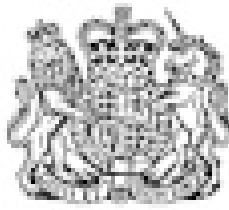


SUNDAY SPORT: IN HISTORY

How we marked the BIGGEST news events in history. Today, The Abdication of Edward VIII

Sunday Sport

Thought: God save the K-K-King



LONDO MANCHESTER, SLATTOCKS, No.1,910 SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1936 TWO PENCE

NEW KING'S STAMMER MEANS ACCEPTANCE SPEECH LASTS THREE DAYS

THE NATION was yesterday still coming to terms with the shock of having the dashing King Edward VIII replaced by his knock-kneed stammering younger brother who will be known as George VI when he is crowned early in the New Year.

The King-in-waiting was reduced to a gibbering mess prior to his first ever live radio broadcast to the nation in which he outlined his plans and thoughts on becoming the figurehead for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and the British dominions beyond the seas in so unusual a manner.

He started the broadcast on Wednesday and only finished it yesterday teatime concluding with the words of a poem in which he said: "I said to the m, to the mmmm. I said to the mmmm, to the mmmmaaaaa, mmmmaaaaa, man who sss, who ssss, who stoooo, I said to the maaaa. to the man who stoooo, who stood at the Gate of the Year."

Pausing to take a sip of water he continued: "Give me a ligggg, a ligggg, give mmmm, mmm, me a ligggg, a light so that I may tread safely into the unk, unk, unk, unknown".

"And he replied, 'Go out into the darknnnn, darknnnnn, nnnnnn, nn, go out into the darknnnn, nnnness, and p, p, put your hand into the Hand of G. God.

"That shall be better than light, and saf, saffff, fff, nggg, safer than a kn, known way'."

During the three day speech, which was

only meant to last 25 minutes, it was required the Prime Minister Mr Stanley Baldwin be present.

He was twice admonished by a producer for trying to 'prompt' the new King and at one stage during the speech, in the early hours of Friday morning, could be heard snoring in the background.

During his three days away from Downing Street three divisions of the German Army reoccupied the Rhineland's demilitarised zone in gross violation of the Treaty of Versailles, the BBC launched the world's first regular high definition television service, Mr Franklin D Roosevelt was re-elected to a second term in a landslide victory, the Crystal Palace built for the 1851 exhibition was destroyed by fire, Chinese communists kidnapped Mr Chaing Kai-Shek and Mr Rudyard Kipling died.

Apart from that nothing much happened. The former King Edward VIII abdicated a week ago claiming love for an 'American' - a race ignored by the more aloof British for more than three hundred years.

The 'American', known as Mrs Wallis Simpson, has been described in the upper echelons of British high society as 'a borderline boiler'.

Acclaimed novelist and man in the know PG Wodehouse said: "She's the sort of person who would eat an amuse bouche with a knife and fork.

"But I bet she's a damn good shag, what."

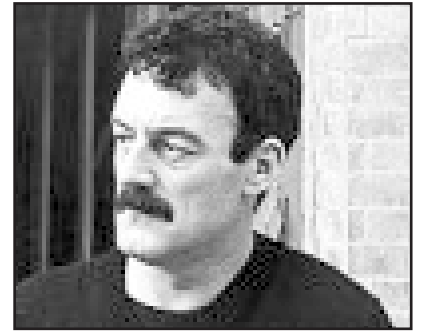


IRRITATING: New King



ROTTER: Old King with Mrs Simpson

+ DEPRESSION LATEST +



Britain moves from suicidal to glum PAGE 8



BLACK DISABLED HOMOSEXUAL GERMAN JEWISH GYPSY VOTED WORLD'S MOST UNLUCKY MAN

A BLACK, disabled, homosexual, German, Jewish gypsy has been recognised by the Guinness Book of Records as the world's most unluckiest man.

Hans Schmidt from Sprocken in the Nazi heartland said: "I admit I don't exactly fit the Nazi theory of an Aryan race of supermen.

"But I have to look on the bright side, I mean, we had a really warm summer this year didn't we."



ERNEST HEMINGWAY COMES BACK FROM SPANISH CIVIL WAR WITH STRAW DONKEY



ACCLAIMED novelist Mr Ernest Hemingway has returned to New York from his Spanish Civil War assignment clutching a straw donkey and a yard of ale glass.

In his case was the outline of a new book he wrote while out there called 'For Whom The Bells Toll' about a hunchback who falls in love with a young girl called Esmerelda.

Our man caught up

with Mr Hemingway at New York Airport as he waited for his baggage by the carousel.

He quipped: "They're a strange race your Dago, not queer damn you, damn you boy."

He added: "I need a drink. Get me a drink damn you," at which point the interview was abruptly terminated as he set upon our man.

His tour of duty took him to many Spanish flashpoints

including Torremolinos, Benidorm and a short trip by boat to a place called San Antonio in the Balearic Islands.

His reports, characterised by terse minimalism and understatement, recounted a sangria riot in Madrid, a tomato throwing battle in Valencia and a strange incident in which a fat man rode a donkey to the point of exhaustion through the streets of Barcelona.