



Windsor Castle from the Thames



CORONATION

JUNE 2nd, 1953

A special issue of Smoke Signals, published for the employees of
British Tobacco Co. (Aust.) Ltd., and its Associated Companies.



“STAND firm and hold fast from henceforth the seat and state of royal and imperial dignity . . . And the Lord God Almighty establish your throne in righteousness, that it may stand fast for evermore, like as the Sun before Him, and as the faithful witness in Heaven. Amen.”

(Ancient address used by the Archbishop at the Throning.)



IN this special issue of *Smoke Signals* devoted to Coronation matters, we feel that not only have we provided something which will be of general interest at this time, but that its publication will serve, in some measure, as an affirmation of our common loyalty.

Across half a world we have heard the solemn voice of the Prelate of England announcing from the ancient Abbey the centuries-old Introduction of the Sovereign.

"Queen Elizabeth your undoubted Queen: wherefore all you who are come this day to do your Homage and Service, are you willing to do the same?"

Every employee of the Associated Companies gladly joins with those in the Abbey and in every corner of the British Commonwealth in the traditional response—

"God save Queen Elizabeth."

And, proudly, we couple with it her new Title—Queen of Australia.



"Elizabeth, by the Grace of God, Queen."

A blue-eyed, fun-loving, family-loving, home-loving English girl; and had her lot been no other than this, she would have rested well content.

Yet from childhood she has known that Fate held other, vastly different things for her. She is the true daughter of her splendid father and displays a real acknowledgment of her Destiny, a high sense of duty and a deep spirit of self-sacrifice.

For a few years of childhood and young womanhood, she knew happiness and a little measure of freedom, but the failing health of the late King threw a steadily increasing burden on to those soft young shoulders; and yet each new demand found her ready to fulfil all requirements. When the final blow fell she submerged her deep grief for a well-loved parent and stepped forward to play her onerous part in the duties and the pageantry of that sad period.

And so we have a new Queen in the long succession of the British Throne. Young and lovely, her private life is the very epitome of our ideals of wifehood and motherhood. In her public life she has, in full measure, graciousness, dignity, and a keen appreciation of her high office and its true significance. She is a brilliant focal point towards which all the British peoples may look with such appreciation, admiration and love as will form a common bond to link us still more closely together.

Yes, in very truth,—“By the Grace of God.”

There was another Elizabeth, of an older time, who was Queen of England. Controversy has raged and still rages about her but she had, at least, two incontrovertible characteristics. She loved England passionately and she could inspire devoted service. Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh and a dozen other names still ring like a trumpet blast. It was a rough, bluff age and these men in their tiny ships fought and blazed their way up and down the world, particularly wherever the ships of Spain might be. On the surface, they were little better than filibusters and perhaps they lined their pockets well in the process. But that was not their chief motive. They braved storm and hardship and privation and torture. They sought out their foes and closed with them and achieved magnificent victories or went down in still more magnificent defeat. And they did it for the glory of the Virgin Queen and the good of the land they loved. So when they had passed, this England of theirs was a world power on the side of freedom and the oppressive might of Spain was shattered forever.

The tradition holds. For twelve long months Britain stood alone in the Gate and barred the Oppressor. She paid and is paying, the tremendous price of it and the old Lion had to retire for a little to lick his wounds. Under the second Elizabeth we shall rise refreshed and again take our rightful place in world leadership. This is not Jingoism; not merely that the wish is father to the thought. It is simply the fact that the essential genius of the British peoples; their scientific achievements, their financial and political acumen, their tolerance and understanding, their centuries of experience in the training of backward races to political responsibility, have a vitally important contribution to make to the welfare of mankind.

So, on 2nd June, our new Queen took oath before the Altar to be a faithful servant of her People and she will keep that oath, for she, too, loves England. In return we must help her with our sympathy, with our loyalty, with our love and with our prayers.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.



Photo. BARON, London.



THE CEREMONY

"The Queen comes not alone to her Hallowing. She bears her people with her."

WHAT is this Coronation ceremony? Is it merely an excuse to "dress-up" for a favoured few? Is it just a spectacle for the crowd? Is it only a useless, expensive and anachronistic survival? All these charges are levelled at it, at one time or another, by the thoughtless—or witless.

The answer is, of course, that it is none of these things. It is a deeply religious ceremony, almost in the nature of a Sacrament, for the whole service is included, on the occasion, within the Order of Holy Communion as laid down by the Church of England. No word in the Service, no move in the pageantry, no

item in the glittering, jewelled regalia but has a deep inner meaning and symbolism, thoroughly well known and understood by all those taking part.

I like the older word Consecration better than Coronation, for the whole spirit of the ceremony lies in the solemn oath of the monarch to be the Servant of God and his People; until that oath is sworn, he is not crowned as Ruler.

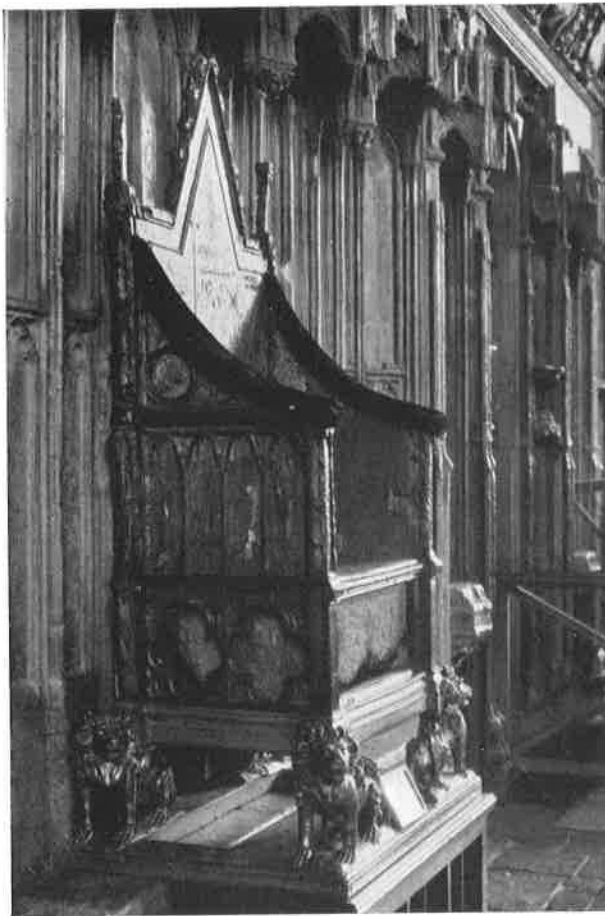
For 1,200 years, the Kings of England have followed this procedure. In earliest times the coronation took place at Winchester or Kingston-on-Thames, but for 900 years Westminster has been the scene of the event. During all that period the service has changed but slightly, except that the original Latin, under James I, was altered to English. In 1377, a ritual was drawn up for the Crowning of Richard II and was recorded in the Litlyngton Missal (1383 A.D.), now lodged in Westminster Abbey library. This has remained the pattern ever since, though detail is altered from time to time according to circumstances.

The original Abbey was founded, in 1065, by Edward the Confessor, the last of the Saxon Kings, who was later canonised. The present Crown, used in the ceremony and worn only once by any Monarch for a few minutes in the Abbey (it weighs five pounds so that is understandable) is known as St. Edward's Crown. It is really a replica of the ancient crown and was made for Charles II. The original was broken up with most of the other regalia by Cromwell and his bitter Puritans.

When the Abbey was built, a large vacant area between the Choir and the Altar was allotted specifically for the Coronation ceremony, and it is here that



The Coronation of a Queen as depicted in the 14th Century. An illumination from Abbot Litlyngton's missal (c. 1380) in the Chapter Library at Westminster.



The Coronation Chair, made of oak in 1300-1301, has been used at every Coronation for the crowning or anointing of the Monarch since the Coronation of Edward II. The chair is 6 ft. 9½ ins. high and when first made was enriched with gilt gesso decorations and glass mosaics. In the 17th and 18th centuries the chair was grievously mutilated but some of the original decoration remains. The Coronation Chair rests on four lions. The seat is made to slide in and out, and in the space beneath rests the Stone of Scone. The Coronation Stone is a roughly cut rectangular hewn block of coarse-grained reddish-grey sandstone, 26½ ins. by 16½ ins. by 11 ins. thick. It was placed near the shrine of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey before being incorporated in the Coronation Chair.

the Coronation chair and the Throne are placed and much of the ritual is enacted.

The ceremony itself may be divided into five parts. First comes the Recognition and the Oath. As the colourful procession enters through the West Door, the Queen is greeted by the traditional shouts of the scholars of Westminster School "Vivat Regina Elizabetha." Incidentally, this is the only Latin now used in the ceremony. To the beautiful music of organ and choir, the Queen takes her place on the South side of the central platform or Theatre, as it is known. A monarch, though elected, must receive the approbation also of the people; so the Queen stands by the Coronation chair and faces each side of the platform in turn whilst the Archbishop of Canterbury, with Officers of State,



St. Edward's Crown, which is used only for the Coronation Service. A circlet of gold, four crosses alternating with fleurs-de-lys on a cap of crimson velvet. It is surmounted with the Orb and cross and weighs five pounds. It is a "Crown of pure gold—a Crown of glory and righteousness."

proceeds to each corner of the Theatre and presents her to those assembled.

"Queen Elizabeth, your undoubted Queen: wherefore all you who are come to-day to do your Homage and Service, are you willing to do the same?" and the assemblage answers, "God Save Queen Elizabeth."

