

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The Washington protest against the fashion in which Japan's generals are waging their war in China has been answered. The reply was forwarded from Tokyo by Ambassador Grew. And, the note won't be made public unless the Japanese Government wishes.

The Japanese are growing restive under the barrage of charges that are being made against them in foregin countries. They say, it's proraganda, deliberate falsifications put up by the Chinese.

One of the Mikado's officers who has been visiting the United States protested against certain photographs that have

been published here which purported to be pictures of Japanese soldiers using the ~~body~~ body of a dead Chinese ~~soldier~~ for practice in sword and bayonet work.

On the Chinese front the most sensational event of the day was an attempt to dynamite the Japanese cruiser Idzumo at anchor in the Whangpoo River. A squad of five desperate Chinese, literally a suicide squad, tried to place a mine under the Japanese warship. They left one of their number on shore to pull the switch when they had the mine affixed to the hull of the cruiser. But when they were only three hundred yards away from the warship the <sup>man</sup>~~men~~ on shore got nervous and pulled the switch too soon. It blew the suicide squad to tiny fragments. And the explosion was so powerful that sailors aboard ~~Uncle Sam's~~ <sup>the American</sup> man of war Augusta, were shaken out of their bunks.

NEWSREEL MEN FOLLOW CHINA

Four Americans got a taste of being targets for Japanese bombs and machine-gun fire today. They are cameramen photographing that war for the newsreels --

Eric Mayell of Fox Movietone; Arthur Menken of Paramount;

Rudolfo Brandt of N.E.A., and ~~H. B. Wong of Metrotone, who's~~

*Newsreel Wong of Hearst.*

~~known in the professional circles as "Newsreel Wong"~~

48  
Escorted by a Chinese officer, they were on their way to the battlefield, near the North Station in Shanghai. A couple of Japanese planes swooped down from the sky, dropping bombs and spitting out a storm of machine gun bullets. The newsreel men and the Chinese officer jumped out of their car and ran to an ~~in~~ adjoining field. The planes kept circling around and dropped a bomb two hundred yards away from them. They finally ran to a dug-out, the Japanese pilots machine-gunning them every foot of the way.

~~Another report from Shanghai says that the Japanese command has started a mass attack upon the Chinese defenders, which it hopes will be the final one. But of this we have no details so far.~~

## EUROPE

(Germany has given Premier Mussolini a more magnificent send-off than was ever accorded to any visiting potentate.

The wind-up was a parade with twenty-five regiments of Hitler's army, more than an army corps! )

While he was on the train, the British Cabinet came to a new and astonishing decision. John Bull, France and Italy had already ironed out their disagreements about the patrol of the Mediterranean. It's to be a three-power patrol, and the naval experts of the three countries have completed all plans. But now John Bull is prepared to go even further to make his peace with the Duce. "We'll recognize your conquest of Ethiopia if--"

Yes, there's a large "if". If the Duce will withdraw his hundred and fifty thousand Italian soldiers from Spain, leave his Spanish Fascist ally, General Franco, in the lurch. Along with this offer goes the implied threat that if the Duce does not accept those terms, the French frontier will be opened for reinforcements for the Spanish government armies.

NOBEL

There's a rumor current in northern Europe today,  
that the Nobel Peace Prize, the prize founded by the inventor  
of dynamite, will probably be awarded to our old friend,  
*who yearns for nothing but goatsmilk*  
Mahatma Gandhi. There's both irony and a peculiar fitness in  
that. Mr. Gandhi has ~~suddenly~~ *frequently* proved himself dynamite to the  
British government. And his contribution to peace has been to  
keep large portions of the Indian Empire in an almost continuous  
uproar. However, if he gets that peace prize, which amounts to  
something like forty thousand English Pounds, or two hundred  
thousand of Uncle Sam's dollars, the advocator of ~~Swara~~ *Swara* ought  
to be able to buy himself quite a number of those loin cloths  
*— and a flock of goats.*  
~~that he has made so famous.~~

*and a loin cloth.*

Another possible candidate for that peace prize is a  
British general once famous as a successful warrior. Marquis  
*who*  
Baden-Powell, long before he became a marquis and before he  
founded the Boy Scout Movement, was celebrated during the  
Boer War for his successful repulse of the Boer attacks upon  
Mafeking. But his later honorary titles came to him principally  
because of his Boy Scout work.

## LAWYERS

That convention of lawyers in Kansas City has become one of the most tempestuous in the history of the Bar Association. It's all about the New Deal of course, and the Supreme Court. The contest for one chairmanship for example, was decided according to the opinion of the various candidates about President Roosevelt's Court Reform Plan.

