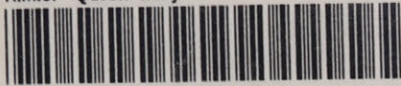


R. M. S. "QUEEN MARY"

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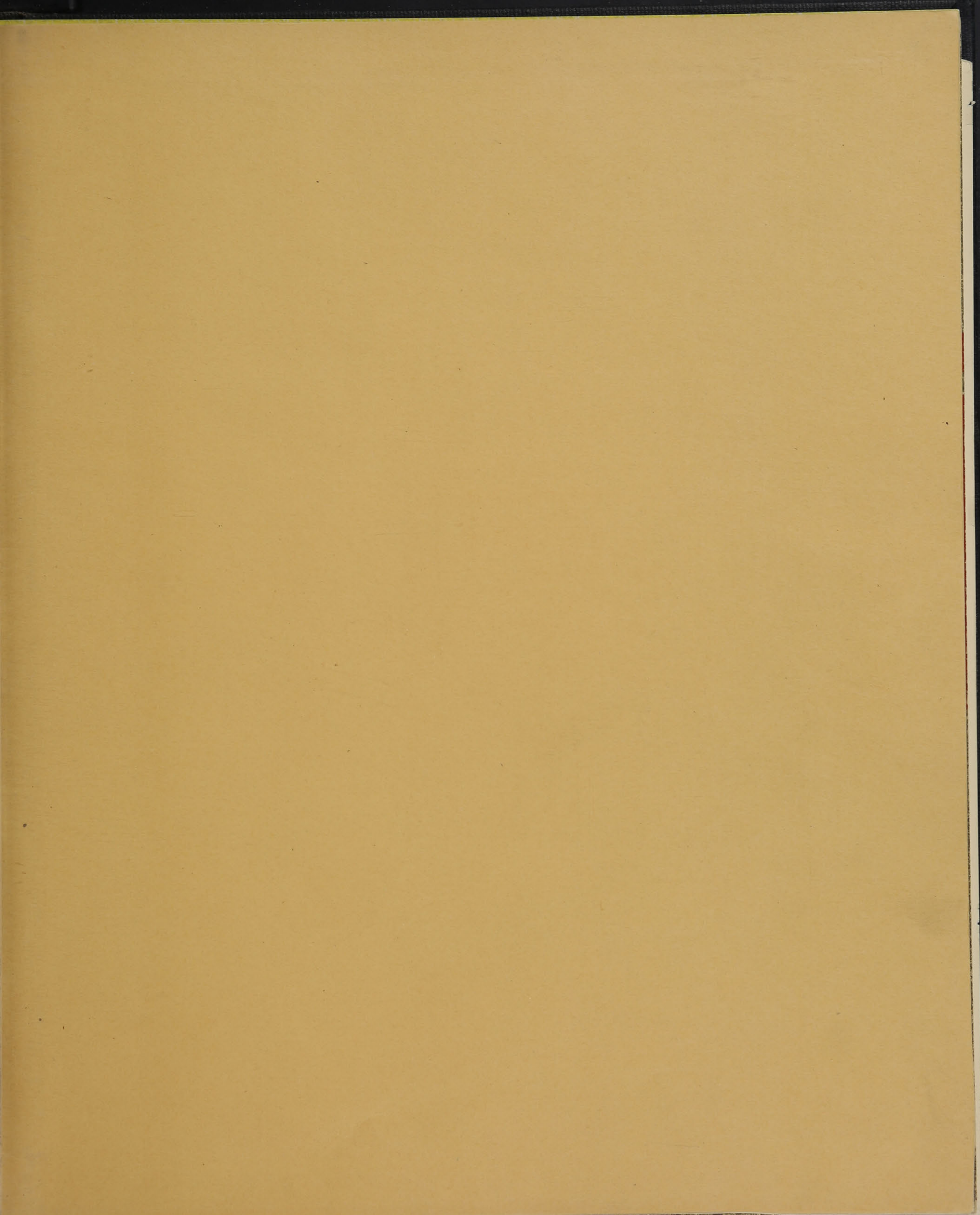
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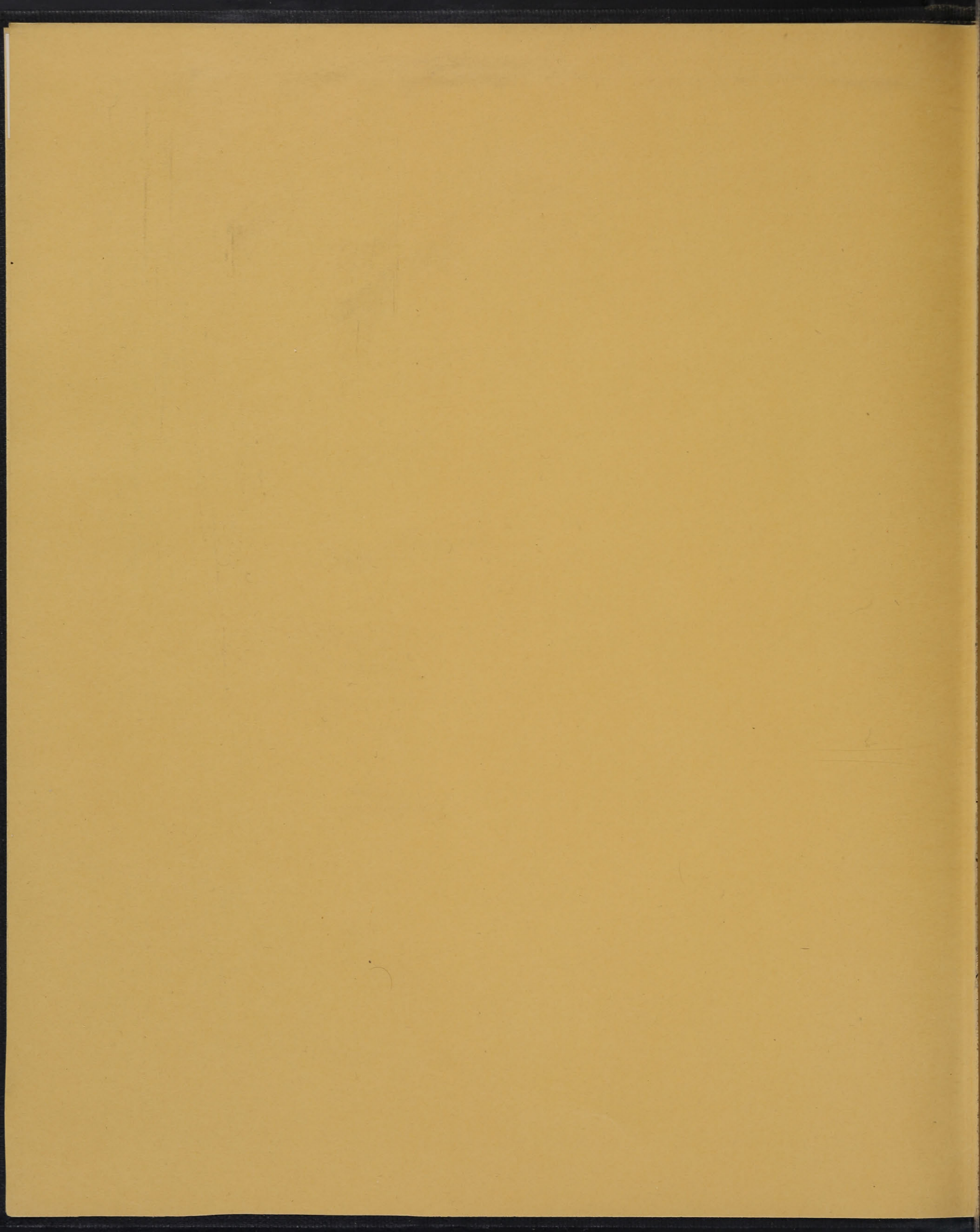
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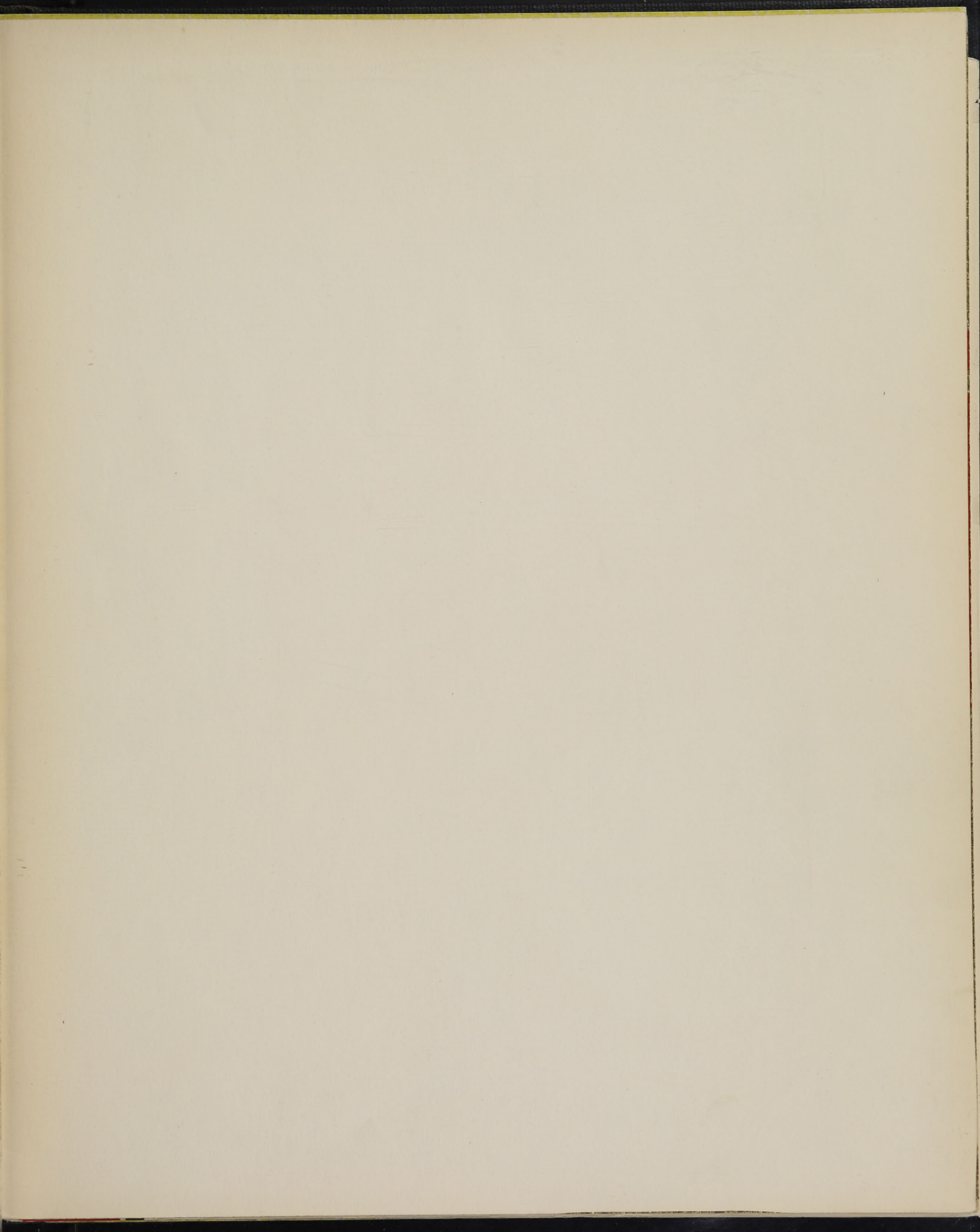
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R.M.S.  
"Queen Mary"



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W. W. W.

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The personal standard of H.M. Queen Mary graciously presented to R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY" by Her Majesty and mounted in a frame beneath the plaque at the head of the Main Staircase.

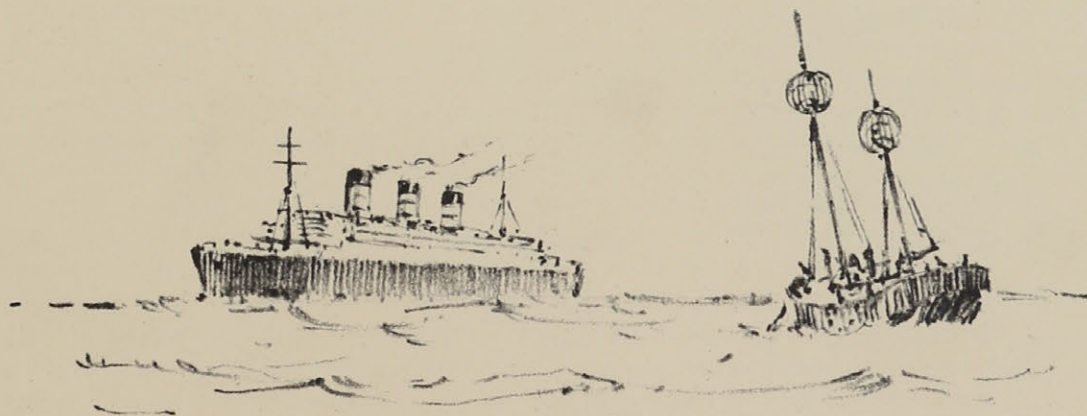
*"Now, with the hope of better trade on both sides of the Atlantic, let us look forward to her playing a great part in the revival of international commerce. It has been the nation's will that she should be completed, and to-day we can send her forth, . . . . a ship . . . . alive with beauty, energy and strength."*

HIS LATE MAJESTY, KING GEORGE V,  
Launch of "Queen Mary," Wednesday, Sept. 26th, 1934.

R.M.S.  
"Queen Mary"

*"A noble tribute to the imagination of man"*

*Launched September 26th, 1934, by Her Majesty Queen Mary,  
who was accompanied by His late Majesty King George V  
and His Majesty King Edward VIII, then Prince of Wales*



Cunard White Star

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# THE "QUEEN MARY"

By H. M. TOMLINSON

**T**HAT famous clipper ship, the "Cutty Sark," was designed and built by the grandfathers of the men who built the "Queen Mary," and in a neighbouring dockyard. All who knew that ship have no doubt of her quality, and we accept their word. They tell us she was a masterpiece, as right as a favourite lyric. It is something to have known her when she was in the sailing list, and I knew her then. But may we say now that she has had her full tribute? And will no one make us a song about the steamship?

