



—Photo by Gerald Richardson, Toronto. Copyright by Star Newspaper Service.

"ONE OF THE GREAT EVENTS IN OUR LIVES" HER MAJESTY SAYS OF VISIT TO DOMINION

Three Canadians Received at Windsor, Buckingham Upon Royal Command

SPECIAL PICTURES

King, Queen and Princesses Graciously Pose Amid Old-World Grandeur

By M. H. HALTON
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Gerald Richardson of Toronto, who is 30 years old and takes pictures, and Lawrie Audrain of Winnipeg, who is 28 years old and also takes pictures, are only two of the five hundred million citizens of the British Empire. With myself we make three subjects of the King. But today Gerry, Lawrie and I are a little different from the rest of the five hundred million because we have been received at ancient and historic Windsor Castle by the pleasant and handsome royal couple who will arrive soon in their great dominion beyond the seas.

Gerald Richardson and Lawrie Audrain are brilliant young photographers and now they are the first Canadian photographers to have been granted sittings by Albert Frederick Arthur George, King of Canada, and by the radiant and attractive Elizabeth, Queen of Canada, and by the Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary of York, a charming girl on whose shoulders lies such high destiny, and by elfin little Princess Margaret Rose, who has asked us questions and looked up into our eyes.

At Buckingham Palace, Lawrie and I walked with the King and Queen and their children and took a hundred pictures of them and talked of such different things as the art of photography and the danger of war, the color of the Princesses' hair and the world crisis, spring flowers and the visit to Canada, and at last we were permitted to tell our story, and here it is.

"Lawrie," I said—to begin at the end—"when we came out like conquerors, 'do you agree that radiant is the only word to describe the Queen?' Lawrie shook his head vehemently and said 'a knockout!' The 'Queen is a knockout,' he said. 'But that's unparliamentary language,' I advised. 'Queens are always radiant or regal or majestic, but never knockouts. This is for publication and you can hardly describe the Queen as a knockout, can you?' 'Yeah,' said Lawrie, and at the risk of less majesty and

impeachment I pass his verdict on to you, who will soon be seeing for yourselves.

Now I can begin at the beginning. The day came when newspapers and periodicals of Canada and the United States started asking urgently for new pictures of the King and Queen.

The day came when their Majesties graciously decided it would be fitting in view of this year's unprecedented odyssey of a reigning British king to the new world, that a Canadian photographer should be commanded to take photographs of the King and Queen of Canada on behalf of Canadian papers.

The day came when, without ceremony or fanfare, a letter carrying that splendid red coat of arms came into this office and bore the words "Their Majesties wish that your photographer should come to Buckingham Palace at half-past two tomorrow to take photographs in color and in black and white."

And the hour came when, like conquerors but trembling a little, we went to Buckingham Palace and trod those famous corridors, walked with their Majesties and their daughters in the lovely palace gardens and in the gorgeous Bow room and forgot to bow or genuflect or whatever farflung Canadians are supposed to do when sovereigns offer their hands, and for an hour or two were received, if you like, by the King and Queen. Not for our several merits, of course, but on behalf of all Canadian and United States papers, we were received by the head man and head woman of the whole five hundred millions of us. We received no sashes of merit or stars of India, but we photographed the King and Queen and the charming princesses, their daughters.

We had only one sleepless night and one apoplectic morning to make our preparations. Not until 12 o'clock did we get our special high-powered color film through the customs. Not until 1 o'clock did we have a camera that would take the films. Not until 2 o'clock were we sure that nothing had gone wrong, and at that we weren't sure. And not until we actually were talking to their Majesties of Canada did we know whether we were going to be taking pictures of the King and Queen inside or out, in daylight or in the throne rooms, formally or informally. But at half-past two we were there waiting with cameras everywhere, inside and out, in the beautiful gardens behind the palace and in the great Bow room inside, and then came the King and Queen.

It was the second day of the state visit to London of President and Madame Lebrun of France, titular heads of the other great partner of that entente cordiale on which our freedom today is based. It was President Lebrun's great day. He had gone off to the Guildhall to be the recipient of all those gaudy antique honors which only London can provide, and in order as it were not to steal the show, King George and Queen Elizabeth had stayed home to have a quiet minute to themselves. And this quiet minute was just the time to give Canada her sittings. And there we were.

The King, alert as a thoroughbred, and the Queen, radiant and charming, and the Princess Elizabeth, of high destiny, and Princess Margaret of the impish eyes, came out from the Bow room and walked down the steps toward the cameras. There were not only Canada's cameras, for we didn't have honors quite all to ourselves that day. There were movie cameras, making the first film ever taken of their British Majesties strolling in their gardens with their daughters and Dookie, their favorite dog. "It looks as though we were going to be photographed," observed the King drily, when he saw us all.

There was the King, King of five hundred millions, or at least four hundred and ninety-seven millions, first citizen of the British Empire. The man, a compound of Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart and Guelph, who next month was to go to Canada and probably bring the house down, and be the first of all of a long, glittering line of British kings to visit as king the greatest of his great dominions beyond the seas.

