

TENNIS

L. F. - Sunoco - July 31 - 1934 - Tuesday

How goes it everybody? How goes the world tonight?

Yes, the Ping Pong champion won at Wimbledon.

That is, he used to be Ping Pong champion, and now he has won the top honors at tennis.

That's one of the odd angles to that blistering game today in which Fred Perry of England beat our own Frank Shields.

You can use all the words you can think of to describe a desperate struggle, nip and tuck, to the last ditch, the last gasp, the bitter end. That's how Uncle Sam's boy fought it out -- and got licked.

The score stood two matches to one in favor of England when Shields and Perry walked out for their long and lingering duel. So when the Englishman won, it was all over for Uncle Sam and his red, white and blue suspenders. It was still more all over for your Uncle when Bunny Austin of England added insult to injury by romping away with a swift game from Sidney Wood of New York.

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Fred Perry stands crowned with the big gold diadem



of tennis tonight. He's not one of those exclusive, aristocratic athletes of Mayfair. He learned his game on the public courts, not at some fashionable club where the Right Honorables play the leftenants of the Grenadier Guards. He's the son of a labor member of Parliament.

Oh yes, and five years ago when he was nineteen he was the Ping Pong champion of the world -- but he doesn't like to talk about that now. He doesn't have to!

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not the white chalk cliffs of Dover, but the muddy water of the River Rhine.

His meaning concerned the German Air Force, which his claims is growing at an alarming rate. Hence, England's need for a greater fighting fleet of the air.

Of course, German planes flying to attack England couldn't cross the Rhine, which is so anywhere near it. The celebrated river still pertains wholly to France. So, if Stanley Berlin's figure of speech has any really real meaning, it must be that England feels herself lined up with France, and that the supplies German Air Force.

The members of the Labor Party don't like what Stanley Baldwin, the Conservative Leader, had to say about Germany. Not that they are defending Hitler's regime, but they regard Mr. Baldwin's alarmist declaration as being just a part of the government project for much bigger armament.

~~Fast~~ Presiding as Prime Minister in the absence of Ramsey McDonald, Stanley Baldwin told the House of Commons that in ^{the} matter of defense England's frontier now was the Rhine -- not the white chalk cliffs of Dover anymore, but the murky water^s of the River Rhine.

His meaning concerned the German Air Force, which he claims is growing at an alarming rate. Hence, England's need for a greater fighting fleet of the skies.

Of course, German planes flying to attack England wouldn't cross the Rhine, wouldn't go anywhere near it. The celebrated river still pertains mostly to France. So, if Stanley Baldwin's figure of speech has any really pat meaning, it must be that England feels herself lined up with France, against that swollen German Air Force.

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There's plenty of international significance, in that peculiar phrase about England's frontier being on Germany's favorite river, the historic old Rhine, which was first made famous by Julius Caesar.

AUSTRIA

The Austrian situation has quieted down to a normal condition of mutterings, charges and counter-charges, and diplomatic moves here and there.

And then that grim emotional drama -- the hanging of the two Nazi terrorists for the murder of Chancellor Dolfuss:-- One the former soldier, Otto Planetta, who did the fatal shooting, his defense being that his gun went off by accident. The other Franz Holzweber, leader of the Nazi conspirators who seized the headquarters of the government. It was swiftest vengeance when the military court condemned them to hang. The sentence was executed four hours later.

So doom struck hastily, in spite of the promise the Austrian leaders gave -- that the Nazi revolutionaries upon surrendering would be taken to the German border and released. But we must remember the claim the Vienna government makes -- that they gave the promise before they learned that the Nazis had killed the Chancellor.

And let's consider the news from Germany; the aged President Von Hindenberg gravely ill again. That's causing a

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lot of worry. It is believed that the old Field Marshal's death would cause all sorts of complications. He still stands a steadying influence, a balance wheel.

Just recently his niece, in telling of the veteran warrior's attitude, put it this way:- "He who knows war loves peace."

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The most ominous thing that remains of the Austrian flare-up and the European crisis is the tiff between Italy and Jugoslavia. I never could see any real reason to expect war, with the Great Powers agreed that Hitler must not be allowed to take over Austria. But there was one angle of real danger. If the Italian Army intervened in Austria, the Jugoslav Government might have sent its troops. And there's no love lost between the Italians and the Jugoslavs.

That's the way the situation sized up several days ago. And now it's apparent that there has been something of a strain all along -- between Mussolini and Jugoslavia. The government of that South Slav kingdom sends a warning to Rome, protesting against any possible Italian military intervention

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in Austria. The Yugoslavs say that sort of intervention is something, not for any one nation, but for the League of Nations to handle. But France seems to be standing firmly beside Italy in all this.

