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The BACHELOR PRINCE Who Became KING

'Marrying for Purposes of State' Is Spurned by Edward VIII

BY FRAZIER HUNT

Just past 20, young for his years, slight of stature and weighing but 115 pounds, Edward VIII kept the brass hats of the British army on tenterhooks as he risked his royal neck at the front, fraternizing with the "Tommys," endeavoring himself to the whole army. His car was destroyed and chauffeur killed when hit by German shells another time he narrowly escaped death in a bombardment. In this fifth installment of "The Bachelor Prince Who Became King," Frazier Hunt tells about after-the-war years and the inside story of his much-heralded romances.

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KING EDWARD VIII and I are neighbors up in the foothill country of Western Canada. My ranch is the first one that lies to the west of his E. P. Ranch.

As the crow flies our houses are seven miles apart, by horse it is eight or nine miles, and by motor some 25 miles. But in every way we are neighbors—or were neighbors, until his ascension to the throne of England made it improbable that he ever will visit America again.

It was in the fall of 1919 that he bought this property and named it E. P.—Edward Prince—Ranch.

On his last visit to the ranch, in 1927, I got to know this royal neighbor of mine pretty well.

His ranch manager, the wise and able Prof. W. L. Carlyle, asked me to drive to Calgary and help bring out the Prince of Wales party. On the long ride in I hit a bump in the road and broke the tire track that held my spare.

It was only a matter of a minute to put the shoe on the left hand running board and tie it with a rope to the handle of the rear door. It was an ungainly looking outfit, but it worked.

When I drove my muddy and dilapidated ranch car into Calgary, I hurried to a garage and tried to get it washed and cleaned, but half of all the cars in the city apparently were ahead of me.

As it was, neither Mr. Carlyle nor I could get a car to drive. Our tough-looking old buses, and we were both rather ashamed of ourselves when we started for the Canadian Pacific station.

DRAWN up in a roped-off space near the main entrance, we discovered a fleet of the very latest and most magnificent cars that the Calgary dealers had on hand. They were draped with flags and shined up like race horses. Obviously there were parade plans on foot.

When the train came in Mr. Carlyle hurried over to the private railroad car and a minute or two later came out with the small retinue of the Prince.

Seated in my dirty old car I saw the parade head straight for the special automobiles, with the flags draped over their hoods.

The Prince hesitated only the barest second, said something to Mr. Carlyle, who nodded over to where our two ancient vehicles were parked. Then the Prince led the way straight to our disreputable buses.

HE climbed in the front seat alongside Mr. Carlyle. Prince George, his youngest brother, slipped in behind, with an aid. The three others in the party hurried over to my car and with a cheery hello, jumped in.

It was a close shave several times, but no one was hurt. Then almost before we knew it we were free of the crowd and hitting it for the golf course.

The Prince played 18 holes, had a quick lunch and then we started the 65 miles to his ranch. We hadn't gone many miles before he began leaning out of the windows and glancing back at us.

Finally his car pulled up on the side of the road and by the time I had slowed down he was out and walking back toward us.

"I'm worried about that spare tire of yours," he said to me, examining the rather awkward way I had tied the shoe to the door handle. "It looks to me as if you'd lose it almost any minute."

"Well, thanks," I answered, "but I think it'll ride. It's held all morning."

"All right, if you're sure about it," he went on. "But just for luck I'll keep an eye on it."

It was 6 o'clock when we drove up in front of his low rambling ranch house. I stepped out to say good-by.

But the Prince would have none of it. "You're going to have dinner with us and stay the night," he insisted. "Leave your car right there under the cottonwoods and come on in."

It was exactly the kind of treatment one Western rancher always gives another: "The up and come on in."

WE washed up, had a cocktail and then sat down to dinner. After dinner we played the phonograph and spun good silly yarns, and when midnight rolled around two or three of us, with the Prince, went out in the kitchen and Mr. Carlyle rustled a cold ham and some bread and cheese and a bottle of beer.

We sat down at the kitchen table, with its oilcloth cover still on it.

It's the sort of evening I've had a thousand times—only this particular one my companion was more traveled and knew more of

the world and its strange people than almost any one I had ever talked to.

We both liked horses and cattle and rolling hills and we both had a few things—and we both liked cold ham and cheese and beer.

There was no kow-towing in the slightest. I would address him exactly as I would, well say, an army brigadier. "Thanks, sir, I will have another slice of ham."

It was all free and easy—and honest. He'd have resented any of that "Your Royal Highness" stuff, and by the same token any undue familiarity. (His own staff called him "H. R. H.") It is about as familiar as any of his associates would care to get.)

