

Portugal takes the lead. But then Portugal has been taking the lead all along in sympathizing with the Spanish Fascists. Germany and Italy have been reported ready to recognize General Franco as the ruler of Spain, as soon as he has conquered Madrid. Portugal doesn't wait that long. Some days ago Lisbon broke off diplomatic relations with the Madrid Government -- and now it's recognition for General Franco's regime. This is announced in London, with the detail that a Portuguese courier carried the notice of recognition to the Fascist commander at Talavera.

Germany and Italy are expected to come next, although it is reported that several Latin countries are ready to extend their recognition at any moment.

So here's another worry added to the anxieties of London, where the committee for Non-Intervention in Spain is meeting. Already Non-Intervention is in a hopeless mess. The tangle is worse than ever now -- with this recognition of General Franco as the legal ruler, which would seem to put the Madrid Government in the class of rebels. And on top of that Portugal threatens to withdraw from the non-intervention business altogether.

Reports today give the Spanish Civil War a more savage aspect, savage as it has seemed all along. (Deserters from the Left Wing ranks tell that there have been thirty thousand executions in Madrid, that great host of people of the upper and middle class shot by Red firing squads.)

American newspaper men from the Left Wing side have been captured by the Nationalists -- and they now tell an uncensored story of desperate conditions in Madrid. Starvation facing the city, morale at low ebb, the huge masses of raw recruits running away in a panic from the death-spitting fire of tanks, artillery, machine guns, and war planes.

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 Today once more we hear of those untrained, half-armed thousands thrown against the mechanized death of modern war. The Nationalists pressing closer everywhere. The last Madrid railroad line cut, the city virtually isolated -- ~~and~~ the Madrid chief's ^{ordering} ~~commanded~~ a desperate counter-attack. The reports tell of a wild rush of the hosts of Left Wing fighters, coming in waves. It happened ^{at} daybreak -- ~~and took~~ ^{taking} the Nationalists by surprise. They were astounded. The

Left Wingers rushed them savagely, and there was fierce hand-to-hand fighting -- until the tanks, artillery and war planes got into action. Those small, swift tanks of steel seem to be invincible against raw human flesh -- and why wouldn't they be. The last reports indicate that the mass counter attack has been beaten off.

Meanwhile General Franco's planes continue^d to bomb and machine gun Madrid; ~~They're~~ concentrating on the flying field, intending apparently to put the quietus on Left Wing aviation.

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(Here in America there's a lively ^echo from the Spanish Civil War today -- in the campaign of a committee from Madrid to collect funds over here for the help of the Spanish Left Wingers. They tried at first in Canada, Montreal, but were virtually chased out by angry students. Last night at a mass meeting in New York they collected fifteen thousand dollars.)

Today there's a lively turn of controversy about one member of that committee, a Catholic priest, of the

Franciscan Order. Or is he? That's what the controversy is about. The Reverend Louis Sarasola has been telling America that the Madrid government is not red, and not against the Catholic Church. This provoked the reply that he is a priest no longer, but an apostate. The Reverend Sarasola responded by showing an invitation he had received to call at any house of the Franciscan Order, any place where he might happen to be. He said that proved he was in good standing as a Franciscan.

The reply of Catholic authorities ~~to that~~ is -- that he has indeed an invitation. They point out that according to the Franciscan rule when a member is declared an apostate, he is sent such an invitation to call at any Franciscan house -- ^{there} ~~and~~ to be told that he has been proclaimed an apostate.

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They tell the story further of a group of Franciscans made prisoners by the Spanish reds. They were all executed by a firing squad -- except two. One of these was an American. ^{He} ~~and~~ was released because of his American citizenship. The other was the Reverend Sarasola. They claim that he was spared by the reds, because they could use him as a red propagandist.

thunders against

Such is the ecclesiastical broadcast ^{side} which ^{now} ~~responds~~
to the nation-wide raising of funds over here to help Left Wing
Madrid.

