

# THE PRINCE OF WALES IS A HAPPY RANCHER: He Drops All Formality When ...

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## THE PRINCE OF WALES IS A HAPPY RANCHER

### He Drops All Formality When He Gets Among His Cattle in The Foothills of Alberta—His Brother to Be <sup>His</sup> Guest on Forthcoming Visit

By ENID GRIFFIS, CALGARY, Alberta.

THE Prince of Wales is having his first real holiday in three years. To some of those whose only knowledge of the heir to the British throne is gained through the press it may appear that his life is so to speak, one long holiday. But the word connotes freedom, and, according to the Prince, there is only one place in the world where he feels really free to do as he pleases. That is a quiet spot hidden away in the foothills of Alberta, and marked on maps of the district simply as the "E. P. Ranch." Here he will come in a few days.

It was during the Prince's first visit to Canada in 1919 that he got the idea of buying a ranch in Western Canada. He was being entertained at the Bar U, the largest ranch in Alberta, comprising more than 71,000 acres, and was being shown over the property by W. L. Carlyle, then manager of the Bar U and now manager of the E. P. Ranch. As they were standing on a hill overlooking the countryside the Prince said: "This is a wonderful country. I should like to have a place here myself."

"Why don't you?" asked Mr. Carlyle. "There's a nice place down there." He pointed off to the south, where a grove of trees and a winding mountain stream marked a ranch.

The Prince looked at him in surprise.

"But what should I do with a ranch out here?"

#### The Prince Persuaded.

"Well," returned Mr. Carlyle, "you could do a lot to raise the standard of the live-stock industry in the Province, and it would be a nice place to come to when you wanted to get off by yourself and have a rest."

The Prince thought it over. Before he left the deal was closed. Since then he has paid the ranch two visits, in 1921 and 1924.

"The Prince's ranch," as it is popularly called, lies about seventy miles from Calgary on the middle fork of the Highwood River. It is reached by a gravel road running south for about forty miles through a picturesque country of ripening grain fields. Turning off at length to the southwest it enters what seems from a distance to be the blue heart of the Rockies.

From the summit of the hill overlooking the ranch nothing is visible but an elliptical grove of heavy foliage, through which now and then may be caught the glint of sun on running water. Dipping down into the valley of the Highwood and turning to the left one follows for fifty or a hundred feet a smooth dirt road that opens suddenly on a vista of peaceful beauty. At the same instant the way seems barred against further advance, for straight ahead the clear waters of the Pekisko, a fork of the Highwood, forms a graceful waterfall.

Upon closer investigation it develops that the waterfall is quite shallow and that the pebbled bed of the river, a foot or so beneath the surface, has been covered with a smooth strip of concrete which provides a safe and novel ford.

#### In the Ranch Yard.

Once on the opposite bank a general view of the ranch yard is obtained. To the left, through the tall trees of Russian poplar, willow and Balm of Gilead, can be seen the masonry and white farm buildings, nestling at the foot of a hill that looks like a huge green velvet mound.

There are no sounds about the place but the murmur of the stream as it winds through the grounds, the music of the wind in the poplars, the occasional cawing of a crow. It is easy to believe that here, at any rate, England's Prince finds peace and privacy.

The house in which he lives is set in a smooth sweep of lawn, brightened with borders of old-fashioned flowers—phlox, candytuft, forget-me-not, petunia and canterbury bells. There are neat graveled paths leading to its front and side entrances. It is very much like any other ranch house in the district, and, approached from the rear, presents a decidedly domestic picture. A galvanized washtub and a wicker clothes basket hang on a rough-plastered exterior of the log kitchen; a bulging, tip-tilted rain barrel stands under the eaves. In the back yard, close beside the kitchen door, turkeys, ducks and chickens peck contentedly.

The interior of the house is as unpretentious as the exterior. The dining room is an ancient log building—the original homestead building of the old Beddingfield ranch of earlier times—and there is nothing within the compass of its cream-painted walls to indicate that royalty dines there. Odd pieces of furniture, a small china cabinet, a roll-top desk, a buffet, a square dining table, six light oak chairs, compose its furnishings. The only things in the way of wall adornment are a calendar from a local live-stock firm and a "motto" bearing the text: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.—Joshua, 24, 15."

