

L.J. - Sunoco. Thurs., May 28, 1936.

Cowan  
MSB

We've been told how nervous the Congressional Investigating Committee has been about Dr. Townsend. The doctor grievously offended the dignity of the lawmakers, when he walked out of their investigation and told them to go chase themselves. They knew in the first place that by ~~questioning~~ <sup>quizzing</sup> into the Old Age Pension movement, they were poking ~~around with~~ <sup>into</sup> political dynamite. And, if they went ahead and hauled the pension doctor into court they'd give him a chance to shout that he was being persecuted. There's nothing more dangerous in politics than a cry of persecution, with somebody represented as a martyr. Moreover, the members of the committee ~~are~~ <sup>were</sup> afraid that the cry of persecution would give the Townsend leaders a chance to appeal to their followers for financial help, and raise a huge defense fund, which would strengthen their hands.

So no wonder the Congressional Committee was worried over the idea of prosecuting Dr. Townsend for contempt. They ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> been stewing over it for a week before ~~venturing~~ <sup>Congress</sup> to issue a citation. <sup>today.</sup> And when the contempt resolution was entered today

it was accompanied by a fourteen page report, saying why it should be done. <sup>And - it</sup> Sounds like fourteen pages of harrassed nerves.

But in any case the aged inventor of the revolving pension plan stands called to the bar to answer for the way he flouted the investigators <sup>who were</sup> questioning him. He'll be brought into the Federal Court to answer to the charge. The possible penalites are a fine <sup>of</sup> from a hundred to a thousand dollars or a jail sentence from a month to a year -- or both fine and jail.

Along with Dr. Townsend, two of his colleagues are charged with contempt. He walked out. They didn't even ~~nk~~ show up in answer to the Congressional summons to testify.

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What does the Doctor say to all this? He's still breathing fire. He declares they won't dare ~~to~~ call him to task for what he <sup>terms:-</sup> ~~calls~~ "An open discussion of the merits of this notorious case."

Meanwhile, the Townsend committee is going on with its investigation -- ~~is~~ calling two more officials of the pension organization to testify.

## POLITICS

The Townsend tangle is only one phase of the general picture of political strife and storm in Washington. One angle, with all sorts of possibilities for bitter ~~xx~~ debate appeared in the Senate today as the law-makers opened their discussion on the billion-and-a-half dollar appropriations Bill. The Administration needs that amount of money to keep up its program of work relief.

From the Republican side, came a counter-blast - "Give up work relief! Let's have direct relief!" That's an idea which has been maturing all along, the notion that it is too expensive to relieve unemployment by providing jobs, and that it would be much cheaper to help the unemployed by handing them the cash as straightaway relief.

It all provides a neat two-way argument of logic- one side saying it's bad to support the unemployed in idleness, it's better to give them something to do. You can call direct relief a dole, and the word doesn't sound so good. But then the other view is just as plausible. Work relief is a roundabout way of helping the unemployed because for every dollar it puts in the pockets of the needy, several dollars are required for materials,

structures, engineering, and all the complicated things that go into creating a public work. Moreover, the tendency always is to create public works that are of no particular use, merely built to give men jobs.

These reasonings were in the argument in the Senate today - when from the Republican side came the denunciation of work relief and a call for direct relief.

*Cut* { With this Appropriations Bill tossed in the fire of argument, the corporation tax law is still in the hazy realm of dilemma. The Senate Committee after breaking its brains for weeks, is still split wide open on the subject of corporation taxes. The critical point of course is the President's idea of taxing corporation surpluses, surpluses piled up against a rainy day or invested back into a business.

Some days ago we figured there wasn't much likelihood of Congress being able to adjourn on June Sixth, in preparation for the opening of the Republican National Convention on June Ninth. Tonight it will take more of a miracle than ever for Congress to get through with its work and close shop - even by June twenty-third, when the Democrats hold their convention. But they may recess for the conventions.

KING

Next year, eleven months and a half from today, we'll be having a big show, A blaze of regal, imperial glory staged in London. And - all the world will be let in on it - so far as the latest devices of science will make that possible. That's one angle about today's news. Radio to be employed to the fullest and they are making provisions for the use of television. Yes, we'll all be let in on the show, on May twelfth, Nineteen Thirty-Seven. What show?

