

How kind it was of him to have done so as none of them had money. It gave Mother great joy to be able to write out cheques. They each got a few thousand pounds. Uncle Frank's silver was all sent out and divided among his brothers and sisters and we received portion of Mother's which included silver forks and spoons with the family crest.

Mother and Lorna were very fond of each other and got on like mother and daughter and not in-laws. She came to us again later for some time until she had to go into a nursing home where she passed away.

Shortly after her arrival in 1946 - mother had the big front bedroom - we received word that at the Nursing Home in Johannesburg there was a very fine boy and would we go up and decide whether we wanted him. I might say that there was no need for that for we immediately wired back and said we were thrilled and were leaving right away. In the adoption of children great care is taken to pick children who suit the environments and also the authorities are most particular and strict and make sure, after many enquiries etc. in satisfying themselves that you are suitable parents.

Later you appear before the local magistrate and he advises you of your obligations and then you make the necessary application for the registration of birth to be altered in the register to your name, so that a child on receiving the new birth certificate need not be told that he or she had been adopted but as they are bound to learn later from outsiders it is far better to tell them that they are "Chosen Children" which we did in time.

I can still see Mother and Lorna on the lounge floor cutting nappies. What a thrill it was to think we were soon to have a child. A real joy which we have never regretted and both have turned out fine children - children did I say, they are now Mark and Annaliese 28 and 26 years of age respectively. I am getting ahead of my story being carried away.

Well Lorna and I set out by train for Johannesburg and were met by Uncle Fred and Queenie Bleazby with whom we were to stay at that well known boarding house "The Summit".

The following morning we went to the nursing home and were introduced to Mark who was lying in a pram and with what a smile he greeted us. So he must have approved and so did we at once and I remember Lorna bending down to kiss him and saying "Hullo my own Darling baby". Next day we went to get our baby boy. We received him without a stitch of clothing as we had to provide everything. So off went the happy parents to where Fred was waiting to take us to the station.

On arrival at the station we were informed by the Conductor that, although I had written to our Johannesburg Office to make the necessary reservation, no accommodation had been reserved. I asked if he could please find us a coupe and explained the circumstances. He was a fine chap and said "A coupe with a baby is no good, I will find you a nice Compartment", which he did. Well we settled in, Mark fast asleep in his basket. Later the Conductor came in and being a family man himself, sat down and had a long chat about children, for he had four. He said he had told the Chef that anything special we wanted was to be attended to and the Chief Steward that he was to see that the corridor steward attended to us very well. The Chef did prepare all the food and the corridor steward was along every now and again.

We eventually arrived at the East London station after quite a peaceful trip to be met by the local Union Castle Manager Mr. Neale Down. How kind and thoughtful of him we thought.

We arrived at 27 St. Andrews to be met by Mother who immediately took to Mark.

Mark was a lovely boy and I often think of how, when we went into his room at night and he was awake, he gave us a broad smile and off to sleep. Mark was a most contented child and we both loved him as did Mother, so much so that we immediately put our names down for another child but we were told we should have a long wait.