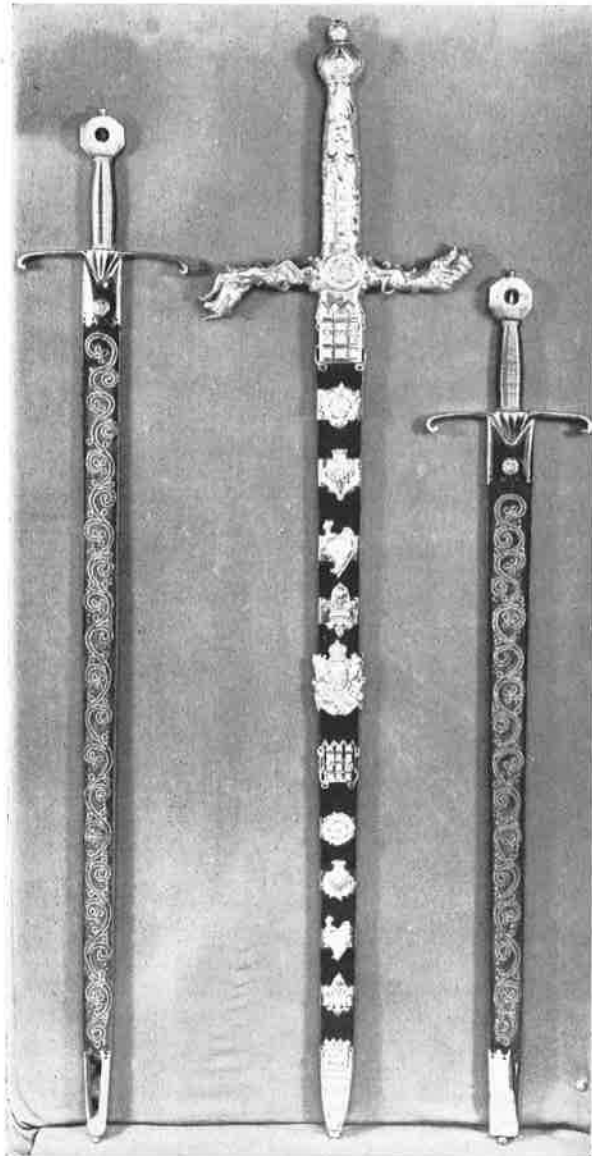
The oath is then administered, wherein the Queen, kneeling before the High Altar and with her hand on the Bible, promises to govern according to the law of the land.

This concludes the first and secular part of the ceremony which, thereafter, takes a deeply religious aspect. With the recitation of the opening portion of the Communion Service, the Queen sits in the Coronation chair facing the Altar. Here the Archbishop anoints her on head, on breast and hands with Holy Oil.

The Queen being so consecrated, may now be invested with the magnificent symbolical robes. Then the Sovereign's Sword is taken from the Altar and placed in her right hand while she is enjoined to "Do Justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the Holy Church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things which are gone to decay; maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order."

The Queen then rises and proceeds alone to the Altar whereon she lays the Sword, offering it in the service of God.

Next comes the presentation of the Orb. This is a golden ball surmounted by a jewelled Cross and symbolises sovereignty under Christ. The Orb is given back at once in order that the two sceptres may be



The Sword of State (in the centre) is a two-handed sword, the length of blade being 32 inches. The handle is of gilt metal, the cross piece representing the lion and the unicorn. The scabbard is decorated with diamonds, rubies and emeralds in the designs of the Rose, the Thistle and the Shamrock. At the Coronation, the Peer who carries the Sword of State delivers it up to the Lord Chamberlain who, in exchange, gives him the Jewelled Sword. The second sword is known as the Sword of Justice to the Spirituality, and the third sword as the Sword of Justice to the Temporality.

received, but it is again taken and carried in the Procession after the Coronation.

After the Ring, showing the wedding of Queen and State, is placed on her fourth finger these two sceptres, that with the Cross signifying Power and Justice and that with the Dove signifying Equity and Mercy, are placed in the Sovereign's hands and the supreme moment of the Crowning is here. After the Crown has been dedicated it is brought from the Altar, by the

The Royal Sceptre, which contains, amongst other jewels, the Great Star of Africa, which weighs 516½ carats. The Sceptre is placed in the right hand of the Sovereign at the Coronation, the Archbishop saying, "Receive the Royal Sceptre, the ensign of the Kingly Power and Justice."



Dean of Westminster and given to the Archbishop who places it upon the Queen's head.

The ancient Abbey resounds to a mighty shout "God Save the Queen," peers and peeresses and Kings of Arms now don their coronets and "The Trumpets sound and the great guns of the Tower are shot off."

Following the Acclamation comes a blessing from the Archbishop—

"God crown you with a Crown of Glory and Righteousness, that by the Ministry of this our benediction, having a right faith and manifold gifts of good works, you may obtain the Crown of an everlasting kingdom by the gift of Him whose Kingdom endureth for ever."

Now comes the Throning. The Queen, wearing the Crown and carrying the Sceptres, faces the West end of the Abbey and, followed by the Clergy and a retinue carrying the Swords of State, she proceeds to the raised



There are two Orbs, one for the King and the other for the Queen. The Queen's Orb owes its origin to Mary, wife of William of Orange, who insisted on a joint occupation of the Throne.

Throne, and is there "lifted up into it" by the Archbishop and Peers. Led by the Archbishops and Princes of the Blood, the Peers and High Officers doff their coronets and swear fealty to their new Queen.

The last act in this solemn and beautiful service is the giving of the Bread and Wine by the Queen, who kneels with crown removed, at the Altar rails.

The final procession forms and, carrying Orb and Sceptre, the Queen goes out through the West door to meet the right royal reception which London's millions have been waiting since dawn to accord her. She is tired with the long physical and nervous strain which is even yet not over; proud of her high honour and doubly proud of her people; and firmly resolved that,

with every atom of strength she possesses, she will fulfil the duties which it has been her fate to inherit.

Slowly the large crowd within the Abbey disperses, one by one the lights go out in the Sanctuary and the ancient fane sinks back into its brooding calm, with a new memory of a young and lovely Queen to add to all its other memories of British history.

And so a new link has been forged on to the long chain stretching far back into the dim and distant years—a new, bright link, truly welded, to join the present to a glorious past. To it, in turn, "If England to herself do rest but true" the years to come shall see other links added carrying the chain forward unbroken, into a brighter and a better future.



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The type used in the body matter of this special Coronation issue is "Times Roman" which was designed by Stanley Morison, for use in The Times of London.



The Queen's Message



THE QUEEN said: "When I spoke to you last at Christmas I asked you all, whatever your religion, to pray for me on the day of my Coronation—to pray that God would give me wisdom and strength to carry out the promises that I should then be making.

"Throughout this memorable day I have been uplifted and sustained by the knowledge that your thoughts and prayers were with me.

"I have been aware all the time that my peoples, spread far and wide throughout every continent and ocean in the world were united to support me in the task to which I have now been dedicated with such solemnity.

"Many thousands of you came to London from all parts of the Commonwealth and Empire to join in the ceremony.

"I have been conscious, too, of the millions of others who have shared in it by means of wireless or television in their homes.

"All of you, near or far, have been united in one purpose.

"It is hard for me to find words in which to tell you of the strength which this knowledge has given me.

"The ceremonies you have seen to-day are ancient.

"Some of their origins are veiled in the mists of the past.

"But their spirit and their meaning shine through the ages, never, perhaps, more brightly than now.

"I have in sincerity pledged myself to your service, as so many of you are pledged to mine.

"Throughout all my life, and with all my heart, I shall strive to be worthy of your trust.

"In this resolve I have my husband to support me.

"He shares all my ideals and all my affection for you.

"Then, although my experience is so short and my task so new, I have in my parents and grandparents

an example which I can follow with certainty and with confidence.

"There is also this.

"I have behind me not only the splendid traditions and the annals of more than a thousand years, but the living strength and majesty of the Commonwealth and Empire.

"I have been speaking of the vast regions and varied peoples to whom I owe my duty.

"There has also sprung from our island home a theme of social and political thought which constitutes our message to the world, and, through the changing generations, has found acceptance both within and far beyond my realms.

"Parliamentary institutions, with their free speech and respect for the rights of minorities, and the inspiration of a broad tolerance in thought and its expression—all this we conceive to be a precious part of our way of life and outlook.

"During recent centuries this message has been sustained and invigorated by the immense contribution in language, literature, and action of the nations of our Commonwealth overseas.

"It gives expression, as I pray it always will, to living principles as sacred to the Crown and Monarchy as to its many Parliaments and peoples.

"I ask you now to cherish them—and practise them too.

"Then we can go forward together in peace, seeking justice and freedom for all men.

"As this day draws to its close I know that my abiding memory of it will be not only the solemnity and beauty of the ceremony, but the inspiration of your loyalty and affection.

"I thank you all from a full heart.

"God bless you all."

THIS issue of "Smoke Signals" has been designed as a lasting reminder of a great occasion—not only for ourselves, but for our children. We felt, therefore, that it would be incomplete without the Queen's message and it has been deliberately held back for its inclusion.

It is a simple, a beautiful and inspiring message.

Let us realise that Her Majesty, as a human and lovable woman as well as a Queen, spoke to us individually. She reaffirmed her pledge of service; she told us of her husband's helpful companionship, of an admiration for her parents; she told us of her hopes for the future, her faith in our British institutions and freedoms, and finally, that appeal to "cherish them—and practise them, too" so that we can "go forward together in peace, seeking justice and freedom for all men."

In the secret places of our hearts let us each promise to ourselves, and to her, that we will abide by her words. And let us see to it that we keep the pledge as she will assuredly keep it herself.

THE HISTORY OF THE CORONATION

The History of the Coronation and all the things belonging to it would fill volumes, and, naturally, through the centuries, some odd things have happened. A quick glimpse of one or two may prove of interest.