From the dining room a door leads into the Prince's private sitting room. It has a white ceiling and buff-colored walls, sparsely hung with pictures and prints. The low wicker and oak chairs give an immediate impression of simple comfort, which is borne out by the generous brick fireplace, the phonograph, the big davenport, covered with a fine

Buffalo skin, the book-cases, the tables strewn with papers and magazines.

Above the fireplace hangs a picture of King George and on the opposite wall is a painting of Edward himself in hunting costume, on Forest Witch, one of his favorite mounts. Two colored prints showing views of Windsor Castle, a picture of Old Fort Garry, Winnipeg, and an oil painting of a white pack pony, brightly compared with Indian saddle blanket and other equipment—these complete the adornment of the walls.

A door in the west wall of the sitting room opens into the Prince's bedroom, which is just large enough to accommodate a double brass bed, a walnut writing desk, a mahogany dresser, a chest of drawers and a small bedside table. The walls are papered in pale blue and white. White scrim curtains with striped side draperies hang at the one small window. A small iron stove provides extra warmth on chilly days.

#### Accommodations for Brother.

Another bedroom, opening off the opposite side of the sitting room and furnished similarly to the Prince's, will be occupied by Prince George, who is now his elder brother's guest in Canada. Three additional bedrooms furnish accommodations for the Prince's equerries and others who may happen to be stopping there overnight.

Since the owner's last visit a commodious lounge has been added to the northwest corner of the house. This has hardwood floors and a ceiling beamed in dark oak. It is lighted by seven large windows and double French doors which open into a sun porch running the entire length of the west side of the house. The walls, papered with buff grained paper, are adorned with sporting and various outdoor pictures. The floor is covered with three Oriental rugs and the room is furnished throughout in mission oak. On the south side of the room is a huge fireplace made of stone taken from the ranch and having the initials "E. P." worked into the masonry above the fire box. The most original and interesting note in the furnishing is discovered in two floor lamps. The bases of these lamps are made from two 250-pound German shells. A maple leaf design, in color, is worked into the stems.

As soon as the Prince arrives at his ranch he drops the rôle of heir to the British throne, dons the khaki shirt and knickers of the farm worker and enters into the life of the place with zest. His co-workers say that he is always good-natured and pleasant.

#### Up for an Early Breakfast.

Upon waking in the morning he usually takes a turn about the lawn in pajamas and slippers. Then comes his bath, followed by breakfast. Before going to bed at night he asks, "Well, what time is breakfast?" Upon being told he requests that he be called in time to have breakfast with the rest of the household. Then he turns in for a sound night's sleep.

From morning until night he is busy stacking hay, pitching sheaves,

running a binder, or doing whatever is required.

One rainy morning after breakfast he approached Mr. Carlyle and asked the usual question: "What are we going to do this morning?"

