

REPRINT OF BROADCASTS
OF

Boake Carter

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Owing to the many thousands of requests which flooded my desk from the many good people in all walks of life, for printed copies of what I reported on the occasion of the death of King George V, of Great Britain, Philco and I decided to break a long-standing rule and fulfill these requests on this occasion. Thus it is with the warmest appreciation of your well wishes that I tender you this printed copy of the broadcasts.

Boake Carter

7:45 TO 8:00 P.M.

MONDAY, JANUARY 20

NINETEEN THIRTY-SIX

The King is Dead!

Long Live the King!

A WINTRY SUN cast its rays through tall windows, the curtains of which had been pulled aside. And at the noonday hour, the beams slowly etched a pathway, across the red, red carpet until they fingered the coverlet draped across a giant, magnificently carved four poster bed.

Inch by inch the rays of the January sun rose up the side and presently bathed the bed in light—to reveal the grey face of a bearded man.

In the sun's reflection, silent watchers in the shadows watched the rise and fall of the covers, as the sick man's breathing came rasping, heavy and with great effort.

Gradually as the afternoon hours passed, the sunbeams—like the Eternity to which we all eventually return, moved relentlessly on. And as they moved, their rays slowly dimmed—and the shadows, routed to the deep corners of the room a few short hours before, gradually crept forward again. And the sun hid its face behind the tall trees and the warmth of nature slowly faded. It was as though Nature herself was

writing in her own epic way for the little group of watchers hidden in the shadows, the final earthly chapter of a good and kindly man—George Frederick Ernest Albert—by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith and Emperor of India—and now by the Grace of God, returned to his Maker after a life's task well done.

Fully a quarter of the habitable world grimly realized that once more in the long, great, glorious history of the British Empire, the time was at hand when it heard again those fateful words: "The King is dead—long live the King." Reluctantly and with grief they were heard as life flickered from the tired frame of King George of England, at 6:59 Eastern Standard Time—midnight in London.

But a scant two hours earlier the physicians and specialists attending the King had issued another bulletin, the words of which conveyed the hint that hope was abandoned—and that the end was but a matter of time. "The King's life is moving peacefully toward its close," was the fateful message typed upon the bulletin. It was a message pregnant with meaning for the future and poignant for the memories that they conjured to the mind of yesteryears.

Screens stood about the King's bed, to ward off any vestige of draught. A log fire dozed lazily red and comforting in the grate. At hand were the King's four sons, his daughter. About the sick room in the great sprawling house at Sandringham, tiptoed Queen Mary—her hair perhaps a little whiter, her eyes perhaps a little duller with the realization that the quiet, sympathetic and generous man that had been her husband these many years, and who with her had stood the tests of a swiftly changing world, was gradually slipping from her. And the Queen became a woman and wept.

Three times since the world war, Great Britain's King fell seriously ill: in 1925, in 1928 and now. From the purely med-

ical aspect, London medical men observed today that the King's illness of 1928 was more serious, in itself, as an illness, than the present one. But the 1928 illness sapped the monarch's strength and the heavy bronchial cold he caught a few days ago, riding round the grounds of Sandringham, taxed to the extreme his weakened heart.

In 1928, King George was seven years younger. Today he was seven years older—and possessed not the stamina with which to fight approaching death. Oxygen was administered—and heart stimulants injected—but “The King's life moved peacefully toward its close!” It must be taken that the catarrhal infection spread to the lungs—a direction in which there was no hope. The last hours of life—the quiet slipping into eternity—were typical of the very life of Britain's 54th King. For he was always a shy man, yet withal, a man of great dignity, who carried through a duty, no matter how distasteful or repugnant it might be to his soul.

In color of character, he was the antithesis of many English Kings. Yet it was this very lack of color, absence of the dash and hail-fellow-well-met camaraderie of his father, Edward—that in the end became one of the most valuable attributes to Britain's present ruling house. For it imparted to George V some sense of quiet, hidden strength, a gentle, unobtrusive, but very genuine dignity, which symbolized so well the England that every Englishman carries in his heart to all the ends of the earth.

