

L.T. - SUNOCO Wednesday, Dec. 2, 1936.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

(The lid is off in England, off the new of the world-famous friendship between his Majesty, King Edward the Eighth, and the lady from Baltimore. The policy of hush-hush, with which the London Government attempted to keep it private, has failed.) And there seems no doubt that the publicity given the story by American newspapers was largely responsible for the failure of the unofficial censorship, American newspapers and some of those in British overseas dominions. For the dignified Yorkshire Post, a substantial and important paper in the north country of England, today declared in an editorial: "Statements which have appeared in reputable United States journals and even, we believe, in some Dominion newspapers, cannot be treated with quite so much indifference. They are too circumstantial and have plainly a foundation in fact."

But it was a prelate of the Church of England who brought the subject into the open-- The Right Reverend, the Bishop of Bradford. Not even the most circumspect caution

could overlook a public statement by a Right Reverend Bishop. So his Lordship's remarks broke the whold subject wide open. And today every newspaper in England carried it, and most of them commented editorially. Those same papers had been studiously and conspicuously avoiding all reference to the King's friendship with Mrs. Wally Simpson. Privately the English editors said: "We don't talk about His Majesty's private life."

Today, hey are singing a different tune. The King's private life is a public matter, they declare. And this evening in England there is even talk of a political crisis, a grave threat to the dignity and prestige of the crown. King Edward the Eighth is one of the most popular monarchs who ever ascended a throne. Today, that popularity is in jeopardy. And it's not because Mrs. Simpson, though a British subject is American born, nor because she is a Commoner. But, (all middle class church going opinion in England is vehemently and rigidly set against the admission of divorced people into the royal family.) Queen Victoria laid down the rule that a divorced woman even though an innocent party to the suit, could not even be

rule was quietly but firmly approved by English church goers.

(Tonight the rumor is current that the King may abdicate. The gossip around Whitehall is that Premier Stanley Baldwin, speaking for a unanimous Cabinet, has advised the King not to think of marrying Mrs. Simpson. If His Majesty insists - and they say he does insist - the Cabinet threatens to resign.) The King's alternative would be to invite a labor leader to form a radical government. But it is understood that the labor politicians on this point agree fully with Mr. Stanley Baldwin and the Conservatives. In any event, no King and Cabinet can rule without Parliament.

However, you look at it , today's news is a sensational paragraph in English history. There hasn't been such acrimony between the sovereign and his ministers since the days of George the Third. Queen Victoria had many a warm argument with her prime ministers, especially Mr. Gladstone.

But they never went publicly beyond the walls of Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace; -- they became history afterwards. King Edward the Seventh had more than one discussion about the royal prerogative with his cabinets. In the end, historians tell us, he always yielded gracefully. Though the Crowned Head on the British throne reigns as king and emperor, it is Parliament that rules, because Parliament holds the purse strings.

There is no official pronouncement in London today. But even the conservative English papers admit tacitly that right now there exists the gravest constitutional crisis of modern times. It had been noticed that the cabinet was holding an unusual number of secret meetings. After today's session, Prime Minister Baldwin jumped into his car and hurried to Buckingham Palace. There he was closeted with the King for quite a while. Thereafter he left hurriedly through a side door. The grapevine telegraph goes so far as to say that Mr. Baldwin threatened to pass a bill through Parliament which would

compel the King to obtain the permission of the Privy Council to marry. King Edward, the story goes, retorted: "If you do, I won't sign it." Such an attitude would force for the first time in centuries a real show-down between the crown and Parliament. The House of Commons, of course, would be bound to win in the long run. But King Edward the Eighth with his enormous popularity is of a sort to give even the Commons a critical test of power.

Romance of a king becomes a constitutional crisis.

Last night just the mere mention of that awkward incident at Buenos Aires:- President Roosevelt greeted with the shout:- "Down with imperialism!" the heckler being no less than the son of the President of the Argentine. Tonight we have some background and understanding.

51
Young Senor Liborio Justo has long been a thorne in his father's political side. Privately they get along famously. The young man is received at Government House and is, in his social relations, a suave, cultured, dignified Argentinian. But as a politician, young Liborio Justo is anything but suave -- always going off the deep red end. He is no parlor pink radical, but an out-and out Communist. Indeed, the government of Brazil deported him last August for just that reason.

His action at yesterday's-session of the Peace Conference was no surprise to the local authorities. In fact a couple of Argentinian army officers were on the lookout for such an incident. When young Justo raised that hostile note, the officers promptly pounced upon him, and led him smiling but impenitent from the chamber.

Mr. Roosevelt's last official act in Buenos Aires was the luncheon he gave today at the American Embassy to President and Senora Justo. I haven't heard that the President's Communist son was among those present. At any rate, a pleasant time was had by all and the function concluded with an invitation from President Roosevelt to President and Mrs. Justo: "Come up and see me some time," or something like that.

Today the INDIANAPOLIS sailed full steam for lovely Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay. There again the government has decreed a public holiday in his honor. The President will spend only six hours with Dr. Gabriel Terra, President of Uruguay.

