

THIS ENGLAND

English version.

This England of ours has just performed the yearly miracle of spring; this lovely countryside has once again blossomed into its quiet and gently beauty; the leafy retreats of each rural paradise have recaptured a story-book magic, yet to us they are so real --- so rooted in sanity and the solid earth. We are taking you to Kent --- to a country of old-world villages where time keeps to the stately measure of the sundial, where the only traffic noise is the creak of an old farm-cart, challenged by the impetuous chatter of a stream. It is this England that we hold so dear --- so enfolded in history and so bound in happy memories. Come now to the Shakespeare country. England and these other nations who still put store in art ~~and the art of~~ ~~art is distinct from the art of death~~, pay tribute this day to the greatest poet of all ages. ~~In Stratford-upon-Avon is~~ the cottage of Anne Hathaway, and the school where Shakespeare studied-- these things await the pilgrim to the shrine of letters who does homage on Shakespeare's birthday. At the given signal, the flags unfurl. Come back towards London and look from Richmond up the River Thames that winds upstream towards the west; past Hampton Court, the palace of Henry VIII; and further west along the river bank to Windsor, home of George VI. St George of England is remembered here to-day --- hundreds of scouts attend the royal chapel in Windsor Castle grounds, for the St George's Day service. As ever, their majesties are deeply conscious of the sufferings of afflicted persons, and

crippled

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This England of ours has just performed the yearly miracle of spring; this lovely countryside has once again blossomed into its quiet and gentle beauty; the leafy retreats of each rural paradise have recaptured a story-book <sup>magic,</sup> ~~magic,~~ yet to us they are so real, so rooted in sanity and the solid earth. We are taking you to Kent --- to a county of old-world villages where time keeps to the stately measure of the sundial; where the only traffic noise is the creak of an old farm-cart, challenged by the impetuous chatter of a stream. In 1939 we stand beneath the shadow of a storm cloud; to make protection from a ~~man-~~ man-made storm we build armaments at feverish pace and every year taxation takes another step upward to pay for our defence; but when we gaze upon this land of ours -- this England that we hold so dear ----- So enfolded in history and so bound in happy memories; surely this land is a heritage worth keeping, whatever the cost. may be. Come now, to the Shakespeare country. England and those other nations who still put store in art and the art of life, pay tribute this day to the greatest poet of all ages. In Stratford-upon-Avon is ~~the festival Theatre;~~ the cottage of Anne Hathaway and the school where Shakespeare studied ~~and there~~ --- ~~and~~ these things await the pilgrim to the shrine of letters who does homage on Shakespeare's birthday. ~~and~~ at the given signal, the flags unfurl into the limpid air towards  
Come back/ ~~to~~ London; and look from <sup>R</sup>ichmond up the <sup>R</sup>iver Thames that winds upstream towards the west; past Hampton