This morning there was a meeting of the Privy Council in London, with King Edward the Eighth attending. And in full formality His Majesty wrote his signature, "Edward Rex", -- wrote it on a royal order approving the date which the Privy Council proposed for his coronation. What date? That wasn't revealed. They don't do things so hastily and unceremoniously in England. It was merely announced that the coronation date would be officially stated in the House of Commons by the Prime Minister. So, there was immediate speculations and guesses - what day would

it be. Some time next year, no doubt. The speculation and guessing didn't last long.

This afternoon Prime Minister Baldwin arose in the House of Commons, and spoke to this effect: "His Majesty, the King, will be crowned as monarch of the British Empire on May Twelfth, Nineteen Thirty-Seven."

And what a show that will be - with all the pomp and splendor of medieval England! Already today the preparations have begun, coronation plans that it will take a year to complete.

We are told that King Edward the Eighth is personally checking every detail of the magnificent ceremony. The planning of the ritual is the duty of the Earl Marshal of England, <sup>the Duke of Norfolk.</sup> His Grace of Norfolk is already deeply immersed in the study of the past coronations of English kings. He is being assisted by the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Cromer, because the Earl's hobby is the lore of royal pageantry. The question of how far the coronation of Edward the Eighth shall differ from that of his father, George the Fifth, is to be decided by the Lord President of the Council, <sup>— none other than</sup> Ramsay MacDonald. That's an odd task for the

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His Majesty's Court of Claims is now ready to consider the bewildering number of petitions from dignitaries of the realm, who claim hereditary right to perform important functions at the coronation, the privilege of instructing the king in the rites and ceremonies, to bear the canopies in the procession, to support His Majesty at the Coronation, to provide the glove for the King's right hand, and the glove for his left, to bear the Staff of St. Edward, and to carry the Great Spurs -- especially the Great Spurs, James! my Great Spurs.

England takes all these royal matters quite seriously, quite! - partly because England is so devoted to its ancient traditions, and partly because these splendors are regarded as having practical value for the empire - a symbolical demonstration of imperial power and unity. (That's why there'll be elaborate radio broadcasting and perhaps television.

*Cut* { King Edward realizes that only the merest fraction of his subjects will be able to witness any of the coronation pageantry. Hundreds of thousand will stream into London, but the empire has its hundreds of millions. And in Westminster

*cut* { Abbey only people of consequence will be admitted. No room  
(in the Abbey for the general public.) So, the King is

planning a grandiose radio program, that will explain to  
the farthese British realms the solemnity and religious  
significance of the coronation. [

The plan is to broadcast the  
ritual in the Abbey, with running radio comment. And the  
magnificent procession from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey to  
be televised - if television has become sufficiently effective  
~~xx~~ by May Twelfth, Nineteen Thirty-Seven. (We'll have to  
discuss that with Mr. Sarnoff.)

So we'll all be let in on the show - and we Americans  
seem to have quite taste for the royal pageants of Britain.



FOLLOW KING

The coronation announcement came right on the heels of a royal dinner which today had London society agog. Tonight the comment in Mayfair is -- the new king to be crowned, and *abroad* there's a new state of social affairs at Buckingham Palace.

To us Americans the headline for the royal reception is: Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh had dinner with the King. But today, with the publication of the list of guests, London concentrates its attention on the change of social life in royal circles.

Under George the Fifth and Queen Mary court life was ~~stodgy~~ sedate and dignified to the point of stodginess, with a congregation of dowagers and dukes. So now let's look at the ~~gr~~ guest list for the party given by the new King, who <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ the gay frolicking Prince of Wales.

The world's foremost aviator and his wife to begin with. There were cabinet ministers and the first sea lord. There was Lord Louis Mountbatten and Lady Mountbatten, ~~she~~ ~~is~~ one of Britain's greatest heiresses, who was willed enormous wealth by her grandfather Sir Ernest <sup>Cassell,</sup> ~~Cassell,~~ the banker. There was Lady Diana Manners and her husband -- <sup>same</sup> the Lady Diana who <sup>one of</sup> was the

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greatest beauty of her generation, and played over here in New York in The Miracle. And, smart London today noticed particularly that the list of guests included, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson - the beautiful Mrs. Simpson.

She is an American whose charm and beauty have distinguished her in London society. As the Prince of Wales, King Edward was noted for his preference for American girls, as dancing partners. Of them all, his favorite dancing partner was Mrs. Simpson. The London Papers printed photographs of them together at the seashore on the Riviera, at winter resorts in the Alps, at the fashionable race meets in England, Dancing partner of the Prince of Wales, now dinner guest of the King.