Also the opponents of the New Deal were today hailing the report of Chief Justice publishing the report of the Conference of the Senior Circuit Judges denied that the Federal dockets were clogged up and that there was any need for fifty more judges. But this afternoon Attorney-General Cummings acclaimed Mr. Hughes' report as a victory for the administration, a capitulation as he put it. For, that Conference of Senior Judges did recommend the appointment of sixteen additional

"That's what we've been urging all the time," said the Attorney General.

BLACK

( Mr. Justice Black is in our midst once more and still the silence is ~~almost~~ deafening. The New associate <sup>justice</sup> of the Supreme Court declined to say yes or no <sup>as to or no</sup> whether <sup>^</sup> he was or had ever been a member of the Klu Klux Klan. ) One of his ~~earliest and~~ <sup>the</sup> most eloquent replies to reportorial questions was the remark:

"I sure would like some ham and eggs."

When he landed in Norfolk <sup>today</sup> he was greeted by enough reporters to get out a round dozen newspapers. "I certainly am gratified by this reception," said Mr. Black. To the photographers he was most accessible, beaming upon them as he said: "Get all <sup>the</sup>

<sup>pictures</sup> you want." But when it came to answering the charges against him he said just this: "When I have any statement to make, I will make it in a way that cannot be ~~misquoting~~ misquoted and so all the public can hear it." Thereat a reporter asked: "Does that mean you'll make it over the radio?" Said Justice Black: "You may draw your own conclusions."

Incidentally the National Broadcasting Company has offered the Justice time on the air whenever and for as long ~~xx~~ as he wants. Mr. Black replied thanking the N.B.C. and saying

he would notify the Company later whether he would avail himself of the offer.

Apparently Mr. Black expects to assume the duties of his office and be one of the nine justices who are on the Supreme Bench when the court reconvenes next Monday. He said to reporters. "You may reach me in Washington, probably in my office in the Supreme Court Building."

As for Mrs. Black, the only thing that seemed to worry her was the problem of finding a place to live in Washington.



THORGERSEN

As the football season comes on, there's one angle that strikes me as significant. I've had occasion to remark before -- that of all the commentators on sports there's one who is in the most favored position of all to make both an intimate study and get a nation-wide view. As sports commentator on a news reel he studies the nation's football games by scrutinizing miles of film. He sees all the big games, in every section, each week -- in film. So -- why not utilize this unique facility for sports reporting, and put it on the air? I talked this over with my Sun Oil sponsor, -- also my colleague Ed Thorgersen, sports commentator for our Twentieth Century Fox Movietone News Reel. So, twice a week -- we'll have Thorgersen giving us two minutes of sports flashes, on this program, during football season. Yes -- and he'll cover the World Series for us.

HOLD-UP

24

The hustling but peaceful City of Midland, Michigan, was going about its business as usual today. But suddenly, shortly before noon, shots resounded through the streets. In two minutes the business section of Midland, ~~Michigan~~, looked and sounded like Coffe<sup>e</sup>ville, Kansas, in the days of the James brothers and the <sup>Younger</sup> ~~Quattrell~~ gang. <sup>Q</sup> The bank hold-up was in full progress, <sup>as</sup> daring, <sup>and</sup> desperate <sup>as</sup> ~~and more cruel than~~ any Jesse ~~any that either of the~~ James boys ever attempted. ~~However,~~ <sup>And it</sup> ~~this one had a different sort of~~ ~~finish.~~ <sup>conclusion.</sup>

The President of the bank was just about to leave his office for lunch, ~~and~~ with his young daughter. As he was going to the door, a ~~man~~ sawed off shotgun was suddenly poked in his chest and he heard the gruff words: "This is a hold-up! Take it easy!" But that bank president <sup>was not</sup> ~~is not~~ ~~in~~ the easy kind. He grabbed at the gun, the robber pulled the trigger, and the banker was wounded in the arm but only slightly. Thereupon, a second robber fired at the cashier of the bank and wounded him seriously.

Some half a dozen customers stood by aghast and

helpless. The two robbers fled from the bank, empty-handed, and rushed to a car out on the street where a confederate was keeping guard. Then the customers of the bank found their voices and shouted.

53  
In one of the offices above the bank was a dentist, F.L. Hardy. We don't know how good a dentist Dr. Hardy is, but he's a resourceful fellow and turned out to be a good shot. Hearing the shooting, he grabbed <sup>an</sup>~~the~~ automatic rifle that he uses for deer hunting and rushed to the window. Taking careful aim, he worked the lever of that automatic and poured shot after shot at the bandits' car. The consequence was they lost control as it came to a hill down the foot of Maine Street. The three robbers jumped out, tried to seize a truck, and shot a man. ~~At that time~~

At that moment, Dr. Hardy brought one of the bandits down with a bullet in his head. The other two running desperately, made one effort after another to commandeer private cars. Dr. Hardy winged one of them in the arm, and he was captured by the sheriff. The third man escaped.

