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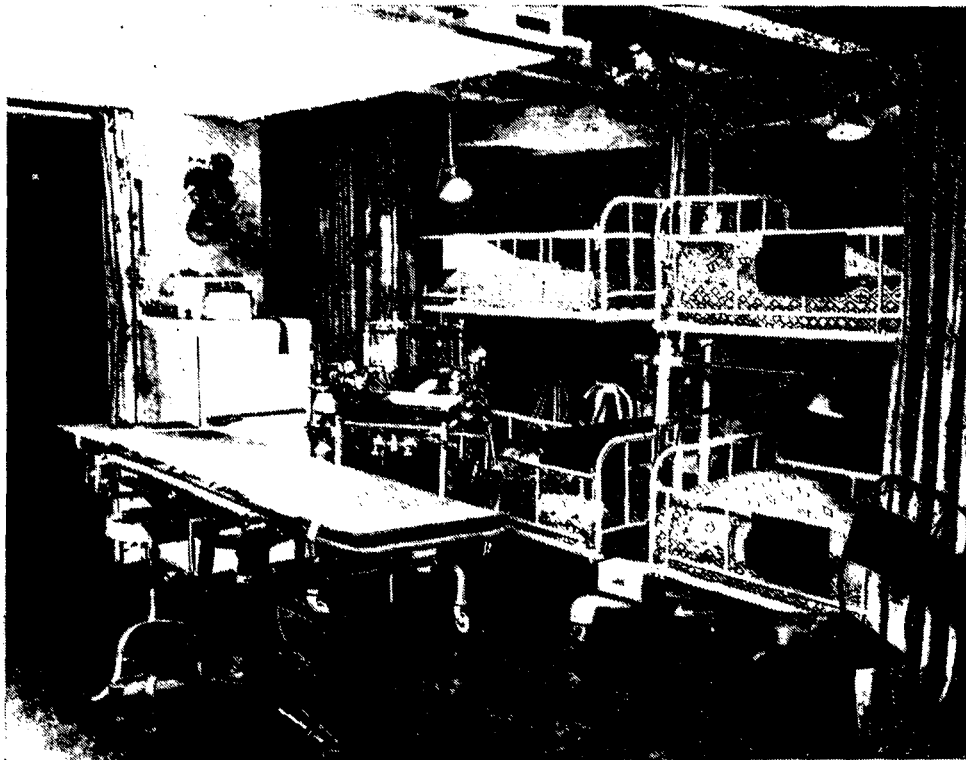
## Editorial.

### Glorious Return May 15th, 1954.

THERE WAS AN AIR of urgency and expectancy in the atmosphere at daybreak. Grey clouds and a chill wind could not suppress the birdsong nor detract from the beauty of the blossom-laden trees and the profusion of flowers everywhere. Only bright sunshine and blue

Thames. Others took to the roof-tops of warehouses along the wharfs or perched at dangerous angles on poles, spikes or railings. Others lined the embankment or gratefully squeezed into microscopic spaces as small as those grudgingly given to fat sardines in tiny tins. Everyone who could possibly do so was determined to see the wonderful spectacle of the Royal Homecoming by hook or by crook.

Just after 1.30 p.m. the beautiful and graceful H.M.Y. Britannia sailed with solemn majesty under the gaily decorated Tower Bridge, the water gateway to the



The Sick Bay on Her Majesty's Yacht Britannia, of great interest to Nurses.

skies were absent on this cool and breezy mid-May morning.

The Queen was coming home today! Coming home to the land of her ancestors after six exhausting months of extensive global travelling! London was determined to do something about it to show its admiring appreciation.

Thus it was that everyone who possibly could, took to the waters in tugs, pleasure boats, cruisers and steamers and lined the processional way of old Father

Queen's most ancient capital of her Empire and Commonwealth—London. What a thrilling and marvellous sight it was. There, high on the saluting deck, was Her Majesty, slim, bronzed by the tropical sun, and as busily anxious as any of her subjects not to miss the sights; energetically winding up her camera and taking historic films.

Suddenly, and with great joy, she caught sight of the Queen Mother and her sister, Princess Margaret. She gave them a delicious and most wonderful wave of

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