

My first interesting conversation with a negro
One day during our stay in London we all got an even-
ing off and could go wherever we liked.

So I decided to go to Hyde Park
Corner and to listen to the soap-box orators who
freely advocate their ideas there. Although I had been
there before, I liked to go there again hoping to amuse
myself.

When I had arrived there I saw many
people standing in clusters around the speakers. I made
for an outstanding group where many people listened
and I thought something particular must be on there.
The orator was standing on a tall box and in his
hand he held a placard attached to a stick on
which was written in large letters: "No Atom-Bomb
Tests!" He was speaking in a loud voice but every-
thing else but clearly and distinctly. Having difficulty
in understanding him, I made my way through
the crowd, and when I was near the speaker I
happened to stand close to a negro.

I always admire those people who
give a piece of their mind in front of so many
listeners. Many of them agreed with the speaker's
ideas and sentiments, and some others challenged
him with questions to prove his opinion



Royal Guardists

when he spoke of stopping and abandoning the tests.

While I opened my newspaper, I had just bought at the street-corner, and read the headlines of the first page, the negro standing beside me asked, whether he might read it for just a minute. I had no objection and we quickly entered into a conversation. He was a jolly good fellow. He asked me: "Which country do you come from?" I replied: "From Germany". "Do you? That's interesting! I came over from Germany some months ago. What part do you come from?" I replied: "From Western Germany, from Dortmund". "That's near Düsseldorf, isn't it?" "Yes, that's right", I answered. "Have you anything on now?" "No, not at all". Then we left the group of people, walked a few yards into the park and sat down on one of the chairs. There we had a chat.

He told me, that his mother-country was South-Africa. Before he stayed in London he travelled all about Europe. "I've been twice in Germany," he said, "the first time about five years ago. I've seen Munich and I know a lot about Düsseldorf. I like the Germans very much. What do you do here in London?"



I told him that I was staying there with my school class and that we were going to return on Saturday that week. Then I learned that he was going to the famous London University College and was about to finish his examinations. After having passed them he wanted to return to his country and become a physician. Finally he said that in his opinion much more should be done to help the poor, underdeveloped countries in Africa and that he hoped that white and black would consider themselves equals in the future.

We didn't realize how quickly the time had passed while we were talking. It was late and I had to return to the youth hostel. So we finished our conversation and he was so kind to see me off to the near-by tube station. Before I went down the steps to the train we said good-bye with a firm hand-shake and parted as friends.

When I reached the platform and was waiting for my train I thought back over the evening's events and felt astonished that people can sometimes make friends so quickly.

- by Dietmar Nickel



Herr Büchler mit seiner
Cellophantüte

Changing the Guard
Buckingham Palace





Houses of Parliament , Big Ben

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON.

