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KINGLY TO POOR: Edward Visits Unemployed in Wales; Says "Something Must Be Done"

From an old album: Wallis Spencer when she did not dream of queenly honors

As long as King Edward has his way, Britain can not forget her Forgotten Man.

Last week, traveling simply in a special car attached to the regular London express, he visited South Wales, the most derelict of all the "depressed" areas, and dramatized the plight of men who have been unemployed since the coal strike ten years ago, of boys who have never found a day's paid work in their lives.

Poverty—The island's boasted prosperity has not returned to the abandoned mine and silent steel-mills of South Wales, nor to West Cumberland, Durham and Tyne side. Unemployment there stands at nearly 30 per cent., two and a half times the national figure. Altho $25,000,000 worth of public money has been poured into the region during the past two years for publi works, training schools and transfer of workers, the outlay has not been a drop i its bucket of distress.

The dole gives only about $5 a week t husband and wife, and allowances for min children ranged from $2 down to 75 cent for youngsters under five. After the ren and heat are paid (coal thefts carry a $3.7 fine), most housewives find that half t their money must go for bread. A chea joint graces the Sunday dinner; otherwis most of the poor eat no meat at all. Aft years of the dole, Welshmen shiver i threadbare blankets. Occasionally a fam ily has not enough clothes to go aroun and the one who goes out must borrow eve his underwear from the others.

Royal Friend—Most Londoners live in com fortable ignorance of such poverty. Bu the King knows. If the ruler had not bee born into the Royal Family, a Socialist M.P said recently, he would have been a Labo ite. That conviction accounts for the lo alty and affection his most distressed sub jects showed him.

In village after slag-heaped village, the streamed from houses still blackened b long-disused chimneys. Tho they could no afford to buy a flag, they flew home-mad Union Jacks from their doorways. At on experimental farm, the monarch passed un der an arch festooned with leeks. "You ca arrange to send some of those to Londo for me," he told the manager. "I am fon of leeks."

In his most winning mood, he questione men and women on their lives. One man said his salary amounted to $7.50 a week "It doesn't leave very much," the monarch commented sympathetically, and learned that the family often sat in the dark be cause they lacked the necessary weekly

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half-crown for light. He tickled babies under their chins, inspected homes, complimented a woman on her taste. Once he broke from the officially scheduled journey and drove to Dowlais, sometimes called the worst spot in Wales.

"Perhaps the most impressive incident of the whole tour," the New York *Times* man reported, "was the look of concern on Edward's face as he beheld for the first time the dismantled remnants of a once mighty iron and steel works."

Letter—At Cwmbran he received an open letter from the unemployed:

"We regret that your tour has been planned in such a way that the terrible effects of poverty will not be seen by Your Majesty. . . . Our women grow prematurely old and many are broken in the unequal fight against the consequences of unending penury. The bodies of our children are stunted and frail. . . . Will an impoverished people be able to joyfully celebrate Your Majesty's Coronation?"

Two Welsh Socialist M.P.'s, including Aneurin Bevan, a man bitterly proud of his deceased father, a miner, and his illiterate mother, refused to welcome the monarch because the Minister of Labor's presence lent the trip a Government character.

Rebels—Yet the King managed to kick over the official traces, particularly by giving a dinner for Malcolm Stewart, who resigned as Commissioner for the areas in protest against the Cabinet's do-nothing policy. His recommendations—preferential taxes to lure industries into the district, and more generous relief—inspired a fiery all-night debate in the Commons, during which many Tories deserted their party and joined the Opposition attack.

Time after time, Edward reiterated in clipped, commanding accents, "Something must be done." Peers and politicians who resent his "demagogic" interest in labor watched his trip nervously. Under the unwritten Constitution, he has no authority whatsoever to help the class most devoted to him: his influence derives only from his prestige.

Before his accession, Edward dutifully unlocked the doors of new hospitals, strolled through model tenements, and sliced ribbons across new bridges; he proved indocile only by insisting on riding horses too strong for him. Once on the throne, however, he evinced an amazing stubbornness reminiscent of his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria. "Wally" [Mrs. Wallis Simpson], one observer phrased it, "has presented the English people with a King—a King of kingly dimensions."

Comfort—Before he returned to London, Welsh miners received some comfort from his visit. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, revealed that the Cabinet had abandoned the hard-boiled attitude which caused Commissioner Stewart's resignation. "I promise," he said, "that when we have examined his recommendations we will bring in fresh legislation to enable us to carry out any of them which may seem to us likely to be useful." Yet he insisted that no one panacea could cure Wales.

During the week, the King's friend, Mrs. Simpson, remained in comparative retirement at Cumberland Terrace. Meanwhile it became known that the monarch's intentions were causing concern to the Mothers Union, an ultrarespectable, church-sponsored organization of half a million women who frown on divorce and pledge themselves to "unite in prayer and seek by their own example to lead their own families in purity and holiness." Last week, they solemnly considered what could be done about the King's example.

