When I was quite a small boy, one of the outstanding events of my school holidays was to be taken to a museum. I cannot really say that I enjoyed the visit very much; and certainly not anything like as much as I had to pretend. They were always a little frightening, and towards the end of the day I found them rather boring.

They were frightening because, it was quite clear to me that small boys were not in the least grownup, and the only reason why I was allowed inside the door at all was that I was being looked after by a grownup. The floors were very highly polished; and if by any chance my eye did catch so mething exciting amount the rows and rows of things set out in the fragile glass cases, I harbly dared to go too near to look more closely for fear of breathing on the glass.

As many of you know, museums are not a bit like that now. I have been visiting a number of them in the city. Recently, and I am very happy to say that a revolution has taken place In the attitude of museums to young people and, of course in the attitude of children to the museums.

The begin with, museums are now friendly places, and many of them cater for and lay themselves out specially for young visitors.