A little has been said for steam, though it sounds rather like an apology for it. Recently I went through many anthologies of the sea looking for smoke on the horizon, and noticed that though this literature was full of white wings, wet sheets and flowing seas and winds that were highly important, spectral craft, mermaids, chanties, pirates, argosies, sea-battles, and hymns to Neptune, the steamship was pitiful in the distance, no more than a tramp "racketing her rivets loose." Ulysses of Ithaca was there, and enough of him, but only one poet had a word for an engineer, though it is true we all know Mr. M'Andrew of Glasgow as well as we know Ulysses. I mean there was a trace of smoke on the sky-line, but no more than that. Not a liner was in sight.

And here architects, engineers and shipwrights have gone as far as the "Queen Mary"! Not many of us knew the clippers, and if we have not already seen one under all canvas, then most likely we never shall. They are out of sight, but they are the great tradition; they were the real ships. And now let us be candid. Which of us would choose in winter to cross the western ocean under sail? I suppose nobody in a hurry would select canvas for the passage when turbines were to be had. Yet it persists, the romance of sail, because we have to watch no longer the romantic oil-lamp hanging all alive from a cabin beam, its smell mingling with that of bilge, while on the deck boots and things wash to and fro, and we hang on to the edge of our berth, listening to the tumult of a gale in the rigging. And she might be leaking, too! Men, as likely as not, are breaking their backs at the pumps. The attraction and romance of the past is that we do not have to suffer it any more.

Each of us is in bondage to the past, to some extent. A full escape of the mind is impossible. For that reason the "Queen Mary," when she was only a project, and even when she was fitting out, was an object for hesitant questioning. Seamen criticized her, though they knew nothing of the need and the forces out of which she arose. Critics who knew less than seamen and naval architects, prejudging by old standards and conventional ways, were freer still with a word or two. I was, myself. In truth, she went beyond our knowledge, so how could she be right? There was something else. Not a few people are beginning to doubt the virtues of magnitude and velocity. They tell us there is no more reason to respect a ship's funnel because it is spacious enough for a tunnel in which three locomotives could be driven abreast—and the "Queen Mary" has three of them—than to admire a book so very long that it requires a year to get through it. Nor do they think it vital to human happiness to reach New York from Europe—or the other way about—in a few hours.

One day it happened that I went through the unpretentious gates of Brown's shipbuilding yard at Clydebank. They promised no more than usual, though a shipyard ought to be enough for anybody. One may forget time there, even dinner-time. Human progress is sometimes denied; we are told it should be called change, and not always for the better; but if there exists an enterprise of man in which the best of him, without selfish motive, has kept at one task through history till he can point to an unquestioned good thing for us, it is in the building of the ship, the sea-carrier. A shipyard is written over with the story of that achievement. As much stuff for reverie is lying about there as in the remains of kingdoms ancient and renowned. The vestiges in a shipyard tell of an adventure which began with the Egyptians, it is supposed, seven thousand years ago, and is not over yet. I could hear in the distance that sound so suggestive of diabolic energy, an electric riveter in full career. Then, turning a corner, and giving a shunting-engine the room it meant to take in any case, there, mounting over me, apparently based on the cloud of steam from the shunting-engine, was the prow of the world's greatest ship.

The "Queen Mary" was a complete surprise. There could be no argument with that superior and gracious presence. Majesty was there, for her lines were beautiful. Size is but size, but great magnitude is forgotten in nobility of form. You know what it is to turn an unpromising street in Amiens or Seville, and then to see, without expecting it, the soaring lines of the masonry of the medieval cathedral builders. Question and criticism made against such a triumph by folk about its base affect it less than a little rain. We cannot build those cathedrals to-day. There are attempts at it, but they are joyless. If the fun those ancient craftsmen found in their faith when lifting those pinnacles can be matched in our age of machines, it is only in the graciousness of the sheer and moulding, and the audacious ascent of her mass, of this latest Atlantic liner. She lifts as buoyantly as the ascent of Chartres. Her weight and bulk are lost in the life of her run and the recession of her tiers of decks, with the three funnels

## THE "QUEEN MARY"—*continued*

over all. In this immense ship there shows a joy and faith in mechanical power which have transfigured it to beauty. Her very prow, looking down at an observer with the haughty indifference of the Sphinx—the hawse openings are very like eyes, downcast—is superior to questioning.

The planning of a ship is the most exacting of architectural tasks. We have to imagine a skyscraper designed to resist the stresses of a continuous earthquake. It is not easy to see it. Yet the builders of a ship must go beyond that; their structure must not only resist but make speed over the upheavals. So we would do well to forget that phrase, "a floating hotel." There isn't such a thing. A ship is a ship. The "Queen Mary" is a personality, with her own heritage and attributes. She comes last in the line of the evolution of the ship, and was as inevitable as whatever else the morning brings to light. Let criticism be what it may, she was launched as the appropriate outcome of the drive of the years, and has as much right to the waves as a dolphin, though she is a bit later in the order of nature. In the shape we see, she is the latest expansion of human knowledge. Nor is she meant to destroy good, but to increase it. She belongs to the ways of peace. Her designers, some time ago now, accepting the lessons of the past, and obeying the impulse of that day, projected her into the future. It is but fair to admit that that decision was bold; it was a venture into the unknown. There must be faith, even in the building of a ship.

We have forgotten—if we have ever thought of it at all—that this vast new liner with her own name and unusual virtues has been shaped by so many forces and desires, some of them in opposition, that it is a miracle, no less, she is in being, and that we are able to enjoy her apartments and service as though she were a commune established by unanimous opinion for our benefit. She was born of the science and skill of so many men concerting for a single purpose, and out of tradition and experience reaching so far into the past, that only a skilled examiner may read the signs of her heritage. She is the result of a world of creative influences. History, economics, navigational science, architectural science, mechanics, physics, chemistry, art, and the pride of workmen, made her what she is.

She was, indeed, a possibility only in recent years. Insufficient knowledge and skill were available for such a ship, not so very long ago. There are, for instance, in her engine compartments, four geared wheels for reducing the revolutions of the turbines to slower motion for the propeller shafts. Each wheel is fourteen feet in diameter, and that means hundreds of tons of steel. The mesh of the gearing on those monsters, nevertheless, is fined down to about a thousandth of an inch; and we are told that precision so infinitesimal for metal so weighty, to receive the impact of such enormous power, is but a late acquisition to the skill in workshops where engines are made. I must say that I didn't know what the elderly man in spectacles, bowed intently over the circumference of a vast disc in a shop at Brown's, was doing, till the mystery was whispered to me, and then I looked at him again with awakened respect. There are, too, more than a quarter of a million blades in the turbines, and each has been fitted by hand. Ultimately, her terrific power is guided by the skilled fingers of craftsmen to whom engines have the sensitiveness of delicate living things. All the money spent on her bulk would be wasted, but for that touch.

A ship's response to her creative influences may be of a more subtle refinement than that. There is an idea, and we dare not question its validity aloud, that the very riveters may give to a ship their own mood. Were they in good spirits when putting her together? We know their incessant hammers magnetize a ship, and that her polarity is induced by the compass bearings of her building slip. It is possible that men contented at their task, inclined to joke and sing while at it, would give a rhythm to their hammering more like praise than that of men sullenly knocking at a grievance. That should make a difference; and by the luck of the hammers that built her the "Queen Mary" is an auspicious ship. The men who made her are proud of her, though they would never admit it, being Clydesiders, unless challenged; and more than that, the contract for the liner had the effect of filling the cupboards of Clydebank again, where despondent shipwrights, not understanding all the implications of a depression, had begun to suppose their ancient and famous skill was no longer needed, till they were told to lay her keel plates. The building of the ship brought welfare to a city. So her builders are not only proud of her, but are grateful to her. Something comparable to the release of body and spirit, the lightness of heart at a duty, which once lifted the cathedrals, went to her creation.

It would be helpful to check ourselves, in our wonder over this new ship, with the reminder that men doubted, no longer ago than the days of the horse omnibus, that steam would depose sail. There was once an authority, a Dr. Lardner, an expert of his day, who declared that one might as well expect to travel from the earth to the moon as to make the voyage from England to New York solely by steam power. Let us not blame the man. He was only talking common-sense. But he was unaware of the possibilities engineers unknown to him could see in the early marine engine. He had hardly spoken when four British ships crossed the Atlantic by steam power. Two years later, in 1840, Samuel Cunard, with George Burns and David McIver, contracted with the British Admiralty for the mails, and began the first regular transatlantic steam-packet service with four wooden paddle-steamers, each of little over 1,100 tons.

The charge against the early steamer was her shocking extravagance with coal. She demanded much power to drive only her inordinately heavy wooden hull along. When she was loaded with bunkers and water for the passage, that and the engines left room for little else. She squandered nearly all she gained. Nor could her body be lighter. A ship built of iron was unthinkable. Everybody knows that though wood will float, iron sinks in water,



Marble plaque  
of Queen Mary  
by Lady Hilton  
Young, A.R.B.S.

Cabin Main  
Staircase,  
facing  
Shopping  
Centre.



Painting by Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E., R.A., R.W.S., R.E., in one of the private dining rooms of the Restaurant, "C" Deck.

R.M.S. "Queen Mary"

## THE "QUEEN MARY"—*continued*

and it was some while before it was seen that iron need not sink. The problem of the naval architect has been to dispose the material in construction to a maximum capacity consistent with strength and seaworthiness; and that of the marine engineer to generate greater power with less fuel and to transmit it with simpler machinery.

The body of a steamship in its simplest form is a box-girder. The mystery of her buoyancy is seen if a sheet of stiff paper is folded into five to form a square tube; the overlapping outside strip gives the double plates of the keel. In this form the paper has become rigid. Two transverse squares of paper inserted in the tube will do for bulkheads, and make three compartments. Close the tube fore and aft, and float it, and it will now support an eighth of its bulk of iron; and if one of its compartments is pierced it will still float. That actually was about the full complication of an iron ship's body, at first.

The "Persia," built for the Cunard in 1855, was their first paddle-steamer of iron. She burned six tons of coal to carry a ton of freight. To-day a cargo steamer could manage it with 14 lb. of coal, and with engines relatively lighter. The screw propeller has been known as long as the paddle, but for a reason we may call mystical it was for years ignored by the experts. They knew it was there, but they refused to see it, as though it were improper. We should be mistaken if we assumed that experts of all kinds, commercial magnates, or even ourselves, are never in thrall to an idea which may have as much reason in it as there is in a refusal to walk under a ladder. As late as 1851, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in discussing the matter of ship propulsion, was above so much as mentioning the indelicate subject of the screw propeller.

But the Cunard, experimental and shameless, put a screw-steamer into service on a subsidiary route in 1849, and she was so successfully economic that she sent the company into the Atlantic emigrant traffic at last. Ships with the familiar red funnel ringed with black began then to put an end to the worst miseries of travel in the sailing packets. It is only sixty-four years since the last sailing ship with emigrants left Liverpool for New York. By then, however, the Atlantic liner was in being, sufficiently alike for any of us to recognize her. Improvements in marine engines and boilers, higher steam pressure, surface condensation, and the compounding of cylinders, had reduced the use of fuel by half. The transatlantic steamer had changed from wood to iron, and from paddles (with sails) to screw and sails. The White Star "Oceanic," the first steamer of that line on the North American route (3,707 tons) was of the year 1871.

The original steel Cunarder was the "Servia" in 1881. She had a cellular double-bottom. That, in fact, was a more important innovation than her screw and her steel hull, for though it is well to be expeditious it is better to be secure. Safety first has been ridiculed as a rule of life, but no experienced seaman would abuse it; not at sea, anyhow. The "Servia," 7,000 tons, and 16 knots, was the largest and fastest ship in commission in her year. She was lighted electrically instead of with the usual oil-lamps. That last may not seem much, unless you know what it is to be in a ship in heavy weather when there is nothing but a smoky lamp for moral support. Passengers in a modern liner are probably unaware of the way the ready electric bulb, now so familiar, gives them heart.

Looking back at her, the "Servia," remarkable for a better kind of lamp and the beginning of a cellular hull, seems very remote, rather like a primitive. Presently it occurs to us that the men who were born in her year were in good time for the war; and that means they were well acquainted with the wonders of the "Mauretania." There were but twenty-six years between those two ships. The "Servia" had a length of 515 feet and a beam of 52 feet. The "Queen Mary" is 1,004 feet long on the water line and her beam is 118 feet; and it is said that she could stow the "Britannia," one of the original Cunarders of 1840, together with the whole fleet of Columbus, in her lounge, and still have room for tables. I have not checked this. Its curious fancifulness is forgotten when the ship herself is seen at a little distance. She is too comely to be measured that way. Besides, her capacity could not be what it is but for certain technical advantages, all of them out of a layman's sight, which she has over her earlier sisters.

The lessons and discoveries of a few years have given her a superiority over her ancestors which the "Cutty Sark" had over the "Golden Hind." It is only to-day that she came within reach. There is that matter of speed. Some sailing packets of the 1850's made the eastward passage in a little more than twelve days, though not regularly; only if they had exceptionally good luck. The Cunarder "Umbria," in 1884, with reciprocating engines, reached 21 knots; she and her sister the "Etruria" reduced the Atlantic passage to six days, and could continue it by schedule. The "Mauretania," in a day of one of her last journeys, went to nearly 30 knots. To increase the speed of a ship from 28 to 30 knots, even when it is possible, is a serious undertaking. The two extra knots mean that power must be increased by a fifth, and power issues from fuel. High speed is right only when it is near the normal pace of a ship, a proper consequence of increased length, improved steam generators, and a better kind of drive.

