

L.T. - SUNOCO. TUESDAY, JULY 27, 1937.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

After ten years, the Davis Cup returns once more to this side of the ocean. Just a decade since the French racquet wizards took it away from us ----- following the great years of American, the Big Bill Tilden years.

Today's exploit at Wimbledon, England, was a dramatic surprise. It wasn't flaming Donald Budge that turned the trick. Budge won his game, but that happened after the issue was decided. It was just so much exercise for Donald. The decisive victory was scored by Frankie Parker of Milwaukee, who on Saturday took a melancholy licking from the racquet of Bunny Austin. Parker looked so bad then that there was plenty of criticism when he was put on the hot spot today. Some said it was as good as tossing the match away. But Frankie not only took the triumph, he did it in brilliant, flawless, overwhelming style.

Charles Edgar Hare of England didn't have a chance, not the way the Milwaukee speedster played him. Hare has a blasting blistering service. That's his strong point. The big fellow's weak point is his feet - or rather that's his slow point. He is rather sluggish of foot, lethargic number elevens. He doesn't get around the court with such dashing spryness. So Parker aimed his tennis strategy at his rival's slow-motion. How did he do it? By lobbing, those teasing shots dropped over the net, making Charles Edgar Hare cover ground incessantly, running him ragged, on his weak point, his feet, his Achilles heel, instep and toes. .

At the start of the third set, Hare sat down on the court and took his shoes off, easing the acheing dogs. You'd think he had worn his shoes out running, because he put a new pair on. That freshend his tormented tootsies a bit, and he gave Parker an almost even battle in the next set. But soon the lad from Milwaukee had him hot-footing again, wearing himself out chasing those tantalizing lobs.

After all this foot by foot description, you'll gather that the score was one-sided. It was. Six-two; six-four; six-two; and so the Davis Cup comes back to the U.S.A., borne triumphantly by the youngest team ever to conquer the Wimbledon championship, probably the youngest team ever to compete in the final challenge round. The grey beard veteran is Donald Budge, who is twenty-two. Frankie Parker is twenty-one. Wise in tennis beyond their years.

CHINA

(War has not been declared between Japan and China, but that means nothing because war is raging right now.) Today the Japanese generals in north China informed the Central Chinese Government that they ~~WERE~~ were forced to take action -- ~~against~~ action meaning battle. ^{IT} That is taken as an informal declaration of war.

(A fight of major proportions is raging right now all along the line from Peking to Tientsin ~~on the coast~~. At Tientsin the Japanese military hospitals are filled with wounded. Tokio is rushing heavy re-enforcements to the firing line, and the Nanking government is throwing its reserves into the battle. *And there are rumors the Japanese have used gas*)

This evening Peking has an appearance reminiscent of long ago -- the Boxer Rebellion. Today foreigners swarmed into legations for protection. Sand bags were stacked as ramparts along the streets of the ^{diplomatic} ~~legation~~ quarters. The American Legation is under heavy guard. Right now it is sheltering from twelve to thirteen hundred American citizens, of which 490 are Marines -- the ~~fight~~ fighting force. It was revealed today that combat ammunition has been issued to those Marines -- bullets for battle.

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At Tientsin is stationed the Fifteenth United States Infantry -- a thousand officers and men. Another thousand are at Shanghai. That's out of the trouble zone, and these troops can be quickly shifted to the north. The Americans in the north China fighting area are on the alert -- prepared for a huge clash of battle between the legions of China ~~and~~ and Japan.

Diplomatically the United States is standing by. In Washington Secretary Hull declared today that the State Department had no intention of ~~intervening~~ invoking the Nine Power Treaty or the Briand-Kellog Anti-War Pact. These are international agreements under which we might try to stop the trouble by diplomatic intervention -- as we tried when the Japanese took Manchukuo. Then we got no support, and ~~xx~~ our diplomacy came to nothing. So apparently we are not trying again.

MEXICO

The Mexican church war has come mighty close to the border. The town of Nogales is in Arizona, - but it's also in Mexico. Nogales straddles the border. A barbed wire fence runs right down the street dividing the two nations - the United States and Mexico. And on the Mexican side there's tense drama tonight. It's centered in the old Church in which fifteen hundred worshippers are barricaded - shouting defiantly, praying defiantly. (They seem ready to stand a siege, and a siege may come.)