London remembering the ponderous solemnity of King George's receptions, notices the interesting guest list of King Edward's dinner party -- and remarks -- it's still the Prince of Wales who will be crowned "Edward Rex" next year. And there's a twirling of monocles in London, tonight.

## FROGS

A Frenchman strolls down the boulevard, sips an aperitif and smiles at Mademoiselle. A frog jumps into ponds and wallows in puddles. When a Frenchman gives a decision on frogs, it's like me passing judgement on myself. A French court has just handed down a verdict, defining what a frog is, or rather what a frog is not. And this brings to an end a case which excited the passionate interest of the gastronomic epicures of Paris.

It all goes back to a night sometime ago when Rene Cholley set out through the night -- Rene who was known to have a prime taste for a good dinner. He trudged across the country to a place where there was a brook and a swamp. He splashed and waded and then he crouched. He had a rake in his hand. Five times, swiftly, skillfully, he reached out with the rake and drew ~~in~~ it in. And each time he had something wriggling and kicking. A Frenchman catching frogs. Rene was procuring a dinner for an epicure.

Then he looked up and in the darkness he saw--

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a gendarme. Rene was frog-<sup>catching</sup>~~hunting~~ in forbidden territory, where hunting and fishing were not allowed. The gendarme arrested him and took him to the Bastille.

Now the judge has spoken the verdict -- not guilty. Rene can eat frog-legs in freedom. There was no question but that he had been caught catching frogs in violation of the fish and game laws. But the judge ruled that a frog is neither bird, beast nor fish. In the meaning of the hunting and fishing law -- a frog is nothing.

"Voila -- ~~■~~ there are no frogs," beams the Frenchman ~~■~~ sitting in front of a plate of his favorite edible.

~~"Voila -- and"~~

~~SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY."~~

## TIBET

It won't mean much to us in this quarter of the world, but the far off Tibetans have at last found their Dalai Lama, have finally picked a baby boy who is to become their spiritual and temporal ruler. But it's a great source of comfort to the Tibetans. They've been having a lot of trouble and dispute about the next reincarnation of the Living Buddha, with rival babies competing for the divine honor.

It all traces back to the death of the last Dalai Lama in December of Nineteen Thirty-Three - amid strange and shady circumstances. The death of the Living Buddha was suspicious, shrouded in mystery and hints of foul play. But strangest of all, was the story that the Dalai Lama, having died, had come back to life. In the forbidden city of Lhasa, he had revived and returned to the land of the living just long enough to tell the monks around him how his successor would be found. He instructed them to find a lake, a lake frozen over and covered with snow. They should wait until a high wind would blow the snow off the ice, and then mirrored on the frozen surface they would see a hut on the other side of the lake. In this hut his successor, the sacred babe, would be born. Having given these

instructions, the Dalai Lama proceeded to die again. Such at least was the story told by the monks who had surrounded him. Even on the roof of the world, where the Tibetans are not very ~~xx~~ skeptical in religious matters, so astonishing a story produced a good deal of discord. And the hunt for the baby reincarnation of Buddha got tangled in all sorts of theological argument.

The trouble, says Gordon Enders, an American who was once advisor to the Panchen Lama, grew all the more complicated because of the intricate signs by which the divine babe is picked. If there's a wild storm at the time of its birth or an earthquake or a landslide, that means a lot. A birthmark if a favorable omen, particularly when it's a mark that has the form of tiger stripes. If a child is born with one or more teeth, that's <sup>most</sup> most auspicious. But there's one thing/significant of all - if the babe, when born, speaks out and utters the name of the preceding Dalai Lama. That makes it particularly certain. And no wonder.

## QUINTUPLETS

It would be appropriate tonight to sing, "Happy Birthday to You!" five times over - quintuplication in birthday greetings. Those five most famous sisters in the world, are two years old today. It isn't necessary to say ~~xxx~~ much about them. Everybody knows. And moreover they're having their own say on the radio tonight -- with all the clear and forceful eloquence of two year olds, babbling, mumbling, giggling, and maybe wailing.

The latest sizing up of the quints on their second birthday is - that Cecile is the prettiest and snootiest; Yvonne the smartest and the ringleader in mischief; Marie the most determined though once the most delicate; Emily the most desfructive. And Annette gives Yvonne a close run for being the smartest and the most mischievous.

So now on their quintuplicate birthday I'll say --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.