

THE KING
AND
THE LADY

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FOREWORD

King Edward VIII abdicated on December 10, 1936. On the evening of that day CAVALCADE, the British news-magazine, was on sale in London with the complete story of the events which led to the crisis, the crisis, and the abdication.

Earlier in the year CAVALCADE had been the only publication in Great Britain to tell week by week of the friendship of the King and Mrs. Simpson : CAVALCADE'S policy is to tell the truth.

People who attacked CAVALCADE admitted later that if all British journals had told the truth the crisis might never have happened.

CAVALCADE had all the inside facts—and was prepared to print them. The issue containing them was sold out throughout the world : it was not possible to print sufficient copies.

It was decided therefore to reprint this story and photographs of an event which will be remembered for ever. Written fully and accurately as the events were fresh and new, the story is intended to be kept as a contemporary document, and passed down to history.

WILLIAM J. BRITTAIN,
Editor of "Cavalcade."

London.

THE KING AND THE LADY

A slightly built man paced his room, ran his fingers through his fair hair as he raged and swore.

Sitting uncomfortably in a chair was a heavily built man with grey-streaked hair and a lined face which twitched with tension.

Outside, taxi-cabs rocked round Queen Victoria's stable and set monument as Britain's throne rocked from an impact with Victorian morals.

The lights of Piccadilly glowed across the Green Park; across St. James's Park the beacon light of the Houses of Parliament shone. Outside Buckingham Palace, sentries stamped.

The words of King Edward VIII were a torrent of anger, anguish and sometimes pleading. The most stolid of all Britishers looked on.

It was the third interview between the King and the Prime Minister in seven days. Immovable and heavy-handed as the autocratic squire, Stanley Baldwin said as he had said before that

the Cabinet would not agree to a morganatic marriage* with Mrs. Ernest Aldrich Simpson.

At the end of 50 minutes they parted.

King Edward went from his room, jumped into a car and went across to his mother, Queen Mary, at Marlborough House. To her like a boy come home he poured out his feelings, rated against ministerial pig-headedness. Queen Mary comforted her son.

Stanley Baldwin went back to his room in the House of Commons, told a few of his Cabinet colleagues that King Edward was adamant.

From the House of Commons Mr. Baldwin went to No. 10, Downing Street, and talked with Sir John Simon.

* Morganatic marriage is an inferior marriage, when the bride does not take the rank of the bridegroom. Morganatic is a corruption of the German Morgengabe—morning gift. Means that children of a morganatic marriage are entitled to nothing beyond the father's first morning gift to the bride after the marriage.



LIEUTENANT EARL WINFIELD SPENCER
From Husband No. 1, often separated.



ERNEST ALDRICH SIMPSON
Husband No. 2 stayed at home.

Sir John, in the absence of Lord Hailsham (as Lord Chancellor, "Keeper of the King's Conscience"), who has been ill since July with stone in the bladder but still hangs on to his job, is acting as legal adviser within the Cabinet.

While they talked the High Commissioners of Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand sat round a table in the room of toothy Malcolm MacDonald, Dominions Secretary, in the Dominions Office, heard from MacDonald the news from the Palace.

They were still talking when Sir John Simon left No. 10 and waiting reporters were told: "The Prime Minister has gone to bed."

When at last the High Commissioners left the Dominions Office they went to their offices to dictate long messages in code to their Governments on the other side of the world.

King Edward motored through the night to his bachelor hide-out, Fort Belvedere, near Sunningdale. His car tore through roads and lanes at 70 miles an hour as though he were in a hurry, but when he arrived at 2 a.m. he faced another tortured night of sleeplessness.

Servants at Fort Belvedere risked the King's quick anger by telling his mother of his sleeplessness, but King Edward forbade doctors, refused to take drugs.

* * *

At a long table with round ends in a room at 10, Downing Street, sat 21 men, the British Cabinet. In the middle at one long side sat Stanley Baldwin.

On the table was a dossier collected by the Special Branch detectives of Scotland Yard, by the Secret Service, by the dozens of other people a great Government can employ to collect information. The subject of the dossier was Mrs. Ernest Aldrich Simpson.

In a large brown-stoned mansion in East Biddle Street, Baltimore, Ohio, U.S.A., lived Teackle Wallis Warfield, son of a politician and merchant, and his wife, Alys Montague. Mr. Warfield could claim relationship to a former Governor of Maryland and reputedly was descended from Norman Knight Pagan de Warfield, who was given a



THELMA LADY FURNESS*

Her sister had a dinner engagement with the Simpsons.

Knight's fee of a manor called Warfield Walke, in old Windsor Forest, England, by William the Conqueror for doughty work at Hastings.

In 1896 a daughter was born, Bessie Wallis, but after three years father Teackle died. Mother Alys sent little Bessie to "nice" Arundel School, made ends meet by taking "paying guests" in the brownstone house.

At twelve daughter Bessie gaily wore long curls tied with ribbon of her favourite blue, was delighted when fourteen-year-old Thomas Shryock, son of General Thomas Shryock, slipped her love notes and lace Valentines over the back fence of Arundel School. That year, 1908, widow mother Alys was married to John Freeman Rasin, son of a Maryland politician, was given away by her sister, Mrs. D. Buchanan Merryman (Aunt Bessie), who started to take an interest in young Bessie.

The marriage brought money into the family and Bessie went back to Arun-

* In the middle of the crisis she arrived back in London.



KING EDWARD, MRS. SIMPSON*
In 1934 . . . Aunt Bessie was chaperon.

del School a richer girl, let it be known her name was no longer Bessie but Wallis.

Four years later she went to ride, play golf and tennis, become socially "finished," at Oldfields School for Girls, fifteen miles outside Baltimore. Then she was taken under the care of her uncle, Solomon Davies Warfield, wealthy business man who later became president of the Seaboard Air Line Co.

At 18 Wallis made her debut in Baltimore Society, visited Washington, Philadelphia.

In 1916, in Florida, she met Lieutenant Earl Winfield Spencer, handsome young naval airman from Chicago. Two years later, when she was 22, they were married at Christ's Protestant Episcopal Church, Baltimore.

In 1920 the young couple had their first glimpse of England's Prince of Wales at a naval ball at San Diego, California.

Husband Spencer, as a naval officer, was often separated from his young wife: she felt neglected, went with

Aunt Bessie to London, was presented, among the American colony, at the Court of St. James's. Then curtsying Mrs. Spencer caught another glimpse of the Prince of Wales.

At that time in London was twenty-nine-year-old Ernest Aldrich Simpson, New York born son of an English father and Canadian mother, graduate of Harvard, who was working in his father's ship-chartering firm, Simpson, Spence and Young. He met Mrs. Spencer, a year older than himself.

In 1927, gay Mrs. Spencer, with her permanently waved fair hair (which photographs dark) and smart-crack answers, divorced her husband at Warrington, Virginia, on the grounds of desertion and abandonment.

Young Mr. Simpson was sent back to the New York office of the firm, met Mrs. Spencer again and eventually was divorced from the then Mrs. Simpson, who had a young daughter, Audrey.

Simpson was transferred again to London, and in 1928 he and Mrs.

* During a winter sports holiday at Kitzbühel, Austria, in February, 1935.

Spencer were married at Chelsea Registry Office, went to live in socialite Upper Berkeley Street.

In 1931 Mrs. Benjamin Thaw, sister of Thelma Lady Furness and Gloria Vanderbilt, went with her husband to spend a week-end with the Prince of Wales at Fort Belvedere. On Sunday night the Thaws had a dinner engagement with Mr. and Mrs. Simpson in London. The Prince of Wales pressed them not to leave, suggested they should invite their guests down to Fort Belvedere to dinner.

The Simpsons went.

Later, at Mr. and Mrs. Thaw's London house in Farm Street, London, the Prince of Wales dined frequently, when the Simpsons were also guests.

During 1932 and 1933 Mrs. Simpson was a close friend of Lady Furness, went to parties at St. James's Palace and Fort Belvedere.

In 1934, Lady Furness left London to join her sister, Mrs. Vanderbilt, in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, in London, took a flat at 5, Bryanston Court, near Marble Arch. At Bryanston Court, Mrs. Simpson gave her own parties, the Prince became a regular guest.

He liked her food, handed round the cocktails which she mixed herself, was prompt with his lighter when Mrs. Simpson took a cigarette.

In company, she always curtsied as he entered, called him "Sir." Though he was a good host, anxious for his guests, subjects never forget he was Prince.

At Fort Belvedere Mrs. Simpson advised him on his garden, saw that he wrapped up well for early morning rounds of golf.

In London they shopped, went to West End "flicks" and restaurants, and Mrs. Simpson would give a jaunty tilt to his hat when they went out.

Mrs. Simpson talked in a low, vibrant voice with a broad American accent. Some of that accent crept occasionally into the Prince's speech.* That year



KING EDWARD, MRS. SIMPSON*
Intimate friends knew, then.

the Prince of Wales invited Mrs. Simpson to be one of his guests on a holiday at Biarritz.

