



He Has Trained for His Job in War and Peace, but Amity Is His Ideal as He Stretches Out His Hand, on Eve of Forty-First Birthday, to German Veterans of World War

H heir to a quarter of the world in area and population, the Seventeenth Prince of Wales is less free to do what he chooses than the humblest of the half a billion people who will be Edward VIII's subjects.

"What's the good of my being a Prince if I can't do as I like?" he inquired pertly after riding his bicycle across his father's geranium-bed. For a few hours he didn't feel much like sitting on a bicycle-seat. His training had begun at seven.

There is no more delicate position in the British Empire than that of heir to the throne. Officially, the King's eldest son has no political influence. Whether he speaks as Prince of Wales, visits Scotland as Duke of Rothesay, is traveling on the Continent as *Le Comte de Chester*, plays polo at Meadowbrook, Long Island, as Lord Renfrew, or is completely incognito as Edward Windsor, this Prince who will celebrate his forty-first birthday on June 23 must eschew all contacts which may appear to identify him with any party.

Post-War enmity and bitterness the Prince would like to see forgotten. He amplified this view on June 11, when he told a British Legion conference that he favored a suggestion that a British Legion deputation visit Germany soon.

"I feel that there could be no more suitable body or organization of men to stretch forth the hand of friendship to the Germans than we ex-service men who fought them in the Great War, and have now forgotten about all that," he insisted.

Two Things Not Forgotten

But two things he never forgets:

1. The fate and fortune of officers and men with whom he came in close contact during the World War.

2. The need for binding together all links of British democracy into one chain, erasing class-distinctions, pulling unitedly to make the British Empire a better place for every one, from duke to ditch-digger.

Quick-tempered, the Prince is ready to use strong language when he indignantly finds either of those two tenets in jeopardy. He is bitter about many things he sees around him; when aroused, he has no hesitancy in speaking out.

Often reluctant to accept conservative advice, the Prince is aggravated when would-be mentors say something he wants to do "really shouldn't be done, you know." Thus, long before the problems of kingship are his in fact, the Prince has turned serious.

Golf Favorite Game

It is true that he still plays—and no stout-hearted Britisher envies him his sport. Occasionally, he attends a dance, but he has given up his hunting. Yet, even his sport he takes seriously—golf, squash-rackets, flying, playing the trap-drums, bagpipes, or banjo. From his sport he demands an outlet for his buoyant nervous energy; once he is adept at a game, he wants a new one to learn.

Golf, his favorite pastime now, probably is his best game. Last year he rated a steady handicap of twelve. Lately he has been giving more and more attention to his game. At one time, whenever he could, he played with experts. Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen have been his partners.

At sea he has spent hours driving balls into the ocean and practising his short game. But he never has been more than an ordinary good player. Experts have warned him that he suffered from too much tuition, never developing his own style. That he is trying to do now.

Hence, as shown on the cover of this issue, he plays with amateurs, one being the jovially-rotund Viscount Castlerosse, a Director of Beaverbrook newspapers, and heir of the Earl of Kenmare.

From his earliest years he has striven for personal freedom when at leisure, for liberty to choose his friends and amusements. Determinedly inflexible when his mind is made up, he has achieved this desire to a great extent.

From Oxford to War

When the World War broke out, the Prince at once left Oxford, where he had been a lance-corporal in the Officers' Training Corps. Commissioned a second-lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, he had to undergo rigorous training. Some there were who tried to ease his duties. "If I don't do it," he snapped back, "somebody else will have to do it for me, and I'm not having any of that!"

Thus, when it falls to him to attend a formal banquet, he suffers real torture sitting listening to boring speeches. Gradually, the gloom of boredom envelops the Prince. As the dinner proceeds, he appears more and more melancholy, sighs deeply, squirms in his chair. Yet, when his turn comes to speak, he plays up and makes a good speech.

Sometimes that speech is far from platitudinous. Before a group of hard-headed industrialists he got right down to brass tacks, told them that in the old days there was a close personal association between employer and employee, that he would like to see that again.

Why, in time of peace, he inquired, didn't the employers use the men who had been so splendid in War?

His Youthful Air

With this healthy contempt for bores and long-winded folk, he has a natural inclination toward people whose keen minds help him to keep young. One of the most surprising things about this Prince is his air of youthfulness. Despite



The Prince at the ceremony of Trooping the Color

cares and worries, he still has that happy, boyish smile.

There is no secret about that youthful air. It lies in the Prince's extremely plain personal tastes, in his eager enthusiasm for life. Plain food, and very little of it, is his self-made diet-rule. There is no note of luxury in his private quarters at St. James's Palace, London, or at his favorite retreat, "Fort Belvedere," near Sunningdale, Berkshire.

