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CHURCHILL FLIES HOME.

An uncomfortable end to a Monte Carlo holiday; but nothing, it seems, can get him down - that indestructible old war horse, Sir Winston Churchill. Not even a fractured thigh at 87. An R.A.F. Transport Command Comet brings him home after his operation in Monaco's Princess Grace Clinic, and all Britain wants to know how he is.

Family first, of course - Lady Churchill and son Randolph; and with them Lord Moran, Sir Winston's doctor.

Everything's laid on for the journey to the Middlesex Hospital - even a fork-lift truck to lower him from the aircraft. He's had a good trip from Nice Airport, escorting officers say - with the cabin pressures adjusted for his comfort, from the normal 8,000 foot level to the equivalent of 3,000 feet. But how's he feeling? He indicates that in his own inimitable way.

To get him to hospital with the least possible delay - a police escort.

The Middlesex Hospital, in the heart of London's West End - and there can't be much work going on in the nearby shops and offices.

A team of three nursing sisters and five nurses will be on round the clock duty while Sir Winston's there, before and after the second operation doctors expect will be needed. Whether they'll keep him cheerful, or the other way round, is a moot point. But one thing's certain - outside the walls there are fifty million of his fellow countrymen wishing him a quick and complete recovery.