Don't let them tell you there are no more unknown places on the earth to discover and explore. There aren't as many as there ~~were,~~ ^{were,} ~~used to be,~~ of course. And right now there are two less than there used to be, meaning that two unknown bits of the earth's surface have just been seen for the first time by the eyes of civilized man.

Papua--

One is in dim and distant [^]New Guinea. That vast forbidding island of the South Seas, still remains a ~~was~~ haunt of the unknown. Explorers have realized that it will be a long time before the black land of New Guinea will be thoroughly explored, because it's such a deadly tangle of miasmal tropical forests and dank malarial swamps. We always thought it was nothing more than that in all its immensity -- jungle, swamps, thicket, with some rain-drenched mountains and hordes of black savages of the most primitive and ferocious sort -- headhunters and cannibals *and pygmies.*

But now the story is different. It's a confirmation of rumours that there was an unknown paradise in New Guinea, with a new race of people, an unsuspected civilization. British aviators have flown over it. They have also driven their way through the ~~p~~ tropical forests and over perilous mountains to this new land, which seems indeed a

kind of lost paradise. Far inside of the jungle-covered island, surrounded and protected by barriers of steep mountains, is a great space of fair and open land -- about five thousand square miles of it.

~~It is~~ ^{And} inhabited by people far more civilized than the surrounding savages. Physically, they are a good deal like the other Papuans ~~are~~ of New Guinea, only they're stronger and healthier.

The Papuans in general have almost no agriculture, but these new people are most skillful gardeners. Their secluded country is a land of gardens. Their manners and customs are higher, more civilized, a striking contrast to the ferocious ways of the headhunters and cannibals.

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And the British explorers have found all sorts of evidences of an older and still higher culture. They found stone mortars, like those of the ancient Egyptians -- and ornamental clay whistles, found ~~only~~ no where else in New Guinea, but strikingly like similar whistles ^{discovered} ~~found~~ in South America.

We're always hearing that strange provocative analogy - Egypt and the old civilizations of America, ^{and} and here the two turn up again in weird juxtaposition in the newly discovered lost paradise of ^{New Guinea.}

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FATHER HUBBARD

The second bit of unknown earth now discovered is in the realm of Uncle Sam, although you would think your Uncle's property would have been pretty thoroughly looked over by now. But there's Alaska. I recall sailing - down Bering Sea - along the frowning coast of the long Alaskan peninsula and watching those bare, bleak mountains and saying to myself -- "Plenty of unknown country there." Think I'll look it over. But I never did.

It's an incredibly wild and mountainous stretch of land the interior uninhabited by human beings, the home and haunt of the biggest bear on earth -- the Kodiak.

And it's our old friend Father Hubbard, the Glacier Priest, who has again been adventuring in those parts. It's a favorite stamping ground of his -- as he has told us a couple of times on this program. And now the far-journeying Jesuit has found a new huge volcanic crater, the sleeping mouth of a giant fire-mountain, greater than the famous crater of Aniachak.

Father Hubbard who is a member of the faculty of California's Catholic college, usually goes exploring with a few football players of the Santa Clara team. This time he had

four lads along. His goal this summer was the cluster of the needle-point Aghileen peaks, hitherto unexplored and unclimbed, never the tip of the Alaskan Peninsula.

The little party had a tough time of it. They waded through swollen rivers, fought with the big bears, trudged through rains and floods that almost washed them all into the icy Behring Sea, and once they had to go all the way back for fresh supplies. Then they came upon what they didn't expect to find -- a giant crater, which they proceeded to climb, explore -- and put on the map.

FASHIONS

I see the ladies are going back to the Middle Ages for the new Fall fashions. They're taking a top from the knights of old and in consequence we'll see the girls wearing puffed-sleeved doublets, and cream-puff hats with big bulgy crowns and narrow brims, the kind that Henry of Navarre used to wear.

The feminine fancy is not beguiled by the frills and fripperies of the ladies of the Middle Ages, but by the kind of ruffs and laces the men used to wear when knighthood was in flower.

Sounds like an idea with possibilities -- the girls wearing a slashed doublet of the medieval spearmen, or the flounced sleeves of a warrior with a battle-axe. (Some of them always have carried a battle-axe). And then, Milady might wear a full set of fifteenth century plate armor, and you would have to use a can opener on her.

One incongruous note concerns those slit skirts. Along with the medieval effect they're returning to that fashion of the pre-war, tango era, with skirts slit on each side -- as much as six inches for street wear. At night they will be slit all the way to the knee. Somehow things always improve at night.