"Aunt Bessie," of Washington, U.S.A., acted as chaperon, and the Prince of Wales met Mrs. Simpson and Aunt Bessie at Biarritz railway station, took charge of their luggage.

One day in Biarritz the Prince waited two hours in a beauty shop while Mrs. Simpson's hair was shampooed and dried. The Prince took Mrs. Simpson golfing, bought Aunt Bessie a gun-metal handbag.

In September, 1935, the Prince of Wales took Mrs. Simpson with him on his holiday on the Continent, photographs were sent back of them skiing at Kitzbühel, in the Tyrol, shopping together, including one photograph of them leaving a lingerie shop with the polite populace looking on and the respectful shopkeeper in the doorway. (See picture.)

King George, model of family

* In the King's opening speech to Parliament last November there were traces of American accent (CAVALCADE, November 7).

* At the 1935 Grand National at Aintree.

rectitude* complained to his son: the new friendship gave new cause for upbraodings by the family-loving father of the post-war son.

The Queen, although the model of rectitude, is not the Victorian prude most of her subjects seem to think her, and she pleaded for more benevolence towards her darling Edward.

King George talked to Premier Baldwin and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and they talked to the Prince.

Last Christmas Day the question again rose at Sandringham, and King George urged the Prince of Wales to give up Mrs. Simpson.

The Prince liked her too sincerely for that. On January 22, when in the ancient Friary Court of St. James, to the sound of gunfire, Edward was proclaimed King Edward VIII, on the balcony to hear the proclamation were Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson, as privileged friends.

This annoyed both Premier Baldwin and the Scottish Archbishop of Canterbury, who took it upon themselves to talk to the new King.

King Edward plunged into his new heavy duties, made many changes which he thought were for the good, worked

as hard as his father but with more modern efficiency.

He annoyed high civil servants who thought themselves the real rulers of Britain by coming through personally on the telephone demanding, "Where are those papers I asked for?"

But at teatime, when work permitted it, the King slipped over to the Simpson's restful flat in Bryanston Court, cast off his Kingly cares in a few moments of friendly chit-chat.

Week-ends he went to his bachelor hide-out, Fort Belvedere, and Mrs. Simpson usually was a guest.

Cromwell Baldwin and the Archbishop of Canterbury complained again.

Edward has no heavy head of a dictator: he has a small chin, but it is firm, and a long top lip—he is stubborn. He showed his critics what he thought by taking over the writing of the Court Circular, which chronicles the official doings of the Royal Family and is printed at the head of the snob columns of the heavy daily newspapers. He arranged a dinner party at St.

* But even King George, when he came to the throne, had attacks on his character.

Outspoken journalist William Thomas Stead in his *Review of Reviews* gave "an authoritative reply to current calumnies," said "... the King is sometimes accused of insobriety there is not a more sober, temperate, quiet-living man in this country..."; denied the story repeated everywhere that before he married Queen Mary, when she was engaged to the Duke of Clarence, who died while heir to the throne, King George had a "secret or morganatic marriage" with an Admiral's daughter, with children from it.

The marriage was declared to be "canonically valid," so the story went, because it had been celebrated in the English church by an Anglican chaplain in the presence of the whole ship's company.

Also alleged—and denied, said Stead, on Palace authority—was that when King George became heir to the throne and was faced with having to commit bigamy, Queen Alexandra "flung herself with tears at the feet of Queen Victoria, imploring that relentless old lady to waive the objection to the marriage of Admiral's son with a subject.

"The Malta marriage was ignored. The Admiral's daughter and her two children were banished to some remote fastness in the wilds of Scotland, sometimes described as a lunatic asylum, where after a time the unhappy lady died." Some versions said her father committed suicide by sinking his warship with all hands.



KING EDWARD, MRS. SIMPSON*

She kept him happy.

* At the 1935 Ascot races.



KING EDWARD, MRS. SIMPSON (extreme right)*
 . . . Coming out of a lingerie shop.

James's Palace, commanded the presence of Premier and Mrs. Lucy Baldwin, invited his friends, War Minister Duff Cooper and Lady Diana Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson, Lady "Emerald" Cunard (a friend of Mrs. Simpson), and the newly-arrived Americans, Colonel and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh.

Proper and homely Stanley and Lucy sat awkwardly through the dinner, but their embarrassment was nothing to the apoplectic rage of duchesses and a few dukes next morning when they saw in the sacred Court Circular the list of guests—including Mrs. Ernest Simpson. (CAVALCADE, June 6.)

Together Stanley Baldwin and Cosmo Gordon Lang went to Buckingham Palace again. Brusquely the King told them that his private life was his own.

The tired King planned to take a holiday and, characteristic of his American friendship, he chose to spend it at the Villa of Miss Maxine Elliott, American actress, at Cannes.

But the great iron walls of Britain's

fleet were in the Mediterranean and stories were circled that Mussolini, during the Abyssinian trouble, had cocked a snook by racing his sea fleas, each carrying a torpedo, round and round our warships as they heavily pushed along. And in France there was the stay-in strike, with a threatened Communist rising.

This was no atmosphere for a holidaying British King to breathe, and in any case King Edward did not want to give the responsibility of having him as guest to a France which had not forgotten greeting King Alexander of Yugoslavia and having him assassinated on their soil within an hour of his arrival.

So King Edward chartered the luxurious yacht *Nahlin* from dumpy millionairess widow Lady Yule.

Side by side with his holiday in the Adriatic he planned—and told not a single soul—a tour he had wanted to make for more than a year, a visit to some of Europe's troubled rulers.

While champagne was being loaded on the *Nahlin*, stuffy books being thrown out and the library turned into

* During the 1935 Hungarian tour.

the King's bedroom, twenty-eight-year-old Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, called on the King at Buckingham Palace, talked of the Coronation, was told that the route should be shortest possible,* the Coronation ritual as simple as possible.

Before he went, the King also arranged with Wallis Simpson's friend, Lady Mendl, wife of the dignified Press Attaché to the British Embassy in Paris, who had decorated Mrs. Simpson's flat in Bryanston Court, to re-decorate parts of Fort Belvedere.†

As Skipper Nicholas Patrick Doyle turned the *Nahlin* to sea to receive there instructions by radio from the Admiralty, Palace officials announced that the King's guests would be War Minister Alfred Duff Cooper and Lady Diana, his trusty friend Sir Godfrey Thomas (Private Secretary when he was

Prince of Wales, appointed Assistant Private Secretary to the King), sparkling young equerry Sir John Aird, sprightly Lady "Emerald" Cunard.

On Saturday, August 8, Captain "Mouse" Fielden piloted King Edward across to St. Inglevert airfield, ten miles from Calais. The King motored to Calais; his guests, coming by boat, had not yet arrived.

He sat in his special coach, puffed quietly at his pipe for half an hour till the guests arrived.

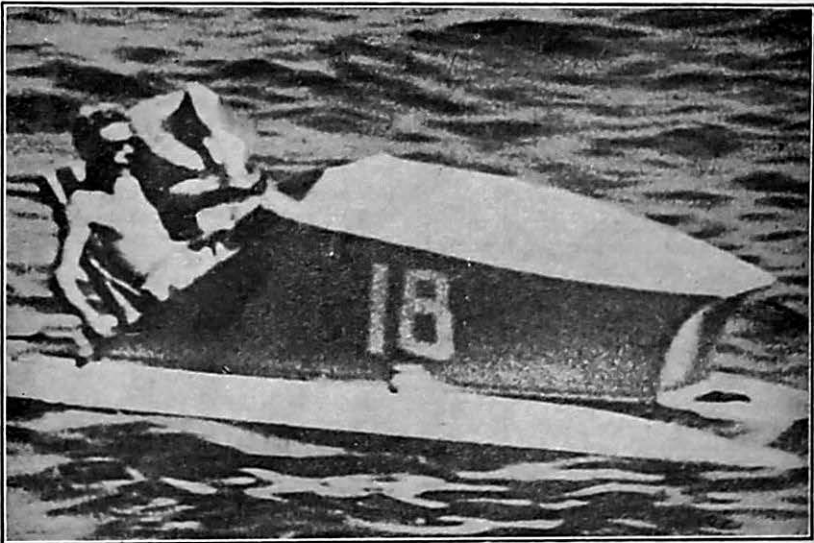
Among the guests, expected but not publicly announced, was Mrs. Ernest Simpson—but not Mr. Simpson.

The train with the King and his guests crossed France with French soldiers guarding the line all the way to the German border.

At Strasbourg the party had to change trains, face a two-hour wait. The King called his guests, took his Leica camera, strolled through Strasbourg streets, in tan shoes, grey flannel suit, red tie, straw boater. Cameramen snapped the King and his guests, wired their pic-

* Later the King doubled the route so that more people should see the procession.

† Husband Sir Charles Mendl later denied a story that Lady Mendl was to decorate the private apartments of the King at Buckingham Palace.



KING EDWARD AND MRS. SIMPSON IN PADDLE-BOAT*

. . . The pictures kept coming in.

* During a holiday on the Cote d'Azur, near Cannes.



KING EDWARD, MRS. SIMPSON, DICTATOR KEMAL ATATURK*
The Dictator received her like a Queen.

tures to London.

