

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Under eight column first page headlines the newspapers of Chicago tonight are carrying the story of the most famous wedding of all time. And London papers had planned to play it down. Then changed their minds and came forth with columns on it today. What's left to be said about it? What turns of the dramatic and unexpected? What break of novelty? In other words-- what news? And the answer is -- nothing. Nothing of the unexpected, certainly no surprise. And one might say -- no news. Everything went off according to long pre-arranged and immensely advertised schedule. Weddings have been known to take astonishing turns -- waiting ~~xxxxxxxx~~ at the church or the swooning bride.

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Nothing like that at the Castle of Cande. All went as pre-arranged, as the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Wallis Warfield became man and wife.

So there's nothing to tell, save that they were married. Nothing to describe, save the wedding. But that in itself, the old formality of the nuptial ceremony -- was drama, with contrast and flashes of mood, the sweet and the bitter, a smile and a tear, solemnity and fanciful whim. Let's just relate it in its simplest -- and we'll see.

( The great salon in the Chateau de Cande was aglow with flowers. No wedding ceremony has ever been more beautifully arranged. Everything was flowers, the blooms and blossoms of Touraine. According to familiar custom in France, it was a double marriage -- civil and religious.

The civil rite was performed first, by the local mayor. It was strictly the routine, according to the book -- the law book, the legal formalities prescribed by French law. And this was somewhat in contrast to the flame of lofty romance of a King who abandoned his throne for the woman he loved.



Charlo Mercier, a typical French provincial mayor, began by reading the following: "Conforming to the requirements of the law I will read you Chapter Six of the Civil Code on the respective rights and duties of a married couple." With that highly sentimental beginning, the mayor read Articles Two Hundred and Twelve, Thirteen, Fourteen and Fifteen of Chapter Six. One of the articles went this way: "The wife must live with her husband and must follow him to whatever place he deems proper as a residence. The husband must receive her and furnish her with the necessities of life according to his facilities and position."

Not such exalted romance that. But then the business of supporting a wife is not neglected in the French marriage ceremony. The French are so practical.

Then Mayor Mercier led the couple through the formalities of taking their vows, after which he made the culminating pronouncement: "In the name of the law, I declare you united in the bonds of matrimony."

And so they were married, according to the civil rite of

France. They now stood, Duke and Duchess of Windsor, His Royal Highness and Her Grace. And grace was the word of Duchess Wally. She is described as beautiful, in her gown of blue that matched the blue of her eyes. But don't think that the French mayor was through. Not at all. The custom of France permits the official that performs the marriage to deliver an address, make a speech -- to the newly wedded couple. And Mayor Mercier was determined not to neglect the opportunity.

This renowned marriage, which came his way, made him suddenly famous -- a world figure. He has been basking in the historic limelight. Every provincial French mayor loves to make a speech, like every other kind of mayor. And here was the opportunity of a lifetime for Mayor Mercier -- and his sonorous French eloquence. People attached to the Duke of Windsor had gone to the Mayor with delicate hints and tactful suggestions -- not to make his address too long. Because French mayors are also known for their long-winded speeches. The Mayor agreed that he would not speak for two or three hours. No, his oration was not that long -- but it was long enough. And he made up for

his comparative brevity with flights of oratory.

Let me read to you one of those oratorical flights, which really hits the ceiling of French eloquence. Addressing the Duke and Duchess, the Mayor cried: "This famous love which innumerable hearts secretly celebrate today -- represents France, which has always been attracted by gallant disinterestedness and bold behavior inspired by the heart."

The Mayor was magnificent as he said this, because the French are really enthusiastic about -- "the bold behavior inspired by the heart." The English are a little different.

The Mayor, amid his rolling phrases and romantic fervor, could not resist a little local town boosting, scenery selling, with an eye to the tourists. He wove the boosting in rather neatly. "By one of those caprices of destiny," he cried with ecstasy, "It is under the blue sky of France, on the bank of our charming river here, that one of the most moving of ideals is being achieved." Our own American chambers of commerce don't usually get it in that smoothly. (Even the Governor of Colorado was a bit more direct about it in this Sunoco Broadcast



from Denver last night.)