He is fond, too, of simplicity in attire nowadays—an old tweed sports-coat with a pair of gray flannel slacks are his favorite clothes for working in his garden. In his wardrobe are several suits he has had for many years.

Not so long ago he was regarded by Savile Row as something of a sartorial Bolshevik. Fond of bright colors, his tastes were regarded as too extreme to be in style, but he initiated many new styles—double-breasted dinner-jackets, soft cuffs on evening shirts, cuffs on the striped trousers worn with a cutaway coat, once, only, a sweater with a dinner-jacket.

In his every-day clothes he affects large checks. His plus-fours are very plus. He manages to wear wide-striped shirts with his plaid suits and still not look like a shilling-limit book-maker. He hates small knots in his neckties, goes to the other extreme with knitted ties spreading all over his shirt-front. All that he does because he wants to feel comfortable.

But when his father addressed Parliament for the silver jubilee celebration, the son's morning-dress trousers were not cuffed—he conforms when it is the thing to do.

Speaks of "My Job"

Marching straight toward the throne, the Prince is paying closer attention to his job—speaks of it as "my job." That one-track path has been his since he was born. To exist as a symbol of empire has been his lot. Often he has found it boring, but, sometimes, surprising.

To some the War was an interlude, to Edward of Wales it was an eye-opener. Like many another veteran, the second-lieutenant who came out a staff-captain doesn't like to talk much about it.

After the War, he began a final polish of his preparation for the throne. Except for Russia, Poland, and some of the Balkan countries, he has been everywhere—Australia, New Zealand, China, India, Japan, Spain, Egypt, United States, Canada, Central America, Uruguay, Sierra

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Leone, Malaya, West Indies, South Africa, Gold Coast, Malta, Kenya, Nigeria, Rhodesia, Tanganyika—all in a decade. But he has been broadened less by the places he has seen than by the people he has met.

Abroad, he has ridden on the cow-catcher of a locomotive in Uganda, sailed in a surf-boat on the Gold Coast, flown over mighty Kilimanjaro (Africa's highest known summit), shaken hands with a pigmy-chieftain in the Kongo, swum the Nile, flown from Khartum to Cairo, walked up 10,000 feet into Andean snows, scaled peaks of the Rockies, gone down into gold-mines, caught malaria in Kenya, stuck pigs in India, driven a golf-ball from the Great Pyramid's top, shot lions, followed jungle-trails, ridden with Canadian cowboys, thrown a boomerang in Australia, met admirals in Japan, Presidents at Washington, millionaires at New York.

Empire Economic Unity

For a decade he has talked Empire economic unity in every corner of the British earth. That decade he has spent meeting all sorts and conditions of men throughout the Empire and beyond it.

For these trips the Prince prepared in deadly earnest. He is the finest linguist of his family, speaking French, Italian, German, Danish, and Spanish, and has a smattering of Welsh (his tutor—David Lloyd George), Hindustani, Afrikander, and Swahili (East African dialect). His fluent Spanish was learned just before his trip to South America to open the British Empire Trade Exhibition, in 1931.

The touring-phase of his duty is done. Now, his duties take new form. He unveils monuments, lays corner-stones, opens conventions, public buildings, new highways, presides at annual meetings of societies which he heads, visits hospitals for which he is patron, attends levees in St. James's Palace, drops into the House of Commons to hear important debates.

That last he does because he wants to. Inquisitive, he is always ready to hear something new. He talks across his desk with Colonial Governors, Australian politicians, London bank presidents, Canadian ranchers, Indian potentates—every phase of British life everywhere interests him.

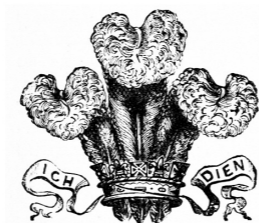
The shyness which once so impressed those who met him has gone. No longer does his face flush with nervousness, his fingers twitch when speaking, nor does he shift his head until his chin touches his collar and bends it.

Comfortably off (wealthier than any other direct heir to a European throne), perfectly happy with his dogs (his favorite is Jaggs, silver-gray Cairn terrier), he has his pipe, or the cheap "gaspers" he prefers, his kitchen-garden (where he grows potatoes and Brussels sprouts for his table), a few rounds of golf a week, a good dinner with congenial friends, a "thriller" or humorous novel before retiring. These are his "escapes."

But he knows he must do his duty. Since 1346, *Ich dien* (old German for "I serve") has been the motto of the heir to the throne. Edward the Black Prince took

Ich Dien

the three erect ostrich-plumes within a coronet and that motto from the King of Bohemia, slain in the Battle of Crécy. Englishmen are proud of their traditions, and their Prince prefers "typical Englishman" to all other titles.

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