Lord Camrose's *Daily Sketch* scooped the first picture, but on Lord Camrose's ban printed no more. Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* and *Daily Express* and other newspapers printed early pictures, then all fell in line and cut off Mrs. Simpson, printed only the King.†

American newspapers started to become really interested in the honoured American woman guest.

With pictures of the King and Mrs. Simpson shopping, walking before crowds, alone in a dinghy, still coming in, the *Sunday Dispatch*—whose owner Lord Rothermere would not have allowed them to print the pictures anyway—wrote inside the office an announcement that the paper would publish no pictures and stories of the Balkan cruise "unless these contain matter of proper national interest." Not everyone realised then that these things

would become a matter of "proper national interest," and the story got around that the Press had been censored. The daily newspapers were self-censored, but even then individually and not by agreement.

British sailors who had seen news-reel pictures of the Prince of Wales twitching at his tie, thought this was a sign of shyness, were amazed one day when four warships were round the *Nahlin*, which was taking in oil.

The King got up late, went on deck for breakfast as usual. The crews of all the warships looked on at their King having breakfast: he just carried on as though he did not know they were there.

Towards the end of the cruise, the pleasure aspect began to change: King Edward did what he had planned for a year.

He called on Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, discussed the world position.

Next he called on Greece's Dictator, General John Metaxas. In the evening the King and Mrs. Simpson with their party went to a tavern outside Athens, watched an open-air cabaret, danced

* During the Mediterranean cruise in August.

† CAVALCADE printed all the pictures. Some were printed later by Isidore Ostrer's *Sunday Referee*.

until 3 a.m.

At Athens the King was asked to review the Greek fleet. When the message came he was in shorts and shirt, as he had been most of the trip. The King agreed.

Everybody on the *Nahlin* was worried. Surely he would not review a fleet in shorts! But no one dared to mention the matter to him.

Next morning, bright and early, the King appeared in white naval uniform with all his medal ribbons, reviewed the fleet in style. Not even his equerry knew he had the uniform with him.

The next move in the planned diplomatic tour was a call on Turkey's Dictator Kemal Atatürk.

Atatürk received Mrs. Simpson like a queen. She and the King were driven in state through decorated streets full of cheering people.

The King in return invited Kemal Atatürk to visit London.

When this news was flashed over the British Foreign Office was furious. Asked by the newshawks about the invitation officials said, "We know nothing of this." Stories were set going that a visit from Atatürk would be diplomatically most inconvenient.

Politicians and permanent officials were angry at this first royal intrusion into foreign politics since Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, tried to promote friendship between France and England and was surrounded ever afterwards with talk of *entente cordiale*, had a diplomatic meaning given to every journey he took.

Now the new King Edward had a new set of people against him—one powerful set did not like his friends, another powerful set did not like his taking over diplomats' authority.

In Vienna the King called on President Wilhelm Miklas, Chancellor Kurt von Schusnigg, at night went with Mrs. Simpson to State Opera and Ballet.

Soon Mrs. Simpson left quietly for London and the King played a few lonely rounds of golf in the grounds of Schloss Enzesfeld, guest of Baron Eugene Rothschild.

He flew home, was driven from Heathrow airdrome, private landing

ground of Fairey Aviation Co., in Middlesex, to Fort Belvedere in his new Canadian-built Buick car, another cause of trouble among some people.

British motor-car manufacturers, pushing British cars and looking upon Canadian branches of United States firms as foreign, thought he should have bought only British cars. Blame was thrust on Mrs. Simpson, allegations made that she had friends in the Canadian Buick Co.

The first night home the King told Queen Mary of his holidays, next day Foreign Secretary Robert Anthony Eden had to listen to accounts of interviews which ordinarily would be the job of the Foreign Secretary or professional diplomats.

The King has never cared much for Britain's self-important aristocrats as such. Some of them are his friends, but rank alone does not entitle them to his friendship. Mrs. Simpson persuaded him that it was his duty to pay more attention to the great families of England.

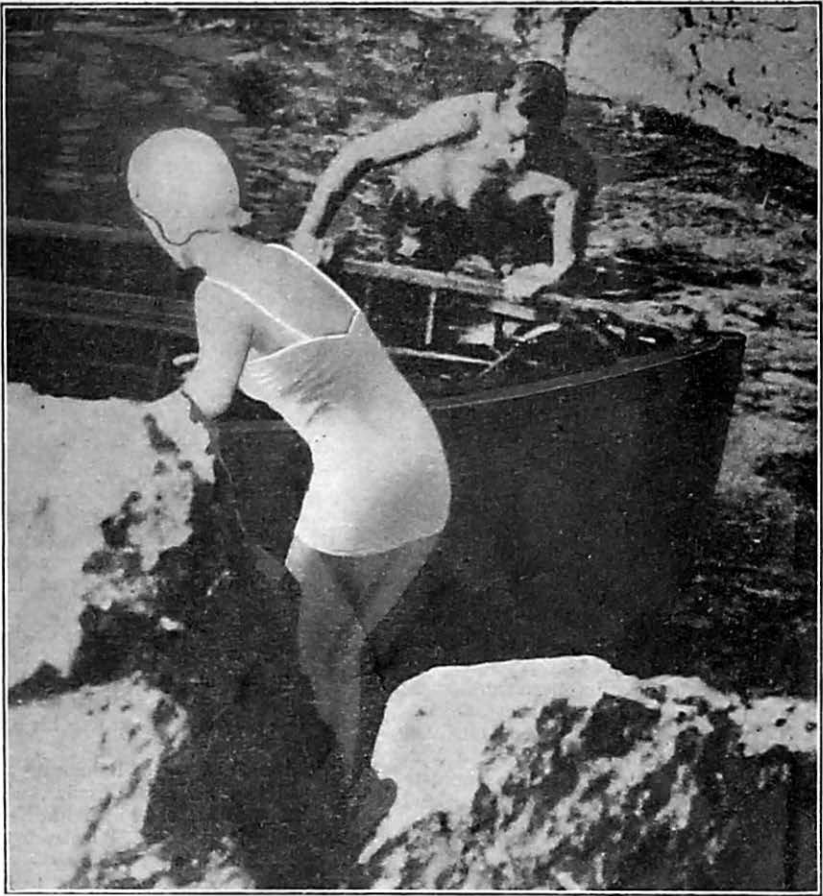
Four days after his arrival in England the King went up to Balmoral by night train from Euston, saving the £300 King George used to spend on a special royal train. His only companion was his little cairn Jacques.

Invited as guests to Balmoral, and mentioned in the Court Circular, were the Dukes and Duchesses of York, Kent, Sutherland, Marlborough, Buccleuch, the Earl and Countess of Rosebery.

In London two women were preparing to move—the Queen from Buckingham Palace to Marlborough House, Mrs. Simpson from Bryanston Court to Mrs. Cuthbert Stewart's house, 16, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, which she had leased for seven months at 25 guineas a week.

The King arrived at Aberdeen, was met by the Duke of York, donned Balmoral tartan instead of the former royal Stuart tartan, drove on to Balmoral, waving a hand to cheering Aberdeeners.

The cheerers hoped he would keep his four-months-old engagement to open Aberdeen's completed Royal Infirmary, of which he had laid the corner stone



KING EDWARD, MRS. SIMPSON*
After a row, a dip.

when Prince of Wales.

The first evening King Edward showed films of the Balkan cruise to his guests, who stared in alarm at the shots of Mrs. Simpson boating and bathing.

News was sent that the Duke and Duchess of York, not the King, would open the new wing of the Royal Infirmary.

Through the decorated streets the King drove his car, towards Aberdeen station.

* At Dubrovnik last August.

He was stopped in traffic by a policeman, who recognised him. The news spread.

At the station the King waited, greeted from the train Mrs. Simpson and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers.

That night was chalked on Aberdeen walls: "Down with the American harlot."

Next morning the Court Circular announced in the first paragraph that Mrs. Simpson and friends had arrived at Balmoral; in the next paragraph that

the Duke and Duchess of York had opened Aberdeen's Royal Infirmary.

On the Sunday the King went in a saloon car with the Dukes of York and Kent, the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, to the little Presbyterian church at Crathie for service. Mrs. Simpson stayed at Balmoral with the Royal wives.

That week in New York was Mrs. Simpson week. The magazine *Liberty* ran off 2,500,000 copies of an issue with an article which called a spade a spade, described Mrs. Simpson as "The Most Envied Woman in the British Empire." Suburban New Yorkers going home in the train saw placarded "The Yankee at the Court of King Edward" put out by a new paper, *The New York Woman*, which, at 15 cents (7½d.) sold 100,000 copies, in which the spade became a shovel.

Said the article: "While the outcome, no doubt, will be a victory for the Throne, the King, quite evidently, is the most helpless of creatures, a man over 40,* who has fallen desperately in love."

In Manhattan at 1331, Madison Avenue, was discovered by U.S. newshawks the first Mrs. Simpson. She and attractive daughter Audrey were poorly off for money.

