

BASEBALL

Things have been running peculiarly true to form in the World Series thus far. The three games to date are merely a study in strict orthodoxy, the doctrine that the great pitcher wins.

The two teams throughout the season flashed three great pitchers, the two Dean Brothers on the St. Louis Cards, and Schoolboy Rowe on the Detroit Tigers. Each of the three now has pitched a World Series game, and each has won.

Dizzy Dean won the first, Schoolboy Rowe the second, and today the younger of the two Dean brothers, surnamed Daffy made the third game uninteresting.-- He was so glad, master at all times, that he never gave the Detroit batters a chance.

With his team mates scoring four decisive runs, he had a shut-out until the ninth inning, when the Tigers pushed a meaningless tally across the plate -- Jo Jo White on first and Hank Greenberg, the big Jewish hitter lashed out a triple. The only effect was to rob Daffy of a World Series shut-out.

The jockeying of pitchers thus far has not permitted the World Series fans to witness a thrilling duel between two of

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the stars. But before the Series is over we ^{are sure to} ~~will~~ see the Schoolboy pitted against Dizzy or Daffy. And that promises to be ~~the~~ a pitching battle of the century.

Now about a protest -- --

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~~And now we come to a protest. That~~ seems to suggest a yacht race, but ^{this} ~~is~~ concerns the World Series. Jimmy Collins, the St. Louis first baseman explained the Cards' defeat yesterday by saying -- it was done with mirrors. He claims that somebody in a window overlooking the ball park had a large mirror, and all through the game he kept flashing it in the faces of the St. Louis batsmen.

Every time one of the Cardinals came to bat, to face the pitching of Schoolboy Rowe, the fellow with the mirror flashed a beam of sunlight into the batter's face, just as Rowe threw the ball. That, declares First Baseman Collins, is the reason the Cards couldn't connect with the Schoolboy's curves-- not a hit from the third inning to the eleventh.

And this accusation received confirmation from at least one spectator in the grandstand, the comedian, Joe E. Brown, ^{hem} of the funny, big mouth, who declares that he noticed the mirror flashes ⁱⁿ ~~at~~ the sixth inning.

This precipitates a lively baseball controversy, with the Detroit partisans asking why First Baseman Collins didn't call

the umpire's attention to the flashes of the mirrors, and with the first baseman responding that he did. He adds that in the twelfth inning, with the flashes gleaming, the umpire sent orders to several vendors of soda pop and so on, who were carrying metal trays, and told them to move on. Apparently the umpire thought the ^{baleful gleams} ~~flashes~~ were coming from the metal trays.

It's an old story for super-heated, over enthusiastic fans to scale a cushion or ~~take~~ straw hat, or even a pop bottle at an out-fielder set to make a catch, but ^{doing it with} ~~the~~ mirrors is something new.

GOLF

There was a surprise and an upset at Philadelphia today on the golf links. We've heard plenty about Glenna Collett, long a bright and particular star among the ladies. She's Glenna Collett Vare of course, the explanation being matrimony. She was expected to be a sure winner today in the National Women's Golf tournament.

A victory today would have put her in the finals tomorrow, battling for the Women's championship. But she lost, passed out of the tournament picture, eliminated by Virginia Van Wie of Chicago.

So it will be the wee Miss Van Wie, - or maybe not se wee - who tomorrow will have the fling at the golf crown. She'll meet the 20 year old Dorothy Traung of San Francisco. May the best gal win!

INSULL

The case of Samuel Insull is still in the preliminary stage. It is expected to last for three months at least. ~~Hexalready~~ But already one sensation has been sprung. Insull revealed to the Court today that he is being threatened, has been receiving menacing letters. He produced five, two of them signed, three of them anonymous, all of them full of threats, threats to produce new evidence against him, to expose his activities in the great enterprises he built, to reveal things that will make his conviction certain. All of the writers of these menaces ~~claim~~ claim they were investors in Insull's stocks and lost everything in the collapse of the giant financial structure of midwestern utilities. And they add they hope they'll get a chance to appear in court and testify. Some of them may have their wish, sooner than they expect, ⁻ if the judge rules that the messages they sent come ^{legally} ~~labelled~~ under the head of Threatening Letters. They may be brought to the court, not to attack Insull's conduct, but to defend their own.

A large beam of the limelight is spotted on the Federal ~~Xx~~ District Attorney, Dwight Herbert Green, ~~whishix~~ who is marshalling evidence for the government prosecution. He is for Sam

and against Sam - for Uncle Sam, ~~he~~ against Sam Insull. He is one of the youngest federal prosecutors in the history of the country, and one of the most scathing. He represented Uncle Sam, when your Uncle rounded up Chicago big-shot gangsters for non-payment of income tax. It was he who prosecuted the greatest of them all - Scarface Al Capone. And it was Capone who paid the young federal attorney the greatest compliment he ever received. While Dwight Green was presenting the government's case, the king of the Chicago racketeers ~~was~~ was heard to utter wistfully: "I wish I had that mug defending me."

