learned how hot the search was, how intense the publicity. The Chicago cops put their faith in - the publicity. Were they mistaken? Not at all.

Here's the latest: ~~in the case~~ The Lucas baby was found ^{as the police put it: - "alive & kicking;"} this afternoon _A found abandoned in the rear of an apartment

house. Apparently the kidnapper had left it there and fled.

The police believe it was the doing of some woman obsessed by a mother complex.

53

SMATEX

SHORTS

There's a lot of news here, not so much time to tell it in - so let's be brief.

The Communists ~~were~~ ^{are} out ~~and~~ to do ~~big~~ things in a big Red way - the American Bolsheviks. It's announced today that they're going to stage ~~ambitious~~ an ambitious campaign for membership, and ^{they} plan to start new Communist daily papers in Chicago and San Francisco. They already have one in New York. And they're launching a drive to raise half a million dollars for a war fund.

At Columbus, Ohio, the United Spanish War Veterans began their national convention, ^{today,} which will last for a week. Prominant on the schedule of proceedings is a demand for a drive against the Reds! squelch Communism!

Ches^{ter,} Pennsylvania, had a big fire today. A florist shop went up in a blaze, and the sweeping flames threatened the whole business district - until the firemen got things under control.

In Maine there's a summer resort that's having an epidemic of jewel robberies. Thieves have ~~got~~ ^{snaffled} seventy-five thousand dollars so far, robbing one house after another, in the fashionable section of Agonquit. The latest is reported today - ten thousand dollars' worth of jewelry ~~snatched~~ ^{silfered} from a summer home.

Here one-on swimming! -

When a man has no legs you wouldn't expect him to be in a swimming stunt. But today's story is - he won't quit. Charles Zimmy, a legless swimmer, is on his way down the Hudson River. He started swimming from Albany last night. Morning came and he was still swimming. He slept while in the water, while the ~~up~~ ^{tide} carried him on. Today friends tried to get him to call it a day. But he wouldn't. He intends to swim all the way to New York. *Catnapping as he swims.*

At Steubenville, Ohio, a man was released by the cops after being questioned about a robbery. ~~He said good-bye~~ to the cops, ~~and~~ ^{He} told them he was on his way to Cleveland. How would he get there? "Oh," he laughed, as he walked out of

SHORTS

jail, "I'm not worried about getting back to Cleveland. I'll go out and steal a car." And the cops laughed hilariously at that joke. Today a car was wrecked on the road to Cleveland - a stolen car. And in it was the released prisoner - he meant what he said and the joke had come true -- and he's back in jail.

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Hurricanes news from the Caribbean. A tropical twister on its way -- a thousand miles east of Puerto Rico. But it's expected to miss the island.

MONTAGUE

Circus day scenes were witnessed at Elizabethtown, New York, today, as a prisoner was brought to the county jail to answer to ~~the~~^a charge of robbery, a stick-up. The whole town was out to see him when he arrived by train - a brawny, smiling fellow, who seemed more like a hero returning home. *— just home town boy who made good.* He had twenty pieces of baggage with him, which he had brought all the way across the continent ~~with him~~ - from Hollywood. The crowd noticed that in the baggage there was no sign of - golf clubs. Maybe niblicks and drivers would have been too ironic to take back to Elizabethtown - for the prisoner was John Montague, the mighty golfer, the golfing Paul Bunyan of Hollywood, ~~and the motion picture colony~~. It was his legended exploits ^{as the link} ~~at golf~~ that caused Montague to be recognized as a man wanted for a hold-up several years ago in New York State.

And Bing Crosby was there ^{today.} The crooner of radio and pictures was at Elizabethtown to lend his aid and comfort to *his* *pal,* the man about to be tried for ~~the~~ a stick-up. ~~robberys~~ Montague is a hero in Hollywood, and ~~he's~~ Bing Crosby's special hero. Because it was with Bing that the golfing Paul Bunyan

played a memorable game on the links. Instead of clubs he used a shovel, a rake and a baseball bat - and he beat Bing. That's the sort of thing that makes a golfer a hero to a duffer.

Not only was Bing Crosby in Elizabethtown today, but he also met Montague on the train en route.

"Thanks for coming, Bing."

"Awfully glad to see you again, Monty."

Crosby was asked later about a rumored contract which his own ^{Bing Crosby} corporation had offered to Montague - a million dollar contract, they say.

His answer was - "Nothing definite." And he added: "Monty must get back into circulation."

That's what golf will do, when you can drive distance shots and make your putting accurate - especially with a shovel, a rake and a baseball bat.

Anyway, the golfing Paul Bunyan of Hollywood entered a New York State jail today - and now is trying to get back into circulation.

57

FIGHT

Well, this certainly is an easy job this evening.

I have a feeling ^{right now} ~~this evening~~ that giving a news broadcast is about the softest snap in the world. I don't feel that way all the time, but today is something special. Things seem easy - by contrast, by comparison. You know how it is - you've seen somebody do a job so tough and so difficult, that it makes your own task seem like apple pie.

I attended a broadcast this afternoon - not that a radio program is such a thrilling novelty, so far as I'm concerned. But this one was a broadcast to make all other ^S ~~broadcasts~~ seem like nothing at all. Gene Tunney was on the air, ex-heavyweight champion Gene. Not talking to America. ~~He~~ was on short wave, a B.B.C. program, talking to England: He was discussing the big fight to be held Thursday night, between Champion Joe Louis and Challenger Tommy Farr. He was telling the gentlemen of London, Liverpool and Manchester about their British champion - and what chance Tommy would have of whipping the Brown Bomber on Thursday night. Gene Tunney is a pleasant fellow, and he doesn't like to hurt anybody's feelings. So he was on the spot - telling

58

the British what he thought about Tommy's prospects in the ring.

I suffered for Gene, knowing how hard it was to say what he had to say without offending British sensibilities. He accomplished it marvelously! Talking about British Challenger Tommy Farr, he began by paying tribute to the venerable history of British boxing, the London prize ring champions of old times. He voiced the ~~highest~~^{pious} hope that some day Britain would produce a great heavyweight boxer. The melancholy inference was - some day but not now! It was the politest possible way of saying that Gene Tunney did not think Tommy Farr was ~~supremely~~^{so hot} ~~great~~.

Then he went on to say that Tommy appeared to be a strong and courageous fighting man but perhaps he might be a bit over-trained, on edge too soon. He pointed out that last week we had a terrific heat spell in these parts, and Farr's training might have been too strenuous. Then, proceeding with all the courtesy in the world, Gene told Britain that he believed - that Joe Louis would knock out Tommy Farr within five rounds.

It was one of the toughest broadcast assignments I

8 1/2

59

FIGHT - 3

know about. It makes these few minutes of mine seem absurdly
light and easy. As light and easy as saying - SO LONG UNTIL
TOMORROW.

9 1/4