The King was tall, upright, smiling, and if I say he was regal I'm not being fulsome. It may be that any British king, by virtue of his exalted position and name, would seem regal to three of his five hundred million subjects, but anyway regal he was, and he bowed to us with the courtesy that sits so handsomely on a king, and I remember the time that King George the Fifth bowed to me and raised his hat. Today his son wore a black coat, or jacket as we say in England, and black shoes, and someone whispered to me that the King had his shoes polished in the old-fashioned way with a bone polisher. I think he said every morning. He wore no hat and his thick brown hair was blowing in the wind. Reminded me later to tell you what the Queen told me about her hair. The sun was shining brightly, but a chilly wind was blowing. The King

moved easily, with the walk of a man highstrung but confident. His browned face was a picture of health. If this meeting had been at the north pole and unexpected, you would have known that here was a son of George the Fifth.

With him were the Queen and the princesses, the three roses of Scotland and of York.

The Queen is a lovely and radiant woman and she shall probably use the same adjectives again. During that hour she spent most of her energies going out of her way to be helpful and kind to the photographers who had the biggest sittings of their lives and now had to work like swift machines, with sitters who, as one of us said, "can't be pushed around like ordinary people." She was dressed in a kind of mauve blue outfit, hat and all, though experts on these things would probably call it cyclamen blue. Her dress and light coat were of cyclamen blue and so was her becoming hat with a wide brim, very simple and very pretty, though perhaps queens and their clothes shouldn't be described as pretty.

When the Queen approached me the first time and offered her hand and talked, that was the time I forgot to bow low, the time when I addressed her as "your Majesty" which is a solecism or something (though not impeachable), because, strangely enough, kings and queens never hear themselves called "your Majesty" they only hear "sir" and "ma'am"; but this time they heard "your Majesty" because we were just farflung Canadians—well, when she came up and offered her hand, I saw that she had very black hair (though it isn't black, as she told me herself later—reminded me of that) and a rounded, radiant face (I stick by that "radiant") and very bright blue eyes and a soft, quiet, friendly voice without benefit of haw-haw accent. So I wholeheartedly give you the Queen.

Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, the world's highest destined child and her little sister, were dressed in pink, or maybe rose. That won't tell women anything, but to me they were dressed in pink—or maybe rose—pink coats, pink dresses, pink hats, and short stockings or socks. They aren't like their pictures, not to me—though of course they're like the pictures we took. In their pictures they look like happy but rather robust children, whereas I was impressed by the delicacy of their features and coloring. They look much like each other and much like Queen Mary and much like their father. Elizabeth is 13

now and Margaret is 9. Elizabeth is tall and slim and bears gracefully and unaffectedly her destiny that is to be. To say these children are "natural" would hardly be the right word. "Natural" girls of that age in that position might be self-conscious and would very probably giggle. These two must have had a very fine and skilful upbringing to be princesses and yet to be so genuine and unspoiled.

On the eve of their departure for an unprecedented visit to Canada and the United States, the King and Queen summoned two Canadian photographers to Windsor Castle to take special pictures for Canadian and American newspapers. There, along with the royal princesses, their majesties strolled about the beautiful grounds while cameras recorded the pleasant scene. The two Canadians photographing, by royal command, the four most eminent persons in the empire, were Gerald Richardson of Toronto, and Lawrie Audrain, formerly of Winnipeg. Herewith is reproduced one of the pictures they made, along with the story of the event by Mathew H. Halton, noted foreign correspondent, who arranged the details.

"Dogs," confirmed Lawrie. "Much though I love dogs, this photograph must have a half-second exposure and I'm afraid the dog might move."

So someone called the dog, but he wouldn't budge. "He wants to be in your pictures," said Princess Elizabeth. "Madam," I ventured, "shall I pick him up?" "I'm afraid he would bite you," replied the Queen. "Shall I take him out?" asked Princess Elizabeth, indicating another great room. "Goodness, no," said the Queen, "he might bite someone else." But at this moment Dookie realized that he was de trop and crept grumbling away.

There was another episode in that famous room when we of Toronto and Winnipeg and Pincher Creek, of all people, saw the King and Queen and their daughters laughing before a mirror and combing their hair. Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins, it seems, and the Queen of Canada, like any one of the rest of you, has to go to a mirror and comb her hair when she comes in out of the wind to have her picture taken. The Queen's hair is black and shining, the princesses honey colored. "Madam," I said, "there is a disagreement among the royal photographers about the color of your hair. Some say it's black, others dark brown, I see it's black." "No," replied her radiant Majesty, smiling. "It's dark brown, I think." She looked down at her daughter's hair—though she doesn't have to look far to find Princess Elizabeth, who is now nearly as tall as herself. It's a pity, said the Queen, that the princesses' hair always comes out in photographs so much darker than it really is. Princess Margaret Rose looked up and nodded agreement. And as we talked the King strolled over and chatted and effortlessly put us at ease and took us through the subject of hairdressing to more important things.

So that's how it is when Canadians meet their King and Queen. At first the King merely nods while the Queen smiles and says "How do you do." But soon the Queen walks up to you and offers her hand and starts talking, and it's then you forget what not to say. You start saying how kind it is of her and the King to go to this trouble—and suddenly the King is there, too, smiling, joking, and asking "dogs".

ing questions: the King of Canada who is now to visit a country where no British King has been before as King, and so to make history.

