

In London

One day when we were in London and had just visited the Tower we had a little breakfast near some waggons which sold drinks and sweets. I had just bought an orangeade when I saw a group of laughing men and from inside the circle I heard a crying voice. "What is that? Has anyone gone mad?" was my first question. Soon I was standing among the audience and saw an old funny man jumping around and singing a song. "Ah," I thought, "this is certainly one of those men who can also be seen at Marble Arch. At first I could not understand what he was crying all the time and I was extremely astonished when some people threw pennies to the old man. And this jolly grandfather picked them up singing gladly a merry melody: "It's rolling in, it's rolling in!"

For some time he continued to repeat his performance and I tried to understand him with his funny manners: he was preaching on the Bible and crying some stones which he may have learnt at one time.

The people amused themselves by casting coins towards this funny old chap. But the one thing which impressed me most when I left was that this old man was crying much louder than I ever would be able to!

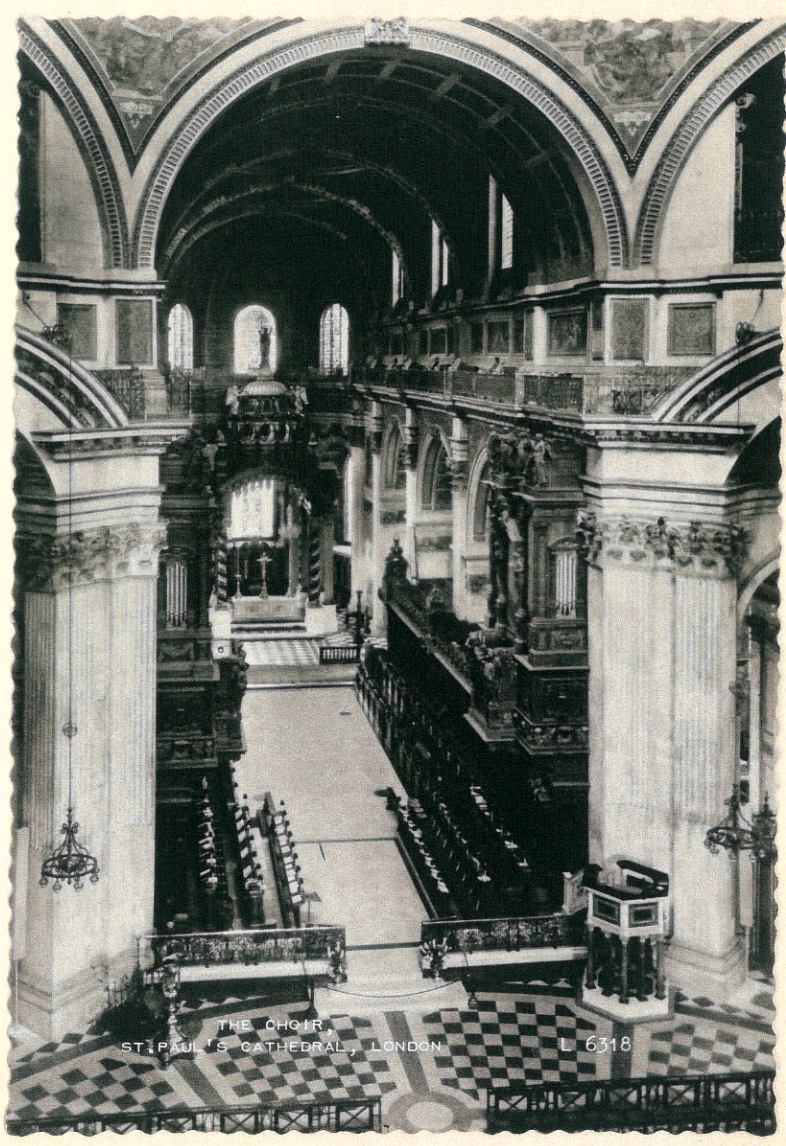
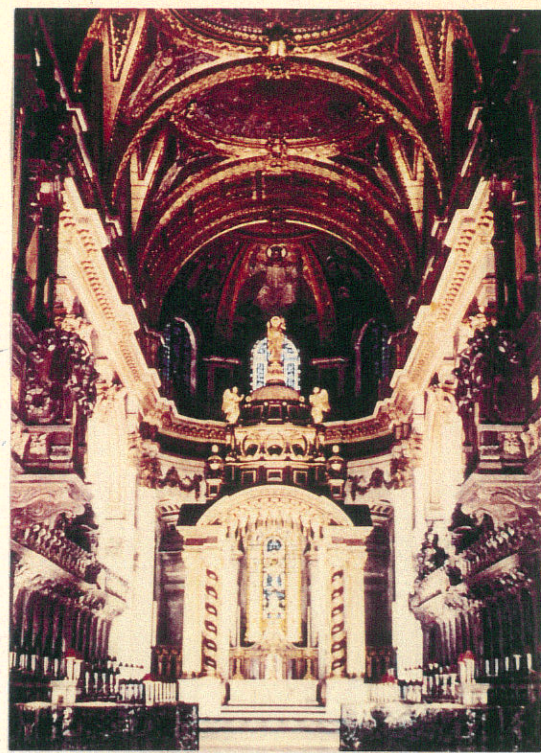
By Manfred Sauer



