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THE KING GOES; LONG LIVE THE KING!

For Britain, a New Queen Bess; for Edward, Reunion in Vienna

Ottawa, 10:42 A.M.; Hongkong, 10:42 P.M.; Cape Town, 4:42 P.M.; Canberra, 1:42 A.M.; Singapore, 10:42 P.M.; Delhi, 8:42 P.M.; Wellington, 3:42 A.M.

And in London, it was 3:42 P.M. on the afternoon of December 10, 1936, when Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin rose in the House of Commons with the decision for which, around the world, an Empire waited.

"A message from His Majesty the King, sir, signed by His Majesty's own hand."

"After long and anxious consideration," the Speaker read, and his voice quavered in the silent House, "I have determined to renounce the throne to which I succeeded on the death of my father, and I am now communicating this, my final and irrevocable decision."

Democracy—*i.e.*, public opinion, as interpreted by island and empire politicians—had won. Parliament cheerfully faced a *fait accompli*. Rather than see a divorced woman with two living husbands his Queen or morganatic wife, the British Empire accepted the only voluntary abdication of a King in British history, tho this one had ascended the throne less than a year before with unrivaled popularity and promise.

Long Live the King!—Overnight, the British people pledged their loyalty to Edward's eldest brother, the almost unknown Duke of York, who succeeded as George VI.

"I will not enter now into my private feeling," Edward wrote, "but I would beg that it should be remembered that the burden which constantly rests upon the shoulders of a Sovereign is so heavy that it can only be borne in circumstances different from those in which I now find myself.

"I conceive that I am not overlooking the duty that rests on me to place in the forefront the public interest when I declare that I am conscious that I can no longer discharge this heavy task with efficiency or with satisfaction to myself."

Therefore, "I, Edward VIII of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Emperor of India, do hereby declare my irrevocable determination to renounce the throne for myself and for my descendants, and my desire that effect should be given to this instrument of abdication immediately. . . .

"I am deeply sensible of the consideration which they (my people) have always extended to me, both before and after my accession to the throne, and which I know they will extend in full measure to my successor."

Victorian Remnant—In the oak-paneled hall the King may not enter, and where his name must not figure in debate, Baldwin told his unromantic story of the love which caused Edward to abdicate after a ten-months' reign.

Last October, the Prime Minister said,

he knew "there was in the near future a divorce case coming on, the results of which made me realize that possibly a difficult situation might arise later." Without consulting the Cabinet, he saw the monarch privately and warned him that gossip would prove dangerous to the Crown.

A month later, after the court had granted a decree nisi, the King sent for him. Baldwin expressed his opinion on a possible marriage. "That marriage would have involved a lady becoming Queen, and I did tell His Majesty that I might be a remnant of the old Victorians, but my worst enemy could not say this of me—that I did not know what the reaction of the English people would be to any particular course of action. I told him that so far as they went, I was certain that that would be impracticable." (Not only his enemies, but the impartial must have recalled that the politician misread public opinion a year ago, when he sponsored the short-lived Hoare-Laval Treaty which proposed to divide Ethiopia with Italy.)

Edward replied: "I am going to marry Mrs. Simpson, and I am prepared to go."

Family Scene—He told his mother that night, and his brothers a day or so later. At the King's request, Baldwin consulted the British Cabinet and the Dominion Governments on the chances of passing legislation to approve a morganatic marriage. His inquiry indicated they would be nil. Edward never questioned the decision.

"The House must realize, and it is difficult to realize," Baldwin droned on, "that His Majesty is not a boy. He looks so young that we all thought of him as our Prince, but he is a mature man with a wide and varied experience of life and the world."

Baldwin's only explanation was that the "crisis, if I may use that word, has risen now rather than later from that very frankness of His Majesty's character which is one of his many attractions."

The Prime Minister begged M. P.'s to meet the unprecedented situation with a dignity which rivaled the monarch's. They did. Even Winston Churchill, leader of a futile little group of "King's men" who had tried to stop history, accepted Baldwin's argument that the King's decision had not been forced. Yet, he said, Edward has voluntarily made "sacrifices that go far beyond the bounds required by law and the Constitution."

