

L. J. Sunoco. Tues., Dec. 8, 1936.

KING

All day long, the news was waiting on things transpiring at Fort Belvedere, the country residence of King Edward the Eighth: - A conference described as momentous. They said a final decision was perhaps being made in the case of the King and Mrs. Simpson. So the suspense was - waiting for the conference to be over, waiting for what might be announced. Hour after hour the word flashed across the cables that the deliberations were still going on, the meeting had not broken up. But now, it has broken up -- ending in a significant way.

Let's observe who the conferees were: - One, King Edward, in the middle between his throne and the love of his life. Another Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, who in spite of popular demonstrations for the King, stands firm with the support of Parliament and the British dominions. A third, Walter Monckton, Chancellor of that most important of the King's personal domains, the Duchy of Cornwall. Monckton is also legal advisor to His Majesty. He has been busily

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engaged with a legal question, so London reports, the question of whether the King could legally remain Duke of Cornwall and keep the revenues of the Duchy - if he were to give up the throne of England. And it is believed that the Duke of York took part in that conference - the heir presumptive. For the Duke's car drove up to the rear entrance of Fort Belvedere. It was likewise observed that when Prime Minister Baldwin and Mr. Monckton drove in a royal car to the King's favorite castle they were followed by a second royal car in which sat Sir Eric Mieville, private secretary to the Duke of York. There is a significant hint in all this emphasis which the news puts on the heir presumptive, who would become Albert the First, should Edward the Eighth abdicate.

Now that conference is ended. Prime Minister Baldwin hurries back to London. The word came that if a decision really was reached Baldwin's first act would be to announce the decision to his cabinet. And the latest

is that the Prime Minister has summoned a cabinet meeting for eleven o'clock tomorrow morning. So it looks as though the decision has been made. Hastened perhaps by the Australian Government which is constantly in session.

The white light of publicity is focused on a second phenomenon today - on a royal airplane flying from London to Cannes, where Mrs. Simpson is. Nobody knows what its mission is. But all sorts of speculations are evoked by the persons aboard. One is Sidney Barron, an attorney in the law firm which acted for Mrs. Simpson in her divorce from Mr. Simpson. Another was Dr. Douglas Kirkwood; described as Mrs. Simpson's physician. The third member of the flying party a representative of the Home Office of the British government.

The doctor's presence suggests that Mrs. Simpson is ill, after her avowal yesterday that she was ready to give up her romance if that were in the interest of the King and crown. London surmises that the representative of the Home Office might be acting in behalf of the King's proctor who has supervision over divorce cases. London gossip recalls that the King's proctor sometimes shortens the probationary period in a divorce, when the person divorced goes abroad and intends

to remain. Might that intend to stay abroad? But London also guesses that the King's proctor might possibly attack the validity of Mrs. Simpson's divorce, and thereby abolish the possibility of the King marrying her. One rumor hazards the surmise that this might be brought on by the lady from Baltimore herself - if she should decide to renounce the King and bring the royal romance to an end.

Such is the wild speculation in England - as Prime Minister Baldwin speeds to London to summon a cabinet meeting. Probably to tell his ministers the King's decision.

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This world-stirring affair of romance and Constitutional crisis seems to have been predicted long in advance, -- predicted in a way. Who was the prophet? None other than Mr. Simpson. Years ago, when he was a mere schoolboy at Pottstown, Pennsylvania, he foretold the name of Simpson would rise high in England and be of great note to the British empire. But he meant this prophecy for himself -- not for Mrs. Simpson. He was a schoolboy poet in those days, and wrote the following verses:-

"All London is in Ecstasy today,

Over the Fashionplate. Simpson, they say,

Directs the styles, the trend of British thinking,

And often with King ^{the} ~~George~~ is seen a-drinking."

Strange Schoolboy prophecy!

FOREIGN

The word from Spain is - marking time. The western sky above Madrid red with cannon fire. The political horizon redder than ever. With a supreme fascist attack expected at any moment, the Left Wingers go further to the left. Their high command turns definitely Communist. Antonio Garcia, a Communist leader, has been appointed in place of the Radical Socialist Del Vayo - as Commissar of War. That title "Commissar" has all the sound of Bolshevik Communism, and now it's given to a chief of the Spanish Communists.

