

London Airport

STA

SMILING Queen Salote, 6ft 3in friendly Queen of the Friendly Islands, was saying her farewells today. On Thursday she starts her long journey by sea from Tilbury to Tonga.

Today she lunched at York House with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. This evening she gives a party to some of the multitude of friends she has made here.

What a host of memories this cheerful Queen will take back to her 50,000 subjects on the other side of the world.

In a six-weeks' whirlwind visit she has seen more of Britain, its people and its ways than most tourists see in a lifetime.

Into Our Hearts

SHE has been to Buckingham Palace to see the Queen. She has dined with Mr Churchill, and lunched in the Guildhall. She has been to Scotland, Ireland and the Isle of Man.

Queen Salote has seen cricket at Lord's and music-hall at the Palladium. She has watched Margot Fonteyn dance "The Sleeping Beauty" at Covent Garden and laughed till tears came into her eyes at Runyon's "Guys and Dolls."

She laughed her way into London's hearts as she sat in her open carriage in the pouring rain on Coronation Day—and caught a good old-fashioned English cold.

Now Queen Salote goes back to Tonga. How well she has lived up to the name of her home, the "Friendly Islands."

Linger longer

QUEEN SALOTE of the Tonga Islands has decided to leave London on her homeward journey on July 8. London will be sorry to lose her. After driving in her open carriage through the rain of Coronation Day, the queen said she liked our English weather. Nat Gubbins wrote in the Sunday Express:

LINGER longer, Queen of Tonga,
Linger longer wiv us.
Linger while the English summer
Gives us all the shivvas,
While the summer east winds blow
And shake our English livvas.

Queen of Tonga, linger longer,
While the blizzards blow,
Wot to see the hail at Henley,
Ascot in the snow.
See our flooded cricket fields
Awash before you go.

Linger longer, Queen of Tonga,
Till the summer's through.
Watch ye Englyshe Maypole dancers
Dance with noses blue.
(Dancing round with naked toe
In ye slush and in ye snow
Round ye merrie merrie-oh).
Linger longer, Queen of Tonga,
Linger longer, do.

G. Standard

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for Paris.
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Talk

TALL, tireless Queen Salote of the Tonga Islands, with the wise and kindly smile, is only half-way through the extensive sight-seeing tour of these islands planned as soon as she arrived here a month ago.

From to-day until next Tuesday she will be in Scotland.

To-night, after visiting Holyrood Palace, she will dine in the lower banqueting hall at Edinburgh Castle. The Earl of Home, Scottish Minister of State, will preside.

Then she will go on to Inverness, Oban, Glasgow, Loch Lomond and Carlisle.

Irish Tour

On June 25 she flies to Belfast; then over the border to Dublin and a week-long tour of the Irish Republic. That leaves six days for a rest in her London hotel.

The "rest" includes a tree-planting ceremony at Windsor and a lot of last-minute shopping. Queen Salote still has to buy the clothes she will wear for the visit of Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh to Tonga later this year.

Land of Love

The fifty-three-year-old Queen tells friends that her visit has been one of the happiest occasions of her life.

She is torn between anxiety to get back to her Islands—called the "Land of Love"—and the temptation to prolong her stay.

The Islands win: Queen Salote will fly from London Airport on July 8 for Paris and for home.

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By GWEN ROBYNS



Queen Salote.

QUEEN SALOTE is a most remarkable woman. It is just fifty-two days since her brilliant white smile flashed out from a porthole when she arrived at Southampton. Tomorrow she sets out on her journey back to the Friendly Island of Tonga, the world's smallest kingdom, 17,000 miles away.

Yet in that fleeting moment of time her name has become a legend. A night-club song has been written about her. A race-horse has been called after her. Several June babies were named. Charlotte, the anglicised version of Salote.

Even those august gentlemen of the Colonial Office are shaking their heads in amazement that a fifty-three-year-old grandmother, from a minute Pacific Island, could overnight become such a favourite.

But no one is more surprised than Queen Salote herself. "I just don't understand this—I haven't done anything to deserve it," she says.

Nor did the adulation stop once she had left London. On her return to London last Thursday the Queen was so exhausted emotionally after her Scottish and Irish trip that she had to cancel her engagements and spend three days quietly in her hotel.

All along the route at every hamlet and farmhouse the people waited, sometimes for hours in the rain, just to catch a sight of this captivating woman. Her great height, her soft brown velvety face and her regal bearing made it impossible for her to escape attention. But she never relaxed.