William the Conqueror decided that he would be crowned on Christmas Day, 1066 A.D., in the Church of St. Peter, Westminster, built by Edward the Confessor. His choice was made out of a real respect and admiration for the saintly King,—but it was probably coloured a little, too, by a desire to implant the idea that he was a legitimate successor to that King and not merely the conqueror of Harold.

There were many Saxons and Normans in the Abbey and a large mixed crowd waited outside. The ceremony itself was substantially the same as that still used and at the Recognition, the question was asked in both Saxon and French. A tremendous confused shout arose in reply. The Norman guards, apparently a little nervous, promptly charged the crowd and killed several bystanders. They then proceeded to enthusiastically set fire to all the surrounding houses, the smoke of which rolled into the Abbey in choking clouds. Those within made haste to escape and a rather frightened William was left with only one or two priests. These hastily administered the Oath and placed the Crown on his head in record time before making their way to safety. Still, this was the first authentic crowning at Westminster, although the actual service was even then 300 years old.

The crown used on that occasion was the crown of Saxon Alfred and was of "goulde wyer work set with slight stones and two little bells." Edward the First was the earliest King to be crowned in the present Abbey in 1274. He later ordered the present Coronation chair to be built of English oak to enclose the famous Stone of Scone, which he had taken from the Scots, and which they had used from time immemorial in the crowning of their Kings. He was, apparently, a rather "careful" monarch for we find a notation that the cost was £5 with a further sum of thirteen and fourpence for gilding. Edward the Second was the first to be crowned in it. This 600 years old throne is perhaps the oldest existing material link with those past ceremonies. During the 18th century, particularly, it was shamefully neglected and maltreated so that now, to outward appearance, it seems "a piece of furniture which would be thrown out of any respectable farm house kitchen." When standing before it for a little, however, one finds that tradition and history have so ennobled it that its shortcomings pass quite unnoticed.

Only two items of the coronation regalia were saved by the clergy at Westminster from Cromwell and his fanatical followers—the Ampulla and the Spoon. The former is a hollow golden eagle with a neck which unscrews to receive the oil. During the rite the oil is poured through the beak to the anointing Spoon, into

which the officiating priest dips his finger and makes the sign of the Cross on the head, breast and both hands of the monarch. The Ampulla was certainly used by Henry IV but is thought to be considerably older.

The Spoon, also of gold, was broken by the Puritans, but repaired in 1661 and dates from the twelfth century.

A replica of the Staff of St. Edward was also made at this time. It is a golden rod with a steel foot and surmounted by a hollow ball and a cross similar to the orb. Tradition had it that the original ball contained a fragment of the True Cross. It is placed in the hand of the monarch as he enters the Abbey and symbolically guides his feet in the way of righteousness.

Five beautiful swords are borne by peers during the coronation and each has its special significance. The Great Sword of England is a two-handed weapon with a chased hilt and quillons, the latter being in the form of a lion and a unicorn. The crimson velvet of the scabbard is enriched with gold medallions showing the Tudor Rose, the Thistle of Scotland, the Harp of Ireland, the Fleur-de-Lys, a Portcullis and the Royal Arms. Besides its use in the great ceremony, it is carried before the monarch at State openings of Parliament.

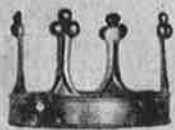
Twin swords of Spiritual Justice and Temporal Justice and the Curtana, a short sword with a broken blade, denoting Mercy, were presented by the Pope to Henry VIII. After that King's quarrel with His Holiness, he retained the swords. Replicas of these, too, had to be made.

The Sovereign's Sword is a magnificent example of craftsmanship, made for George IV. Thickly encrusted with jewels on the hilt, it bears on its dull gold scabbard in rubies, emeralds and diamonds, the Thistle, the Shamrock and the Rose.

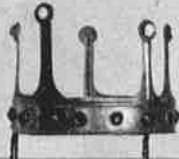
These things are brilliant and magnificent as befits the dignity of the British monarchy; yet their inner significance is a thousand times more valuable than their intrinsic worth. They remind us of the living past when the first laborious and difficult steps were taken towards Justice and Freedom for all men.

Slowly, through the centuries, with little violence, for that is not the British way, we have attained our desire in a large measure. Perhaps it is good for us to stop and think, at such an historic time, just how much we have achieved. Let the Orb remind us that Christian ideals must be the guiding light of our leaders. Let the Ring tell us that Church and State must be wedded for the propagation of new laws and still better ways of living. Above all let the Sword remind us that we must guard what we have gained as we guard the very breath of life.

"Guard the one true seed of Freedom, sown
Between a Nation and her ancient Throne.
In saving that, ye help to save Mankind."



1. WILLIAM I.
(Reigned: 1066-1087.)



2. WILLIAM II.
(Reigned: 1087-1100.)



3. HENRY I.
(Reigned: 1100-1135.)



4. STEPHEN.
(Reigned: 1135-1154.)



5. HENRY II.
(Reigned: 1154-1189.)



6. RICHARD I.
(Reigned: 1189-1199.)



7. JOHN.
(Reigned: 1199-1216.)



8. HENRY III.
(Reigned: 1216-1272.)



9. EDWARD I.
(Reigned: 1272-1307.)



10. EDWARD II.
(Reigned: 1307-1327.)



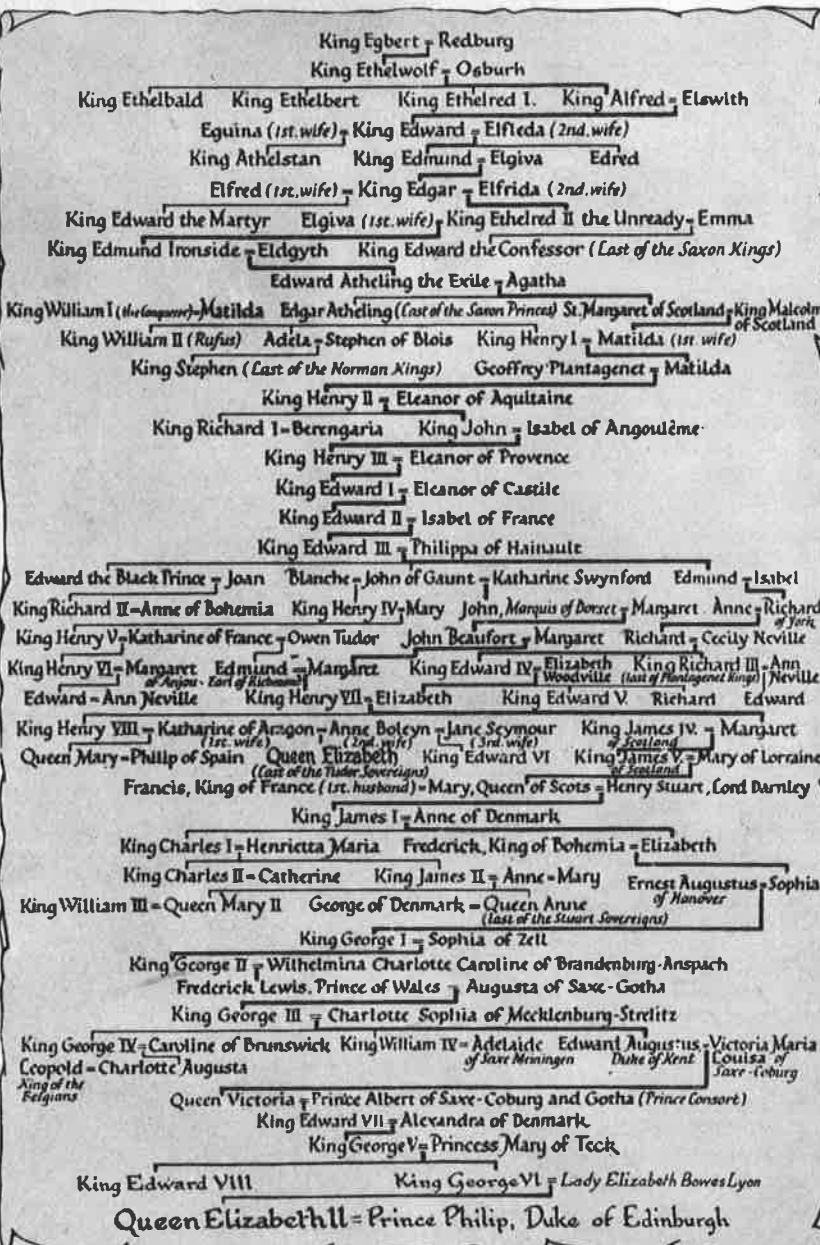
11. EDWARD III.
(Reigned: 1327-1377.)



12. RICHARD II.
(Reigned: 1377-1399.)



13. HENRY IV.
(Reigned: 1399-1413.)



14. CHARLES I.
(Reigned: 1625-1649.)



15. JAMES I.
(Reigned: 1603-1625.)



16. ELIZABETH I.
(Reigned: 1558-1603.)



17. MARY.
(Reigned: 1552-1558.)



18. EDWARD VI.
(Reigned: 1547-1553.)



19. HENRY VIII.
(Reigned: 1509-1547.)

QUEEN ELIZABETH II'S DESCENT FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON KINGS: A TABLE ILLUSTRATING HER MAJESTY'S PREDECESSORS ON THE THRONE OF THIS REALM.



