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THE PRINCESS WEDS

The day is November the 20th, 1947. The time 11 o'clock. A nation and a world, watch. Once only in eleven hundred years of British kingship has there been such a day. An heiress presumptive to the throne marries the man of her choice. The setting is Westminster Abbey. To its West door come members of Europe's royal houses, the Peers, and the people. History is in the making. Three miles away, Lt. Philip Mountbatten - now His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh - leaves. But the eyes of the world are centred on Buckingham Palace. Into the dull November Morning, two greys draw the Irish State Coach. Inside - Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth and her father.

For any girl, wedding day is the day of her life. As the 21 year old Princess arrived at Westminster Abbey, it was her moment, too. For Elizabeth, this was, of necessity, something more. From this hour, a new life begins. Mingled with her private happiness, is the sure knowledge that she must now enter a widening field of public duty and responsibility.

And now - the solemn service begins.

In this moment - charged with great meaning - the people of Britain and the Commonwealth joined. They listened - and remembered - in towns and villages - in shops - in streets - in home.

For Elizabeth's destiny is great - so great that even the solemn splendour of this moment could not altogether overshadow it. She, who may one day rule over Britain and the Empire - shares this heritage with her husband.

The organ sounded and for this hour, Elizabeth is not only a Queen-to-be, but a bride.

And now they are man and wife. The Princess had been in the Abbey for nearly an hour. What followed the service was the ornate pageantry of a state occasion. It showed that this was no ordinary wedding but that of a King's daughter. Following the bridal procession came the bride's father and mother. And behind them five kings, five queens and eight princes and princesses. From Rumania, King Michael and his mother. Norway's tall King Haakon. Bey King Feisal of Irak. The king and queen of Denmark.

From Holland Princess Juliana and Prince Bernard.

The bridegroom's uncle and aunt, Earl Mountbatten (India's Governor-General) and the Countess. Outside the Abbey the great crowd

waited eagerly. There was a roar of excitement as the Princess, aided by her husband, appeared and stepped into the glass coach for the drive back to the Palace. It was the signal for the most heartfelt outburst of affection that Britain has seen since the bride's parents led the coronation parade.

The joy of Princess and people was now complete. For both, the day had been an ordeal, frightening in its immensity, yet unforgettable in its splendour. And now the tension was lifting.

Despite the imposing duties that are before them, the young couple were filled with the emotions of intense gladness which so many have enjoyed in this peak of human experience. And it was as any priest would have spoken, when in his address, the Archbishop of York urged upon the young couple patience, a ready sympathy and forbearance.

For the people who had come from afar, the wedding was a family wedding for the entire British people. Everyone gladly shared in the rejoicings, because the crown once again was serving to remind us of the common humanity which unites us all.

Outside the Palace, one hundred thousand people surged forward in a solid mass. They wanted Elizabeth. They wanted Philip.

From the Palace balcony, Elizabeth and her husband waved to the cheering crowds.

Excitement was at its peak, as the King and Queen, Queen Mary and other members of the Royal Family came out to join them.

Seldom has a bride and groom received such a tumultuous expression of goodwill.

Inside the Palace, the cameras were able to capture the exquisite workmanship of the bridal gown.

Princess Margaret leads the eight bridesmaids who have come to join the bridal pair. And now ~~the~~ with the King and Queen to complete the family group, here are three generations of Europe's Royal houses.

As the great day drew to a close, there was the final drive across Westminster Bridge to Waterloo Station before the Princess and her husband could gain the quiet that was rightfully theirs. In the Princess, the nation has found all the qualities which merit the confidence of a people who have faith in the crown and its

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rigid observance of public duty. That is the tradition which Elizabeth will follow. And when the time comes for her to assume her responsibilities, by her side will be a husband whose counsel will merge with her own for the good of the realm.

In that grateful knowledge, the nation and the Commonwealth will pray that the young couple may enjoy a long, happy and fruitful life.