It is twenty-five years since the White Star "Olympic," the largest ship of her day, began her sailings; and it was in 1913 that the last big Cunarder before the "Queen Mary," the "Aquitania," was launched. The year after she took the water we know what happened. The whole Cunard fleet was mobilized for war service. In four years it conveyed a million troops overseas and ten million tons of foodstuffs and cargoes. At the end of the task half the fleet was on the sea bottom. The company had to begin anew.





Double bronze doors by Walter and Donald Gilbert,  
in the Restaurant, "C" Deck.

## THE "QUEEN MARY"—*continued*

The "Queen Mary," long before she was so much as keel plates in the Clydebank yard, was a vague though an urgent problem, and not only to a board of directors. To the directors she must have been an ominous problem as well. They knew what ought to be done, but could they do it? Their company had kept its house-flag well to the front for a century, but it was dropping astern. The fastest ship under the Cunard flag was a veteran, built in 1907. The "Mauretania" had been a fortunate ship. Such a ship, in a vital sense, cannot be built to order. She may be called a gift to men who have earned the honour because they loved their work beyond ambition. Still, she had reached an age when she was famous only in history.

This did not concern merely a board of directors. It was a national matter. It began to be noted, even by people to whom the Red Ensign has less meaning than it has for others, that when they wrote to friends in America, more often than not they had to inscribe on their envelopes the name of a deservedly famous foreign ship, if they desired expedition. That fact began to tell. But the public, though it expressly orders something to be done, is otherwise unhelpful. It expects the men who used to do it to do it again, and soon. Thus a new liner, which had not so much as reached a blue-print, became a political question.

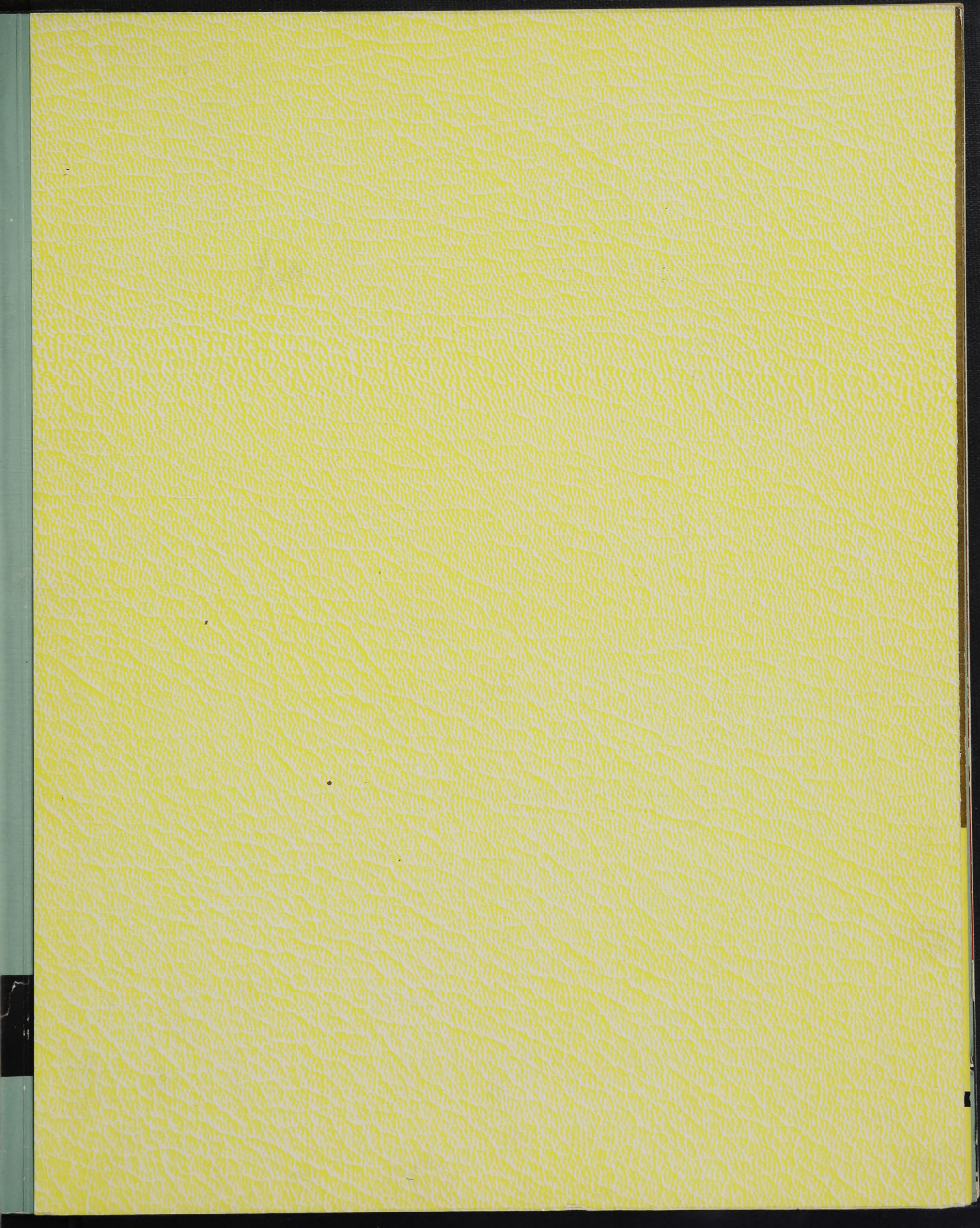
To the public the desire for new transatlantic steamers of the fastest was sentimental. It concerned prestige. What the directors had to decide was whether its fast weekly service, hitherto maintained with three ships, could be performed with two, if they were twice the size of the "Mauretania." It was seen to be possible. The generation and transmission of steam-power had reached the stage, it was judged, when a ship to dwarf the famous old flyer should be able to make the passage at the same speed, maintain that highest possible gait, more or less, throughout the year, whatever the weather, and yet manage it at the same cost in fuel. With twice the power, the cost of generating it should be no more.

A time schedule loses its meaning if a liner cannot keep up with the clock for the round year. High speed for the breaking of a record is mere scroll-work. Dependability is more than speed; a record of knots for a day's run is of little value without it. The projected ship must be substantial, and betray no symptom of strain because of her unexampled power. Dependability touches the faith and welfare of passengers; so the substance, anatomy, and balance of the new liner must allow her people to have no thought of the energy which is carrying them along seven hundred miles each day, and for the ship to do it for a round year without distress.

She would carry the multitude of a town, yet must be self-dependent, which towns cannot be, and that meant planning in a way towns never are. The first move under discipline, which is of trust, is the expeditious assembly of all hands in the right places. It may be tested now, by a traveller who is at sea with her on her first voyage, how easy the way runs from a cabin door to an appointed motor lifeboat. The instinct of a passenger is adverse from considering life-saving appliances, when all is fair, but it is an interesting detail that that motor-boat is controlled electrically, and that one man could lower it, in one minute. Its engine would then be running; a heating circuit warms the davit gear and starts the engine, even when the temperature is below freezing. Each of this fleet of motor-boats could carry the passengers of an original Cunarder.

In shipbuilding, for many years, steam power and the form of the hull have had most attention, and to the passenger accommodation of Atlantic liners there has been too much devotion to period styles in decoration. Yet a ship is never excused from being a ship, for the nature of the sea does not change because we forget to respect it. The extension of luxurious appointments, and the control of steam-power, are simpler questions than the regulation of human emotion, when that breaks loose. The curious passenger, if he will face a technical matter squarely after he has admired the decorations of this ship, will see that the "Queen Mary" has set a standard for safeguarding a ship's company.

After all, it is on record that fires have occurred, even at sea. It is a risk which should always have been foremost among the problems of shipbuilding. Therefore this new liner was installed with an automatic sprinkler system, in addition to a circuit of high-pressure mains of water. You get some idea of the organic unity of a ship if you try to imagine the mayor of a city able to see at once, from a tell-tale panel on his desk, when a fire threatens a recess of his community, and where. The watch-officers of this ship will know that, though no more than the smoke of a cigarette goes up in the wrong place. And then a system of bulkhead doors, to be closed or opened







"Merrie England." Painting by Philip Connard, R.A., R.W.S., above the bronze doors by Walter and Donald Gilbert, in the Restaurant, "C" Deck.

R.M.S. "Queen Mary"











Carved and pierced screen in limewood  
by James Woodford, A.R.B.S.  
Cabin Smoking Room, Promenade Deck.

R.M.S. "Queen Mary"

## THE "QUEEN MARY"—*continued*

at will from the bridge of a ship, should be arranged not only to keep out water or to confine a fire, but allow for alternative ways to freedom, wherever a citizen may happen to be.

The work of naval architects and engineers, in their preliminary trials in laboratories and draughting rooms, when a ship is in the air, is soon out of our sight. Our knowledge cannot follow it. The technician is to-day's high priest; the mystery is his. Yet ships are all alike, in the essentials of their construction. Every ship has a backbone, ribs, and skin. She has internal partitions and supports, her diaphragms. Her controller on the bridge, where the mind of the ship is at attention, can send a desire instantly to any part of her; she has a nervous system. We have seen that at her simplest she is a box girder.

The "Queen Mary" is so far from that simplicity that most people would rather accept her than try to understand her. The "Servia" had a double-bottom. This latest under the flag has another ship within her. She is vascular to the water-line. She has an inner and an outer skin, and in places there is twenty feet between the two. Throughout her length there is a double bottom, and between its upper and lower plates as much as six feet of headroom. She has more than 160 watertight compartments below her load marks.

There was a time, and not so very long ago, when a ship was built by rule of thumb. Now she has to be seen, complete in all essentials, out of formulas proved by many experiments with models, before her keel plates go into position. When work begins upon her, in a sense she is already created. The "Queen Mary" has voyaged already hundreds of miles in trial runs, by the proxy of many models, in an experimental tank the water of which had been agitated to every condition she might meet at sea. It was desired that she should be sea-kindly. When she was only some assembled metal her designers had calculated—allowing about an inch for error—where her centre of gravity would be, as she is to-day. They were right, all that time ago.

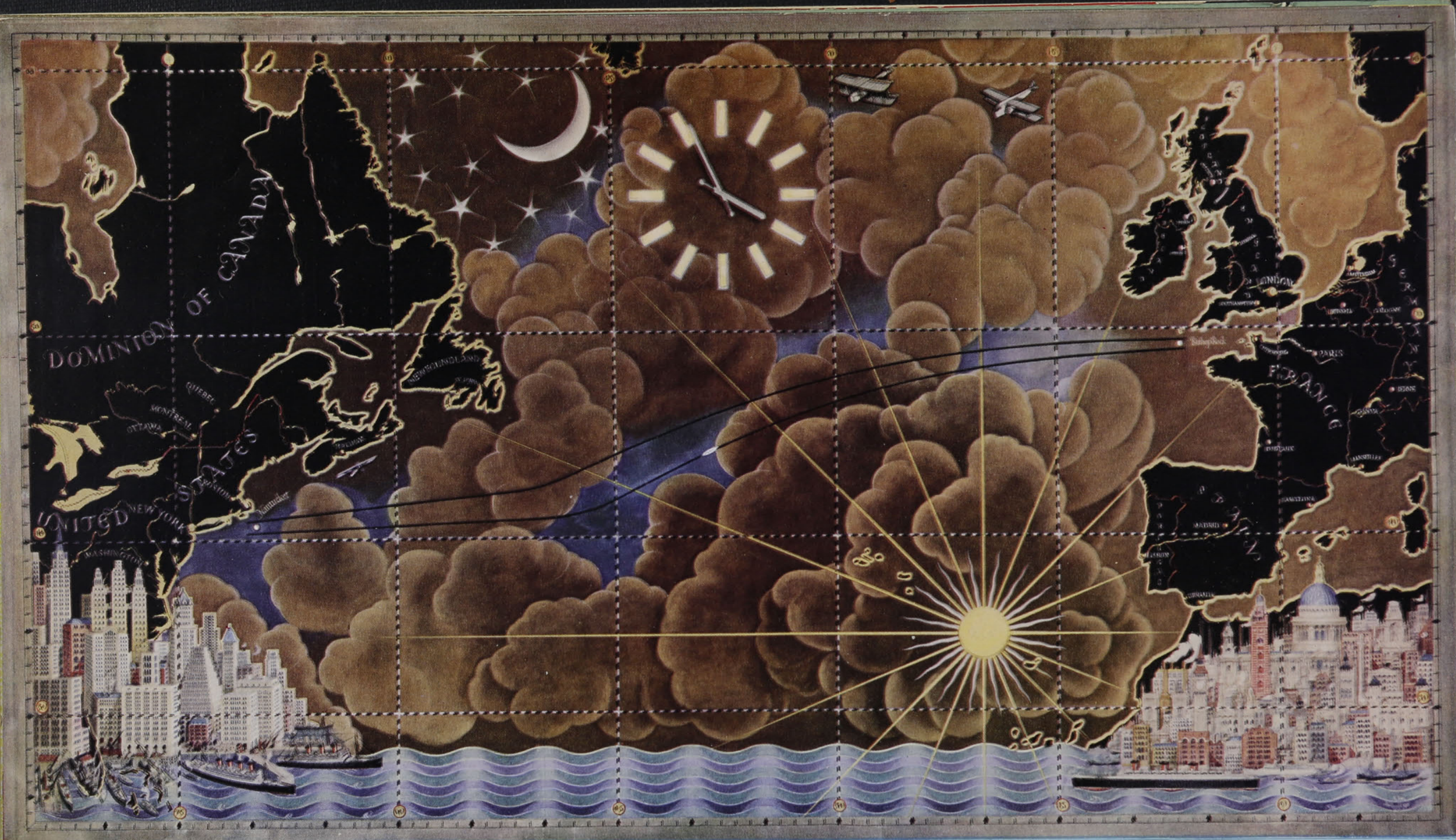
Indeed, that old romantic stuff about the sea, delightful and wanton, and the casual ways of life there, is no more appropriate this year than would be a Solomon Islander in the Athenæum. We hear something now and then about the burden upon a ship's master being less than it used to be. Metal Mike steers the ship for him, wireless waves give him Greenwich time, the weather ahead, and his bearings. He has mechanism to tell him where the sea-bottom is. He may listen for an echo from the ooze now, when in doubt. He should never be off his course. All of which is very nice; yet it will occur to some of us that the responsibility for such a community as the "Queen Mary," to say nothing of the array of scientific gear in her navigational sanctuary, might scare the most hard-bitten pirate chief to seek somewhere a quiet job as a doorkeeper.

