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GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Once again we have the Twentieth Century spectacle of two nations fighting, whole army corps facing each other, but no declaration of war exists. Today, the Japanese have at least fourteen thousand veteran seasoned troops in north China. The Chinese, are bringing up fifty thousand soldiers to face them. A crisis of the most serious kind. Such is the view taken by the Mikado's government. Even the Emperor Hirohito is taking a hand. He left his summer residence on the coast and hurried to his capital to grasp the reins of government.

Seven troop trains crossed the frontier that separates north China from Manchukuo. Soldiers on their way to Peiping. Tokyo reports that Chinese troops opened fire on the Japanese lines west of Peiping.

Another report has it that six of the Mikado's warships have now arrived in Chinese ports. Perhaps the gravest feature

is that there's not even talk of a peaceful settlement. In fact , the Japanese Commander-in-Chief in north China, says there's only a slim likelihood of agreement.

The Central Chinese Government appears to be determined to resist to the utmost.

As on previous occasions, the Japanese are evidently on the expansion again in China while the European powers are in a tangle over affairs nearer home, while Russia's strength appears to be crippled by internal troubles.

Great Britain is on the alert. There were questions in the House of Commons today. One of the members asked: "Has the Foreign Secretary considered entering into consultations with the United States regarding these incidents?"

Instead of saying simply: "Yes," Captain Eden replied: "This kind of consideration is much in my mind."

All of which, translated into English, means that Downing Street has hopes of a conference between England, Japan and the United States, to settle not only this but all the questions at issue between China and Japan.

SPAIN

(A year ago this week, a group of Spanish officers, headed by General Francisco Franco, attempted a military coup d'etat. They expected, and so did most of the rest of the world, that it would be a swift, lightning-like stroke, leaving them masters of Spain after a few days of short, sharp fighting.

After a whole year of it, - exactly one year - what is the picture? Much of the Iberian peninsula now a shambles. Neither side has won.) And, according to estimates, one million people have perished.

For what have those million died? I got an idea about that today from a manuscript that I saw; a manuscript of an exclusive interview with General Franco himself. It was obtained by my friend and colleague, Thomas Ybarra, the European correspondent for COLLIER'S. Ybarra saw the insurgent Generalissimo in the stately building which used to be the place of the Bishops of Salamanca, now insurgent headquarters.

It wouldn't be seemly for me to scoop Ybarra about his own story. It won't be published for another two weeks and it

will make juicy reading. However, Ybarra won't mind if I tell you one thing General Franco said to him. His main objective declared the head of the Spanish Fascists, is not just to conquer Spain. That's merely one item in his plan. The greater object of the Spanish insurgents is a world crusade against communism. That, he declared, is the mission of all true Spaniards.

As he said in his own words, Spain saved the civilized world from the Turks at the Battle of Lepanto. And now she's engaged in just such another siege against a modern but no less pernicious scourge. This modern scourge, of course, means Communism.

And what's happening on that Spanish battle front? The gains are on the government side today. The forces defending Madrid have driven a wedge ten miles wide into Franco's lines west of the Capitol. General Miaja's staff declares the biggest offensive since the war began is now on. Madrid has taken an important salient in the insurgent lines, and has cut the main road going south to Toledo and another road going southwest to

Estremadura, cutting Franco's two principal lines of communication.

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RUSSIANS

Still no word from Amelia Earhart and Fred Noonan, though sixty ~~of~~ pilots from Uncle Sam's airplane carrier LEXINGTON are combing the air over the south Pacific.

Meanwhile, the three Russians, who left Moscow about half past eight last night, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, are running into tough weather as they approach the North Pole. But Mikhal Gromov, Russia's ace test pilot, who was at the controls, said that if they had waited it might have gotten worse. So they are on their way, and they passed over the line dividing Europe from the Polar regions about six o'clock this morning. If all goes well they will be over the North Pole in three hours.

