

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

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The Spanish fat ^{is certainly} ~~is irrevocably~~ in the international fire tonight. (Shortly before noon, a curt official announcement from Rome startled the ~~civilized~~ world. In terse terms it declared: "The Fascist government has decided to recognize the government of General Francisco Franco in Spain) and to send to that government a Charge d'Affaires to begin diplomatic relations. He will proceed immediately. The present diplomatic representatives have been recalled." [^] The only explanation ^{offered} ~~of this~~ was a bald statement that this step was taken in consequence of the fact that General Franco has taken possession of the greater part of Spain. The voice of Mussolini also declared that in the remaining part of Spain there's no such thing as a responsible government power.

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The atmosphere ^{today} ~~was~~ still crackling with the shock of this, when it was followed by another explosion. (Berlin dropped ^{no. 2} ~~another~~ bombshell into the international chaos, ~~by~~ announcing that Hitler follows suit. ^{recognizes Franco.} Of course that was to be

expected as soon as Italy's position became known. It's *all* obviously the planned consequence of the secret agreement between Germany and Italy, ~~That's~~ the contract ~~between the two governments~~ that Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law, negotiated on his visit to Germany a month ago.)

It was generally suspected that ~~it~~ something of this sort might happen, but nobody expected it to break so quickly. And nobody dreamed that it would be announced without at least the courtesy of consulting and ~~advising~~ ^{with} other governments. Both Germany and Italy had joined in the Non-Intervention Agreement.

Italy and Germany, however, are not the first to take this step. Some time ago our ^{own} tiny neighbors, Guatemala and El Salvador, recognized Franco's Nationalist government. But of course that doesn't cut much ice. We can only conjecture and guess at what the outcome of ~~this stunning~~ ^{today's startling} action may be.

So far no reaction from
~~There was no indication in either~~ London, Paris or Moscow.

Just silence. Except that
No comment ~~from any of these foreign offices~~. Nothing but

Britain says expects Italy and
~~Britain says expects Italy and~~
Germany to abide by the non-intervention agreement.

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Of course the most flaming kind of questions now arise.
Doesn't this step put Italy and Germany actually, if not
nominally, in a state of war with the Spanish government?

Will they openly back General Franco? Will they pour an
unlimited supply of war materials into the hands of the

Nationalist high command? ^{And} Will Russia stand by idly? ^{Also}

^{French} What can the Popular Front Government of Premier Blum do?

^{Great Britain} How about ~~John Bull~~ whose attitude to both Fascists and

Communists is "a plague upon both your houses!"

The picture is darkened still further by a report
^{north} from the besieged ^{Spanish} city of Bilbao. The Consuls of ~~Austria~~ and

Paraguay in that place were accused of plotting against the

Madrid government and giving aid to the Rebels. They were

in fact charged with espionage. Now the ordinary course in

such a case is to ask for the recall of such Consular officers

and expel them from the country. That's what ^{the United States did} ~~Uncle Sam did~~

¹⁹ during the world war —

^{has} with the German Naval and Military Attaches. The Madrid

government instead court-martialled the Austrian and Paraguayan

^{That's the report. If it's true — an}
Consuls, condemned them to death. ~~An~~ extraordinary and reckless
action which under other circumstances might be considered an
immediate cause of war.

SPAIN

The City of Madrid tonight is in the throes of terror, verging on panic. Streets and subways are jammed with terrified civilians, chiefly women and children, fleeing ~~toward~~ the bombardment from Rebel guns and bombing planes. As the trains crawl through the subway stations, refugees are lined up four deep, pushing and struggling on the platform.

(The University district is described as one large No Man's Land. Rebels and government soldiers fight from house to house.) Flames are consuming buildings in the heart of the capital! The Rebels claim that their tanks have penetrated into the streets of the City. But observers on the government side tell us that the Fascists have not gained an inch in twenty-four hours. Nevertheless, the population of Madrid has been going through two days and a night of terror. *Three hundred killed so far by the bombardment.*

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SALENGRO

Behind the suicide of the French Minister of the Interior, lies one of the most shocking tales in the history of even French politics. Roger Salengro, Socialist colleague of Premier Blum, was literally "done to death by slanderous tongues."

