

# PREVIEWING BRITAIN'S BIG PARADE

5,000,000 Persons Will See George VI's Coronation Procession; Rooms Rent Up to \$2,500 for Day; Seats Scaled From \$25 to \$255.

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

WITH the five million stiff necks probably to be found in London on the morning of May 13, the horse liniment and arnica manufacturers should be getting ready for a real boom. All the rest of London is, for with the coronation of King George VI on May 12, England puts on the world's greatest pageant, a pageant all the greater in world-wide interest this time because the Britains will not be crowning the king they thought, a few months ago, they were going to crown.

Already grandstand seats have begun to spring up in the Mall, on the roofs of a few hotels and at other points along the route of the coronation march. With more than a million visitors expected from outside the London area, the grand scramble is on to make housing room for them—at a price.

The old American "human interest" spectacles in the days of Tex Rickard and the million-dollar gates got forty dollars for a ringside seat from which you could not follow a left hook without the aid of the Yerkes observatory telescope, but they were pikers. Seats in the first couple of tiers to watch the coronation pageant scale up to \$255 each, with the bleachers going for \$25 a head.

### Hotels Sold Out.

West End flats which once rented for \$50 a week will get not less than \$100 a week from coronation visitors. Some flats on the procession route are asking \$2,500 per day, and there is little doubt that they will get it. Small houses have been going for \$3,000 a week, while a town house complete with car and chauffeur brings \$7,500. London's hotels can care for only about 260,000 visitors, and they have been sold out since last summer. Boarding houses, capable of taking care of another 250,000, are fast completing their reservations.

Thousands seeking free standing room will have to camp out all night, like the bleacher fans for a world's series opener. The capacity of Westminster Abbey itself, which normally seats about 2,500, is being increased to 9,000.

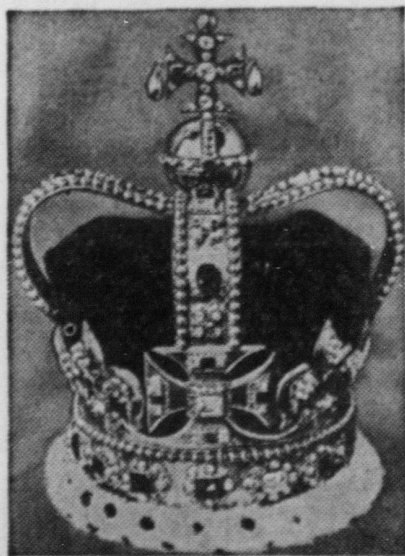
Meanwhile busiest of all perhaps are the manufacturers of novelties, striking off the many hundreds of thousands of medals, plaques and other souvenirs the visitors will demand. They were given quite a setback when King Edward VIII abdicated, for his head had already been reproduced on a large share of their wares in the expectation that he and not his brother would be the central figure of the coronation. But the publicity given the Simpson case has undoubtedly paved the way for a larger influx of visitors and a larger sale of souvenirs to persons unable to attend, so things may even themselves up, anyway.

What will these five million neckcraners expect to see on May 12? Specifically, of course, it is the coronation. But that is a slow, solemn and dignified affair, though it is not lacking in color for all that. The real attraction is the pomp and splendor of the titled folks in their jewels and ermine, and the general spirit of gaiety normally hovering over any gathering of millions of persons to watch any spectacle.

The ceremony itself will be perfectly rehearsed, so that it should go off without a slip. George VI has attended two former coronations and with the benefit of this experience should play his role well.

### Queen Mother to Attend.

The ceremonies begin as George VI and his Queen board the ornate gold coach which will carry them from Buckingham palace. The coach, built 175 years ago, and a tradition at coronations, will bear them down the Mall to the Abbey, where the most solemn of the ceremonies will continue for about four



hours. Then the coach will transport them once more to the palace. In Westminster Abbey a long procession of dignitaries, the king's representatives and royal persons from every corner of the world, with members of their families, will march down the nave. After them will come the Queen Mother Mary, with the brothers and sisters of the King—the Duke of Windsor prob-

ly excepted. Following them will come the representatives of the church, the chaplains, deans and officers of Westminster, with the standard bearers.