Chkalov, Beliakov, and Baidukov, who made the first great trans-Polar flight a few weeks ago told me they had their best weather over the Arctic - their worst over Russia, and then near their destination, over the U.S.A.

Meanwhile, the English and American tests preliminary to establishing regular trans-Atlantic service are going ahead smoothly, scientifically, without any banging of big drums. The Caladonia, the big flying boat of Imperial Airways left

WEATHER

The entire continent of North America, from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic Ocean has been like one vast oven. The death list, over three hundred killed by heat prostration, drowning and kindred causes.

Thunderstorms? Yes, but they haven't brought much relief. If you had been in New York today you would have seen the curious spectacle of the big city at two o'clock as dark as on a winter evening at six.

What says the weather man? The heat may let up by Thursday. Just to pass the time away, you might think of the folks down in Argentina. They are shivering in their winter's coldest weather. In the windy city of Buenos Aires, the thermometer has dropped to thirty-five degrees, with a strong, icy wind blasting down from the snow covered Andes. Blizzards stopping all traffic across the mountains.

STRIKE

At Massillon, Ohio, the city jail is so full that the authorities have had to hunt high and low for places in which to keep their prisoners. A hundred and forty-five people ~~are~~ under arrest. ^{TP} Another victim of last night's riot died in the hospital this afternoon. ^{TP} The police and special guards are rounding up every person suspected of having taken part in the fracas. ~~As usual in such episodes, both sides are passing the buck.~~ The guards declare that the strikers provoked the fight. But ^{strikers} ~~witnesses~~ say it was the guards who first fired into the crowd.

In Detroit, Meanwhile, the National Labor Relations Board continued its hearings on the charges against the Ford Company, charges that the Company had violated provisions of the Wagner Act. A former employee of the Ford Service Department was on the witness stand. He said he had received orders to beat up everybody who tries to distribute union handbills on Ford property, beat them up and bring them into the Service Department.

A newspaper photographer testified that he and his

driver were chased by three Ford men when he was trying to take a picture. Whereupon they took refuge in the police station. But the company is denying all of this.

Out in Illinois, a newspaper suspended publication because of a strike called by the Newspaper Guild on the DECATUR HERALD AND REVIEW. Not all the paper's employees went out. But Editor Lindsey declared that they had suspended because they didn't want the employees who had remained loyal to them to be subjected to insult and possible injury.

BASEBALL

Yesterday's baseball game is hardly news today, but in this case it wasn't the National League or the American or any league whatsoever. It was former heavyweight champion Gene Tunney versus Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau. And that should be news any day.

Yes, Gene who left-jabbed Jack Dempsey out of the heavyweight title brought ten assorted ball players from Connecticut to battle against a Pawling, Dutchess County, New York aggregation. On our side we gladly resigned the burden of master-minding to Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, because after the intricacies of Federal finance, problems of diamond strategy - balancing baseballs - ought to be simple.

The opposing battery was Gene Tunney pitching and Westbrook Pegler catching. Gene lasted through to the end. He didn't yank himself, although he certainly seemed ready for the showers -- I mean the way he was showing the effects of the hot weather, which was much hotter than the game. Pegler was a scintillating spark plug behind the bat. On one play, with

Secretary Morgenthau as a base runner on first, Pegler howled to Tunney:- "Gene, watch that guy, don't let him steal." Whereupon there was raucous laughter from some of the anti-New Deal Republicans. Along about the sixth inning the Secretary of the Treasury retired from the strenuous competition, because of the heat. Again it was a rock-ribbed Republican (Was it Colonel Wild Bill Donovan the Quaker Hill pitcher?) who suggested that Mr. Morgenthau be appointed score keeper, saying that anybody who could keep books for the government could win any ball game as a score keeper.

It may seem odd to compare Heywood Broun to Babe Ruth, but then the Babe's figure is beginning to resemble Heywood's. Moreover, the Babe retired from baseball because his legs were going bad. Broun's are not so nimble! In fact when he hit the ball he had a base runner to gallop around the bags for him - substitute legs for Heywood Broun. And they weren't bad. They were slender, shapely and feminine.