Said the first Mrs. Simpson: "I wish to emphasise that I do not wish anything I may say to imply criticism of the alleged friendship of the present Mrs. Simpson for His Majesty. If what the newspapers say of my former husband's present financial standing is true, Audrey and I wish he could find it possible to provide adequately for her education and maintenance.

"... The present Mrs. Simpson has enough of 'what it takes' to steal a man. Mr. Simpson walked out on me while I was ill in a hospital."

The stories spread to Canada, made people there anxious. Notes, clippings, streamed across the Atlantic to the Home Office, to Fleet Street.

Time, the U.S. newsmagazine, was clipped by wholesale newsagents week

* King Edward is 42, Mrs. Simpson 40.

after week as it talked of "The King's Mrs. Simpson," "Queen Wallis."

The Balmoral party broke up. The King went back to his duties at Buckingham Palace, Mrs. Simpson to her new house in Cumberland Terrace.

Mr. Ernest Simpson moved from Bryanston Court to the Guards Club.

King Edward sent Mrs. Simpson long-stemmed, red roses daily at £5 a bunch, kitchen utensils from the Palace and Fort Belvedere, gave her a Royal housekeeper, Mrs. Mason, turned over to drive her Buick sedan his crack chauffeur George Ladbroke.

First job of George Ladbroke was to whizz Mrs. Simpson to Beech House, Felixstowe, on the Suffolk coast, and stand by. Mrs. Simpson's solicitors filed a petition for divorce for Mrs. Simpson from husband Ernest before Mr. Justice Hawke, former Attorney-



HEADLINES FROM FOUR AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS

The Canadian newspapers told of King's good work.

General of the Duchy of Cornwall.

The next sensational newspaper story in the U.S.A. took a graver turn. Stories up to this time had been personal and gossipy about the King and Mrs. Simpson. But now, from Atlantic to Pacific, the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers had in monster headlines :

CHURCH HEADS SNUB KING
EDWARD
2 PRELATES SHUN PARTY
ATTENDED BY MRS. SIMPSON

BRITISH RULER BLUSHES AND
APPEARS DISTRESSED AT
PRIVATE CONFERENCE WITH
ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY
AND YORK

BALDWIN SAID TO HAVE
DEVELOPED HOSTILITY
TOWARD HIS MAJESTY

Sir Ronald Lindsay, British Ambassador in Washington, made no public comment, took no public action to deny these glaring headlines, but sent communiqués to Whitehall.

The story was that the prelates had been invited to the St. James's Palace dinner which Mr. Baldwin attended, and gave Mrs. Simpson her first mention in the Court Circular. They refused.

Mrs. Simpson's solicitors meanwhile were submitting that Mr. and Mrs. Simpson had been estranged since 1934, that Mrs. Simpson complained her husband had stopped out at nights, that in July this year he committed adultery with a woman at the Hotel de Paris, Bray-on-Thames.

That week U.S. Newslord William Randolph Hearst,* who had been for the past month on holiday in his Welsh castle, St. Donat's, received news which was too good to keep.

From London to Hearst's U.S. editors, with orders to front-page it at once, went a telephone dispatch, obviously in

*Although Hearst's newspapers are among the most sensational in the U.S., Hearst earlier had sent instructions to play down the Simpson story: reason newshawks gave was his fellow feeling. He has a dear woman friend, filmstar Marion Davies.

Hearst's own wording :

"Within a few days Mrs. Ernest Simpson, of Baltimore, Mass., U.S.A., will obtain her divorce decree in England, and some eight months thereafter she will be married to Edward VIII, King of England.

"King Edward's most intimate friends state with the utmost positiveness that he is very deeply and sincerely enamoured of Mrs. Simpson, that his love is a righteous affection and that almost immediately after the Coronation he will take her as his consort.

"It is stated definitely that King Edward is convinced that this is both the right thing to do and the wise thing to do."

When King Edward heard about the interview, reported a friend, he said he hoped it would be printed in England

* * *

Mr. Justice Hawke moved into an Ipswich stiff with police.

From Felixstowe to Ipswich, on October 27, at a snorting pace came the big black Buick driven by chauffeur Ladbroke, left behind a trailing cameraman's car doing 65 m.p.h., made police leap to open the court house gates, to make way for flying petitioner Mrs Simpson.

Outside the court bobbies wrecked two press cameras with their truncheons. In the court house tickets for seats had been limited to those which gave a back view of a witness in the box.

As soon as Mrs. Simpson and counsel were inside, police locked the court doors.

Into the witness box then went Mrs Simpson, to be adroitly questioned by her fashionable London counsel, Mr Norman Birkett, K.C.

To watching U.S. newshawks she appeared "a model of queenly composure," had "spasms of coughing," "moved her tongue rapidly in nervous movements from cheek to cheek . . ." "looked like a middle-aged woman of the upper classes . . ." "told a most ordinary story. . ."

Mr. Norman Birkett asked for a decree nisi, with costs.

Mr. Justice Hawke : "Well, I suppose I must come to the conclusion there was



KING EDWARD*
Hat off to crowd—for last time?

adultery in this case."

Mr. Justice Hawke, in reply to Mr. Birkett: "Yes, costs against the respondent, I am afraid. I suppose I must in these unusual circumstances. So you may have it (*decree nisi*) with costs."

Ipswich police slammed and locked the court doors for five minutes, keeping everyone else inside, while Mrs. Simpson stepped into the waiting Buick, shot out of Ipswich on the road to London. The police swung a police car squarely across the road, blocked all London-bound traffic for 10 minutes.

Back at Cumberland Terrace Mrs. Simpson was faced with the six months interim period until April 27, when her decree should be made absolute.

Germany, Italy and Russia barred Simpson stories as "frivolous." French newspapers kept quiet for a time as a political courtesy.

To counteract the American papers, which all Canadians read, Canadian newspapers came out heavily with stories of King Edward's good works,

* Returning to Fort Belvedere during the crisis.

democratic sympathies.

In the lobbies of the House of Commons M.P.s guardedly admitted to one another they had received so many letters from their constituents that Premier Stanley Baldwin would soon have to prepare himself to answer questions in open Parliament.

Many feared a pulpit attack.

* * *

In the greatest constitutional crisis, though Baldwin refused to call it so, which had attacked the British throne for a century, Dominions which had been fighting for direct contact with the King said they were ready to accept control and leadership from Whitehall. This was what Stanley Baldwin wanted. He wanted to be another Oliver Cromwell, standing firm for the letter of the unwritten constitution.

In the lobbies of the House of Commons M.P.s talked and speculated. Most praised Mr. Baldwin, some felt he was blundering needlessly into a crisis, that he was not the humane diplomat needed to humour a man in the toils of love. A man like Lord Birkenhead, they

said, would have done it better.

They said openly that pressure had been put on the King long before benign Dr. Alfred Walter Frank Blunt, Bishop of Bradford, gave the opportunity to northern newspapers to set the crisis going (CAVALCADE, Dec. 5).

M.P.s said openly that the reason the *Yorkshire Post* had come out so boldly against the King was that, apart from the interest of Churchman Lord Halifax, Foreign Minister Anthony Eden was son-in-law of Gen. the Hon. Sir William Gervase Beckett, brother of the Hon. Rupert Beckett, chairman of the *Yorkshire Post*, for which paper Anthony Eden formerly wrote. And Eden did not like at all King Edward's strong and direct interference in foreign affairs.

On the morning of December 3 M.P.s found on the order paper of the House of Commons a motion by Colonel Josiah C. Wedgwood, an independent politician with Socialist tendencies, that: "In the opinion of this House, the oath of allegiance which they have already taken to King Edward VIII is unaffected by any form of Coronation ceremony, or by the presence thereat, or absence therefrom, of any dignitary or personage whatsoever; nor will they substitute any other for the King of England."

This was a direct challenge to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was reported to have refused to officiate at the Coronation ceremony if King Edward continued his friendship with Mrs. Simpson.

The same evening Mrs. Simpson was taken over by two Scotland Yard Special Branch detectives, gave newspaper reporters the slip, and started a midnight flit to France.

Escorted by friend of the King and Lord-in-Waiting fair-moustached Lord Brownlow, she slipped out of Cumberland Terrace, jumped into a car, was driven to Newhaven on the Sussex coast.

Her famous car was sent on first—without her.

The party took two cabins and were ferried across to Dieppe on the 9.30 p.m. boat, were not recognised by anyone until they drove into Rouen at 3.30 a.m.

They took rooms at the Hotel de la Poste. Mrs. Simpson was recognised by a French actress, Mdlle. Nadia Dauty.

Mrs. Simpson went to bed at the Hotel de la Poste until mid-day Friday, while Lord Brownlow went out to change money at the post office, was so worried he dropped coins on the floor.

Newspapers got on to Mrs. Simpson's track in the early afternoon when the French police said they had been sworn to great secrecy but admitted Mrs. Simpson was in France.

Mrs. Simpson was snapped by the French actress Mdlle. Dauty as she tripped refreshed out of the Rouen hotel at 11.30 a.m.

The Buick then tore off on the road to Paris, stopped at Evreux, where Mrs. Simpson had lunch at the Hotel du Grand Cerf, and put in a 16-minute call to London.