"DID you ever see the Prince over there?" I once asked a British ex-soldier, named John Gowland, who had written a remarkable book called "War Is Like That."

"Twice," he answered. "Funny about the first time," he chuckled.

"I'd heard there was beer in a canteen back of the lines near Ypres and I'd got a petrol tin and was hiking back hoping I could get a can for the lads. I saw three or four brass hats watching an artillery duel between the Jerries and ourselves. I saluted and a young fellow returned the salute."

"He was just helping himself to a cigarette when I passed and he stuck out the case and said, 'Have a smoke, Tommy?' ... I took one and after I'd gone about 50 feet I figured out who the lad was. It was the Prince."

"It's a little thing to say—'Have



A bit of foolery, the publication of which shocked the empire. The Prince is shown, at left, in feminine costume as one of the actors in a hilarious skit, "The Bathhouse Room," enacted by officers of the Republic to while away shipboard tedium. At right, the Prince is shown during his Indian tour in uniform as colonel-in-chief of one of his Indian regiments.



a smoke, Tommy?" Or to worry about a spare tire. But in tiny gestures like these lies the full measure of the man.

It was a high-strung, bewildered and aimless Prince who came out of the war.

Washington Merry-Go-Round

BY DREW PEARSON and ROBERT S. ALLEN

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—At a private gathering of Liberty League notables after Al Smith's banquet, the prediction was made that a third party candidate would be put into the field against Roosevelt.

House Cleaning
AL SMITH'S declaration of war has made Administration more determined than ever to house-clean the present hostile Tammany leadership in order to forestall rebellious delegates to the Philadelphia Democratic convention.

Inside word is that Jim Farley has given the signal to go after the scalp of Jimmy Dooling, Tammany ruler, so that he can be replaced with a chief more friendly to Roosevelt.

Washington Postoffice, addressed "Madam Queen," was sent to the Labor Department. There it was found the communication was intended for Secretary Frances Perkins.

Rep. Henry E. Stubbins, California Democrat, insists that the latest bill he has introduced is a very serious matter. The measure would limit the tax on mustard seeds from the present 6 to 10 cents a pound.

Government statistical experts consider the consumption of postcards one of the best barometers of domestic economic conditions. Last year the Government Printing Office produced 177,000,000 of the cards as compared to 127,000,000 in 1934.

Legion Memento
DETERMINED to have a memento of the bonus victory that will remain after the money is spent, American Legion officials requested the American flag that flew over the Capitol during the bonus debates. They got it.

To clear the Capitol's east plaza of the parked cars that clutter it daily, Architect David Lynn has plans to build a subterranean garage under the plaza, with a capacity of 2000 cars.

The Capitol's Japanese cherry trees have brought not only pink blossoms and a spirit of good-will but also the Oriental fruit worm, which plant quarantine officials say has now spread from Georgia to Canada.

A tardy Christmas request has come from La Platte, Mo., addressed to the President: "I am 16 years old. I have just found out that there is no Santa Claus, and since you are the next best person to him, I thought I would write to you. I want a bright green silk rough crepe dress for Christmas."

When a Senator complained that he could not hear the debate on the floor recently, red-faced Jack Garner pounded the gavel and complained in turn, "It is very difficult to keep order. The Senators have so much to talk to each other about!"

Senate Regulars
OFFICIAL Senate reporters say that of the 96 Senators there are 25 who never talk, another 25 who talk rarely, and 30 who talk occasionally. The remaining 15 or 16 are the regulars.

Senator Norris confesses that it amuses him sometimes to come across his name in the new use it now has in Tennessee. Here is an item appearing in a Tennessee Valley paper: "Mrs. Walter Banks and children of South Carolina have recently joined Mr. Banks in Norris and have taken a house on Oak-rd."

Largest elevators in the Capital are the barn-like lifts of the new Archives Building; capacity—46 persons. ... United States Forest Rangers report that since the drought Western stockmen have become champions of the beaver because he dams streams and makes watering ponds for livestock.

New workers are cluttered in a corridor of the Department of Justice Building computing figures on parole violations from United States prison records. It is a WPA project.

Grape wine, masquerading as "black-berry wine," has been seized in Washington by food and drug inspectors. ... Senator Vandenberg's handwriting is a print-hand which he writes as fast as the ordinary person writes script.

Shortridge Debate
TEAMS IN TOURNEY
Louisville and Cincinnati Teams Are Foes.

Shortridge High School debating teams under direction of C. C. Shoemaker are preparing for the tri-state debate meet to be held March 20 in Cincinnati, Louisville and Indianapolis.

