

6

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

War drums are booming again in the Far East. The reports that come from Moscow and Tokyo are confused and conflicting! Moscow says a Japanese force raided into Outer Mongolia and fought a battle with Mongol troops. Tokyo says:- "Oh no, no, no! there must be some honourable mistake."

The episode is all the more surprising because of what has gone before. Some two weeks ago Dictator Stalin told Roy Holard of the Scripps-Howard newspapers and the United Press, that if Japan, or rather Manchuluo, (which amounts to the same thing,) made any attack upon Outer Mongolia, Soviet Russia would instantly mobilize to help her. The red dictator also reminded the world that he had a muchtrained, modernly-equipped soldiery to do the job if necessary.

When the Mikado reorganized the higher command of his army following the bloody assassinations in Tokyo it looked as though he had done it with peaceful designs. It was noticeable

that the aggressive generals and so-called war lords had been shuttled into the discard and that the more conservative officers were at the helm. So now this Japanese-Manukukuan foray into the Province of Urga follows almost directly upon the heels of Stalin's warning - and of the Japanese emperor's suppression of his most bellicose commanders. That makes the picture rather startling.

It happens, moreover, in the middle of negotiations that have been going on for some while between Japanese and Russian diplomats. We have to remember that Tokyo all along has disclaimed any hostile intentions against the Republic of Outer Mongolia. The Japanese tone on this question has been quite pacific. The Mikado's men have pointed out that all these border clashes have come about because the Manchukuan border-line has never been accurately surveyed, it is rather vague in places. That's been the subject of conversation between the Soviets Vice-Commissar of Foreign Affairs and Mr. Ota, Ambassador from the Son of Heaven to Moscow.

At present there are no further indications that this little bonfire in Mongolia will flare up into the flames of war. After all, the forces engaged in this encounter were not more than a few hundred on both sides. But considering the temper of the world at large all such episodes are alarming.

It so happens that Roy Howard returned to New York from his tour around the world, the tour on which he got those startling interviews with Josef Stalin and Adolph Hitler. And here's what he has to say about that Mongolian business.

"Outer Mongolia is the tinder box of the world today," says Roy Howard. "The situation there is far more portentous than any in Europe." And he went on to say: "War, when it comes, may start in Asia and spread to Europe."

AUSTRIA

Another scrap of paper has been torn up in Europe. This time it's Austria that openly announces her repudiation of a treaty, the Treaty of Saint Germain. At least that's what Chancellor Schuschnigg's statement amounts to. He told the federal Diet, (Austria's parliament,) that conscription is to be resumed. And so the country takes one step further on the path back to the ways and practices of the haughty Hapsburgs.

Actually, this is merely a public avowal of what has been for a long time an accomplished and poorly concealed fact. By the treaty of Saint Germain, the crushed little republic of Austria undertook to abandon compulsory military service and to restrict the military establishment to thirty thousand men.

It is mighty easy for conquerors to impose such strict terms, but believe me, it is quite another thing to get them respected. To all intents and purposes, Austria has long had trained battalions numbering a hundred and sixty thousand; one hundred thousand in Prince von Starhemberg's Heimwehr, sixty thousand in Chancellor Schuschnigg's Catholic Storm Troops. Of course, it was von Starhemberg who started it all. In

Nineteen Twenty-three, the young Prince took part in Hitler's first attempt to seize power, the abortive Munich beer revolt in which General Ludendorf was also involved. That taught him the inadvisability of starting anything unless you've got a good, strong organized army behind you. So Starhemberg went home to one of his humerous estates and started organizing the family retainers into a trained corps. Of course his little army didn't amount to much. Eight hundred men - that was all he had - hardly enough to make a battalion. Nevertheless, it was a start. It gave the swaggering Prince an excuse for dressing up and parading and manuevring. In every country there are young men who like to drill and march and click their heels and wear uniforms. Starhemberg's little private army grew and so did the mortgages on the family estates. By dint of calling it a Heimwehr -- which means: home defense - he thinly disguised the evasion of the Treaty. So from the original eight hundred personal retainers, servants and tenants of the Starhemberg domains grew the so-called home defense army of a hundred thousand.