"Cant and Humbug"—George Buchanan was one of the handful who objected. Mindful, perhaps, of Baldwin's insistence that the "friendship of perfection" which long held him to the monarch had strengthened during their recent interviews, the Independent Laborite burst out: "To-day I have listened to more cant and humbug than ever before in my life!"

Both Houses of Parliament passed the Abdication Act in record time. It contained one clause to save Edward the humiliation of seeking his brother's permission for the marriage to which the Empire

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David Windsor's eyes, which have seen too much of Kings . . .

objected: "The Royal Marriages Act of 1772 shall not apply to His Majesty after his abdication and not to the issue, if any, of His Majesty or descendants of that issue."

Why?—"It is not probable," the New York *Times* ventured to remark, "that Prime Minister Baldwin's speech in the House of Commons tells the whole story."

Many felt with George Bernard Shaw that Edward quit, "simply and solely because he hates his job and has had enough of it."

"What's the good of being Prince if I can't do as I like?" he protested as a youngster after riding his bicycle across his father's geranium bed. Innumerable incidents supported the popular impression that as Prince of Wales he had not looked forward to kingship with pleasure. Once, in a Paris club, he said to an American:

"How shall I behave here?"

"Like a human being." The answer roused his quick smile, but just then a Britisher came up, bowed from the waist.

"How can I?" Edward sighed.

Commoner and Commoner—The difference between him and his brother-in-law, Viscount Lascelles, he once explained, was that "Lascelles every day gets royaler and royaler, and I get commoner and commoner."

His father's illness in 1928 led to numerous complaints on the chances he took. Baldwin got his promise not to fly. Parliamentary objections forced him to give up point-to-point and steeplechase riding because of his widely publicized falls.

Yet, whether or not he wanted his high position, Edward called it "my job." He put in as long hours as his Ministers over his work. Since his accession, indeed, rumor had him drafting heated reports on social conditions which officials quickly pigeonholed.

Some suggested that Edward may have sensed a waning popularity, but after his Welsh visit, and his unconstitutional promise, "Something will be done!" he was cheered in cinemas and on the streets as never before.

It's not much of a job for an ambitious man, being King of Great Britain. The Old Guard objected to his way of life; politicians feared he would not keep the place to which custom relegated him.

Bred in Tradition—Why did Edward force

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George V, Edward VII, Edward VIII

the issue so soon, when he could not have married for five months? Why did he not decide to put his popularity and his legal right to marry whom he pleased to a test?

He said himself: "There has never been any constitutional crisis between me and them (the Ministers), and between me and Parliament. Bred in the constitutional tradition by my father, I should never have allowed any such issue to arise."

In view of the Bishop of Bradford's attack, the attitude of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the press campaign against him, his decision must remain something of a mystery until, in years to come, the "King's men" write their version.

To sentimentalists the world over, Edward the Romantic, in placing his duty to the woman he loved above his duty to 500,000,000 subjects, merely proved his humanity. His advice to his successor further emphasized it:

"Be a good family man!"

Ranks Closed!—Like official Britain and the Empire, the populace followed Baldwin's appeal: "We must close our ranks!" The world looked on amazed while they stolidly acclaimed the new King as if death had ended Edward's brief reign.

The King was not dead, and the Accession Council's proclamation began:

"Whereas, by an Instrument of Abdication dated the tenth day of December, instant, His former Majesty, King Edward the Eighth, did declare it his irrevocable determination to renounce the throne for himself and his descendants. . . . We do now hereby with one voice and consent of tongue and heart publish and proclaim that

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the High and Mighty Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George is now become our only lawful and rightful liege Lord George the Sixth, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King. . . ."

Acknowledging their fealty, and backing up to difficult words to hide his stutter, King George pledged a constitutional Government. "With my wife and helpmeet by my side," he said, "I take up the heavy task which lies before me. In it I look for the support of all my peoples." His first act was to name his brother Duke of Windsor.

A Queen At Last-The new Queen's scarlet and gold throne had already been placed beside the King's in the House of Lords when peers and M. P.'s took the oath. Throughout the Empire, officials hurriedly repeated it.

Thousands jammed London streets for a repition of the proclamation ceremony they heard in January. Altho less enthusiastic, they cheered loyally.