It was perhaps more this than almost anything else which enabled the English ruling house to carry straight on, in its quiet, silent way, through some of the most turbulent times in the history of mankind when the western world began changing into the modernity of the 20th century.

George grew to manhood and Kingship in the days of Britain's great imperial expansion—the days that lit the poetic mind of Kipling—the days of his grandmother, Victoria, for

whom an era was named. Thus he grew up in a time which we of today look upon as history of the past. Yet his reign was marked by a new tempo of human affairs—a tempo which produced a new civilization, in which the scientists and engineers of mankind produced great marvels and in which occurred, too, the most horrible war of all ages.

To these changing times, George, in his quiet way, adapted himself with uncanny ability—and so won for himself the undying devotion of the people of a quarter of the world—and the respect and admiration of the remaining three-quarters.

In the days of his youth, George was known to his brothers and sisters as “Georgie.” Never was he over-strong—not one of those ruddy-faced, virile Englishmen of fiction who stride with stick and gaiters past gorse and heather, over heath and moor, puffing a briar and whistling gay ditties. Nevertheless from ancestors he inherited a love of the sea—and to the beckoning fingers of Neptune he succumbed—going through Osborne and Dartmouth, the then two naval colleges of Britain, passing eventually on into the Royal Navy, in which he served for 15 years and which took him many times round the world. Nary a thought of worryment entered his mind. He was enjoying only the life of a sailor and an officer in His Majesty’s Navy. He was, after all, the second son of his father. His elder brother Albert, Duke of Clarence, was next in line for the throne. Clarence was engaged to Princess Mary, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck. Victoria was still upon the throne. Hardly a chance in the world, then seemed likely that George would be called upon to ascend the throne of his great grandmother.

Then suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, Fate, capricious and untrustworthy, changed all. Just as George in this January of 1936 caught a cold and died, so did his brother Clarence suddenly catch cold in January, 1892, 44 years ago, and was dead within a week.

Changed instantly was George's whole life. He had to give up his beloved sea and salt spray and plunge into the life of studying to be some day the future King of England. Biographers and historical papers reveal how, inwardly, George revolted against this—but outwardly resigned himself and carried on in the true traditions that only Englishmen understand. Victoria passed away from the picture in 1901, and his father, Edward, was crowned. Princess Mary, who had been engaged to Clarence, married George. Finally in 1910, Edward passed on and George came to rule over countless millions of black, white and brown people inhabiting an empire on which "the sun never sets."

Here came the test of the world war—a cruel test to put to this shy man, who never wanted to be King in the first place, but only to sail the seven seas and be free in spirit as well as in body. But not one second did he flinch from the test.

It is a matter of easy memory for tens of thousands of troops, how he conducted himself—and within the memory of civilians of all lands, how he endeavored to set an example of himself and his entire household. He became a soldier first and secondly a King. Fifteen hours a day he was "on tap"—to commanding officers, to wounded men in hospitals, to ministers, to all. He visited the "lines in France," ducked in and out dugouts, drove brass-hatted generals frantic with worry, and once was thrown from a startled horse and badly injured by the flying hoofs of the wildly kicking animal.

Eventually came the Peace of Armistice Day—and from that date, George set about the long, often heart-breaking task of clearing away the carnage and the wreckage of human lives, human values and economic destruction.

A million British subjects had offered up their lives in the supreme sacrifice, and it was to correct this decimation to which King George applied himself day and night.

The war destroyed many ruling houses of Europe. One

after another, royal dynasties crashed, but the House of Windsor remained untouched—for the uncanny ability of George to adapt himself to the changing times, to use indeed the very birth itself of this new era to weld his empire on more modern lines, was the salvation of the Windsor dynasty. Thus perhaps it is the hand of a cruel, unkindly Fate that should ring down the curtain on the life of one of England's ablest Kings at the very time when his Empire faces, again, troubles rising on all sides, and at a time when it needs his quiet genius once more to pilot it over the shoals and reefs of international Today.