When the crowds were thickest she kept nudging her daughter-in-law, Princess Mata Aho, and American lady-in-waiting, Mrs. L. Windrum, saying: "I can't wave both sides—you two girls must help me."

And every mail since her arrival has brought piles of fan letters too—enough to make most film stars green with envy. Every day Queen Salote devotes some time to sitting quietly opening and sorting each letter. Some are for her lady-in-waiting to answer, some for her official secretary, but not one remains unread.

They are letters from hundreds of ordinary folk. "A face like

● IT came 17,000 miles

● IT shone for 52 days

● IT won the heart of London

The SMILE goes home to-morrow

yours can solve all the troubles in the world," wrote one woman. And, regrettably, there is the quota of professional scroungers who tap each famous name in turn.

In Galway there was a bunch of flowers awaiting her with a card signed by a Tongan name. There was a familiar ring about it and the Queen made further inquiries. The name was bestowed on an American G.I. (now studying at Galway University) when he was stationed in Tonga.

Slowly it all came back to Queen Salote. She remembered playing the piano one day (she frequently composes pieces to celebrate family events) in her country cottage in Tonga. She looked out of the window and saw a G.I. sitting by the roadside listening.

The Queen instructed a maid to invite him in for tea and cakes—she always kept open-house for Servicemen. They talked of music and his home.

In Galway this G.I. and the Queen met several times to talk about those far off days in Tonga.

One thousand years of royal lineage have left their mark on this handsome woman. She is unmistakably regal, every inch a queen.

Even as a solemn, brown-eyed child in Tonga, when she preferred dressing up live kittens to dolls and pushing them in her pram, Queen Salote has been aware of her royal heritage.

At boarding school in New Zealand (aged ten) she politely refused to do "knees bend" and "bunny hops," explaining that she did not think these ungainly attitudes right for a future queen.

But when leaving those self-same mistresses at an old girls' tea-party she ~~met~~ in London the Queen ~~met~~ and kissed each octogenarian on both cheeks.

"I think schoolgirls were better in my day than now," she added happily.

Perhaps the secret of Queen

Salote's remarkable character is her bountiful wisdom. It is as a mountain stream—cool, clear, untroubled. For, in addition to her complete absorption of European culture, she has a background of Polynesian philosophy. And that is very wise indeed.

She is a kindly woman, too, with a mother's heart. Guests at the State (dinner party given at Buckingham Palace on June 4) watched Queen Salote and her escort, Hon. Gerald Lascelles, deep in conversation.

All through dinner they continued. They were talking about the new Lascelles baby and the Queen's four grandchildren—subjects on which they can both wax eloquently.

Practical twist to Queen Salote's love for children is her interest in child welfare, both here and in Tonga.



On one of Queen Salote's visits to the Palace the Queen asked for the nurse to bring down from their nursery Prince Charles and Princess Anne. But a visiting Sultan in brilliant array and strange, exotic clothes was also present. The meeting was not very happy—as far as Princess Anne was concerned.

At official functions Queen Salote has not tried to hide her affection for a man she admires tremendously — Sir Winston Churchill. During a reception at No. 10, Downing-street when someone kindly suggested that she might like to mingle with the V.I.P. guests Queen Salote replied: "All I want to do is sit here and watch that great man's face."

Of that celebrated Coronation Day drive in the rain which won the admiration of every Londoner Queen Salote is typically modest.

To the frequent protests of "Rain... Cold!" from her companion, the Sultan of Kelantan (who speaks little English), she turned and said: "Rain good... nice rain make flowers grow."

Happily, the Queen and the Sultan have met several times since and are now "the best of friends."

Queen Salote's letters home are filled with instructions. With our Queen she has talked over the coming Royal visit and is now anxious to get home and personally supervise arrangements.

Her letters contain memos for the gardeners, plans for re-decorating and suggestions about the Royal feast—a highlight of the visit.



Besides, there are copious things of interest to tell her subjects. Not how she met Lord This-and-That but such things as they will understand—the newest hospital equipment, how their copra becomes margarine and so on.

These last two weeks have been busy shopping ones. There were tartans to be bought for her grandchildren (she chose a dress Stuart), a search of the antique shops for secondhand instruments for her son, the Crown Prince and Prime Minister, who is forming a brass band to welcome Queen Elizabeth, a black shawl from Connemara for her oldest retainer at the Palace, and hosts of more intimate gifts for friends.

Her only personal indulgence is a stock of new books ranging from a ponderous life of Queen Victoria to Agatha Christie's latest "who-dun-it."

Yes, Queen Salote is a most remarkable woman.

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