

RETAKE

Close

May 11, 1937.

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UPTON CLOSE . - SUNOCO. TUESDAY, MAY 11, 1937.

GOOD EVENING ^{all.} ~~EVERYBODY~~:

Several strange tales come to us from Europe today. And the strangest of all concerns America. There's a billionaire, or at least a man worth almost a billion, willing and anxious to finance a Fascist revolution in these United States. That comes to us by way of Berlin. Our authority for it is no less a tycoon than William E. Dodd, American Ambassador to Germany. But he didn't send it to an official of the State Department. He wrote it in a letter to Democratic Senator Bulkley of Ohio, Senator Glass of Virginia, and others. Today he told the Berlin correspondents about it.

Now, who's that billionaire? Ambassador Dodd knows, but he wouldn't say. He learned it confidentially from personal friends. But he took the report seriously enough to write ~~it~~ in

grave alarm to those Senators.

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His motive was his alarm over the state of the nation in general and the Democratic Party in particular. "The situation in the United States," he says, "is more dangerous than at any time since Lincoln. There are individuals of great wealth who wish a dictatorship and are ready to help a new Huey Long." Such are Mr. Dodd's words, and he adds: "There are politicians, some in the Senate I have heard, who think they may come into power like that of ~~the~~ European dictators in Moscow, Berlin and Rome."

For that reason, Ambassador Dodd urges party unity at all costs. "I cannot help feeling," he says, "that all of us who believe in our system must do what we can to support our President, even if we wish to amend some of his reform measures."

Wouldn't we all like to know the name of that particular billionaire Mr. Dodd spoke about?

Please don't ~~say~~ keep us in suspense, Mr. Dodd!

KING

Another strange tale from Europe is the report of King George's speech to the Prime Ministers and representatives of the dominions and colonies in India. It was strange not because of anything the King said. Kings are not allowed to say strange things in public. The Prime Ministers won't let them. It was the few words that King George the Sixth omitted which made his speech startling.

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The occasion was a purely formal one. The potentates he was addressing had come to bring him loyal addresses and messages of felicitation from overseas. His reply, ~~for the most part,~~ was just as cut and dried. He said: "For my part, I shall do my utmost to carry on my father's work for the welfare of our great empire."

But not a word about his brother who had ~~abdicated and~~ handed on the throne to him. Not a word about the work which Edward the Eighth as Prince of Wales had done for the Empire in the traditions of his house. Not a word about the brief reign of Edward the Eighth as King. ^{George VI} ~~His successor and brother,~~ at the dictation of Prime Minister Baldwin, of course, just dropped

KING #2.

the ten ~~months~~ and a half ^{months} reign of King Edward the Eighth clean out of English history.

Meanwhile the Duke of Windsor is reported as spending time, with his fiancee's help, in drafting a pretty message to allegiance and congratulation to his brother and sister-in-law. --Sort of crowning them with coals of fire, to use Biblical language!

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However, some persons in London regard that announcement of the formal engagement of the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Wallis Warfield -- no longer Simpson -- coming on the very eve of the Coronation-- as an intentional slap at certain high-placed British officials. Rumor has it that the Duke and his fiancee are angered at continued official opposition to their plans and irritated at efforts to prevent members of the Royal family from planning to attend the wedding ceremony.

At the Chateau de Cande, at Monts, France, Wallis has appeared wearing a beautiful engagement ring, specially made by a Paris jeweler at the orders of Duke Edward Windsor.

But there's still no definite news about the date of the wedding.

CORONATION

We respond warmly to a human touch amid all the pomp and ceremony in London. Americans just can't help but like that picture of King George and Queen Elizabeth putting on their regalia, crown and all, and parading up and down the drawing room. A little private rehearsal purely en famille. Gossip has it that they even teased and laughed at one another while they were doing it. Then they called in the children to watch daddy and mommy.

50 The one most amused was pretty little Princess Margaret Rose. At one point, it is said, King George's crown slipped over one eye. Thereat both the children shrieked and laughed, crying: "Look out, daddy, it's slipping!"

SPAIN

The little World War in Spain rages furiously on four fronts today. Eleven times Rebel squadrons flying in German bombing planes poured a rain of shells upon Bilbao. On the ground, meanwhile, General Mola recaptured from the Basques two strategic hills that overlook the lowlands around Bilbao.

