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IN MEMORIAM

Here, in the heart of the Empire, we remember them, our dead who fell in two great wars; and within us there is shame that man cannot achieve that peace for which they paid the price. In the Field of Remembrance a great commander - Earl Mountbatten - remembers those he led on land and sea. For some there is a newer war to think on; for others, old sorrows turn the page of time.

Symbol of our memory is the poppy. Perhaps we forget those who make them. These, too, paid a price for peace. It's work that such as these can do, feeling proud that, though disabled, they live by their labours. Greater than ever is the need for which their poppies ask our memory.

In London, at the Lord Roberts Workshop, there's an exhibition of servicemen's work. A bedtable made here, said the Queen, is being used by the King. A large number of organisations are exhibiting. The Queen's numerous purchases include leather goods, dolls, and other toys.

Polish disabled show a doll suggested by Princess Elizabeth's trooping costume.

In Whitehall, more than 300 ex-servicemen, representing 36,000 limbless veterans, precede their pensions protest with a tribute to their dead comrades. Of all the Allied countries our limbless fare the worst.

Death came so near to these and left its passing mark. Now they go to make their protest for others to whom a pension of perhaps 27 shillings a week is nearly their all. They have no power to force their claims. For them, these can but say, "We have deserved better of our people."