There is one thing concerning the great ship a passenger in her will never see, if he did not witness it at the right time. This liner, when she was but half-completed, when she was only becoming, was a portent, as if form were appearing in chaos, and one could partly see the future. As one would say of such a vision as Dante saw, she was awful. From an eyrie aloft, a man who was lost in her looked down past vague dark ledges to the hollow profound of midnight. He glanced nervously behind him, to see that he was safe. The gloom around was reddish, for the steel walls had been ruddled. The metal alley-way muttered and rang with frightful sounds. A witness stood there impeded by baulks of timber and festoons of cables. It was like a track in the gloom of a forest. This corridor appeared to extend to nothing, both ways, till suddenly one end was seen in a glare, the colour and intensity of continuous lightning, and he heard the hissing of an electric welder, held by a masked figure kneeling on the deck. That picture was transitory; it faded. In the pit below there were glowings of forges, and distant midgets busy about the fires upon such cryptical duties as pertain to the pit. Overhead an automatic drill began careering, to an infernal uproar. That ceased, and its echoes sank as grumbles into numberless unseen steel caverns.

Near there I spoke to one of the riveters. He was crouched over a deck, thrashing a red-hot tongue of metal which thrust up at him from below. His face was glowing. He got off his knees deliberately, stood up, straightened his back, balancing his hammer in his hand. He looked like an independent man, though he was small and spare, as are most of the Glasgow shipwrights. I questioned casually the economics of so vast a ship. He told me to take my economics to hell. "I dinna ken whether she'll figger in dividents but she's a bonny investment for me, mister. Is it economy to let us rot, fathers who know the work, and sons wi' no chance to learn it?"

His face had a depression where the bridge of his nose should have been. He told me he got that at Ypres, and said something of war. He tapped a bulkhead with his hammer. "But this bonny ship is no for war, ye ken."

The "Queen Mary" is at sea now. She will be watched on her way by the people of other ships. She will seem lessened. The sea will take from her dimensions. However we build, we shall never lessen the verities, nor change the inherencies of earth and sky. We had better be modest about it. This talk of conquering time and space and the elements is nonsense. When we admire the greater works of man it is well to do it in humility. The "Queen Mary" is a beautiful ship; it is better so to think of her than to boast that she is the greatest and fastest liner afloat.



*Decorative map panel by MacDonal Gill, F.R.I.B.A.,  
in the Restaurant, "C" Deck.*

R.M.S. "Queen Mary"

The map depicts the North Atlantic ocean as connecting the New to the Old World. The ocean is only shown in blue along the ship's course, being dominated elsewhere by a cloudy stratosphere in warm shades of brown. A silver clock is placed high up in the centre, its numerals standing out in raised crystal, electrically lit. A crystal model of the "Queen Mary" electrically lit and synchronised with the ship in speed, steams across the ocean, through the nebulous stratosphere.



Decorative panels on a silver ground, by A. Duncan Carse,  
in the Restaurant, "C" Deck.



R.M.S. "Queen Mary"



Two of the decorative paintings on hide by Margot Gilbert, in the Tourist Main Deck Lounge.



R.M.S. "Queen Mary"



*Painting by Kenneth Shoesmith, R.I., over fireplace  
in Cabin Drawing Room, Promenade Deck.*

R.M.S. "Queen Mary"





*"Evening on the Avon." Painting by Algernon Newton, A.R.A.  
Long Gallery, Promenade Deck.*

R.M.S. "Queen Mary"

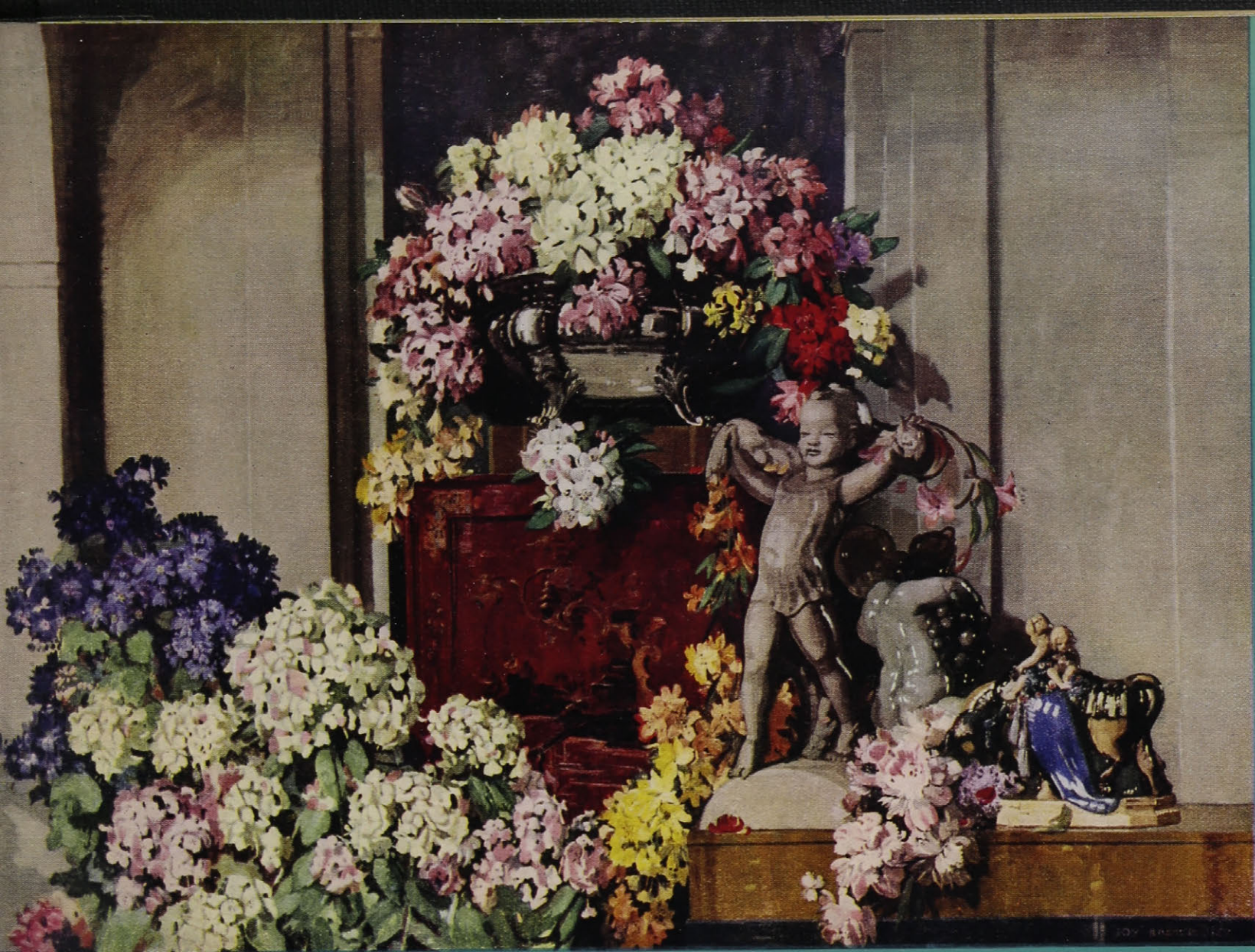


Sections of decorative paintings by Doris Zinkeisen in the Verandah Grill, Sun Deck.



R.M.S. "Queen Mary"





Still life, by  
H. Davis Richter,  
R.I., R.O.I.,  
for one of the  
private dining  
rooms in the  
Restaurant,  
"C" Deck.

R.M.S. "Queen Mary"



Painting by  
Vanessa Bell,  
for another of the  
private dining  
rooms in the  
Restaurant,  
"C" Deck.



Two of the fourteen carved panels by Bainbridge Copnall in the Restaurant, "C" Deck. These illustrate the history of shipping from the Egyptian era.

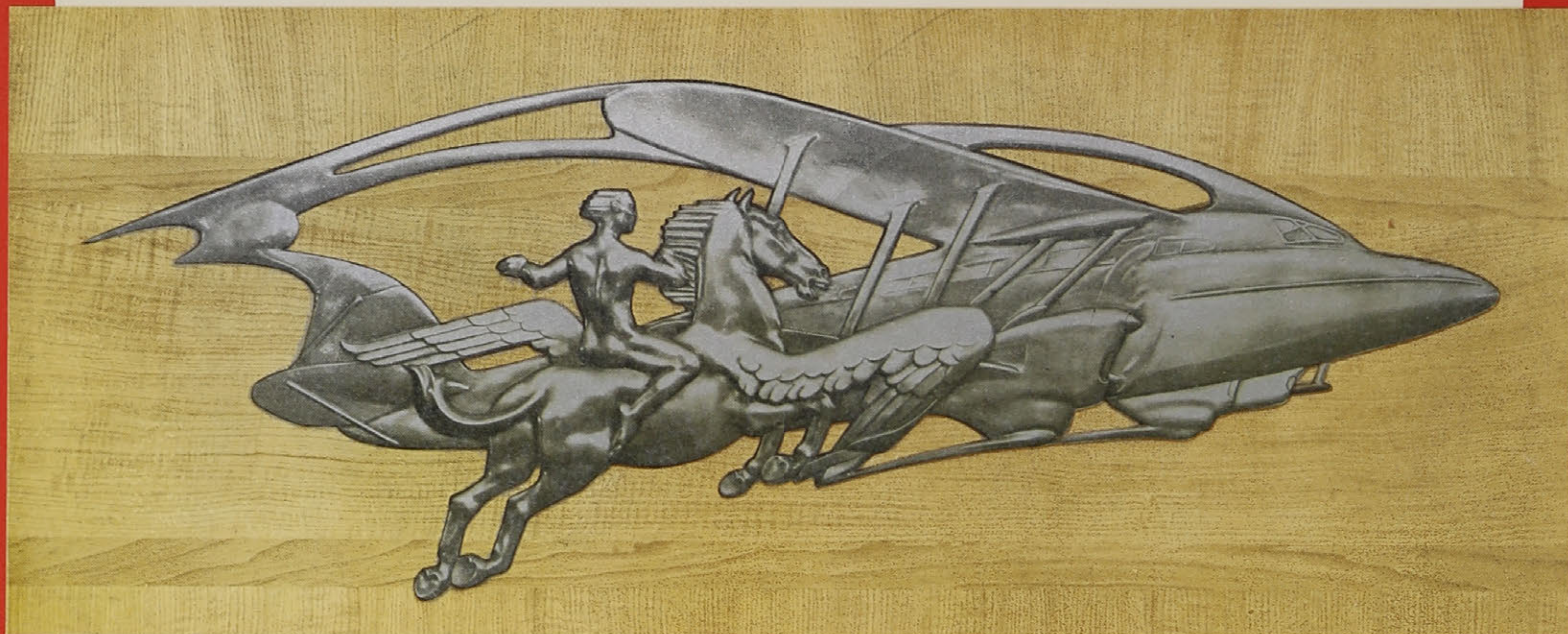




BERTRAM NICHOLLS

"A Sussex Landscape." Painting by Bertram Nicholls, P.R.B.A., R.O.I.  
Long Gallery, Promenade Deck.

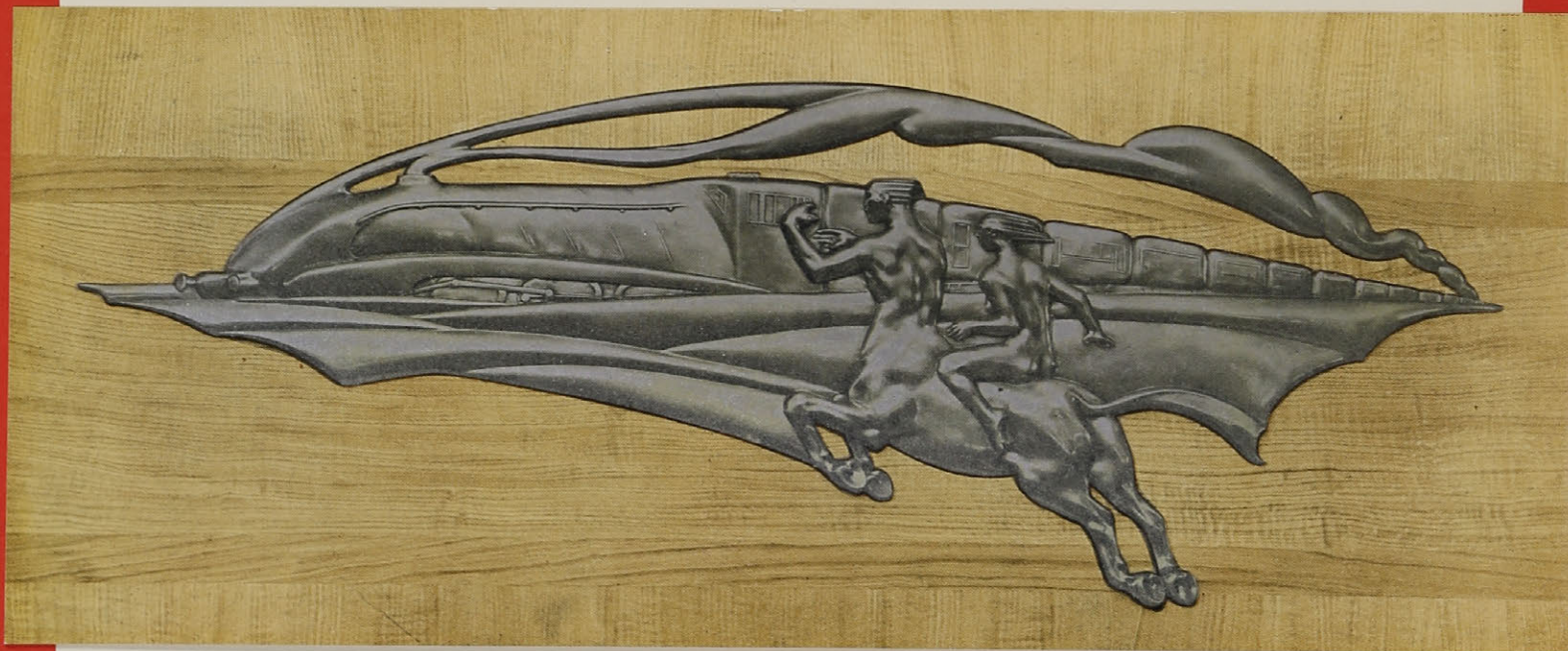
R.M.S. "Queen Mary"



*Motif in anodised aluminium by Maurice Lambert,  
Main Deck.*



*Plaster frieze in ivory tone by Maurice Lambert,  
Shopping Centre, Promenade Deck.*



*Another of Maurice Lambert's aluminium motifs,  
Main Deck.*

# A City goes to Sea

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

CONTINUOUSLY for two months I have been watching all manner of men and women up and down the country, equipping and beautifying this queen of ships. I have seen the fruition of their brains and the finished product of their hands flowing towards the great hull at Clydebank that has been riven to receive it. So vast has been the applied labour and so high its quality, that a writer, looking on, with no share in the merit, has to take a hold of himself lest he fall into the pit of superlatives and write his tribute from its depths.

