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THE KING AND THE PRINCE OF WALES

SOME INTIMATE AND AMUSING ANECDOTES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY

by
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H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.*

I DO not remember, but I am told that it was at Windsor that I first saw the light of day, back in the early 'seventies. My father was employed on the Royal estate there, and as soon as I was old enough I was sent to the Royal School in Windsor Great Park.

It was whilst at school that I first came into contact with Royalty. The boys were enjoying a cricket match when H.R.H. Prince Christian came along, and after watching the game for a while he offered half a sovereign to the first boy who could "out" the batsman. To my intense joy it was I who succeeded in hitting the wicket, and a few minutes later I marched proudly up to receive the prize. It was not until several hours later that I discovered that I had been presented with a new farthing—and to this day I do not know whether it was an error or a practical joke.

His Royal Highness was, however, one of the kindest men that ever lived, and many a time he and Prince Victor would meet us on the way home from school and tell us where we could find a brace of rabbits—usually behind a certain tree.

The years soon passed and brought me to the age when (in those days) scholastic activities came to an end. Before leaving school I was the lucky recipient of a beautiful Bible, which was presented to me personally by Queen Victoria. It is inscribed "For Diligence and Punctuality," and is still one of my most treasured possessions.

My first official position on the Royal estate was that of "donkey boy," and my duties consisted in looking after a very large mule given to Queen Victoria by Lord Kitchener on his return from Egypt in 1884, and which had originally belonged to the Mad Mahdi. At this time I often used to meet Queen Victoria and John Brown (her favourite attendant) on their way down from the Castle to Frogmore for breakfast, and they nearly always stopped and spoke to me. Her Majesty's interest in me seemed to deepen considerably after I mentioned the Bible she had given me. Besides acting as "donkey boy," I was also employed with my father on the Royal farm, but after two years of this my youthful spirit of adventure evidenced itself, and in 1892 I joined the Army. I served in the 3rd Dragoon Guards, and afterwards in the Glamorganshire Yeomanry (in which I had the unique experience of holding the Regimental Number 1 in "A" Squadron), and was privileged to ride in the Coronation procession of the late King Edward.

Shortly after this I ended my military career and obtained an appointment in the household of a lady of title, whose twin daughters were Maids of Honour to Queen Alexandra, and it was here that I obtained my first introduction to photography. It so happened that these ladies were the proud possessors of a camera each, and the development of their films was entrusted to me. To tell the truth, I made a mess not only of my

clothes and the room in which I worked, but of the films also. However, I had discovered a hobby which interested me intensely, and I immediately longed to possess a camera of my own. Unfortunately, the low state of my finances did not allow of a cash-down purchase, and the object of my desires was eventually obtained by a number of weekly payments of one shilling at the local chemist's.

astonished was I at the result of my first effort that I immediately decided to leave the work I was doing and confine my attention to taking photographs of people I knew at Windsor. The lady of the house was very enthusiastic at the idea, and offered to help me in any way she could—of which offer I was glad to avail myself in many directions afterwards.

So off I went to Windsor once again, and walked straight up to Cumberland Lodge to ask H.R.H. Prince Christian if I might "snap" the Lodge. Upon my mentioning the fact that I was an old Park School boy, he called out Princess Victoria and her sister Marie Louise, and the trio graciously consented to pose for me. The result was excellent, and I lost no time in forwarding it to the same address as before.

Once whilst I was wandering from point to point taking photographs of the Royal Household, a gentleman approached me



The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert examining a target after shooting practice.

My first step into my new profession was to take a photograph of the cook, which, to my intense surprise, turned out quite well. Not long after this I chanced to read an advertisement in a newspaper to the effect that money could be made by taking photographs of well-known people or important events and forwarding them to a certain address, and I decided to try the experiment.

I therefore obtained the consent of a lady of title whom I knew to take a photograph of her, and forwarded a copy to the advertised address. About a fortnight later I received a letter saying that the picture had been placed with several newspapers, and enclosing a cheque for seven guineas. So



Queen Alexandra's favourite photograph of the late King Edward, taken on the occasion of His Majesty's last shoot.

I was preparing for a trip to Spain—my first excursion abroad. I was no stranger to the Princess, as it had been my pleasure to accompany her on a ferreting expedition with my father some years previously—an incident which she graciously called to mind when introducing me to King Alfonso—and

name to the Emperor, after which everything was plain sailing.