14. HENRY V.
(Reigned: 1413-1422.)



16. HENRY VI.
(Reigned: 1422-1461.)



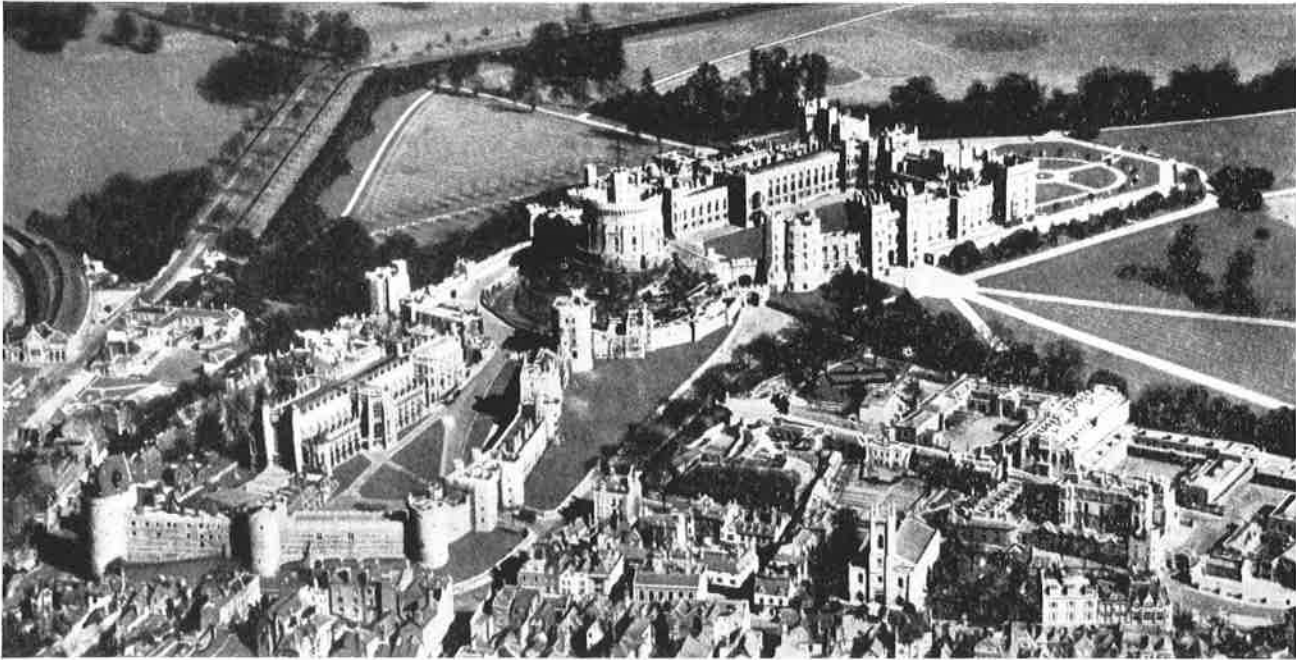
18. EDWARD IV.
(Reigned: 1461-1483.)



17. RICHARD III.
(Reigned: 1483-1485.)



18. HENRY VII.
(Reigned: 1485-1509.)



Still preserving the form of William the Conqueror's Fortress, Windsor Castle with (foreground) the lower ward, containing St. George's Chapel and cloisters; the middle ward (centre) occupied by the Round Tower of Keeps and (right) the upper ward, surrounded by the Royal apartments.

WINDSOR CASTLE

" . . . on a sudden the castle is there, gleaming upon its knoll in the middle distance, couched like a swan upon her nest in the silvery Thames below; not isolated in space, nor stark and deserted like some Crusader's castle amid Syrian sands, but lapped in the soft landscape of England, which rises behind it into the blue distance till earth and sky merge in a rimless infinity." (Sir Owen Morshead, Librarian to King George VI.)

FOR 900 years the Royal castle of Windsor has kept watch and ward upon its cliff over the Thames; for 800 of those years it has been used as a residence of British Kings. Even before that it had been an important strategic point for only recently, in a Windsor back garden, a coin was unearthed with the impress of the Emperor Diocletian, minted nearly 2,000 years ago. This coin indicates that Roman legionaries were stationed in the area at the time when St. Luke was writing his gospel.

William the Conqueror, who, with all his faults, was a great general, decided to build a string of forts round his capital of London—then about the size of a small country town. He chose the site at Windsor as one of them and ordered that a "motte and bailey" should be built there. A mound of chalky earth 150 feet high was raised on top of a hundred foot cliff overlooking the river.

There were no roads, in those days, and goods were carried by pack horse or, if too heavy for that, were dragged across country on sledges. Where it was available, the easiest method of transport was by water. Although William himself had landed on the beach

at Hastings, he was fully aware that a determined enemy might be tempted to try to make his way up the river into the very heart of the country, as, indeed, the Dutch did 600 years later.

The piling up of this motte was a tremendous job with the crude equipment available, but it was finally finished. There was no building stone in the district and, in any case, it was a century before the artificial mound had consolidated sufficiently to bear the weight of heavy masonry. There were plenty of trees and plenty of cheap labour, however, consequently the first fort was a massive wooden tower defended by a palisade of tree trunks driven into the ground and it completely commanded the river approaches.

Two courtyards were also cleared and fenced in the same manner in which the troops could live and the necessary livestock be sheltered in emergency. The area included was about 13 acres and the present walls of Windsor exactly follow the outline of those old defences.

Down through the centre of the mound a shaft was sunk, to a depth of 165 feet, to form a well for the garrison water supply. The well is there to this day under a bedroom carpet in the present Round Tower. In the 13th century two other wells were sunk, one in each courtyard.

Henry I commenced stone buildings in the upper bailey about 1110 A.D., when he constructed a residence and a chapel, but it was Henry II, that mighty

builder, who decided to replace the wooden stockades of his great grandfather with something of a more enduring nature. The building material was stone, then, as now, known as "heath" stone, and was brought from Bagshot ten miles away. It was split into rough cubes by heat as no steel available would cut it. The uneven blocks were laid on each other with chips of flint and inverted oyster shells interposed to take the weight and to prevent the heavy stone from squeezing the soft mortar out of the coarse joints. The present Ministry for Works, when doing repairs, uses the same technique in order to preserve the character of the old buildings.

Little more was done to the castle till Henry III's reign but the intervening period under Richard Coeur-de-lion and John saw the only two sieges which Windsor has known. The first lasted two months and was a rather spiritless affair. Followers of the rebellious Prince John were penned up by Walter Archbishop of Treves, in 1193. John and his followers submitted.

The siege of 1216, however, was more serious. John was again one of the protagonists. His repudiation of Magna Charta brought the barons hot foot into the field. They invested the castle which was commanded by Engelhard, of Cigogné, a brave and clever soldier of fortune. After three months, John got together a large army to relieve the garrison, but found the besiegers' lines were apparently too strong. He went instead, by forced marches, into Suffolk and Norfolk and ravaged them mercilessly. After a week of this the barons hastily burned their siege engines and retired with their forces to protect their own holdings.

Henry III, throughout his long reign, was constantly making additions and improvements to the castle. Little of these are now visible, however, as succeeding kings pulled down or built around his work.

Edward III, it is said, turned Windsor from a fortress into a palace. The more settled nature of home affairs encouraged him to forego strength, to some extent, in favour of beauty and convenience. He made the castle his favourite residence and, in 1344, set up there his Round Table of Knights after the manner of the legendary King Arthur. Four years later he founded that most famous Order of the Garter consisting of himself, the Black Prince and twenty-four other Knights. He built a beautiful chapel as their shrine, some traces of which still remain incorporated in existing buildings. For 135 years this chapel was used, but was then in such bad repair that, in 1478, Edward IV, "in pride of man and fear of God," built in its stead that St. George's chapel which we know to-day. It is the most beautiful example of the late Gothic that the world can show. Henry VII completed the work his father's death had interrupted.

In 1399 occurred the one instance when Windsor Castle was taken. The followers of the deposed Richard II, assembled four hundred lances at Kingston, in an effort to capture Henry of Lancaster who was to keep Christmas at Windsor with his sons. A confederate opened the postern door and the invaders rushed in and took possession, thinking their plot successful. Someone, however, had warned Henry, and he and his

sons had ridden to London the night before. The plotters abandoned the castle next morning and a few days later were defeated and executed.

Charles II was the next major contributor to the buildings of Windsor. In 1675 he demolished a large section of Edward III's work and built a plain boxlike four story structure. Times had changed and the emphasis now was rather on comfort than defence. In spite of its plain exterior, Charles' "Star Building" was elaborately and beautifully fitted within under the combined efforts of May Verrio and Grinling Gibbons.

George III, in his later years, and then George IV, made the last extensive alteration to Windsor. Their era saw an "archaistic revival," a reversion to the Gothic. Zeal, perhaps, outran discretion. Battlements are suitable for outer walls and towers but rather out of place on stables and domestic offices. On the whole, however, the final effect was picturesque and at least, the horrible blank wall of Charles was transformed to something more in keeping.

The old Keep still has its garrison of foot and steel-clad horse. It still knows the grief and pomp of a Royal mourning; it still savours a taste of bygone chivalry when the Garter Knights assemble. But its days, now, are quiet days. No longer do the torch-lit stones of Henry's Gateway strike sparks from the sliding hooves of a foam-flecked horse as its leather-jerkined panting rider flings himself from the saddle bearing despatches of high import for my Lord the King—stories of plot or counter-plot, of defeat or victory, on some far border of his turbulent realm. No more do its corridors ring to the tread of iron feet or the high, angry voices of rival lords whose vaulting ambitions reached for the inner favour of the King or, at times, to the very Throne itself. No longer does a King and his closest counsellor scheme to fan those rivalries; for sometimes the Throne was none too stable and well they knew the old Roman dictum, "Divide and Rule."