BOOKKEEPING

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Here's something for all you fellows who can't keep your bank books straight and you ladies who can never figure out the intricacies of the grocery bill. How would you like to be bookkeeper for the New Deal? In other words, how would you like to be Daniel W. Bell of Washington? The New Deal, ~~h~~ as we all know, is not only a heavy strain on the alphabet but also runs into figures. Mr. Bell handles the bills and receipts for about seven billion dollars a year - debits and credits.

I have a letter which tells of Daniel Bell's hardest job. It concerns Uncle Sam's secret, mysterious two billion dollar stabilization fund. That is the money the government uses for ~~building~~ playing around in foreign exchange so as to keep the value of the dollar stable and not let it get kicked up or down by international speculators. It is used to juggle the market by buying or selling foreign currencies.

Of course, if anybody could find out Uncle Sam's next move in the international money market, he could bet the right way and clean up. And wouldn't the speculators love it if they could get a tip from the inside at Washington? That's what makes it tough for Daniel Bell. For, Bookkeeper Daniel Bell, ~~he~~ doesn't

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write the figures down in his ledger. Somebody might see them. He keeps all that intricate bookkeeping of huge international finance operations - in his head. It's bookkeeping under the hat, by memory. When President Roosevelt or Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau want to look at the figures, they listen to them. They call in Mental Bookkeeper Bell, who reads off the arithmetic.

His easiest job is keeping Uncle Sam's accounts with foreign governments. On the day when the foreign debts fall due, he opens the ledger and on the payment side marks - a big zero.

HOOVER

Some years ago a book was published, and made no particular stir --- just then. Naturally not, for it was a translation of an old Latin treatise on mining, called -- "De Re Metalica." It was translated by a young man and his wife, quite unknown. Nobody suspected that one day they would become the President and First Lady of the Land. In 1929 a copy of that book by Herbert Clark Hoover and Lou Henry Hoover sold at auction for one hundred and seventy-five dollars. Now you can buy a copy for forty bucks. That's because of the depression in world economics, also in Republican politics.

In 1909 Herbert Hoover published another book called:- "The Principles of Mining." That was the end of his authorship for a long time. You know what happened to him, Belgian relief, the food dictatorship, the climb to the Presidency.

This literary sketch leads us to the news that Herbert Hoover has turned to authorship again. He has written that book, the manuscript of which has just reached the hands of the publishers. Nothing much is being let out about what's in it. But the title is: "The Challenge to Liberty." The

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publishers say it's non-partisan. But the rumor is that it's an attack on the Roosevelt New Deal, and will be ~~xxxxx~~ released about September, to be used by the Republican cohorts in the Congressional battle in November. Herbert Hoover's interests having turned from metallurgy to politics, still remain political.

AL SMITH

Al Smith is moving -- two ways at once. He's gone back to Tammany. He was at odds with the old political organization that made him, but now that Tammany has reformed and promised to be good, Al has taken his place in the inner councils once more. He got a great ovation when he made his reappearance at a meeting in Tammany Hall.

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He declared his allegiance, put himself squarely behind Jimmy Dooling, the new Boss of the Tiger; and, indicating the new spirit of peace and harmony, he gave Tammany a new name. He called Tammany -- "the Happy Family".

It's been called a lot of things, but that's a new one. But then, the word "happy" goes well with Al Smith. He's a happy man. And didn't Franklin D. Roosevelt once call him -- the Happy Warrior? Then there's the song made famous by Al's old pal, "Frank, You Old Potato." That was what Al called him. You know the song -- "Happy Days Are Here Again." But a sour note got in there somewhere, in all that happiness of Frank and Al.

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While returning to Tammany, Al celebrated another kind of moving day. He's moving further away from the sidewalks

of New York. It's been told over and over and over, how the man in the brown derby was born on the East Side -- Oliver Street, which is no gilded avenue of the idle rich. Al lived there while he worked in the fish market, also while he battled his way up in politics.

But now the big news:- Today Al personally supervised the interior decoration of his new apartment, which embraces a whole floor of 820 Fifth Avenue,--in the silkiest of the silk stocking district, tony, exclusive, high-hat, milling with millionaires.

On Oliver Street Al's neighbors used to be Mike Murphy, the truck-driver, Tony ^{Bacher}Baccigalupo, the ice-man, and Abe Levy, the pawnbroker. But now it's different.

Al's new neighbors are Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, the society leader, Alfred P. Sloane, Jr., president of General ~~Motor~~ Motors, and Adrian Iselin of Wall Street and the Four Hundred. And when he says Goodnight to them I suppose he'll have to say:- "James me stick and me topper" -- and not

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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