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Curran

KING

A world gazing philosopher today might ~~very~~ well have taken his eyes off the spectacular drama of kingship in England, and turned his glance across the ocean to this land of ours. In Washington he would have seen that the House of Representatives met for ten minutes and then adjourned for the remainder of the day - as a sign of respect ^{for a British King.} He would have noted that President Roosevelt today cancelled the Congressional reception at the White House, which gala event had been planned for tomorrow night. In New York the Cotton Exchange closed at noon, and so did the Board of Trade ~~and Commodity~~ in Chicago. ^R If our philosopher had strolled along Park Avenue today he would have noticed the ~~Hotel~~ Waldorf ~~Astoria~~ with two giant flags at half mast - the Union Jack and the American flag, each twenty by thirty feet, as symbols of mourning. And he would have seen the newspapers morning and evening, devoting ~~more than half of~~ ^{and} their front pages _{the} the predominant part of their entire news and picture space, to the one overwhelming story.

The radio jammed with words, including these words ^{of mine,} _{the} ^{one} theme that crowds out other themes ^{today.} Special short wave

broadcasts from England - twice. And (everywhere across this
broad republic - people talking about the two kings of England,
the King that was and the King that is. ^{For} there ^{is} a national
reaction on this side of the water to the death of George the
Fifth, and the ascension of Edward the Eighth.)

If this philosopher of ours were merely a wit, he
would likely propound some very clever variation of the old
cynical jest, of how the citizens of a republic adore a king.
He might snort that Americans don't mind having ^a democracy, so
long as somebody else has a king. ^{But} if he were ^{and endowed} more reasonable,
^{with} plain ~~and~~ common sense, he might perceive more comprehensive meanings:-
that in a unique way today the ancient rank of the King of England
symbolizes the British Empire, that the monarchs of Great Britain
have been able to make themselves the very personification for
that stupendous realm which reaches from the Arctic to the
Antarctic, from the Greenwich Meridian to the Hundred and
Eightieth. So, the attention given the King is one form of
the attention that Great Britain ^{rightly} commands. ^{Yes, and} that is seen in the
worldwide response today - from friendly Geneva ~~to the~~ of the

League of bitterly antagonistic Italy. In our own United States there is the added factor of the ties of blood, culture and language. The British King seems not only greater, but also closer to us who fought a British King so bitterly a Hundred and Fifty years ago. And then - Americans do love royalty. Moreover there's an unusual and unique interest, from a human point of view, in the two monarchs, the one who has passed, the other who has come to the throne.

Last night at Fox Movietone while we worked all night long getting out a special reel on the King, Lawrence Stallings made a remark curiously apropos. He said that King George, coming to the throne, had inherited a deadly international situation, a brewing storm that was none of his own making. That was true. He inherited what was swiftly to become the post of war king. Yet he, least of all men, was the sort to play a dangerous game, a game of ambition, a game of war. He was above all things simple, moderate, reasonable and kind. That's what, on his gorgeous throne, endeared him to the British and to the world.

His father, King Edward, was another sort of man - flashy, gay, a hard player

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in the game of life, a master player in the game of international politics. It was Edward who formed the Entente, the line-up of Allies - for the World War. (King George took his qualities rather from his grandfather, Prince Albert - the calm, sedate, family-loving and utterly respectable Albert of the Victorian era. George inherited little from Edward, save his crown and the bronchial malady that ~~xxxxxxx~~ caused his death. Edward the Seventh, too, died of a chronic bronchial ailment.)

The British royal family seems to be a skip-generation affair. Prince Albert's father was a gay blade, who chased wildly after amusement. Albert himself a model of propriety. Edward the Seventh, like his grandfather and unlike his father, ~~of~~ a merry-maker. George - propriety incarnate. And now, Edward the Eighth? He is one reason why the royal succession in England is so fascinating today.

(Certainly, the two Edwards, the Seventh and the Eighth, have their resemblances. The Seventh - he was in his time the fascinating Prince of Wales of his era. And we all remember the fascinating Prince of Wales of our own period,

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the Prince Charming who came over here, and swept public interest
to the fluttering of all the debs.) The world's most royal young
man, he was at the same time the world's most charming young man.
Lover of a good time, of laughter, social ~~gay~~ gaieties and dancing.
He was also salesman for the British Empire. Yes - and the
world's incorrigible bachelor.