Never again is heard the plaintive harp of the minstrel or the tinkling bells and biting wit of the privileged Court Jester in its banquet hall; and the lilting lute of the troubadour is silent in the lady's bower.

So Windsor lies and broods above its beloved Thames looking along the stream, but three short miles, to historic Runnymede. Sometimes, on nights of raging storm or a still, quiet moon, the River whispers at the foot of the cliffs apposite stories of the Castle's boisterous youth; of hard, grim captains and fierce, red war; of knightly chivalry and lovely ladies; of wise statesmen and noble Kings; all playing their part, great or small, on the stage of England's History and all, consciously or unconsciously, moulding and implementing our present tolerances, our present freedoms.

The verdure has crept closer to the walls in these piping times and eight hundred years of wind and sun and rain and frost have mellowed its stones and softened its harsh outline. It is as if time has fashioned a soft velvet gauntlet of crimson and green and gold to cover that hard iron hand, forged by the Conqueror in the morning of history, to smite a too ambitious foe and hold his City firmly safe.

THIS ENGLAND . . .

*This royal throne of Kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars.
This other Eden, demi-Paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in a silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.
Shakespeare. Richard II, Act 2.*

MANY employees of the Company have visited Britain, in recent years, for business or for pleasure. In some cases they were revisiting the land of their birth; in others they were finding a reality which they had only heard or read about. We publish, below, some of these impressions and it is noteworthy that through them all runs a universal note of admiration and love for the beauty of the land and the character of its people.

“ENGLAND . . . AND US!”

*By Mr. F. W. R. LAWRENCE
Melbourne Sales Branch*

THERE is no word in our vocabulary adequately to assess the quality of the emotion which floods the bloodstream of an Australian when, for the first time, he sees the coastline of the land which his forebears had called Home!

The first thrill of travel has subsided; the tonic excitement of new experiences in Colombo, Cairo and Malta is behind him; long-anticipated adventures in Europe are for the moment unimportant as the ship swings away from the north-west corner of the French coast and heads across the Channel.

Incredibly soon the ship is sailing serenely between the Isle of Wight and the south coast of England. As my ship steamed along this course, I stood on deck and watched the scene drift by. All the way to Southampton it seemed an endless vista of rolling green lawns, white manor-houses, stately old castles in lovely parklands, lush fields and farmers' cottages.

And somewhere beyond all this, back in the caves and the glens, before recorded history, was cradled a breed of men to be known as Englishmen—and Australians!

No matter what may later bring one's criticism—just or unjust—upon it, or what illusions are shattered, the moment of that first glimpse is sublime and remembered.

London, of course, is the first magnet and the tourists' Mecca. All roads lead from London—all lead back to



Trafalgar Square

it—from Land's End or John o' Groat's, from Algiers or Spitzbergen!

In London you can feel the throbbing heart of an Empire whose pulse is felt in the four corners of the earth. Immediately, you want to “know” it and, almost invariably, visiting Australians spend their first day and night in London walking, walking, just walking until sheer exhaustion sends them trudging to their beds. At the end of the month, you begin to realise that London is never “known” in one lifetime!

At all events, you determine to pursue an entrancing acquaintance.

London is a comfortable, motherly old hen—London is a monster. She lifts you up on Wednesday and lets you down on the flat of your back on Thursday. She gently coaxes you to-day and smothers you unmercifully to-morrow. But you always come back to London!

And the people of England? They are still “taking it.” They are class-conscious and queue-conscious. (I have seen eight men on a London corner solemnly queue up for the evening paper!) They grumble a little but not enough. They revere their dogs and their history and live with both in close companionship. They are obsessed with the past and with their heritage of crumbling masonry. There must be a chill on a land whose people live with their dead, and in whose nostrils there is the dank and musty breath of antiquity. The history and traditions of a race should be a wall of rock against which a man may press his shoulders and feel its strength and worth as he faces the odds of his day and world. If he lays his face against it, it will smother him.

But the people of England seldom talk of their gruelling during the war. They will point with pride to a castle ruin and relate the bravery of some ancient warrior, but the bomb-wrecked rubble of their cities is camouflaged with high fences and bright advertisements, or cunningly cloaked with grass and flowers in the semblance of planned gardens. Their own fortitude is never hinted at, and you ponder on it the more.

Indefinable England! She is, perhaps, best likened to a person. I can remember my grandmother (and you, yours)—small, dignified, proud, human, conservative, forgiving. Her fashions changed with the seasons and her fancies overnight, but her fidelity and fealty were as simple and fixed as the Rock of Gibraltar. All these things mixed up together and, behind them

all, a ready wit and a spirit that leapt and danced like a white flame. Her constancy of purpose and rigidity of principle gave a serene personality more punch than an atom bomb! Yes, like old England, whose daughter and essence she was.

And us? Whilst England is on the doorstep of Europe, we are a world removed. We have a lot to learn from the older countries, and a great deal more to teach. We are a young and virile country with a youthful and healthy outlook, unhampered by the inhibitions of the older world. Everything is in our favour and it is up to us to see that we use our national talents to the best advantage; to develop our resources and build in strength our national character in such a way that it may never, when our country is old, suffer the degeneration and decadence that has engulfed some of the older nations.

Australia is not yet in full bloom—her greatness lies ahead; but, in this year of grace, there is no finer country than Australia—regardless of standard.

But—let us remember with gratitude our aged parent over the sea—Old Britain! Poor, proud, muddling, conservative, clean-hearted, brave, scarred from a thousand wounds—but still fighting.

Let every Australian thank God for England!

MANCHESTER MEMORIES

By EILEEN MANSOUR, *Carreras Ltd.*

THE majority of you have heard about the works of the immortal William Shakespeare, Charles Dickens, and other famous English writers. Although I can lay no such claim to fame, I, too, was born in England. I can take no credit for the fact that the stork decided to deliver me one Sunday morning in August, (I'm not quoting the year). I'm as proud as anyone—famous or infamous—that I was landed in England, but why did that bird have to alight in Manchester! There are so many lovely cities and country villages in England, and yet I was labelled to land in the Cotton Area. So strong has been my grudge that I have never learned to sew—*AND I NEVER WILL!*

Manchester is very much like any other large industrial English city. It has its Public Library, Art Gallery, University, Town Hall, Halle Orchestra, slums and residential districts. I feel it differs from other cities in one particular only—little as you may know of Manchester, here in Australia, you've surely heard of its dismal weather. Seriously, however, Manchester weather is much maligned; they do have some really sunny weather (for a limited season, of course).

Of all the traditional fairs and festivals, the Shrove Tuesday celebrations are to me the most memorable. Each year, on that day, the University students have the freedom of the City—and you can well imagine what that word means to naturally uninhibited 'varsity girls and boys. They rattle collection boxes in every

nook and cranny and the proceeds go to the hospitals. My main preparation, for the day was to change five shillings into pence, as you cannot refuse a contribution to anyone. The students are attired in fancy dress and their interpretation of "fancy attire" has to be seen to be believed. However, everyone has an awful lot of fun and the hospitals benefit by more than £10,000 each year. The procession is the highlight of the day. It starts from the University and slowly traverses the main streets, eventually arriving at Piccadilly. Then the ceremony of "Tossing the Pancake" is performed. About ten students hold one large frying pan and there is a lot of batter flying around—there seems to be batter everywhere. My first attempt at "Tossing the Pancake" wasn't very successful. I think I tossed it too high—it just hit the ceiling and fell into bits. On Shrove Tuesday, every Manchester hotel, restaurant and household serves pancakes.

Our nearest, and most popular seaside resort was Blackpool—about 65 miles away. It has a wonderful promenade which extends for miles along the seafront. The North Shore caters for the more reserved folk who prefer a quiet holiday, whilst the Central and South Shore caters for those who like mass entertainment. There is a very modern bathing pool where thousands frolic, the amusement park with its coasters and sideshows, Madame Tussard's Waxworks, wine bars and oyster saloons. The Tower is huge. I think admission to it costs 2/6d., and inside there is an aquarium, a zoo, and a wonderful ballroom with orchestra and floor show. A lift takes you to the top of the Tower, and, as you ascend, there is a magnificent view of the countryside. When you step out of the lift you find you have been transported to Midget Land. Mr. and Mrs. Midget are there in their tiny home and have all kinds of novelties for sale. It is most intriguing. The seafront is illuminated with thousands of coloured lights, transforming the shore line into a veritable fairyland.

LONDON—A First Impression

Contributed by KATH CASTINE,
Adelaide Sales Branch

TO fly over London is only a matter of minutes—to motor through it can be a matter of hours—but to see London is the work of a lifetime.

The first morning of our stay we were in front of Buckingham Palace to see the changing of the Guard, which in Spring and Summer is a most colourful ceremony (the Guards' winter uniform is somewhat drab by comparison). Around the corner, behind the Palace, stands the Royal Mews, where we saw about 16 horses, including the Dutch greys given to the late King George by Queen Wilhelmina. Eight years ago there were 120 horses in the Mews, but now only 28. The Irish State Coach, Glass Coach, etc., were lined up, but, unfortunately, the Coronation Coach was under repair. However, we saw the Long Room or "Tan" where the Queen rides each morning

before the "Trooping of the Colour" in June, in which ceremony "All the Queen's Horses and all the Queen's Men" join together in a miracle of co-ordinated movement. Their drilling is superb, but to my mind, the most impressive scene is the arrival of the Queen in her scarlet jacket, riding side-saddle, and even with all the bustle of such a crowd, there's a great silence everywhere, as all marvel at her youth and regal bearing.