When he leaves Montevideo, President Roosevelt will order the course of the INDIANAPOLIS set straight for Mobile, Alabama. His original intention was to stop off at Port of Spain, Trinidad, but the death of his bodyguard and personal friend, Gus Gennerich, altered his plans.

Gill Dobie, the famous fighting Gill of the football gridiron, is in a different kind of fight tonight. He's battling, not for a touchdown, but for his life. Driving over a ~~railroad~~ bridge on Beacon Street, Boston, his car crashed into a heavy iron rail. Both Dobie and his companion were hurled through the windshield. The man with him was Frank Murdock, Freshman football coach at Boston College. They lie at the City Hospital tonight, both severely injured.

Gloomy Gill, as he used to be known when he was coach at Cornell, has been one of the most picturesque figures of the football world. They called him Gloomy because he never prophesied a victory. When he was asked about the prospects of his team he always spoke in most pessimistic, dismal fashion.

~~It was hard to get him to talk at all. His gloomy policy brought home the bacon.~~ *But his gloomy policy brought bright results.* While he was at Ithica, Cornell won ninety out of a hundred games.

Some men get publicity by talking, others have the knack of attracting attention by their silence. It was news when Gill spoke more than twenty words to anybody except his

small son and daughter; and hot news when Gill resigned from Cornell last year and went to Boston College; and positively sensational when he arrived in Boston and admitted that the college had a pretty good football team. That was more than he ever said about his Cornell teams in sixteen years.

Gill Dobie made his name as one of the old style coaches of the Walter Camp vintage. For a while he resented the new, open, forward-passing game. Bucking the line game was good enough for him. That was how he first made his name as a great quarterback at the University of Minnesota. The new idea in football had him beaten for a while. After several poor seasons at Cornell he resigned and went to dear old Boston. What he achieved there this season every football fan knows.

RINGLING

The death of John Ringling reminds us of an amazing story. John, the last survivor of those famous five brothers, sons of a harness maker in Baraboo, Wisconsin, who revolutionized the circus business. Fifty years ago they started out, raw brash amateur boys as a traveling concert company. Their first attempts in public were ludicrous, they later admitted, but they got by. Got by to such advantage that they soon bought themselves a small wagon show. In an incredibly short time they found themselves owning a railroad show. Two years later they were fighting the great Barnum and Bailey on even terms, and then buying them out.

John Ringling had the exclusive charge of routing. He acquired such a knowledge of railroads that he knew personally every president, every general manager, every superintendent, and every division superintendent. It used to be said of him that he could put his hand out of the car window at any point

RINGLING - 2

in the United States and tell you where the train was at that identical moment. That legend was not much of an exaggeration.

During his later years he became an art acquirer. As such, one of his achievements almost produced a riot over in Munich. The Bavarians have always been exceedingly proud of their art museums. And Munich woke up one day to learn that the world famous Reubens collection had been sold to the American circus magnate, John Ringling. Then it turned out that the museum had not owned the collection, had merely rented it from an Englishman.

HOLCOMB

The Leathernecks have a new boss. Major General Thomas Holcomb sits in Washington today as the new commanding officer of that spectacular body, the United States Marine Corps.

Soldiers in particular, and the country in general, will admit that the Leathernecks have a typical Leatherneck, to command them. We hadn't been hearing much about Major General Thomas Holcomb lately. But eighteen years ago the news was ringing with his name. For it was Major Holcomb who commanded the Ninety-Sixth Company in Belleau Woods. When they stormed the town of Boursches, Tom Holcomb and the Ninety-Sixth Company wrote a new chapter in the sensational book of the history of the Marines. Out of his entire company, only a score of Leathernecks reached that battle-racked village. All the rest fell in the attack. But that smashing blow drove out four hundred Germans, captured and held the town, keypoint in the attack.

The appointment of General Holcomb is somewhat of a punch in the nose to tradition. Most, if not all, of the Marine Corps commandants, have been Annapolis graduates.

Tom Holcomb never saw Annapolis. Like our old friend Major General Smedley Butler, Tom Holcomb came up from the ranks; served in the Philippines, served in China, was on the legation guard for a while. For a Leatherneck, he had unusual ideas of what to do with his spare time. He put in his off-duty hours learning Chinese, probably the most difficult language ever invented by the imagination and toil of man. Holcomb became so fluent in the tricky Mandarin tongue, that after he was shifted from China, he was recalled several times for special tours of duty.

Such is the scholarly new Number One Man of the two-fisted Leathernecks.

That other famous marine, Smedley Butler, has been getting himself into hot water again. Knowing Old Gimlet Eye as I do, I can realize how he must be chuckling and enjoying it.

It's all about that article he wrote for the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. An article recommending an amendment to the United States Constitution to forbid the dispatch of American soldiers anywhere outside the American mainland except to Panama, et cetera. One of the things Butler advocated was dismantling our fortifications at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. And has that made the Hawaiians sore!

As a matter of fact, their principal spokesman is sitting across the table from me -- Earl Thacker, Commodore of the Pearl Harbor Yacht Squadron, President of the Honolulu Realty Board, member of the Territorial Harbor Board, and by habit and profession one of the most jovial fellows that ever skippered a yacht. But it seems that Old Gimlet Eye has made the Amiable Thacker see red for the first time in years. How about it, Commodore?