The world wonders whether the departure of this man will spell a change of mark in the fortunes of Britain and her far-flung possessions. We venture the opinion that it will—for Edward Albert Patrick David, Prince of Wales—now Edward VIII, is vastly different to his father.

For with the passing of King George goes a great link, a great bond, between the present-day Britain and the Britain that was of the Victorian era.

It will be, psychologically, like the closing of a good book, whose pages have left a glow of warmth and solidity, and turning to look upon the shelves of Life for another book. England will pick another book for herself—but though its cover may be attractive and its contents may seem alluring—the time consumed between the closing of the one book and the finding, opening and reading sufficiently to test its quality, of the other book, that will be the period of danger to Britain.

Edward Albert Patrick David, Prince of Wales, is a product of the post-war school, although his boyhood days were spent among the pre-war generation. The most impressionable years of his life came during the war, when men shot men, and life had little value—and the Moment was lived only for what one could extract from the Moment.

After the war, the dreariness and disillusionment of social

and economic wreckage left their mark upon the mind of the Prince.

Too, he has been one of the greatest salesmen Britain has ever had—taut, energetic, a bundle of nerves, often no respecter of traditions which his father George would never have thought of transgressing. Edward David Windsor is indeed a product of the modern school—a new school of royalty—and his ascension to the throne will bring this product of this new school to deal with the intricate hair-trigger problems which engulf the world today.

Perhaps it may mean that the royal house of Britain will take even a more personal interest in internal and external politics than ever. For many times the Prince has spoken his mind about governmental matters. Only Time will tell whether he follows the traditional course or draws the royal House of Windsor closer to politics and international diplomacy.

With the death of George, a psychological Something goes in Britain—a Something utterly undescrivable—but a Something just the same. Something has departed from the heart that is England's. What effect this will have on the fortunes of the Empire and on the lives of the millions of people that populate it, remains a great question mark of the future.

Not so long ago, when the Prince of Wales bid his sister-in-law, the Duchess of York, good-bye at a London railroad station—he murmured loud enough for others to hear—"Good-bye—good-bye to the future Queen of England!"

The story is not new—but fresh enough to bear repetition at this time of travail for a great nation. Whether he meant that he himself would never ascend the throne—and permit his brother, the Duke of York to take it, or whether he meant that some day she and his brother might outlive him to become the rulers of the Empire is, of course, pure conjecture.

Few, however, expect that for a minute the Prince will shirk the responsibilities that now fall on his sloping shoulders. He

is too much a man, too honest, understands too well what is expected of him; and even though he too, like his father, doesn't want the position, he realizes that he is but another pawn of circumstances and of history—and must bow his head to at least some of the demands of tradition.

If, as and when he is crowned, he will be the first bachelor King of England since 1760. A bachelor may reign in Great Britain—but there is much legal doubt as to whether he may be crowned without marrying first. There have been four bachelor Kings in all English history, two of them but boys.

The last one, strange as it seems, was George III, in whose reign the American colonies gained their independence. But at that time the legal advisers to the Crown and the government decided that he could not be actually crowned until he married. And so George III took Charlotte Sophia, princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz for his wife. And after that, and only after that event, was George III crowned.

Thus one wonders whether the death of Edward Patrick David Windsor's father tonight will force him into marriage—and remove from the ranks of bachelors one of the most eligible in the world.

So as the sun slowly sets over the palace in Britain today, so did life slowly ebb from a great, good, dignified King—and his going leaves behind a mourning empire—a very much saddened world which always doffs its hat in reverence to a good and able man—and a great Question Mark for the future.

The King is Dead.

LONG LIVE THE KING.

Good night.

7:45 TO 8:00 P.M.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 21

NINETEEN THIRTY-SIX

Edward VIII.

IT IS DEFINITELY THAT TONIGHT.

Before a slight figure, looking almost forlorn in the sombre black of a morning suit—members of Great Britain's Privy Council met in St. James' Palace and not only proclaimed Edward the new ruler of more than 350 million people, but swore undying fealty to him as their King and Lord—a ceremony honored by tradition and stretching far back into the dim ages of Britain's glorious past.

