

50/66

LONDON WELCOME FOR ROYAL BABY

From the Princess's room at Clarence House comes the good tidings for which the free world, though beset by troubles, has found time to pray. To Britain's Royal House a grand-daughter has been born.

Through long days the crowds waited, noting the little homely touches, their vigil brightened by the passing of the pomp of state, while within a mother awaited her hour. And with them the world waited for news of the Royal family who, for their simple virtues, mean so much to so many. News of Prince Charles, perhaps, the baby who some day as King may rule some of those who watch.

The guard goes about its duties, and the crowd surges as the baby Prince returns, waving, from his outing. Patient, loyal little people, drawn as always by a Royal occasion. And then they see the Princess pass, at this hour just a wife with her husband. While the crowds wait, 76-year-old Miss Burnell is pressed for time to finish a 42-inch-square shawl she's making for Princess Elizabeth who is patron of the Cottage Homes Estate where Miss Burnell has a cottage. Each row takes half-an-hour to knit. Twenty-two members of the Cottage homes made Prince Charles's layette, which will now be used for his baby sister.

As the Princess returns the crowds are still there.

And now their waiting is ended.

To the Princess a daughter is born and the lady who, god willing, will one day be our Queen, for the second time takes the simple, proud title, Mother.