A friend of mine, who lives in and loves London, took me around one evening at 7 to "introduce" me to a few landmarks. We left St. James, walked along Piccadilly to the statue of Eros, the so-called "Hub of the Universe," where crowds gather on any occasion of national significance—a declaration of war, an armistice, a Sovereign's death, etc. Eros was taken away for safety, during the war, and my friend told me London wasn't the same until he was back.

Then we went along Coventry Street to Leicester Square, where most of the theatres are—the squares are a revelation, tree-shaded lawns set around unexpected corners, and thickly populated even at night when they look most attractive being very well lit. Even in the outlying parts of London there are small parks such as "The Tarn" near where I stayed—a large lake inhabited by the inevitable white swans and surrounded by wild daffodils and rhododendrons, each in their season.

From there we went to Trafalgar Square, where Nelson's Column is guarded by four huge lions, then past St. Martin-in-the Fields where each year an Anzac Service is held, into the Strand, past Charing Cross, the Savoy, to the magnificent buildings which house the Law Courts. St. Clement Dane's and St. Mary-le-Strand are two ruins from the war—like most of the buildings they seem black with white patches, and in the darkness look ghostly and unreal.

At Temple Bar, where the Sovereign must wait to be relieved of his sword by the Lord Mayor before entering the City of London, our way took us down through the Temple on the right to the Embankment, along past Waterloo Bridge, new but graceful, to Westminster and the Houses of Parliament. Big Ben, although generally thought to be the name of the clock, is really the name of the bell, and the light above Big Ben indicates whether the House is sitting.

In Whitehall stands the Cenotaph, known to all Australians, and famous Downing St. leads off Whitehall.



Hyde Park Corner

The Tube took us to Dirty Dick's in Bishopsgate, surely the filthiest tavern in London—black cobwebs hanging from the rafters together with skeletons of long-dead animals, and after all this sightseeing I took my way "home" in the Underground, alone, which is an experience in itself, and what I saw was only the veriest fraction of London.

ARRIVAL

By Mr. C. TURNER, Melbourne B.A.T.

YOUR landing in England is made through the marble and chromium Ocean Terminal Hall at Southampton where, after a brief wait, you pass on to the dreaded Customs examination. Although you are not carrying contraband, you're sure your face has a furtive and guilty look. Strange to say the ordeal is mild; they ask a few questions, do not rummage through your luggage, chalk your bags and pass you on to the waiting London train. You then think perhaps you have an honest look—hence the expedition.

The train starts, and sitting in the carriage of the wonderfully efficient British Railways (the locals say the service has gone to the dogs since nationalisation) and ministered to by a deft, white-coated steward, you start to come out of your daze.

The train passes a thatched cottage, a brightly painted gypsy caravan, white swans on a lake, through the little hedge-lined paddocks—no, fields—and pheasants strut by; all that makes up the English countryside is there, and everything seems so familiar.

At Waterloo Station a helmeted policeman shepherds you into a quaint-looking London taxi, and, as it drives over Waterloo Bridge, you see a dome rising over the City—immediately you know it to be St. Paul's. How the taxi got into the Mall you can never work out afterwards; anyhow the driver doesn't have to tell where you are, and when the Palace looms in front, with the Royal Standard aloft, and the Guards stamping up and down in front, you know you have seen it all before.

Then up Constitution Hill with crocuses glowing at the roadside, Hyde Park Gate and the Park itself, splashed with clumps of golden daffodils—never was an early Spring morning more lovely nor the soft blue of the English skies more beautiful.

Marble Arch seems an old friend; then you pass into the orderly Oxford Street traffic with familiar-looking red buses dominating all.

It has been a strange morning: you expected to see new sights, but, although it has been wildly exciting, you seem to have seen nothing new. You fit into this place and have never been away from it; all is so serene, friendly and homely—then you realise what has happened.

When you left Australia you said unthinkingly "I'm going Home"—and, at last, after thousands of miles of travel, you know you are Home. You have been away a long time, and scenes that were but a dim memory have once again become reality.

ENGLAND IN 1947

*Impressions by Mr. W. GRICE,
S. T. Leigh & Co.*

UPON arriving at London Airport we were immediately impressed by the vast amount of traffic being handled, and the expedition with which everyone is thoroughly checked over by the very competent customs department.

We left the Airport by means of one of those quaint-looking London taxis, which appear so small, and out-of-date. To our surprise, after a little further acquaintance with them, we found that, though small and old fashioned, they were extremely efficient in the heavy London traffic and their drivers were all courteous and helpful.

Memories of what we had read of the war damage were running through our minds and we felt considerable apprehension as to what we might see.

Our fears were realised, and en route to the Hotel, we looked and wondered how the people of the Old Country kept fighting with so much damage done. Block upon block of buildings were razed to the ground, but the majestic dome of St. Paul's stood out alone with hardly a mark. Practically every building in the district, which at one time boasted granite or sandstone facings, had become nothing but holes in the ground or, mere shells of masonry, with some pieces about 15" in diameter gouged out by shrapnel and high explosives. Travelling around the docks we were amazed how people had ever lived through such devastation. However, the evidence is there that they did because thousands of Nissen type dwellings are laid out in street formation. Perhaps they had not so much ground as they would like but they seemed to make the best use of what they had.

We spoke to people of periods of bombing raids and all could tell of hair-raising events and some very pathetic stories that brought tears to our eyes. In spite of all, they showed the sheer grit to start things going again and that determination that seems inherent in the British race.

We journeyed north, to Scotland, and there found the same spirit to "get going again." We spent a week inspecting all the old places of traditional interest. Not least among them was Edinburgh Castle, with its



The Horse Guards

Museum, showing armour and various types of hand weapons even to spears and axes. We saw a multitude of spectators pouring through with their children, explaining to them the habits and customs of the old days and they spoke as though 1520 A.D. was only yesterday.

Leaving Edinburgh, we travelled by bus to Liverpool and on this trip we saw something of the type of people who make up this England; always ready to help someone on or off and parting with some kindly words of advice. We arrived at Keswick, a small country village, and decided to spend the rest of our weekend there. The splendid scenery is something that will always remain a lovely memory; hills and mountains reached far above the clouds and covered with millions of bluebells and various other types of wild flowers and away from all the smoke and noise of the cities people here seemed to enjoy a much greater freedom from control. There was plenty of food, without the usual points—or coupons as we knew them here—and generally it was a haven of rest. Going south we reached Liverpool and the sight was appalling—buildings of all description had become just twisted masses of steel or heaps of rubble. Those still standing were covered with a thick coat of black, greasy soot. During the great bombing raids drums of oil were set alight to make as much smoke as possible. This was done to make it difficult for enemy bombers to recognise the locality. In one case steam cleaning was in progress and it looked a ghost building alongside the rest. However, through all this destruction, one could see the results of the work being done with rubbish cleared away and new buildings coming to life. This destruction was very apparent around the railway stations where nearly every building had suffered some damage. No doubt, by 1953, the picture has changed.

We returned to London, and inspected as many of the traditional landmarks as time would permit. The Thames fascinated us and we watched the barges, towed by cheeky little tugs and skilfully manoeuvred by their skippers, in and out of the hundreds of ships up and down the old River.

One could go on indefinitely recording colourful and happy memories; and out of them all there came to us one strong and lasting impression. England is not beaten. Her people have not lost the spirit of their race and are strongly determined to clear away the debris—social and political as well as material—and build anew and better than before.

And one feels again how appropriate are the words of Helen Grey Cone, the American poetess:

*Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea,
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn
Spirit supernal, splendour eternal, England.*

*The Lord Chamberlain is
commanded by Their Majesties to summon*

*Miss Philippa Murphy
to an Afternoon Presentation Party at Buckingham Palace
on Thursday, the 19th May, 1949, from 3.30 to 5.30 o'clock p.m.*

*Widow: Day Dress with Hat.
Scatterers: Morning Dress or Service Dress Hatless.*

PRESENTED AT COURT

By *PHILIPPA MURPHY,*
Brisbane Sales Branch

MY "Summons to Buckingham Palace" gave me the most thrilling and spectacular happening of an exceedingly enjoyable sixteen months' tour of England and the Continent in 1948/49.

At last the day arrived! It was an unusually bright one for London, matching my own spirits now that the big day had actually dawned. The time passed slowly and my excitement grew, but the clock eventually struck eleven—the time I had planned to start dressing as I had been warned to arrive at Buckingham Palace early. The time and meticulous care that went into that dressing! Finally, now nervous as well as excited, I had to parade in front of my landlord and landlady. But worse was to come. With my friend, in a chauffeur-driven car, we proceeded to The Mall to find that at two o'clock we were at least the 60th in a long line waiting for the gates to open as planned—three o'clock.

Presentation Parties are great events for all, even those not fortunate enough to be among the chosen few. People wait in hundreds, lining The Mall, and when the cars begin to arrive they start their walk down the line. It is nothing (but how embarrassing!) to have several heads peering through the window of your car, and the owners of these heads have no hesitation in telling you whether or not they approve of your outfit.

Three o'clock chimed, great excitement suddenly passed from car to car, engines began to purr and the long line slowly moved through the now open gates of the Palace to the main entrance of the State Apartments. Our turn came, we pulled up and the car door was opened by one of London's many policemen, but the first thrill of the day came when one of those magnificently clad gentlemen of the Household Staff assisted us from our "carriage". We felt like Queens ourselves! We were handed on to another member of the King's Household who announced us as we crossed the threshold of the Entrance Hall. Being two of the early arrivals, we were taken through the State Rooms, an experience which everyone would envy. The furnishings, carpets, paintings and the magnificent

chandeliers left us breathless. The most talented of writers could not adequately describe the feelings that are stirred up inside when surrounded by such grandeur and royalty.

