

C.I. - Lunoco. Thursday, Sept. 12, 1940.

WAR

Tonight, once again, London is the scene of air battle. It's a conflict between the fleets of Nazi war planes and the new type of air raid defense which the British have devised - "a dome of steel" they call it. It's a new technique of anti-aircraft fire, sky barrage, guns blazing away incessantly to fill areas of the air with bursting shells. No aiming at any single plane, but a torrent of ^{shells} ~~them~~ in the general direction where hostile ~~squadrons~~ squadrons are flying. This is Britain's answer to the problem of night bombing, when the raiders cannot be seen in the dark - ~~save~~ save by the doubtful beams of searchlights. The barrage of shells streaming on high is directed by sound detectors which give a general sort of aim, an indication of the approximate direction of the planes.

London reports that last night five hundred thousand anti-aircraft shells were fired - in the first trial of a new defense by air barrage. It was effective, say the British, and minimized the German bombing, kept down its effectiveness.

Moreover, the London morale was heightened, people encouraged by the incessant thunder of their own fire. Tonight that dome of

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steel defense is being employed again, as the German bombers fly over the dark city, and Britain is waiting to see how effective the new strategy of protection will continue to be.

Here's a late dispatch from the British capital - ~~it's~~ vivid but rather ambiguous. It may or may not apply to the bomb in the courtyard of St. Paul's Cathedral. This United Press dispatch reads:- "A delayed action bomb exploded in central London at dusk tonight, razing a four-story building. There were no casualties as the surrounding area had been evacuated." Such is the brief bulletin - and it does not mention St. Paul's.

All day long, that Cathedral of world renown was the center of London drama. In last night's air raid a time bomb fell just outside of the churchyard, the same kind of delayed explosive that damaged Buckingham Palace. So all day long, London wondered - when would it explode? It might wreck St. Paul's, that architectural masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren. Not that it was so near the famous Cathedral, but it's well known in London that St. Paul's is ~~xxxx~~ none too secure - even at the quietest time. There have been fears that the old structure would give way,

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might collapse, merely because of the vibration of motor traffic in the streets and the rumbling of the subway trains in the underground. Various measures have been taken to support the structure of St. Paul's, but ^{today} it was feared that the explosion of the time bomb might cause the Cathedral to collapse. ~~It~~ There was intense curiosity. Crowds gathered. The police had to rope off the streets at hundreds of yards. The London bobbies had trouble in keeping the crowds away - pushing them back. One bobbie was heard to shout as he shoved:- "Move on, move on", he cried indignantly. "You're likely to get a mouthful of St. Paul's ~~in~~ any minute now."

London today revealed some of the dramatic damage done by the bombing thus far. A bomb blasted near the Bank of England, "the old Lady of Threadneedle Street", as that venerable financial institution is known. The Royal Exchange was hit, a huge crater blown in the middle of the street. The Church of St. John the Evangelist was damaged. Sections of ^{handsome} Regent ~~the~~ Street, the famous shopping center, were devastated. Regent Street today was closed to ~~g~~ traffic entirely because it was feared that buildings

might collapse and tons of masonry ~~might~~ fall from the weakened massive buildings.

~~British retaliation has been~~ ^{3:00 pm!} - an eye for an eye.

Berlin was bombed again, as was reported today by both Berlin and London. The Germans are shouting with rage because of heavy damage done. The British report that R.A.F. planes smashed up the great Tempelhof airfield - which some regard as the most elaborately equipped airdrome in the world. ^T Bombing Berlin is the more spectacular thing. But more significant, perhaps, are the British attacks on Nazi war bases - ports from which the expected invasion of Britain would be launched. Once again the R.A.F. squadrons have flung their bombs upon concentrations of boats intended for the conquest of the island nation. The

latest is: they are flying tonight. Blasting along the French Coast,

EGYPT

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The Italian invasion of Egypt has either started or is about to start. An authoritative report from Rome states that the Fascist troops have already begun an offensive. At the same time London was saying that Italian preparations were about complete for an attempt to conquer the ~~Suez~~ Suez Canal. Both of the two capitals agree in outlining the form that the invasion of Egypt will take. The British expect a three-way onslaught, and this expectation is confirmed by Rome - two armies striking from Libya into northerⁿ Egypt by separate routes, a third army operating in the south, trying to cut across the British Sudan to the Nile.