On the Valencia front General Franco's forces captured a hill that straightens out their lines to within sixty miles of Valencia, the government's capital.

Madrid was treated to another terrific artillery bombardment. It didn't advance the front lines of the Rebels, but killed fifty-five and wounded many more inside the capital.

Meanwhile, at shattered Toledo, government battalions charged eleven times upon rebel outposts. And eleven times, with rifles, machine guns and hand-grenades, the Rebels drove them back.

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Outside of Spain, another squadron of British men of war was being massed to protect the evacuation of more women and children and old men from Bilbao in spite of General Franco's protests.

KNICKERBOCKER

To most of us Americans European politics are as cockeyed as a dog-fish out of water. Maybe ours are as strange to them, but at least since the Civil War they haven't been as bloody.

Now comes Tex Knickerbocker, ace European correspondent, telling us in the June Cosmopolitan that Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia may get together to run the troubled European continent. You could knock us over with a feather, of course. If those two enemies get to going tandem, our faith in good, hearty ~~hates~~ is forever shattered. Sounds like a grand idea for both, as Knickerbocker sets it out. If neither one can lick the other, the sensible thing to do is to get together to lick anyone else who may be in the way.

Knickerbocker points out that historically Germany and Russia are allies, that their armies worked in closer harmony than any two other armies in Europe from the Russian Revolution to Hitler, and that the most natural economic union in Europe is between Russia's vast raw materials and Germany's technological skill. It might be the answer to that bottled-up feeling which

gives Germany high blood pressure.

Of course, Hitler would have to convince himself that the Russians are no longer Communists, but just another kind of national Socialists. Stalin might satisfy him by executing a few more Trotskyites. Just today he demoted his Number Two ~~ix~~ army head, Marshall ~~ix~~ Tukhachevsky. Stalin, on his part, has always been agreeable to economic cooperation. He might find a formula for carrying that quite a distance. And between them the two nations could straighten out the troublesome Balkans and a few other border items.

I hear a how of derision going up from good Nazis and Communists. But these doctrinaires haven't been able in the past to predict the mental workings of their leaders. One of the oldest tricks in statesmanship is to make an ~~ix~~ enemy out of a neighbor country, and then get the credit for making up the quarrel. What an aura of glory would surround Herr Hitler's head if he could go down in history as the man who brought Russia back -- with profit to Germany -- into the society of what he considers respectable nations.

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Well, we thank Knickerbocker for adding this bit to the gaiety of nations.

Of course such an alliance would completely destroy the balance of power in Europe which England historically supports. But England has already lost the power to direct European affairs. She has just let it slip away, through her vacillation over Manchukuo, over the Ruhr, over Ethiopia and over Spain. Will she take it back under a stronger government, once the Coronation is over? Or have the British people become too civilized to continue the methods by which they got and held world dominance? I've posed the question in an article in the forthcoming COMMENTATOR MAGAZINE, and expressed my humble opinion to the effect that immediate history is to be made by the answer. After the Coronation -- what? That's really the biggest question in the realm of world politics today. You know the British -- we all thought we knew the British -- but they haven't been acting according to our idea of Britishers in world affairs of late.

What shall we expect when Neville Chamberlain succeeds good, worried

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old Papa Baldwin?

ROOSEVELT

This was a big day for Galveston, Texas. President Roosevelt, brown and healthy after eleven days' fishing, landed from the yacht POTOMAC at nine o'clock this morning. All Galveston was in gala dress when the battery at Fort Crockett boomed a twenty-one gun salute. The President was piped over the side, real navy fashion. Officers and enlisted men, in full dress white uniforms, lined the rails of the POTOMAC and the destroyers MOFFETT and DECATUR, as the Commander-in-Chief went ashore.

On land, Mr. Roosevelt was officially welcomed by Governor Allred of Texas, by Mayor Levy of Galveston, and every official, big and little.

The President soon boarded a train for Fort Worth. That's where Elliott Roosevelt lives, and Mr. Roosevelt will stay tonight at his son's home. On the way to Fort Worth he'll stop quite briefly at Houston and Texas A. and M. College.

