

Looking Back...



THE DUKE is now 59. He has arrived at that age when a man begins to weigh his life and all that he has done with it, and to ask himself whether he has done anything worthy, if not of others' remembrance, at least of his own.

What can he remember? That having come to the Throne the most beloved of all Princes, the darling of a nation that would have followed him through hell-fire, or whom he might have conducted to "broad and sunlit uplands," he threw away the tiresome restraints of kingship, to gain—what?

The long, long trail that winds from New York to Palm Beach to Paris and the Côte d'Azur, through the travail of the cocktail party and the unending treadmill of the social round? There, one is trodden under a weight of weariness that, as experience goes to show, only becomes heavier as time goes on.

"Remember your position and who you are!"

What Might Have Been?

These words of fatherly caution must echo and re-echo in the Duke's mind. He forgot who he was, he abandoned his position, and the poor shadow of a king he has become now struts the stage of publicity on the way to dusty death.

Meanwhile, the royal line stretches out before his mental gaze: George VI . . . Elizabeth . . . (with Charles to come) . . . All like the spirit of George V: candid, dutiful, hard working—and beloved.

The sensations of the Duchess as she, too, arrives at the age of self-assessment, cannot be pleasant. She has been very near to a crown. How much more bitter is almost to have attained than never to have been near the prize!

The Coronation of Elizabeth must have brought to the Duchess's mind thoughts of the might-have-been. Press discussions of her absence at the Coronation were merely academic. The mere sight of the Crown upon a youthful brow "fresher than May" would surely have seared her eyeballs.

With all her sympathy for young women, because, "poor dears, they have all their mistakes before them," the Duchess of Windsor could not hope to patronize a Sovereign whose mistakes, whatever they may be, will certainly not include throwing her Crown over the windmill.

~Iles Brody

Coronet
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