

L.T. - SUNOCO. FRIDAY, April 23, 1943.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

On this Good Friday, at this Eastertide,
we could wish to talk about happiness and peace - ~~and~~
~~that~~ good-will ^{toward} ~~to~~ all men, which the Gospels present
as the Christian ideal. But it is good doctrine too,
to make war against the criminal makers of war and to
feel ^{ill-will} ~~great rage~~ against the world's monsters of
ill-will. So, it is not ~~so~~ inappropriate on this
Good Friday and at this 'Eastertide to tell of violence
~~and~~ battle when these are hurled at the enemies of all
that Easter stands for. ~~So~~ in good heart we may take
what the news of the day brings us.

NORTH AFRICA

In North Africa, the assault upon the Nazi stronghold is in full blast. Today both British armies, the First and the Sixth, drove forward in a thundering advance. The First Army at the north pushed on for six miles, and hurled the Germans back to the last of the hills that provide a natural defense for the plain in front of Tunis. The First Army is threatening the Number One enemy base - Pont du Fahs. The latest news pictures the British as assaulting ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ a summit called Long Stop Hill, one of the most heavily fortified positions in Tunisia. And they say that if Long Stop Hill falls, Rommel will have to pull into the inner defenses of Tunis and Bizerte.

General Montgomery's Eighth Army has scored an advance of two miles - capturing a position that certainly sounds like one of the most powerful that could be devised. Djbel Garci is a sheer cliff,

a straight drop, and the Germans were at the top.

From their high positions they hurled mortar and machinegun fire down upon the attacking troops.

So the British were up against what was literally a stone wall, but they captured it.

The key to the assault all along the line against Rommel is artillery fire. With a tremendous flame of cannonading, the enemy has to be blasted out foot by foot. Rommel has been hurling counter-attacks, but these have been beaten back - with the Allies continuing their slow but inexorable advance against the Nazi stronghold.

TRANSPORTS

Here is a striking phrase ^{that} we find in the North African war news:- "more fantastic than an H.G. Wells story", it says. Well, a lot of us have read some those weird melodramas dreamed up by the imaginative English writer - like the one about the men from Mars, *and The Lost World.* So what today is still more fantastic? The answer is - that latest Allied blow delivered against a fleet of ^{air} Nazi transports.

Today gives us the full and vivid story. The transports were Messerschmitts "Three Hundred and Twenty-Three" - which are described as the largest planes in operation in this war. Their wings are nearly twice as big as the wings of a flying fortress, and each can carry a hundred and forty fully equipped soldiers or about twenty-two thousand pounds of freight. The nose of the Messerschmitt Three Hundred and Twenty-Three can be opened and let down as a ramp -

for the entrance and exit of trucks or light tanks.

The monster transport is something new and only recently made its first appearance in the war. ~~at all~~

And not until the last few days, in the Tunisian crisis, had Messerschmitt Three Hundred and Twenty-Threes been seen in large numbers.

Today's story tells how a fleet of twenty of these gargantuan transports were spotted ~~xxx~~ and attacked over the Mediterranean. They were bound for Tunis, carrying troops and supplies for Rommel. They were in formation, lumbering along; - ~~the~~ oversized planes; ~~was~~ not fast.

"They were flying at fifty feet ~~xxx~~ ²⁰ the water," relates a ~~Sunt~~ North African flight leader, "when I first first ordered a head-on attack to break up their tight, thick formation. At once," he continues, "five fell flaming into the sea. Then we went in at

them from all sides and hunted them like wolves - until we had shot them to bits."

Another air fighter states: "Three starboard engines and the fuselage caught fire after I attacked my first one. It hit the water with a sheet of flame ^{ch}belging from it. My second victim," he continues, "burst in two flaming sections, each of which sank."

Nazi soldiers struggled to get out of the transports as they crashed. The engagement lasted only between five and ten minutes, and everyone of the twenty super-giants of the air were shot down in an episode that one Allied pilot describes as - "more fantastic than an H.G.Wells story."

