

Lorna had phoned to say we were on our way and had to spend the day in Port Elizabeth. They took myself and the Welsh lads to spend the day in their flat. From there I was able to phone Lorna and the Welsh's.

We spent a very pleasant day and entrained again that evening to arrive in East London the following morning.

I told Lorna or rather suggested to her that she motor to Berlin to meet me as I was not keen on a reception by the Mayor on the East London Station. Incidentally, we were the first ex POWs to arrive back in East London on the 28th April before the war was over.

Lorna duly met me as arranged and had brought the old garden boy to help in case she had trouble. Well, as we arrived in Berlin the Welsh boys threw my baggage, one kit bag, out of the window. It was such joy to be again united and then we drove off in the old Hillman which had done so much running about when we were in training before leaving for the Middle East. After travelling about ten miles we drew up under some nice shady trees and had some tea which Lorna had brought in a thermos.

It was good to be home again as our house had been let and we could not take over again for a while, we lived with Lorna's Mom and how welcome she made us. I was sorry old Pop Weaver, Lorna's step-father had passed away and was not there to greet us too as he was a great man on soldiers etc. having fought as a sniper in the first war.

I called on numbers of people and we had numerous visitors, many wanting to know the conditions in POW camps as their folk had not yet been released. I was able to tell them that all were now safe and being well cared for as the Gerries were only too keen on receiving good reports of their conduct. They all knew that a record was kept in what was termed our black books of the behaviour of certain of the Guards etc. Many imagined that their people would be walking about like refugees making their way back home, using all sorts of transport. "No", I said, "Believe me they are being well cared for and transported in comfort. I am speaking of my experience and of what I saw". I was invited to go to Selborne and give a short talk to the boys on my POW experiences. The questions they asked. One little boy asked if we had church and I was able to tell him that we had ministers who conducted Sunday services and gave occasional talks as they would at home.

I was now on two months demob leave and so Lorna and I decided to take a trip to the Victoria Falls and so also to see my people in the Bechuanaland Protectorate. At Serowe my old Mother and my sister Madge, her husband and young son. In Lobatsi my other sister and her husband and then my brother, his wife and family in Mafeking where he was Assistant Resident Commissioner.

So off we set for the Falls and as there were a number of uniformed men on the train an O.C. train had to be appointed by the Railway staff. Shortly after leaving East London the conductor advised me that I was to be O.C. Train and that I was to call on him for anything I wanted. So we got V.I.P. treatment including a full compartment and not a Coupe. On the way through Mafeking we saw Gerald and then at Palapye Road where the train stopped for a short while we saw Mother, Madge and her husband, Kissie, and Pye, the young son, who travelled the 36 miles from Serowe, Khama's village, to see us. It was quite dark now and they don't have very good lights on those stations. It was lovely seeing them all and on the way back we were to spend a while with them. I might mention that on my arrival in East London I had a letter from the Bechuanaland Protectorate headquarters in Mafeking to say that as I would be spending some while at Serowe I was granted a free licence to shoot anything within reason and this I thought a very fine gesture. More than likely a kindly thought by my brother.

We eventually, arrived in Bulawayo /