

AUSTRIA

The various factors in the Austrian situation are becoming clear enough for us to try to dope out what is likely to happen. Here's one good guess - there won't be any European War. The makings are not there.

In the first place, the present Vienna dictatorship, headed by the Fascist Prince, von Starhemberg, seems likely to squealch the remains of the Nazi uprising. The fighting is still going on. There have been savage clashes in various places. But the government seems to be getting the upper hand.

But supposing the Nazi insurgents are able to go on and keep the country in a turmoil of civil war - or even fight their way into control. That would undoubtedly cause Mussolini to intervene with a strong swift hand. The idea of the Italian army marching into Austria - that's what causes visions of a European war.

There are plenty of antagonisms to flare at almost any warlike move. But in this case there is no great difference of opinion. Nearly everybody is agreed. What nation wants Hitler's Nazis to seize Austria? France doesn't, and France

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is Italy's chief rival. Mussolini would be doing the thing the other nations would want to see done, although they might not like the extra glory he'd get out of it.

But how about Germany? How about Hitler? Well, Germany is not in any particular condition to fight. Moreover, Hitler's government has been eagerly disclaiming all responsibility for the trouble in Vienna. And the most significant, the most eloquent thing of all, is in the papers today - Hitler appointing Von Papen as Minister Extraordinary to Vienna. We know how Von Papen has been opposing Nazi policies all along. He represents the German Conservatives and Catholics. He is the one man likely to have a soothing effect on the present Austrian regime. It looks like an able piece of statesmanship on the part of Hitler - this gesture disclaiming any Nazi-German designs on Austria.

Far off in the background we see a figure that may come increasingly into the limelight, the figure of a young and particularly handsome medical student in Belgium. The Austrian chaos might easily turn into - a monarchy, and the young medical student is the Arch-Duke Otto, heir of the dethroned House of Hapsburg.

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P It was noted in Vienna that immediately after the outbreak of trouble a distinguished, bearded gentleman took the train for Belgium.

And the wise
~~And while the~~ Viennese nodded. They well understood the significance of that hurried railroad trip - the Archduke Eugene speeding away to confabulate with his nephew the heir to the royal rights of the Hapsburgs.

So the Viennese are wondering about the young man who is historically in line to become King of Austria, or Hungary, or both. Handsome young Archduke Otto's royal prospects are brighter than ever now.

And it all brings us to the sympathetic picture of a woman fighting for her children. Prominent among the royal casualties of the World War were the young Emperor Charles and his Empress Zita of Austria-Hungary. They were driven into exile, with their eight children. The Ex-Emperor soon died, and that left the widow

Zita to fight the battle alone. There are stories of how she has been striving incessantly, with plotting and persuading to gain for her oldest son the crown to which he is heir. She reared the boy, young Otto, with a never-failing idea that he would one day fulfill his royal destiny. Now he is twenty-one, and stands a likely figure for the part of a young pretender, a modern bonny Prince Charlie.

As a small child he was a favorite, a regular playmate of the aged Emperor Francis Joseph. After the downfall of the Hapsburgs he was reared in Spain among the rugged Basque folk. There the lad made friends with Paulino Uscudum, the prize-fighter well known on these American shores as the fighter who could take it, never knocked out. The young Archduke studied boxing - maybe learned to take it, ^{too.} And he did his other studying with learned monks, and acquired a superior education. He knows a half a dozen languages, is a graduate at law, and is now studying medicine. His fellow pupils say that he is studious, bookish, religious and one swell fellow. Tonight he stands debonair, handsome and significant, and maybe the royal limelight may shine on him.

RUSSIA

Hot news from Russia - or is it so hot? I mean that it's news we have heard before, so it's sort of warmed over. It's the weather that's hot.

It is pretty much the same story over here in the U.S.A., and maybe the logic is pretty much the same. I mean the logic of the weather plus the planned economy.

Communist Russia is the grand exponent of the planned economy, according to which the government decides upon how much goods the nation shall produce, instead of letting the industries figure that out for themselves according to the law of supply and demand. Take agriculture, with the government deciding how much of this crop and how much of that crop a farmer shall grow. Then suppose you have a heat wave and a drought. Then the heavy hand of nature smacks down and maybe the planned economy goes haywire. We are beginning to ask over here - "What use was all the crop reduction, when the dry spell has jumped in with its own crop reduction program?" Maybe we did too much crop reducing.