When I first accompanied the late King Edward and the German Emperor on a shooting expedition in Windsor Park, I decided to leave my camera behind me lest they should object to being photographed, but on succeeding occasions Prince Christian insisted upon a pictorial record being made, and I managed to secure some very valuable pictures.

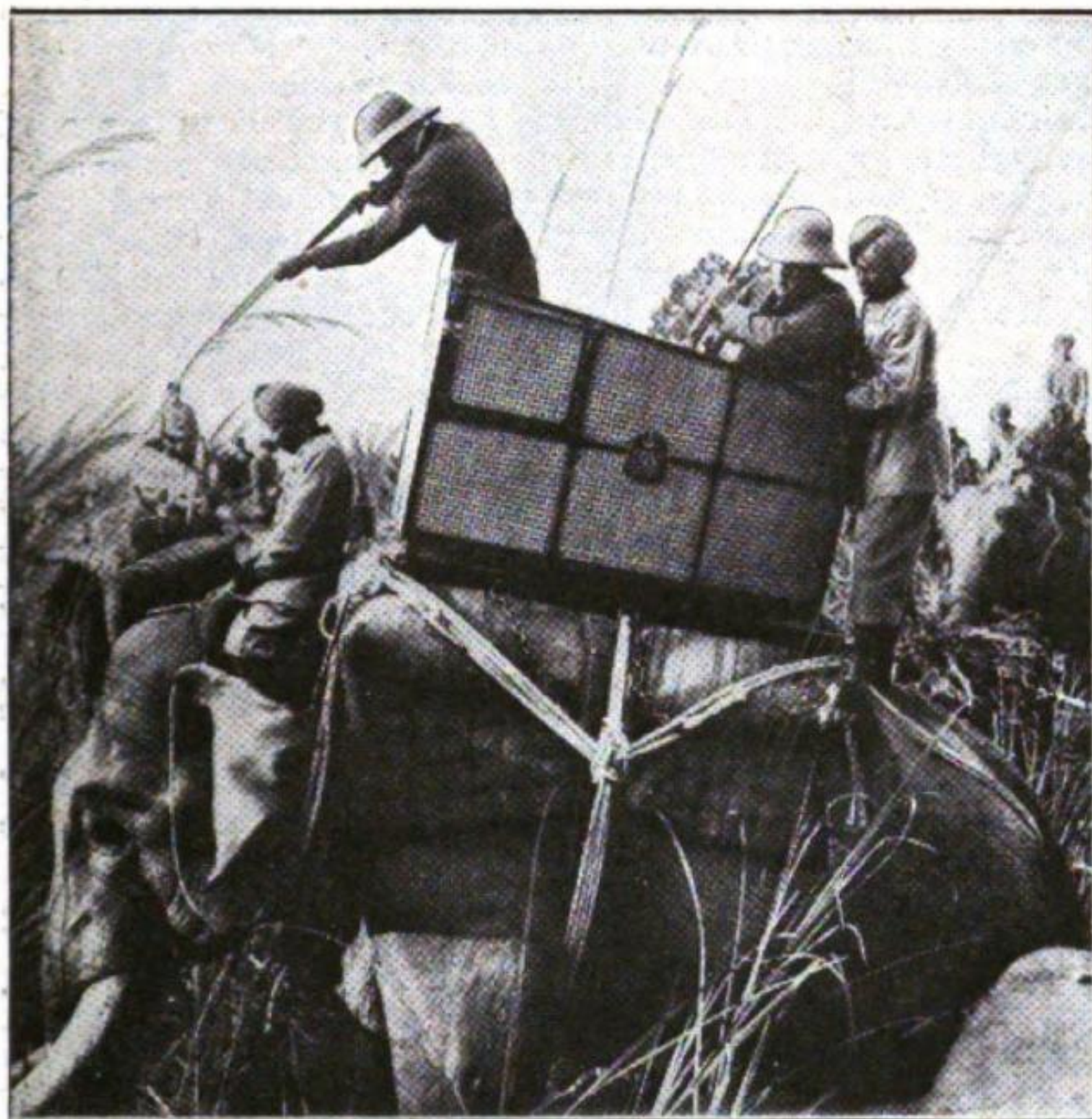
King Edward's Last Shoot.