For the past few days General Franco and his Fascists have been assembling full power for a new and decisive stroke against Madrid. The preparative bombardment has been thundering all day. Madrid knows what's coming, and is nerved to meet it - under its new Communist command, the leftest of the left, the reddest of the red.

There's a change too, in Soviet Russia - not to the left, but to the right. For some time now we have been hearing how the Bolsheviks are returning to customs long

denounced as bourgeois. Tonight, the latest Soviet departure from the red, takes us to the black and white - the black tie and the white tie, the black tails and top hat, and the white boiled shirt.

Now what do we hear? Dinner jackets and tail coats have appeared on sale in Moscow; brocaded vests with the starchiest of starchy shirts, top hats, and even morning coats with gray striped trousers. With this news comes one rather incomprehensible detail - that all these formal suits of clothes appearing on sale are of the one size. Size forty-eight. Maybe it means that in Red Moscow only fat men are supposed to dress, prosperous citizens - the bourgeois, capitalistic sort. Maybe they figure you're sure to be fat if you are prosperous enough to pay the prices charged.

A morning coat and striped trousers for ten hundred and twenty eight rubles, two hundred and five dollars! Some kopeks!

So the political philosophy tonight shows us - left wing Spain swinging more to the left, Communist Russia swinging to right, with King Edward still somewhere in the middle.

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Here's somebody else who still seems to be in the middle--
(Leon Trotsky, once lord of Communism and commander of the Red
Army. He's in Norway, but Norway is determined to get rid of
him. Radical Mexico has offered him an asylum.) That ought
to fix things ok~~o~~-dok for the onetime red Napoleon. But there
seems to be some complications.

Opposition has popped up in Mexico. -- among the labor
groups. One proletarian outfit says -- welcome Trotsky --
welcome in the name of the World Revolution. But another labor
organization ^{this afternoon} shouts -- no, we won't have him. Sounds as though
it might be a conservative group. But listen to the explanation:
They don't want Trotsky, because he's an enemy to Stalin. They
denounce him as a traitor to the revolution.

Meanwhile, Lenin's oldtime partner is dubious about
the ~~Mexican~~ offer. He's got to leave Norway, but he's afraid
there's a catch in the invitation to the New World. He thinks
it may be a dodge to get him into the hands of the Stalin crowd,
and do away with him.

JAPAN

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In the story of the famous alliance between Japan and Germany, we find a bit of anti-climax today. The Nippon-Teuton line-up against Communism has led to the resignation of the Japanese Foreign Minister - and all because of fishing. Foreign Minister Arita today offered his resignation to Premier Hirota. He wants to step out of office because of the way the German-Japanese Treaty has been criticized in Japan; ~~it has been~~ criticized because it has put the jinx on an agreement between Tokyo and Moscow concerning fishing. ^{On account} ~~because~~ of the ^{new} Treaty, the Soviets have refrained from ratifying ^{the} ~~an~~ arrangement to ^{continue} ~~the~~ Japanese fishing rights in Siberian waters. The fishing industry of course is a large item in ^{fish-eating} Japan.

If Premier Hirota ~~XXXXX~~ accepts the resignation of Foreign Minister Arita, it's likely that the whole cabinet may step out.

Another bit of news from the Far East is confirmation of something that has been said day after day - that the Japanese are at the back of the attacks the Mongols have been making against China. The Chinese say the Mongols are supported

by soldiers of Manchukuo, ~~with~~ that Manchukuo is a puppet state
of Japan - therefore ~~it's~~ ^{the aggression is} basically Japanese. Today's word comes
from Premier Chang Ching-Hui of Manchukuo. He admits that his
government is supporting the Mongols. Inasmuch as nobody denies
that Manchukuo is under Japanese control, Japan seems to be
definitely placed as a sponsor for ^{great} the Mongol raids into China.

