

and surf-riding rates high if you like to risk your neck for the fun of the thing.

Over the land-marks of bomb-battered London fly the men we remember as the Glorious Few. Six years ago, they fought against what seemed hopeless odds. They fought - and won - the Battle of Britain.

To honour them and those of their comrades who died in that September 1940 come the nations leaders. From Mr. Attlee, to Marshals of the Air Force, Lords Tedder and Trenchard. At the R.A.F. Memorial on the Thames Embankment, Lord Trenchard pays tribute to those who were killed.

"In the glory of God and the memory of the men and women of our Forces of the British Empire and the Commonwealth and the Empire, who gave their lives in the War 1939-1945, I now unveil this Memorial."

Already the Battle of Britain has become history. Its outcome saved us from invasion. Through it, Britain was able to continue the fight alone when German armies had enslaved the rest of Europe. In thanksgiving for so great a victory the people of Britain salute the famous few.

#### SOUND

In proud celebration, we remember the victory that saved the world, six years ago.

STOP

PILGRIMAGE TO ARNHEM

COMMENTARY BY MURIEL GEMERGE

This was Arnhem two years ago. I remember when I first saw these pictures in a newscast how I felt about my boy, John. You see he fought at Arnhem. And he didn't come back. That's why I'm here now - an unnamed mother just like any of you - to say a word as we look at these pictures of the pilgrimage to Arnhem in 1946. It's only a little place - so small that it's hard to realize a big battle was fought there, so short a time ago. Only the crosses remind you how many fine British boys gave their lives there. When I went to see my son's grave, a Dutch lady came with me. She said to me, "For nine days and nights we saw those boys in the Red Berets fight. They were beaten. They never really had a chance. But every Dutchman will remember them as the greatest gentlemen that ever lived." Now I know ~~shock~~ that every mother - no matter what language she speaks knows what it means to lose an only son. Everybody said how proud I ought to feel. But it wasn't pride I felt. My son never really had any life. But just the same he wanted to go with the rest of his friends. His last letter was written here. He was killed before I got it. I shall keep it always just like I shall keep this memory of the graves of dead British boys in Arnhem.