Of course the most important thing in Schuschnigg's

announcement is the notice it serves on the rest of Europe that Austria too considers itself free from the provisions of an unjust and oppressive Treaty. He didn't take the deputies into his confidence as to the details of his plans. He didn't tell the Diet how strong the future regular army was to be. He merely announced that all men between the ages of eighteen and forty-two will be subject to a call to the colors. Also that they won't necessarily be used for fighting. Some of them will be summoned to service in the labor corps.

All in all, the Austrian Chancellor's statement sounds another warning note in the European symphony of fear and hatred.

HAUPTMANN

On Monday it seemed as though the Hauptmann case surely had reached the limit of extravaganza. Today, there seems to be no limit to its weirdness. Every day, almost every hour, fresh bulletins pour out of Trenton, throwing more obscurity and confusion into the legal and political crazy-quilt. "This is an unprecedented case", declared Mr. Marshall, the prosecutor of Mercer County, when the Grand Jury threw him out. Prosecutor Marshall was understating it by several shades.

As the matter stands now, Hauptmann will be got ready for the chair all over again Friday evening. Eight P.M. Friday, that's the fatal hour as reset by Colonel Kimberling, principal keeper of the penitentiary. But of course in view of all the incredible events that have gone before, that may not mean anything. Hauptmann was all ready for his doom last night at five minutes past eight, his head shaved, arrayed in penitential suit with slit sleeves and legs, fully dressed for the application of the electrodes. And then came the telephone message from the foreman of the Grand Jury to Colonel Kimberling. After that, we have to be prepared for anything in the way of new and preposterous sensations.

The political aspect of the scene becomes more and more pronounced. Allyn Freeman, foreman of that Grand Jury, is a Republican, a strong partisan and champion of Governor Hoffman. Mr. Marshall, the prosecutor whom the Grand Jury threw out of the room, is a Democrat, of the same political faith as Attorney General Wilentz who convicted Hauptmann. Even the smiling and hitherto tranquil Wilentz threw up his hands in dismay today. "I'm utterly confused", he said. "Nothing would surprise me."

Hauptmann's attorneys, Lloyd Fischer and Frederick Pope, appeared to be just as much in the dark as the Attorney General. The atmosphere in Trenton is electric with rumors, hints, intimations, promises of "startling developments to come!"

With Hauptmann's execution set anew for Friday, the Grand Jury announces that it will not consider until tomorrow that so-called Wendel confession, the confession which Wendel repudiated. Tomorrow, incidentally, will be fourth anniversary of that night of April second when Dr. John F. Condon

of the Bronx threw fifty thousand dollars in bills over the wall of St. Raymond's Cemetery to the man named "John."

BASKETBALL

One of the most striking facts in the sporting world is the huge growth of the popularity of basketball. The Olympic finals will be played in New York on Friday. Rooting on the sidelines there will be a seventy-five year old gentleman by the name of Dr. James Naismith. What makes that interesting is the fact that Dr. James Naismith is the man who invented basketball. And that happened just forty-five years ago, and now look at him!

Dr. Naismith at the time was physical instructor of the Y.M.C.A. college at Springfield, Massachusetts. He was cudgeling his brains one day to find some pastime to exercise the boys on cold, rainy days when they couldn't get out into the open. He wanted a game that didn't need any elaborate apparatus. He lifted one idea from this game, another from something else. For the goals he borrowed the LaCrosse idea. The ball of course is like the one used in soccer. The technique of the new sport resembled one feature of Australian football. Naismith borrowed a couple of peach baskets from the janitor of the gym, and used them as goals. In order to elevate

BASKETBALL - 2

them, he nailed them up on the balcony that ran around the gym. That's how nine feet came to be the standard height of basketball goals. He then adapted the lob throw, as in duck-on-a-rock. Out of all that mixed parentage, grew the game of basketball as it is today.