A good deal of public ~~is~~ sympathy is being lavished on the jury in the case, ~~The~~ The twelve men good and true, ~~who~~ will not be allowed to read newspapers, hear the radio or drink any beer. It seems an odd combination - no radio and no beer. And even their letters will be censored. They will be virtual hermits, excluded from the affairs of mankind for the duration of the trial, The ^{that} trial is expected to last for three months.

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VANDERBILT

There's a new turn in the Vanderbilt trial, which has been making scandalous sensations. When ^{the} a little millionaire, Gloria Vanderbilt, was sneaked away from her mother and taken by her aunt, ^{that} ~~and~~ started one of those spectacular linen washing exhibitions.

Testimony that seeks to prove that a mother is an unfit person to rear a child ~~to~~ ^{means} a parade of unsavory stories.

This new turn has nothing to do with the scandalous aspects, but concerns the attitude of the public, the morbid curious public interest in shocking revelations, especially when these ~~concern~~ concern great names dragged in the mire. It also brings up a curious point of law. Justice Carew of the New York Supreme Court, who is trying the case, has been getting hundreds of letters offering advice, putting him to rights, ~~criticizing~~ telling him what to do. And the judge is angry. He is annoyed by the intrusive public interest in the nasty proceedings. He refuses to read the letters and thinks that all those attempts to influence the judge are not merely impudent, but positively illegal. So Judge Carew threatens that if the letters continue, he will take action against the writers, haul them to court and have the law on them.

I don't know if there is any law to compel people to mind their own business -- but there should be.

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There's a new flare-up with a bursting of bombs in Salt River, Arizona. Some weeks ago we heard how the Japanese Government was protesting against attacks on Japanese farmers in that fertile valley of the Southwest.

The trouble is between the native white farmers and numbers of Japanese newcomers who have settled on the land. The natives claim that the Asiatics are violating the state law which forbids Orientals to own land. To which the reply is made that the Japanese farmers are American citizens.

That's the situation, as we had it some weeks ago, and it's the same situation ^{tonight -- now} ~~is~~ -- only [^] bombs are bursting.

We have reports of five explosive missiles going off with a roar, blowing up buildings and irrigation canals of the Japanese. So far no casualties are reported, though one bomb exploded so near to a Japanese farmer's fifteen-year-old daughter that it hurled her to the ground. The Mikado's consul at Los Angeles, being beset by complaints from the Salt River Japanese, declares that he is still relying on the word of the governor of Arizona. The governor has promised that no harm ^{would} ~~will~~ come ^{to} ~~for~~ the [^]

Japanese, ^{and} that all would be according to due processes of law.

But just the same the bombs are bursting.

PRICE FIXING

It does seem definite and certain that the price-fixing feature of the N. R. A. is on its way out. President Roosevelt implied as much in his speech last Sunday night. And Donald Richberg, the new big boss in the N. R. A., has put ^{fully} himself ~~on~~ record as being opposed to the scheme of bolstering up industry by guaranteeing a profitable price for its products.

Mr. Richberg, in his analysis of the price-fixing aspect of the N. R. A. codes, declares that price-fixing was written in at the desire of some ~~of the~~ manufacturers, who now have come around to the idea that price-fixing does not work. They have become convinced that to guarantee industry a certain price for its goods does not solve that industry's problem, *or any problem.*

BORAH

Senator Borah has been attacking the New Deal for some time now, and you might expect him to take a fling at the alphabet soup. Not at all. Today we find the Senator trying to put some more alphabet in the steaming broth.

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Mr. Bill
Senator Borah, in his big black western sheriff's hat, is advocating a new set of letters - N.C.A., meaning a National Corporation Act. The purpose of the N.C.A. would be to see that the big corporations do not make so much money, and permit the common people to get a larger share.

Republican
The Senator has not been attacking the New Deal as a Conservative - just the opposite. When he started out several months ago he announced he would fight the battle for the little fellow. He made only one speech and passed temporarily out of the picture. But now he's back, crusading for ^{a newer and bigger} ~~his newest~~ alphabet creation, the N.C.A.