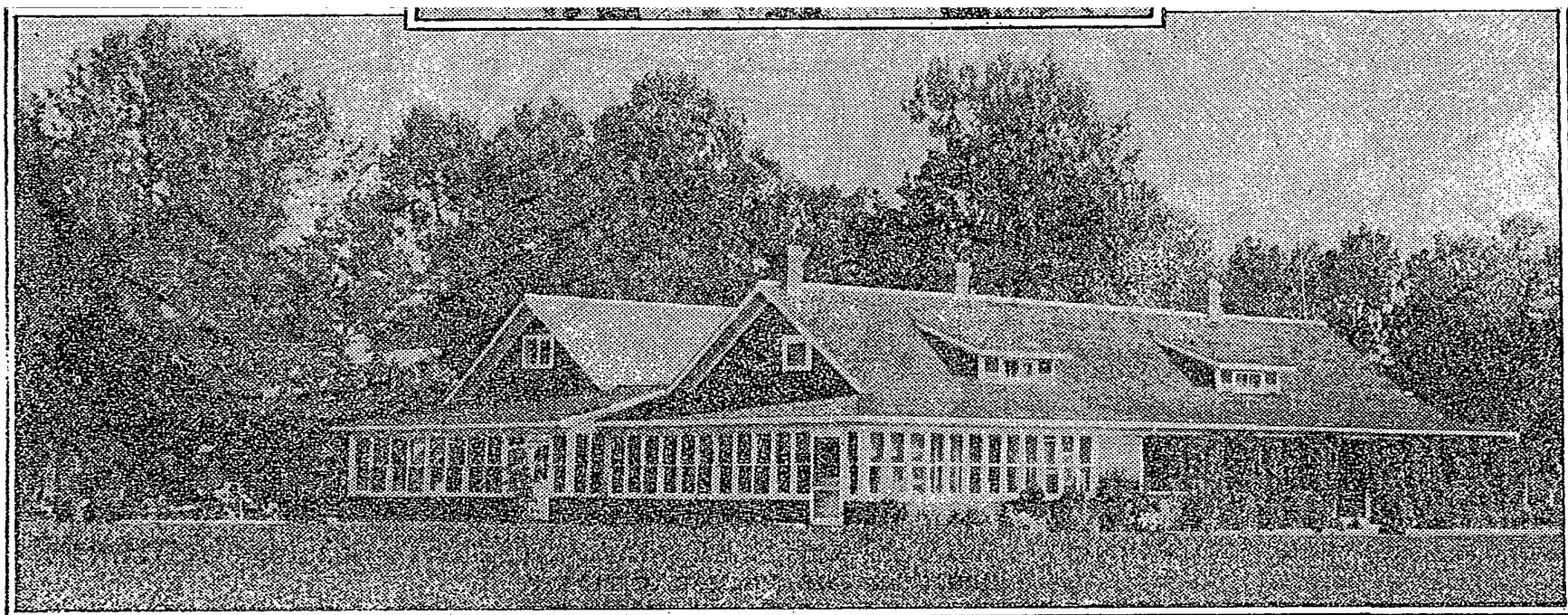
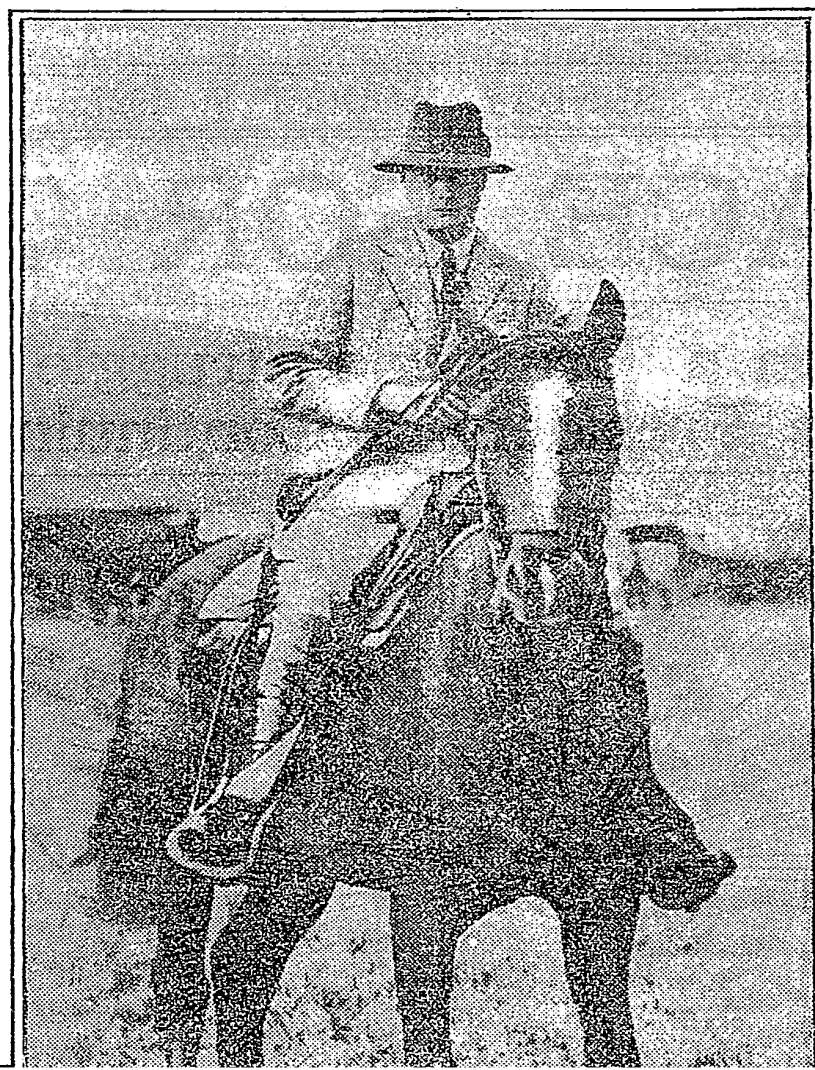
"Well," returned the manager, "we can't do any outside work. I think it would be a good morning to clean out the stables. What do you think?"