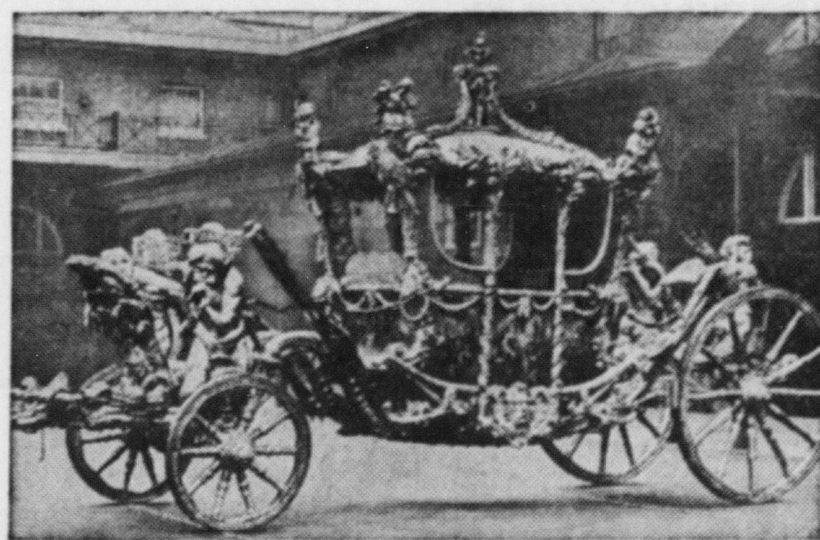
Bearing their crosses come the archbishops, next in line, and in their midst the Queen consort, Elizabeth, with the ladies and gentlemen of the court and their regalia. Noblemen close behind will bear the staff and sceptre with the cross and golden spurs, and the three swords which signify mercy, temporal justice and spiritual justice. These things were the sacred trappings of St. Edward, and during the ceremony at the Abbey the King will be invested with them.

The procession of dignitaries will be long and impressive: The kings of arms—Ulster, Lyon, Norroy and Clarenceaux; the Lord Mayor of London and the Lord Chamberlain of England; the High Constables of Ireland and Scotland; the Lord High Steward of Ireland and the Great Steward of Scotland; the Earl Marshal of England, the bearer of the sword of state, and the Lord High Constable of England; the bearers of the King's sceptre with the dove symbolic of mercy and equity; the King's gold and diamond orb, surmounted by the Christian cross, and the heavy crown of St. Edward. Next come the bearers of the patent and the chalice and the Bible.

King George VI himself will follow, in the magnificent crimson robe of state, and the cap of state on his head. Adorning his neck will be the Order of the Garter. Eight nobles will follow, carrying his train.

### Climax Follows Oath.

As the procession passes up the nave of the old gothic edifice, a choir will sing appropriate anthems.



King George VI and Queen Elizabeth will ride in this splendid coach at the coronation May 12. The vehicle was completed in 1761 and weighs four tons.

The Archbishop of Canterbury will be waiting at the chair of repose, to the right of the dais, to receive the King. The religious ceremonies begin with the litany, then communion service and the archbishop's sermon. The latter, in view of events of recent months, should be worth waiting for.

Before the actual coronation oath, the King will be anointed as leader of the church and "Defender of the Faith." Then he will be given the ring and sceptre of regal power, and the dove.

Then the climax. As the crown of St. Edward is placed for a fleeting moment upon the head of the monarch, the trumpets will declare the news to the world. Drums will roll, and in Hyde Park guns will fire salute. And as the five millions gathered along London's streets give up the cry, "God Save the King!", George VI will be confirmed.

In the Abbey the ladies and gentlemen of the peerage will put on their caps and coronets. In a short ceremony Queen Elizabeth will be crowned, taking her place on the left of the King. There will be another brief communion, and then, as the notes of the choir peal joyously, the King will step down from the throne and walk into St. Edward's chapel, on the south side of the altar. Removing the crimson robe of state, he will put on the royal robe of purple velvet. He will don the imperial crown of India, made for George V in 1912 and used to crown him Emperor of India in 1912. When this is done he will be a full-fledged King.

As George VI reaches the west door of the Abbey he will be joined by his Queen, and together they will climb once more into the ancient coach, to rumble their way back to Buckingham palace, some eight hours after they left it.

### Velvet \$100 a Yard.

The whole coronation program is bound to be something of an ordeal for its principal participants. But it is a splendid, colorful cele-



King George VI as he appears in the first portrait made of him since he succeeded his brother Edward to the throne.

bration that comes once in two or three decades, or even less frequently.

London is taking full advantage of it. Manufacturers of flags and bunting are busy with their gay tasks. Dressmakers are having a hey-day designing the brilliant and expensive costumes to be worn by the peers and peeresses. Some of the woven purple and crimson velvet will cost as much as \$100 a yard. Furriers are scouring the ends of the earth for weasel skins, ermine and miniver fit to adorn the robes and coronets of royalty.

Ermine will trim the King's crimson robe as he enters the Abbey. Underneath he will wear a doublet of red velvet, white satin breeches and white silk stockings. White satin embroidered with gold will clothe the gracious Elizabeth. Her train of velvet trimmed with ermine will be six yards long.