POLITICS

There are repercussions today to Father Coughlin's *Cleveland* speech last night denouncing the W.P.A. as a scab army and Franklin D. Roosevelt as a scab president. We hear that this has attracted the attention of the Vatican and that Rome once more disapproves of the political utterances of the Radio Priest. Yet it is said that the Vatican feels it cannot act - not right now. With the campaign nearing its close, any move made by Rome in the case of Father Coughlin would seem like meddling in American politics, *at the crucial moment,* And the Catholic Church is exceedingly reluctant to risk creating any such impression. So all questions concerning the Radio Priest will rest - until after the election.

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Pennsylvania once more comes to the front in the presidential battle. President Roosevelt will make a non-political speech in New York tomorrow at the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Statue of Liberty. Then he'll make a political speaking tour of Delaware, New Jersey - and Pennsylvania.

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Governor Landon tonight is in Pittsburgh. Both he and *Mr.* President Roosevelt *have* already delivered major political broadsides

in the "City of Steel". ~~But~~ The Landon ^{engagement} return tonight

indicates the importance of Pittsburgh steel to the Kansas

Sunflower. **B**ecause, the political wise men have doped it out -

that as Pittsburgh goes, so goes Pennsylvania, and as goes

*Pennsylvania so goes the U.S.A. -
sometimes - maybe.*

SIMPSON

Today witnessed one of the most singular cases of law on record. Not that it was a long one, it lasted a mere few minutes.

(It's seldom that a court trial has been surrounded by so much secrecy, ^scensorship, wonderment, inference, and gossip. And no ~~more~~ wonder, because this case at law ^{was} ~~is~~ styled technically - W.W.Simpson versus Ernest A. Simpson.)

The secrecy has been profound - on the other side of the water, I mean. The British newspapers have printed scarcely a word about it. The town of Ipswich, where it was tried, had only the least inkling of the home town trial that was famous around the world. At the last minute, the public was excluded from the court proceedings - few except newspaper men got in. *The press was there, only the press.*

Mrs. Simpson, aided by vigilant police, entered by a back door. Some of the reporters noticed that she arrived in her black car. It has been observed that King Edward, not so long ago, bought two black cars, of which he himself has one. They took note that in the car Mrs. Simpson had flowers, which recalled the story that ^{the} King ~~Edward~~ has flowers delivered to her daily, the choicest of roses.

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The trial was heard with all British formality by Mr. Justice ^{Sir} Anthony Hawke. The evidence was brief. First a letter, which Mrs. Simpson had found, a letter to Mr. Simpson - and in a woman's handwriting. Mr. Justice, Sir Anthony Hawke, didn't think so much of that. But the evidence continued with two witnesses - and then the divorce was pronounced. (It took just twenty minutes - and, Wally Simpson and Ernest A. Simpson were severed in twain.) Something of a speed record in a case that has also set records in gossip and innuendo.

At the same time today, the Royal Privy Council met, convened by His Majesty, Edward the Eighth. It had been noted that if the King intends to marry, the traditional form is for him to announce this to the Privy Council. However, there was no such announcement today. It was merely a routine proceeding, a discussion of what the King will say in his address at the opening of Parliament and of plans for the coronation next year.

(The rumor has been that the fascinating American, Mrs. Simpson, will be at the opening of Parliament, sitting in the gallery reserved for distinguished visitors. As for the coronation,

there's no news,) save that Americans will be there in numbers

without precedent. Already agencies over here are selling

reserved seats adjoining Westminster Abbey. *London Journalist Douglas Williams tells me* one advertisement *Q*

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announc^{ing} that a British lady of title offers to an American

coronation-goer her country seat, and the use of servants for

one month, and four first-rate seats on the direct route of the

royal parade - all for a thousand pounds sterling, about *four*

thousand dollars.

But now let's suppose ---

PRINCE

Suppose that in all this curious news from England, there were no King Edward at all - but King Ernst. Not Mr. Ernest Simpson - you can't imagine that. There has been mention of a possible Queen Wally, but no suggestion of that particular King Ernest. The supposition is, what if the British Empire were ruled by King Ernst, August, Christian, George? He's now a deposed German princeling. But he might be King of England - if it hadn't been for a twist of law, a century ago.