As the Garter Principal King at Arms read the scroll from a balcony of St. James's Palace, spectators stared at the King, the Queen Mother, and her little granddaughters, looking on from Marlborough House. In the Palace, the window from which Mrs. Simpson smiled down beside the King last January was vacant.

England found it fitting that the Duke of York should choose his father's name and take the throne as George VI.

George V was also a younger brother. As a youngster in the Navy, he went on a world tour with the Duke of Clarence, and boasted that while "he does all the work, I have all the fun." Yet when the Duke died, at twenty-nine, the young Prince did his duty. He not only accepted the succession, but he married his brother's fiancée, now the Queen Mother, Mary.

Tho self-conscious to the point of awkwardness, the new King never shirked a public obligation. As a youngster, he was trained for the Navy, like his father, and saw service in the Battle of Jutland before ill health forced him to resign.

A Man of Parts -Then he studied history and economics at Cambridge. In 1923, he married Lady Elizabeth Bowes Lyon, daughter of the Earl of Strathmore. The reputed love match with the Scottish commoner aroused tremendous enthusiasm.

Factory visits, his chief interest, won him the title of "Industrial Prince," tho he once said cheerfully that machines always broke down when he went near them.

He plays good tennis and once entered a doubles match at Wimbledon, but he is not so good a horseman as his elder brother, or a first-rate shot like his father.

Lacking Edward's charm and democratic manner, he has been considered cold and snobbish. As he himself said modestly when some one asked for his autograph: I am only a very ordinary person when people let me be one."

Good Queen Bess—Elizabeth is Britain's first commoner Queen since Henry VIII

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Princess Elizabeth, heir to throne

married his sixth wife, Catherine Parr. Kind and energetic, she takes her duties as seriously as her husband, tirelessly opening bazaars, visiting hospitals, tramping miles through industrial exhibits. Her pleasant expression caused London reporters to dub her "the smiling Duchess." They write seams on the happy evenings when she bakes scones and the ex-sailor makes coco.

Critics have called her too ambitious, and King Edward once said: "The only season I shall ever marry and have children is to disappoint the Duchess of York."

Bess Number Two—Edward's abdication shakes his wistful niece Elizabeth, ten, heir to the throne. From babyhood, her mother and grandmother have drilled her with their motto: "Duty first, self second." The lesson proves harder than history or French, for she has the stubbornness which sometimes crops up in her father's family. Once she interrupted the Queen Mother with: "Listen to me. Royalty speaking."

Another time, she kept bobbing up in a theater box until her grandmother threatened to send her home. "Oh, but you can't do that, Granny!" the youngster protested. "Think of all the people outside waiting to see me who will be disappointed!" She went home, and by a rear door.

Last week, she and her six-year-old sister, Princess Margaret Rose, played in their London garden. The child who will rule the Empire unless she has a brother or her father survives her sensed that something was wrong. "What is happening to Uncle David?" she asked; and learned that her father was King.

At Long Last—That night the man who had refused the duty to which his family's tradition bound him sat before a microphone in Windsor Castle to explain.

"His Royal Highness, Prince Edward," some one announced.

"At long last, I am able to say a few words of my own. I have never wanted to withhold anything, but until now it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak."

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The sincere voice throbbed with emotion. "You all know the reasons which have impelled me to renounce the throne. But I want you to understand that in making up my mind, I did not forget the country or the Empire which, as Prince of Wales and lately as King, I have for twenty-five years tried to serve."

In the Royal Lodge near-by, where he had just left a farewell dinner, the royal family was in tears.

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

Women sobbed on the streets of London; lonely ranchers in far-off Australia stared mistily into space. In New York, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt reached her destination, and retained her taxi to hear the end over its radio. At Cannes, Mrs. Simpson hung on his voice, but no one described her reaction to the curious world.

"The other person most nearly concerned has tried up to the last to make me take a different course."

God Bless You All—Edward expressed his allegiance and faith in his brother, who "has one matchless blessing, enjoyed by so many of you, and not bestowed on me—a happy home with his wife and children."

His strained voice broke, but at the end it rang firm and gallant: "God bless you all! God save the King!"

The British press is still trying to wipe out the memory of that moving speech.