The Louisville Male High School and the Walnut Hills High School, Cincinnati, will be opponents of the Shortridge negative and affirmative squads, respectively.

The affirmative team of Harvey Wilmetts, Richard Moorish and James Brock is headed by Carter Elzroth and Arthur Northrup, Elmer Warren and Capt. Emil Rassman comprise the negative squad.

Preliminary debates will be held Feb. 21 with the Earlham College freshmen team, and on Feb. 25 with the De Pauw University freshmen. The Technical High School team will be opponents after the tri-state meet.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—One of the more recent newspaper columnists, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, started a piece in the paper by declaring that the denunciations of Al Smith were "pink," professional liberals, socialists, communists, administrative politicians and job holders. But in the very edition in which her comment appeared a first page headline announced "Smith Assailed by John Lewis."

It is true that Constitution Hall, where the United Mine Workers of America are meeting in convention, belongs to the D. A. B. and that some of the miners move rather diffidently through a door inscribed "Powder Room." And yet the word "pink" hardly seems entirely appropriate for Mr. Lewis.

Delegates boomed the name of Al when John L. Lewis led the attack and put the long pause on the Liberty League's white hope. To be sure, Lewis didn't call him "Al." Lewis likes to linger over a drive, and the former Democratic leader was invariably "Alfred E. Smith."

Heywood Brown
The sentence from the banquet oration which drew the greater part of the mine leader's fire was, "I am supremely happy and comfortable." John L. rolled it out from under his tongue and came to a dead stop. He stared straight ahead of him. He seemed to be peering at some object a long way off. It might have been a group of men coming up from a pit mouth at the scraggly street of a company town. Each listener could paint his own picture during that long moment of silence.

Lots of Unfinished Business

THE tension gripped you. It was as if King Canute had persuaded a wave to linger before it broke. "He is supremely happy and comfortable," repeated John L. Lewis, and then lashed out, "Having established his own happiness and comfort, Alfred E. Smith has assailed every act of the greatest humanitarian ever elected to the presidency of the United States."

The miners go in for long conventions. This one is expected to last two weeks. There should be ample action, because in addition to Smith, the Republicans and the Supreme Court there are the problems of William Green and the craft unions to be considered.

My long vigil in waiting up for the early edition of the Congressional Record was rewarded. My first estimate was far too low. Instead of being mentioned in the House just once it turned out to be twice, and I got a boost as well as a knock.

Mr. Woodrum of Virginia, who must be an able statesman, began it by saying in the course of a long speech about the Liberty League oration. "There have been many descriptions of that meeting. To my mind, Heywood Brown gave the best one. He said it was a good technical performance, but otherwise lousy."

A Slight Error

AS a matter of fact, that was something that I just tossed off verbally while hanging around the Mayflower lobby insulting people at the end of the dinner. I mean I lingered so I could answer "deplorable" or "shocking" to casual conservative acquaintances who ventured to say, "How did you like Al?"

The text of the swat from Knutson of Minnesota was. "I notice there have been some criticisms of Mr. Smith's speech. One of the most bitter came from a man named Brown—Heywood Brown—a radical, who ran for Congress on a radical ticket in the State of New York in 1932. Mr. Smith's speech, of course, would not appeal to a radical."

The Representative named Knutson is all wrong. It wasn't 1932. It was 1930. He might have added that I took a terrible licking, but, after all, who wants to be a Knutson?

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Alert Cameraman Snaps F. D. R. Gem

BY RAYMOND CLAPPER

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—Some newspapers printed a striking birthday snapshot of President Roosevelt, taken at his desk. His head appeared to droop as if in utter weariness. One hand was over his face, the fingers rubbing his closed eyes. The other hand, holding a document, had dropped limply to the desk.

It was an arresting photographic study, one of those rare shots which seem to freeze for all time a dramatic biographical moment, like the famous picture snapped just after an assassin's bullet hit Mayor Gaynor of New York, or that of the late William J. Bryan, caught in his broken despair after he was voted by the Al. Smith gallery at the Democratic National Convention in Madison Square Garden 12 years ago.

This Roosevelt picture seemed to portray heart-breaking discouragement. It had a quality which undoubtedly evoked the sympathy of most persons who saw it.

But the funny thing about the picture is that it wasn't that at all. Roosevelt had been posing for birthday pictures before a battery of news cameramen. For some minutes light bulbs had been flashing in his face until he became almost blinded. When he removed his glasses to rub his eyes, an alert photographer napped his shutter and discovered he had one of the most remarkable pictures ever taken of Roosevelt, one which you probably will see many times long after you have forgotten the accidental circumstances under which it was taken.

