

THIS ENGLAND

English version.

This England of ours has must 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 life~~ ~~distinct from the art of death~~, pay tribute this day to the greatest poet of all ages. ~~In Stratford-upon-Avon is the~~ ^{Shakespeare} 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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crippled scouts receive an extra share of the interest of our king and queen. Then, with a guardsman's band at the head, the parade goes by.

The Tower, Tower Bridge & the Pool of London's River

Back to London --- the heart of the capital, the city. There's a wedding at St Paul's Cathedral --- the first wedding there for three years --- it is three years since those ancient bells were set a-swinging. The crowds are out --- it's a fashionable wedding, and Lady Oxford is there of course. The bride is Miss Diana Bethell, a niece of Lord Glencorner, and the bridegroom is Mr Richard Blow. Tradition of his family gives him the privilege of a St Paul's Cathedral wedding.

Apart from the privilege he has to pay £29 for the licence. Here comes the bride --- and among the first to greet her outside is a little puppy, held up by her nurse, but in this ~~very~~ supreme moment even a puppy may get overlooked. This happy bride and groom make for the bridal car surrounded by a clamouring crowd of press photographers --- thick as confetti, and but not so pretty.

THIS ENGLAND --- (2)

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 annual services at the royal chapel in Windsor Castle grounds. As ever, their majesties are deeply conscious of the sufferings of afflicted persons, and crippled scouts receive an extra share of the interest of our king and queen. Then, with a guardsman's band at their head, the parade goes by.

Back to London ----- the heart of the capital --- the Tower and Tower Bridge and the Pool of London's River. For the week's events take us now to the city. There's a wedding at St Paul's Cathedral --- the first wedding there for three years --- it is three years since those ancient bells were set a-swinging. The crowds are out --- it's a fashionable wedding, and Lady Oxford is there of course. The bride is Miss Diana Bethell, a niece of Lord Glenconner, and the bridegroom is Mr Richard Blow. Tradition of his family gives him the privilege of a St Paul's Cathedral wedding, but ^{apart from the privilege,} ~~but~~ he has to pay ¹⁵⁰ for the licence. Here comes the bride --- and among the first to greet her outside is a little puppy held up by her nurse; but in this supreme moment even a puppy may get overlooked. This happy bride and groom make for the bridal car surrounded by a clamouring crowd of Press photographers --- they get in your hair worse than confetti.