The clothes worn by the nobility leave little to choose, for tradition has laid down rules for them. Here are a few:

Duchesses—Robes of velvet, trimmed with four rows of ermine.

Trains two yards long, trailing the ground.

Marchioness—Three and one-half rows of ermine. Train one and three-quarters yards long.

Countess—Three rows of ermine; train one and one-half yards long.

Viscountess—Two and one-half rows of ermine; train one and one-fourth yards long.

Baroness—Two rows of ermine; train a yard long.

### Marshal Proclaims Dress Rule.

Equally inviolable are the rules laid down for the dress and uniform of ladies and gentlemen other than the peerage; these orders have been issued by the Earl Marshal:

"Gentlemen—Full dress uniform, or full velvet court dress. Knights Grand Cross and Knights Grand Commanders of the various orders will wear the mantles of their orders. Collar day. (This dictum means that the collars as well as the insignia of the various orders must be worn.) All official robes should be worn over uniform or court dress.

"Ladies—Full court dress as for a court but without trains. Feathered hats may be worn, but no veils. Dames Grand Cross will wear the mantles of their orders.

"Oriental dress may be worn by ladies and gentlemen for whom it is the usual ceremonial costume.

"Orders and decorations to be worn in full, except with velvet court dress, with which miniatures will be worn.

"No one may attend in mourning."

Most of the noble ladies who will attend the coronation ceremony have for weeks made up their minds what finery they will sport under the velvet robes. The expense will strain even the purse of a peer. It has been reported that a complete outfit from tip to toe will cost from \$2,000 to \$5,000. If new robes are to be bought—and in many cases they will have to be—the cost of the complete ensemble may well pass \$10,000.

Michigan, Florida Coast Lines Michigan has a coast line of 2,389 miles on the Great Lakes. Florida has 2,530 miles on the Gulf of Mexico and 1,221 on the Atlantic ocean, making a total of 3,751.

Protected by Bone Vault. Nature's greatest treasure is a small body of tissue located at the base of the brain. Here it has all the protection that nature has given to the brain, and in addition it has another "cranium" or bone vault surrounding it just as our cranium surrounds and protects our brain. The two bone vaults are almost concentric with each other and lying within the inner one is the pituitary gland, sometimes called the pituitary body or the hypophysis. It is divided into two parts, just as our brain is divided into two hemispheres, but in the gland the two parts are in front and back of each other.

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# Floyd Gibbons



## Adventurers'

## Club

# Hello Everybody!

### "Late Broadcast"

By FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Headline Hunter

WE'VE got to hold a mass initiation today, boys and girls, for our latest addition to the club roster is not one fellow, nor two. It's Richard Himber and his orchestra.

It's Dick Himber himself who is telling this yarn. After all, he's the leader of the band, so it's up to him to speak up for it. And it was along in the late fall of 1934 that it began to look as if somebody had it in for that bunch of boys of his. At that time Dick's band was playing at the Ritz-Carlton hotel, New York, and also making a series of broadcasts from the N. B. C. Studios.

Now, you know, there are a lot of special radio broadcasts made in the early morning hours when all the stations in the East are off the air. These broadcasts are made for the California listeners whose time is four hours different from ours. Dick Himber's broadcast was on Monday night, and on that night you were liable to see the members of his orchestra entering and leaving the N. B. C. Studios at a pretty late hour.

### First Joey Nash Was Held Up.

The trouble started with Joey Nash, who sang with the orchestra. He and a bunch of friends were on their way to the studio one night when two thugs stepped out of a doorway. One of them, a tall colored man, produced a gun and—well—Joey and his friends began producing their valuables. While this was going on, the other thug, a thin, nervous white man, was keeping a sharp lookout down the deserted street.

Well, those things will happen. The boys kidded Joey a bit and then they all forgot all about it. On the following Monday, everyone in the band arrived at the studio on schedule and went home the same way. But the week after that, Art Shaw, the first saxophonist, on his way home after that late broadcast, met up with two individuals who answered the descriptions of the men who had held up Joey Nash. This time the big colored man held a gun on Art, forced him to walk up to the roof of a building on West Forty-eighth street, and there he took not only Art's cash and jewelry, but Art's pants, too.

By that time, Dick says, his boys were beginning to get a little skittish. What the heck was this anyway? Didn't those two thugs like their music? Or was some rival band getting jealous and putting up a game on them? Dick's boys took to going home in bunches, and walking out in the middle of the street and watching every passerby like a hawk. That is, they all did but Morey Samel.