ISLANDS

Today -- suddenly, almost by accident, we learn of something that sounds as if it might be of large importance. The Navy, in a routine bulletin told of bits of action here and there, our planes bombing the Japs at various points. ^{Then} ~~and~~ at the very ^{tail end} ~~end~~ of the communique concluded with the following: "During the early morning," it said, "a group of enemy bombers raided Funa Futi, ^a United States' occupied position in the Ellice Island Group. Light casualties of personnel were ~~xxx~~ [^] suffered," the Navy statement concluded, "and minor damage was inflicted."

Funa Futi -- that's a strange name. Never heard of it before. A trip to the atlas discloses ^d that Funa Futi in the Ellice Island Group was about half way between Samoa and the Gilbert Islands. We hold Samoa, while the Gilberts are the westernmost outpost of the Jap Empire of islands: The Ellice group, owned by the British was seized by the Japs early in the war -- the island of Funa Futi included. And now a passing

mention in a Navy communique discloses that the United States ^{now} hold^s the place with the funny name. We took it from the Japs.

Just when -- we don't know for certain. The event was part of oceanic operations kept a secret by the Navy. The best guess is this:- Last October the Navy made some vague mention of action in the Ellice Island group, and tonight one may surmise what was going on. We were taking islands the Japs had seized -- ~~including~~ ^{at least we took} Funa Futi. This afternoon a Navy spokesman gave one slight hint of what happened. He said the American occupation of Funa Futi was unopposed. So, apparently, the Japs had pulled out in the course of whatever went on in the Ellice Islands last October.

A glance at the map indicates the importance of the islands. They constitute an archipelago thrust down towards Samoa, and control an area that lies between Samoa and the southern Solomons ^{and our base at} Guadalcanal. When the Japs took the Ellice Group early in the war, they

were making a strategic push down into the Allied island position. And tonight we learn that, so far as this enemy wedge is concerned, we are in possession of the largest of the Ellice Islands -- Funa Futi. What a remarkable name!

MOON CHIN

Newspapers, the radio and newsreels have been scouting around getting stories from people connected with the Doolittle bombing of Japan. I've been doing the same, and have located the pilot who flew General Doolittle from China to India, after Jimmy had landed in China from the Tokyo raid. The pilot is -- Moon Chin, Chinese, and an American citizen. ^{Moon Chin} ~~He~~ is the ace flyer of ^{Pan American's} ~~the~~ extraordinary airline that flies the tremendous route from China to India -- The China National Aviation Corporation. In Chinese it is called -- The Middle Kingdom Space Machine Family.

Well, Moon Chin took off from China for India, and didn't notice his passengers particularly, until he made an unschedule and highly informal stop. But now let's have Moon Chin tell what happened.

MOON CHIN:- I was flying, when I got a warning that a Japanese patrol plane was nearby. So I landed in a small field, and camouflaged the plane with mud and

leaves. I had the passengers conceal themselves in the woods nearby. After an hour I received a signal that all was clear, and got my passengers back into the plane. Then I noticed one foreigner with a very dirty face, and a growth of beard of several days. I thought I recognized that face. I looked, and on the breast pocket of the passenger's uniform, I could read the name -- Doolittle. No wonder his face was familiar. Ten years before I helped to assemble Jimmy Doolittle's plane when he was making exhibition flights in Shanghai. Here he was again -- the hero of the bombing of Japan. I didn't have a chance to talk to him. I was too busy -- getting the plane on its way again.

L.T.:- Moon Chin has been telling me that his next stop was to be the Burmese town of Michna, which was a most dangerous place. The Japs were storming forward, and were about to seize the airport. Jimmy Doolittle recognized the course Moon Chin was taking, and sent him a scribbled message by the stewardess.

MOON CHIN:- Yes, he sent me a note telling me that at Chungking that morning the American Ambassador told him that the Japs were certain to be in Michna before the end of the day. I could only reply that the China National Aviation Corporation would not let me down. They would inform me by radio if the Japs were at Michna.

L.T.:- In other words, you put your trust in the Middle Kingdom Space Machine Family -- and quite correctly Moon Chin tells me that when he arrived at Michna, the Japs were just over the hill. You could hear the rifle and machine gun fire. Five thousand refugees jammed the flying field, and he began to load as many aboard as he could. The normal capacity of the plane was twenty-one. Soon he had thirty in the cabin, then fifty. Whereupon, he got another note from General Doolittle.

