

L.T. SUNOCO. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1936

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

(Less than two hours ago, we radio listeners heard the greatest broadcast of all time. A truly extraordinary thing -- in power, pathos and simplicity.) The simplicity of great drama began with the opening five words of introduction, as the London announcer said: "His Royal Highness, Prince Edward." There was the theme -- a king no longer! In the closing sign off, the English announcer concluded with the words: "His Ex-Majesty." Ending on the same theme.

Yesterday, in London, the DAILY EXPRESS announced this afternoon's broadcast in these words:- "Mr. Windsor will speak on the radio tomorrow." Yes, he's David Windsor now, the man who was King, -- King of England, Scotland, Wales and the Dominions Beyond the Seas, Emperor of India and Defender of the Faith.

We who had heard him speak on the radio before, when he was Prince of Wales and when he was King, knew his voice -- light

and bright, in those times. But those were happy times. Today we had a different tone of speech from His Royal Highness Prince Edward, His Ex-Majesty, Mr. Windsor. His voice was hoarse; seemed about to break, as if choking for utterance. It sounded like the voice of a man in tears. (It was supremely the voice of one who after heart-searching and heart-struggle had given up the throne of the British Empire - for love, for a woman.

He said so simply, that he had performed his last duty as King Emperor - meaning that he had signed his own abdication.) He made it clear that his struggle had been within himself, not against his ministers, not strife between persons. You noticed how he spoke his kindness toward Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin; how he said the Ministers had always given him the fullest consideration, and said his decision was his own, had been made within himself. For that's where his struggle was.

(The drama of an empire rose to a soaring note of pathos when Edward embarked upon the theme that has stood first in the eyes of the world. There was something confessional about

it, as though he were making his confession to the British Empire - confession and a heart-touching appeal. Remember how he said:

"You must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry this heavy burden and responsibility and to discharge my duties as a king as I would wish to do, without the help and support of the woman I love."

And then simplicity at its most affecting. Edward's voice at a breaking point when he used the words - "matchless blessing." What blessing? "A blessing", he said, "enjoyed by so many of you and not bestowed on me - a happy home with wife and children."

You can take all the great speeches on the stage, and all the splendid declamations of the classical drama, and you'll find nothing to approach the poignant appeal of the man who today spoke to the British Empire, one fourth of the human beings on this earth.

(We will long remember those few simple words with which the ex-monarch explained how he had had to choose between the greatest crown on earth and the woman he loved; - and of how he had determined to give up the crown and go into exile.)

For exile it is. He told us that when he said: "It may be some time before I return to my native land."

And then how he spoke of the Queen Mother, saying: "During these hard days I have been comforted by Her Majesty, my Mother, and by my family."

To his successor we heard him declare his loyalty. At the beginning, saying:- "I have been succeeded by my brother, the Duke of York. My first words must be to declare my allegiance to him. This I do with all my heart."

And then those last words. These words:- "And now we all have a new King. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart. God bless you. God save the King."

And So he stepped out of the Empire! On his lips the phrase that's like an echo of Britain. Through the English centuries it rings, a lusty, cheering shout -- "God Save the King!" Never in British history was it spoken with so sad and broken a voice as it was spoken today. "God Save the King!" , to which the British Empire will echo: "God Save His Royal Highness Prince Edward, His ~~Ex-~~ Majesty, Mr. Windsor."

QUEEN MARY

And today the Queen Mother speaks; makes ~~his~~ appeal to the far-flung British Dominions. Like her son she speaks in such simple and affecting terms that little more is needed than to repeat her words. Addressing the people of the British Empire she says:-

"I need not speak to you of the distress that fills a mother's heart when I think that my dear son has deemed it his duty to lay down his charge."

Then Queen Mary adds a plainly worded phrase which might be put on record as a classic and pathetic summary of the drama of Edward the Eighth:-

"The reign," says she, "which was begun with so much hope and promise, has suddenly ended."

The royal mother makes a plea for her royal son:-

"I know," she says, "that you will realize what it cost him to come to this decision. And she calls upon the people of the Empire to remember other years -- "The years," she pleads, "in which he tried so eagerly to serve his country and his Empire."

Then after having appealed in behalf of one of her sons she appeals in behalf of another:-

"I commend to you his brother," she tells the British Empire, "his brother summoned so unexpectedly and under circumstances so painful, to take his place."

Finally
~~then~~ she recalls that former King, George the Fifth, whose queen she was, as she speaks for the present king:- "I ask you to give him the same full measure of generous loyalty which you gave to my beloved husband." The Queen Mother -- who sees one son leaving the throne -- and another son taking the throne -- makes her plea for both.

IRELAND

53

Irish eyes were not smiling today - they were flashing. President deValera must have had flaming recollections of that phrase of other days - the Irish Republic. That was what he fought for during the dreadful days of Sinn Fein against ^{the} Black and Tan - the Irish Republic which was compromised ~~with~~ ^{with the} semi-independence [&] of the Irish Free State. Today, in the Irish Parliament deValera introduced a bill to deal with the abdication of Edward and the accession of his brother. The bill is so framed that it would virtually make Ireland a republic - so far as internal affairs are concerned.

We have been hearing that Dublin would take advantage of London's constitutional crisis to push the cause of Irish independence and break a few more bonds with the British Empire. That was confirmed today in the terms of the new succession bill. It provides ^{that} the Speaker of the ^{Irish} ~~Parliament~~ ^{Parliament} ~~in~~ ^{shall have} in the future ^{with} the power to sign bills and dissolve the parliament - those are functions hitherto performed by the Governor-General, as the representative of the King. The

54
King's authority ^{thereby} would be limited to foreign affairs. As long as the Free State is associated with the Empire, Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, the King's authority in ~~affair~~ international affairs would be recognized.