POLITICAL parade: Instead of announcing his presidential candidacy directly, Gov. Landon of Kansas said that the name of the would-be challenger he adopted for his official signature after he got into state politics.

Although Smith was known as Al for many years, some newspapers, during the 1928 campaign, insisted upon using Alfred, feeling that the less dignified nickname might be open to objection when applied to a presidential candidate.

In answer to those who call Roosevelt a Communist, some Administration friends are pointing to the recent critical book by Mauritz Hallgren, called "The Gay Reflector," the burden of which is that Roosevelt is nothing but a pleasant capitalist who is trying to save the old order, and if the old order is too dumb to see it the revolutionists ought not let him fool them.

Gov. Landon's keynote speech has been widely praised and his radio delivery widely criticized. Broadcasters tried months ago to give him a coach to improve his microphone style, but Landon wouldn't consent. He preferred to go on the air as is and let the squeaks fall where they may.

Senator L. J. Dickinson of Iowa is supposed to be slated for the next general tryout in the Republican trial heats. The publicity budget already has begun. He's married into the powerful Gardner Cowles family in Des Moines and is a cousin by marriage of Thomas Lamont of J. P. Morgan & Co. But in Iowa they call him "hell-raising Dick."

NEUTRALITY legislation is encountering more trouble just now from "Italian-Americans" than from munition makers. Voters of Italian blood are putting the heat on their Senators and Representatives to have Italy and Ethiopia exempted from neutrality embargoes. Rome is timing in perfectly with this drive, throwing out hints about how anxious Italian business men are to revive trade with the United States. They're even talking about sending a "trade mission" over here. All of this technique somehow has a familiar hollow ring.

You can see how fast Roosevelt is ruining the country from what happened to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. last year. The amount of insurance it has in force reached an all-time high.

Fair Enough by WESTBROOK PEGLER

LONDON, Feb. 1.—The new King has moved into his job with a show of confidence and poise at a time when London is the most prosperous capital in the world. It is a hard job, involving long hours and a tremendous program of baby kissing in all its guises, but the pay and other compensations are proportionate to the duties.

The only real menace which confronts King Edward VIII and which now will become more threatening day by day is the awful terror of matrimony to a man who has been a bachelor for more than 40 years.

The man we used to know as the Prince of Wales has been for 20 years the quarry of all the designing mammams and foreign offices of the Old World and of countless scheming, ambitious families in the new.

He has looked over an incalculable number of young and willing females who were led past him on nose-rings, so to speak, like livestock standing inspection at a state fair.

Yet he arrived in Buckingham Palace a week ago as King, still single, independent and defiant. On his trips to Canada, the United States, Australia and to continental countries, wherever the new King went he was constantly under pressure. The old girls trotted out their daughters harnessed up for show-ring purposes and shoved them forward to catch dances with him, if possible, at every whistling post.

His Situation Desperate

HE has been simmered at and cooed at by a hundred thousand long shots. He has put the eye on fat ones and scrawny ones and on innumerable girls of all the classifications in between, and he has done as much heavy duty shoving and hauling as any stevedore that ever lived, moving an aggregate freight of romantic femininity around the ballrooms of many nations.

The talk which is heard on every side in London today bespeaks an implacable determination to break down his resistance and marry him off. The situation is the more desperate because the reigning European royalty has been greatly reduced in numbers since the war to end war and the eligibles have been pretty thoroughly picked over.

The King has always shown fairly expert taste in companionship, so there seems to be no possibility of a deal among the available royal set, and yet those who like him most are determined to jeopardize his peace in order that the crown may descend to a son of the King, if fate should be so kind.

Don't Rush Yet, Girls

IT has even been pointed out that there is no legal reason why he should not marry an American girl, preferably from an old Jamestown or certainly an old Virginia family.

Let this suggestion start an uncontrollable and eventually disastrous boom in old Jamestown and Virginia estates, with their rolling acres and slave-born butlers doddering around under the weight of trays of juleps, I will add that this idea is not being promoted very seriously. It is just a thought, but legally feasible, nevertheless. There is not yet sufficient justification for the best families of Montana, Essex and the Bronx to plunge into Virginia estates and teach their daughters to talk southern and regard "dameyanke" as one word, and maybe nothing will come of it.

The King is under greater pressure, to be sure. It will always require great fortitude to maintain his freedom, but the man who stood off the great menace for 20 odd years should be able to carry on.

Men of good will can only wish him the best of luck in a perilous situation.

