

ELIZABETH: Heir to Throne Sets Pace for the Youngsters of Great Britain



"I'm not a little lady, I'm a princess"

All the other mummies must think like mine!" Princess Elizabeth exclaimed a few years ago. She had appeared in Hyde Park in an organdy sunbonnet, and overnight the park blossomed with small girls in sunbonnets. Even Shirley Temple, in her brief reign, has not influenced styles and toys like the ten-year-old child who will some day be Queen Empress.

Last week, blissfully oblivious to the pious scolding the Archbishop of York gave Uncle David and Aunt-elect Wallis, Britain's Bess III went ahead setting the palpitating pace for millions of youthful subjects-to-be.

Sets Style—When Elizabeth Alexandra Mary wears red, British children immediately copy it. When she first appeared in yellow tweed, Lancashire weavers and dyers worked overtime to supply the demand. A doll with her golden hair, dark-fringed blue eyes, tilted nose and wide mouth swept the Empire. The exquisite miniature cottage which the Principality of Wales gave her for her sixth birthday—the Queen Mother once squeezed into it for tea—reappeared as a toy in countless nurseries.

Chocolates and hospital wards have been named in her honor, and the narrow strip of Antarctica discovered by Sir Douglas Mawson in 1931 is called Princess Elizabeth Land. A special lady-in-waiting answers her world-wide correspondence,

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and returns hundreds of presents which strangers send.

The Princess's first biography did not appear until she was four, but from the day of her birth British editors delighted their readers with intimate details of the royal nursery. The Archbishop of York christened her with water from the River Jordan, careful not to splash the baptismal robe made of laces Queen Elizabeth had worn. The baby cut her first tooth on Queen Mary's pearl necklace.

"She did not delay showing that she had inherited her mother's instinctive courtesy," Lady Cynthia Asquith wrote in the *New York Herald Tribune*. "for long before she could walk she knew how to smile strangers into slavery and, while still unable to speak, gave unmistakable signs of a laudable desire to set others at their ease."

Education—To keep this Wonder Child from being spoiled by 500,000,000 admirers, the sensible new Queen instituted a strict régime. She wanted to put her daughter in school, but tho boys of the royal family attend military and naval prep schools, the Queen Mother and Cabinet Ministers decided that the future Queen should have private instruction.

Every morning except Sunday lessons begin at 9:30 in the green-walled nursery and continue, with a brief recess at 11, until 1 P.M. Grammar, composition, history, constitutional law (which teaches even a Queen her place), geography, Latin, Scriptures and the arithmetic she loathes fill her mornings. Luncheon with the King and Queen follows, and twice a week the conversation is in French or German.

Tomboy Sister—In the afternoon she has dancing-class with other children, and plays with her brown-eyed tomboy sister, Princess Margaret Rose, six, in the garden behind her home at 145 Piccadilly. Neighbors who have keys to the garden do not use them when the royal children roll their green hoops and stable toy horses there. Frequently sentimental passers-by curtsy, and the little girls must stop the hottest game of "touch"—tag—to drop a bow in return. In Buckingham Palace, where nurseries are now being prepared for the youngsters, they will play behind the high garden wall.

Elizabeth is happiest at Glamis Castle, Scotland, her mother's ancestral home, where the child frightens relatives and servants by climbing trees and swinging from the branches. In Windsor Great Park, where the Royal Lodge was the family's week-end residence till King George's accession, she rides the pony her royal grandfather gave her, with a good seat and firm little hands.

The death of Princess Margaret Rose's pony was one of the youngsters' few sorrows. "Peggy is dead and gone to heaven," her owner told a lady-in-waiting. "I expect that by now Jesus Christ will be riding

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her, because she is much better than that donkey of his."

Tantrums—At ten the imperious little heir apparent has conquered some of her earlier temper. She used to throw tantrums on the nursery floor, yet she seldom misbehaved in public. One lapse occurred during the annual military pageant at Aldershot, when an officer noticed that the crowd of children watched the Princesses more than the performers, and suggested that they drive past in an open car rather than the royal limousine. Their kind-hearted mother received the idea enthusiastically, but the touring car the officer quickly commandeered aroused Elizabeth's disdain.

"I'm not going to ride in that awful looking taxi," she proclaimed. "Take it away. I want my own car." Disregarding the outburst, the smiling Duchess bundled the outraged Princess into the shabby vehicle.

One wide-spread story about her concerns a royal visit to a battle-ship, and the captain who lifted the Princess down to a waiting launch with: "There, little lady!" "I'm not a little lady," the child replied, "I'm a Princess."

"Thank the captain for lifting you," Queen Mary interposed briskly. "You are not a lady, yet, but I hope some day you may become one."

The weakness of this yarn lies in the fact that it was circulated years ago, with her aunt, the Princess Royal, as the villain.

Lessons—In any case, the Queen Mother supervises her favorite grandchild's deportment with the vigor she showed her own children. The little girl does many of her lessons standing up, to train her for tiring public appearances. Court presentation is a beloved educational game.

"Whom have I the honor of receiving?" the Queen once asked.

"Lady Bathtub and Lady Plug," Elizabeth announced.

Later she admitted that her gay Uncle David—now Duke of Windsor—had put her up to it.

Considering the adulation which accompanies her every appearance, Elizabeth remains charmingly natural in public, waving her handkerchief and blowing kisses to cheering crowds, and smoothing down the lapels of a new pastel coat with an obvious pride. Last week she and her sister bobbed up and down in a window of the royal train which was bound for Sandringham, eagerly watching porters unload a van of Christmas presents for them.

Husband—Tho Elizabeth has not been told she will reign as Queen, court gossips have already speculated on her future husband. Prince Charles of Luxembourg, nine; Prince Gorm, seventeen, and Prince Olaf, thirteen, of Denmark; Prince Philippe of Greece, fifteen, and Prince William Victor, seventeen-year-old grandson of the ex-Kaiser, have all been mentioned as possible consorts of the child—if there is any royalty left by then.

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For she may have a more limited choice even than that which made her Uncle David wait for a commoner.

In Castle Enzesfeld, Austria, Uncle David stopped hanging Christmas decorations long enough to dispatch a large box to his nieces. It included the Austrian game of skittleboard, a form of ninepins with which His Royal Highness brightens his leisure. Meanwhile he received a highly insured package from Cannes, refuge of his friend, Mrs. Simpson. Correspondents, in the absence of a statement, surmised from its small size that it contained a ring.