

WINDSOR PINCHED: Commons Refuses Edward Grant, He Becomes Remittance Man

If the worst comes to the worst," the Duke of Windsor loudly told his first royal visitors, the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood, last week, "I'll always pick up a living showing people around Schönbrunn; I know it so well."

The yellowish baroque castle near Vienna, favorite home of long-dead Austrian emperors, houses poignant memories for a King in exile. Windsor and his sister and brother-in-law saw the apartments of the Archduke Rudolf, old Franz Josef's heir, who died mysteriously in the hunting-lodge at Mayerling with his mistress, Countess Marie Vetsera. They also saw the death-chamber of the pathetic young King of Rome, Napoleon's son, who died of tuberculosis at twenty-one, far from a France he could not remember.

Later, in the National Gallery, the royal idler pointed out a figure of the late King-Emperor in a British Field Marshal's uniform, and boasted that attendants had corrected the line of the sash since his previous visit, on his advice.

Finances—In Britain, rumors persisted that the Government had permitted the Princess to make the trip because they believed her discretion and aversion to newspaper headlines exceeded that of her brothers. Presumably she took up the Duke's financial status.

According to one report, the Duke agreed to sell Sandringham House, the late George V's favorite residence. King George V had left the property to the then Prince of Wales as his "eldest son" and not "successor." Windsor had been reported insisting on a sale price of \$750,000, while his mother and George VI wanted to put up only \$500,000.

Austrians, unofficial defenders of their visitor, collected evidence that he was being kept in straitened circumstances. In the Vienna hotel where he gets a private hair-cut, he protested that \$1.26 seemed a little steep for the brief use of an empty

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hotel room. The manager sliced the fee in half. So did the head of the Sudbahn Hotel in the fashionable winter and summer resort of Semmering, when the Duke claimed that \$1.80 an hour for ski instruction became exorbitant when he pursued the sport six hours a day several times a week.

No Grant—Yet the Labor Party, unmoved, voted in a formal caucus not to grant him a penny on the Civil List. The Cabinet, rather than risk a debate damaging to British prestige, therefore decided to let his family stake him up to \$125,000 a year—making him, in the New York *Herald Tribune's* phrase, "the House of Windsor's first remittance man."

Meanwhile, the subsidized British Broadcasting Corporation pulled a boner which probably outraged more Britons than the disputed attack on the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Three radio comedians were singing a ditty:

"We have come along this evening
And one and all we feel
We wish that you could see us,
For we've all got sex appeal."

Over the air a gay voice cut in: "Yes, Mrs. Simpson!"

Slip—A flood of telephone calls and telegrams inspired officials to apologize for "an unfortunate lapse of taste." Later the company announced that one John Rorke, who had meant to use a common vaudeville name—Mrs. Gibson—was responsible. "It was a slip of the tongue," he said, but the plausible explanation did not prevent his suspension till St. Patrick's day.

Britain's unofficial censorship bobbed up again when the weekly *Cavalcade* was withdrawn from the stands for a paragraph reading: "Around the London Stock Exchange, as well as among members of Parliament, there are rumors that the King again has been attacked by epilepsy."

While readers tried in vain to decipher the blocked-out words, a member of the staff suavely explained to the United Press: "The word 'again' caused the trouble."