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REMEMBRANCE

DAY

1914 - 1918

DEDICATED TO THE
GLORIOUS DEAD.

Picture. November 11th. Nineteen-hundred-and-thirty-five ! The
17th anniversary of the

Armistice. A day of remembrance. This seventeenth
year is not unlike the past sixteen ceremonies. A solemn choir,
the line of cabinet ministers, a scene flanked by impressive,
picturesque, exact lines of soldiery, and behind them the immense
press of people, all remembering what many know
only too well. The King is absent.

(EFFECTS - 2 SHOTS).

The Duke of York lays His Majesty's wreath. Beside him is
his brother the

Duke of Kent. All over the Empire, scenes similar to this one
are being enacted on this day of remembrance. But what shall we
remember ? Shall we remember those

whose every day in fatherless and sonless
homes, is a day of remembrance ?

Or, that the men missing from empty chairs died in a
war which was to end war ? Shall we recall those enthusiastic
crowds cheering the long khaki-clad columns of our

best manhood on their way overseas ? Or

the lined faces and greying hair of those crowds of mothers and
wives who watched for the postman's knock with fear in their hearts?
Or the crowds standing with white drawn faces at Charing

Cross Station for the hospital train, watching the

lines of stretchers, on which lay some who, even yet, have never
again stood

upright. Or shall we remember to teach

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(CONTINUED).

those souls, who were unborn, or babes at breast, when their fathers were killed, that all those who take the sword shall perish by the sword ? What shall we remember ?