In the afternoon the Buick dodged Paris, tore on across France, took a zig-zag course to throw pursuing Paris newspaper reporters off the scent. At mid-day Mrs. Simpson's maid and luggage reached Paris. The same afternoon London evening papers were able to say the bird had flown, was still flying across France—through Chartres, Orleans, pursued by a fleet of Press cars.

On Friday evening the car reached Blois, within a stone's throw of Cannes. Mrs. Simpson stopped, had a long telephone conversation, then drove on the short distance to Cannes and to the ten-roomed Villa Lou Viei, belonging to American friends Mr. and Mrs. Herman L. Rogers, where she went straight to bed on arrival. Police threw a cord round the gardens of the villa, kept the hot and panting newshawks at bay.

On Friday morning anxiety was increasing. Members of the Cabinet met in the Prime Minister's room at the House of Commons, troubled by a wave of fierce support for the King, troubled by statements that the Archbishop and Baldwin had forced the King into the position of giving up the woman he loved or his throne. Sir John Simon drafted a statement which the Cabinet approved.



EDWARD, ALBERT*
That day, just brothers.

From his room the Prime Minister talked to Fort Belvedere, arranged an interview with the King.

Outside the Cabinet circles others were at work, (1) to prevent the King abdicating, (2) to stop Mr. Baldwin rushing the King.

To the Queen at Marlborough House

went many messages, some urging her to issue a statement to the public supporting her son, others to stand by the Cabinet.

Queen Mary listened, decided she would do nothing, said she would be a

* Following the coffin of King George V.

loyal subject of the King, as everybody else should be.

She called her family together. Most particularly she talked to the Duke of York, who, as heir presumptive, had travelled down from Edinburgh with his family to be at hand at their London house, 145, Piccadilly, had been approached by the Government to state whether he would succeed to the throne in the event of King Edward's abdication.

"Edward is your King," the Queen said.

Next morning Sir Eric Mieville, Private Secretary to the Duke of York, called early at No. 10, Downing Street, stayed half an hour. That morning, while the little Princesses drove through the streets, smiled and waved to the crowd, the Duke called on Queen Mary, dashed back to her home, 145, Piccadilly, went back again, dined with her the same evening. That night a crowd started to sing "God Save the King" outside the house in Piccadilly and lights were immediately turned out.

All Friday M.P.s debated a Bill to improve the working conditions of clerks, to abolish dark and unhealthy offices. But few were interested.

All M.P.s—and all the country—wanted to hear was the latest news of the King. Eventually Mr. Baldwin came in, to a hushed House, read the statement written by Sir John Simon:

"Suggestions have appeared in certain organs of the Press yesterday and to-day that if the King marries his wife need not become the Queen. These ideas are without any Constitutional foundation.

"There is no such thing as a morganatic marriage known to our law. . . .

" . . . the lady whom he marries, by the fact of her marriage to the King, necessarily becomes Queen.

"She herself, therefore, enjoys all the status, rights and privileges which, both by positive law and by custom, attach to that position, and with which we are familiar in the case of her late Majesty Queen Alexandra, and her Majesty Queen Mary, and her children would be in the direct line of succession to the Throne.

"The only possible way in which this result could be avoided would be by legislation dealing with a particular case. His Majesty's Government are not prepared to introduce such legislation.

"Moreover, the matters to be dealt with are of common concern to the Commonwealth as a whole. Such a change could not be effected without the assent of the Dominions. I am satisfied from inquiries I have made that this assent would not be forthcoming."

When normally he would be going to his official country house, Chequers, to rest, Mr. Baldwin stepped into an Austin police car, went to Fort Belvedere to see the King.

Edward walked up and down his maple-floored sitting-room, asserted his love for Mrs. Simpson in no way conflicted with his duties as Sovereign.

Before Baldwin went the King asked him what would be the machinery of abdication, what status the Cabinet would accord him as a private citizen.

After Mr. Baldwin had put on his hat and coat and got into his car, another car slipped into the gates of Fort Belvedere. Sitting well back, his face pale and showing great agitation, was Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill.

He had asked the King to see him so that they could talk as man to man. Mr. Churchill, like many another M.P., was of opinion that the King should take time to consider all the implications involved.

To the King he urged waiting, said he and the country were at the back of him.

Alone at Fort Belvedere, King Edward walked from his sitting-room to his study, back through his study to his bedroom, stopped occasionally to take brandy.

Anxious, the King's friends asked Lord Dawson of Penn to go to see the King. Lord Dawson found him distraught, suffering from nervous exhaustion, advised him to seek rest and quiet.

King Edward refused to take medicine, promised that he would try to rest.

Rest, however, would not come to him.

But that night there came to him a

telephone call from Evreux, from Mrs. Simpson. Quietly she tried to speak words of comfort to him across the hundreds of miles of humming telephone wires, tried to give him courage.

Tension at Fort Belvedere, in Whitehall, throughout the country, increased on Saturday.

People began to march into Whitehall to stand outside 10, Downing Street, glum and murmuring, as once again the Cabinet was in session, for forty minutes.

Mr. Baldwin told the Ministers about his latest talk with the King.

After Saturday morning's Cabinet, Sir John Simon talked long with the Prime Minister, went to lunch, returned to No. 10, Downing Street, in Mr. Hore Belisha's limousine.

Mr. Hore Belisha, however, did not go into No. 10. He went to his house to await a further call.

In No. 10, Downing Street, Sir John Simon sat at the table with the Prime Minister and Viscount Halifax. They examined the latest report from the Dominion Governments, prepared draft documents which the King could sign if finally he decided on abdication.

By this time in Whitehall offices and in the House of Commons it was being openly said that King Edward would abdicate.

But this was not the view of 70 M.P.s who, accepting Mr. Winston Churchill's leadership, were prepared to form a King's Party to fight for him, to keep him on the throne.

Their fight was directed mainly against Mr. Baldwin's handling of the crisis, his desire to get an early decision from King Edward.

Mr. Churchill wrote out a manifesto, which he issued to the newspapers:

"... There is no question of any conflict between the King and Parliament. Parliament has not been consulted in any way, nor allowed to express any opinion.

"The question is whether the King is to abdicate upon the advice of the Ministry of the day. No such advice has ever before been tendered to a Sovereign in Parliamentary times. . . .

"In this case, we are in presence of

a wish expressed by the Sovereign to perform an act which in no circumstances can be accomplished for nearly five months, and may conceivably for various reasons never be accomplished at all.

"That, on such a hypothetical and supposititious basis the supreme sacrifice of abdication and potential exile of the Sovereign should be demanded, finds no support whatever in the British constitution. No Ministry has the authority to advise the abdication of the Sovereign. Only the most serious Parliamentary processes could even raise the issue in a decisive form.

"The Cabinet has no right to pre-judge such a question without having previously ascertained at the very least the will of Parliament. . . .

"If an abdication were to be hastily extorted, the outrage so committed would cast its shadow forward across many chapters of the history of the



MRS. SIMPSON*

Then, just one of the women in the station.

* Waiting at Waterloo Station.

British Empire."

White-haired and white-bearded, but still fiery, 80-year-old George Bernard Shaw remembered a quiet article he had written on the death of King George, a phantasy he had called "The King and the Doctors: an Improbable Fiction."

With the King in danger, Bernard Shaw's Irish blood turned not rebellious but blazingly loyal.

He took his fountain pen and paper and wrote on it careful shorthand outlines. His secretary, Miss Patch, read the outlines, typed out "The King, the Constitution and the Lady: Another Fictitious Dialogue":

"... For the new king, though just turned 40, was unmarried; and now that he was a king he wanted to settle down and set a good example to his people by becoming a family man. He needed a gentle, soothing sort of wife, because his nerves were very sensitive, and the conversation of his ministers was often very irritating.

"As it happened, he knew a lady who had just those qualities. Her name, as well as I can remember it, was Mrs. Daisy Bell; and as she was an American she had been married twice before and was, therefore, likely to make an excellent wife for a king who had never been married at all.

"All this seemed natural and proper; but in the country of the Half Mad you never could count on anything going off quietly. The Government, for instance, would let whole districts fall into ruin and destitution without turning a hair, and then declare that the end of the world was at hand because some foreign dictator had said bluntly that there are milestones on the Dover road.

"And so the King was not surprised when he was suddenly told one day at noon or thereabouts that the Archbishop and the Prime Minister had called and insisted on seeing him at once. The King, having spent the morning with Mrs. Bell, was in a good humour, so he had them up and offered them cocktails and cigars. But they not only refused this refreshment quite sternly but exhibited such signs of

acute mental disturbance that the King had to ask them, with some concern, what was the matter.

"How can you ask us, sir?' said the Prime Minister. 'The newspapers are full of it. There are photographs. We are not spared even the lady's little dog. What is your Majesty going to do about it?'

"Nothing out of the regular course,' said the King. 'I shall be crowned in May; and in April I shall marry Daisy.'

"Impossible,' the Prime Minister almost shrieked. 'Madness.'