Later, again according to tradition, Parliament met and many a person who witnessed the moving scene in the House of Commons will remember it to their dying day.

This same slight figure, the conservative morning suit now gone, and in its place the brilliant blue and gold tunic of a full admiral of the Royal Navy, looked down as members of the Commons—the representatives chosen by the people—irrespective of their political faith or following, swore to follow their new King. Throughout the ceremony, all marked the lines of fatigue and grief that had etched themselves deep in the face of the 41-year-old King. But if any wondered whether or not Edward would shatter any royal precedents, their curiosity was soon satisfied. Three things did he do which may be a clue to the forthcoming manner in which he will discharge his new duties.

FIRST—he flew to London from Norfolk in a plane—the first British King ever to fly.

SECOND—he ordered that all clocks at Sandringham, the summer home of the Windsors, be set to correct time. Every clock had been allowed to run 30 minutes fast for 25 years and more by King George, as a memorial to his father, Edward VII, who originally set the clocks ahead because he was late one day for an appointment and it vexed him.

THIRD—Edward VIII disdained police protection by failing to tell the Metropolitan police by which door he would enter St. James' Palace—and thus had the unfortunate police at their wits' end guarding all doors at once.

Thus did the new King of England break three precedents—and perhaps from this one may gather that there will be not only a new note of modernism in the performance of kingly duties, but also a newer note of self-determination. After the ceremonies acclaiming him King were over—King Edward retired to York House, and then in the next day or two will return to the house of sorrow which stands on the cold, bleak expanses of Norfolk. And again today as dusk was falling, six stalwart foresters bore upon their shoulders from the house to the little parish church at which the royal family was accustomed to worship in happier days, a coffin.

It was of oak as sturdy as the dead King's character, and as plain as was he democratic in life. Thus the villagers of the county may be the first among Britons to pay their last homage to their departed King—for from thence the body must travel to London and lie in state—and finally, a week from today, George V, of the royal House of Windsor, will be laid to rest with his ancestors in Windsor Castle.

Meanwhile, the wide effect of King George's death may be gleaned when it is noted that right around the world some activity or another ceased; some word was spoken of sorrow; some bitterness or estrangement was forgotten.

Flags on all German government buildings flap at half mast and Herr Hitler expressed profound grief; from Doorn, in Holland, came a cable of sympathy from one of the few great world war figures left in life today—the former Kaiser, and cousin of the departed English King.

The feeling of bitterness melts in Italy and is replaced with sympathetic understanding, as Mussolini despatches his condolences, and the Rome press praise the record of England's George. The French are stunned.

From Bombay came words of grief from the Agha Khan, whose horses raced thoroughbreds from the stables of the late King on many an English track, and from Mahatma Gandhi, who in his more virile days was the sharpest thorn of awakened Indian nationalism in the side of the British lion.

And in the far-flung remote corners of Britain's empire the saddening news caught many unawares—in South Africa's Cape Town the word flashed at the dead of night. Over Singapore, a Royal Air Force plane flew with a long black streamer. In Australia the news arrived in the middle of the morning—and promptly public offices closed, and festivities of all nature were canceled.

In Hong Kong, workmen going home bought papers bordered in black and they knew. As if by some silent, mysterious signal, cafes, dances and entertainment for officers and men of the Royal Navy stationed at Gibraltar, ceased. Every ship of Britain's vast fleet fired 70-gun salutes—one salute for each year of the dead King's life. To the royal palace at Oslo, Norway, came the news early in the morning. In Tokio, the Emperor of Japan ordered his court to observe three weeks' official mourning. Canadians were shocked speechless with a sense of personal loss; Washington was saddened and plans for a special ambassador to represent President Roosevelt at the state funeral were begun; the House adjourned as a mark of vespers.

Colors are draped—only funeral marches and the national

anthem may be played—and black arm bands adorn the sleeves today of all British army officers. Thus, right round the world the effect is felt and the expressions of sorrow and loss know no color, race nor creed—Mohammedans, Hindus, Buddhists, Chinese, Jews, Catholics, Christians—one and all paid homage and plan memorial services. It is perhaps an amazing tribute of affection for—first a man and secondly the symbol of solidity of which he was the outward visible representative. Already today, historians and biographers are at odds as to whether George was merely a good sovereign or a great sovereign.

