



*On the approaching
12th anniversary of
the royal-marriage,
it's apparent
that Queen Elizabeth
reigns over
the British Empire
but not always over
her dashing,
strong-willed consort*

ground, he can take no part in her royal functions. He isn't allowed to be present when his wife discusses official business. Like a small child, he has to leave the room when the Prime Minister makes his Tuesday visit.

As symbol of his inferior position, when he accompanies his wife in public Prince Philip is supposed to walk two paces behind her. Yet, as the Husband Who Walks Behind—as he usually does with his hands clasped or in his pockets—he must constantly appear as if he were assisting his wife. Occasionally, the Queen's husband forgets to stay in the background. This happened when Elizabeth met him at the London airport on his return from his 100-day world trip. Another time, in Canada, he absent-mindedly stood up beside Elizabeth at a military review; she quickly poked him to sit down.

ALL OF THIS is inevitably demeaning for a self-expressive, freewheeling male like Philip Mountbatten who isn't cut out to be a "yes man." Philip once sighed to a friend, "A man who isn't head of his house doesn't deserve to be called a man."

Still, he can occasionally laugh at his royal-puppet role. "To the natives of New Guinea," he once wisecracked, "I am known as 'Fella Belong Mrs. Queen.'" Another time, when introduced to a "Mr. and Dr. Northrup," he looked puzzled until the husband explained, "My wife is a doctor of philosophy and much more important than I am."

"We have the same trouble in my family," sighed the Duke.

It is no secret that Philip is deeply unhappy because Her Majesty, his wife, hasn't bestowed upon him the coveted title of Prince Consort—an honor which Queen Victoria gave to her Prince Albert in 1857. Six years ago a *London Mail* writer predicted that "Philip will be made Prince Consort fairly soon." But it hasn't happened yet—and doesn't look as if it will in the near future.

Many feel that Queen Elizabeth was "rubbing it in" when, in July, 1958, she suddenly made her then nine-year-old son Charles the Prince of Wales—a male title considered the most important in England next to King.

Ironically, many of the refreshingly democratic qualities which make Philip appealing to most Americans are making him unpopular with more and more Britishers.

Because of his brash ways and blunt words, the Queen's controversial husband has offended much of the British press, countless parents, clergymen, politicians, palace officials and servants, businessmen, workers, admirers of Margaret, and German-haters.

The press can hardly be blamed for becoming disenchanted with Philip. For example, last May at the Chelsea flower show, when he was inspecting a sprinkling system while two photographers were trying to get pictures of the Queen, he asked impishly, "If I press this, will it wet those photog-

raphers?" The Duke did precisely that and the photographers were drenched with water from concealed sprays underground. England's irrepressible First Gentleman then turned to one of his victims and asked with mock concern, "Did you get very wet?"

The Prince delights in needling the press. Once when several reporters arrived late at a public function in London, he shouted, "What pub were you at, boys?"

Watching some monkeys on Gibraltar during his February, 1957, reunion with the Queen, he asked his host in a loud voice, "Which are the apes and which are the press?" Grabbing a handful of nuts, Philip threw them at the photographers instead of the monkeys. The Queen's face turned scarlet, but she managed to control herself. Later, one of the cameramen reflected, "If the Duke were smarter, he'd realize he's in the monkey suit—not us! He's the one who has to jig when the organ plays."

Recently the British press, public, and members of Parliament have lambasted the Queen's husband for being extravagant. They have grumbled that Prince Philip has too many luxuries and is a "spendthrift of public funds."

When he married Princess Elizabeth, Philip had little more than his naval officer's salary and uniform. His clothes could be packed into one suitcase. When he moved into Kensington Palace to become a bridegroom-to-be, a valet observed that his civilian wardrobe was skimpier than many a bank

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