"Out of the question,' said the Archbishop, whose pulpit voice was a triumph of clerical art. 'You cannot marry this woman.'

"I had rather you called her Mrs. Bell,' said the King. 'Or Daisy, if you prefer it.'

"If I were to officiate at your proposed marriage I should have to speak of her as "this woman,"' said the Archbishop. 'What is good enough for her in the house of God is good enough for her here. But I shall refuse to officiate.'

"And I shall resign,' shouted the Prime Minister.

"How awful,' said the King. 'Would it be too brutal of me to remind you that there are others. Sandy Mac-Lossie will form a King's Party for me in no time. The people are behind me. You may have to resign in any case long before the Coronation.'

"Your throne will be shaken to its foundations,' said the Archbishop.

"That is my look-out,' said the King, 'as I happen to be sitting on it. But what will happen to the foundations of the Church if it tries to force me to contract a loveless marriage and to live in adultery with the woman I really love?'

"You need not do that,' said the Archbishop.

"You know that I will,' said the King, 'if I listen to your counsel. Dare you persist in it?'

"I really think, P.M., that we had better go,' said the Archbishop. 'If I were superstitious I should be tempted to believe that the devil was putting all these arguments into his Majesty's head.'

They are unanswerable; and yet they are so entirely off the track of English educated thought that they do not really belong to your world and mine.

"'Besides,' said the King, rising as his two visitors rose, 'my brother, who would succeed me, might strongly object. And he is married to a home-grown lady, who is more popular than any foreign ex-princess could be. And he would never be the real thing as long as I was in the offing. You would have to cut my head off. You can't tomfool with the throne; you must either abolish it or respect it.' . . ."

The *Evening Standard* published the article, next day the *Sunday Referee*, next day the *Daily Mirror*.

On Saturday, December 5, Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mirror* filled its front page with bold type headed "God Save the King," cried, "Tell Us the Facts, Mr. Baldwin"—"The Nation Insists on Knowing the King's Full Demands and Conditions"—"The Country Will Give You the Verdict."

Staid and merry England hissed with opposing whispering campaigns more vicious than the United States knows. These were some of the poison arrows:

" . . . The dossier prepared for the Cabinet shows that Mrs. Simpson has interfered in State matters, was friendly with Nazi agents of the German Government."

" . . . The King is a Fascist—that is why the Labour Party, after pretending to support the King, has turned suddenly round to back Baldwin."

" . . . Mrs. Simpson is trying to black-mail the King."

" . . . Mrs. Simpson is to receive £250,000."

" . . . The King is by no means well, has started drinking again."

" . . . At a family council the Duke of Gloucester called the King a damn fool for running about with Mrs. Simpson, and the King struck him."

" . . . Queen Mary upbraided the Duke of York for agreeing to take the throne if Edward left."

" . . . The real reason for the whole affair is that Mrs. Simpson snubbed Mrs. Eden at Fort Belvedere."

" . . . The Duke of York is epileptic;

if the King abdicates there will have to be a regency council, with the Queen presiding, until Princess Elizabeth is of age."

" . . . William Randolph Hearst offered Ernest Simpson a million dollars (£250,000) if he would go to the United States and file divorce papers naming the King as co-respondent."

" . . . The Duke and Duchess of York have bad tempers—the Duke once turned his gun on his keepers at a shoot, the Duchess could not keep servants."

" . . . If the Duke of York is made King, instead of being called Albert he will be called King George VI to capitalise the popularity of King George V . . ."

They flew along as fast as poisoned minds could make them up, idle tongues pass them on.

On Saturday evening the *Evening News* plastered London with bills, "We Want Our King."

Lord Rothermere started writing letters to his editors, which were printed on the main news pages, saying the King was far too valuable to lose, there was no reason why there should not be amorganatic marriage.

Lord Beaverbrook in the *Daily Express* and *Evening Standard* also was insistent that the King must not go.

The Times (a friend of the Archbishop of Canterbury) was most bitter, carrying its support of Baldwin and the Cabinet so far that the paper became anti-King. Lord Camrose's *Daily Telegraph* was equally pro-Cabinet.

Mr. Baldwin, back from Belvedere, talked with Sir John Simon until midnight. On Saturday the Duke of York, the Duchess and Princesses went down to Royal Lodge, Windsor, for the weekend.

Early on Sunday morning people paraded Downing Street with placards. To Downing Street went Walter Monckton, K.C., Attorney-General of the Duchy of Cornwall.

Mr. Baldwin went to Marlborough House to have a talk with the Queen, then back to Downing Street to have more legal talks. The Archbishop

called at No. 10, and Baldwin peeped through curtains at the crowd outside.

At 5.30 the Cabinet met, and as the meeting went on, Downing Street became more and more full of people, solemn and quiet as though at a funeral service. As Ministers started to leave the meeting, at 7.10, the crowd shouted "We want our King," sang "God Save the King," booed the Ministers as they left, started "God Save the King" again.

The police superintendent of the division decided to clear Downing Street, brought mounted and foot policemen, and did so—people muttering that this was the first time in England's history that police had driven away people for singing "God Save the King."

Outside Buckingham Palace on Sunday evening the crowd stood, for the most part silent, but kept alive by a crowd of young people on the Victoria Monument, shouting "We want the King," "Stand by the King," singing "God Save the King," "Land of Hope and Glory," "For he's a jolly good fellow."

The Cabinet in their talks condemned Winston Churchill as a "political opportunist," condemned the newspapers which openly supported the King.

Monday brought more legal talk at Downing Street and Fort Belvedere. The number of legal talks set going the story that the King already had decided to abdicate, and the only discussion now was on his standing when he left the throne, and whether the Duchy of Cornwall, with its £113,000 annual income, belonged to him as a man or to him as King.

Stanley Baldwin made another statement in the House of Commons:

"It has always been, and remains, the earnest desire of the Government to afford to his Majesty the fullest opportunity of weighing a decision which involves so directly his own future happiness and the interests of all his subjects.

"At the same time I cannot but be aware that any considerable prolongation of the present state of suspense and uncertainty would involve risk of the greatest injury to national and Im-



DEMONSTRATORS

God did not save the King.

perial interests, and indeed, no one is more insistent on this aspect of the situation than his Majesty.

"In view of certain statements which have been made about the relations between the Government and the King, I should add that, with the exception of the question of morganatic marriage, no advice has been tendered by the Government to his Majesty. . . .

"These matters were not raised first by the Government, but by his Majesty himself in conversation with me some weeks ago when he first informed me of his intention to marry Mrs. Simpson whenever she should be free.

"The subject has, therefore, been for some time in the King's mind, and as soon as his Majesty has arrived at a conclusion as to the course he desires to take, he will no doubt communicate it to his Governments in this country and the Dominions.

"It will then be for those Governments to decide what advice, if any, they would feel it their duty to tender to him in the light of his conclusions.

"I cannot conclude this statement without expressing what the whole House feels—our deep and respectful sympathy with his Majesty at this time."

When Churchill got up in the House to speak M.P.s cried "Sit down." Winston was nonplussed, flushed. He has fought for many causes in the House of Commons, but never has he had so many M.P.s against him. Despite all Mr. Baldwin's denials, M.P.s seemed to take the crisis as King against Parliament, and since they were Parliament they were for Parliament.

With the hostile reception to Churchill, talk of a King's party began to collapse, sympathy which people could feel like a wave the day before began to subside. People started to talk again of what the dossier on Mrs. Simpson showed.

That night the telephone from London to Cannes, busy with the messages of international newspaper reporters, was cleared for two hours to enable the King and Mrs. Simpson to have a long talk.

At midnight on Monday, December 7, a telephone call was received at the British Airways airrome, Gatwick, ordering an airplane to be at Croydon at 5 a.m. for a secret journey.

At 5 a.m. on Tuesday urgent telephone calls were made to Croydon, the callers were told that the fog was too thick for flying.

Three hours later three people were waiting on the tarmac at Croydon watching the fog lifting. They were Mr. Theodore Goddard, principal of Goddard and Goddard, solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, who acted for Mrs. Simpson in her divorce proceedings; Dr. Kirkwood, his personal doctor, with consulting rooms in Sloane Street, and ex-Sergeant Barron, Mr. Goddard's chief clerk.

As they flew over the Channel reporters learned they were bound for Cannes.

Statements that Dr. Kirkwood was a



REPORTERS OUTSIDE THE VILLA LOU VIEI
AT CANNES

No news was not good news.

gynaecologist were taken to confirm earlier rumours that Mrs. Simpson was pregnant. Stories of pregnancy increased until it was announced by Lord Brownlow that Dr. Kirkwood was not calling on Mrs. Simpson. Next day Mr. Goddard found it necessary to add to this announcement the statement: "Dr. Kirkwood is not only my own doctor, but also one of my oldest friends. . . . When I found it was imperative that I should fly Dr. Kirkwood was good enough to express a strong wish to accompany me. I had never before travelled by 'plane. . . . I came here to see Mrs. Simpson on important business matters. I acted as her solicitor in the recent divorce case and deemed it advisable to come here to talk to her."