Rome announces that the weather in north Africa is growing cooler - ^{we have} ~~and London~~ understood all the time that Mussolini's attempted seizure of Egypt would not be made until the blistering heat of summer was over. (The story from Rome mentions the impossibility of using tanks extensively in a blaze of African summer - they're like ovens. Moreover, in the intensity of heat, motorized war equipment raises clouds of powdery dust on the desert - dust so dense that it hampers the operation of the

MEXICO

Today, the next president of Mexico was proclaimed. The Chamber of Deputies at Mexico City answered that long pending question - Who won the election?

The election was held long weeks ago, and ever since the two rival candidates have both been claiming the victory -- Camacho, supported by the government of President Cardenas, and Almazan, the candidate of the opposition. Guess who won. Here are the figures, today announced by the Mexican Congress.

Camacho - two million, four hundred and seventy-six thousand.

Almazan -- a hundred and fifty-one thousand. That's about twenty to one -- what a landslide! Those Roosevelt landslides of Nineteen Twenty-Two and Thirty-Six pale into insignificance. Hereafter, for a figure of speech you should say - "a Camacho landslide." Or - just a Mexican election. P.S.:- Almazan still insists that he won.

CONSCRIPTION

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About conscription - the joint committee of the Senate and House of Representatives completed the job today. They put the final touches on the bill, which is a compromise between the Senate and the House points of view. The age limit is twenty-one to thirty-five. The Hamilton Fish amendment to delay the draft is out, and the clause about the conscription of industry follows along the line laid down by the House. The final task of the conference today was to polish up the language of that industrial clause. The bill now goes to the floor of the Senate and of the House - action to begin tomorrow.

EXPLOSION

The explosion of the New Jersey powder factory today turns out to be a frightful tragedy. After earlier and less disastrous reports, the latest is - at least fifty persons killed. ²⁰⁰ hundred others injured. Seventeen million dollars in damage - and a blow to the progress of national defense.

The Hercules Powder Company at Kenvil, New Jersey, occupied four hundred acres and employed fifteen hundred people. It has been of large importance in the manufacture of munitions for the United States Army and Navy. And after the explosion today it was revealed that the Company was turning out explosives for Great Britain. Last month, the plant was granted American defense contracts totalling more than sixteen million dollars. And here's the irony of it. Just today the Hercules factory was awarded two new contracts for a total of more than half a million ~~dollars~~.

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Then I came the catastrophe beginning with This afternoon ~~there was~~ an explosion in what they call the

Solvents Building. There were four frightful blasts in all, one after another. Nine powder houses blew up, places where explosives were ~~xxx~~ stored. The terrific detonation was felt for an astonishing distance. Windows were blown out of houses ~~for miles~~

several miles away. ^R The earth at that point ^{— at Kenil —} has a rock formation which extends under the Hudson River to New York State. So the shock was transmitted in startling fashion. At Ossining, New York, people at first believed it was an earthquake. Morristown, New Jersey, twenty miles away, heard and felt the explosion.

Over the entire area there was a panic of telephone calls.

At the factory itself the four detonations were followed by a raging fire that swept over buildings of the powder plant.

As for the causes of the disaster, the surmise instantly occurred - possible sabotage. ^{The} [^] plant making munitions for United States defense and for the British Government; ^{— -- and} [^] the Black Tom Explosion of World War days came quickly to mind. However, at this telling, there's no indication. One surmise is that a can of dry powder blew up because of spontaneous combustion and started the series of explosions. An investigation has begun - the F.B.I. on the job, the G-men.

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MOVIE SWINDLE

Here's a story of a particularly nasty kind of con game - taking advantage of the current wave of patriotism to put across a swindle. The crooks are said to have built their scheme around the phrase so popular - "God● bless America." People are singing the song everywhere, and they pretended that they were going to produce a picture called - "God Bless America."