A law passed by the revolutionary government of Mexico City orders all religious edifices to be closed. Of late, the demands of the Catholics have been so insurgent, that some of the churches have been allowed to reopen - temporarily. Such was the case at Nogales. The Catholics on the Mexican side got a temporary injunction permitting them to hold religious services. And ever since the Church has been the scene of jubilant ceremony and prayer.

But today - the injunction has expired. Government

orders were issued to the local revenue collector to close the religious edifice. This he tried to do, but the worshippers defied him with shouts and threats as they chanted litanies and prayers for religious freedom. The revenue collector went to the military commander and asked for troops to clear the church, but that was refused, for fear of bloodshed. Then he went to the fire department and demanded that they turn the hose into the church, drench the people at prayer; flood them out. This was also refused. So at last reports religious services were still being conducted at Nogales with the threat of a siege; the next move up to the anti-clerical government.

STRIKE

Today Republic Steel ~~Corporation~~ made an appeal to law, and named the Steel Workers Organizing Committee as defendants. The company asked the court for an injunction to protect its workers against intimidation and violence. This follows last night's savage strike battle, in which strikers and guards clashed with slugging and the hurling of missiles; One man ~~was~~ killed. This evening five hundred Cleveland policemen stand on guard, (to prevent a renewal of the riot, as Republic Steel asks for an injunction.)

FORD

There was a violent battle of words today at the hearing by the National Labor Relations Board in Detroit, a hearing of labor charges against the Ford Motor Company. The verbal violence concentrated on the words --"Horse Thief" and "space gazing." The attorney representing the Ford Company complained about the way the objections were consistently over-ruled at the hearing.

"I protest," shouted Attorney Columbo, "I'm getting no courtesy here. I'm being treated like a horse thief." So spoke Columbo, in this land discovered by Columbo.

The hearing was considering the case of a discharged workman. Under the Wagner Labor Act much stress is placed on charges of workers being let out because of union activities. So why was that particular Ford employee fired? On answer given was --"space-gazing." He was staring away into emptiness. (Scientists devoted to modern theories of the cosmos give much attention to the contemplation of space, but it doesn't do in the manufacture of automobiles.) Space gazing might also be called loafing. ~~xxxxxx~~ Anyway these problems brought a shout of "horse thief" at the Ford Motor hearing today.

BARTHOLOMEW

An obvious remark this evening would be something about the poor little rich boy, or how hard it is for a little lad to get along on eleven hundred dollars a week. But there's a point of the drama of childhood in the financial affairs of Freddie Bartholomew, the English boy actor, --little David Copperfield -- who rose to such fame and fortune in Hollywood.

Freddie is reported today to be broke and among the jobless. His aunt, who won guardianship over him, after a legal battle with his parents, declares that his copious earnings are eaten up by taxes, commissions, fees and cuts here and there. His eleven hundred dollars a week or forty-four thousand dollars a month vanishes -- and in the following fashionL-

He has to pay one thousand dollars a month for income tax. Ten percent of four hundred and forty dollars a month for agents' fees. The court awarded four hundred dollars a month to his parents and eight hundred dollars a month for his upkeep. All of that makes a sizeable dent. And moreover, the lawyers in charge of the guardianship have put in a bill for

twenty-five thousand dollars. And that leaves Freddie, not plus but minus -- in the red.

So his aunt is demanding more money for his motion picture services. She wants the eleven hundred a week to be raised to twenty-five hundred a week. This the motion picture company has refused to do, and has hired another boy actor to take Freddie's place in the forthcoming picture -- "Thoroughbred^{is} Don't Cry". So Freddie not only broke, but without a job. He'd have to be a thoroughbred not to cry.

So Auntie threatens to take him back to England. He might as well be a normal boy, since he isn't getting anything as a Hollywood star -- the poor little poor boy!