Next day Lord Brownlow went to the Hotel Majestic, paid 100 francs to hire room 105 for a few moments, called the reporters together and read them the following statement, which had been agreed with the King over the telephone:

"Mrs. Simpson throughout the last few weeks has invariably wished to avoid any action or proposal which would hurt or damage his Majesty or the Throne.

"To-day her attitude is unchanged, and she is willing, if such action would solve the problem, to withdraw forthwith from a situation that has been rendered both unhappy and untenable."

That night at Fort Belvedere King Edward dined with the Duke of York, told him that he would have to get his permission to marry Mrs. Simpson, was told all would be well.

On Tuesday, December 8, Mr. Baldwin was busy with talks all day, did not appear in the House of Commons.

He went to Fort Belvedere, stayed to dinner with the King and the Duke of York. That he stayed to dinner was taken to mean that the meetings were now not so violent; the presence of the Duke of York made his position in the crisis more important.

By Tuesday evening people were talking openly of abdication, Cabinet Ministers said privately that was the

best thing that could happen, though publicly they said no decision had been made.

* * *

Discussed by King Edward was how much money he would have if he abdicated.

People were saying he would be able to keep his revenues from the Duchy of Cornwall—£70,000 net, and the Duchy of Lancaster—£43,000.

Chapter and verse were quoted that the estates had been Crown property for centuries, that they were inherited by the eldest son of the ruling monarch. Unless the Duke of York had a son, these revenues would go to King Edward.

Others gossiped, spread rumours, about Edward's private fortune, as part of the campaign against him.

Some said Queen Alexandra left him £1,000,000, but could not prove it, as Royal wills are kept strictly secret.

They also said Queen Alexandra left him her jewels, that he had given many of them to Mrs. Simpson.

King George, by carefully investing his money, left more to King Edward VIII than his father, King Edward VII, left to him, but the money was left to the occupant of the throne.

The whisperers said that a prominent manufacturer had paid large sums for his gifts to charity, but had drawn the line at a recent suggestion of £100,000.

* * *

In Parliament the managers were busy clearing away business so that the course should be clear to rush through succession legislation if necessary.

Queen Mary, accompanied by the Princess Royal and the Earl of Athlone, her brother, left Marlborough House by car after a quick lunch on Wednesday, and went to Royal Lodge, Windsor Park, home of the Duke and Duchess of York. She arrived at 2.15. Immediately afterwards the Dukes of York and Gloucester arrived. In his long black

car then came the Duke of Kent.

The King had not left Fort Belvedere for six days. Reporters were at the main gate.

The King gave word that he was going out, officials told workers in the grounds to get into huts out of the way, and the King's car left Fort Belvedere by an unusual entrance, bumped over an old bridle path running under the main Ascot road, ran along the side of Virginia Water with the chauffeur straining to keep the car on the narrow path in the thick fog, then joined the private road to Windsor Great Park.

Police walked up and down at every entrance to the Lodge while there was a Royal family meeting, one of the most distressing in English history.

It was the first time all members of the Royal family had met since the death of King George.

All knew that the King was going to abdicate: for the mother it was a sorrowful party, for the eldest son it was heart-tearing. King Edward knew that abdication meant leaving the country, meant that if his mother was ill he could not go to see her, meant that he probably would never see her again, meant that he could not even attend her funeral.

Legally he could return, but return of a former crowned head would not be practical.

After this family gathering at Windsor a Cabinet meeting was called at the House of Commons. At this meeting ministers were officially told that the King was going to abdicate, decided that the abdication should be announced to Parliament the next afternoon.

Newspapers went to press that night with the news that abdication was almost certain.

At 9.30 on Wednesday night one of the King's motor-cars, driven by the second chauffeur Wagstaffe, left Buckingham Palace with parcels and suit-cases.

At 11 o'clock a shooting brake speeded down the main drive of Fort Belvedere with baggage in the back, made for London.

Two Army despatch riders had waited at 10, Downing Street since 10.25: at

2.30 on Thursday morning they left for Fort Belvedere, one fastening to him a black tin box eighteen inches by six inches to which was affixed a large red seal. They were told that if one motor-cycle broke down the other should speed on with the box.

The lights at No. 10, Downing Street went out just before 3 a.m.

The despatch riders arrived at Fort Belvedere at 3.30 a.m.

From Cannes came an announcement that Mrs. Simpson had decided to close down the house she had recently taken at 16, Cumberland Terrace, did not intend to return to London for a considerable time.

Lord Brownlow, the King's Lord-in-Waiting, announced:

"Mr. Theodore Goddard, Mrs. Simpson's solicitor, completed his business with Mrs. Simpson to-day, and has now returned to London.

"Mrs. Simpson went out driving for about an hour to-day, for some little variety to the rather prisoned life she is leading in the Villa Lou Viei.

"She has now no further statement to make. She has expressed her point of view, sticks by it, and expects that decisions will be made on the strength of her statement."

Mrs. Simpson received long telephone calls from England, accommodated on a second telephone line installed at the Villa Lou Viei. She had several cables, wrote in the afternoon two long letters which were sent by air mail to London.

Mrs. Simpson tried to persuade the King to give her up and keep the throne.

Even when it was sure the King was going the official *Daily Telegraph* did not stop hounding him:

"... There is a general consensus of opinion in well-informed quarters that the King remains totally unmoved by the grave political considerations which the Prime Minister may be supposed to have pressed upon him. . . .

"... There is a gathering impatience with the protracted delay.

"Disillusionment is spreading. Institutions are greater than individuals, and the Crown, be it said with entire respect, is more than its wearer. . . .

"Foundations believed to be per-

manent are in manifest danger of crumbling. There is fear of tarnish on the gold of the Imperial Crown. We await his Majesty's decision."

The Times based its leading articles on letters received from readers.

Letters praising the King were still being received, said *The Times*, but their proportion had declined (not saying whether the new letters on the other side might have been influenced by the steady procession of anti-King leading articles and an exercise of *The Times'* usual method of suppression, even to the point of printing Mrs. Simpson's offer to give up the King in a few inches at the bottom of the page when every other newspaper was making it the main news story.*

* On Wednesday, December 2, before Premier Baldwin had his final interview with King Edward at Buckingham Palace, *The Times* published a leader praising the Duke and Duchess of York, at Edinburgh, named the Duke as Heir-Presumptive to the throne, said "this visit of the Heir-Presumptive to the great fortress . . . encourages the speculation whether a time may not some day come when these historic 'honours' may be used again with the free consent of the Scots, in the crowning of a King of Scotland on the Stone of Destiny."

Said the leading article:

" . . . while he deliberates, a strong body of evidence of opinion is forming itself . . . in favour of a particular way in which it is thought that the King should look at his dilemma."

The same hurrying, which has been repeatedly denied by Mr. Baldwin (who, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, has influence with *The Times*) is shown in the end of the leading article.

Next morning a story was published by the Communist *Daily Worker* on Thursday that an appearance had been entered at the Divorce Registry at Somerset House in the suit Simpson, W., v. Simpson, E.A.

The appearance sought to "show cause why the decree nisi should not be made absolute by reason of the decree having been obtained by collusion or by reason of material not having been brought before the court."

* * *

To King Edward at Fort Belvedere on Thursday morning came a last-minute radiogram from Roman Catholic



ALBERT, EDWARD, HENRY, GEORGE
Brothers.

Premier Joseph Aloysius Lyons of Australia—"continue to reign over us." Shortly after in Canada, South Africa and Australia waiting Ministers got the fatal message that King Edward's wish was to abdicate.

Hearing the fatal message Irish Free State Premier Eamon de Valera's eyes blazed as he thought of his plans to make the Irish Free State a Republic.*

* * *

Questions were being asked when Mr. Baldwin, in morning dress, walked into the House on Thursday, December 10. He was cheered.

When he reached his seat on the Treasury Bench a secretary brought him a large black, steel-lined despatch case.

Mr. Baldwin sat down, looked up at his wife in the Ladies' Gallery, put his hand in his pocket for the key to the despatch box.

He brought out only coppers.

He looked around for the key, could not find it, and Ministers of the Crown started to look on the floor for the key.

But soon Mr. Baldwin found it, opened the box, took out the message from the King, then the manuscript of a speech he was to make later.

Carrying the King's message, he went to the Bar of the House of Commons, which is no Bar at all but the line marking the entrance to the Chamber proper, bowed to the Speaker, Captain Edward Fitzroy, said: "A message from the King, sir, signed by his own hand."

The Speaker read the message:

"After long and anxious consideration, 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.

"Realising as I do the gravity of this step, I can only hope that I shall have the understanding of my peoples in the decision I have taken and the reasons which have led me to take it.

"I will not enter now into my private feelings, 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

* Each Dominion must give separate consent to an Act of Abdication.



KING GEORGE TO BE*
Two at a time.

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.

"I have accordingly this morning executed an instrument of abdication in the terms following:

"I, Edward the Eighth 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.

"In token whereof I have hereunto set my hand this tenth day of December, 1936, in the presence of the witnesses whose signatures are subscribed.

"Edward R.I.

"My execution of this instrument has been witnessed by my three brothers, Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of

* Entering his Piccadilly home after seeing Queen Mary.