Gen. Johnson Says—

BOSTON, Feb. 1.—Our recent recovery bases largely on the automobile boom. But that is threatened seriously and already has begun to falter. There is only one ace in the hole—the bonus. A large part of the last bonus went for used cars. Maybe this one will repeat.

Wherever I go automobile dealers come to me to bewail the loss of their NRA retail code. Its principal provision was a method of appraising the trade-in value of all makes, models and vintages of used cars. It was an unfair code practice to allow any greater value in the sale of a new car.

The retail price of a new car is fixed by the manufacturer, and the dealer doesn't dare chisel on it, but in what the dealers call "the years B. C." (before codes), the chiseling was done by allowing fantastic prices for used cars traded in. Under the code, for the first time in many years, dealers made money.

The code blew up and the old cutthroat business began. In the recent automobile boom the manufacturers hammered dealers for orders, and they took in most of the old wrecks on the road at little profit. Their working capital flowed into high inventories of used cars, for which there has been little demand. This situation is general all over the country.

Now this is a very serious matter, and if the bonus will help the situation it will have a profound effect on recovery. But in order to push its favorable effect on business as close to election as possible, the bonus was timed for June and now the Administration says: "The vast mechanical tasks of payment will postpone it till July."

That may not be so clever as it sounds. If this automobile slow-up becomes a halt, it might be wise to discover that the mechanics of payment are simpler than was at first supposed, and to speed up at least one-half billion of that shot-in-the-arm.

Quick, Henry, the needle!

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Times Books

SOMETHING in the way of honest, melodramatic romance and adventure is relished by the best of men, at times; and if that's your dish you'll find an excellent example in "The House of the Spaniard," by Arthur Behrend.

Here we have all the old familiar trimmings—the lonely house in the deserted marsh; the beautiful and appallingly helpless girl whose father is so clearly up to no good; the ardent young man who could keep out of all trouble by exercising, just once, an ounce of common sense, but who steadfastly refrains from doing so; the mysterious boat that takes on a nameless cargo at a lonely inlet—we have, in other words, all that is needed to make a romantic melodrama of the old school.

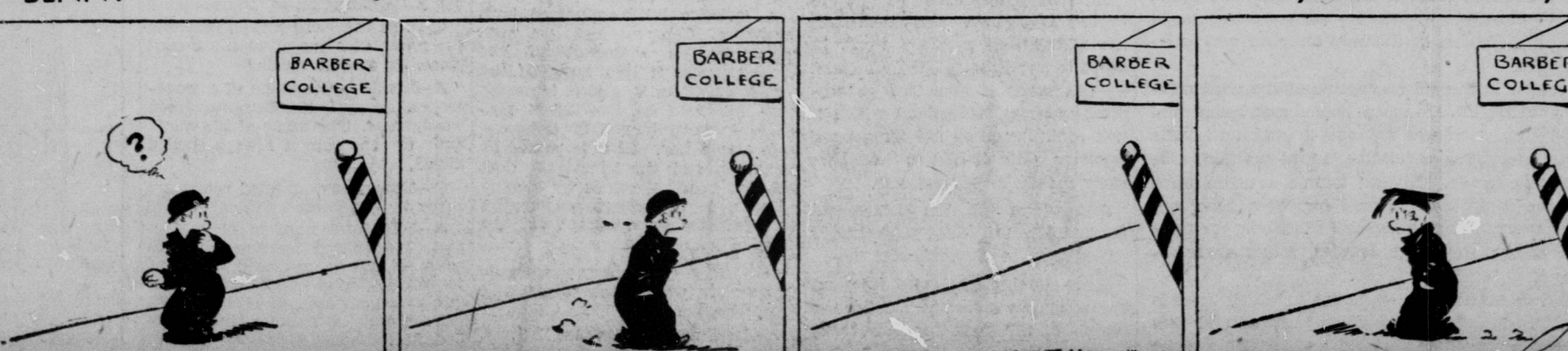
Mr. Behrend stirs and cooks these ingredients skillfully, and shows us a dark Spanish plot being hatched on the civilized shores of England, with a valiant young Englishman alternately trying to foil it and taking a hand in it himself for love of the beautiful girl above-mentioned.

As I say, this story, like most of its kind, depends for its plot on a singular brainlessness on the part of the hero.

If the leading man in one of these books should start acting like an intelligent adult, the whole structure would fall apart, and the author would doubtless lose his union card. But that never happens, and if you like quick action with a minimum of demand on your intelligence, this book will do very well.

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2. (By Bruce Catton.)

BENNY



By J. Carver Pusey