If Dr. Hardy is as good with his drilling machine  
as he is at drilling with a rifle I'll have him look at my  
molars the next time I go out to Mich--ee--gan.

the Span. Navy Inspector. Since Alejandro had spent most  
of his years at sea as a ship's purser, that was indeed a  
career.

Tonight, Alejandro is in jail at El Centro, California.

He neglected to split his winnings with Uncle Sam. Uncle's

collector of the Internal Revenue Bureau demanded sixty-nine

thousand, nine hundred and ninety-four dollars. That's what

you're supposed to cough up if you are lucky enough to draw one

of those Sweep tickets. But the former ship's purser didn't

merely neglect to divvy with Uncle Sam, he declined, said he was

a citizen of Mexico and that the money was called away where

Uncle Sam's got at it. He said any one hundred and forty-one

of the one hundred and forty-one dollars that he thought

necessary, so, when he tried to slip over the border and return

to dear old Mexico, the long end of the tin stretched out and

landed poor Alejandro in the clink. Alejandro, the

*Village*  
*windfall*

VEGA

Väyga

A little more than a year ago, Alejandro Vega thought he was in clover. He won a hundred and fifty-nine thousand, five hundred and fifty-nine dollars through a lucky ticket in the Epsom Derby Sweepstakes. Since Alejandro had spent most of his years at sea as a ship's pantryman, that was indeed a <sup>windfall.</sup>  
riches.

Tonight, Alejandro is in jail at El Centro, California. He neglected to split his winnings with Uncle Sam. Uncle's collectors of the Internal Revenue Bureau demanded sixty-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-four dollars. That's what you're supposed to cough up if you are lucky enough to draw one of those Sweeps tickets. But the former ship's pantryman didn't merely neglect to divvy with Uncle Sam, he declined, said he was a citizen of Mexico and that the money was salted away where Uncle couldn't get at it. ~~He paid only two hundred and forty-one of those almost seventy thousand dollars that he owed the government.~~ So, when he tried to slip over the border and return to dear old Mexico, the long arm of the law stretched out and landed poor Alejandro in the calabozo. ~~Otherwise, the jug. And.~~

VEGA

How, according to all accounts, Alejandro says he can't pay  
Uncle Sam ~~who~~ <sup>for he has</sup> spent all but ten thousand. ~~dollars of the money.~~

"Life is real, life is earnest," as ~~the saying~~

~~Mr.~~ Longfellow once remarked.

MACFADDEN

Benarr Macfadden, publisher of LIBERTY, PHYSICAL CULTURE, ~~MAGAZINE~~ <sup>True Story,</sup> and a host of other publications, ~~had an interesting discussion today with a New York reporters.~~

~~Mr. Macfadden~~ was taking off <sup>in</sup> ~~on~~ his Stinson monoplane for a non-stop flight from Newark to Miami. He's sixty-nine and the oldest licensed pilot in America.

Before he took off, he told the reporters all about the exercises, the running, swimming, weight lifting, he practices, to keep fit, the diet that he follows, and so forth. To nourish him on his flight he took nothing but pineapple juice, honey, some water, and two raw carrots. Then he turned to Frank Conklin of the NEW YORK WORLD TELEGRAM, and said: "Don't you wish you could be as hale ~~and~~ as I am when you are as old?"

Frank Conklin replied: "I Don't know about that, Mr. Macfadden. As a matter of fact, I'm only five months younger than you, and I don't follow any of your rules. I eat what I please and when I please. I smoke twelve to fifteen cigars a day and take a drink whenever I feel like it. All I can say about your system is that you seem to me to have

58

missed a lot of fun."

Mr. Macfadden took one look at Conklin in silent disapproval, climbed into his plane, and took off for Miami.

Incidentally, Mr. Macfadden made that twelve hundred mile flight from Newark to Miami in eight hours and six minutes.

Say what you will 69 year old Bernard Macfadden is a stout fellow.



CASTLE

Our sympathies are besought for Mrs. Frederick McLaughlin.

As Irene Castle, she was the darling and idol of the New York theatre. Today, she is in a sad plight. She brought suit for divorce against her husband, Major Frederick McLaughlin. And the cruel Chicago court awarded her only seven hundred and fifty dollars a month alimony. "I just can't get along on that,"

*Irene Castle*  
said ~~Mrs.~~ McLaughlin. "I lay awake all last night trying to figure out how I can make both ends meet. It's simply terrible.

Already," says Irene Castle McLaughlin, "I've had to fire my social secretary and I only have a maid two days a week. After figuring all my necessary expenses, including schooling for my son Billy, it comes to seven hundred and nineteen dollars and thirty cents a month."

~~Isn't that pathetic?~~ As Lewis Carroll once wrote; *in*

*Alice in Wonderland:-*

"The time has come, the walrus said, to shed a little tear."

*And s-l-u-t-m.*