ALBERT, ELIZABETH, PRINCESSES ELIZABETH AND MARGARET ROSE
For the throne, a family man.

York, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Duke of Kent.

"I deeply appreciate the spirit which has actuated the appeals which have been made to me to take a different decision and I have, before reaching my final determination, most fully pondered over them. But my mind is made up.

"Moreover, further delay cannot but be most injurious to the peoples whom

I have tried to serve as Prince of Wales and as King, and whose future happiness and prosperity are the constant wish of my heart.

"I take my leave of them in the confident hope that the course which I have thought is right to follow is that which is best for the stability of the Throne and Empire, and the happiness of my peoples.

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

"I am most anxious that there should be no delay of any kind in giving effect to the instrument which I have executed and that all necessary steps should be taken immediately to secure that the Duke of York should ascend the Throne.

"EDWARD R.I."

In a House that thought only of one thing, Mr. Baldwin moved formally that the King's message should be considered, adding: "No more grave message has ever been received by Parliament.

"When we said good-bye on Tuesday night at Fort Belvedere, we both knew and felt and said to each other that friendship . . . bound us more closely together . . . would last for life.

"I felt bound to speak to the King in view of the volume of correspondence which was coming to me in October."

M.P.s realised then, that Mr. Baldwin had started the crisis, that his earlier statement that the King had started it by asking the opinion of the Cabinet on amorganatic marriage was not true.

"An adviser of the Crown can be of no service to his master unless he tells him at all times the truth as he sees it. . . .

"I told the King I wanted to talk it over with him as a friend . . . He said, 'You and I must settle this matter together. I will not have anyone else interfering.' . . . I saw the King on Monday, November 16 . . . told him I did not think that particular marriage would receive the approbation of the country.

"The King said to me, 'I am going to marry Mrs. Simpson, and I am prepared to go.'"

After giving his version of the discussions, Mr. Baldwin went on to make a speech which some M.P.s hoped might, despite the upheaval, restore the British Monarchy to its strength again.

* * *

On Thursday night it was announced that King Edward would speak to the

people of Britain over the radio the next evening.

* * *

With the announcement of the abdication Britain was numb; foreigners could not understand why there were no demonstrations.

In one restaurant a man picked up an early edition of a next day's paper, had it open at a picture of Mrs. Simpson, pushed a cigarette through the eyes.

Friday, four trunks and twenty-six suitcases were packed at Fort Belvedere and Buckingham Palace.

At 1.52 p.m. on Friday, December 11, a Royal commission in the House of Lords, appointed by King Edward, gave formal assent to the Bill of Abdication with the old French words: "Le roy le veult." Edward was no longer King, his wife to be, his heirs, had no claim to the English throne.

Albert, Duke of York, became King, taking the title George VI because Queen Victoria had asked that there should never be a King Albert because there could be no man as good as her Prince Consort.



QUEEN MARY
The sorrowing mother.



KING GEORGE, QUEEN MARY, ALBERT, ELIZABETH, EARL AND COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE
Wedding day.

At Fort Belvedere Winston Churchill had arrived for lunch—the last politician to see King Edward. He stayed for three hours, helped Edward to write his final broadcast message to the British Empire and the world.

Two hours after Churchill had left Edward motored to Royal Lodge, Windsor, and dined with King George VI, Queen Mary, the Duke of Gloucester, the Princess Royal and Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone (daughter of the Prince Leopold and son of the Duke of Teck, married in 1904).

Edward slipped away, by the King's permission he entered Windsor Castle by the Sovereign's entrance, to a lofty room where he had spent many hours of his childhood.

The world, waiting for a broadcast at 10 p.m., knew where the King was as B.B.C. Chief Sir John Reith's rasping voice said: "This is Windsor Castle. His Royal Highness Prince Edward."

Speaking more slowly, more deliberately than ever before, Edward said:

"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.

"A few hours ago I discharged my last duty as King and Emperor, and now that I have been succeeded by my brother, the Duke of York, my first words must be to declare my allegiance to him.

"This I do with all my heart.

"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 25 years tried to serve.

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

"And I want you to know that the decision I have made has been mine

and mine alone. This was a thing I had to judge entirely for myself. The other person most nearly concerned has tried up to the last to persuade me to take a different course.

"I have made this, the most serious decision of my life, only upon a single thought—of what would in the end be best for all.

"This decision has been made less difficult to me by the sheer knowledge that my brother, with his long training in the public affairs of this country and with his fine qualities, will be able to take my place forthwith without interruption or injury to the life and progress of the Empire.

"And he has one matchless blessing, enjoyed by so many of you and not bestowed on me, a happy home with his wife and children.

"During these hard days I have been comforted by her Majesty, my mother, and by my family. The Ministers of the Crown and in particular Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, have always treated me with full consideration. There has never been any constitutional difference between me and them and between me and Parliament.

"Bred in the constitutional traditions by my father, I should never have allowed any such issue to arise. Ever since I was Prince of Wales and later on when I occupied the Throne I have been treated with the greatest kindness by all classes of people, wherever I have lived or journeyed throughout the Empire. For that I am very grateful.

"I now quit altogether public affairs and I lay down my burden. It may be some time before I return to my native land, but I shall always follow the fortunes of the British race and Empire with profound interest, and if at any time in the future I can be found of service to his Majesty in a private station I shall not fail.

"And now we all have a new King. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart. God bless you all (raising his voice almost to a shout) GOD SAVE THE KING!"

From Windsor Castle he went to say good-bye to his mother, motored 60

miles through the dark lanes of England to Portsmouth, boarded the destroyer "Fury" at 1.50 a.m.

* * *

King George V was the Sailor King. He wanted to set up a family tradition of a "Sailor Prince," determined that as many of his sons as possible should enter the Navy.

Three of the brothers—Edward, Albert and George—went into the Navy, the fourth—Henry—went into the Army.



ELIZABETH, EDWARD, HENRY, ALBERT
From a future King, a brotherly kiss

Albert was Albert Frederick Arthur George, Duke of York, Earl of Inverness and Baron Killarney.

He entered Osborne in 1909 when he was 13 (he was born on December 14, 1895—he succeeded to the throne on the eve of his 41st birthday).

By 1913 he had passed his examinations, was a midshipman on the training cruiser *Cumberland*. When war broke out he had been for a year midshipman in *H.M.S. Collingwood*, Grand Fleet.

He saw service in her until 1916, when he was commended for his services in action at the Battle of Jutland, made an Acting Lieutenant, appointed to the staff of Admiral the Hon. Sir Stanley Colville at Portsmouth.

A few months later and one of the Sailor Princes had begun an association with the air, was appointed to the Royal Naval Air Station at Cranwell.

The 23-year-old Duke liked the air, in 1918 became a Captain and Staff Officer.

Promotion came quickly for the Royal son. In 1919 he was a Squadron-Leader, in 1920 a Wing Commander, in 1921 a Group Captain, in 1932 an Air Vice-Marshal.

But though he was not to serve afloat again, his promotion went on in the Navy: 1920, Commander; 1925, Captain; 1932, Rear-Admiral.

His Army appointments were all honorary: 1932, Major-General. He is Colonel of the Scots Guards and Colonel-in-Chief of the 11th Hussars—the first British cavalry regiment to be mechanised—the Somerset Light Infantry, the East Yorkshire Regiment, the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, and the Leicestershire Yeomanry.

When his brother Edward became King on January 21 this year, the Duke of York was appointed Admiral, General and Air Chief Marshal—titles held by Edward when he was Prince of Wales.

* * *

All London came out to crane their necks on April 26, 1923, when Albert married the twenty-two-year-old Scottish Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon—a commoner, though daughter of patriarchal Earl and Lady Strathmore.

Next year all the world waited for a boy who might become heir to the throne: the baby was Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary, born April 21, 1926. People in Britain then began to

talk of a future great Queen Elizabeth.

Four years later, on August 21, 1930, a second daughter was born, Princess Margaret Rose.

Founded on the knowledge that Albert used to stammer badly, was cured, foolish stories went round that the new Princess was dumb. Though not so vivacious as Elizabeth, she soon showed she could prattle.

The father of two girls was interested in boys. He thought it would be a grand idea to get rich boys from public schools and poor boys from industrial centres together, started for them the Duke of York's Camp at Southwold. Each year he goes down to the camp for two or three days, meets the four hundred odd boys, dresses in shorts and sweater, plays in the games.

He had some experience of handling affairs of State when he was a member of the Council of State formed in January when King George was dying.

In March this year he was appointed by Edward a Knight of the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick, which gave him membership of the three great Orders of Chivalry—he was already a Knight of the Garter and Knight of the Thistle.

In July came a less pleasing distinction when, after a dinner at York House in St. James's Palace, the names of the Duke and Duchess of York were printed in the Court Circular after the name of Mrs. Simpson.

Plans were completed for Albert, who was personal A.D.C. to Edward, to announce in foreign capitals next year the accession of his brother as Edward VIII, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.

Travelling in State, he was to have visited Belgium, Denmark, Sweden and Italy.

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