The deValera bill puts it in these words: "The King is so recognized and may, and is hereby authorized, to act on

behalf of the Irish Free State for like purposes." That means diplomatic purposes. Under these conditions, the Irish Free

State will recognize the succession of the new King

if the bill goes through — and it undoubtedly will.

So one bi-product of the royal romance is a new

development in the historic struggle between John Bull and "that

~~northern~~ ^{other} island of his," as George Bernald Shaw phrased it.

The affair of Mrs. Simpson gives the opportunity for another step toward the Irish Republic.

ROMANCE

57
A radio listener of Springfield, Massachusetts, sends me an interesting clipping from a Springfield paper. It tells a story of romance between an American woman and a king - and their marriage. Not a lady from Baltimore, but a girl from Springfield. Not a king of England, but a king of Portugal.

Nearly a hundred years ago, back in the Eighteen Forties, a Swiss tailor and his family immigrated to America and settled down in Springfield, Massachusetts. He opened a tailoring shop there. His eldest daughter, ^{Elise} Elise, sang in the choir of the North Church. The beauty of her voice was the sensation of the town. She studied for opera, went to Europe and became a renowned prima donna.

In due time Elise Hensler, the girl from Springfield, opened a ~~xx~~ brilliant operatic season at Lisbon, in the opera "La Sonnambula". She sang ~~xxxxxx~~ devinely. The Portuguese ruling family sat in the royal box and acclaimed her with enthusiasm - especially the king. He fell in love with her then and there, love at first sight. He got an introduction

to her and it wasn't long before he proposed marriage. She accepted - and became the king's wife in June of Eighteen Fifty-Two. She even became queen; ~~though~~ they had no great ~~constitutional~~ constitutional scruples about that in Portugal. The girl from Springfield became Countess of Elda - consort to His Majesty, King Ferdinand of Portugal.

POPE

56
A man who was a mountain climber ^{both} in his youth and middle-age, can be a restless, ^{disturbed} ~~and disquieted~~ patient when he is bed-ridden, in illness and old age. Having had sturdy legs that scaled summits, he can find it hard to resign himself when those legs have become half paralyzed. That's what the ^{Doctors} ~~at the~~ Vatican ^{now discover} ~~have found out~~ - with their patient, Pope Pius the Eleventh. ^{TP} The Pontiff is making progress in his illness. Last night he enjoyed the best sleep he has had since he was stricken. But he still has to stay in bed, and that's what irks him. One surmise ^{by high} ~~from the~~ Vatican ^{officials is} ~~indicates~~ that he may never be able to walk again, ^{may} ~~will~~ remain partly at least an invalid. ^{And that's a} ~~fact is that~~ prospect to call for a world of patience on the part of the Pope who was a mountain climber.

PHILHARMONIC

The news today brings us a success story of the good old-fashioned sort -- although it's set in the lofty realm of music.

Last year New York's world famous Philharmonic Orchestra faced a perilous future. For years it had been dominated by the great Toscannini. Last year Toscannini retired -- so what would the Philharmonic do? Who could fill his shoes?

So -- the Philharmonic picked five successors. It seemed they didn't dare engage just one man to succeed the one and one Toscannini. They chose variety - an English conductor, a Mexican, two Russians and a Roumanian -- they to do their stuff, one after another.

The hot spot would be for the one who began the season. He'd have to start in where Toscannini had left off. He'd have to step right into the maestro's big shoes. The hot spot was assigned to the Englishman. Nobody had ever heard of him. His name -- John Barbirolli; didn't sound so British; of English birth and rearing -- his father an Italian, his mother a French woman.

He was of musical ancestry, a family of orchestra players.

Both his father and his grandfather, at LaScala in Milan, had played in the orchestra at the world premier of Verdi's "Otello."

But where had this young John Barbirolli been conducting? The answer was -- at Leeds, amid the looms and broad dialect of Yorkshire, and in Scotland, where the heather grows -- but whoever heard of those places as art centers of symphonic music?

This season I listened with plenty of interest to what I heard among orchestra players. Here in Rockefeller Center, at N.B.C., you'll find a clearing house for musicians, in from everywhere, with gossip of the profession. They said in their hard-boiled way, the young chap was okay, knew his business. The critics were more flowery. The public expressed itself at the box office.

Meanwhile, the young conductor had learned to like the U.S.A. His Americanization became complete when he came around talking enthusiastically about -- little round caks with holes in them. It seems he was kept a long time one day, going through a violin concerto with Heifetz. Missed his dinner and dashed to

the nearest place for a bite, a place where he had got those little round cakes, a doughnut shop; good old-fashioned American sinkers. Barbirolli ate a dozen -- and didn't die of indigestion! That's being Americanized in a hurry. So, he'd better make good, if he wanted to stay Americanized and continue the doughnut diet.

Today we have an announcement from the Philharmonic Society about the young man who came over here to fill Toscannini's shoes. They've signed him to a contract, to be the sole Philharmonic conductor -- for three years beginning next season. Barbirolli will have complete charge of the orchestra left by Toscannini -- at a fat salary, enough to buy doughnuts for himself and lady. ---- And SOLONG UNTIL TIMORROW.