SPOOKINESS

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The strange case of the professor poet ~~at~~ the University of Wisconsin is one that would beguile the dreams of the fantastic French writer, Marcel Proust. To this tale of a phobic prison, Proust might have devoted volumes of his prólix and introverted prose. Not that I'd want to see any of you inflicted with any tortuous webb of Proustian phrases - not over the radio anyway. But that mad French novelist was himself a victim of ^a strange phobia. For years he shunned the light, an enemy of the sun. He left his room only at night, when it was dark. He passed his days in hermit seclusion, in a room with heavy shades drawn. Even an electric light terrified him. His life was illuminated only by the dim glow of candles. And his room was sound-proof - for greater seclusion.

At the University of Wisconsin, Professor William Mallory Leonard is a poet of talent - a poet of a strange phobia. He is haunted by a terror of distances. He never leaves the campus of the University. To journey four or five blocks from his house brings a spasm of horror upon him. He lives and teaches and writes in what he calls - a phobic prison. A familiar figure,

distinguished by glowing, gaudy. Oxford ties, and a blazing red bathing suit. Odd professor, odd poet. ^{TP} I suppose you'd call his story today - a phobic romance. A young woman student became attracted to his strangely imaginative poetry. She became acquainted with him. He was thirty years older than she, but she fell in love with him - she thought she could cure him of his psychic malady, his horror of distances. They were married, and it seemed that love indeed had triumphed over - phobia. The young bride took the old professor by the hand and led him away from the campus, led him on and on, block after block, out into open country, the woods and the fields. And he felt no fright, no horror of all that distance. He was overjoyed. He thought he was cured of the haunting terror that had afflicted him since childhood. ~~But as time went on, the~~

~~marriage~~

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But as time and marriage went on, the phobia returned. No longer could his wife taking him by the hand, lead him away from the campus, devoid of fear. His old terror was back upon him, just as before. When phobia came back through the door, love flew out of the window.

Presently, Mrs. Leonard left the professor. She accused him - of trying to make her feel insane. That's an odd thing to do to your wife! She got a divorce, but cancelled it, and returned to the professor, returned to his phobic prison. I don't know what happened after that; maybe the professor once again tried to make his wife feel insane. Anyway, there's another separation. And today the wife of the phobic prisoner is trying to make up her mind whether to leave him for good or return.

All of that is weird enough, but another tale of the fantastic comes from Greenfield, Massachusetts, where Dr. Thomas Elder, former dean of the Mount Hermon Boys School, is accused of threatening to kill Allan Norton, treasurer of the school. That case is weird enough - with its reminiscences of murder mystery, the unsolved killing several years ago of the school principal. But today, piling the weird upon the fantastic, the trial brings forth the theme of - Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

That's what former Dean Elder calls his accuser.

The trial testimony relates of Treasurer Norton telling stories of how he had spied on the venerable Dean kissing his pretty young secretary, which the Dean vehemently denied. Today, on the witness stand, Dr. Elder told how he and his accuser Norton were called to the house of the school President to face each other - and to pray. So they knelt down in prayer. After that, the former Dean testified today, Norton confessed to him - that he was a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and couldn't help it.

Now, Norton charges Elder with having threatened him with a shotgun and has him on trial for it - and the implication is that the accuser is playing his part of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, with the evil Mr. Hyde in the ascendency.

If the phobic prison was appropriate for Marcel Proust, this is one for Conan Doyle.

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PRISON

Here's another nutty story. Yesterday in California a prisoner climbed a flag pole. His name is Meyer Golas. Meyer is a burglar, and nobody suspected him of flag-pole-sitting-aspirations until yesterday. But up the pole he went, and balanced himself there.

"Hey, you come down." shouted prison officials.

"Nothing doing!" replied Meyer, "I'm staying here."

"What's the big idea?" cried the officials.

"I'm going to stay here," responded Meyer, "until I'm transferred to the island."

"What island," asked the officials.

"Oh, any island" Meyer called back.

That was a fancy-free aspiration for a convict within prison walls -- an island. But as California has no prison islands -- Alcatraz being Federal -- the officials decided to let Meyer stay on top of his flag pole and he did, for nineteen hours and forty-seven minutes.

Today Meyer came down from the pole, but they didn't send him to any island. This evening he is in the prison psychopathic ward having his head examined.

Yes, that's another nutty story. And before we all go nutty I'd better say:-

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.