

Princess Elizabeth, Wife and Mother.*

Just recently to hand we have, in the publication, by S. Evelyn Thomas, entitled "Princess Elizabeth, Wife and Mother," a charming souvenir of the birth of Prince Charles of Edinburgh.

Through its some fifty pages, with lovely illustrations there runs the thread of the life story of Prince Charles of Edinburgh's happy young parents.

The story opens when the Princess is expecting her baby. "I am going to mother my child—not its nurse," said Princess Elizabeth to her husband and friends. ". . . and I don't really mind whether my first baby is a boy or a girl." And in the weeks immediately preceding the birth of her son, much amused was the Princess at the excited speculations in the world's newspapers.

So, in the first picture on the cover, we see the Princess—radiant in her motherhood—looking blissfully upon her son lying in his cot—awake this time—and, if opinion can be formed on a babe so newly arrived, we envisage great things of the heir to the throne on observing his fine cranium and strong features.

We are told that "outside the immediate family circle, not even the closest friends of the Royal family or the most privileged members of the Palace staff set eyes on the Baby Prince for several days, although all were eagerly hoping for a first glimpse of him. Small wonder that a Palace official remarked with amusement: 'How extraordinary it is that so many of the staff these days seem to have urgent business on the second floor.'"

In the story of this Royal Romance which delighted the world, Evelyn Thomas brings the reader to realise how happily balanced are the personalities of the Princess and Philip Mountbatten in their union; a good omen for the little Prince.

Philip Duke of Edinburgh—a successful naval officer and lover of the sea, is also a specially keen all-round sportsman—a witty, gifted after-dinner and platform speaker, with a keen brain and fine presence.

Whereas Princess Elizabeth "has never been over fond of games, despite her swimming prowess and her love of outdoor life generally," she has a leaning to scholarly and artistic pursuits, is a fine horsewoman, a keen gardener, pianist, linguist, and amongst other accomplishments an expert cook.

The story reminds the reader that Philip has a mind of his own in his determination to be thoroughly informed on constitutional history. Concerning his probable future as Prince Consort to a reigning Queen, he sought advice as to how to learn the duties and responsibilities in this connection.

In consequence of the numerous books that arrived at his study from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle, Philip drew up for himself a course of study, which he rigidly keeps to, of at least one hour a day, on Constitutional History and the duties of a sovereign, subjects on which the Princess has been well grounded in her teens when she read most of the books.

We are told "Yet it is certain that he is now a much more diligent pupil than he was at Gordonstown. There, on one occasion, his master turned around from the blackboard to find that Philip—in those days somewhat mischievous—had silently marshalled all his classmates out of the school-room window!"

An amusing touch there is of the Princess, who at the age of seven years was quite at home with Prime Ministers, foreign royalties and innumerable other notabilities. "On one famous occasion she greeted the astonished Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, with the remark: "I

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saw a picture of you in *Punch*, but then you were a gander leading some ducks."

This booklet—"Princess Elizabeth, Wife and Mother"—is a wholly happy story (with lovely illustrations), like a fairy tale come true. As the author says: "Elizabeth and Philip to-day occupy a very secure place in our hearts and our love and respect for them arises, not so much because of their exalted position, but rather because, in spite of all the pomp and trappings and traditions of Royalty, they remain a simple, unspoiled happy young couple . . . who have smilingly embarked with high hopes and light hearts on the great adventure of parenthood."

Children's Education and Welfare Exhibition.

AN exhibition entitled "Education de l'Enfant et Puériculture," prepared by the British Council, was shown in connection with the International Congress on Social Climatology at Villard-de-Lans, Isère, France, between March 25 and 27.

The exhibition contained more than 100 books divided into sections on "Child health and pediatrics," "Juvenile delinquency and its remedies," "Child Psychology," "Education for young children," and "Books for young children."

Other exhibits included a model of a new junior and nursery school (the Lea and Ashton School, Lancashire) lent by the architects; handicraft specimen for use in teaching crippled children, on loan from the Central Council for the Care of Cripples, a book illustration section containing photographs of Sir John Tenniel's illustrations to "Alice in Wonderland" and colour reproduction of Kate Greenaway's illustrations to "The Marigold Garden" and the illustrations by Beatrix Potter for "Peter Rabbit," "Jemima Puddleduck" and "Mrs. Tittlemouse"; and photographic exhibits dealing with the Pioneer Health Centre, Peckham, nursery and junior schools, school medical services, special and approved schools, children's hospitals and a children's clinic.

The Congress, which was the first of its kind, was under the patronage of the French Ministries of Health, Labour and Social Security, Public Works and Foreign Affairs and other bodies. Delegates attended from 11 countries, including Great Britain. Although the subject—prevention of disease through the organisation of climatic stations (as distinct from sanatoria)—includes treatment of adults, it is understood that the main emphasis was on child welfare as Villard-de-Lans is the principal climatic station for children in the country.

What to Read.

MEMOIRS.

"Thirty Dozen Moons." H. J. Bruce.

THE ONLY SOLUTION OF THE WORLD'S PROBLEMS.
"Seek Ye First." Sir Waldron Smithers, J.P., M.P.

FICTION.

"The Tender Men." Willa Gibbs.

"Othello." Emil Ludwig.

"A Path There Is." Elizabeth Harland.

"Artist Among the Missing." Olivia Manning.

"The Flowering Shamrock." Sheila Pim.

"A Wreath of Roses." Elizabeth Taylor.

"Us dawnt forget 'ee."

A box of delightful primroses greeted us the other morning, bringing a breath of Devonshire into the busy Journal office. Accompanying these harbingers of Spring was the following message:—

"Us dawnt forget 'ee yu zee, 'cawse yers the Primroses agaa'in 1949."

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