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Chambers  
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DEFICIT

In Nineteen Eighteen, the United States had a deficit of nine billion dollars. That was wartime. Nineteen Nineteen also counts as a year of paying for war. Its deficit was thirteen billion. These World War <sup>displays of red ink</sup> ~~deficits~~ are the only two in American history which exceed the <sup>crimson</sup> ~~red ink~~ figures announced by Secretary Morgenthau today. He said the deficit for the current year will come to nearly six billion dollars.

This exercise in astronomical arithmetic occurred at the hearing of the Senate Finance Committee. The Senators are plunging into the tax problem, and <sup>Mr.</sup> ~~Secretary~~ Morgenthau appeared before the Committee to defend the administration bill, which is being so bitterly attacked. He gave the six billion deficit figure as an indication that the government needed money, and explained it by mentioning - the soldiers' bonus. The pay-off of the bonus slaps two billion and a quarter into the outgoing column. Except for this, said the Secretary, the figure in the red would be decreasing. It will decrease next year, said he. He estimated that in Nineteen Thirty-Seven, the deficit would drop to a little more than two billion and a half.

Meanwhile, said the Secretary, the Government needs the processing taxes which the Lower House failed to include in the Tap Bill. Secretary Morgenthau spoke up in defense of the

government's viewpoint on taxation, and that viewpoint is that corporations have piled up huge surpluses, undivided profits, which are not now being taxed sufficiently. If these surpluses were divided up as dividends, the receivers of those dividends would have to pay <sup>a</sup> large income tax on them. As it is, only the relatively small corporation tax is paid on the surpluses. The administration charges that in some cases those undivided profits are piled up to avoid the income taxes that receivers of dividends would have to pay.

On the other hand, the ~~taxes~~ attack is flaring, with bitter complaints against the bill before the Senate. The United States Chamber of Commerce meeting in Washington, is ringing with denunciation. Business experts point out that by taxing surpluses, the government will discourage corporations from having any surpluses, and unless a concern has a reserve put away - it's without protection when the rainy day comes.

Moreover, the word "surplus" includes profits ~~that~~ <sup>ed</sup> plow <sup>a</sup> back into a business, profits used to build up and improve. Such

profits reinvested in business will be taxed heavily under the proposed measure, and that will discourage companies from spending their profits on reconstruction - on building and rebuilding.

It would halt the expansion of industry, would hinder reemployment.

So say the opponents of the tax bill about which the Senate now is wrangling.

## ETHIOPIA

Maybe Mussolini, with his flair for the dramatic, would like to make the capture of Addis Ababa a thing of theatrical suddenness -- like a bolt out of the blue. If ~~xxx~~ so, his stagey plan is being thwarted, not only by the Ethiopians, but by the Italians themselves.

Addis Ababa announces to the world that it is grooming itself to receive the enemy. The Emperor Haile Selassie, has just appeared once more in his capital -- after a long absence, whereabouts unknown. His return to Addis gives personal authority to his command that the city shall not be defended against the rapidly advancing columns of the Italians. All the Emperor's troops are being moved out, merely a police ~~force~~ force left to preserve order and protect foreigners until the conquerors take charge. The hunted Lion of Judah does this to avoid bloodshed and destruction. He doesn't want the capital to be bombarded, as it surely would be if there were any resistance.

Haile Selassie declares that Ethiopia will go on fighting -- to the last man. He is retiring with what warriors he has left; to hide in the mountains of Southeastern Ethiopia.

So the way is prepared for the headline -- the fall of Addis Ababa.

Rome too helps to prepare it. Rumor flashed today through the City on the Tiber, a report that the Ethiopian capital has already been taken. And more substantial is the word that Marshal Badoglio's column has come within artillery range of Addis Ababa. Mussolini's men will march in at any moment now. They ~~xx~~ may be marching in at this moment.

50

In France officials of the government are worried, especially in the Ministry of Railroads. Police are on a manhunt and are guarding the railroad trains. For the three judges of Hell have been heard from again, with their threats of fantastic terrorism. Chiefs of the government have received the ominous messages, and recall the events of two years ago.