For weeks the nationalist papers have been waging what Salengro's brother called, "a campaign of infamy." They charged the Socialist Cabinet Minister with having been a deserter in the War, with having ridden a bicycle through the German lines in order to escape service. Day after day those charges were repeated. The nationalist press was full of ribald jokes about the "Bicyclist Salengro."

He demanded an investigation. And here's what the Court of Honor found. Although he was a Socialist and had been arrested for agitation, Salengro enlisted in the French Army in Nineteen Fourteen. He did cross the German lines, but he did it to rescue a wounded comrade. In the effort, he was captured by the Germans. They sent him to a prison camp in Bavaria. There they tried to put him to work, making shells

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to be used against his comrades. He not only refused, but organized a passive strike among the prisoners in that camp. The German commandant had him court-martialled, and he served two years in prison.

Not only did the Court of Honor exonerate him, ^{but} his case came up before the Chamber of Deputies. After a riotous scene on the floor of the House, with fist fights and hair-pulling, the deputies absolved him by a vote of four hundred and twenty-seven to a hundred and three. In spite of that, his enemies kept up their campaign. But they now went underground to do it. It turns out that a new list of secret charges had been filed against him. ~~After that,~~ ^{And that brought the end. Today} he turned on the gas in

his house at Lille. In addition to being Minister of the Interior, he was ^{of} Mayor, Lille. During the strikes in the first weeks of the Blum Cabinet, Salengro was the Prime Minister's right-hand man in successfully settling those troubles. And so today, by order of Premier Blum, the tri-color flies at half mast on all public buildings in France.

TUGWELL

(It is somewhat ironic that Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell should be the first of ~~Presidents~~ President Roosevelt's official family to resign after the election.) For the head of the Resettlement Administration was the target of some of the most bitter attacks during the campaign. Fingers were pointed at him as a Socialist, a man of subversive views,

a government official who planned to upset the American system,

to destroy the American political fabric, *a danger to business - and now he's going in the molasses business.*

Dr. Tugwell was silent.
During the campaign, Tugwell ~~kept his mouth shut.~~

~~He~~ ^{even} did not defend himself. In an article published by the

NEW YORK TIMES and the North American Newspaper Alliance,

Charlie Michaelson, head of ~~the~~ Democratic publicity, explained

this the other day ~~as~~ ^{as} a deliberate ~~part of the Democratic~~ ^{angle of party}

strategy. Obviously, the Democrats would be in a weak position

if they replied to ^{each and} every accusation. ~~So cagey old Charlie~~

~~pointed out.~~ Accordingly, both Tugwell and Jim Farley, the

chief target ^s of opposition criticism, "took the rap", as the

saying ^{goes.} They could have nullified a good deal of this

criticism by pointing out -- "Tugwell's going to resign anyway,

even if the President is reelected!"

(With the going of Dr. Tugwell, we see the last of the old Brain Trust.) ^{are} There still several professors left in Washington but we do not hear much about them. (Tugwell and Moley were F. D. R's principal advisors from the time he was first nominated.) The Triple A, parts of the N. R. A., and other sweeping bits of New Deal legislation are generally believed to have originated principally in the brain of Rex Tugwell.

He also became the stormy petrel of the administration. We still remember the furore when Dr. Wirt made those celebrated accusations. Dr. Wirt claimed that Tugwell looked upon President Roosevelt as the Kerenzky of the coming American revolution. The charges were investigated and turned into a comedy. Nevertheless, many people still believe them.

Even the death of the Triple A. didn't mean the disappearance of the Under-Secretary of Agriculture. He was instead made head of the R. A., the Resettlement Administration.

Though he now resigns he will still have a finger in that pie. He will serve on the National Tenancy Commission recently appointed by the President. His

successor, as head of the R.A., will be Dr. W. W. Alexander, his chief assistant.

All this time he has been on renewed leave of absence from the faculty of Columbia University. But ~~apparently~~ he is not going back ~~into the~~ teaching ~~business~~. This ^{professor} ~~man~~ who was the ^{target} ~~subject~~ of the most vitriolic attacks from business men, will become Vice-President of the American Molasses Company. From vitriol to molasses, ~~there's a transition~~ This news was announced by his friend and colleague, Charles Taussig, President of that corporation.

Personally, Rexford Guy Tugwell is most un-professorial in appearance. He is a well dressed, good-looking, ~~handsome~~ quiet fellow, and in the face of the most violent criticism, he is soft-spoken. Like Robin Oakapple in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore", he is ^{ll} "diffident, modest and shy." Those ought to be appropriate qualities in a molasses king!

