

*At the going down  
of the Sun  
and in the morning*

**WE WILL  
REMEMBER  
THEM.**

Armistice Day Ceremony  
relayed from  
Whitehall, London,  
by 2YA

**A**

T about 10.40 p.m. on Wednesday last  
2YA relayed through short-wave  
station G5SW, Chelmsford, England,

the yearly Armistice Day ceremony in Whitehall, London. The broadcast throughout was splendid, and listeners were able to sense much of the reverential atmosphere which surrounds this poignant and impressive service.

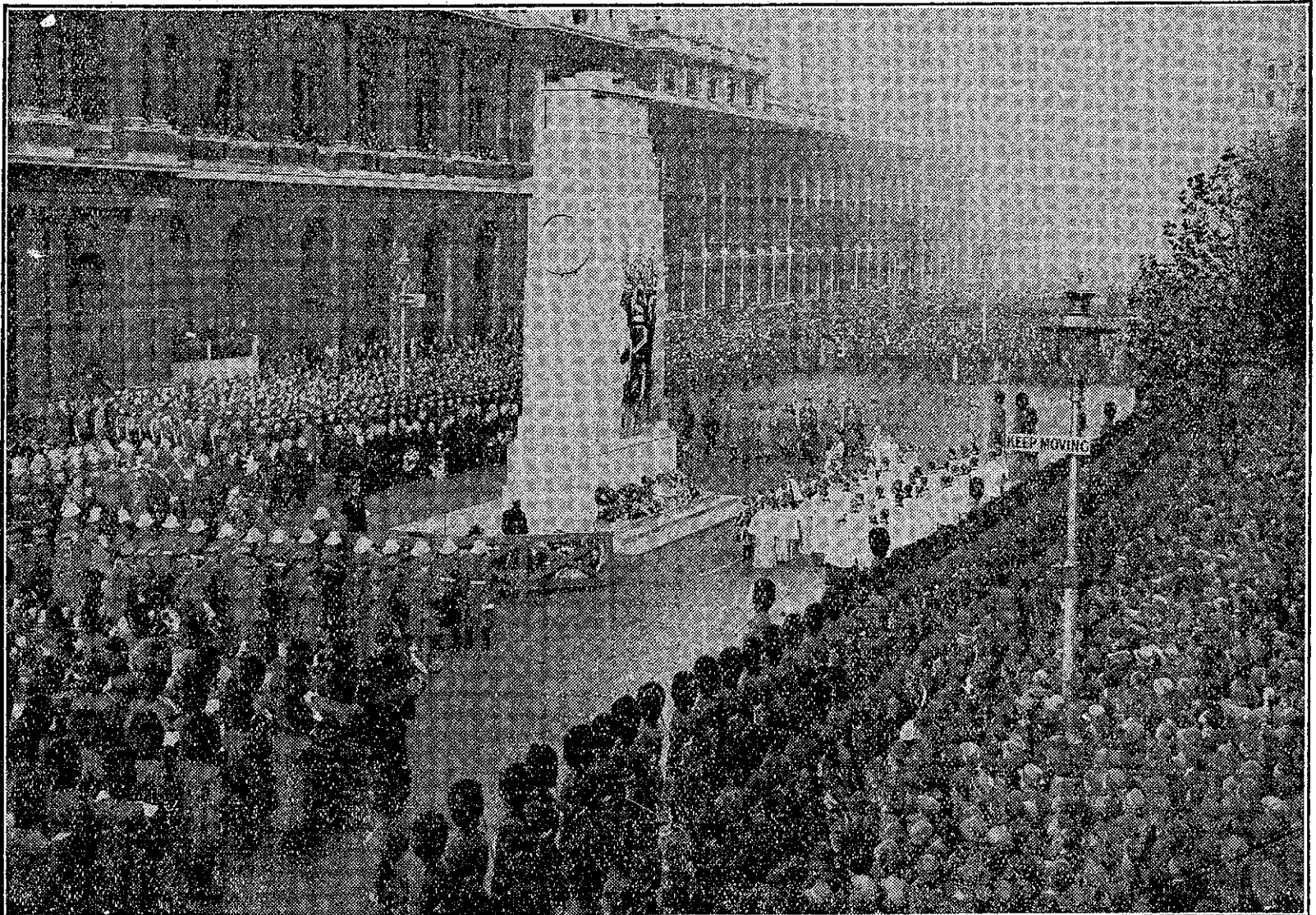
The relay opened to the music of massed bands, with an undercurrent of noise from the immense crowds surrounding the Cenotaph. The clicking of heels and slapping of rifles from the paraded troops in response to rasped orders conveyed something of the pomp and grandeur with which this solemn occasion is invested, while the gruff voice of a policeman controlling foot traffic gave one a glimmering of the huge crowds accommodated in Whitehall.

And then at 11 o'clock the deep-toned voice of Big Ben—a sound which must have sent the thoughts of Englishmen all over the world wandering back to the days before their exile. Clocks throughout New Zealand, too, were striking in unison with their huge companion at the distant ends of the earth, but here it was night.

With the first stroke of Big Ben commenced the Silence, and when the reverberations of the last had died away everything seemed unnaturally still. England was paying homage to her fallen. Then, out of the stillness, sounded the silvery, triumphant notes of the "Last Post," which came over so clearly that the echoes as they were tossed backward and forward among the adjoining buildings could easily be heard.

Following the roar of the assembled thousands singing "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," and the National Anthem, came the Bishop of London's prayer and Benediction. Every word was clear and distinct.

The stirring trumpet notes of the "Reveille," winging across 12,000 miles of oceans and continents, concluded a broadcast for which many listeners, especially those who lost relatives and friends in the Great War, must have been deeply grateful.



Armistice Day Service—The Cenotaph, Whitehall, 1930.