Dr. Naismith for a number of years was director of physical education at the University of Kansas. That's the place where Dr. Forrest C. Allen - the famous Fog Allen - has coached so many big ~~xix~~ six championship teams.

And now Dr. Naismith sees the game he invented forty-five years ago at Springfield become one of the international Olympic sports. For one week of last month all the fans at all of the games in the country were asked to contribute one penny each. The object was to accumulate enough money to send Dr. and Mrs. Naismith to Berlin this summer. So that's how it is that on Friday Dr. Naismith will officially open the basketball tournament at Madison Square Garden.

HORSE

Last year the newspapers played up the human interest story of how twelve-year-old Leroy Johnson and his ten-year-old brother wrote a letter to the War Department. Their father, they explained was in ~~danger~~^{danger} of losing his farm unless he could plow the field and plant a crop. But he didn't have a horse for the ploughing. So the boys asked, "Wouldn't the General send a couple of old army horses to their father?"

Major General Upton Birnie had memorized the law of war well enough to know it couldn't be done. He refused the request.

Then he asked all the officers under his command to contribute three cents each. That brought in enough to buy a couple of Artillery chargers that were being sold at auction at Fort Sheridan, Chicago, but the General also knew that the articles of war prohibited a regular officer from buying army property sold at auction. So he wrote to Colonel Robert McCormack, the Chicago publisher, and sent him the money and asked him to buy two horses. Colonel McCormack is merely a reserve officer -- in the field artillery. He could do it legally. He did, and the

two military mounts were sent to Leroy and Roger Johnson,
so their father could do the Spring ploughing and save their
South Dakota farm.

Now, coming down to this year -- the word comes that the
two steeds of war are not doing the ploughing this Spring.
Not only did Farmer Johnson save his acres, but the crop was such
a bumper one that he ~~is~~ has been able to buy a tractor.

PRODIGY

To the north of New York City there's colony called Bronxville, inhabited by many millionaires. Those millionaire Bronxvillers have just had a touching illustration of the truth of the quotation:- "A little child shall lead them." Maybe you'll remember little Marjorie Edwards, the thirteen year-old violin prodigy from San Jose, California. The young lady received a pathetic letter from Pittsburgh recently. It carried the news that in those devastating floods a young Pittsburgh friend of hers has lost not only her violin but every scrap of her sheet music. The young virtuoso realized with a shudder what it would mean to her if she were to lose her precious violin and all her music. So entirely of her own accord, young Marjorie Edwards went to the heads of the Red Cross in Bronxville. She said:- "If you'll get up a benefit concert for the flood sufferers, I'll play." The Red Cross chiefs said alright. The concert was arranged for next Sunday at the Bronxville Theatre and lo and behold already every ticket has been sold.

MARTINELLI

My grandfather used to tell me that in Scotland they call an April Fool a "gowk". The word "gowk" is really Scotch for cuckoo, and cuckoo is another word for a fool. And so on the first of April the sport on ye banks and brays of Bonnie Scotland, is "hunting the gowk."

All this leads up to a prank that was played today - April Fool's Day - upon Martinelli, the famous tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Now, it happens that most musicians, if they are good musicians, are also good cooks. They pride themselves on it. But the Metropolitan's great tenor happened to pass by a New York cafeteria and observed a sign which announced that the cafeteria had a new secret recipe for cooking artichokes. And that recipe, as the sign read, had been furnished by the world famous Martinelli. The roar that issued from his golden throat was on this occasion not a musical one. Martinelli was sore and he didn't care who knew it. "They can't make a fool out of me like that," he proclaimed in stentorian tones. Then, to save the precious larynx, he got his lawyers to say it for him. They rushed to Justice Carew in the New York

Supreme

^Court. And they demanded twenty thousand dollars in damages.

The defendants, they told the court had made a fool of Signor Martinelli. The French have a word for it too. They call it an April Fish.

Somebody will probably make a fool ~~of~~ out of me before the night's over. Well, when I come to think of it, I have probably already made a fool of myself in this broadcast.

So goodnight -- I'll see you tomorrow.

Carnegie

Apr. 27, 1936.