MOON CHIN:- Yes, and this time the note said -- did I know what the hell I was doing? I replied -- yes, I had often carried that many passengers under fire. I

got sixty people aboard, and took off. General Doolittle said -- he thought he should have gone back the way he came.

L.T.:- Back the way he came -- back over Japan.

MOON CHIN:- Yes, and he would have thought so more than ever, if he had known what we discovered when we arrived at Calcutta. At Michna -- after the sixty passengers were in, and the cabin door was locked -- eight more passengers climbed into the rear mail compartment before the plane got off the ground.

L.T.:- No wonder Jimmy Doolittle thought -- take me back to Tokyo!

CHURCHILL

Today in London, Prime Minister Churchill ~~pledged~~ gave a pledge that the Royal Air Force would join with American ~~&~~ air squadrons in avenging the Doolittle fliers executed by the Japs. The British Prime Minister made the promise in a message to our Air Commander, General Arnold.

Churchill wires:- "I have read with indignation ~~&~~ of the cold-blooded execution of your airmen by the Japanese." To which the British Prime Minister adds that the barbarous deed reveals the fear the Japs feel - fear of American air assault against their war establishment.

The pledging of the R.A.F. is expressed in these words from Churchill to General Arnold:- "I cannot resist sending you this message to assure you that the Royal Air Force earnestly looks forward to the day when they will be able to fly side by side to

attack Tokyo and other cities of Japan and strip this
cruel and greedy nation of their power to molest the
civilized world."

FLIERS

America's air ace spoke up today - Captain Joe Foss of the Marines. He is the former farm boy of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, who shot down twenty-six Jap planes in the Solomons - thereby equaling the record made by Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, our flying ace in the last war. Joe Foss is back home for a brief stay and he says he doesn't know to what battlefront he'll be sent next. He would like to get a whack at the Nazis, and he is getting to be what he called - "homesick for the Solomons." He'd like to have another whirl at the Japs down there in the southwestern Pacific. But, more than anything else, he wants to see Tokyo, and do something to repay the Japs for the hideous execution of Doolittle fliers.

"Everybody's ambition is to get to Tokyo," said Joe Foss today. ^{Then he} ~~he~~ made some observations on the game of shooting down enemy planes - ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

and modest observations they were. He doesn't think that a high score of air victories means everything.

"In my estimation," he explained, "a pilot who hasn't shot down one plane but stays in there to protect the others rates higher than the pilot with the big score. Some of the pilots in my outfit ~~had~~ ^{at} some stages," he went on, ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ "hadn't shot down a single plane but they rated ace high with me."

Teamwork is the thing - the kind of deadly Jap-killing teamwork they dream of putting on ^{over Tokyo.} ~~against the Japs~~
~~over Tokyo.~~

And today we hear from ^a ~~another~~ of the Doolittle airmen, Lieutenant Joseph Manske of Gowanda, New York. In a story printed by the NEW YORK JOURNAL-AMERICAN, he tells of the close bonds ^{of comradeship} ~~of existence~~ between the Doolittle fliers. "We trained in Florida together," he says. "We laughed at the same jokes, we played the same tunes on the juke box, we made the

same mistakes. And," he adds, "we were all so proud that we had been selected for this 'dangerous mission.'" Then he speaks the resolve that every American flier has in his heart. "I promise you that this is one little debt of vengeance that will be repaid a thousandfold," says he.

Three other Doolittle fliers today issued a joint expression of ^{the} will to vengeance. In North Africa, Major General Charles Gre[^]ening of Tacoma, Washington, Captain Henry Potter of Pierre, South Dakota, and Captain James Parker of Livingston, Texas - spoke the following:- "Nothing will bring back those comrades. We will not make a statement, but a promise. Our first thoughts," they ^{exclaim; were to curse} ~~are to curse~~ their souls and curse their people, but mere curse words are not fitting. The filthiest, dirtiest and most suitable expression is the word 'Jap' itself. Our pledge for

henceforth," they declare, "is talk less ~~and~~ take all
action to wipe out the Japanese authorities who are
~~responsible~~ responsible. And we ask the pledge of every
~~Christian~~ soldier in America to assist in this war
and not rest until the war is won."

And now Hugh James.