On one of these expeditions I had approached within a few yards of His Majesty when he turned round suddenly and said, "Why do you come so close?" With due respect I explained that I wanted to photograph His Majesty's features as large as possible on the plate, whereupon he seemed quite satisfied with my explanation and told me to "Go ahead." As a result I obtained the picture reproduced on page 205, which Queen Alexandra considers to be a more life-like study than any other photograph of King Edward in existence.

Not long after this I was appointed to proceed with the Prince of Wales (now King) to South Africa, but owing to the death of King Edward, Prince George came

to the throne, and the Duke of Connaught went instead.

We left England in the *Balmoral Castle*, and when we reached the Equator the ceremony of "crossing the line" afforded me an exceptional opportunity to obtain some unique photographs. The Duke received the Order of the Bloater, the Duchess the Tin-opener, and the Princess had the Bell-push. I was busily at work with my camera when the Duchess "spotted" me, and insisted that sentence should be passed upon me—this, by the way, after dozens of others had passed through the bath, and the water was somewhat thick! Instead of taking my ducking quietly I was foolish enough to attempt to pull one of Neptune's assistants into the bath, for which I was ducked six times instead of three, and the more I tried to yell for breathing space the longer they held me under. Great amusement was caused by my rapid evacuation of the scene of operations when I was eventually released.



His Majesty succeeded in stopping the two animals within a one another.

I had the exclusive privilege of obtaining the first posed photograph of the happy couple together. Later I went to the wedding, and was not very far away when the historical bomb explosion occurred.

Bluffing the German Officials.

Bluff is absolutely essential to a good Press photographer, and I have been obliged to make use of it on many occasions. Perhaps the most amusing of all was on the occasion of the annual manoeuvres in Germany many years ago. I happened to lack the necessary passes, so obtained a wrapper from a bottle of "Harlene" hair restorer, with the large red seal and many signatures. Immediately the official on duty saw this he touched his helmet and allowed me to proceed, and a few minutes later I was in the presence of Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, the only son of Prince Christian, whom I had known for many years. He mentioned my

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The South African tour was a delightful experience, and I was particularly charmed by the scenery at the Victoria Falls, Zambezi, where, by the way, I unwittingly committed a breach of etiquette by presenting the dusky King Lewanika with a silk hat, which I had brought out from England for official functions and never used.

King George and the Tigers.

My next appointment was that of Official Photographer on the tour of Their Majesties the King and Queen to India, where, in addition to the usual photographs of the gorgeous State functions, I succeeded in obtaining a number of exceptional pictures of tiger shooting in the jungle. We left the Royal train at about midday and travelled by car over a specially-made road. We had a little excitement on the way. A leopard charged the headlights of one of the cars, and, I fear, came off rather badly, for he slunk away into the undergrowth, looking a sorry sight, obviously determined not to repeat the experiment.

To ensure that His Majesty should enjoy the maximum of sport in the short time at his disposal, the Maharajah arranged that a bullock should be tied up to a tree near the river. This, of course, attracted all the tigers for miles around, and after they had gorged themselves they fell asleep in the long grass by the riverside. A huge circle of eight hundred elephants—about half a mile in diameter—was then formed, and the shikarees proceeded to work to stir up the sleeping beasts. As the tigers were about to break cover, I endeavoured to get as near to His Majesty as possible, in the hope of obtaining a snapshot of him in the act of firing. Judge of my amazement when I suddenly heard His Majesty exclaim, "Oh, get out of the way, man!" I noticed, however, that his tone was jocular, and that there was a smile upon his face. Before I had time to

obey the King's command two male tigers suddenly sprang out into a small open space, and His Majesty with two splendid shots stopped them both, within ten yards of one another. As the report of the second shot rang out, my shutter clicked—and I had taken the photograph reproduced on pages 206 and 207—which I consider to be one of my most remarkable pictures.

The King's Joke.

His Majesty has a very keen sense of humour, and I remember on one occasion he was highly delighted because he had persuaded his private hairdresser (whom, for the purposes of this story, I will call X.) to join the party on one of the tiger-shooting

expeditions. Now X. had rather an excitable temperament, and as we were moving through the long grass an animal darted right in front of the leading elephant.

"See that tiger, X.?" shouted the King.

"Yes, your Majesty," came the polite reply.

