

HOW TO BE A ROYAL BABY

The arrival of Prince Harry and Meghan Markle's **FIRSTBORN** is an event the whole world is waiting for. So, what does the kid need to know?

By Elizabeth Holmes

Dear Baby Sussex,

Welcome to the world! First and foremost, my sincere apologies for not using your proper royal title. There has been much speculation over how you will be styled. Will your parents request an official designation, making you a prince or princess? Or perhaps your father, always something of a begrudging recipient of his own status, has chosen to spare you, instead opting for a simple lord or lady.

No matter! We will toast your arrival with a gin and Dubonnet cocktail, a favorite of your great-grandmother's. And in honor of your grand entrance, we're offering a quick primer on what you can expect from the world.



Keep on Gan Gan's—and the corgis'—good side.

YOUR GREAT-GRANDMOTHER

You will meet many people in the coming weeks, but none is more important than dear old corgi-lovin' Lizzy—officially **Queen Elizabeth II**, though unofficially I hear she likes Gan Gan. She ascended to the throne some 67 years ago, stepping up after her father saved the monarchy from his fool-in-love brother. Upon birth you shall be seventh in line to occupy the throne. Lucky number seven!

Your entrance means you bump

everyone down a peg, from the current number 7, **Great-Uncle Andrew**, to number 59, **Zenouska Mowatt**, granddaughter of the Queen's first cousin. Your rank will rise slightly when your Grandpa Wales, aka **Prince Charles**, steps up. But it will fall and keep falling, I'm afraid, as your cousins procreate. So I won't get into the fabulousness that is the coronation crown jewels—but definitely play dress-up with those sparklers, should you ever get the chance.



Expect a very public "I do!"

YOUR COUSINS

You, Baby Sussex, are never going to reach that throne. Harsh but true. But this is not bad news! Let **George of Cambridge** bear the burden of heir-apparentness, growing up under the intense scrutiny such a position brings. His little sibs **Charlotte** and **Louis** are, by order of their birth, the unavoidable spares, saddled with the insecurity that entails. Awful, isn't it? Instead, you are going to enjoy a life of glamour and privilege, free from the stresses of any actual responsibility. Should you choose, you can even have a flashy royal wedding just like your parents', as your first-cousin-once-removed **Princess Eugenie** proved. It's a win-win.



GAGA
Just don't Google her, okay?

GRANDPA
Nutty? Yes. But who's laughing about organic farming now?

DAD
If you need advice on breaking rules, ask him first. On Halloween costumes? Try mom.

MUMMY
Likely the stern parent, perhaps due to time on *Deal or No Deal*.

COUSIN LOUIS
Your proximity in age might mean sharing the spotlight.

COUSIN GEORGE
When you get a chance, ask for an introduction to Gary Janetti.

COUSIN CHARLOTTE
Befriend Lottie. After all, she'll be inheriting the good jewels.

UNCLE WILLIAM
Sure, he's stodgy, but be nice and he just might lend you the Aston Martin.

AUNT KATE
Seems sweet. Probably judging your outfit.

YOUR MUM & DAD

My apologies, I seem to have already thrown a lot of names at you in this discussion of the throne. Let's back up with a short lesson on the sure-to-be-important players in your life. Your father, **Prince Henry**



Your mum, former legal eagle.

Charles Albert David, is a loyal Virgo with a bit of a rebellious streak. He has made some questionable life choices (*cough*, Halloween costumes, *cough*), but that simply means that whatever naughty things you do will be chalked up to his influence. Your mum, the actress formerly known as **Rachel Meghan Markle**, specialized in drama before joining the firm (ask her to show you an episode of *Suits* sometime) and is rumored to have brought a bit of drama to the royal ranks. It's all rubbish, I say! The Duchess of

Sussex, a biracial American divorcee, has done your family a massive favor by attracting a new audience. Among her many strengths: public speaking and gorgeous handwriting. Sharpen your crayons—she's super into thank-you notes, too.



Your grandmother, icon of grace and style.

YOUR GRANDPARENTS

Elsewhere in the family, there is the aforementioned **Grandpa Wales**, who has been waiting to be king for the better part of eternity. His people over at Clarence House are working overtime to make sure we all love Chuck before that crown hits, going so far as to release a photograph of him feeding some chickens last year. Why the need for fowl play, you ask? You will learn of the mess of his marriage to, and subsequent divorce from, your grandmother, the late **Princess Diana**, in due time. An icon tragically taken too soon. The story also includes your GaGa, now known as **Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall**, who was portrayed as something of a villain, although I think the world has come around on her.

YOUR AUNT & UNCLE

Tabloid reports be damned—you are bound to be close to William and Catherine, the **Duke and Duchess of Cambridge**. Prince William—pretty please, at least *try* to call him Uncle Bill—will be king at some point, and Aunt Kate his queen consort. The folklorically mismatched pair are formal, yes, but also fun. Give 'em a chance.

As for others in the Windsor machine: Never get in a car when **Great-Grandpa Philip** is behind the wheel. And give Great-Aunt Fergie a smile if you have it in you; she could use it. Get ready [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]

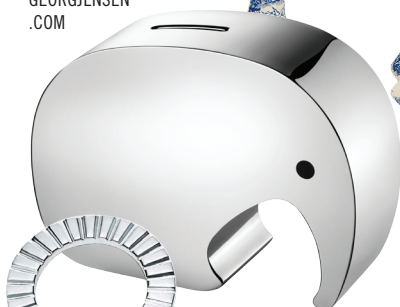


Don't let Great-Grandpa take the wheel.

GIFTS FIT FOR A PRINCE

All the things you'll need for a royal upbringing, from a favorite stuffed animal to bibs that withstand tea spills.