But that would be wrongly to describe the ship's characteristics. The essence of her beauty lies in her extreme utility for the many purposes of the sea. Bizarre settings and grotesquely sumptuous trappings, foreign to the British temperament, find no place in her. Brilliance of conception appears everywhere in her adornment. Through all the interior acres devoted to practical uses, the prevailing impression is of forthright British comfort, without question of expense. Having watched her grow, slowly but very surely, from keel to funnels over the years, and then having wandered (for miles) about her over the weeks, while 250,000 men and women, in over eighty British cities and towns, were busy upon her myriad needs, I realize, thankfully, as all who see her will, how immutable still is this country's sense of quality when left unimpeded to produce its best.

Artists received me with self-conscious restraint and watchful silences. And we would stare at great canvases, half finished; I saying a lot, they saying little, for with them pride in achievement choked speech. But presently they would ask eagerly about "her," and one could see the thrill given them by a description of their picture's future home. Factories roared round me, and in the tumult, as men shouted and pointed and explained, I could see that they and their workmen, crouched and concentrated before us, regarded this output as something extremely personal and special—an insignia of high caste in their world of production. They know, none better, that no engineer, manufacturer or artisan had been chosen to play a part in this great industrial scene, whose work had not been tempered in the furnace of efficiency. A hundred designs for china and glass were submitted from almost every pottery firm in England; fourteen only were selected. But nothing was said about this, for one was dealing for the most part with wise old father-to-son firms, where humility had replaced arrogance a long time ago.

And now here it all is, the result of five years' careful labour, mobilized and set in place, in a city that will go to sea, towards a country where efficiency is a fetish, to show what Britain's quality can mean to-day.

During these last weeks of preparation at Clydebank she has assumed a very lovely and a very regal mien, as befits her name. Seven thousand men are still busy about her; and long lines of railway wagons are marshalled in the Yard, bringing her entities from the four corners of the country. One moves among the active multitude within, looking at the things one saw in embryo, that have now come to their home, finished and resplendent. A day of prolonged staring, and the half of her is still unseen. But high lights of artistry hold the eyes and fascinate the mind.

The cabin restaurant, for instance, on "C" deck, 160 feet long, 118 feet wide and 30 feet high, wherein eight hundred people can sit comfortably at dinner. Decorated in three mellow shades of brown woodwork, picked out with silver bronze—the largest veneered room in the world. Bainbridge Copnall's beautiful applied carvings are round the walls, fourteen panels, cut in pinewood and showing the history of shipping from Egyptian times—each one a gem. MacDonald Gill's huge map covers one end wall, 24 feet by 13, with the miniature "Queen Mary" moving always across the canvas, showing you exactly where you are at sea at any time of day or night. And there, over Walter and Donald Gilbert's magnificent bronze doors, is Philip Connard's picture, 26 feet by 14. "England," he calls it merely, and so indeed it is; for all that you know so well of English traits and scenes emerge from the welter of detail. The huntsman and his hounds; the fox doubling back—people will not spot the cunning one

## A CITY GOES TO SEA—*continued*

until about the third night out ; the high dog-cart of olden days clattering with gay occupants down a country lane ; Thames fishermen hunched glumly in a punt, a willow weeping at their backs ; a coach and four labouring up a hill ; Medway barges creeping brownly up a London tideway ; the soldier and his girl ; a hint of St. George's Chapel mistily in a Windsor background—the sort of glimpses of England that never fade from English minds. After every brush mark in that quiet Twickenham studio he stepped back twenty quizzical paces. He too walked miles in mute endeavour faithfully to present a picture of old England as a back-cloth to the modern scene.

In one of the four private dining-rooms leading off this great sea banqueting hall Dame Laura Knight decorates a wall. A circus scene, of course, but you can *smell* the acrid odour of the ring ; feel the excitement and clamorous anticipation of the children and parents who wait in the glare beyond the crimson curtain for these dappled grey, benevolent horses and whimsical clowns to appear. Two large panels to port and starboard of British and American birds, by Duncan Carse, will make you want to leave your seat in the restaurant for a close-up view. They are gorgeous in their feathered raiment and finicky graceful with their slender legs ; pompously colourful, yet exquisitely painted. (They are testing one of the ship's sirens at the moment, which can be heard for ten miles at sea. Only a dull muffled sound reaches us down here.)

Come into the kitchens. They cover an acre ; contain fifteen tons of stainless steel equipment and need a power of 1,500 kilowatts to appease your appetite and titillate your taste. (Your grill will be cooked over a charcoal fire to ensure the best flavour.) The working tables and dressers if placed end to end would be much longer than the ship herself. One minute's stare in here will show the uninitiated diner the amount of care and technical thought that must have been expended on this focal point of a ship's popularity. I see a long line of rooms whose walls are steel network ; wide spaces on which stand platoons of gleaming implements ; look up at a complexity of pipes and cables laced along ceilings ; observe a thicket of taps and control switches, criss-crossed and intricate. But I think of some of my visited factories, so intimately concerned with this service. Remember that the hundred thousand pieces of glass, china and pottery had to be made by men's and women's hands ; remember seeing it made, under perpetual scrutiny for a mere shade of inequality, instantly discarded if ever found.

Phases of these hand-wrought processes, hours of human absorption and body-bending flash back to me from those dour manufacturing towns of England, through which I moved, humbly attentive. I see again the multitudinous moulds, the fierce fires of glazing, the warrens of women, cutting, transfer-painting, clay-patting, tittivating, trying-out, rejecting—but continuing. I see them all hummily happy on this "Q.M." job ; all inarticulately proud of their weeks—months of work piling up, floor by floor ; passed as perfect by alert, implacable overseers.

I see some of the twenty-five thousand pieces of glassware being blown, shaped and cooled with consummate skill, in a works that has been sending out the best for 120 years of individual family effort ; where some of the workpeople's grandfathers sat at these same craftsmen's benches.

Sheffield and Birmingham showed me the fine old firms, beating the life into the backs of plated entrée dishes, making seventeen thousand pieces of hollow-ware, and the almost countless number of knives, forks and spoons, not one of which that was not looked at with a contrary bias before it was accepted as fitting for "the ship." They showed me operations for durability that incurred extreme slowness and patience in a man's paid time ; work that need not have been done ; the omission of which would never be revealed, but with them was an inflexible rule, a self-imposed infliction of finish.

I pass through the kitchens to the "tourist" part of the ship. It creates an entirely new era in unostentatious luxury for the "next-best" aspirants. You would never *know* you were not in the plutocratic purlieu, coming upon the "tourist" realms suddenly like this. Their swimming pool—a most gala place of saxe-blue pillars and pale brown walls, with silver-bronze strips of metal all about ; a joyous, glowing *endroit*, with an artist at one end who will achieve fame in decorative glasswork. For Cameron Baillie draws bubbling fishes on glass that are most realistic. This green aquarium is lit in such a clever manner that the picture teems with under-water movement.

You will come upon decorative glasswork in many parts of the ship. Study it carefully, for its charm is remarkable and strange. On it many artists have shown, to a degree seldom seen before, the realistic ripple of muscle and fold of cloth in their drawn figures. The Greek story of Jason and the Golden Fleece runs in Jacob Drew's picturesque panels in the cabin restaurant. Screens of dull grey, bright silvers and whites in strong detail, will act as a foil to the coloured frocks of women in the ballroom. Here, Jan Juta, the artist, has aimed at a feeling as of a deep, still pool with mysterious dark shadows and a sense of coolness. These and the Zinkeisen panels form a perfect setting to a gala scene. And in the cabin lounge, cascades of glass with pure gold fused into their surfaces, backed up in peach mirrors, will surround you. I watched men in the East End of London preparing much of this lovely work. Only recently had they discovered a way of producing certain decorative effects on glass, which was an old Venetian art, lost to this country for centuries. So completely immersed were they in their work that they remained utterly unconscious of their surroundings. One talked at their elbows, photographed them, pointed here and there about them, asked questions ; but they went on, oblivious ; yet the error of a minute fraction and their panel would be ruined. Craftsmen of peculiar, and enviable, concentration. As were those one saw working on the gilt framings for "Queen Mary" windows, in a factory near Piccadilly Circus that their predecessors have occupied for the last

Decorative paintings  
by Anna K. Zinkeisen, R.O.I.,  
in the Ballroom,  
Promenade Deck.



R.M.S. "Queen Mary"

## A CITY GOES TO SEA—*continued*

two hundred years; whose contemporaries were the brothers Adam and Thomas Chippendale, to whom they supplied hand-wrought metal for these men's furniture. The ship has indeed drawn unto herself the heritage of English tradition in hand-workmanship.

The "tourist" cocktail bar is an insidious place of Chinese red lacquer and biscuit-brown glazing, with little tables for two set about; it will always be convivially crowded. Their main lounge is a lovely room, with a dance floor of extreme provocation and a 20 ft. stage to set the tune to soirées. Coloured hides clothe the walls in shades of silver, apple-green and red. And in these are set panels of perfection by Margot Gilbert, illustrating "Dancing through the Ages." Infinitely graceful and delicate is her work; the elegant figures of the women seem almost alive, and yet have an ethereal softness. They breathe the spirit of rhythmical eastern dances, utterly unlike anything that has ever been done before on board ship. In another of the "tourist" lounges is a most remarkable metal panel in silver-grey over a fireplace, by Rebel Stanton—a woman suppliant, or is she gesticulating to broad heaven at the sheer joy of life? What matter; so very lovely is her grace of form.

Each day across the Atlantic people will say to each other, "Where shall we go now?" And a day will be spent exploring—refreshment being taken *en route*. I fancy the thing to do will be to say, "I'll meet you in the lounge; take one of the lifts, there are eleven on board." Yes, and all of them were built within a few yards of the famous "Elephant and Castle"; London may as well have its little gesture. Their doors are of silver bronze, and movement is utterly silent. If by any chance the lift does not stop exactly at floor level, hidden machinery automatically and instantly rectifies this discourteous defect. If your companion is late at this rendezvous—well, there are two beautifully veneered telephone booths in the shopping centre from which you can inquire of her why and what the...? Alternatively, during the period of waiting hereabouts, you can put a personal call through to a friend in any corner of the earth's surface; though you will probably have done this already by means of the instrument at the side of your bed.

It is a street of enticing shops and showcases. I watched the woodwork being made. Some of the shops are built of Pacific maple, "blistered and quilted"; some have fascinating grains and sheens like satin; some have ripples on their surfaces as of a seashore after a summer tide has ebbed gently away; some are of English chestnut and sycamore; some of Indian grey-wood that glows and twinkles at you under the soft lights. The cigar shop is lined throughout with Burma cedar. All have been fashioned by careful, exacting men whose hand cult extends back in many cases for thirty or forty years at those same benches. One is glad to think that these conservative English joiners came up to the ship to erect their work, and so saw the setting of the scene they had laboured so long to adorn.

I fear for the unimpeded comfort of the children in their playroom, which can be seen by passers-by in the shopping street. Awful-nuisance-grown-ups will obtrude continually and stand about most dreadfully in their way, to admire, not them, but George Ramon's clever work. How he must love and understand children; for this is a most exciting and adventurous place, and just what we have always wanted, you must understand. Here we have our own Mickey Mouse cinema, 'n everything, and our own caves under the dark arches of a huge carved camel's legs; and our own rollicking, squealing chute—we helter-skelter up little stairs to reach its top (our room, they say, is sound-proof, but who cares?), and on the wall alongside us entrancing bears are chuting too, on a great high bicycle; big bears with little ecstatic bears upon their backs to bite 'em; one has fallen off and been left behind in terrible dismay; it's *marvulus!* Everyone herein will be very pleased with life. How they will ever get the children to bed is the only shipbuilding problem John Brown & Co. are unable to solve.

I tread a carpet in one of the twenty-five public rooms. (There are six miles of carpets and rugs on board.) The pile is an inch thick, as are they nearly all; and I remember asking as I watched it being woven, and heard it was 68 feet long and 26 feet wide, how the makers were going to coerce it on board, round corners and up stairs, and they replied, "We don't allow ourselves to think about that yet." But here it is, with its Madonna-blue and gold, and one does definitely sink in a little as one moves upon it—a most luxurious feeling. One of the contributing carpet firms have been weaving hand-tufted carpets in a west country town since 1701, and yet regard this honour as one of the greatest in their history. In the cabin drawing-room, with its carpet of four shades of blue, flecked with canary-yellow, stands Kenneth Shoemith's colourful painting of a flower market.

