Ten Years’ Remembrance — 11th November 1928
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ARMY’S MUSIC OF MANY MEMORIES

Sad Smiles of the Thousands Who Waited in Whitehall

PITY AND TEARS

By HENRY WILLIAMSON
(Winner of the Hawthorneden Prize)

I am sitting on the smoke-blackened brick parapet of a flat leaden roof, opposite a monument of white stone which rises out of the wide street below.

Even if it rains we will not go away, for the day is the Eleventh of November, and this place is the Cenotaph, and we have come to be purged by pity and tears.

9.30 a.m.—The hats of the people agitating and shuffling just below are like the specks in a shelly beach—red, mussel-blue, black and brown as small pebbles. Two main streams are pressing inwards towards the Cenotaph, whose base is bright with the flowers we have sacrificed for our sentiments.

9.50 a.m.—A forest of wooden tripods has grown along the parapet on either side of me. Band music in the distance, coming from Trafalgar-square. There’s a long, long trail winding. We smile, and each becomes a solitary in the past again.

THE WONDERFUL CROWD

Treble Lines of Police with a Rocklike Mass Behind

9.51 a.m.—Below me the heads of two girls and a man suddenly droop. The crowd is now enclosed by the railings and treble lines of police before the Cenotaph. The pressure is terrific; no individual movement below the neck is visible. Six ambulance men, perfectly organised, carry them away gently.

9.53 a.m.—Grey coats, bear-skins; it is the band of the regiment of the Guards, led by the gorgeous gold and purple figure of the drum-major. Behind march troops in khaki, some bandoliered and spurred, some with arms sloped and bayonets fixed.

9.59 a.m.—More brazen music approaching. Street sweepers, bemedalled and wearing their wide black slouch hats, earnestly squeegee the footmarks scarcely visible on the immaculate roadway.

THE BAYONETS

10.1 a.m.—R.A.F. band march by; Lord Byng, the feathers of his new hat lifting in the breeze, walks slowly by, inspecting the cordons of his dutiful policemen.

10.5 a.m.—More martial (or maritime) music, leading a detachment of the Royal Navy with fixed bayonets. These sailors are every bit as smart as the guarders.

10.10 a.m.—Time passes very quickly. Frock coats appear, Flanders-poppy’d, and inspect the (Continued on page 8).
THE HOMAGE AT THE CENOTAPH

Brilliant Description by Mr. Henry Williamson

VOICE OF THE DEAD

Wreaths That Paid Tribute to Men of All Nations

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