It is our guess that the passage of Time will rate him a very great constitutional monarch, because he established in probably what was the hardest of all transitional periods in the world's history, a model of what a constitutional monarch should be—a mark for the few others who remain to shoot at.

John Buchan, Governor General of Canada, has written that the duty of a constitutional monarch is not to “act” and when “to be.” Few knew George intimately in Britain when he ascended the throne. He was rated as the possessor of a “blameless private life, modest, amiable, honest” and a strong sense of duty and—little more.

The passage of Time has proven how superficial was that judgment in that it looked only at the surface and not beneath. This “amiable and honest” man assumed his duties when Britain was torn with the struggle for power between the House of Lords and the House of Commons, the struggle over the Irish question and other matters. He threw his lot, within its constitutional limitations, with the House of Commons, threatened to create enough peers to carry through the Parliament Act—and the Lords, preferring to lose power rather than prestige, grumblingly gave in to this sudden revelation of steel in the character of the new King. The love George might have lost among the mighty landowners of Britain in 1911,

was fully compensated by the greater love of the common masses of people less fortunately endowed with worldly goods.

Likewise, he brought the weight of his own personal beliefs into play in settling the Irish question before the war. The parts he played in the war—his creation after the war of the national government in 1931, and many other instances, all point to George's extraordinary ability of knowing when to "act" and when just to remain still and "be."

By his actions the British people believed he acted in their own interests and it was this affectionate regard of popular belief which lent such potency to those times when George did act and reminded politicians that it was a nation to be served and not party interests.

Walter Bagehot holds that King George possessed three great qualities: "sagacity, good sense and industry"—never breaking custom—reading every line of every state paper, having an intimate knowledge of every situation of importance and avoiding political errors.

It was his own democracy and the realization among his subjects that here was at least one politically impartial individual who spoke always in terms of *national* interest—that entrenched British royalty even more firmly in British minds.

And so if a constitutional monarch was intelligent enough to realize the *practical* value of royalty to a great mass of a modern population—quite apart from the superficial trappings—and at the same time never once upset the conduct of a democratic form of government, especially in this last quarter of a century of mad ups and downs—then surely he must indeed be rated a very wise and possibly very great monarch.

Had many other monarchs of the world taken time to copy his methods—many of them might still possess their crowns and be of some use today, instead of being lonely, luckless exiles.

As for Edward VIII, his qualities as Prince of Wales are too well known to bear repetition—but one royal biographer ob-

serves that the life he led as Prince of Wales may mislead many to think he will be a playboy King, when such is far from the case.

Observes the biographer: "King Edward is far too intelligent a patriot not to realize always that his capacity for doing good for his countrymen and fellowmen is infinitely greater than that of any of the comrades whose society he affects. Those who have had an opportunity to watch him closely would speak confidently of this man as one who knows his own mind—who has read widely if not deeply; to whom character is often an open book; who can calculate keenly and forecast with no little accuracy; who is wholly freed from the gambler's spirit as he is imbued with the spirit of adventure, whose persistence on the path of what he believes right brings him sometimes close to obduracy." Such things were not written of King George when he came to the throne of a great empire. They are already written of his son, Edward. That he is likely to be very social minded, more so perhaps than almost any King in British history, is well within reason. As Prince of Wales he has gone among the miners, the farmers, and the laboring groups—and has many times let loose strong words, forced upon him by scenes of poverty, starvation and misery that met his sight on his inspection tours. Thus many feel that he is what may be loosely described as very much of a "liberal" in the sense that he is passionately desirous of doing something to lift up the general standard of English living and giving a break to the underdogs. And it is this characteristic that makes many say that Edward's reign will find England with a King definitely more socially minded than ever before.

Only Time can provide the answer to all conjectures.

But the resetting of a household of clocks after 25 years—and flying to London to take over his duties—would seem to indicate King Edward as "one who knows his own mind!"