SPAIN

Revolution is seething in Spain tonight, the most dangerous ^{incendi} situation since the disorders that marked the fall of the Spanish monarchy, the beginning of the present republic. There has been fighting from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar, rifles barking, machine guns rattling. Bombs roaring down from the sky, as government airplanes attacked the strongholds of the rebels. National troops are being rushed by railroad and motor truck to quell the local hot spots of revolution. The insurgents scored success after success,

captured ^{several} towns. Their most important victory was achieved when they seized the town of Eibar, and a great government arsenal there. But later on national troops recaptured the arsenal. The casualties are reported as ^{a hundred dead and many} ~~over fifty, mounting toward the~~ hundred ^{wounded. Thousands under arrest.}

The revolt is definitely Red, a radical uprising against the new Cabinet that has taken power in Madrid. The new Premier, Senor

Lerroux, is distinctly ~~conservative~~ Conservative. He is strongly backed by ^{Jill Roblays} Gil Robles, leader of the Catholics. ^{Jill Roblays} He has made it clear that his

party, ~~in spite~~ in spite of his church affiliations, does not favor a return of the monarchy, the restoration of King Alfonso. But this assurance did not quiet the Liberals and Socialists. To them

it merely meant the Catholic group headed by Gil Robles, not being Monarchist, was Fascist. That's what they've been afraid of all along - the rise of a Fascist regime in Spain. They ~~we~~ announced they would use every means to oppose a Conservative Cabinet with a Fascist tinge, ~~in with~~ such extreme means as a general strike and revolt. Now all has worked out as had been forseen - the Fascist ^{minded} ~~and so~~ government taking power, and the revolt flaring promptly.

From the drift of the news, it seems probable that the government will hold its own. If this is true, the revolt will very likely cause the crystalization and hardening of strong Fascist xxx ideas. If the Radical rebellion should succeed, Spain would probably be in for a time of anarchic ~~ix~~ turmoil.

We will have to wait for tomorrow's papers to give us ~~some~~ further leads. ~~The time is hours earlier in Spain than over~~ ^{their} ~~here, and the news breaks earlier in ~~sun~~ day.~~

HUNGARY

From Hungary comes the story of two brothers, who have been enemies. They were noblemen of the highest rank. ~~Their enmity for each other was profound. Now one of those two brothers has died, and his Will has been read - a Will that figuratively palpitates with intense sentiment.~~

~~The two brothers~~ ^{They} played spectacular parts in the history of the world during the past few years. ~~That was the source of their antagonism.~~ They played their historical roles on extreme opposite sides. It was political animosity that tore them so angrily apart.

Count Joseph and Count Michael Karolyi came of the great Magyar clan, dominant in Hungary for centuries. Count Joseph followed staunchly in the ways of his ancestors. During recent years he stood at the head of the Monarchist Party, leading the ancient noble cast^e in their struggle to ~~xxx~~ restore the old imperial dynasty on the banks of the Danube. Count Joseph ran true to form, the traditional form of the Karolyis.

Far otherwise was it with Count Michael. He became a Liberal, an extremist. When the monarchy was overthrown at the end of the World War, he joined the revolutionaries and became President of the

Hungarian Republic. He did not remain President for long. There was a Bolshevik uprising and Count Michael turned the government over to the Communists, ^{aristocratic} ~~which~~ ^{who then in the days of Bela Kuhn} staged a murderous ~~arranging~~ of Red terror.

The Communist regime was speedily overthrown and Hungary returned to ~~the~~ conservative ways. Count Michael fled to Paris. There he remained, impoverished, living in a garret, supported by gifts from friends, and still fighting the battle of radical liberalism. ~~in Hungary.~~

He was the execration of the noble cast^e to which he belonged, the leader of that noble cast^e was his brother, Count Joseph. And there we have the bitter enmity between the two brothers. They held no communication with each other. Each flew into a rage at ~~the~~ the mention of his brother's name.

But now there has been a reconciliation, a reconciliation from beyond the grave. Count Joseph Karolyi is dead. The reconciliation is made in his Will. In his last testament he wrote:

"I beg my brother's pardon if I should have judged him unjustly. It was only because of my greater love for my country than for him. I do not wish to depart

from this world with anger in my heart toward
anyone."

And Count Joseph's Will continues with an injunction to
his son, bidding him to strive to have Count Michael's confiscated
estates restored.

Thus ends the feud of the two brothers, which played its
part in the post-war doings of revolution and counter-revolution
in the old land of Hungary.

INDIAN

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Tonight ~~I stand rewarded~~ I'm a Mohawk. Recently I told a few stories about Indians, and that makes me a Hot Coal. The braves of the Mohawk tribe listened in to some of those yarns, about Redskins, so I've just received a Certification of Adoption, dated the twenty-fourth Sun of the Corn Moon, and signed by Chief Thunderwater.

Not Chief Firewater -- Chief Thunderwater.
~~It makes me a member of the old tribe of the Mohawks~~

Of course every tomahawk-swinging brave has a tribal name, and so have I. That's where the hot coal comes in. The Mohawks have baptised me Oh-wee-waugh Ojistah-Sundah, and they tell me what that means. Oh-wee-waugh signifies news. Ojistahsundah means either star or hot coal. I prefer the hot coal, which makes me - Hot Coal of the News. So now as ~~I~~ Oh-wee-waugh Ojistah-Sundah - I'll say

SO LONG UNTIL MONDA.

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