

At this time I left the Kent Nursing Home cottage and took up residence in the Marine Hotel where I had a very comfortable room. Here I lived until some time later when a friend of mine, Charles Phelps, who had also become engaged lately persuaded me to share a room with him in a private house in Jameson Street and so save a bit of money. For the room we paid £2 per month and had our meals out. We were very comfortable and most of our meals we took at Salisbury Private Hotel which was then run by Frank Taylor. I know they quoted us a very nominal figure for dinner every day - £3, I think. On rising in the morning we both went to the bathroom and while the one shaved the other bathed. On the way we passed the dining room where the owner and his family were having their breakfast - porridge, bacon and eggs etc. and on the way back to our room Charles would take a deep breath and say 'Well, that's breakfast over'. We had of course earlier had coffee and a rusk or two.

Later Phelps was transferred temporarily to the Customs in Port Elizabeth but returned in time to be my Bestman. I must say that while away Charles every month sent his share of the rent - £1 as he wanted to keep the room on later.

After Charles left for Port Elizabeth Lorna's mother invited me to have my meals with the family in her flat. A very fine gesture and what a wonderful couple were Mother Weaver and Pop Weaver her step-father. They were undoubtedly the kindest and most thoughtful couple I have known.

Lorna's mother owned Woodholme to which she added a new wing and I used to go and watch Schwedhelm building. Later Woodholme was sold to the Goldhills - who later owned the Queens Hotel in Currie Street and later the Killarney Bottle Store - and the Weaver family moved into the two ground floor flats of the six Mother Weaver owned - these were later bought and added to Woodholme.

It was in these two flats that Lorna's Mother made open house to a number of the young lads who were in training for the Air Force in the last war and were billeted at the aerodrome (Collindale) on the West Bank.

We eventually fixed the wedding for the 3rd of March 1932 and as I was then a Captain in the Kaffrarian Rifles we were to have a Military wedding. As a matter of interest the Officers of the Regiment gave us a very fine silver tea set and the Sergeants some very fine cutlery and another fine lot from the Office.

Having fixed the date I went along to see the Padre about calling the banns. When I told him the 3rd of March he said that we could not marry during Lent. However, I told him all had been fixed and I would have to go elsewhere or get the Magistrate to do the necessary. He then said he would write to the Bishop of Grahamstown and get special dispensation, which he did.

The great day arrived but owing to a severe illness in the family the reception had to be cancelled at the last minute and a smaller one was arranged to be held in the drill hall. Charles Phelps as I have mentioned was to be my bestman and Edy - Lorna's sister, bridesmaid. Well do I remember getting up early and cleaning our uniforms, boots swords etc. Quite a big job.

Eventually Charles and I arrived at the Church - St. Johns in Oxford St. and took our seats watched by a large number of friends. As the Organist played the Wedding March, Lorna, on her Pops arm walked down the aisle looking beautiful and full of smiles. Lorna has always been the most beautiful girl in town as her mother was too. At first I felt a bit nervous but as soon as she took my arm I felt fine. It was a very nice service and at the end of the Rev Grimes gave us a very nice homely talk and advice.

After the wedding and having signed the usual papers we marched out under an arch of swords of my fellow officers.

We were then driven to the Drill Hall where the chaps had arranged a very fine reception for us and what a jolly show it was. The chaps must have got a move on to get things ready.