The Mayor's peroration soared to the sky and then hit that noble theme of international friendship: "I salute the prince," he declaimed, "the prince who was sovereign of a friendly country, and the lady he has chosen from a country to which France is attached by the same close ties."

"Lafayette, we are here!" That was the idea as the Mayor closed on a note of French, British and American alliance, which certainly would be a comfortable thought in Paris, the international situation being what it is.

(After the civil rite of France, came the religious service of the Church of England, and there at once the mood of the occasion deepened into grandeur, the grandeur of the depths.

There was the Yorkshire clergyman, the Vicar of Darlington, the poor man's parson, who was defying his church and ecclesiastical superiors by giving religious marriage to the exiled English King and the twice divorced American woman.)

He was doing it without permission. He was taking his clerical life in his hands. Back in England they were ~~ng~~ angry. His

immediate pastoral superior had telegraphed, reproving him. The council and trustees of his church had met and decreed -- their disapproval. His bishop had disclaimed his action. The Archbishop of Canterbury was indignant because of this breach of discipline. But meanwhile in England other voices were raised saying other things -- complaints against the Church of England for its unrelenting hostility toward this bridegroom and bride. And expressions of public approval for the obscure clergyman who had defied that unrelenting hostility.

What would be the destiny of the poor man's parson? Would he be punished, would his clerical career be ruined by what he was about to do?

Such was the mood and depth of drama, as (the Reverend R. Anderson Jardine read those all-familiar phrases: "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God -- to join this man and this woman in holy matrimony -- which is an honorable estate."

The solemnity was overwhelming. The beauty was disturbing -- after the French civil code and the eloquence of the Mayor.



The middle-aged clergyman intoned the promise: "Wilt thou take this woman as they wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony?" He read the vow with a grave, earnest voice.

And Edward's voice was vibrant and thrilling as he pronounced -- "I will."

Then came the vow of the Duchess of Windsor. She listened with tears in her eyes as the promise was recited to her. And there were tears in her eyes as she gave the promise--"I will."

It was a thing of solemn beauty -- that Church of England marriage service today. Yet -- does it count? There are hints from England that the Reverend Jardine, had no canonical right to perform a marriage without permission outside of his parish. And that, therefore, today's wedding ritual was void. But still-- Edward and Wally were married, were the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, when the French Mayor went through his ritual. They were man and wife before the Church of England ceremony began. So, can it be that the reality of the occasion was in the French civil code and the Mayor's eloquence? And was there only unreal-

ity in the affecting beauty that followed? Strange moody questions to be asked -- after the most famous wedding of all time.

In a poetic editorial Colonel Frank Knox' powerful CHICAGO DAILY NEWS tonight says: O valorous vicar! Forever they name will bloom in the fadeless garden of romance."

Today forty sports writers crowded into the office of the National League in Rockefeller Center. They had come to see Dizzy Dean apologize -- or refuse to apologize. The suspense was terrific.

Everyone of those forty sports writers had vivid knowledge of the reason why Diz was suspended. It all happened at a meeting of the Men's Club of the Presbyterian Church at Belleville, Illinois. Diz is a good church boy, and so he was making a speech for the Men's Club. What did he say before the pious congregation? That's what the argument is all about. The local reporter of the newspaper quoted Diz as standing up there in the Presbyterian Church and declaring: "Umpire George Barr and National League President Ford Frick are the two biggest crooks in baseball."

The talkative pitcher is also quoted as having said: "Ford Frick is out great league President -- but a pain in the neck to me."

The controversy goes back to the fact that Diz has been in trouble with the umpires. (There has been criticism that he



likes to toss the bean ball.) Especially in one game between the Giants and the Cards not so long ago. Diz is accused of firing the bean ball at the Giant batters with great abandonment, driving them away from the plate, dusting them off -- as it's called. Some say he had the Giants hitting the dirt all afternoon, flopping to the ground to keep out of the way of the cannon shots to their craniums. (But Diz denies this, denies it with emphasis and dignity -- and just a little qualification. "I never threw a bean ball," he was quoted as saying, "except maybe to dust a man off and keep him from getting a toe hold at the plate." Yep, Diz denies it.)