Along with Quentin Reynolds, the sports editor and Deems Taylor the composer, another star on Gene Tunney's side was

George Bye, the literary agent. Some were afraid he was so used to selling manuscripts that he might sell out the game, but he didn't. On our side Lanny Ross the radio tenor hit some high flies, not high notes -- to Stanley High. So did Frank Hawks, who as an aviator of renown is used to high flying. I can report one extraordinary event - a double play. Yes our side made what the sports writers call a two-ply killing. Greg Mason, the archaeologist, caught a fly and hurled it to Wild Bill Donovan on first for the double out. And you should have heard the cheers -- of astonishment!

Tom Morgan, President of Curtis Wright, played without shoes, in his sox -- like "Shoeless Joe Jackson" of the Old Chicago White Sox - only not so well!

Cross-Word Puzzler Buranelli, Eddie Eagan, former amateur heavyweight boxing champion of the world, Actors John Barclay and Starr West, Explorer Earl Hansen, and Jack and Buster Pegler were reported present, but all we could see on the horizon was Man Mountain Broun.

GERSHWIN

(Gershwin, th boy who grew up on the sidewalks of New York, and became one of the world's most accomplished musicians:- one foot in Tin Pan Alley, the other in Carnegie Hall, Now gone from the scene.) Where else in the history of art will you find a man who has written such a huge volume of the most popular songs, tunes that were hummed and whistled by the millions, and who at the same time could write rhapsodies and concertos, symphonic pieces of high order that even the highest of the highbrow critics were forced to take seriously?

CURLEY

Passed from the scene too, Jack Curley, a manager of wrestlers, pachyderms. Privately, he was a highly cultured individual.

Suspicious as the performances of his wrestlers may have been, Jack Curly at home among his friends was a paragon of good taste. Few men ever had a wider acquaintance. He was one of the pall bearers at the funeral of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt; an intimate of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, and was in his company shortly before the assassination that started the World War. And - an American whom the Duke of Windsor liked when Prince of Wales.

MONTAGUE

I don't know what the moral of the next story is. But the fact is that out in Los Angeles, a young man is in the fell ~~clutches~~ clutches of the law because he plays too good a game of golf.

Seven years ago, there was a hold-up at a roadhouse in Essex County, New York. One of the men suspected was known to be an athlete, an extraordinary golfer. The police inspector of the district said: "We were confident that we would surely nail him some day by his outstanding performances as a golfer. But it wasn't until a month ago ^{that} ~~we~~ we saw news stories about some extraordinary golf games played by a young fellow named John Montague in Hollywood." ^R So they followed him up and discovered that this John Montague was really named LaVerne Moore, the man they suspected.

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All ^{of which} ~~of~~ has created a new sensation in the film capital. For John Montague, or LaVerne Moore, had contrived to make himself hugely popular, not only because of his golf but because, according to all accounts, he's a most attractive, amiable fellow. His principal pals out there ^{said to be} ~~are~~ such eminences

as Bing Crosby, Hardy, the fat film comedian, of the team of Laurel and Hardy, and others. Hardy, as soon as he learned Montague was in trouble, immediately offered to put up ten thousand dollars bail for his friend. Bing Crosby said: "We will back him a hundred per cent."

It was in fact a game of golf with Bing that attracted the attention of the police to the young man. Bing played with ordinary clubs but Montague beat him using a baseball bat, a shovel and a garden rake.

Montague admitted that his real name is LaVerne Moore, but he said the charge against him was all a mistake. "I made a foolish mistake when I was just a kid," he said. "I got in with a tough gang and went wrong. But I've been trying to live it down ever since."

And everybody, including the Los Angeles police, admits that his record out there has been quite free of any blemish or suspicion. Except he golfs too well - with a baseball bat, a shovel and a garden rake. -----AND SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.