PHILIPPINES

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A few mere facts will sketch the devastating story of ^{today's} flood in the Philippines. ~~The~~ The richest and most populous fields on the island of Luzon are in the two provinces to the north of Manila. ~~the~~ ^a country of rich river valleys; ~~and~~ the largest river in the Luzon ~~is~~ the Grande-de Cagayan. First there was a typhoon, with its blasting destructive wind. Now, floods - caused by the terrific rains that poured down ^{on} the typhoon. The deluge of the storm flooded the rivers and now the Grande-de Cagayan has washed out its valley.

Dispatches tell of the river flood swirling six feet above the tops of telegraph posts. The water - thirty-six feet above normal. And it is feared ~~that~~ thousands of lives are lost.

POPE

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Reports about the illness of Pope Pius continue to be favourable, although the pontiff is still being kept in bed this evening. He wanted to get up above all things today -- because this is ^a~~the~~ great church festival, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The Pope thought he was well enough to arise and say Mass. But the doctor said "no" -- because of the weather. A sudden ~~chill~~ ^a chill winter has swooped down upon the Eternal City -- the kind of weather in which bed is the best place for a seventy-nine year old patient.

FREEDMAN

A law-suit that had Broadway agog, ended today.

Eddie Cantor, the comedian, sued by Dave Freedman, the gag man, for a quarter of a million dollars - the trial was expected to provide a flashing comedy of court-room entertainment, but it *has* *suddenly* [^] come to a final conclusion today - finished for good.

They had been most intimate friends and ~~closest~~ collaborators - the teller of jokes and the creator of jokes. Then they became enemies. Eddie Cantor and Dave Freedman first became associated when Eddie read a book that Dave had written. Not long out of school, Freedman produced a volume about the doings and sayings of Mendel M̄arantz, pictured as a lazy, loafing philosopher of the East Side. The philosophies propounded by Mendel were the sort to catch the eye of Eddie Cantor.

"What's love?" asked Mendel. "It's a cigar. The brighter it burns, the quicker it turns into ashes."

"What's marriage?" "The ash tray."

It wasn't long before ~~Eddie~~ Dave Freedman was writing gags and comic skits for Eddie Cantor. Their association

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continued for a long time. They were the Damon and Pythias of Broadway, the stage, the radio.

Then they had a quarrel -- about money matters. They became as implacable enemies as they had been devoted friends. They got into court proceedings - with Freedman suing Cantor for \$250,000. The law-suit, as it came to trial, was the talk of Broadway.

A curious thing about Broadway's Number One Gag Man was his devotion to the abstruse arts of higher calculus and post-Euclidian geometry. He was an enthusiastic member of the Mathematician Society. His trade was humor, his amusement was mathematics.

Today, the court opened in the celebrated quarter of a million dollar Broadway case of Freedman versus Cantor, - the second day of the trial. On the bench sat Justice Pecora, that same Ferdinand Pecora who rose to fame a couple of years ago as chief inquisitor in the Senate Finance Investigation. Defendant Eddie Cantor was in court. The chief witness of the day was to be Plaintiff Freedman. Gag man Dave

as a witness of the day was expected to provide some lively comic fireworks. Attorney Samuel Leibowitz appeared for him — that same Leibowitz who made headlines in the case of the Scottsboro negroes, and the Hauptmann case. The attorney addressed the court and asked that the case be closed - declared off. " I am sorry to inform the court," he said, "that the plaintiff has died."

Dave Freedman, Number one Gag Man, had fallen victim to a sudden heart attack - at thirty-eight.

"That," said Justice Pecora from the bench, "is a decree of a Court from which there is no appeal." And he dismissed the case. Eddie Cantor was sitting there, his wide eyes growing wider, "This is a most shocking and distressing thing," he said. I am sure Dave knew in his heart that I was his friend, and that the day would come that in spite of this law-suit we would be working together again. This show business is cockeyed! " Eddie Cantor reflected sadly. "Today, we are fighting each other, tomorrow we are working together."

But Eddie Cantor and Dave Freedman will never work together again - for Broadway's celebrated law-suit which was expected to scintillate with wit and humor today ended in tragedy.

And s - l - u - t - m.