In fifteen minutes the Prince, in his overalls and high boots, was out in the stable with one of the ranch hands, putting things to rights like a veteran. While he was hard at it a neighbor rode into the ranchyard. When the Prince learned that some one had come to call on him, he stopped long enough to straighten up and mop his brow.

"Ask him to come down here, will you, please? Tell him I'm busy mucking out the barn."

All his days on the ranch are filled with labor of some kind, and his evenings are spent quietly around the house, reading, listening to the radio, or knocking golf balls

### THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HIS RANCH



Topical Press Photograph. Above—P. and A. Photograph.

The E. P. Ranch House as It Is Today.

about the prairie, "just to keep in practice."

In his spare time he visits the neighbors, who regard him as a very likable fellow-rancher and treat him as such. They have the good sense not to embarrass him by standing on ceremony. The nearest ranch to the Prince's is the Bar U, owned by the George Lane Company. Seven miles to the south lies the TU ranch, owned by Joe Brown, known to every one in the district as "TU Brown." He often visits the Prince's place. In Eden Valley, eight miles to the west, is the ranch belonging to Frazier Hunt of New York, and fifteen miles away, in the same direction, is the T & S ranch, owned by Guy Weadick. Another of the Prince's neighbors is the Earl of

Minto, whose ranch lies twenty-three miles southeast of the E. P.

The Beddingfield place, as the Prince's ranch used to be called, was noted in the early days for its hospitality, and it has lost nothing of its reputation in this respect through change of ownership. One corner of the ranchyard is fitted up as a picnic ground, with a long table and seats made of trimmed logs. Here, from early Spring until late Autumn, villagers, farmers and tourists come with baskets to enjoy a day in one of the most beautiful spots in the province.

Ranch neighbors and townspeople, whose company the Prince enjoys, are frequent guests at tea, which is served informally on the vine-screened verandah on the east side

of the house. But for social "climbers" he has no use and gives short shrift to those who endeavor to force themselves, uninvited, upon his attention.

"E. P." is in no sense of the word a "dude" ranch. It is a self-supporting business proposition. All the foundation stock has been imported from the royal farms in England, and there are at present on the place 125 Shorthorns, 140 Hampshire and Wiltshire sheep; 35 Dartmoor ponies, 12 Percherons and 15 Clydesdales. The distribution of stock from the Prince's ranch for breeding purposes has done much in the way of raising the standard of live stock in the Province and has given a distinct impetus to this industry in Western Canada.

when it was altogether legal to do so."

He and his predecessor, General Andrews, also an up-Stater are distant cousins; but the General, Mr. Lowman says, had nothing to do with his being appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of the bureaus of Prohibition and Customs and the Coast Guard. He credits Charles D. Hilles, New York State Republican leader, and Ogdan L. Mills, Under Secretary of the Treasury, with the Administration's "discovery" of himself.

Despite their kinship there is not much more in common between Lowman and his predecessor than there was between Andrews and Major Roy A. Haynes, whose "czarship"