With the King and his family on a halcyon day some time later, we had another sitting, but this time it was at Windsor Castle, which is easily the most magnificent and picturesque royal residence on earth, and set in just such a paradise of English country as the English dream of when they are thousands of miles from home.

On a steep hill is the castle and it has everything that comes to mind when you think of English antiquity: great walled towers and hoary keeps and brooding towers; an exquisite chapel, which houses the body of George the Fifth and the banners of Europe's oldest order of chivalry; a lovely horseshoe cloister of mellow-bricked Tudor houses; and a hundred passages and chambers and galleries and gardens and vaults alive with ghosts of history. Below lazes the Thames through sleepy Windsor town and just across the Thames are the dormitories and playing fields of Eton, where Britain's upper class striplings go to school. And from the terrace of the castle as far as the eye can see stretches this English Eden of woodland and green velvet parkland, and you look over to copper-roofed Frogmore, where Queen Victoria lies, and over toward the royal lodge where the completely private week-ends, and over toward the great cosmopolis of London, 30 miles away through the spring haze.

On the terrace there, which is just in front of the famous state apartments and now was a riot of wallflowers, I marshalled my army, composed of Gerry and Lawrie and told them for the seventh time not to be afraid to ask their Majesties to do anything that was necessary; and then down the wide steps came the King, the Queen and the princesses, the King hand in hand with Margaret Rose, who failed not to demure. In that incomparable setting and with such subjects to pose for their subjects, our cameras began shooting again.

This time the King wore an informal country suit, grayish blue in color, and with a checked pattern, and the Queen a beautiful ensemble the color of blue pearls, if there is such a color, and the princesses the same pink suits as at Buckingham Palace, which shows that even the most exalted young ladies have to wear their clothes more than once. It was a very handsome royal family which posed for us that day, though posed may be too strong a word, because the royal four were simply themselves. One of them posed, though, and that was the gay child Margaret Rose. She posed gladly. "That's childhood for you," said the Queen in her soft voice.

The Queen is a lovely woman and charming and intelligent, and she shakes hands without mental reservations. Her eyes are bright apphrie blue, her complexion is fresh, her voice is very soft and warm and a wee bit Scottish; and she talked to us as if we were friends. So did the King—the King and Emperor of the four hundred and ninety-seven million. It can't be easy to be a King or Queen and

yet be so natural and unposed.

Every half hour the King and Queen were receiving messages about Europe's grim crisis, yet they had time and energy to be very gracious with us. In fact, we talked there on that lovely terrace about the world crisis, the King and Queen acting as if we knew as much about it as they did, and the Queen said in her grave pleasant voice what a shame it would be if the Canadian trip could not be made. "Three to one you go," I said, and she nodded. "I think so, too," she said.

The King is a handsome, fresh-looking man, exuding a kind of clean healthiness. He seems lean and strong and at ease, but reserved and free from false heartiness as he strolls with you and talks. He had bigger things on his mind than taking pictures, but he was consideration itself. Only 10 minutes after our sitting he was hurrying to London to hear a report from the prime minister on Europe's fast disintegrating state.

We posed our royal hosts against the yellow wallflowers, against the great white castle whose stones are mortared with history, and on a bank against the blue sky. At least, I posed them with the help of suggestions from the King and Queen, because Gerry and Lawrie were very busy and perhaps a little awed.

"After all," says Gerry, "you can't push the King and Queen around." — — — "May we have one now with the King and Princess Elizabeth alone?" "Will the Princess Margaret please look at the camera." "Yes, madam, that's perfect."

You are supposed to say ma'am, pronounced mahm, but it didn't sound right to me so I made history and said madam— — — I worked hard, not really knowing anything about this art. But the King and Queen knew about it and gave me lots of help—once I asked the King if photography were still one of his hobbies. "I like it," he said, "but I have no time for it now."

When it was over the King and Queen didn't hurry impatiently away, but chatted for a few minutes and I told them about the Rockies and they were going to see and the prairies and the Northern Ontario wilderness. "You're all three born Canadians?" asked the King, and I called my army over to shake hands with their sovereigns. Gerry and Lawrie took a few more pictures, close-ups of the princesses, and the tall pleasant young man presumptive to the throne told me it was too bad she could not come to Canada with her daddy and mummy. We thanked them at last and they strolled into the castle after shaking hands with us again and Margaret Rose shook hands twice and waved to us from the steps.

Once I asked an equerry if the King and Queen regarded this visit to Canada as an ordeal. "Heavens, no," he said. "They look forward to it with the greatest of pleasure. The King and Queen can stand ordeals. They have to. But they don't regard this as an ordeal."

On this day at Windsor Castle I put the same questions to their Majesties themselves. The King laughed and said immediately: "Of course it won't be an ordeal." The Queen was almost indignant. "The idea," she said, "is one of the great things of our lives."

We decided that if there were more kings and queens like George and Elizabeth there would be more kings and queens.