That was the time of the Stavisky scandals, and France was in a turmoil of financial and political crookery. A series of weird communications were received by prominent personalities. The missives were signed "Iakhus" <sup>Iakhus</sup> "Mīnos, Aeacus and Rhadamanthus." These are characters out of Greek mythology, judges of the infernal regions, Hades. Hence the writers of the letters were called the three judges of Hell. They demanded that the politics of France must be purified. If not, they would act. "We will strike the French people," they wrote, "without distinction as to age, sex or rank, until they realize their cowardice." <sup>And then it goes on:-</sup> "The great ~~xxx~~ pirates deprive the French people of the right to be severe toward ordinary criminals and stealers of handkerchiefs." Mad sounding stuff, the rambling of cranks. Looney

51  
madmen -- those Three Judges of Hell, "Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanthus." <sup>Jah-kue</sup> Yet what happened? A dozen bombs were mailed to government officials and capitalists, simple, hand-made, infernal machines -- yet dangerous enough. They did little damage. One or two people were injured by explosions. But most of the bombs were detected in the French Post Office before they got to their destination.

The police conducted an extensive investigation, but never got anywhere. They could unravel not a <sup>clue to</sup> ~~conclusion as to~~ the identity of the maniacs or terrorists -- those three infernal judges. And in time it all passed out of mind.

Now once again the Three Judges of Hades have been heard from, demanding the purification of government and uttering fantastic menace. This time it's even worse, with the three judges of the underworld threatening a campaign of train wrecking. So no wonder officials in Paris are worried, and the police are looking for those judges -- and guarding the ~~ri~~ railroads.

TOSCANINI

52  
Today the Philharmonic Orchestra in New York had a continuing stream of inquiries, by telephone, by telegraph, by letter - about Toscanini. This follows that singular incident at last night's final American appearance of the world's most renowned orchestra conductor, and it all comes as a strange climax to a moving, dramatic story.

Toscanini has two characteristics that motivate the narration. One - his shrinking shyness in the face of an ovation, his instinct to run away from thundering acclaim. The other - his eyes, his defective vision, which has sometimes made him almost blind.

Oddly enough - it was running away that first brought Toscanini to New York as an orchestra conductor. The incident occurred at Milan, at LaScala. Toscanini was conducting a performance of La Tosca. Tosca and Toscanini - curiously similar names. And the audience staged a wild outbreak of applause, demanding an encore. <sup>The Maestro</sup> ~~Toscanini~~ never permitted encores. The insistent ovation continued. Toscanini threw down his baton, and left the opera house. He did not return to LaScala. He came to



53  
New York to the Metropolitan. Today I heard this story from Carlo Edwards, long an assistant conductor at the Metropolitan - ~~once~~ <sup>once</sup> he was a student at the conservatory in Milan.

Toscanini always had weak eyes. That's why he did nothing by score, everything by memory, which has won him so much fame, for his prodigious memory. To read anything he must hold it within a few inches of his eyes. He learned <sup>S</sup> his new music by passing his eyes along the page and registering the notes in his phenomenal memory. The danger of blindness <sup>eternally</sup> ~~was~~ shadowed <sup>ing</sup> his brilliant career.

When he arrived in America for this season, a news photographer at the dock shot a flashlight bulb, the sudden glare right in Toscanini's face. The conductor with the sensitive eyes fled from the dock, ran away.

As his last season in the United States drew to a close, Toscanini surely had to face his greatest ordeal of ovation. For years the magic of his fame and popularity had been building to a climax - to last night's climax of finality, the last. That was phrased this morning by Lawrence Gilman,

54  
critic of the NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, who wrote: "The greatest musical interpreter who ever lived has conducted his last concert in America." Crowds stormed Carnegie Hall, almost a riot. They stood for hours, jammed in line, trying to buy tickets, thousands who couldn't get in waited outside. So it was evident that Toscanini, who shrinks from ovations with a nervous horror, would have to face the greatest ovation of his life.

The news photographers were admitted, on one condition. They promised they would not shoot their flashlights in <sup>his</sup> ~~Toscanini's~~ face - this in deference to his weak eyes.

The concert closed, with the last flaming chords of "The Ride of the Valkyries". A deafening storm of acclaim burst from the audience. Toscanini turned, thin and white with age - to face, not the music, but the applause. A news <sup>paper</sup> photographer jammed his way to the front row, to the edge of the stage, raised his camera and flashlamp above his head, and the blinding glare flamed into Toscanini's face. The orchestra leader seemed stunned. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ He <sup>graped</sup> ~~broice~~ for a moment, and hurried off the stage.

55  
And, ~~he~~ didn't come back. The audience, <sup>ing</sup> ~~which~~ wanted to give him

its last shout of triumph, thundered and acclaimed. He didn't reappear again. Then the crowd consoled itself by hissing and booing the photographer.