And over in Russia, economist authorities are rather panicky about the way their particular drought is raising Cain

with the growing fields.

A plan is a wonderful thing when it's the right plan. But supposing we leave something out of the plan - some vital factor. And then, can you get every vital factor into a plan, every possible contingency of humanity or nature?

When plans become so very broad, so all-inclusive in scope, there are likely to be a few things left out, those things that are exceedingly important, but you can't figure on them.

But, the ~~Communist~~ planned economy of Communist Russia may yet achieve one great feat. Things may slip up a bit in agriculture and industry, but they say the red flag stands a chance of waving victoriously over the polo field, the horse-charging, mallet-whacking game of polo.

Our Ambassador, Bill Bullitt, is over in Moscow fixing up love and friendship and arranging millions upon millions of dollars' worth of international trade. The millions upon millions haven't materialized yet, but Bill Bullitt has taught the red Bolsheviks how to play polo. And that ^{to} thought _^ mean a little something or a lot of something, or nothing much of

anything. At any rate, instructed by our Ambassadorial polo coach, a couple of Red Army teams played a game, and somebody won. And Bill Bullitt says it's a great triumph of something, and the red army will yet conquer the world with polo stakes. Well, better with polo stakes than with machine guns. Anyway, it was a grand crimson polo holiday, with Communist Commissar of War Vorshilov and out Ambassador leading the cheering.

I suppose this world-shaking event should make us all start in studying the history of polo, which apparently began with the ancient Persians, six hundred B. C., and then spread to Constantinople, to Turkestan, Thibet, China and India. The British got it from India and gave it to us.

So polo has an ancient world traveling history - and so has smallpox.

They say there's no political or strategical importance in this, but it's moving day for the British fleet. In fact it's been moving day for some time now ~~for John Bull's~~ ~~big ships are~~ on this side of the ocean. A couple of years ago British warships began shifting headquarters from Halifax to Bermuda. The only news is that now the shift is complete. So Bermuda is now the naval base for His Majesty's ships, and not Halifax.

Naval experts say it has nothing to do with strategies concerning Canadian waters, ^{the} Middle Atlantic, or the West Indies. It's a mere matter of convenience and climate. Bermuda is more centrally located than Nova Scotia, and while Halifax is bitterly cold and swept by icy winds in the winter, ~~Bermud~~ Bermuda has a winter of blue and gold, blue sea and golden sunshine. And now His Majesty's Fleet, the King's Navy, for the benefit of visiting Pennsylvania school maams.

GUNS

The final undoing of Dillinger was more spectacular, but this new law is more important -- the new Firearms control law that went into effect today. As passed by the last Congress the law provides that all pistol owners must send their finger prints to the Department of Justice. Uncle Sam is supposed to know just who has a gun. Also -- a high tax is slapped on the sale of deadly weapons.

~~The new regulations are supposed to put a crimp in the shooting ways of the ~~xx~~ underworld. And~~ of course nobody expects that the army of professional criminals will break their necks hurrying to obey the law. They now have guns, but pistols wear out and the police confiscate them in a steady stream, and when it comes to getting a new supply -- that's when the gunmen will have trouble. They'll have to go on register. Of course there may be some trade in bootleg artillery, but you can't make a modern pistol in the kitchen sink, as you could gin in the bathtub.

The Department of Justice believes that in the

course of several years every bit of armament in the country
will be on record.

GOOD SAMARITAN

The first thing you know we'll have as many special days in this country as they have in Italy, where nearly every day is a Saint's Day. We have Mother's Day, Father's Day, Apple Day, and so on and so on. Now along comes a gentleman who is starting a movement for another special day. And he's going about it with vigor.

Out in Pittsburgh, the City of Mellons, once each year melons have been distributed, watermelons to thousands of people by a good fellow named Leo Altmayer. This year he's going even farther with his plan. He has proclaimed next Sunday to be "Good Samaritan Day," and he wants to make it national. He expects between forty and fifty thousand people to attend, at Leech Farm, near Pittsburgh, on Sunday. A symphony orchestra of 200 instruments will play. A massed choir of two thousand voices will sing, and the event will go out over the NBC Chain in the hope that all Americans will turn Good Samaritans especially if they run across a certain on his way to Jericho who fell among thieves.