And here is another carpet, in the long gallery, designed by Agnes Pinder Davis, in shades of oatmeal, biscuit and brick-brown, a hundred feet long and very sumptuous. At one end of the gallery is Algernon Newton's arresting canvas—"Evening on the Avon." A simple title, but it shows you with a quite startling clarity the English countryside in the fading summer light that we all love so well. The square, white, comfortable Georgian house in the distance, the calm, meandering trout stream (one almost waits for the "plop" of the rise, followed by the widening circle on the water), the lush meadowland alongside, the evening mist rising thinly on the edge of the covert, the soft peace over all. Every countryman who looks at this will understand—and gaze again, with affection in his heart.

Great double doors invite you hence to Anna Zinkeisen's golden ballroom gleaming through a background of silver. Her large mural panels in oyster-greys, ivory-whites and pale golden-yellows depict the "Four Seasons."





Part of mural decoration  
by Herry Perry,  
in the Tourist Children's Playroom,  
Main Deck.

One of the decorative paintings  
by George Ramon,  
in the Cabin Children's Playroom,  
Promenade Deck.

R.M.S. "Queen Mary"



## A CITY GOES TO SEA—*continued*

Maybe; but it is the bold, infinitely graceful postures of the figures that remain in the mind, the subject is secondary . . . that angel with the flame-coloured loin cloth, kissing the feet of the mother—a superb splash of colour . . . those two symbolic black and white horses, champing with the vigour and anticipation of Spring . . . The figures of the “Three Graces,” voluptuously lovely. One remembers this room—everyone will—not because of any particular detail, but for its general atmosphere of *soigné* well-being; a most remarkable and exhilarating ensemble, planned and perfected by an artist who has been left alone to do with it as *joie de vivre* and deep interest moved her. Women will not lose that significance in this room; the colour tones will not rush at them, to hit and quell, as in some ashore.

But you want to be in a black tie rather than in a white, and to throw a little party of your own? Carried unanimously. So come with me to the verandah grill, which is aft, on the sun deck and most seductive. It is rather a long way from here, but well worth the walk. One side of it is semi-circular and composed entirely of tall windows that look out to sea, over which crimson velvet curtains, spangled with silver and gold stars, will be drawn intimately at night. The remainder is dance-band, sunken floor (dead level) and uncompromising, perpetual gaiety. Here, the other of those two supremely clever sisters, Doris Zinkeisen, dominates the scene. She will be responsible for some very late nights here, and be extremely popular in consequence. Her thirty foot mural panel depicts, most aptly, “Entertainment” in her unique style; her theatrical and circus characters swarm across the canvas, most joyfully provocative. On the infrequent occasions, when the bar in here will be closed, “Mr. Neptune’s Young Ladies” will cover its protective shutter in chorus array, their mermaid tails waving in Zinkeisen unison. Thick, black carpets cover the cocktailing floor; the white Canadian maple chairs have a pinkish tinge (is it a blush?); the illuminated glass balustrading will set off the gowns, and colour-change lighting throw beams of refulgence upon dancing feet; the bar in the corner commands a strategic position in that it can only be attacked from one angle. The very devil of a room to get out of at 2 a.m., or to get into at crowded midnight. This place will shoulder heavy responsibilities—but with a light heart.

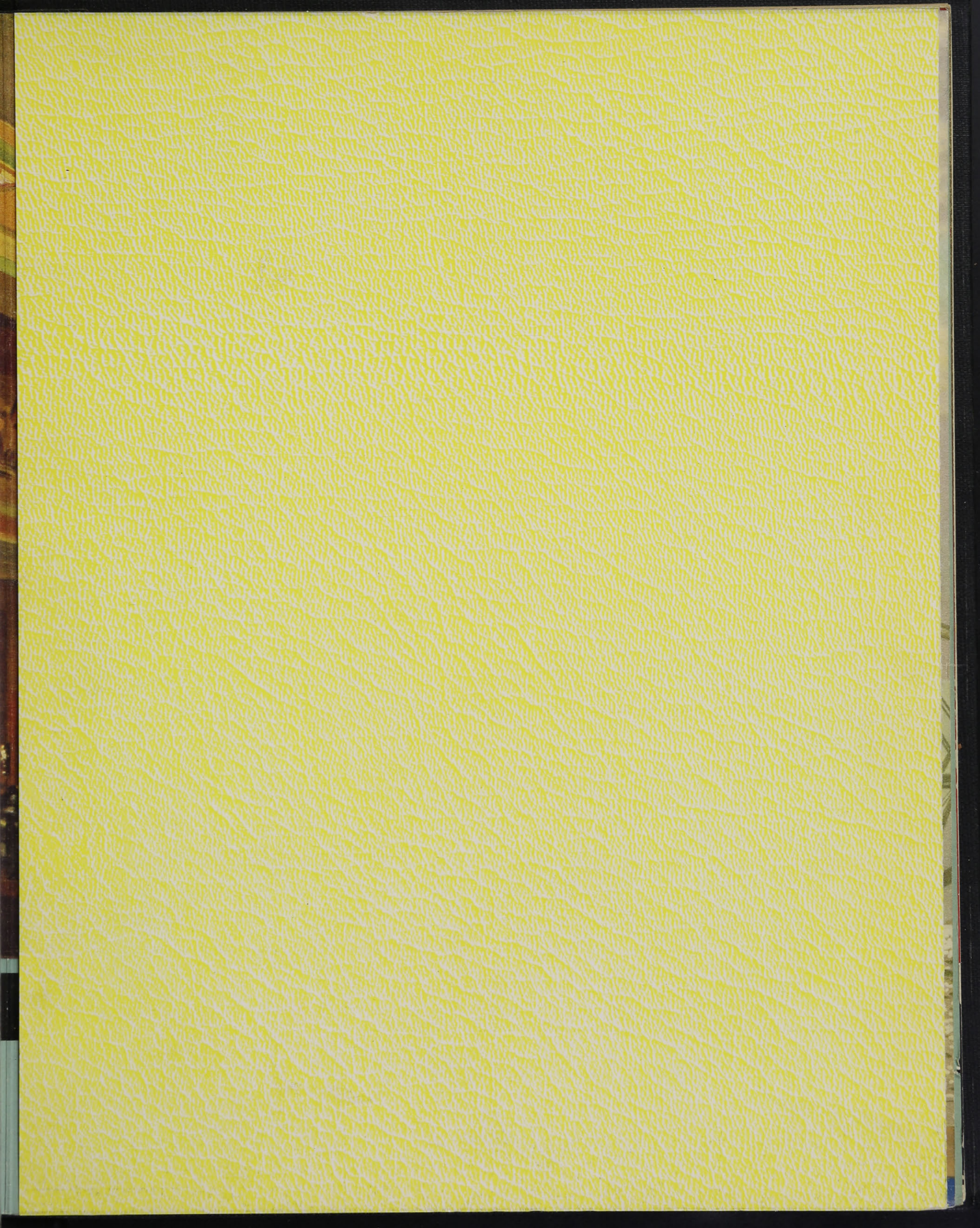
Oh, and while we are on this delectable subject, I may say that you will meet him before lunch and/or before dinner another popular *endroit*, which contains the largest cocktail bar upon the seven seas. Its semi-circular counter is thirty feet long, and its twenty-one wide windows look clear ahead to sea. Over the bar stretches a brilliant composite caricature by A. R. Thomson of London types celebrating “Jubilee Night.” This is emphatically and fascinatingly London, going gay as only London can. Not the least of this artist’s guile lies in the fact that everyone on board will discuss his picture, which can only be seen in all its subtlety while you lean against the bar!

The cabin swimming pool and adjacent Turkish baths, with their six elaborate and restful rooms, will monopolise a lot of time. This pool is 60 feet long and 42 feet wide, but it is the general colouring of the tiling that one remembers; straw, green and red, with a mother-of-pearl ceiling. You approach it through big swing doors opposite the restaurant, and as they swing, great gulps of hilarity will emerge, to be as instantly swallowed as they pass. Never has there been such a patrician’s pool in any ship at sea.

But it is towards the staterooms—and what are termed with more restraint merely “cabins”—that I instinctively turn each time I go aboard. The woodwork throughout these seemingly endless corridors and rooms is, in scope, variety and beauty, an amazing education in applied joinery work. And behind it all, throughout the ship, has been laid carefully by hand literally miles of soft flannel, so that under no circumstances can there be any creaking, as so often happens when a great ship is at speed. It is perfectly true to say that the forests of the British Empire have been searched for these rare and magnificent veneers. One can think of no more pleasing and at the same time more practical form of interior decoration. A vogue will surely be created for this in the homes of Britain and America—set by “Queen Mary” passengers. Over fifty varieties of beautiful woods have been chosen. They measure a million superficial feet, or over twenty-two acres. If one could place these strips end to end they would reach from Clydebank to St. John’s, Newfoundland. Even so, there is not one blemish to be found on all this great surface; discards having been ruthless from the inception of the work.

To attempt to describe any particular stateroom or cabin is to omit a hundred others, equally attractive. I spent days in a succession of them as they were being built—a craftsman’s bench in every one—admiring the meticulous handiwork. For unpretentious luxury and solid comfort there is nothing to equal them afloat. How would you like, for example, to occupy a room at sea such as this?

Your walls are of ivory-white sycamore, with a faint ripple of grain as the light catches it. (Your neighbour’s may be of bird’s-eye maple, African cherry, pearwood, Pacific myrtle, or English yew.) All your furniture, of the same, or blending woods, is built-in; nests of drawers—as many as in your room at home—of all sizes open silkily, and close with that hand-craftsman’s “click.” Tall mirrors in triplicate move to your every angle. Deep, long-glass wardrobes light up by themselves as you open their doors; the doors do not swing inwards or outwards if you leave them open, but stay put, in whatever mood the ship may be. Your little built-in clock in the wall ticks soundlessly and is timed from the ship’s clock headquarters; there are seven hundred of such set in







An impression of the Restaurant, "C" Deck, by H. Davis Richter, R.I., R.O.I., showing the position of Philip Connard's painting and the double bronze doors by Walter and Donald Gilbert.



R.M.S. "Queen Mary"









CHAS. PEARS

Painting by Charles Pears, R.O.I., of the "Mauretania" arriving at Rosyth on July 4th, 1935. Tourist Smoking Room, Promenade Deck.

R.M.S. "Queen Mary"

## A CITY GOES TO SEA—*continued*

cabins. Your colour-matching telephone stands at your bedside. Your bed lamp is cunningly placed to throw light on the book and nowhere else. Your writing table is cleverly furnished and softly lit. Your bathroom gleams with fastidious gadgets. Your wide bed is of the sink-in-and-stay-there variety. It becomes a divan by day. Your carpet, curtains and chair coverings are of fascinating fabrics, infinitely varied, cabin by cabin. Nothing obtrudes harshly upon sense or movement. Nothing has been forgotten. Someone gave you flowers when you sailed? A watered niche has been built to take them over your mantelpiece. At night you will hear no sound from the city; your room by day will be gay with light and colour. There is not one dark displeasing patch in any bedroom, nor one discordant note. It is, in fact, a delicately lovely self-contained flat of your own—at sea.

I moved amid the harsh chatter of the looms, seeing these lovely fabrics being woven, patterned and quilted. Stared, hypnotised, at the swiftly twisting fingers of a multitude of women, who sang as they worked. Saw something of the genius behind design; the high tradition of these English and Scottish fabric factories; realized the tremendous amount of individual, expert effort needed for the glamour and comfort of just one room at sea; and *all* the "Queen Mary" rooms have been thus equipped; and there are thirteen miles of fabrics on board.

Passengers will say to each other, "Yes, of course it's lovely, but you haven't seen *mine* yet!" Whereupon, personally conducted, house-proud tours will take place from habitation to habitation—and a morning will be gone. All the firms who have built up high reputations in these woodwork and decorative spheres were, so to speak, let loose upon specific areas of the ship. Each knew their rivals were in the field against them. Each knew that here at last was a chance for greater triumph that would be widely recognized, since a free hand, save for quite mild limitations, had been allowed them. Each knew that a super-merit was expected, and that the hall-mark of quality would be engraved for them by their inclusion. Each felt, I am convinced, that *Great Britain's* value and good taste would be assayed by the shipbuilding and sea-going world, and that they were its sponsors. I got this feeling deeply with every grade of principal and worker with whom I came in contact over the months, in office and workshop and ship. It was as though teeth were clenched in determination—"they should see what could be done." Never has there been such an industrial team in Britain bent to a common end.

As always with a quality production, little or tremendous, much of the merit is hidden from the eye. A score of instances come immediately to the mind of one who has watched the great work through a thousand stages of its progress. I remember looking on at work one day in the cabin lounge—a magnificent room, 96 feet long and 70 feet wide, of maple burr with dados of makore wood; and they told me, not as if it were a matter for acclaim at all, that the steel columns had been covered by building round them layer after layer of thin wood veneers, each one no more than the thickness of a sheet of paper; each laid with extreme care upon the other, until the thickness of an inch was reached and complete stability assured. Twenty-six feet above your head in this room run hidden "catways" along, in which mechanics can walk upright, obtaining access to fittings, wiring and ventilation.

One of the phases of the ship's growth that will always remain with me vividly is of that legion of tireless men I would come upon day after day, playing their lone hands in corners, on floors, between walls, beneath decks, at the backs of ceilings, behind panels in bathrooms. They would be crouched, lying prone, working above their heads with twisted bodies in torch-lit darkneses, or below their feet with bent shoulders, their fingers moving expertly in a maze of pipes, valves, ducts and little wheels; or unravelling, adjusting, joining their multi-coloured coils in each tiny section of the four thousand miles of cable they have laid through the recesses of the city, lit by their thirty thousand lamps and veined by their batteries of bells. Nothing of their prolonged labour will be seen; but the ship's nerves and fibres have been threaded by these men, and much of her suavity and charm is to their honour.