From the State Rooms we passed to the Throne Room where the presentations take place. This is an ornamental and pillared ballroom, with tiered seats on three sides. The fourth side is hung with Royal red velvet curtains, in front of which stands, in all their glory, the thrones of their Majesties.

The Band of His Majesty's Coldstream Guards was accommodated in the gallery to provide appropriate music until the ceremony took place. Only between 300 and 400 people can be seated in the Throne Room, and, having acted on the advice given us, we were two of the lucky ones; as 1,500 people were summoned, the others were only able to see, over many heads, the King and Queen on their way to and from the Throne Room.

The Presentation Ceremony itself has been modified since the war; long gowns have been replaced by formal afternoon wear, for the ladies, and morning suit is the order of the day for the men. Representatives of State, from other countries, are the only people presented in person to Their Majesties but the others present are recorded officially as being "presented."

Their Majesties arrived and the National Anthem was played. The presentations then took place and at the conclusion we left our seats and joined the guests on the floor. Thinking that the King and Queen would make their exit by walking down the centre of the room, many guests formed a long Guard of Honour. We remained on the outskirts and were delighted to find that we were the lucky ones; Their Majesties made a circuit of the room and returned to the Private Apartments through the same door as they had used to enter the Throne Room. As they passed us the Queen stopped and chatted to a New Zealand lass standing beside me. We had a grand close-up of Their Majesties—the grace and charm of Her Majesty is something that every woman would envy. As she passed me she smiled. I curtsied and felt overwhelmed.

After they left the Throne Room, we were escorted to the garden where a simple but delightful afternoon tea was served. Royalty observed austerity just as any other household in Britain. Then we walked round the grounds, seeing parts we had heard mentioned regularly in reports of the Royal Family. With great pride and joy we then walked from the grounds through the Palace, and the Gates, to turn and look back upon a Palace the interior of which we had never dared hope to have the good fortune to see.

The grandeur of that day will remain in my memory as one of the most overwhelming ever experienced.



Marble Arch

ENGLISH TOUR

By Mr. H. CLIVE DOUST, Sydney Sales Branch

IT was early morning, with drizzling rain, when we arrived off Brixham to "Pick up the Pilot" and take on mails before proceeding up the English Channel. We were not surprised—we knew England is not considered a sunny land—and we had our emotions to contend with as we approached this great land for the first time.

Having the pilot and mails on board, we proceeded up the Channel and, after a hurried breakfast, went on deck to watch the coast line, in spite of poor visibility. The Captain was considerate and kept inshore as close as possible, as he knew there were many passengers to appreciate this—those who were returning to their homeland after absences of 20 and 30 years or more, and those who were seeing it for the first time.

As the morning wore on the weather cleared and we could see the green land almost to the water's edge. The scene became more picturesque as the sun strengthened, and soon we were able to see the coast of France on the one side, and England—the White Cliffs of Dover—on the other. Thus, so delightfully, we found England.

We were fortunate in having accommodation in a garden suburb on the edge of Epping Forest—only half an hour's run by tube to London. London—Piccadilly Circus, Drury Lane, Trafalgar Square, The Strand, St. Pauls, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Westminster Abbey, Parliament Houses (more correctly known as The Palace of Westminster, where Parliament meets), the Embankment, the Thames with its many bridges, and, of course, The Tower.

London—with its daily ceremonial of Changing of the Guard, the Horse Guards at Whitehall and Footguards at Buckingham Palace. Every place and action steeped in tradition.

London—with its ever-flowing, well regulated traffic, its brave recovery from bomb damage, the quiet helpful "Bobby" and courteous conductors, all so ready to show bewildered and enchanted visitors their London.

But London is not England, and we wanted to see rural England. Before setting out on a tour we had a look at Kensington Gardens whilst the tulips and bluebells were in bloom—such a glory of colours! It was in these gardens that we received a queenly bow from the late Queen Mary for she, too, was visiting these gardens, one of her favourite drives.

In delightful weather we set out by car for Land's End via Cambridge, Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, over the Cotswolds to Bristol, Bath to the west coast, Lyme-mouth, Exmoor, Newquay, Clovelly, St. Ives. Oh, what memories these names recall.

We found the roads perfect, and the road courtesy shown to us wherever we went was grand. The thatched cottages and village ponds we had so often seen on postcards are really there in all their quaintness.

Oxford and Cambridge were impressive, but, strangely enough, we were more impressed by the vast number of bicycles to be seen on the roads and indiscriminately parked.

It was at Stratford-on-Avon, with its great Memorial Theatre, in a very beautiful setting on the banks of the river that we experienced an example of typical English courtesy. We had just arrived before the commencement of a matinee—Henry IV—and joined the ticket queue in the hope of obtaining 2 seats. However, the last two went to the gentleman in front; he promptly turned and insisted we take them as he realised we were overseas visitors.

Travelling on through Somerset and Devon, we were surprised at the narrow roads which really became lanes and in many parts ran between hedges of rhododendrons that grew to an amazing height—about 12 or 14 feet—and consequently restricted one's view of surrounding country. These hedges require a lot of trimming and the men who specialise in this work are known as "Hedgers."

After touching in at Bristol, Bath and Wells, we arrived at the coast, where we saw beaches more like our own in Australia.

We continued over Exmoor, passing Dartmoor—a forbidding place—and eventually completed the first part of a memorable tour.

*"O, England, model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart!"*

William Shakespeare.



Houses of Parliament

LONDON AS I SAW IT

By IVY GOLDING, Perth Sales Branch

It is not easy to do justice to this great City. Firstly, there is that stirring feeling of really belonging. The fascination of London defies analysis—perhaps, it is its friendliness and welcoming atmosphere and a consciousness of a history dating back two thousand years; countless relics of the past are to be seen in London to-day. Then the variety of London's life is unending—each in its own little "village"—the West End of the plutocrats; Bloomsbury of the blue-stockings; Chelsea of the artist; the foreign colony of Soho; Fleet Street with its newspapermen; and many others.

There are the so frequent free "shows" to be enjoyed, not least of these the daily changing of the guard at Whitehall and Buckingham Palace; the "Beefeaters"—the Yeoman Warders of the Tower; the red coats of the Chelsea Pensioners, and the Cockneys in their traditional dress on high days and holidays.

A wealth of entertainment is provided by the great London Theatres and there are numerous producing societies which cater for all tastes.

One bids "farewell" to London with deep regret, but intense pride in one's British nationality.

ENGLISH JOURNEY

By Mr. ALEC JOSEPHS, *Carreras Ltd.*

IN this memorable Coronation year, the thoughts of all loyal Commonwealth citizens turn to the heart of Empire, and they journey in spirit with the thousands of more fortunate people from all nations who are making a Mecca-like pilgrimage to London to pay homage to our beautiful young Queen.

I was fortunate enough to be able to pay a visit to Britain approximately three years ago, after an absence of 30 years, and it was with very mixed feelings that I embarked, with my wife, on s.s. "Orontes." It was considered, by my friends and even by myself, that I was a "fair dinkum" Aussie, and I was really not too sure that I was doing the sensible thing. Now I know that I would never have missed that trip home for all "the tea in China," and it will forever live in my memory as the outstanding event of my lifetime—wonderful, never to be forgotten.

Apart from the sea voyage, which is the ultimate in relaxation, seeing Britain again, and the scenes of my childhood days, just left me spellbound and completely thrilled.

Southampton appeared on a typical sunny English spring day and, believe it or not, with a temperature of 80°. We went from Southampton to London by train, through beautiful country in full Spring bloom, and only those who have been privileged to see that, can appreciate its glory.

At Waterloo Station, I asked a taxi driver to take our party to my wife's family home at Hammersmith. He said, "Eh! mate! though I saw yer come orf that there boat train, yer aint no Aussie; yer speak just like a blinkin' Londoner." So, from then on, posing as a "fair dinkum" Aussie was quite out for me.

Meeting my wife's family, for the first time, was another big thrill. Seeing all the usual sights and places of interest was a wonderful experience, and whenever opportunity occurred, we waited for glimpses of our beloved Royal Family. Bomb damage was a very tragic sight, and many personal stories of deaths and injuries and, more happily, narrow escapes, were recounted to me. The dry humour of bus conductors, the amazing transport system, were all things of unending interest.

I formed the opinion that the real Heroes of Britain are those who refuse to leave, even to migrate to



St. James's Palace

Commonwealth countries in these days. I asked dozens, "Why don't you go to Australia or Canada? Food shortages and austerity must have you browned-off by now." The reply invariably was, "What! leave England? We just couldn't do that."

The people of Britain have a deep and sincere love for the Royal Family and, in these days of tumbling monarchies, it is of particular significance that our British Royal Family stands so firm in the hearts of its people—beloved, a true example of family life, with a great spiritual future.

We returned home with our hearts in both places—glad to get back to our family here in Australia and to the country of our adoption, which we still regard as the finest in the world.

An event occurred in October, 1952, which further strengthened my family's link with Britain. My son, a Petty Officer in the R.A.N., was fortunate enough to be selected for a trip to the U.K. to assist in the handing over the H.M.S. "Vengeance" to the Australian Navy. Imagine what a thrill it was, both for him and for ourselves, to hear that he was able to spend ten days during the Xmas period with aunts, uncles and grandparents he had never previously seen. It is such happenings as these that further strengthen the links between Australia and the Motherland. Probably similar events have occurred in many other Dominion families.

I would dearly love to be in London during this Coronation year. I can imagine the splendour of the decorations, the intense excitement as the great day draws near, and I am also deeply aware of the spiritual significance in the actual ceremony and the centuries of history and tradition that go to the making of this great pageantry. I am truly envious of those fortunate enough to be in London today.

May God bless our beloved Queen, her family and the Commonwealth!