And he also denies that he called the President of the National League a crook. He says he was misquoted, and he won't apologize for something he didn't say. That's why he was suspended yesterday -- because he refused to sign a written apology. And that was the reason for the dramatic session today at the office of the National League.

President Frick presented Diz with a letter of apology for his signature. The league president had drawn up that letter

himself, dictating the words of apology to himself. Diz refused. President Frick tried several other letters. He dictated various forms of apology to himself. But still Diz refused. His club owner, Sam Freadon, of St. Louis urged him to yield. But Diz was adamant. They say he had been told by his wife on the telephone: "Don't you apologize for anything." You know how it is with many a man who defies the world -- when the wife speaks. He would rather defy the world than defy the wife -- may find it more comfortable.

So that was the state of affairs when the forty newspapermen filed into the National League office with President Frick and Diz sitting there. The League President handed them a statement which he had dictated. He has been busy drawing up documents. The statement declared that the suspension has not been lifted. Diz is forbidden to play ball -- which probably means that his salary will be stopped. But Diz remarked: "Well, I'd just as soon go back to the farm."

The President's special message to Congress today was in no wise unexpected. Franklin Delano Roosevelt has long been an apostle of conservation, and recent calamities of flood and dust storm have only sharpened the demand for a broad program to conserve our natural resources, projects to deal with the problems of water and soil. So the President today asked Congress to pass the laws suggested by his advisors on conservation.

One angle of the President's plan concerns the development of water power. He wants the government to keep on building dams and develop electric plants to provide light and power. And this has a special meaning. One purpose is -- to block private monopoly, put a check on the control of great power areas by private industries. So says the President. Along this line he asked Congress today to continue the Tennessee Valley Authority, and establish similar projects in seven other sections of the country.

The Presidential program has two ~~xxx~~ angles. The other being long range planning to eliminate drought, dust storms and floods; stop soil erosion, re-forest, turn ~~fields~~ fields back to



grasslands. And control the flow of our rivers, check excessive water at the sources of streams. All of these are familiar, much-talked of ideas.

GARDEN CITY ITEM

I have been spending some of my time during these past few days in that part of the U. S. A. known as "The Dust Bowl." My first trip to the region since it acquired that terrifying name. Having talked so much about the Dust Bowl in these broadcasts for several years now, and having described so many of those appalling storms on the screen, I was anxious to talk to the people who live there, find out what they are doing about it. Last night, from Denver, Colorado, Governor Teller Ammons, came on the air with me and told what Dolorado is doing and hopes to do. But Graden City, Kansas, is the place to go for information. The people there <sup>ought</sup> ~~are~~ to be authorities on the subject.

So I wired to an old college friend, Preston Burtis, a prominent citizen of Western Kansas. He met me at Garden City, and he and Editor Reed of THE GARDEN CITY DAILY TELEGRAM informed me that The Dust Bowl has made a great comeback. This is due partly to the development of other sources of wealth such as oil and natural gas; also the latest in the wizardry of irrigation. They showed me how new methods of farming are being employed: terracing of fields, and what they term contour furrows, semi-

circular furrows which keep from a sixth to a fifth of the none too heavy annual rainfall from running off and vanishing.

To show how successful they already have been in their fight to win against one of the great calamities of our time, Editor Reed told me that Garden City bank deposits are already within a few thousand dollars of an all-time high. This is important news, good news for the whole nation. The dust storms may not be over, but the people out this way, those who have stuck it out, insist that their vast section of the continent is not going to be transformed into a desert like the Gobi, in Central Asia, where cities and civilizations were buried long ago by similar clouds of dust and sand.



## NEW MEXICO TALL STORY

You've all heard how dry it is out here in some parts of the Southwest. How it doesn't rain in some localities for a year or more at a time. How you'll see a black cloud, full of rain, headed your way, and then suddenly it'll turn around and sail right back where it came from. I know a lot about that because I once lived out in these parts. But yesterday in New Mexico I ran into the dryest tall story I've ever heard.

At the El Fidel Hotel, in Albuquerque, in the Albuquerque Journal, I read about a man in Clayton, New Mexico, a man forty-five years old, who had never seen rain. And when one day it did rain it scared him so badly he fainted and they had to throw a bucket of sand in his face to revive him! And

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.