Immediately after he made it, Edward went into exile, crossing to Boulogne on the destroyer *Fury*, with his equerry, the Honorable Piers Legh, and a cairn terrier. A special car took him to Austria, where he hoped to find privacy in Castle Enzersfeld, property of Baron Eugene Rothschild.

If he promised never to return, or to stay away a specified time, the fact was not revealed to the British public.

Thus the ruler of the world's greatest Empire joined the shabby band of ex-Kings —the wood-chopper of Doorn, Germany's forgotten All Highest; Alfonso of Spain, who roams the Continent looking for pleasure; Ferdinand of Bulgaria, an old man doddering over his stamps; Prajadhipok of Siam, Haile Sellassie of Ethiopia, Abdel Medjik of Turkey, and Amanullah of Afghanistan.

Only forty-two, energetic, trained to the rule of 500,000,000, what interest can the Duke of Windsor find to take the place of the "burden" he laid down? As long as he lives—and his family is noted for living a long time—he will be, in spite of himself, the Prince across the water, a source of intrigue for the discontented in his island home and throughout the Empire.

"The Other Person"—Mrs. Simpson, who must face these problems with her husband, remained at Cannes. It was rumored that they would not meet until her divorce decree becomes final in five months, to avoid further scandal. As a Belfast paper said:

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"Britain's divorce chicken has come home to roost!" (See page 19.)

As the heroine of one of the great loves of history, for whom a man made a sacrifice greater than any man had made before, the former Baltimore divorcée becomes immortal. Her problem will be to try to prove to the world that her third husband was not a fool.

She may become Duchess of Windsor, but the chances are she will never risk the snubs of the only court where that title holds significance. The Queen Mother, the Queen and the peeresses will see to that.

The Queen Mother immediately rallied to George, at the expense of her favorite son, with a public message which stole the story of the most dramatic broadcast in history in the British press. Then she administered a public snub to her future daughter-in-law. Denying reports that the two women had mingled tears, and that Mrs. Simpson had won the support of the Queen, it was officially announced that the Queen had not seen her son's friend this year.

In the modern world, Mrs. Simpson, tho she outrivals her, can not drift along the Nile under silken sails as Cleopatra did with Antony when he relinquished Rome for her. Edward's outstanding modern contemporary remains King Carol of Rumania, who, as a married Crown Prince, was maneuvered into relinquishing the succession over red-haired Magda Lupescu.

Altho finances will probably not be a part of Mrs. Simpson's troubles, a rumor spread in London that the ex-King is broke. A banking house, it was said, recently refused him further credit. The amount of his private fortune is unknown, but Mrs. Simpson's jewels are supposed to have eaten into it heavily, as well as into the $2,000,000 income he drew for State and personal use.

His mother and the King supposedly will help him out from their funds until some Parliamentary provision is made. At present, the opinion is that $250,000 a year would keep him nicely.

Business As Usual—The Empire recovered from the tragedy of its loss practically.

Perhaps $250,000,000 was involved in the Coronation scheduled for May 12. Lloyd's reputedly had issued $500,000 in insurance. Late in October, the policies, which at first said "the Coronation of King Edward," were issued against "the Coronation of the Sovereign." That was well before November 16, when, according to the Prime Minister, Edward announced he was prepared to go.

At any rate, $250,000,000 is a lot of money. The day he succeeded, it was announced that George VI would go through the ceremony planned for his brother on May 12.

The Empire rejoiced. Even the Irish Free State, which had never proclaimed Edward King, rallied to the extent of acknowledging his brother as supreme in Ireland's foreign affairs.

Press Comment—Quickly building up George, the British press paused only

briefly to comment on Edward's decision.

"Amid all his great qualities," the *Times* decided, "there was something lacking."

Edinburgh *Scottsman:* "This should not have been the end."

London *News Chronicle:* "The people felt that Edward had it in him to be a great King. But when the supreme decision came between personal choice and public duty, he lacked just the requisite fiber to stay the tremendous course."

Daily Herald: "The affection which this democratic people feels for its King springs only from this: that he serves rather than rules. . . . And a new King takes the throne at a moment when the nation has made it more plain than ever that it will not conceive of kingship on any other terms."