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In Boston, they went to young people, girls and boys who might be suspected of having movie ambitions, and offered them parts in the alleged patriotic feature. They said they were going to make it in Boston with a cast of amateurs, and that Hollywood was watching. The young stars in the picture were certain to get Hollywood contracts. They bamboozled some three hundred and fifty boys and girls and their parents, and got money from them - three or four thousand dollars. Tonight, warrants have been issued for two men, accused of having based a swindle on "God Bless America."

BASEBALL SWINDLE.

At Boston today, a man was sentenced to prison for nine months, and the court proceedings revealed one of the most astonishing swindle games on record. It was a baseball fraud, and the victims were big league managers.

Yesterday, the Cincinnati Reds were in Boston, playing the last game of their series with the Boston Bees.

Gabriel Paul, the Secretary of the Cincinnati team, was stopping at a hotel, and to his room came a man who introduced himself as - Marty O'Toole. That name, Marty O'Toole, may not mean so much to the present generation, but twenty-five years ago it was famous. Marty O'Toole, ace pitcher of the Pittsburgh Pirates - one of the greatest of the old-time spitballers.

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The visitor to the Cincinnati Secretary, having introduced himself, proceeded to say that he was doing some free lance scouting, and had dug up three first class players from the sand lots. They were good, big league stars in the making. He suggested that Cincinnati ought to try them out. All that he himself wanted was the railroad fares he had spent in bringing the three sand lot players to Boston - Forty-two dollars and ninety cents.

The Cincinnati Secretary was impressed and phoned Manager Bill McKechnie. ^{Bill} He too knew of the great Marty O'Toole, and was likewise impressed. He said to send the three players to the ball park for a try-out - and pay the forty-two dollars and ninety cents.

This was done, and the three highly recommended players went to the ball park where McKechnie proceeded to give them a try-out. He immediately saw that they didn't amount to anything, no sort of real ability. And he wondered - how come the great Marty O'Toole had sent him such useless material? He thought he'd ask, and inquired around for O'Toole. He was informed that the one-time famous spitball player was in a hospital, had been there for some time - and had not been in Boston for twenty years.

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This led to a quick police investigation and the arrest of Walter J. Foley of Brockton, Massachusetts. He was locked up, charged with impersonating the mighty ~~player~~ O'Toole and with getting forty-two dollars and ninety cents out of ^{Cincinnati} ~~the Cincinnati~~

^{Magnate Powell Crosley.}

~~He~~ To this was added the further statement that Foley had

— — a phoney
victimized other baseball managers in similar fashion - ^a game of free lance scouting, sending around a few alleged ballplayers, and collecting expenses.

WRITER

In the art of literature it's well known that an author should have experience with the subject he intends to write about - intimate experience, deep experience. For example, if you should plan to write a novel about the presidency of the United States, the best thing you could do would be - get yourself elected president. That would give you the experience.

At Chicago, Lawrence Yehling, twenty-four years old, was ambitious to be a novelist. He aspired to emulate Dostöevsky. He desired to write something on the order of Dostöevsky's tragic masterpiece - "House of Death." What the Chicago novelist needed was the right kind of experience, and, as it happens - Dostöevsky's "House of Death" is about life in prison. So Author Yehling decided the thing for him to do was to go to jail, and get the experience. To accomplish this, he swiped a couple of checks amounting to Seventy-Five Dollars from a former employer, and then surrendered to the police. It worked. The earnest and conscientious author was sent to Bridewell Jail. There, he figured, he'd have his prison experience for his prison novel - a nice long sentence, a couple of years, maybe; plenty of experience.

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All this happened two weeks ago. Today, the earnest author was turned loose. He got out by handing back what he had swiped and by putting up a thousand dollar bond. The prison experience, he explained sadly, was a total loss. It didn't inspire him at all. "It was terrible," he told the judge today.

It made him change his mind about the kind of novel to write, he's going to try something else. "I think I'll join the army," he told the judge, "and try to write something like Tolstoy's "War and Peace". If that doesn't work he might try to emulate the "Taming of the Shrew". That would mean getting married - which is

also an ~~is some~~ experience, isn't it Hugh? But

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And now Hugh what experience if any have you to tell us about?
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