

THE SILVER WEDDING

Guns fire a salute and bells peal as a nation rejoices with its King and Queen. For any family, a silver wedding day is one of happiness. For the King and Queen and their people it is also a day of thanksgiving. Behind them lies the romance of the young Royal Prince who married his Scottish bride - not knowing what destiny had in store. 25 years have passed - years of service - a quarter of a century of devotion to a people, a family and to each other. On this, their day of remembrance, the thousands whom they serve, join in the gladness.

At Temple Bar, the Lord Mayor presents the King with the ceremonial sword - ancient custom that grants the sovereign the right to enter the city.

Many times have they driven along this route to receive their people's loyal greetings. But today it is different. None of the pomp and ceremony can hide the simple significance of it all. As the Royal carriage draws up at St. Paul's, a husband and wife come to their parish church to give thanks for 25 years of happiness.

Possessing within their family circle, the secret of happily married life, the King and Queen have given the people inspiration and youth an example. And it is the nation's children who are the first to greet them as they leave after the moving service.

Behind them comes the family party. The King's mother - as gracious as ever. With her is the Earl of Athlone.

The Duchess of Kent is there, with her children.

The Gloucester's are present - the Duke, the Duchess and young Prince William. Behind them come the King's Ministers. Mr. Bevin and his colleagues. The Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill.

And as the family return to their home, it is as if the whole of the nation has come to wish them well. United by the crown and their loyalty to it, the people give them an unforgettable demonstration of public affection.

As the day of thanks for happiness for past years draws to an end, the nation unites to pray "God Save the King."