

As my son Mark had been advised by a Government Statute official to take up law he decided to do so. So before we left for our trip I approached Colonel Bartlett, an ex army man I knew very well and a partner the well known and well established firm of Attorneys, Espin and Espin of Grahamstown and he agreed to take Mark on as an Articled Clerk the next year. This we felt would be far better than being articled in East London and due his Law by correspondence. He was to attend lectures at Rhodes but would when not attending lectures work in the office. As Article Clerks only get about R10 a month boot leather money we had to pay for his board which we had arranged and his Rhodes fees. And it is for pensioners was quite an effort. As Mark had to be back for the 1965 term on the 1st March and Annaliese for her Art classes at the Technical College it meant we had to leave early in the New Year while Lorna decided to remain on until May or June.

Mark and Annaliese had used to getting about London so that we could if necessary each go out on our own.

Mark met a young German lad who was taking law but had come over to England to improve his English and he and Mark used to attend the Old Bailey and listen to cases there. I went on one occasion and found it most interesting. This young lad used to get a bit homesick and he told us he used to phone his mother in West-Hamburg, direct dialing. He put no money in the box, not having much to spare, but when the phone rang in his mothers house she used to say she was well but of course, not having ~~inserted~~ inserted a coin could not speak. On one occasion the three of us Mark, the German boy and I went to the House of Parliament to listen to debates but had to stand in a long queue and talking to one of the policemen he said we would have to wait for hours. But when we said we had come all the way from South Africa he said 'Why not go to your M.P. House so they have been allotted four seats every day. They will give you the necessary permit and when you arrive here we shall straight away into a seat, and take charge of you walking sticks, coats etc' We thanked him and then went a near by pub for a beer. It was a very nice place with joints of roast beef from which the barman carved you a beautiful chunk of piping real English Roast Beef and some veges. This we thoroughly enjoyed and called there again the following day before going into the house with our wife. We listened to some very interesting debates which one could hear very clearly. Harold Wilson was there and we heard him speak. But I wondered how the Speaker could pick out each member who was to speak. When entering the house we were given the programme of debates for the day. There were two attendants in frock coats etc. who walked around to see that people kept silent. There was of course no score of bombs then.

The acoustics as I have mentioned were very good and even way up where we were we could hear every word. Apparently the speaker has a plan showing where each person sits and the would be speaker presses a button which indicated on the plan the man and his name. After leaving we returned to our pub of the previous day for a counter lunch.

When we were in the city we usually went to Woolworth for lunch. For here queued up and as you moved along the counter you picked up plate knife fork spoon etc. and then on to the eats. Here they portions of chicken, beef, stews, curry etc and you took your pick and then some vegetables. There were of course cold meats and salads. When you got to the end the girl checked up what you had and charged the amount. and it usually amounted to between four and five shillings. You then picked up your tray of food and moved to one of the many tables to enjoy a good but inexpensive meal.

In contrast was the time I ~~took~~ took Annaliese to the Tate Gallery where we decided to have lunch. We started with chilled melon, 2/6 and so on and in the end the lunch cost just under a pound. I enjoyed looking at all the paintings. But the one that struck me was just a blank red