(What kind of King will he make?) Instinctively, we all
know - an able king. With all his merry zest for life, he has
again~~st~~ and again shown stern and able qualities of character.
In the last century a gay Prince of Wales became the wise and
brilliant King, Edward the Seventh. And (the best guess now is
that history will once more repeat itself - that another gay
Prince of Wales will show himself to have become a wise and
brilliant king.

(But there's one thing unique about him - he's a
bachelor.king. The ^{new is that} one more duty that Edward has never undertaken -
the dynastic obligation of marriage and succession.) He is the
first bachelor king to come to the throne of England since the
dim days of the seventeen hundreds. ~~That~~ For George the Third,

was a bachelor.

But after becoming King he got married. ^{It} It seems highly probably that Edward the Eighth will remain a bachelor - a royal rarity indeed! The only other important bachelor king that I can think of ^{was} Charles the Twelfth, the great conqueror ^{and} of military genius of Sweden. - ^{He} He never married.

(The news from London is ^{all} ~~more~~ formality ^{today,} most formal and most stately. The Privy Council, the Lords and the Commons, acted with solemn promptitude, proclaiming - Edward the Eighth.) All was solemnly in accord with age-old tradition - save one thing. The new King flew from Sandringham to London to receive the allegiance of the Privy Council, the Lords and the Commons. Other kings of England have journeyed to the same function, riding on war charges ^{or} in coaches of state, but now - the airplane!

Symbol of the new day.
For Edward the Eighth, ruler of the far flung British Empire, is an ultra-modern king.

We might as well write the word- ~~write~~ ^{"end"} -- the end
to the great bonus question that has perturbed politics in four
administrations. Today's word from Washington is that the
House of Representatives tomorrow will accept the amendment
tacked onto the bill by the ~~the~~ Senate, and do it pronto. And
Speaker Byrns will sign the measure with just as ~~much~~ much speed.
That will send it to the President's desk -- probably tomorrow.
Nobody knows what Mr. Roosevelt will do. But Washington says
it won't matter. If there's a veto, Congress will over-ride
the veto. And that also will be -- pronto.

All indications are that we might as well consider
the ~~bonus~~ bill passed up and down the line ^{and go right ahead and} ~~and~~ make a quick
review of what it means:- ^{TP} It's call the ~~XXXXXX~~ ^{ed} Compromise Bond
~~and~~ Bonus Bill. The total sum it appropriates for the war
veterans is two billion, two hundred and thirty-seven million
dollars. The money will be whacked up among more than three
and a half million World War veterans. The whole thing how-
ever ~~it~~ does not necessarily involve cash payment. The
veterans may ^{get} ~~have~~ cash, if they like, or they may ^{hold onto their} ~~have~~ bonds.

The veterans now ^{have} ~~hold~~ compensation certificates which entitle them to various sums of money. They'll get bonds for the amount of those sums. They'll be allowed to cash those bonds at any postoffice after June Fifteenth, or they can hold them until 1945 and draw interest.

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LONG

There was pistol firing in Louisiana today, and the crash of the gun had a reminiscent sound. It seems almost like a reverberation of the crash of that other gun, which felled Huey Long in his own State Capitol.

Louisiana went to the polls today in a primary election, and the overwhelming point at issue was:- shall the mighty political machine created by the Kingfish still continue to rule the state? The Long machine waged its fight with the old slogan made famous by Huey -- "Every man a king."

It was a bitter political battle that culminated in the polling booths today. Huey Long alive made animosities burn fiercely -- so fiercely that they produced those pistol shots that killed him in the state capitol. Nor did that assassination of the Kingfish add any touch of meekness or mildness to the Louisiana political scene. Today's election was featured by charges of intimidation, graft, coercion, fraud, dishonesty, corruption, malfeasance, chicanery, charlatanism, demagoguery, and all the epithets that one politician can fling at another. It was also featured by two hundred thousand additional voters. They went to the ballot boxes because of a law passed by Huey Long before he was killed.

Louisiana had always had a poll tax. Everybody had to pay a dollar before he had the right to vote. It seems that two hundred thousand Louisianians in the past didn't have the dollar or wouldn't put it up for the right of suffrage. Anyway the abolition of the poll tax promptly boosted the number of voters by two hundred thousand.