In the United States, Eastern papers on the whole blamed, the rest largely sympathized with Edward.

America's columnists minced few words, wrote many:

Hugh S. Johnson, United Feature Syndicate, Inc., in thirty newspapers: "With the world in riot and the British Empire in danger of being cut in two in the Mediterranean, would Stanley Baldwin have precipitated this crisis months before it was necessary and with no aim higher than the tongue of Mrs. Grundy?

"It doesn't make sense. This column lays claim to no special dope, but such as it has indicates that the opinion of the British Government was that the King was 'temperamentally unfit for Coronation'—that his mother precipitated the issue and that Dave Windsor, by his 'just-a-big-overgrown-boy' nonsense, gave his opponents exactly the opportunity they sought—to put a frozen-faced automaton in his place. That's what is needed under a modern Crown."

Walter Lippmann, New York *Herald Tribune* Syndicate, in 139 newspapers: "Tho there are still Kings and noblemen in the British Constitution, the Empire is no longer an aristocratic society, and a King who does not conform to the moral expectations of the British masses can, therefore, no longer be the King. The French Riviera and the drawing-rooms of London, Paris and even New York are populated with royalty who did not know how to adapt themselves to the rise of democracy, to its desires and its morals, and, if you like, its prejudices. They were unable to realize that the preservation of monarchy in a democracy requires that the public and the private life of the royal family shall conform to the standards which its subjects profess, that it shall reflect the image which the people have of royalty, renouncing the liberties which royalty used once to enjoy before the people could read or the newspapers were circulated."

Jay Franklin, Des Moines *Register and Tribune* Syndicate, in forty-five newspapers: "When Edward VIII succeeded his father, he was known to have a pronounced sympathy for the British underdogs. In particular, the fate of the Welsh coal-miners

excited his compassion and he publicly announced his will to help them. Since some of the great Conservative peers live on coal royalties, this was not taken in good part.

"Almost at once British society began a whispering campaign about the King and Mrs. Warfield Simpson, whose friendship had hitherto been regarded with sympathetic tolleration by the upper classes."

Westbrook Pegler, United Feature Syndicate, Inc., in fifty-nine newspapers: "Mr. Baldwin probably has in mind the thought that a woman divorced twice in twenty years might be just naturally restless. The idea of a Queen of England packing off to Reno and then into the movies and selling her memoirs doubtless disturbs him, too. . . . There is nothing in the record to prove that Mrs. Simpson would run out on the King and the British Empire, but she just barely might, and the reliability of the Queen is no less important to the nation than to the King himself. It would be taking an unnecessary chance, and as Prime Minister it is Mr. Baldwin's duty to prevent needless risks. So why speak of love to Stanley Baldwin?"

Mark Sullivan, New York *Herald Tribune* Syndicate, in seventy-five newspapers: "In New York last week I noticed that the hat girl at the restaurant had arranged her hair and eyebrows and lips and dress to look as near as she could attain to the latest published photograph of Mrs. Simpson. Having observed the hat girl, I looked at girls in dining-rooms and offices. The Mrs. Simpson model is spreading. In this there is nothing new. Young girls have long been taking Hollywood heroines as their models of dress and carriage. The result has made any group of young women more attractive to the eye than were those of a generation ago. But, looking back over centuries, one reflects that it is a far cry to the time when young women took Joan of Arc and the saints of the Church as their ideals."

Paul Mallon, North American Newspaper Alliance, in 300 newspapers: "Masters of statecraft here [in Washington] have been looking forward to the abdication of Dave Windsor as a matter of little immediate international concern. Mr. Windsor is said to have been inspirational in developing only two British policies. He liked the Germans and sought to swing London closer to Berlin. . . . The only other issue he seemed to bother much about was strengthening of the British Air Force."

David Lawrence, New York *Sun*, and 160 other newspapers: "The British Navy is a valuable force in the maintenance of world peace, and British cooperation is an essential to American foreign policy in the Far East. Anything, therefore, which tends to break down the collective strength of the British Empire becomes a matter of more than academic concern for the United States."

H. L. Mencken in the Baltimore *Sun*: "I consider Edward an idiot. His abdication shows it."

And from England:

G. B. Shaw: "A frightful insult to the United States!"