"No, you didn't. That was a deer," answered the King, amidst much laughter.

Upon my return from the Indian tour I opened a little business in the Buckingham Palace Road, where I was honoured with several visits from members of the Royal Family.

I was fortunate enough to have the services of the daughter of a well-known M.P. as receptionist, and one day whilst I was at work in the dark-room beneath the studio she came down to inform me that two boys and a girl were

waiting upstairs to see me, and that they were in a great hurry. I had just told her to inform them that I would not be long, when I heard their footsteps descending the stairs, and I recognized the voices of the Prince of Wales, Princess Mary, and Prince Albert. They had come to see the results of the pictures I had taken of the Prince's Investiture at Carnarvon.



An interesting photograph of the Prince of Wales walking with Col. Clive Wigram a few days previous to his investiture.



Princess Mary in her Confirmation dress.

A few days previous to the Investiture, by the way, I took several snapshots of the Prince enjoying his early morning walk in company with Col. Wigram, one of which illustrates this article. For the exclusive right to reproduce this one of the London daily papers offered me a huge sum of money, but I was not allowed to give any one journal preferential treatment, and had to refuse it.

In those days the Prince hated the sight of a camera or of a newspaper reporter, but experience has changed his opinion, as will be seen

from the recent pictorial records of his Colonial tour.

Princess Mary is exceptionally pleasing to photograph. Besides possessing a natural grace of pose, she always seems so anxious to help the photographer in every possible way, and her speaking voice is as sweet as her disposition. Incidentally, I do not think it is generally known that Her Royal Highness is a very accomplished pianist.

I have had the honour of photographing Princess Mary on several occasions, among the most momentous of which was the day of her confirmation, when I took my camera into her private room immediately before she proceeded to the Buckingham Palace chapel. This photograph has not been reproduced previously.

The King and Fashions.

The other portrait of Her Royal Highness which accompanies this article is of considerable interest in view of the fact that it reveals something of the King's tastes in regard to feminine fashions. Upon seeing the first print His Majesty raised an objection to the width of the panniers on either side of the



The Queen's favourite portrait of Princess Mary. Note the alterations in the pannier effect, which were carried out at the King's request.

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Princess's frock and ordered me to have them taken out on the negative. Anxious not to offend Her Royal Highness, I made a *compromise* by painting out a portion of the offending drapery, but this was not sufficient for His Majesty, and a second alteration had to be made before he was satisfied. A close inspection of the photograph will reveal the original outlines of the frock. This, by the way, is the Queen's favourite portrait of Princess Mary.

Another interesting correction, made by the King personally, is revealed on the Royal Christmas-card for 1913. I submitted a proof to His Majesty with the printed title "Guards' Review, April, 1913," but he ordered it to be changed to "Review of Brigade of Guards, Hyde Park, April, 1913." The inscription reproduced is in the King's own handwriting.

A Royal Object-Lesson in Economy.

In private life the Royal Family live very simply, and when he is out of the public eye His Majesty often sacrifices appearance for comfort. Indeed, whilst in conversation with him not long ago I noticed that one of the shoes he was wearing was adorned with a patch! Another point of interest is that His Majesty attributes his good health largely to his partiality to cocoa and Benger's Food.

The King is extremely particular in the matter of punctuality. I remember on one occasion I had been ordered to attend at Buckingham Palace to photograph Their Majesties at ten minutes to twelve. The King had been inspecting some troops, and some unavoidable delay made him an hour late. After considerable discussion it was decided that I was to take the photograph, and I was instructed to proceed as quickly as possible.

I focused my camera as rapidly as I could, but found that the King was not quite in the best position.

"Would your Majesty mind coming a little more this way?" I asked, in my best professional tone.

The King complied with my wish; then, apparently as an after-thought, he leaned right forward and exclaimed: "Don't talk so much, man—get on with it!"

Next came the war, and after a certain amount of service at home I volunteered to go on the *Queen Elizabeth* as Official Photographer in the Dardanelles. Later I proceeded to Gallipoli and Salonica, and thence to France, and it need hardly be said that I had sufficient experiences to fill a book. However, space will not permit me to go into details, and I must content myself by saying that not only did I obtain a number of remarkable photographs (some of which



The Royal Christmas-card for 1913, the title of which was altered by the King personally. The inscription is in His Majesty's own handwriting.

nearly cost me my life), but I also had the pleasure of meeting many famous people whilst at G.H.Q., including Sir Douglas Haig, Sir William Orpen (who presented me with a portrait of myself, reproduced below), and many others.