RCA

Here's the story of a white elephant that turned into the goose that laid the golden egg. Yes, they said it was just a white elephant, that giant development known as Rockefeller Center, the hugest building operation ever undertaken by private capital.

The Rockefeller Center development was planned ambitiously in the good old days of the boom. Then the depression came along. No wonder they said -- white elephant.

Well, it may be an elephant in size, but it's not white. Golden is the more likely word. In the towering RCA building eighty per cent of the office and store space has been rented. Ten thousand people have their daytime address there. Fifty thousand come daily on business or on visits.

The National Broadcasting Company occupies eleven whole floors, with thirty-five studios and four hundred thousand feet of floor space. Sightseers are making the tours through the studios at the rate of a million a year.

But ~~the~~ of course the key figure is that eighty per

RCA

cent, eighty per cent rented for the seventy story RCA

building. And the management interprets it in just one way

-- that the depression certainly is on its way out. Its behind

the Phillies who are in seventh, Cincinnati is that way.

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Once he proclaimed:-

BASEBALL

A shock has been sent shivering through the National game of baseball. It's not that Cincinnati is in the cellar, in a sour eighth place, one hundred points behind the Phillies who are in seventh. Cincinnati is that way.

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out a batter who popped an infield fly with the bases full. The decision was protested, on the basis of the infield fly rule which is in the book. And now President Heydler of the National League has sustained the protest that gives the official verdict that Bill Klem was wrong, and has ordered the game to be replayed from the point where the incorrect decision was made.

So Bill Klem, the man who was always right, was wrong.

"I don't ump the player, I ump the ball." Other umpires in defending their decisions used the old defensive excuse:- "I calls 'em as I sees 'em." But not Bill Klem.

One day he demolished a protesting player with these classic words:- "I don't call 'em as I sees 'em," roared Bill, "I calls 'em as they are." ~~Aye, the man was always right.~~

But recently it was noticed that Bill was slipping. Several months ago, in Brooklyn, he called a balk on a pitcher. His fellow umpire, on the bases, thought he was wrong, talked to him, and persuaded him. Bill Klem persuaded! He reversed his decision, a thing he had never done before.

Then came the recent game in which Bill failed to call out a batter who popped an infield fly with the bases full. The decision was protested, ~~on the basis of the infield fly~~ ^{ruling} ~~rule~~ which ~~is in the book~~. And now President Heydler of the National League has sustained the protest that gives the official verdict that Bill Klem was wrong, and ~~has~~ ordered the game ~~to be~~ replayed from the point where the incorrect decision was made.

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And what can we trust? Who can we believe, after that?

Poor old Bill!

ARITHMETIC

Three and a half cheers for the professor and forty-seven and two-thirds raspberries for compound fractions. The professor says that compound fractions are the baloney, which gives me several large fractions of delight.

The professor is really a Professor Emeritus, which is a good deal more, six and seven-eighths times more. He is Dr. David Eugene Smith of Columbia University. He rises from his academic chair to denounce all that complicated arithmetic used to torture school kids, and he's at least ninety-nine and one hundredths right. "What's the use?" cries Professor Emeritus Smith, "of all that geometry, algebra, extra fancy long division and compound fractions? The kids", he adds, "only go out into life and forget all these tricky problems, and anyway for the next fifty years most of the complicated arithmetic methods will be discarded."

So let's give the Professor Emeritus three-fourths of a hip, five-sixths of a hip, and twenty-seven twenty-eighths of a hurrah! Those compound fractions always did give me a compound fracture of the brain.

"It's all just cruelty to children", declares the

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Professor Emeritus. "Just a matter of habit", he adds. "We men wear neckties, merely because of habit. We wear trousers and the women wear skirts while in China the women wear trousers and the men wear skirts - just habit." In one grand outburst of logic he combines neckties, trousers, skirts and arithmetic, all in one grand compound fraction. Which leaves me about one and two-sevenths seconds in which to say three-fourths plus two-eighths of a

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.