### Morey Thought He Was a Detective.

Morey Samel is Dick's trombone player, and he is a big, two-fisted guy. Morey had always had a hunch that he'd make just as good a cop as he was a trombone player, and he took it upon himself to do a little detective work.

For three weeks he made it a practice to sort of hang around in Forty-eighth street after the late broadcast on Monday. For three weeks he loitered in the same neighborhood where Joey and Art had been held up—and nothing happened. Morey was discouraged. Maybe he wasn't such a hot cop after all. Maybe he'd better stick to his trombone playing and leave all that G-Man stuff to J. Edgar Hoover.

The fourth Monday, Morey finished the broadcast and started for home. He lived at a mid-town hotel, and he was walking across town on Forty-eighth street between Seventh and Eighth avenues, when all of a sudden he felt something hard jammed into his back and a gruff voice was growling, "STICK 'EM UP!"

The skin on the back of Morey's neck began to tingle. He "stuck 'em up." The man with the gun marched him down a flight of steps and backed him up against the door of a basement entrance. And as he did, Morey got a good look at him. He was a huge colored man, and with him was a thin, timid-looking white youth! The pair he had been looking for. Probably the same two who had robbed Joey Nash and Art Shaw.

### The Little Robber Got Scared.

The little white fellow stayed up on the sidewalk, taking his usual role of lookout. The big colored boy began going through Morey's pockets. And all the time Morey was getting madder and madder. For three weeks he had been looking for these birds, and they didn't show up. And tonight, just because he wasn't looking for them and wasn't thinking of them, they had to come along and catch him unawares.

The big thug had one hand in Morey's pocket, and was just about to annex Morey's roll, when suddenly the little fellow's head appeared at the top of the steps. He looked scared, and he was scared. He said: "I can't stand this—I'm going to scam." AND THEN THE FIREWORKS STARTED.

As the little fellow spoke, the big fellow turned his head to look at him. And that was just the moment Morey was waiting for. He swung a long, looping right and let the big thug have it. It was a clean hit, right on the jaw. The big fellow dropped. His gun went off as he fell, and the bullet chipped a piece out of the door against which Morey was standing. The colored boy didn't get up again. He was out cold.

The lookout had fled at the first sound of the scuffle. Morey grabbed the colored fellow by the collar and dragged him up to the sidewalk. He was still standing there, holding the thug's revolver in his hand when a policeman came running up.

And as if battling with a stick-up man wasn't enough adventuring for one night, he had to have one more thrill. When the cop saw the gun in Morey's hand he thought HE was the thug, and Morey had to do some fast talking before the cop could see things his way. In the end though, they took the thug to the station house where Morey lodged a complaint against him, and where the cops found that he had more than four-hundred dollars in his ragged clothes.

And since then Dick Himber and his boys haven't lost any more money, or jewelry—or pants.

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### Beautiful Glacial Gorge

#### Charmed Indian Hunters

It was in March, 1851, that a group of pioneers, organized as the Mariposa Battalion, followed the trail of a band of Yosemite Indians into the valley to avenge the deaths of settlers killed by the Indians in raids on Savage's trading post near Mariposa. Early day historians record that the discovery of the magnificent glacial gorge so thrilled members of the Battalion that they gave up their Indian hunt and went back to Mariposa to spread the news of what they had seen, according to a writer in the Los Angeles Times.

They told of sheer walls of granite rising from 3,000 to 5,000 feet on either side of a wide gorge. Roaring down from dizzy heights over the perpendicular cliffs were six of the most spectacular waterfalls ever seen by man, one of them the highest in the world. In the valley below the Merced river wound its swift way through lush meadows carpeted with wild flowers, and through groves of majestic pine, fir, cedar and oak trees.

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nificent solemnity of the place. They had other mystic names, too, for the mighty granite monoliths that towered above the valley and for the waterfalls. But to the Mariposa Battalion it was Yosemite, "full grown grizzly bear," named for the tribe of Indians who inhabited it.

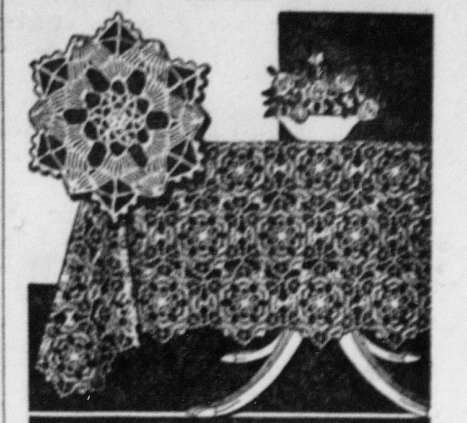
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