

OUR GOLDEN JUBILEE

Where better than on Epsom Downs to begin our Golden Jubilee film? For Pearly Kings and all the Fun-of-the-Fair of the Sport of Kings warmed the heart of everybody, from Monarch to humble punter, fifty years ago as it does today. Same place, same event; different people, different horses. And barring interruptions of two world wars, Pathe News have always filmed the Derby. But at last, for the first time on a newsreel, the Derby was filmed in colour - Technicolor. And with this result; that millions who've never been to Epsom, but only seen it on black and white film, were now virtually seeing it for the first time; colour enhancing the drama, capturing the atmosphere.

At Tattenham Corner, somewhere in the bunch was that Golden Boy of racing, Lester Piggott, reckoned by many as the best Epsom rider since the immortal Steve Donoghue. Piggott was out in front, staving off the challenge of Alcaeus and Kythnos, winning the Derby for the third time.

A great jockey, a great race. And bringing joy to legions of punters, St. Paddy, a great horse.

Tommy Steele, marrying at St. Patrick's, Soho, gave a sort of Rock 'n' Rollers Derby Day to about 3,000 fans.

Ann Donoghue, the bride, is an ex-Windmill Theatre girl, so it was an all-show business wedding. Father Bebb permitted Pathe News to film the ceremony, which was a blend of the solemn and the informal.

The fans gave the Bobbies just about as much as they could cope with.

Tommy Steele was the first star to have his wedding filmed in colour.

If ever any ceremony cried out for colour-filming it is the Trooping. The Queen and her Brigade of Guards, at the annual Birthday Parade of the Sovereign, provide an unrivalled military spectacle, even in black and white; but here, in 1960, it was filmed in Technicolor, revealed upon the screen, as never before, in all its splendour unmatched.

How lovely she looked, this gracious woman, a queen, every inch of her.

For Wimbledon, fortunately, the summer was not yet the deluge it became later. So it was possible for the world's top tournament to be the Ascot of Tennis as it always is when the sun shines. Former champion Althea Gibson was now writing about the play, not battling on the Centre Court.

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Fred Perry's wife put the accent on accessories.

The Tennis itself was not vintage quality; most of the best players have turned professional. Even so, Wimbledon has not yet lost its magic. There's no place to compare with it anywhere else.

What a temptation, for once, to forget all about those vital statistics.

Llangollen believes that for a centre of culture, where better than North Wales. Competitors come from near and far for the International Eisteddfod. In this beautiful Vale Welsh national costume is still to be found, and during the Festival it's evident that other countries have theirs too. In the Land of My Fathers and Birthplace of Song there's a feast of song, music and drama of many lands.

Prince Charles and his sister were taken to Cardiff for the Welsh National Eisteddfod. It was the young man's first visit to the Principality since he was given the title, Prince of Wales.

In Jersey, there was a Continental flavour, for the Queen of the Channel Islands has adopted the European idea of a Carnival Procession and Battle of Flowers.

Last summer the parade of floats could not have been bettered on the Riviera, the home of this sort of thing. 50,000 holidaymakers swarmed into St. Helier from all over the island, to make sure that when it came to the Battle of Flowers, "Battle" was the operative word.

The only people who didn't think the Battle of Flowers a good idea were the street cleaners - and maybe the Press photographers.

Of Cowes Regatta we could say the same as of the Derby - that till you've seen it in colour, you've hardly seen it at all. You don't have to be a yachtsman to thrill to the sight of small ships, scudding along under sail. There was one large vessel there - not under sail - the Royal Yacht Britannia - indicating the presence of the Duke of Edinburgh, seizing the opportunity to sail with his old friend Uffa Fox.

If some of the splendour of Cowes departed with the great "J"-class yachts, of pre-war days it now has the merit of being the regatta of the middle class, as well as the wealthy.

If yachts are beautiful, so in there different ways are those ships of the sky, the modern aircraft. Below this Jet lies the famous airfield of Farnborough, home of the annual display of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors.

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Always great value for money to all who see it.

Thousands of feet up there's beauty that only the colour camera can report.

At Balmoral the Queen graciously permitted films to be taken of the Royal Family on their Scottish holiday, with the latest member, Prince Andrew, much in evidence, the object of admiration all round, not in the least camera-shy.

Blue Bird was on the race-track at Goodwood, for all there to see before the attack on the world speed record, which Donald Campbell was confident he'd raise, at Bonneville Salt Flats. On the return run he was nearing 370, still accelerating.

Then he crashed. At first sight it seemed impossible he could be alive. But he was. A cross wind deflected him from his course, into the salt salt. Bluebird turned over. Campbell, thank heaven, lived to tell the tale.

To and from Monte Carlo, and elsewhere on the Riviera, despite his 86 years, went Sir Winston Churchill, here seen landing at Nice Airport.

Winston is almost entirely withdrawn from public life nowadays, and most men of his age would be content to stay in one place; but that driving energy which served the world so well 20 years ago is not quenched. And he's always very welcome in Monte Carlo.

The Mother of Parliaments; the Palace of Westminster; home of the well tried model of democratic government. The Throne stood in the Chamber of the House of Lords. The occasion, the State Opening of Parliament, filmed now in colour for the first time. In royal pageantry, Britain is rich indeed; and except a coronation, nothing could exceed in majesty and splendour the State Opening. To film it was a privilege indeed.