And that added to the election excitements today. With all the agitation, ^{bitterness and general hate} it's no wonder there was a flash of pistol fire. ~~today~~ A prominent political leader named Gene Gill was shot. Joe Schultz is accused of having shot him. He's a leader too. The last time we heard of political shooting in Louisiana was when ^{an} anti-Long man fired the deadly ~~bullet~~ bullets at Huey himself. And today ^{again} it's an anti-Long man charged with blazing away. ~~and Gene~~ Gill, a prominent leader of the Kingfish machine fell wounded. ^{Over a violent} ~~It was all the result of a~~ ~~shooting~~ row at a polling place.

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cut

~~The news today gives us several odd stories about - police.~~

Here's a
Let's begin with ~~the~~ dark, mysterious yarn that's floating around in Europe. It concerns that always melodramatic theme - the British Secret Service, London's far flung net for the gathering of secret information.

The story goes that the British Secret Service ~~xxxxxhaunt~~ has a haunt which would ~~be a~~ *make an excellent stage setting* ~~good gadget~~ for any mystery novel of melodramatic intrigue. It is described as an old castle in the south of England, somewhere in Dover. A mysterious castle shrouded in secrecy, with ~~secret~~ *underground* passages, trap doors, hidden rooms and strange trappings. A sinister place, creeping with ghosts and ~~strange~~ *uncanny* doings. There, they say, are twenty-four picked young men, studying for the Secret Service, for the most difficult and dangerous exploits of British espionage. There they study the art of disguise, how to assume different personalities; they pry into the difficult art of secret codes and ~~services~~ *ciphers*. They are schooled in the ~~ways~~ *wiles* of spies, how to worm their way into the confidence of high foreign officials, masters of foreign nations. These twenty-four young men take a

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scholastic course in the ways to employ women in secret agent work - the beautiful spy, so frequently the blond spy. And they even take a post-graduate course in the art of removing inconvenient figures from their path, secret assassination.

It sounds like sinister romance. That's what the British say it is. Exceedingly sinister, and entirely romantic. They tell us that the story of the mysterious castle is a sheer myth, that the legend originated in Poland, and has spread far and wide. That there's nothing to it. There is no such strange castle in Dover. It was all invented in Poland.

But Scotland Yard is developing a real innovation. An extended use of women in police work. There are now sixty-seven Scotland Yard women, and they have proved so efficient that the Yard has asked for lady sleuths to the number of a hundred and two.

If any of you girls are thinking about becoming one of those renowned crime hunters of Scotland Yard, here are the specifications:- You must be between the ages of twenty-four and thirty-five; you must be at least five feet four inches tall. You may be either a spinster or a childless widow. No, you can't

ROGER WILLIAMS

Somewhere in the other world, there's a stern-faced Puritan who must be smiling in his ^{dour}~~stern~~ way. Roger Williams, that mighty battler for the Lord, in the earliest days of New England. Yes, in his far away paradise, Roger Williams would be amused to hear the glad tidings, ~~x~~ although in life he was not a man given to much merriment. But now, the word is that Roger Williams may be allowed to return to Massachusetts. Whether he can return to earth at all, is doubtful. But if so, maybe he can come back to Massachusetts.

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The Legislature at ^{Boston}~~Springfield~~ today took under consideration a bill to revoke the sentence of exile passed against that doughty Puritan three hundred years ago. They chased him out of Massachusetts at that time. So he went on and founded Rhode Island. It was all a theological quarrel. The stony-faced divines that ruled the colony found Roger Williams even too stern a Puritan. Anyway, he didn't quite agree with their theology. So they took harsh measures against him. And he fled from the Massachusetts colony and took refuge on Narraganset Bay, among the Indians. There, with some other

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— some of my ancestors —
like-minded men of bleak religion, he founded the City of Providence. And so Rhode Island began.

To this day the decree against Roger Williams has stood in Massachusetts law. But now Representative Washburn of Middleboro has arisen and said: "Let's take it all back. Let's revoke the exile of Roger Williams!" It's on the basis of "better late than never", although it's mighty late, about three hundred years late. The Massachusetts Legislature is debating the proposal, and I suppose they'll pass it - with the full fervor of that spirit: "Come back, ^{Roger,} all is forgiven."

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So, no doubt, Roger Williams will be allowed to return to Massachusetts. The only trouble is that if it should happen that he can get back to the world at all - he might choose to return to Rhode Island, and wouldn't that make Massachusetts mad!

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And I'd better choose to say, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.