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## EDWARD: Criticism by Archbishop of Canterbury Draws Fire in House of Commons

EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY OF KING EDWARD VIII



H. G. Wells replied to the prelate

“Meanwhile the press has been very busy. Endless rumors regarding myself were circulating. In nine cases out of ten, my motives were misrepresented. The men who had been using the Empire for their private vantage-ground seem to be fully roused to the danger of a King whose influence was to be exerted against predatory power . . . while in society my name was being greeted with contempt, because I was trying to disturb the equanimity of those established methods. . . . Certain manufacturers were dissatisfied with the suggestions I had made regarding the improvement of the conditions of labor.

“I had an opportunity to reflect. . . . Here had been a King full of popularity, with his life given to a round of useless pleasures and worse than valueless to his people. A sudden recognition of what it all meant had inspired him to attempt to make valuable that which had theretofore been useless. . . . Night and day, he had given his most vital energies to helping people. And here he was, at the end of twenty months, a King out of a berth . . . sent away from his kingdom almost without a single protest from those whom he had tried to aid.

“With joy I welcomed the thought that hereafter I could with a free conscience be a free man.

“I find great pleasure in my talks with the woman who first aroused me to a sense of my kingly duties.

“She jokingly refers to herself as the instigator of my downfall.”

**Fantasy**—This diary of the ex-King appeared, not last week, but as an anonymous fantasy, probably never intended as a pre-

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diction, in the old *Cosmopolitan* magazine in 1908, when he was a nine-year-old boy at play in a palace garden.

Yet a prediction it turned out to be—even to the contempt which greeted the tired monarch's name.

The bachelor Archbishop of Canterbury saw to that last fine detail. When he was a young curate, Queen Victoria found the present Primate of All England "so human," tho he resisted her attempts to make him marry. Once he rebuked the late King George, then Prince of Wales, for attending a Roman Catholic service, a gesture without royal precedent since James II. "A very good precedent, too!" the Prince shot back, but the prelate reminded him that the last Stuart king died in exile.

The seventh son of a seventh son, the Archbishop is still lucky at seventy-two, drawing \$60,000 a year from the Established Church and enjoying an occasional cruise with J. P. Morgan. The London *Daily Express* considers the Archbishop "a great ecclesiastical statesman in the tradition of Wolsey and Richelieu—" not the martyred à Becket. "The fact that he is usually on the side of fashionable causes," the paper adds, "does not mean that he is afraid to say unpopular things if his principles urge him to."

One of his few snubs from the royal family came when he invited little Princess Elizabeth, heir to the throne, for a walk. "If you are going to talk to me about God, you needn't bother, thank you," she warned him, "because I know all about Him already."

**Attack**—In a radio address sponsored by the British Broadcasting Corporation, the Archbishop said last week: "On the eleventh day of December, 248 years ago, King James II fled from Whitehall. By a strange coincidence, on the eleventh day of December last week, King Edward VIII, after speaking his last words to his people, left Windsor Castle, center of all the splendid traditions of his ancestors, and his throne, and went out, an exile. In darkness he left these shores. . . .

"With characteristic frankness he has told us his motive. It was craving for private happiness. Strange and sad it must be that for such a motive, however strongly it pressed upon his heart, he should have disappointed hopes so high and abandoned a trust so great. Even more strange and sad is it that he should have sought his happiness in a manner inconsistent with

Christian principles of marriage and within a social circle whose standards and ways of life are alien to all the best instincts of his people.

"Let those who belong in this circle know to-day they stand rebuked by the judgment of the nation which had loved King Edward. . . .

"To the infinite mercy and protecting care of God we commit him now, wherever he may be."

Edward's friends, largely American, included Lady Cunard, a well-known hostess from California who married a leader in British shipping interests; Lady Mendl, famous as the decorator Elsie de Wolfe;

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Jock McGovern flared up at the bishops

Maxine Elliott, the actress; Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt's lovely twin sister, Lady Furness; and the Chicagoan, Henry Channon, husband of Lady Honor Guinness. His chief British cronies were his cousins, Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten; Sir Alfred Duff Cooper, husband of Lady Diana Manners, and the Honorable Piers Legh, who accompanied the former monarch into exile from home.

**Echoes**—The Archbishop's attack echoed in Parliament, where Jock McGovern, radical Scottish M. P., flared: "Let the bishops get out and deal with the means test and never mind Mrs. Simpson. Let them deal with unemployment instead of kicking a man when he's down!"

"The United States has just seen the last of its 'radio priest,'" Lt. Com. Reginald Fletcher said later in the debate, "and if in this country the duties of radio priest and radio director are to be combined, then I think we are in for a very remarkable future, indeed."

H. G. Wells, writing for Universal Service, published the most violent reply to the prelate's "covertly libelous and incredibly insolent" remarks.

"Either His Grace was deliberately distorting things," Wells wrote, "or he was in all good faith giving way, as nasty old gentlemen do at times, to his own unchastened invention.

"It is fairly well known that King Edward's entourage consisted of lively, fresh, cheerful and interesting people and was as free as spring-water from the vice and squalor that this holy broadcaster of vile insinuations would impute to it. . . .

"There is absolutely nothing that I can find out about Mrs. Simpson that disqualifies her as a wife. My impression is that she would be a far nicer-minded and altogether cleaner house companion than His Grace. . . .

"For a long time, for too long, we modern English have been treating the Established Church with good-humored contempt. . . . We thought the Church funny. It is not funny.

"It is tortuous and dangerous. . . . For the present I am a little ashamed of being English."



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**Resentment**—From Austria, where the Duke of Windsor enjoyed the guarded hospitality of Baron Eugene de Rothschild in Castle Enzesfeld, came a story that he would protest to the King over the Archbishop's slurs on his friends, that he would answer the innuendos publicly, that he would marry Mrs. Simpson in a civil ceremony, and formally leave the church.

The Duke, it was reported, called royal marriages immoral, comparing them with horse-breeding. He expected Mrs. Simpson to join him in Austria for Christmas. The couple were wrangling over their marriage plans, the Duke wanting a private wedding, Mrs. Simpson insisting on a stylish affair.

These and other rumors circulated through Vienna coffee-houses and made the front pages of American newspapers. A Czech correspondent contributed the story that, after an "affectionate reunion," the couple had left for a holiday in the Austrian spa of Dianabad. The *New York Times*, denying the report, said:

"The holiday must have been short and damp, for Dianabad is Vienna's most popular swimming-pool. . . . It is scarcely likely that the artists busy circulating such tales have already installed their secret microphones in the former monarch's private apartment or have penetrated the ring of bayonets guarding Enzesfeld Castle to eavesdrop under his windows."

**Privacy**—As a matter of fact, like Mrs. Simpson at Cannes, the Duke refused to see the reporters who beleaguered him. Touched by the British photographers' plea that their assignment would keep them from their families at Christmas, he consented to pose for five minutes. Otherwise he spent the week nursing an infected ear, playing golf, bowling and rescuing his pet Cairn, Slipper, from the Baroness's Sealyham.

On the Riviera Mrs. Simpson ventured past her amateur guards for a little shopping, but the crowd of curious grew so thick that police had to rescue her from the shop. The Mayor sent her a bouquet of roses in apology, and, on an irate taxpayer's complaint, explained that he had bought it with his own money.

Mme. Tussaud's waxworks in London contributed a final irony to the historic triangle.

Around the corner from the former monarch's image, Mrs. Simpson, in a simple red evening gown, turns a fixed smile on the purple-robed Archbishop of Canterbury.