The manager of the orchestra stepped forward and explained to the concert hall audience and the radio audience. In telling about the flashlight flare, he used the word "blinded". He meant it in the sense of "dazzled". But far and wide the understanding was "stricken blind". And that did produce a shock of melodramatic catastrophe.

So no wonder there was an instant flood of telephone calls, telegrams and letters, which has continued all day today - asking, "Is it true?".

Today, an official of the Philharmonic Orchestra asked me to correct the impression. After he had recovered from the sudden shock of nerves, Toscanini was quite all right. He went to a party - a farewell banquet. What high dignitaries were there? What social celebrities? None at all. Toscanini gave a jolly dinner for the musicians of the orchestra, the

fiddlers, the bassoonists and the trombone players.

So the great master's first appearance in the United States many years ago, was preceded by -- running away. And, at the end of his last American concert -- he ran away!

SCHUMANN-HEINK

It's pleasant tonight to deny a report about Madame Schumann-Heink. This morning the <sup>word</sup>~~report~~ was that she was gravely ill, suffering from influenza in her <sup>something</sup>seventy-third year -- the singer who <sup>has</sup>so greatly endeared herself to this land. But now the <sup>Hollywood</sup>~~new~~ motion picture company that is producing the movie in which she is featured, wires: ~~word~~ -- Madame Schumann-Heink has recovered from her illness, and the production is going on.

So I'd like to say to her that I bet I'll <sup>see</sup>~~meet~~ her in Singapore again. I met her there when <sup>she</sup>I first toured round the world, and took her to see Singapore's Chinatown. She laughingly took a double-sized ricksha. She had her jewels along, a fortune of them, in a box wrapped in an American flag -- and had my wife carry the treasure while ~~we~~ we drove through one of the most thievish, cut-throat sections in the world.

## BASEBALL

The Senators trimmed the Tigers again today. And there's woe in Detroit. The American League pennant winners didn't seem to be wavering in the absence of Hank Greenberg so much -- not today, anyway. Yet. Baseball addicts are shaking their heads over the lugubrious phenomenon of Hank Greenberg's broken wrist. They are saying - maybe that's the beginning of a season of hard luck for the Tigers.

It all goes back to an old baseball superstition. The Detroiters won the pennant twice, in successive years, and are out for the third flag in a row. Baseball legend says that three in a row is almost the impossible. A team wins one year, and then the next, but in the one after that, it falters and fails. Of course there's no rule without an ~~xxx~~ exception, not even a baseball superstition. The New York Yanks won the pennant three times in a row, but that was a super team, when Babe Ruth was at the height of his glory and his slugging, the ball-murdering Bambino, who terrorised pitchers.

But for any team below that super class, three in a row

58

takes an incredible amount of luck. The breaks are everything in baseball. For two successive years, the Tigers had the breaks and won the pennant. What about this ominous critical third year? Well, they haven't been doing so well, this early in the season. After losing yesterday to the Washington Senators, they were down in fourth place. The most <sup>menacing</sup> ~~ominous~~ thing is that Hank Greenberg broke his wrist. Is that a sign that ~~the~~ luck has changed, and the breaks are going against <sup>Mickey Cochrane?</sup> ~~the Tigers?~~ The wise men of baseball are a superstitious lot, so they are wrinkling their brows.

58 1/2

Let's look at Greenberg, the big Jewish first baseman. ~~The~~ Year before last he was the shining star of the drive that gave Detroit its first pennant in twenty-five years. He hit three thirty-nine, with accent on home runs. In the annual vote taken by the sports writers that year, he was crowned as the most valuable player in the American League. Last season he led the League in hitting home <sup>no</sup> ~~runs~~, and just three months ago the baseball writers once more awarded him the prize as the most valuable player. Moreover, he ~~fills~~ fills the bill in another way. For years managers tried to develop a star Jewish ball player -

to draw in the Jewish fans. The mighty John McGraw was especially keen in this, and produced Andy Cohen. But Andy didn't last long in the Majors. So Greenberg's rise to stardom is an answer to a manager's prayer.

All of this points <sup>up the present</sup> ~~up a mighty~~ bad break the Tigers

had when the brawny first baseman crashed with a Washington outfielder on the base paths, and emerged in headlong collision

with a fractured wrist. Today Manager Cochran<sup>e</sup> of Detroit

listened glumly to the doctor's latest report <sup>Greenburg</sup> - <sub>^</sub> out of the game

for at least four weeks, maybe six, — maybe there goes the pennant.

— and here I go + s-l-u-t-m.

59

59 1/2