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Press—Meanwhile, in Lancaster, Ohio (Fairfield County seat, 20,000 population, on the Hocking River thirty-two miles southeast of Columbus) the Editor of the *Eagle-Gazette* alone among American publicists swung over to the policy of silence which bars all discussion of Mrs. Simpson from the Empire press.

"The Editor of this paper has no wish to contribute to King Edward's embarrassment. . . . Barring an elopement, direct 'quote' of the question by Edward, or a Continental revolution, this newspaper will not burden readers with additional 'hearsay' on the question."

No hearsay was a biography, "Her Name was Wallis Warfield, or the Life Story of Mrs. Simpson," by two women, one a friend of the former Wallis Warfield. In New York was Wallis Warfield, or the Life Story of Mrs. Simpson," by two women, one a friend of the former Wallis Warfield. In New York they were tearing it from their typewriters page by page to be rushed into print for issue December 7 by publishers E. P. Dutton & Co., and sold, with a dozen illustrations, at $1.50 the copy.

More completely than the oceans of publicity thus far have done, they were, under the joint pseudonym of Edwina H. Wilson, rounding out the story of the only American woman ever to come within gunshot of being a queen.

Skeletonized, here is the chronology of her life:

1896, date of her birth, to 1910: Childhood of any doll-fondling, rope-skipping American girl in Baltimore.

1910 to 1914: Four years at the private Arundel School overlooking Baltimore's Mount Vernon Place, the expense borne by Wallis's Uncle "Sol" Warfield, President of the Seaboard Air Line and Baltimore banker.

1914: Début in December, when, at eighteen, Wallis, with thirty-three other débutantes, was presented to Baltimore society at the Bachelors' Cotillion, where she danced with many, including another uncle, Major General Barnett, commander of the United States Marines.

1914-'16: A round of social festivities, luncheons, dinners and dances at country clubs, oyster-roasts at the shore, football games and dances at Annapolis, cotillions and week-end parties in Washington, Philadelphia, and in the country houses of friends near Baltimore.

1916: Autumn, Pensacola, Florida, at the home of Mrs. Henry Musteyn Wallis Warfield, met Lt. Earl Winfield Spencer, Jr., handsome naval aviator from Chicago, was engaged by September 16, married in Christ Church, Baltimore, November 8, honeymoon at White Sulphur Springs and Atlantic City. Pensacola through the winter, then, still a young bride, to San Diego, California, where her husband had been ordered, to help open a naval flying-school.

1920: At Coronado, H.M.S. *Renown* swung to anchor with the Prince of Wales, the Empire's best salesman, on board, finishing a good-will tour around the world. Like every one else, Wallis Spencer "saw" the Prince. He was pointed out to her while she and her husband stood arm in arm; but she was never, as Mrs. Spencer, to meet him. The Spencers were not among those invited to the ball on board the *Renown*.

1922: The Spencers' marriage went on the rocks. They separated.

1925: Wallis Spencer established legal residence at Warrenton, Virginia, and in July, 1927, filed complaint that Lieutenant Spencer had deserted her in June, 1922. Suit undefended, divorce was granted.

After two and a half years of seclusion in Virginia, Wallis Spencer, visiting a former Arundel School classmate now mar-

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ried, in New York, was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Aldrich Simpson, already on the point of divorce.

1928: With her aunt, Mrs. D. Buchanan Merryman, Wallis Spencer made a trip to Europe, in London met again and danced and dined with Ernest Simpson, now in the shipping business, and single. She returned to New York, sailed again alone, and on July 28, at a quiet wedding, became Mrs. Wallis Simpson. Her uncle "Sol" died, leaving her the income from a $15,000 trust fund.

1929 to 1935: The Simpsons prospered —trips to Paris, gowns from Schiaperelli, night-clubs, dinners, dances with the younger set about the Prince of Wales, among them Lord Furness, of another shipping family, and Thelma, Lady Furness, beautiful sister of Mrs. Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt. Lady Furness it was who presented the Simpsons to the Prince; and soon they were among the Prince's week-end guests at Fort Belvedere outside London, in the Royal Box at Covent Garden, at the Prince's dinners in fashionable London restaurants, with the Prince's party on the French Riviera.

1936: January 21, on the death of King George V, the Prince became Edward VIII, King. Four months later, May 27, at St. James's Palace, the King gave a dinner to Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh, present Prime Minister and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Aldrich Simpson. Tongues wagged more furiously. . . . August, the King's first vacation, on the yacht *Nahlin* in the Adriatic with other guests, but without her husband, Mrs. Ernest Simpson. After a flurry of photographic publicity the British press dropped Mrs. Simpson out of the news. . . . October 27, at Ipswich, Mrs. Simpson won an uncontested divorce. . . .

1937: . . . ?

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