The personality of the ship envelops you long after you have gone ashore. Her characteristics jostle for first place in the mind. You remember one arresting fact—to have it pushed aside by another . . . You recollect the thoughtfulness in detail that will contribute to the daily and nightly composure of her people; the strong room with its mass of glinting steel drawers; the sound-proof studio, built from the latest B.B.C. designs; the fresh flowers available every day and the buttonholes every night; the squash court; the gadget-ridden gymnasias; the cinema in the third class and the comfort and gaiety these passengers will enjoy; the immense number of private bathrooms; the vast deck spaces and the long, unimpeded walks you can take on them; the universal lightness and cheerfulness of all the appointments, and the myriad sun-trapping windows in this "daylight ship"; the extensive broadcasting arrangements whereby the world's programmes can be heard as uninterruptedly as at home; the secret telephone talks across the world that can be carried on from any one of the five hundred cabin staterooms; the teak-built pianos never seen before on ships' decks; the extraordinarily elaborate hairdressing saloons; the printed supply of the morning newspaper with all the latest social exhilarations and market depressions . . . But memory cannot encompass all her friendly attributes. She must be lived in, thoroughly to be understood and loved.

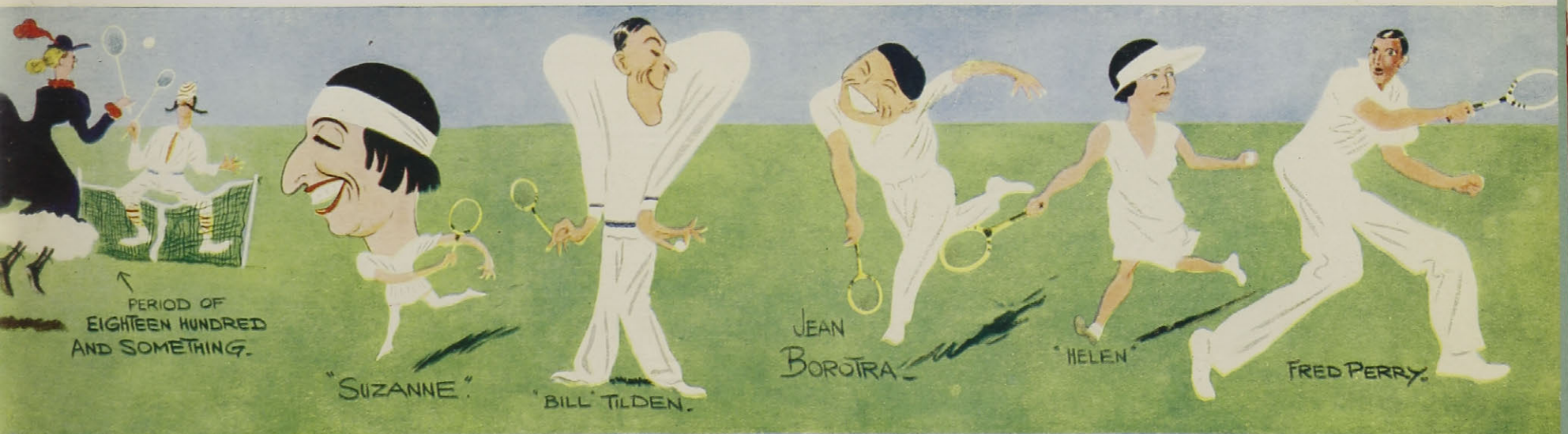
Nevertheless, from this epic story of human endeavour, of master mind and cunning hand that fashioned and brought her, complete and royally graceful to the ocean, one thought remains supreme. That she is an emblem of Great Britain, built and embroidered by men of goodwill with the best that they could give to the service of the sea.



Celebrities of the boxing world form part of Tom Webster's decorative frieze in the Cabin Gymnasium, Sun Deck.



Another section of the cartoons by Tom Webster, showing well-known golfers.



Famous tennis players, as depicted by Tom Webster in his frieze for the Cabin Gymnasium, Sun Deck.

R.M.S. "Queen Mary"



A fine example of decorative craftsmanship,  
in one of the Cabin special staterooms.

R.M.S. "Queen Mary"



Bas relief in sprayed nickel by Rebel Stanton,  
Tourist "A" Deck Lounge.

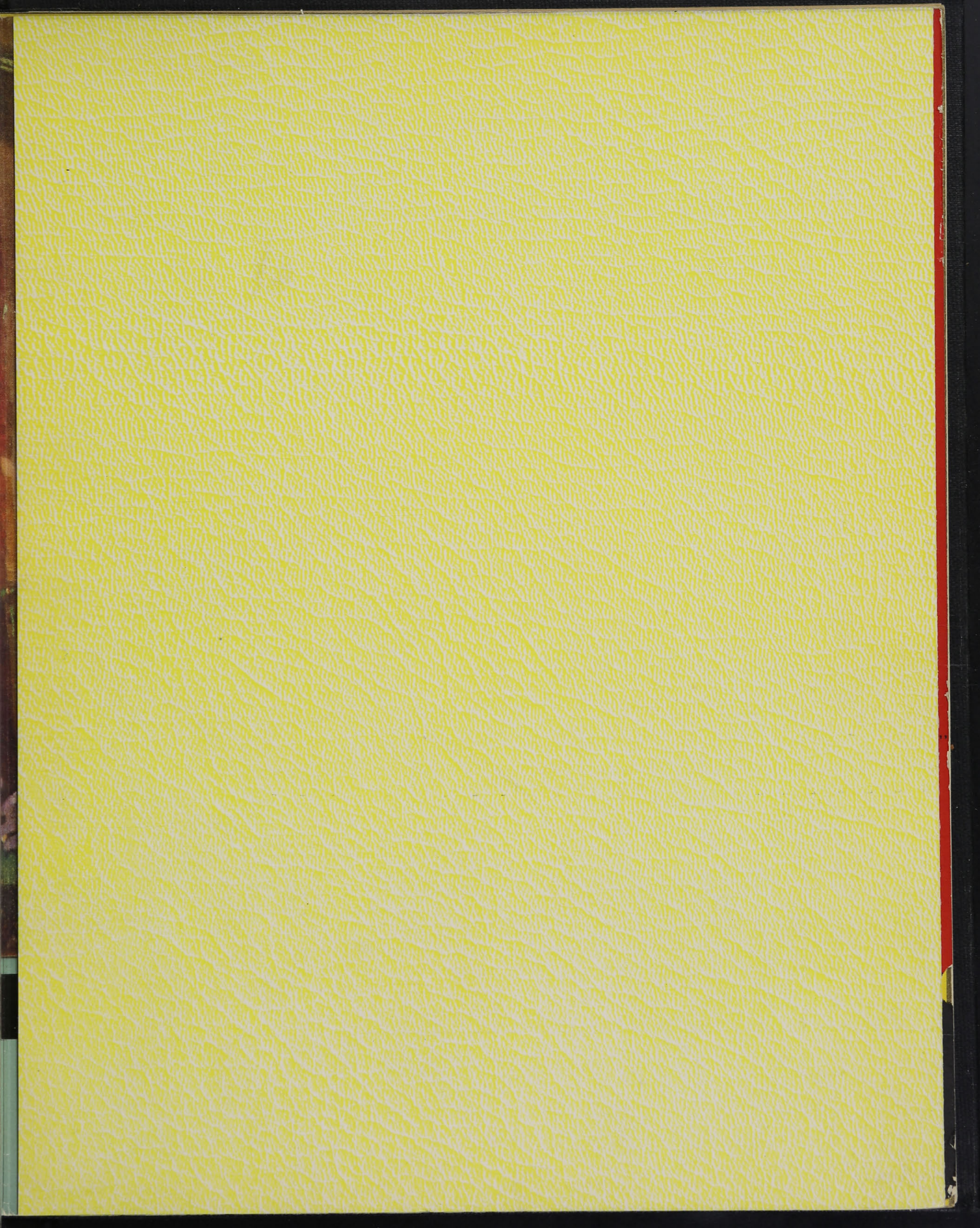
R.M.S. "Queen Mary"



"The Sea." Painting by Edward Wadsworth,  
Cabin Smoking Room, Promenade Deck.

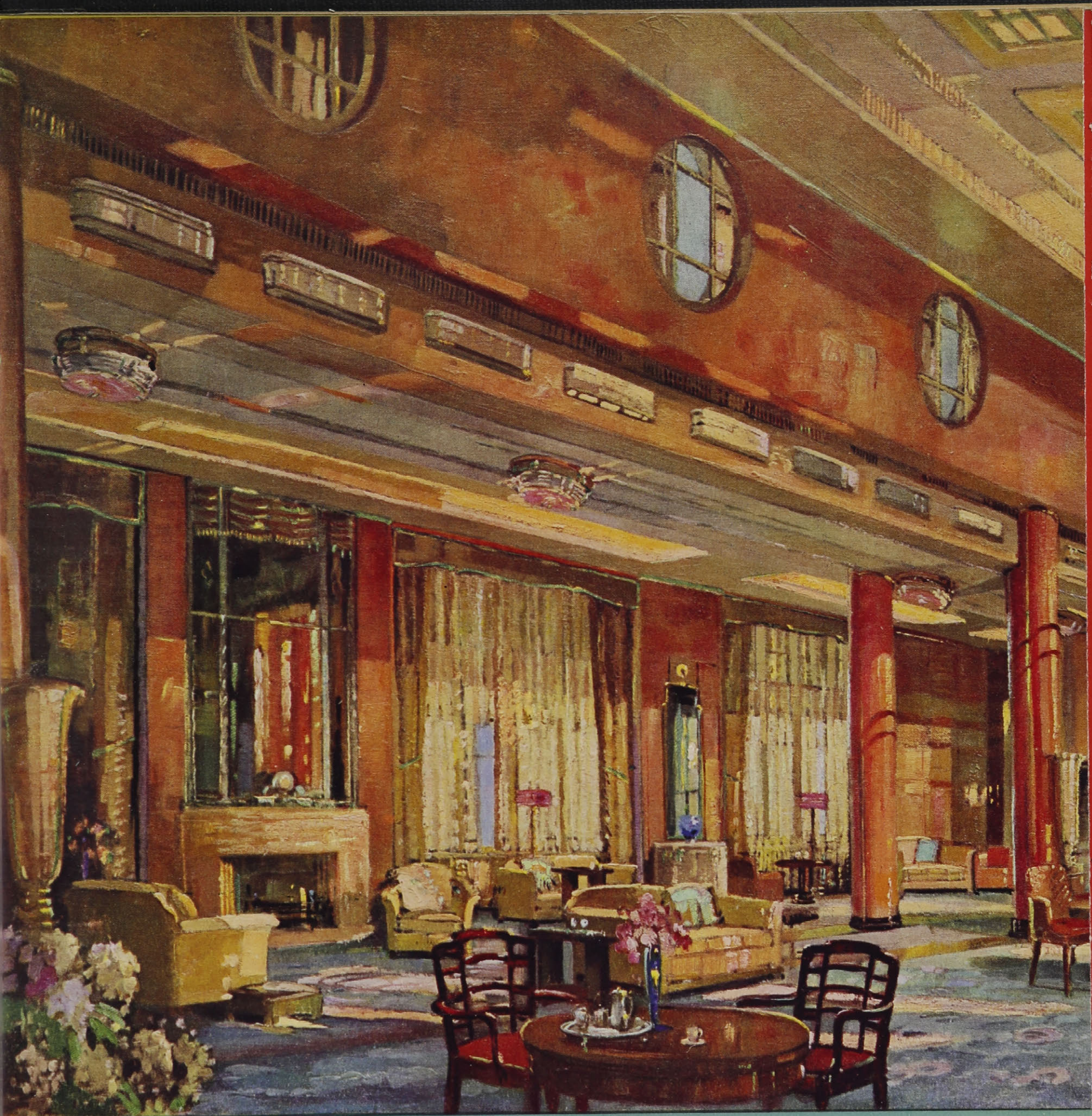
The painting represents all kinds of objects connected with the sea and shipping. Grouped round a white column are various shells, a cork float, a sextant and a spiral brush used for cleaning ships' boiler tubes. In the background is a breakwater with lighthouse and flagstaff, with a fleet of trawlers behind. On the right, coming up over the horizon, is the "Queen Mary."

The picture may be considered as pure decoration or as a piece of symbolism. The shells are symbols of organic life, the cork float of buoyancy, the sextant and mast-head light of orientation, the cable of security, the anchor of faith, the head of Venus of a love of beauty, the pink ribbon of romance, and the brush of cleanliness. The artist's signature (initials E. W.) is shown by the flags (International Code) on the flagstaff.









*An impression of the Cabin Lounge, Promenade Deck,  
by H. Davis Richter, R.I., R.O.I.*



R.M.S. "Queen Mary"







One of the three large mural carvings by John Skeaping, Starboard Gallery, Promenade Deck.

