

And let bonfires be kindled on every hill,
 And let her subjects dance around them at their free will
 And try to drive dull care away
 By singing and rejoicing on the Queen's Jubilee Day.

What greater honour could the children of her Canadian realm
 render to Queen Elizabeth II than to follow the patriotic in-
 junction of William MacGonagall as they let off their fire-
 crackers on the 24th of May, 1954?

E.T.G.

NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT DEPARTMENT

(The following Heading of Civil Service Competition
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AND WE THOUGHT ECDYSIASIS WERE BANNED IN TORONTO!

LONDON

GAY BLADES

I don't want to be misleading and give you the impression
 that outdoor skating is a usual recreation in London. It is
 because it is unusual that I have decided our spree on the pond
 in St. James' Park, in the centre of London, might be of interest
 to you.

As you no doubt have heard, this winter has been "most
 extraordinary", in fact, the coldest winter since 1947 and we
 almost topped the cold spell recorded in the 1800's when the
 Thames actually froze over. This time, however, it was only the
 pond in St. James' Park.

The day we heard that the swans were having trouble getting
 about we hard-hearted Canadians started polishing our skates in
 expectation and when the B.B.C. announced that the swans were
 receiving special treatment from the Queen's Swan Keepers we
 knew our hour had come.

As you may know, there is nearly always a slight haze, some-
 times called a fog, hanging over London and this day was no
 exception. On reaching the Park we were surprised to find the
 pond surrounded by hundreds of spectators and much to our sur-
 prise there were hundreds more on the ice. What a disappoint-
 ment - "I thought this was going to be an original Canadian
 idea". Hiding my distress I sat down on the edge of a flower bed
 and started to put on my skates, watching out of the corner of
 my eye the people already skating. There were the very profi-
 cient, who obviously had been having sneak practices for this
 day at one of the indoor rinks, then there were the ones who
 apparently put on their skates once every "freeze-up" and others
 whose last time on skates must have been at the age of five.
 Everybody was having a lovely time, in their own way, and Queen
 Victoria looked down on us all from her pedestal in front of
 Buckingham Palace.

At the far end of the pond from the Palace stands the Foreign
 Office and no doubt the sight was too much for the inhabitants
 for there on the ice were our friends the Foreign Officers. It
 was quite easy to pick them out among the brightly dressed crowd,
 complete with their Anthony Eden hats, stiff white collars, and