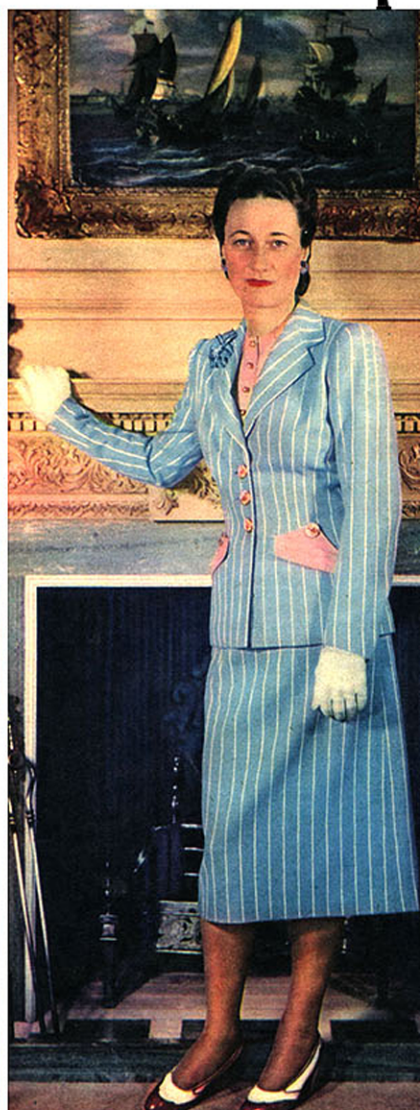


THE ROYAL PRISONERS OF NASSAU

Why the Duke & Duchess of Windsor Want to Escape to the United States



THE DUKE OF WINDSOR, WEARS A STUART TARTAN.



By **RANDOLPH WHITE**

A MAN who once was king lives in a pink stucco house on a tiny coral island in the Gulf Stream. His wife, who once graced the drawing rooms of fashionable London, is now so bored that she must pick her hairdresser for his conversational ability. This man, who was first the idol of half the world's young girls, then the salesman of an empire, then the Emperor himself, is now only the shill for a tourist racket, the flypaper to attract Americans with money to the Bahamas. This couple, reviled and adored, sneered at and headlined, no longer talk with generals, prime ministers and archbishops; now they are grateful for a sentence from an aide-de-camp, a smile from a Negro gardener, a chance to yell "hello" up an empty beach.

For the Duke and Duchess of Windsor are not only bored exiles, not only big persons with a tupenny job, but absolute prisoners. They cannot move from the 20 islands His Royal Highness "governs" without the nod of a prime minister and the great seal of the King of England.

It isn't as though Edward and Wallis Windsor wanted only peace and quiet for their fairy-tale honeymoon. These two have not only watched history revolve, but spun it faster.

This woman, who has been Southern belle, London hostess, and headliner of the world's penny papers, is the same woman who wanted to be Queen of England, who wanted her husband to



A GOLF COURSE, a beach, a garden, and a swimming pool whose tiles still read "Edward VIII" are the chief recreations in Nassau. The Windsors want better conversation.

carve out a place among the world's immortals with the chisel of achievement

Today, clutching the bars of her island prison, she wants first, the crumb of permission to live in the United States again. Not long ago the Duke, wandering around the grounds of his rented house, spied a lackey painting letters on the side of his station wagon: "Government House, Nassau." Imperiously, the Duke ordered: "Take that off at once. It won't look well in the States."

It is a curious sidelight on an ex-king that he takes an interest in a station wagon. As does his wife, the man who gave up the state coach and limousines of England prefers the wooden clatter of a car-of-all-work. They nicknamed it "Cook's Tour" and are fonder of it than of their famed, formal Buick. It is per-



THE DOG'S NAME IS POOKEY and he is one of three Cairns beloved by the Duke and Duchess. Pet names are common in Their Highnesses' household, including "Darling."



THEIR PRIVACY WAS INVADED first when their romance was a mere hand-holding on the Riviera, and by now Edward and Wallis expect no privacy. Ironically, they are lonely.

haps a symptom of desire to be an American, as unconscious as his wife's strange mixture of a Scarlett O'Hara drawl with a Mayfair accent. Rumors of jobs like President of a World Peace Foundation, or administrator of some philanthropy, with offices in a New York skyscraper, spring inexplicably from nowhere.

If any man hates premature whispers, it must be Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David Windsor. He whose coronation was prevented by those whispers that echoed from the Mediterranean to Downing Street when the romance with Mrs. Simpson was just begun. He whose life in France was marred by the whispers of pro-Nazism. He who got the cold shoulder from the British Army in the War, and learned that the whispers he might become Governor General of Canada or of Australia were mere gibberish in the wind.

Yet there is one whisper that can be uttered out loud, albeit truth needs no shouting: The Duke and Duchess want to live in the United States. The Royal Prisoners of Nassau long since determined to escape for at least a parole-visit even if they had to use the need of a dentist as an excuse. The question still to be decided by the battered crown of England is: "This time, can Windsor get a real, full-time job?" *(continued)*



*Silhouettes by
Beatrix Sherman
from 1968*

(image added)

The War Years



IN THEIR TEMPORARY HOME in the tiny chain of islands called the Bahamas, a \$150,000 mansion called *Sigris*, the Windsors make shift with seven servants and only a few bell-pulls. But if they have their way the termite-ridden Government House will be no more permanent. It isn't that his desk isn't elaborate enough; like all furniture there, it is in perfect taste. It isn't that his work is limited; the poverty of the Negroes in the Bahamas sets a task for any Governor. But the Duchess sits across from him and never lets him forget that he is a man for bigger jobs.



TO MATCH HER HUSBAND'S work as Governor, the Duchess helps direct the Red Cross on the island. Her white uniform is designed especially to relieve unflattering neck lines.



FORMER GOVERNORS-GENERAL look down on Edward in Government House. His predecessors often found the island post a stepping stone to bigger administrative work.