

WELCOME TO KING HAAKON

Up the ancient royal road of kings, steams the Norwegian royal yacht towards the Pool of London ... a lever moves, and in response Tower Bridge lifts as though in salute, as London welcomes Norway's king on a four-day's state visit to the capital he knew so well in the long years of war ... And from the Tower the guns salute.

Tall and erect on the quarter-deck, London catches the first glimpse of King Haakon, as the vessel draws towards her anchorage.

At Westminster the Queen waits with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret as the royal barge, to which the King has transferred, passes the South Bank exhibition. As the royal party watches, the barge turns and approaches the landing-stage so well known to those who take the little steamers to Kew and Richmond.

King Haakon, our King's uncle by marriage, will be best remembered for his dramatic escape from Norway when the Nazis invaded his land. Princess Elizabeth and her sister were little more than children then. From London, Norway continued the fight. As Field Marshal Slim and the Home Secretary watch, King Haakon once again sets foot on English soil.

Then, riding with the Queen in the state landau, Norway's king begins the drive to Buckingham Palace which Londoners know and love so well ... the highest honour we can pay to those we wish to honour.

In welcoming her King, we salute Norway, our ally tried and tested in the acid test of war, and our friend in these troublous days of peace.