

So that we did not even see them though there was a scramble to rise, then a most impressive silence till the Royal Party was placed and "God save the King" was played. It was thrilling though we did not see them. Two men near us, broad shouldered, tall and well built, were without doubt CID men. One little old man flopped out and had to be attended to by St. John's Ambulance men. Then the woman next to me felt faint and had to be attended to. I must say standing was back breaking and it became hotter and hotter. At four o'clock when there was a tea break or interval Geoff and I decided to leave. We had a good look at all the flowers in the foyer but found when we wanted to leave that all the doors were locked. However, one of the men attendants took us to a side door, unlocked it, and again locked it as we stepped out into the beautiful sunshine and God's fresh air. We wandered up to a cafe taking note of the tasteful and wonderful decorations as we went. Standards, flags and bunting were used to great advantage. The town, which is attractive, anyway, looked so gay and welcoming and all were in a holiday mood and happy spirit. We both felt revived after tea for the two hours standing had been killing.

We then crossed the bridge over the Avon and mingled with the crowd on the grassy banks of the river and later met Mary and Edith. After whiling away the time until the play 'Henry the Eighth' was over we saw the King and Queen on their way to the station. We were told that the King when talking to the person taking the part of Henry the VIII before the play started told him how to set out the Order of the Garter and how to wear it correctly, he had apparently, the story goes, had been wearing it incorrectly, prior to this. (Geoff says 'Sounds a good story but when putting on a play every item of dress etc, I should think, is properly checked).

It was a full day and a happy one but tiring. The next day we went into Stratford to book for 'Measure for Measure' which we are going to see on Monday night. All plays for May are booked up. (Geoff: After the fire which destroyed the building it was rebuilt with the assistance of American finance but the stipulation was that a certain number of seats had to be kept and only sold on the day of the performance. To get one or more of these seats one had to go to the theatre on the day of the show and queue up with many others. I went in on two occasions and got seats for that evening's show. I well remember on one occasion I was in the queue when Harry Taylor, who was the Railways System Manager in East London arrived on the scene and started talking to me. I told him that if he wanted a seat he should join the queue. He was always a pushing sort of chap and told me he had a letter of introduction to the manager of the theatre and so there was no need for him to join the queue. Believe it or not as soon as the booking office opened he jumped the queue and got seats, not in the back rows with us but in the body of the hall.

Lorna: The fruit trees are now in full blossom and leaf and all over the countryside the most beautiful masses of colour. The pear trees, which to me are the most beautiful of all, each blossom so large and so freshly white on their weeping branches which are so beautifully shaped. The apple and almond trees are at their best now too. The cherry trees full of white blossom. The now copper coloured prune trees, the pale fresh plum and dark green leaves. The chestnuts, which reach high into the heavens and glossy, leafed holly hedges. There is a large flowering shrub, which, although smelling like cats, has lovely rose coloured balls of flowers in great profusion. Wish you could all share these beauties of nature with me. It must bore you to read about it, it's what filled the heart at the moment. The pictures will last forever.

In the afternoon/