

the country is green, that lovely rich green. The spring flowers are out, daffodils, crocuses, primroses, snowdrops, tulips, and many more"

I should have mentioned that the children took part in the crossing the line ceremony and were issued with the usual certificate exempting them from going through the ceremony again. Anyway they both enjoyed it though Annaliese, on account of her age, was not subject to the ducking.

We were as usual met by an official of the Company who, knowing the ropes, had no difficulty in getting us through the Immigration. As the Union had not yet declared a Republic we were still British Subjects. Later we were to be treated as Immigrants and granted Residents permits for a limited time to be renewed from time to time. We had had an early breakfast and while Lorna and Min saw to the children I got busy having our baggage taken ashore and through the Customs. This did not take long. Next I met the Automobile Association men who were to see to the landing of the car and servicing. Regarding the car there were certain papers to be signed and the petrol coupons to be collected for Britain was still being petrol rationed. As visitors we were allowed so many miles motoring petrol and over and above that enough to get you to your destination and back to Southampton. The A.A. man said "That of course will be to John-C-Groats in the North of Scotland". Having eventually complied with all regulations and filled up with petrol- taking the balance of coupons with us set off for Evesham. Of course with such a large car we had plenty of room for the baggage which included two cases of pines. These we however decided to pack loose in the boot. I was helped by a couple of the deck hands who were very pleased to be given half a dozen pines. They however asked us to advise the officials on the gate so that they would not be accused of stealing them. We set off and the first large town we passed through was Winchester and thought we would soon arrive at our destination. but soon found that owing to the traffic and the many villages we had to pass through that the trip was to take longer than we had thought. We were thinking of the rate we would take in South Africa with wide open roads and miles and miles between towns.

To continue the story I will now quote from Lorna's diary - letters written in the form of a diary to my Mother and to hers. You will find her story far more interesting than my dry stuff. This is a true story of our trip.

I think I did mention that I had been asked to extent some of my short cuts and so have rewritten my story with additions. Now to quote Lorna's writing with perhaps now and again a few additions by me.