SCHUMANN-HEINK

(No matter how famous a woman may be, it isn't often that her passing comes as a personal loss to millions who never even saw her. Ernestine Schumann-Heink has long been called "Mother" by everybody who knew her.) Of late years that title was accorded her not only in Hollywood but wherever her unforgettable voice conveyed her rich, vital personality.

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Nothing but death could make Mother Schumann-Heink quit work. Right up to the last she was busy. Not until the doctor said: "You must stop", did she finally say reluctantly: "Well, if I must."

She lived seventy-five years and worked sixty of them. It was quite properly said about her that she had as many careers as a cat has lives. She was a girl of fifteen when she made her debut at Kaiser Franz Josef's own opera house in Vienna. There she married her first husband, one of the secretaries, a Mr. Heink. Mr. Secretary Heink deserted the young singer after her fourth baby was born. So she had to sing more assiduously than ever to support her children. She was quoted as saying: "My first husband gave me four children,

my second gave me love and four children, and he also taught me how to act." Her third, William Rapp, an American, made her an American citizen, a title and privilege she cherished proudly.

During the World War, she had as difficult a position as fell to the lot of any man or woman. Herself an American citizen, whose loyalty was never questioned, she had sons fighting in the German army -- also in the American Army, and she was "Mother" to the War veterans of America.

(Wagnerian fans remember her as, in her heyday, the greatest of Wagnerian contraltos.) Indeed, she sang at the Metropolitan Opera House as recently as three years ago. And, so critics tell me, sang well.

(She leaves seventeen descendants to mourn her. To six of them the great lady who passed away was great-grandma.)

It seems impossible that we will never hear that vibrant voice again. My memories of her concern mainly the hours we spent together in some of the remote corners of the world. One afternoon, at Raffles Hotel in Singapore she told me all about her boys, and particularly about the two killed in the World War, one fighting in the German army, the other fighting on the other side of No Man's Land with Uncle Sam's army.

Just fifteen years ago, ^{out East,} on her sixtieth birthday, I gave a party for her. I remember telling about it on the radio some months ago. There are two kinds of rickshaws in the Far East, one-passenger and two-passenger. I had to hire a double-sized one to accommodate the expansive proportions of the deep-voiced diva.

And, I believe I have told how she always carried her jewels, ropes of pearls, diamonds galore, perhaps worth a hundred thousand dollars, tied up in an American flag.

Her expansive smile and her rumbling, contagious laugh stopped the traffic in the teeming streets of Singapore's Chinatown.

Madam Schumann-Heink, one of the glorious personalities of our time!

GILBERT

And the English-speaking world today is celebrating the hundredth anniversary of that extraordinary rhymster, Sir Wm. Schwenck Gilbert. In his lifetime he was known as one of two men who wrote some surprisingly good musical comedies. Today his reputation is increased so that he is recognized as one of the three greatest comic librettists of all time.-- Aristophanes and Moliere being the other two.

Some of Gilbert's spontaneous, unwritten jokes are almost as good as anything in those famous operettas. Wallace Munroe of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, at present in New York, has been telling me a couple of them.

An employee of the Garrick in London once asked Gilbert:-
"Excuse me sir, do you happen to know an actor with one eye called Matthew?"

"No," replied Gilbert. He paused a moment then asked:-
"What's his other eye called?" During another rehearsal of Pinafore he instructed Mr. Rutland Barrington:- "On that speech" said Gilbert, "I think you ought to cross to the left and sit on the skylight pensively." Barrington, who weighed two hundred and eighty pounds, obeyed orders and the skylight collapsed. "That's not pensively,"

said Gilbert, "that's expensively."

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of his career was that he attacked the most cherished British institutions, and got away with it. Consider the remarks of the First Lord of the Admiralty in Pinafore:

"I grew so rich that I was sent

"By a pocket borough into Parliament.

"I always voted at my party's call,

"And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.

"I thought so little they rewarded me

"By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Nhavee!

And then his delightful lampoon of the august House of Lords:

"When Wellington thrashed Bonaparte,

"As every child can tell,

"The House of Peers throughout the war

"Did nothing in particular,

"And did it very well.

And ----- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.