St. Paul's Cathedral



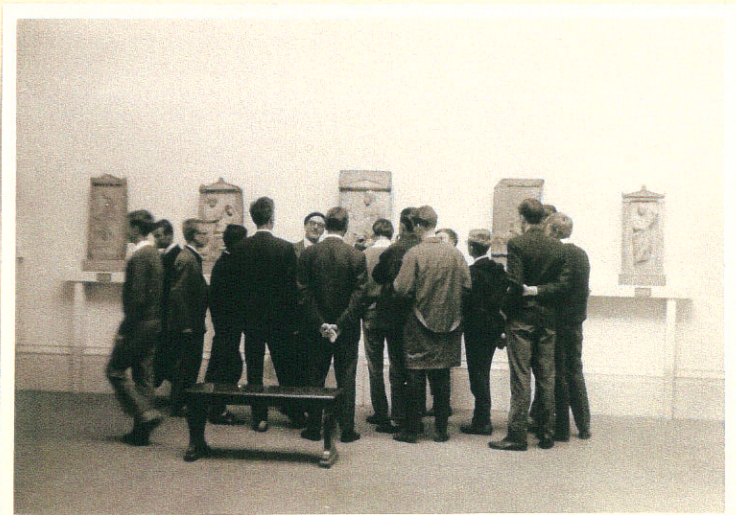
Die Kuppel



THE CHOIR
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON L 6318



Homer



British Museum

In a London Restaurant

It was in London, when we went with our guide Mr. Bichler to see some of the many sights of the town. We walked through London all day long. At about twelve o'clock the class began to groan: "Oh, we are so hungry!" "Where can we eat something without paying too much money?" Suddenly Mr. Bichler had a wonderful idea. "I know an excellent restaurant," he said "where you can eat as much as you want, and it is not expensive, only five shillings." Everyone agreed. I thought to myself that it was a good chance to eat so much, that I was not hungry during the next week. I did my best to carry out my design. I loaded my plate with huge quantities of meat and potatoes. With a lovely smell in my nose I began to swallow down potatoes with meat and cabbage. Oh, it tasted very nice. My plate was nearly empty whereas my cheeks full of food, when I suddenly got fed up. It was impossible for me to swallow down any more. At first I leaned back and caressed my tummy which had grown bigger and bigger. I looked round and saw our boys swallowing their meal like me with much effort. I took a gulp of my tea in hope that my meal might better slide down. But in vain. The boys had hardly been able to look over the heaps on their plates were sitting in front of their plates chewing slowly. One could hear the groans of the boys with the filled tummies who were not able to eat more. Some of them looked somewhat pale. But no one left the table until he had eaten up everything on his plate. When I finished eating I gave a sigh of relief, and soon we went out



Fleischmarkt



into the fresh air to recover from our hard work.

By Ottom Cieralick

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and 15 in wide. The other points of interest were two large pictures measuring 15 x 4 m, showing two live victorious scenes during the Napoleonic Wars: Wellington's and Blücher's meeting after the Battle of Waterloo and the death of Admiral Nelson at Trafalgar. The other walls were covered with portraits and statues of British sovereigns ~~and~~ of all historical periods. The unforgettable atmosphere of this Gallery is imprinted on the memory of so many a foreign delegation and head of state who has been received here by both Houses.

Our interest in listening to the guide's explanations had declined more and more. He had been overwhelmed by all that we had seen during our stay in England, especially the last five days in London, so that we could follow the details only with the greatest difficulty. Moreover we were tired of the miles we had covered daily on London's pavements.

Now we came to the first centre of particular interest: We entered the House of Lords. Beside the big throne of the Queen there two others, the right-hand one reserved for the Duke of Edinburgh, the near-side one for the Prince of Wales, who will attend the ceremonies in some years' time, when he becomes of age. I was very sorry that we were not allowed to sit down ~~on~~ on the thrones and have a snapshot taken as a memory, but there was a rope surrounding the platform. In the middle of the hall there were three woolstacks containing wool from all the British territories. When the House is sitting, the Chancellor sits ^{on} the biggest of the sacks, and High Court Judges sit on the others. We were just going to establish ourselves on these comfortable seats to rest for a short while, when Mr. Büchler - he must have got scent of it - told us that to do would be considered an offence. Apart from that

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