R.M.S. "Queen Mary"



*A colourful marquetry panel in the  
Third Class Garden Lounge, Main Deck.*



*One of the two flower studies by Cedric Morris,  
Starboard Gallery, Promenade Deck.*

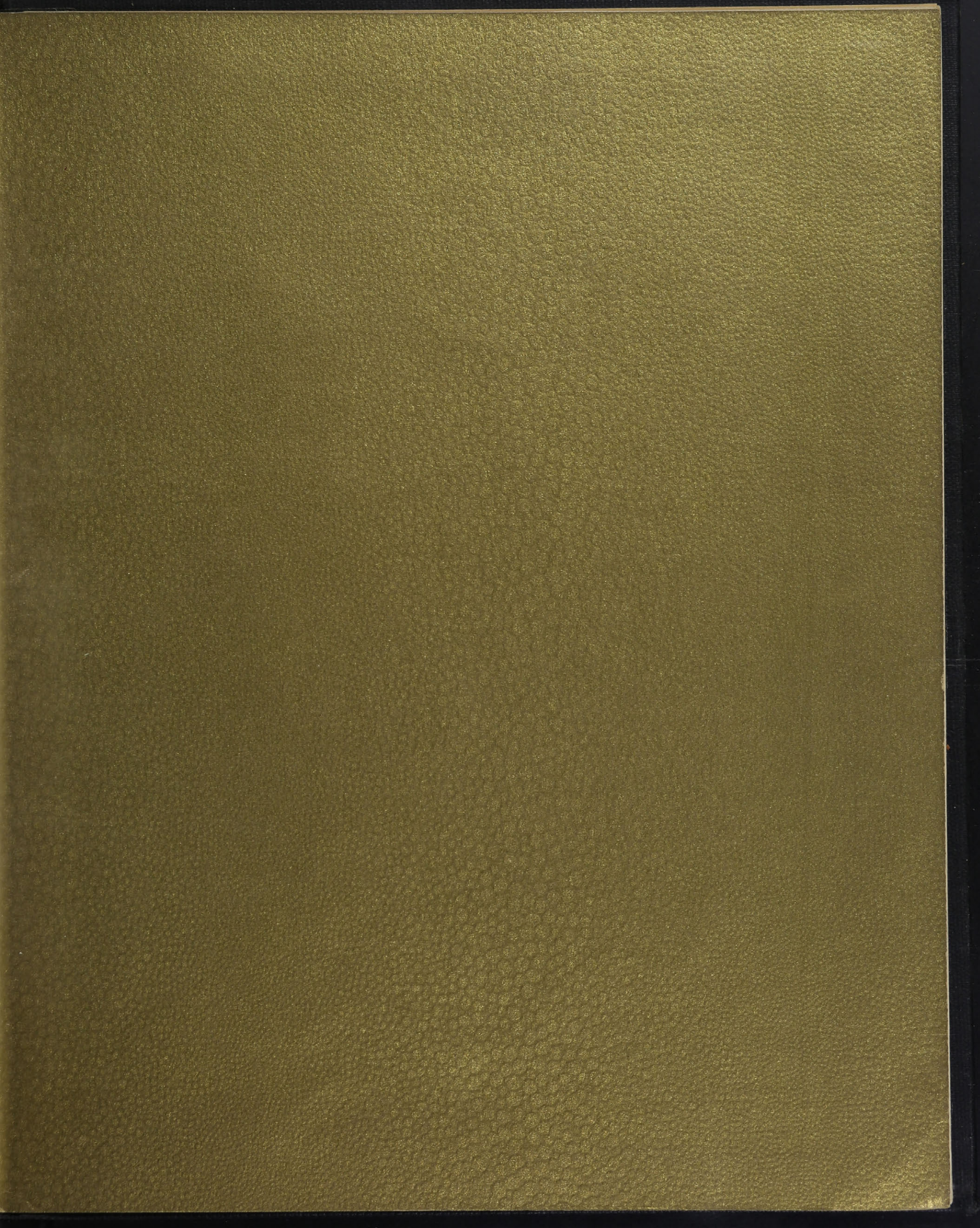
Two of the illuminated glass panels by Charles Cameron Baillie, in the Tourist Swimming Pool, "F" Deck.



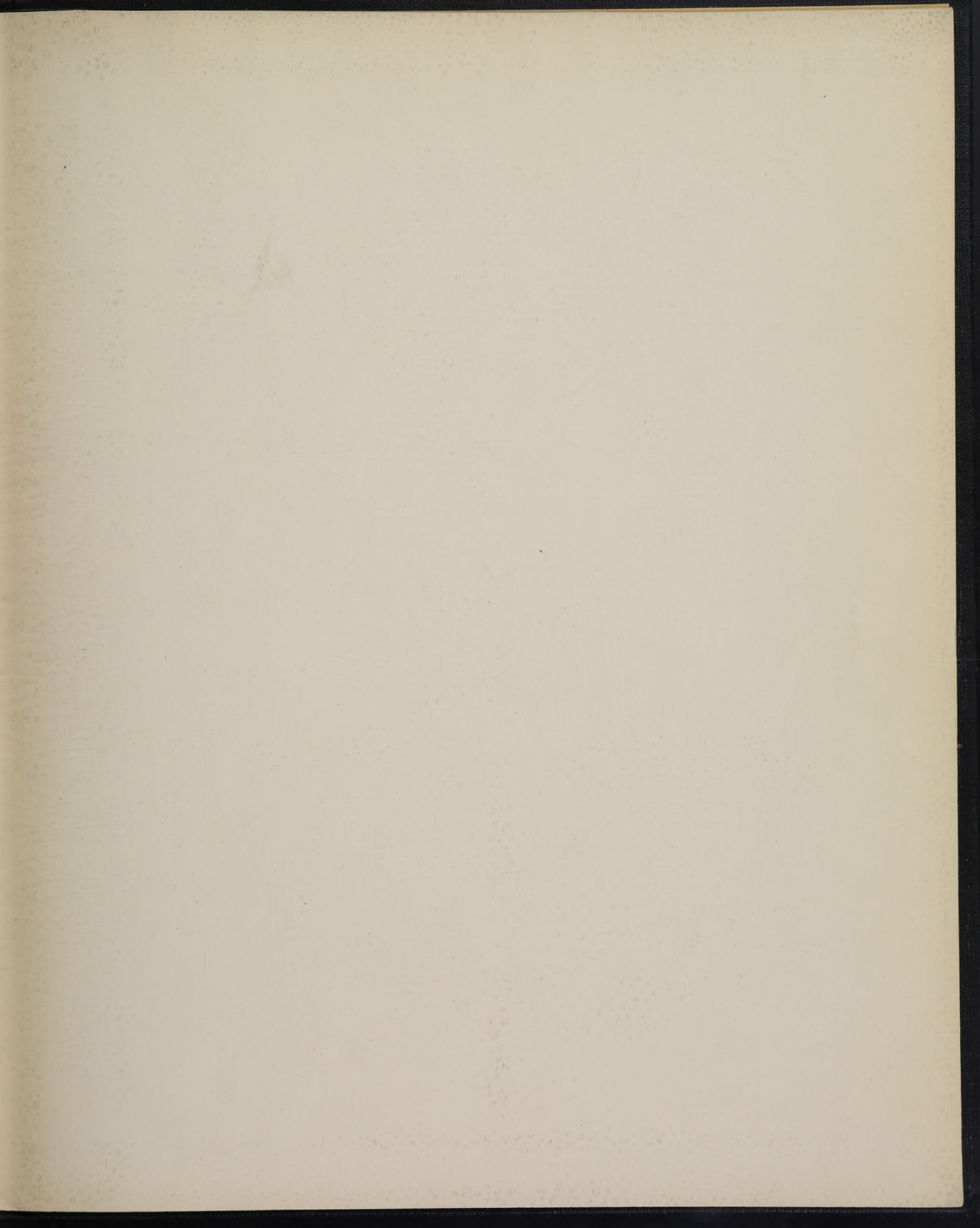
R.M.S. "Queen Mary"

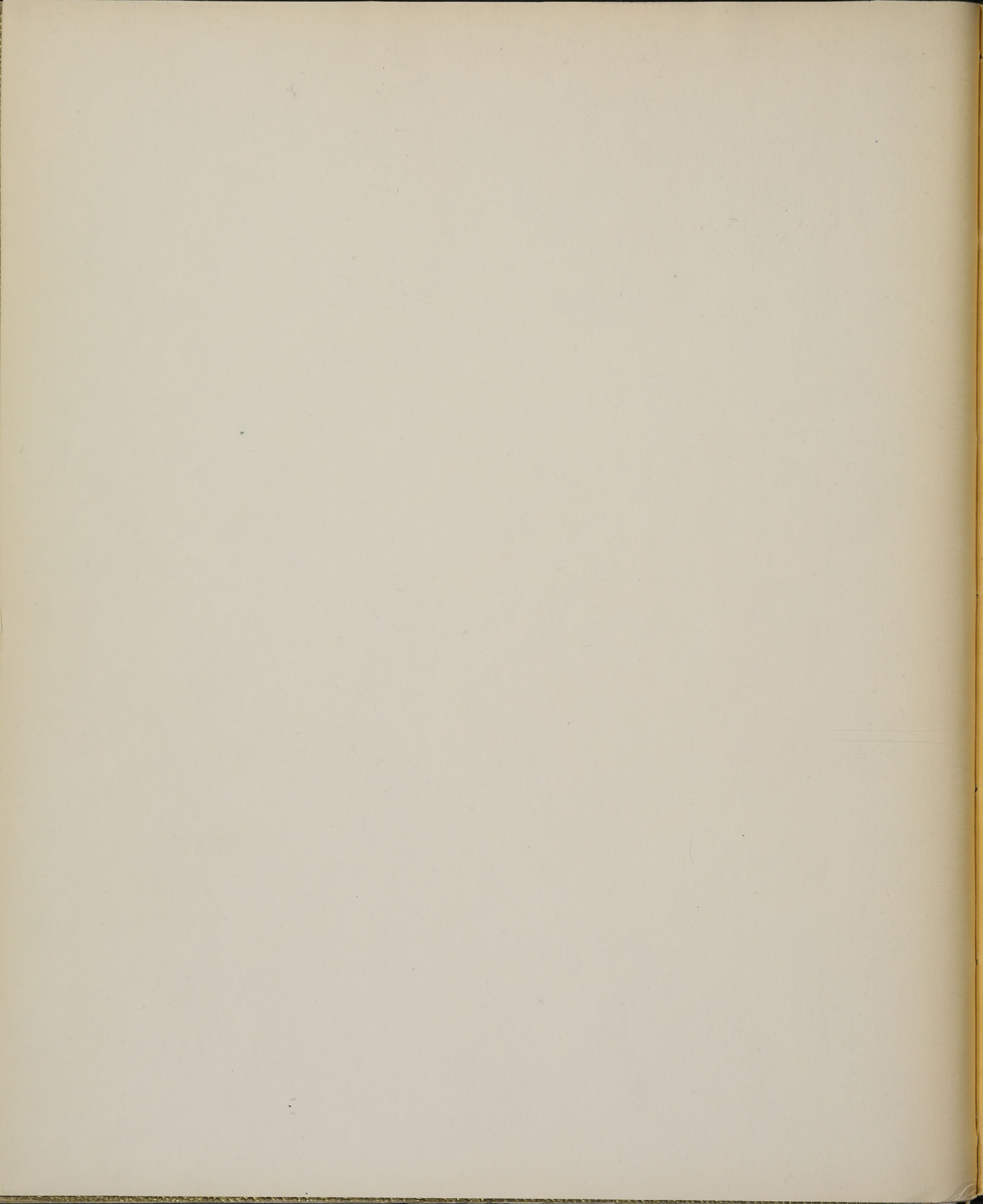


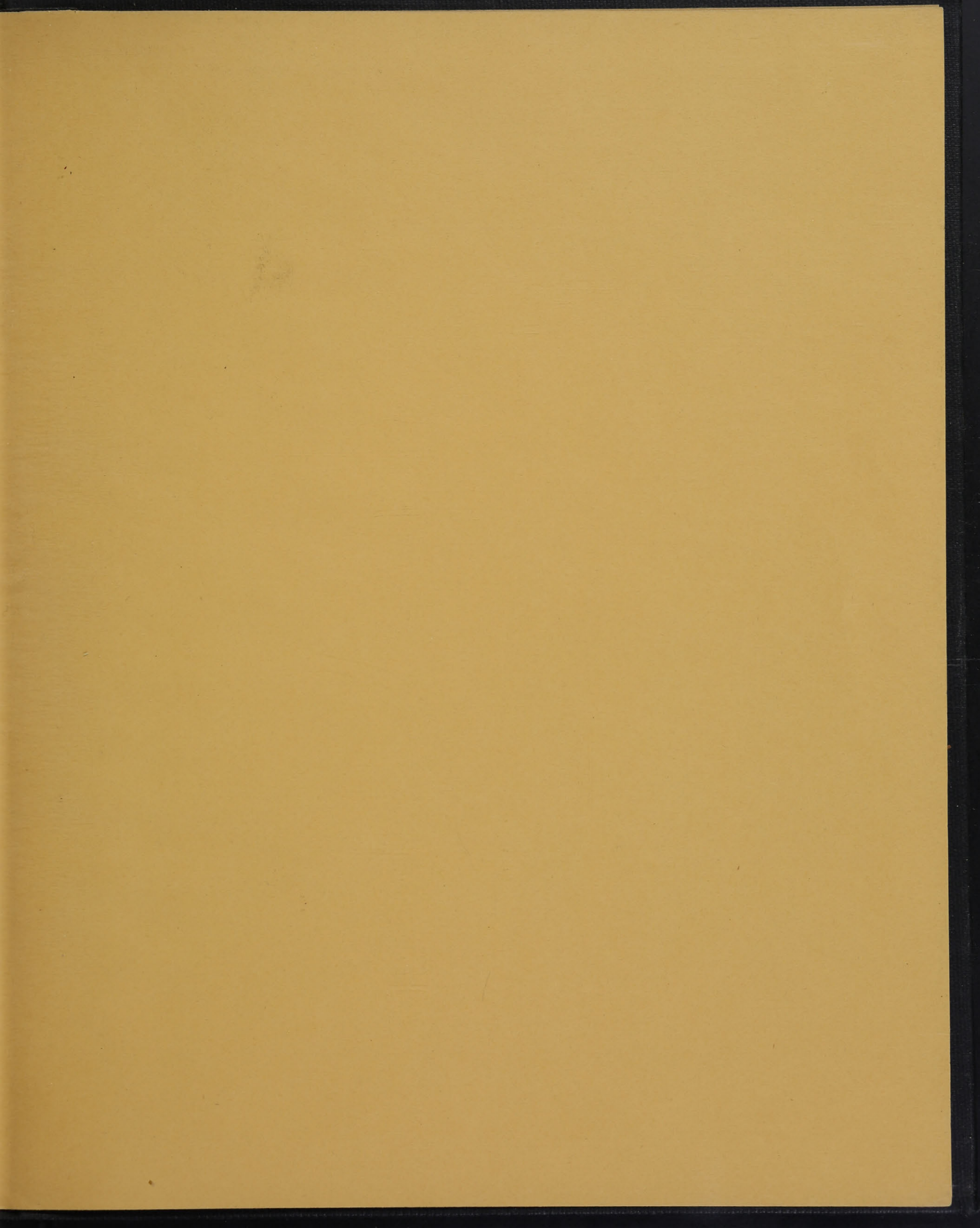














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