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SUBWAYS

Visitors to New York for the first time are always gladly astonished by one fact. They can get almost anywhere for a nickel. That beautiful coin with the buffalo on the one side and the Indian's head on the other, is standard fare on subways, elevateds, street cars and most buses. New Yorkers who travel are always rather shocked when they go to other cities and find ten cents the minimum fare; even fifteen cents in one or two cities. I believe the lowest standard outside of New York is seven and a half cents.

Why do we bring all this up? Because that five cent fare is again becoming a political issue. There's a terrific row going on in little old Gotham over plans to unify the transit system. Father Knickerbocker of course built the subways, since no private party could afford to. All of them, except one, he leased to two operating companies. And they've been fighting about it ever since. The principal fight is between ~~the politicians~~ Mayor LaGuardia and the Transit Commission, a state body. ^{The} Mayor ~~LaGuardia~~ charges that the Transit Commission wants to abolish the five cent fare and charge New Yorkers more. The Transit ~~Commission~~

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Commission replies that the plan which the Mayor offers for buying up all the rapid transit lines would inevitably mean raising that five cent fare. Both sides you see, claim to be protecting that five cent fare. It's New York City's old standby as a vote-getter.

The fiery Mayor minces no words and says if necessary he'll make the matter a campaign issue in the fall. It was the five cent fare which elected the late John F. Hylan, popularly known as "Red Mike", just twenty years ago.

CORONATION HISTORY

All these rehearsals ought to prevent any recurrence of certain awkward mishaps at preceding coronations. The Right Honorable Winston Churchill tells about some in an article in COLLIER'S. At the coronation of George the Third, a large diamond fell from the crown. It was considered ominous. Superstition was vindicated, when twenty years later, the British crown lost a real jewel. The American colonies withdrew from the Empire, and the United States became a nation.

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That wasn't the only mishap at the coronation of George the Third. Somebody lost the stole ^{or fur robe,} of state. At any rate, it was mislaid, it couldn't be found. At this, the young King lost his temper. He expressed himself to the Deputy Earl Marshal, the Earl of Effingham. The Deputy Earl Marshal replied: "True sir, but we have seen to it that the next coronation shall be regulated in the best manner possible."

Then there was an unseemly ~~xi~~ incident at the coronation of Henry the Second, many centuries ago. The Archbishop of Canterbury, an aged prelate, rose from a sickbed to crown the King. Thinking the old man was too infirm to lift the crown,

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the Bishop of Salisbury, who was helping, started to put it on the King's head. But at the last moment, the Archbishop of Canterbury snatched it away from the Bishop and tottering, he advanced upon the King. The effort was too much for him, the crown slipped from his fingers, and was almost smashed to atoms on the floor of the abbey. But the Bishop of Salisbury, despite the weight of his robes, his miter, and everything, made a quick dive, fielded the crown like Lou Gehrig picking up a fast one at first base, and saved the precious thing from destruction.

~~Was may be sure there will be one such mishap~~

Perhaps the most embarrassing of all episodes happened at the coronation of King George the Fourth. That was when Queen Charlotte, his wife, was denied admittance to the abbey, trying first one door and the other and being driven away from each.

And there was a curious spectacle when William and Mary were crowned in April, Sixteen ~~Eighty-Nine~~ Eighty-Nine. At that time there was only one sword of state. The consequence was

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a struggle between William and Mary for the emblem. Later, the same sovereigns found themselves in another embarrassing situation.

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When the gold basin was passed around, as customary, for gifts of charity, neither of them had a penny in their pockets. They had to borrow twenty guineas from one of the attendants.

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Incidentally, the crown which King George will wear tomorrow is not the real coronation crown. That's the one known as St. Edward's crown. With its twenty-eight hundred diamonds, its superb collection of matched pearls, sixteen sapphires, eleven emeralds and four rubies, it weighs five pounds. The only use made of that one will be when ~~the~~ Archbishop of Canterbury holds it for a brief moment ~~farther~~ over the King. The one the Archbishop places on the King's head is the imperial state crown, note quite so cumbersome.

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signoff:- Upton Close thanking you, and suggesting that you
be at your radio at this hour tomorrow night to see London's
big show through the eyes of Lowell Thomas.