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BUBBLE BLOWER (\$250), TIFFANY.COM



MARIE-CHANTAL
BIB SET (\$80), MARIECHANTAL.COM



SILVER CROSS SURF ASTON MARTIN EDITION
STROLLER (PRICE ON REQUEST), SILVERCROSSBABY.COM



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115] to be charmed, as the rest of us have been, by your maternal grandmother, **Doria Ragland**, but be careful around anyone whose last name is Markle.

YOUR KINGDOM

The world knows that your father proposed in the kitchen, over a chicken (really!), so it's safe to assume food is going to play a major role in your life. Your mum was behind a best-selling cookbook last year, in which she fondly recalled her own family's New Year's Day tradition of collard greens, black-eyed peas, and cornbread.

You will be dining far from the confines of Kensington Palace, what with your parents choosing to make a home at Frogmore Cottage on the Windsor Estate. I know what you're thinking: A cottage? For royalty? I can assure you this will be the grandest of cottages after the reported \$4 million in renovations. Plus, Gan Gan takes up residence at Windsor Castle every spring around the Easter holiday and then again in June for Royal Ascot. Trot on over and say hello! While you're on your walkabout, pay your respects to the remains of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, housed in the mausoleum on the Frogmore grounds. What's that you say? Nightmares? No, just history.

That cottage should have plenty of space for more than one walk-in closet. Crawl on over and peruse your mother's impressive, and growing, wardrobe. She has a penchant for the good stuff—Oscar de la Renta has a divine children's line, if you didn't already know. An important sartorial aside: There's this guy on Instagram. His name is Gary Janetti. Maybe slide into his DMs with a proper greeting when you have a sec? It's worth it to get on his good side.

But there's plenty of time for all of that. For now, enjoy the relative calm of babyhood. Ignore the Brexit headlines, pay no attention to us over here across the pond, and make sure nobody catches you watching *The Crown* (but do watch it—it's so good).

Sincerely yours,
Elizabeth



NO WAY ROSÉ

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44] Burgundy dancing in my head. But the treasure in question turned out to be a bottle of Domaines Ott. The other guests were drinking rosé from Wölffer, a winery in nearby Sagaponack, which was selling as much of the stuff as it could produce between June and September. Suddenly, it seemed, rosé was more than okay. And within a summer or two it had become ubiquitous.

Former Bordeaux château owner Sacha Lichine bears no small part of the credit—or blame—for the rosé craze, having sold the family estate in Margaux and migrated south to sunny Provence, bringing along the former Mouton Rothschild winemaker Patrick Léon with the goal of creating a high-end rosé brand. Starting with a production of 10,000 cases in 2006, Lichine's Whispering Angel has become a global phenomenon, selling 260,000 cases last year, thanks in part to Lichine's globetrotting salesmanship.

I think the tipping point (which I should have recognized as such at the time) was the 2011 purchase of Château Miraval, in the Côtes de Provence, by Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie for a reported \$60 million. Miraval's 1,200 acres are devoted to the production of, yes, rosé. (Before the Brangelina purchase, Miraval had been sold as Pink Floyd Rosé, despite legal threats from members of the band.)

The floodgates opened after that. Among the celebrities peddling pink wine these days are Drew Barrymore (Carmel Road Rosé of Pinot Noir); John Legend (under his IVE label); and John Bongiovi (aka Bon Jovi), a summertime East Hampton resident who has launched a rosé called Diving into Hampton Water, which is made by French winemaker Gérard Bertrand with grapes from the South of France. (He might have looked closer to home, since Long Island rosé is having a boom, with a dozen labels on the shelves.)

And let's not forget White Girl Rosé, a California product named after its target audience that was created by Instagram

star Josh Ostrovsky (aka the Fat Jew) with three of his friends, none of whom is a white woman, although the brand does have a mascot named Babe Walker, who exists only on social media. Ostrovsky and his partners wanted to launch an alcohol product but felt that the spirits market was saturated. Then they noticed the headlines in the summer of 2014 about a rosé shortage in the Hamptons. As Ostrovsky told *Downtown* magazine, "People were running through the streets [of the Hamptons], trying to hoard every last drop they could get their hands on. We decided at that moment that we would never allow such a tragedy to occur again. Not on our watch."

The shortage is officially over, people. You can't go to a party in Nantucket or Miami or West Hollywood without someone trying to hand you a glass of pale pink wine. Nine times out of 10 it will be a sweet, simple beverage with top notes of Topps bubblegum. Rosé is the new chardonnay, and by chardonnay I mean the stuff that was churned out en masse in California following the runaway success of Kendall-Jackson's Vintner's Reserve chardonnay, made with a sneaky dollop of residual sugar. Many of the new rosés that have sprung up to fill the insatiable collective thirst are cloyingly sugary, pandering to the national sweet tooth.

Rosé didn't start out as a Mountain Dew substitute, and it's still possible to find dry, crisp, and savory examples, usually from the South of France. Among the first places to produce a pink wine was Tavel, in the southern Rhône Valley. The writer A.J. Liebling, a big fan, described the taste as "warm but dry, like an enthusiasm held under restraint, and there is a tantalizing suspicion of bitterness when the wine hits the top of the palate." That hint of bitterness is what makes a good Tavel so refreshing and intriguing. The same is true of the rosés of Bandol; unlike mass market rosés, which are meant to be consumed within a year, they can actually improve and gain complexity with age. As can, for that matter, certain pale wines made from chardonnay, sauvignon blanc, or chenin blanc grapes.

This summer, when I'm entertaining, I'm going to go totally retro on the aperitifs and serve white wine. A premier cru chablis, for instance, or a Sancerre. There may be some sugar withdrawal at first, but given the paleness of some of the modern rosés, the transition shouldn't be too painful. «