*I*N this issue the emphasis has lain—and rightly so—on pageantry, history, tradition. Let us not forget, however, that this is not a land living altogether in the past, subsisting solely on a bygone glory. Britain always has been, she is, and she will be in the forefront of discovery—geographical, scientific, artistic.

Rutherford's work at Cambridge split the atom: radar, particularly in the air, is British. Her jet liners are four years ahead of the rest. She discovered television and the lenses of Hollywood are all British made. The list is endless.

And for her thousand noble dead, buried in her Abbeys and lighting her traditions, there are a thousand living and ten thousand yet to be born who will carry on the torch that they let fall.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY

On June the second, the people within the British Commonwealth of Nations, no matter what their Creed or Colour or Speech, turned their minds and their hearts to that splendid poem in stone, that enshrines within its sacred walls all the tradition and history of the British race.

THE first Church at Westminster was built on an island in the Thames, by a party of Benedictine monks, who lived in a circle of little mud huts around a tiny stone church. It was so long ago that nobody really knows the date, but it was somewhere about 800 A.D. Persistent legend averred that St. Peter himself consecrated it; at any rate it has always borne his name and does so even to the present day.

Edward the Confessor conceived an ambition to build on that holy site the finest abbey in Europe. His architects travelled the Continent and particularly Normandy and France in search of inspiration. The result was a magnificent building which, in spite of foreign influence, was completely English in thought, design and craftsmanship.

Edward's dream was fulfilled only in time for it to become his tomb in 1066 A.D.

Nearly 180 years later Henry III demolished the East end and began the present Abbey. The mosaic for the floor of the Sanctuary was brought from Rome in 1268 A.D. and the whole work was completed a year later. During the 14th and 15th centuries, the

existing nave was completed, though following the building tradition of a much earlier time. The stately twin West towers, so familiar in illustrations to us all, were originally designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and a modification of that design was completed in 1750, having taken ten years in the building.

At the Eastern end of the church stands the glorious Henry VII chapel. Leading up to it is a broad flight of steps surmounted with a magnificent screen of contemporary oak and bronze. In the centre of the chapel is the splendid tomb of that monarch with its elaborate ornamental framework of copper, carrying the crowned Tudor roses with prickets for the ceremonial torches. On either side are the forty-six carved oaken stalls of the Knights Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. Above each stall hangs the blazoned banner of its occupant. The fan tracery of the ceiling is unique in its graceful design. Through the centuries, vandals and thieves have robbed the chapel of much of its original beauty. The stained glass is broken, the gilding gone, carved figures defaced or stolen; but what still remains, hallowed with the spirit of the ages, has a breath-taking loveliness.

The Henry VII chapel, which has been called "The Miracle of the World." It is the burial place of all English Kings from Henry VII to George II.

To right and left are numerous other chapels, each a thing of beauty; each with its tombs, its story and its special significance. One chapel, for example, is dedicated to all those who died in the Battle for Britain and contains some fine examples of modern stained glass. It was opened by the late King George VI in 1947.

The north and south aisles, too, are filled with statues and tablets to the dead, many both noble and lovely, some, unfortunately, falling far short of beauty. Yet these latter are such minor details in the vast ensemble, that they are powerless to detract from the general effect.

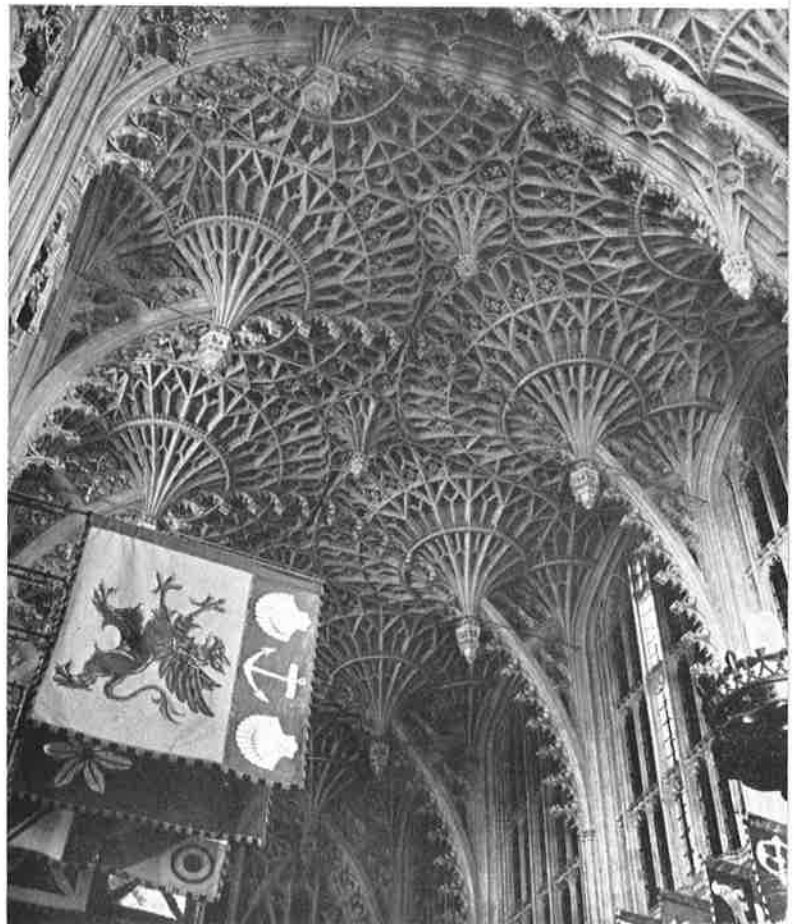
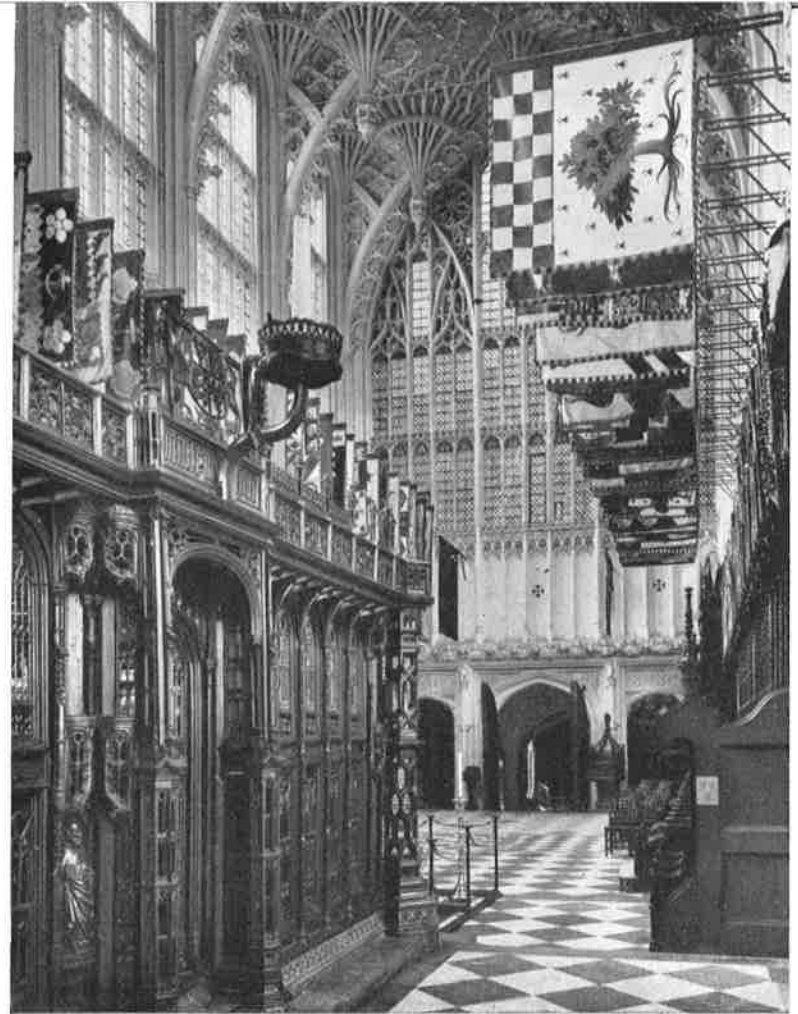
In the centre of the nave, close to the Western door, stands the tomb of the Unknown Warrior from the First World War—a Man of the People sepulchred with Kings.

Stand with me for a little, quite quietly, just within that door and let the Spirit of that wonderful place creep into you. Cast your eyes to the marvellous stone vaulted roof, down the seemingly slender, yet really massive pillars to where the sun throws the translucent beauty of stained glass on a floor that is worn by the tread of countless thousands. For three hundred years came pilgrims to pray at the tomb of the Founder; and since then have come people from the four corners of the earth, to marvel and to wonder.

Between Royal Henry and the Unknown Warrior lie a thousand tombs. Kings, princes, statesmen, soldiers, scientists, poets; rich men and poor men; wise men and fools; yet all have this in common, that they added some gleam of crimson or blue or gold or perhaps only a strong grey supporting thread, to that long and colourful tapestry which is Britain's History.

I have seen that Spirit at work; seen the shoulders squared unconsciously, the lips tighten, a light come to the eyes, as the visitor suddenly realises that, with a million others, he is part and parcel of this wonderful, loose, faulty, patched-up, magnificent, continuing thing that is called the British Way of Life; and he goes quietly forth to the noise and battle of London's streets with a new and clearer conception of his Heritage.

It was in this setting, in this atmosphere, that on the second day of June, in the Year of Our Lord, One thousand nine hundred and fifty-three, a young and lovely Queen came to her Crowning.



A closer view of the roof of the Henry VII chapel.

