

June 1st, 1939

This is the first ever diary of Her Royal Highness, Princess Margaret Rose.

Sometimes I wake early and can't get back to sleep, because my head's too full of things I want to do. So I thought it would be nice to have something to do that doesn't make a noise. I'm always getting told off for too much noise.

I have this chunky notebook with a photo of me and my sister, Lilibet, on the front. There are no dates in it, so it's not a proper diary, but that's good. It means I don't have to write in it every day. I get a bit fed up with things I have to do. There are far too many of those.

Ruby and Bobo, our nursery maids, and Allah, our nanny, are fast asleep. So is my sister.

Lilibet is Her Royal Highness, Princess Elizabeth, and she is a Very Important Person, because one day she'll be the Queen of England. Poor her, that's what I say.

She'll be a very good queen, because she's a very good person. She's sensible and obedient, and everyone considers her responsible and serious.

She's not a bit like me!

June 21st

Oh dear, I'm not very organized about this diary business. It's weeks since I started it. But while Mummy and Papa have been away in Canada and America, our governess, Crawfie, has kept us so busy. Lilibet thinks Crawfie does it so we won't miss Mummy and Papa too much, but they've been gone more than six weeks. That's a long time to be without your mother and father. But when your parents are the King and Queen of England, you must expect sad times and just keep smiling. It isn't always easy.

We have lessons, of course, and walks, but we've also had lots of outings to keep us cheerful. The best ones were a boat trip on the River Thames, visits to the Royal Tournament and the Royal Mint (we were presented with some special coins) and some glorious picnics.

The most exciting outing was a ride on an underground train! Lilibet and I call it the tube, because that's what the people who use it every day call it. I tried to pretend I was a working lady, but it was difficult because there were policemen with us, and photographers kept calling out. Crawfie was very proper and just walked us straight through

the crowd. I was allowed to hold my own ticket.

But there's another exciting outing planned for early tomorrow! Mummy and Papa are sailing home and we are to sail to meet them!

I can't wait.

June 22nd

I'm supposed to be resting for ten minutes while Mummy and Papa say goodbye to the captain of this ship. It's called *Empress of Britain*, which is sort of what Mummy is!

This morning Lilibet and I sailed on a Royal Navy destroyer called HMS *Kempfenfelt*. It was so exciting when at last we saw Mummy and Papa waving to us. We were so happy to see them again — so happy I almost forgot to curtsy! I'm glad I remembered, because lots of people were watching. Mummy always says it's important for us to behave properly in public. Lilibet never makes a mistake, but then, she always behaves properly, even in private.

When we were alone, we had such hugs! Papa said I've grown, which I'm pleased about. It's not nice being the smallest person in the palace.

Everyone talked at once, and then it was lunchtime.

The ship's saloon was decorated with dozens of balloons. It was so bright and happy. And that was just how I felt inside — full of balloons!

The captain took us on to the bridge as we sailed towards the harbour. The bridge is where they drive the ship. It looked very complicated, but I didn't have a chance to examine all the dials and buttons. Papa drew Lilibet and me forward so we could join them in waving to all the people who had come to welcome him and Mummy home.

It looked as if every person in Britain had come to Southampton!

Next we're travelling to London by train.

June 23rd

Crawfie came and spoke to Allah this morning. I was so tired I could hardly open my eyes.

Then Allah whispered, "No lessons this morning, Margaret." She's allowed to call me "Margaret" in private. "Her Majesty told Miss Crawford you need to rest."

I suddenly remembered yesterday. I leapt out of bed and ran to shake Lilibet. "Wake up! Let's go and see Mummy and Papa!"

She sat up. “May we, Allah?”

Allah nodded. “His Majesty sent a message to say he can’t wait to see his girls!”

What fun we had! It was just like in the old days in our house in Piccadilly, before Papa became King and we moved to Buckingham Palace. Lilibet’s too grown-up for pillow fights (she’s thirteen), but I’m not!

It’s so lovely to have us four all together. Papa couldn’t stop grinning as we rode home in the carriage from the station yesterday. I was silly to think that every person in Britain was in Southampton. There were thousands more on the London pavements. Mummy said her arm ached from waving. I don’t know how she manages to keep smiling without stopping. I can’t. It makes my face ache. Also, Lilibet and I rode facing backwards, which always makes me feel peculiar, what with the carriage bouncing and the horses’ heads bobbing as the guardsmen ride alongside. Then it was upstairs for a balcony appearance.

Before we stepped on to the balcony, Lilibet said, “Remember not to push to the front, Margaret. The people have come to see Mummy and Papa, not us.”

She shoved me in the right direction. Helpful, but irritating. I got my own back by being last to leave the balcony, and turning to give the people a final wave. Lilibet kept smiling, but I think she was annoyed.