This reminder comes in a large political headline from Europe. It is reported that Hitler is planning to make Ernst, August, Christian, George, not King of England, but Emperor of Germany. The story emanates from Paris, and declares that the Nazi chief wants to restore the monarchy. But he doesn't want to put the Hohenzollerns back on the throne, because they might be hard to handle - they're the old legitimate line. Neither does he want to give the crown to Germany's Number Two royal family, the Wittelsbachs of Bavaria. That's because they're Catholic. So he has selected the Brunswick-Lunebourg clan, in the person of Prince Ernst, August, Christian, George who married the

daughter of the Ex-Kaiser, ^{This} ~~which~~ gives him a sort of tie to the Hohenzollern line.

~~The~~ royal gentleman is the hereditary Duke of Brunswick, but in the list of his titles we find two others - Prince of Great Britain and Ireland, and Duke of Cumberland. That's the tip-off, ^{as} ~~and~~ we look back at the royal British family tree.

Somewhat more than a century ago, the German House of Hanover occupied the throne of Great Britain. The King of England was also King of Hanover. William the Fourth was the last to occupy both thrones. He left no surviving children. The crown went to his niece, Queen Victoria. ~~But~~, she could not become Queen of Hanover. ~~Because~~, that kingdom had what they called the Salic law, according to which a woman could not succeed to the throne. So Hanover went to the King's brother, the Duke of Cumberland. Now, if England ^{had} ~~had~~ the Salic law, and a woman could not succeed to the throne - the Duke of Cumberland would have become the British monarch. Today, the descendant and heir of that Duke of Cumberland is ^{And -} ~~this~~ ^{this Hitler's} Prince Ernst, August, Christian, George.

He, says Paris, is to become Emperor ^e ~~Ernst~~ of Germany.

But, if history had been a little different, he would be *today*
King Ernst of England. I don't know what difference it would
make in the present state of affairs, but it's amusing to think
about. — *the unimportance of being Ernest.*

VOLCANO

Here's a blazing headline, almost a cosmic headline - the living museum of evolution is bursting with flame and fury tonight.

Way back in the last century, Charles Darwin, creator of the present day Theory of Evolution, studied the primitive animal life of the remote Galapagos Islands. He said that there you'll find a living archaic record of the Descent of Species. He called the Galapagos - "a museum of evolution."

There are two thousand volcanoes on those Equadorean islands, in the Equatorial Pacific. The largest is at the western edge of the group - Narborough, also called Fernandina. Now - Narborough is in terrific eruption. A ship captain reports how the six thousand foot peak exploded with a cataclysmic burst of fire, and tonight the south side of the island is one flaming mass of lava. A glaring ocean of molten rock is streaming down the slope, while the mountain booms and thunders.

Narborough is a mountain of many eruptions, one of which was recorded in the log of a sailing ship in the last century. The vessel was near the island, when the peak burst into fire. Four miles away the blast of heat brought the temperature up to

a hundred and forty-five degrees. The very water of the sea grew hot, a hundred and twenty-five degrees. The sailors were barely able to get their ship away from that cauldron. And that's an indication of what's going on right now in that living museum of evolution.

Today I sought some understanding of this violent phenomenon of Nature. I knew that Vincent Astor was a student of the Galapagos, had been out there just a few months ago. So I had a talk with him. Yes, he said he had been to volcanic Narborough just last March. I asked him about the rage of flame and fury in the museum of evolution. Vincent Astor said it wasn't quite that cosmic - that Chas. Darwin meant the Galapagos Archipelago in general, rather than the island of Narborough. He said there is little living evolution, little of anything alive there now on that masterpiece of desolation, nothing but a volcanic peak rising out of the sea, the tip of a submarine mountain scarred and pitted with craters and the debris of explosions. He told me the fire mountain was quiet when he was there, but it was impossible to get more than a few yards from shore, impossible to traverse the fire blasted steeps, cliffs of lava, beds of

volcanic ash. Nothing lives on that island volcano, except along the narrow margin of the shore. There, said Vincent Astor, you'll find the Marine Iguana which lives half in the water and half out - a weird, archaic kind of sea lizard that reminds a scientist of the age of reptiles, aeons ago. That Marine Iguana by the way is one of the things that made Charles Darwin call the Galapagos the "Museum of Evolution."

Tonight out there it's storming with volcanic fire as in this quiet studio I say SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.