them in their greaseproof paper. Over per Avenue, which runs the way couldren dance behind the clean through park, rollharbed wire of a concentration camp, a second band car dealer's yard. God and mammon are aixtaposed the chapelboard prays "God Bloss Our Queen" against the hotel's gusty "Here's a Health Unto Her Majesty." Then it's as it the box is suddenly bent, the waxed string tast and quivering. Swifter than the pard, the Prime Minister runs the countlet in his black himousine getting cent combination. Their an ironic thrust or two. (No matter who he is, he will always provide a release for self-consciousness; for who does not feel just a little foodsh gathered here to yell approvingly at someone? Now if it were at Lancaster Park . . .). Then cheering sudden and herce. Tiny chil- ing. We camp on the dren are boisted, hats removed, flags, other side under the unfurled. A yell goes off in your ear trees, thousands of us, a like a bomb. A car bearing a wellknown picture floats by, paradoxically in with good humour. As a flash, an exposure at a twenty-fifth of the hour draws near we a second. But the picture was moving find a position presided with those stylised gestures that are the only sensible way to ration charm, as a gipsy and with a Everyone has shouted at her or him, tribe of women and A personal shout, an instinctive movement to establish a link. Did eyes meet? Perhaps. The noise goes rolling up the street, the roar of an avalanche falling bashed in if they stand away. We turn for home, for tea, with something other than ourselves to talk about, "Isn't she beautiful, really lovely, eb?" "I say, he's a little bit of all right." The welcome has been magnificent, In fact, so pleased are we that sort of way. And I am everybody seems pleased with us that very grateful for anyone we keep on trying to do better,

T is difficult not to join the crowd which gathers about the garlanded hotel that evening. The Royal Musical Society has massed its choir outside on the scented river-bank to sing "Who bunting should look well Comes This Way? The May Queen comes. Let her path be spread with roses white, and roses red." And when the Queen and the Duke appear on the balcony there is one tremendous roar and a swoop of pale colour blurred by dusk as almost a hundred choristers pick up their long skirts and run to a vantage point, a choreographer's dream. The crowd lingers, grows, Will they come out again? Children perch in embrasures. A man says thoughtfully, "You know, it really looks just like a prison. Matter of fact, that's about what it is. We can't get in and she can't get out." Much cheering and ctapping, songs like "Every Nice Girl Loves a Sailor." But the few attempts to chant "We want the Queen" are quickly shushed: we are on our best behaviour. The patience of it all! Thousands wear the warm night on their brows, talking quietly. And when They appear for the last time, there is a transfiguration of face quite startling, an urgency to touch and hold something for which I can find no name. Police grinning, happier than I've ever seen them--never underestimate the power of a woman.

wonderfully fine and so we go to Har- church I believe they got the welcome

ing and tree - flanked where 16,000 schoolchildren are gathered on one side of the road. For hours they ferment behind a hedge, bubbling with soft drink and high spirits, a headily inno-"comfort stations." pitched like Bedouin tents and visible above the hedgerow, are advertised, not disguised, by a long scream of buntcrowd sunburnt and ripe over by a man as dark children. They are all seated, under threat of having their heads up. "Siddown!" He has managed to get others to co-operate for several yards along. He is very cheerful in a sinister who organises with good humour. Here the children are the show their enthusiasm as keen as a knile in the heart, And. thrown in, a clown to take their pictures. The spread out by Cinema-Scope.

AND so it goes. Sun to burn, as it were. Days of washed brilliance. To the Hospital where children receive them in a purity of silence. To our sinewy Gothic Cathedral made splendid by fanfares and trebles soaring. With worshippers of another kind to "the trots" at Addington. To a factory where great webs turn into nylons. (Here an onlooker found a use for that empty car piloted by a grinning chauffeur.

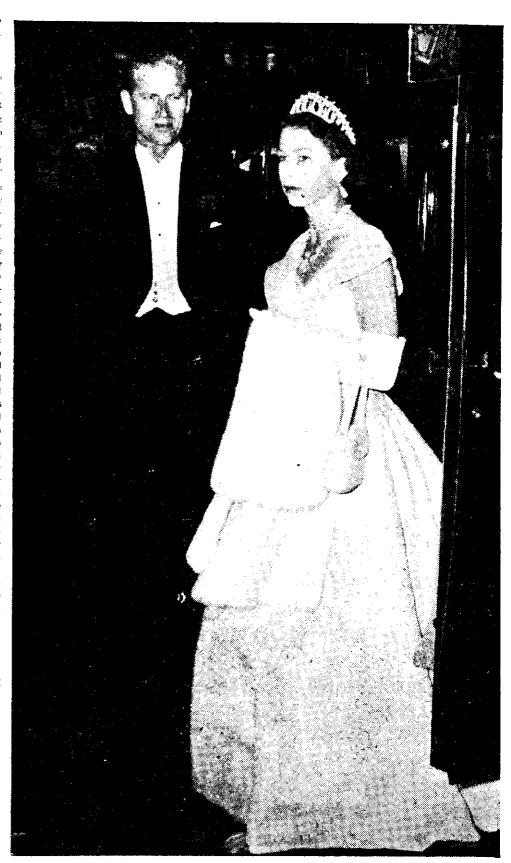
"She'll have her nylons in that," as the cavalcade passed). To a garden party to nibble strawberries, and meet, well, some of the people.

As I write they are still here, enjoying a night at the movies on the eve of their HE day of the great drive through going. As you read, they will have gone the city is for us a picnic. It is from the country altogether. In Christ-

they deserved, spontaneous, overwhelm- lie in an abstraction when you meet ing, but tactful. Their youthful charmensured the spontaneity, the Queen's dignity verging on shyness coupled with the Duke's smiling vigour and sincerity gained from the crowds the respect the breeds a complementary dignity in enthusiasm. There was no fleck of illhumour. Some people realised, perhaps for the first time, the warmth that can

the human beings from whom it is drawn like breath. And so, having come to us with grace, perhaps they will remember as as having received them with the grace, sincere if a little unpolished, of those who work long in gardens, sit under trees and think our children wonderful.

–Jim Walshe



"A night at the movies on the eve of their going"