The Prince as a Machine-Gunner.

I did not get many opportunities to photograph the Prince of Wales whilst in France, and I am afraid I cannot tell any new anecdotes regarding His Royal Highness in the trenches. It may, however, come as a surprise to some people to learn that upon more than one occasion the Prince has flown over the Austrian lines and poured machine-gun fire into the enemy's trenches.

After the war, my next official appointment was to accompany His Royal Highness on his Colonial tour, my pictorial records of which were published all over the world. The history of the tour itself is also well known, so that I need only confine myself to a few more intimate details which may enable readers to view events and personalities from a new angle.

The Mishap to the Royal Train.

One of the outstanding incidents of the tour was the accident to the Royal train which occurred near Perth, Western Australia. When it took place I happened to be dozing in a corner seat. A sudden jolt awakened me, and a moment later I heard somebody exclaim, "My God! The Prince's coach has overturned." Knowing from experience that the photographer who is always keenly on the alert for pictures often has his

leg pulled, I refused to believe this statement, especially in view of the fact that our own coach was unaffected. Upon discovering that such was really the case, however, and having ascertained that the Prince was unhurt, my next thought was to fetch my camera. To my annoyance I suddenly remembered that I had already exposed every plate I had loaded, so I hastened into the improvised dark-room, slipped in two

fresh plates, and hurried out on to the line just in time to find the Prince climbing out of his carriage. I "snapped" him immediately, and felt highly elated at having procured such an historical picture. A few minutes later I caught His Royal Highness standing beside the wreckage with a lighted cigarette and helping to remove the luggage—and I snapped him again.

It was not until an hour later that I realized, to my horror, that I had not reversed the dark-slide in my camera, and that the two pictures had been taken on the same plate! I obtained quite a number of good photographs of the accident

afterwards, but of course none of them was really so valuable as that first one would have been. To think that I, with all my experience, should, in my excitement, make a mistake that the veriest amateur might have avoided! I kicked myself!

The Prince's Jazz Band.

Whilst travelling in the Royal train the Prince was very fond of organizing "rags," and His Royal Highness's own private jazz band (in which the Prince was a highly skilled head-drummer and Admiral Halsey



A pencil portrait of the Author, by Major Sir Wm. Orpen.

of a thousand dollars if I would take a picture of her talking to the Prince. She planned to meet him on his return from golf, to speak to him without introduction, and to walk alongside him—at which moment I was to jump out with my camera. The monetary offer was



An unconventional snapshot of the Prince shaving in his camp on the Nipigon River, Canada.



"Our Smiling Prince," the most popular portrait of all.

very tempting, and I must admit that I nearly gave in, but when the actual moment arrived for the taking of the picture I realized how offended the Prince might be, so I backed out.

A Clever Ruse.

Needless to say, all sorts and conditions of people wanted to be photographed with the Prince. In one town we visited, after the official reception was over, the Mayor asked the Prince if he would do him the honour of stepping into his private house and allowing

him to present his family to him. The Prince willingly acquiesced, and the Mayor introduced three ladies to him, who he said were his wife, his daughter, and his niece. After a few minutes' conversation it was suggested that a photograph might be taken to commemorate the Prince's visit, and His Royal Highness having graciously assented, the picture was obtained.

Later one of the party asked Admiral Halsey if he knew the identity of the lady standing next to the Prince, and he told him that he understood her to be the Mayor's niece.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "that's Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, the cinema star."

Investigation proved that he was right. The whole thing had been a put-up job, and the group had been so arranged that the figures of the Prince and the film star could be cut out and distributed broadcast. It was one of the cleverest publicity "stunts" ever conceived, and it taught me a lesson to be very careful of the identity of the people whom I photographed in company with the Prince.

At the end of the tour the Prince made me one or two beautiful presents, among which was a signed photograph of himself.

His cheery manner and his entire lack of "side" have already endeared him to the hearts of the public, and as one of those who have been in personal contact with him for many years I can say that he thoroughly deserves his popularity.

As I once heard it said of him in America: "He's a two hundred per cent. man—a man's man and a ladies' man, too."