

Another way to remember

[RICARD DIMBLEBY]

The scene in Whitehall is a traditional one. It changes by barely so much as one detail from year to year. We see now, looking out over the street glistening with the rain that began to fall lightly, there the grey white shape of the Cenotaph and round it the troops, the bands and the great mass of people assembled. At any time in the last twenty or thirty years that you looked down on the scene from a height like this it would have looked exactly like this.

The door of the Home Office, from which later Her Majesty The Queen comes. Tall simple Portland stone column in the street with its clean new flags. The trees unusually, perhaps that is the only change, with green leaves on them this November and the thoughts of everyone, surely, thinking of that November the 11th 38 years ago when the First World War ended.

Looking up Whitehall, the great expanse of grey buildings, the very heart of London and the detachments who are on duty here today. Here, the men of the Household Cavalry in dismounted review order with their cloaks. And then, in picturesque uniform but cloaked as well against the chill wet day, the men of the Kings Troop of the Royal Horse Artillery.