

From Brooks-Lewis New 8.19.46 [Brooks]

ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO QUEEN MARIE, AT MARYHILL, WASH.

Your Gracious Majesty ~~and Royal Suite~~, on behalf of your honored host and the people here assembled, it becomes my privilege and pleasure, here upon the sunny slopes of the Great River of the West to welcome you, with such good cheer as no tongue hath power to tell.

It is here, that the red men, for centuries past, have pitched their tents undisturbed by the touch of civilization, until Lewis and Clark, in the beginning of the last century, built their camp fires here, as forerunners in the winning of the west to civilization.

We desire to make the brief hour you sojourn with us today, of so much interest that you will have no unpleasant memories of your visit here.

"A little while remain with us,
And when you homeward go,
May lingering memories of us and ours
Be sweet and ever flow.

For a decade of years it has been your desire to stand upon the soil of America, and I know of no firmer place to stand upon, than here upon these basaltic rocks that hold the great Columbia river within its bounds.

You have not only come to us today as our honored guest, but you have come with your hands filled with deeds of charity, the golden key that opens the palace of eternity. You have brought with you a freewill offering to us, of your most beautiful and precious gifts of relics and works of art, works of the sculptors and artists of your beloved country, to form the nucleus of a museum of the great Northwest. These treasures, made famous by the hands of those of whom have crossed the river that marks the unknown shore, will in the present and during the years to come, cause the student, tourist and lovers of art to pause here and ponder, *o'le*.

The poet has said that a gift without the heart of the giver is bare, but we know from the sacrifice you have made, in yielding up these treasures; that your soul and heart goes with them. We thank you for this generous deed, while you yet wear your laurels upon a living brow, and while we will never be able to repay you, we assure you that we, and those who come after us will remember you and your subjects with gratitude while the lamp of life holds out and burns.

While the people of this Republic have never had the pleasure of meeting and greeting you before, yet from your many lofty sentiments and high ideals, so ably expressed through the pen, it seems that we have an acquaintanceship with your thoughts and ideals, even though we have never met face to face.

But our hearts are tinged with sorrow as we recall that your fair land and heroic people have often been stricken with the horrors of war. History has no brighter page than the story of you and your people during the World War. We remember the words you uttered when the Central Powers were importuning you to become their ally, "leave it to a woman, I am of English birth, and when the time comes, our Country will go on the right side".

And when you made the eventful decision, and the shock of battle raged, although you were a Queen, you became an angel of mercy, you doffed your royal robes and became a heroine. You went into the trenches while the enemy shells were wreaking death and destruction, giving encouragement to the brave defenders, and when death was hovering over the stricken soldiers, you bound up their wounds, moistened their parched lips, cooled their fevered brows and closed their eyes as the light was fading from the receding world.

But, thanks to a kind providence, today the white winged dove of peace hovers o'er your beloved land.

~~In your writings~~ you have expressed a desire to see the great Columbia River Highway, and the International Peace Portal, both of which were promoted and brought into being by your friend, Samuel Hill, whose presence you honor today. When he proposed building this famous highway, through the great gorge of the Cascade mountains, wise men marveled and said it was beyond the physical and financial limitations of men of this age to accomplish. But his energy and zeal knew no bounds, and with the assistance of loyal friends, after years of toil, the great scenic road became a reality, along the great river where rolls the Oregon, of which the youthful poet Bryant sang in the long ago.

This afternoon your longings will be realized, for it will be your pleasure to see the handiwork of man and the marvels of nature and nature's God, while you breathe the mountain air, pass over towering summits, through darkened tunnels, by singing waterfalls, artistic bridges, pass the new "Bridge of the Gods with its history, and Indian tradition, behold the variegated hues of the autumn foliage, and the snow capped mountains, peaks towering upwards

"As if to invoke of the ruler above
The blessing of peace and the smiles of his love"

But Peace hath greater victories than war, and when you stand beside the Peace Portal, representing the peaceful attitude and friendship of the two greatest nations on earth, whose boundary lines, over three thousand miles, for more than a hundred years have not contained a single fort or hostile gun, you can realize how great and good a thing it is for nations to dwell together in unity.

On a bright summer day in the presence of thousands of the loyal people of both nations, with flags entwined, we dedicated this Portal to Peace and breathed this prayer:

Men of Britian's loyal land unite with us, hand in hand
And pray for peace with heart and mind, to glorify
and bless mankind.

Children of a common father celebrate this day together.
That the blessings of this Portal may forever be immortal.

And when the time comes for you to bid tis good bye, all too soon, and you turn your face toward the rising sun, to again meet and greet your loyal subjects, and as the light reflected from the Statute of Liberty grows dim in the distance and the roar of the last gun that salutes you is fading away o'er the waters of the Atlantic, may you discern in the echo the welcome words, "Come again", which is our benediction and our prayer.

Address of welcome by

Judge N B Brooks,

Goldendale "ash

To Wm M, McGowan
Toppenish Wash

Miss [unclear]

WORLD'S STANDARD BOOKS

Address of welcome by

Judge H. H. Brooks,
"Golden Gate" San

San Francisco
California