

A Pillow Fight

On our tour through South England we always stayed in "English Youth Hostels." Although most of them are rather primitive we had a good time in England. Like in Germany a married couple runs such a hostel and on the whole an English youth hostel is very similar to a German one. The meals were not always very good but I think that doesn't matter because in this way we learnt how good it is at home. A very nice experience we once had in the youth hostel in London. This one was a great exception because it was a new and very modern one. It seemed to be more like a hotel than a usual hostel. —

We were acomodated in two dormitories and this very evening I am telling about, our teachers were so kind to allow us to have a fight one room against the other. —

Just at ten o'clock we were ready to attack, armed with a wet towel. The lights were out and with wild cries we hurried into the other room to knock down everybody. But soon our class-mates had stopped our attack and we had to flee into our room. Some minutes later we noticed that we had lost one boy and soon we learnt that our enemies had caught him. He returned half dead. The rough brush lasted half an hour and we all were disappointed that in the end nobody had been killed. Very exhausted we went to bed after having had a scuffle we shall never forget.

By Burkhard Thomas

constables were staring at us so instantly and sharply that we were glad not to have given them such an example of rude behavior. So we had to continue to stand on our feet.

Mr. Büchler went on telling us details about the former and present power of the Lords. Though there are more than six hundred nobles, high churchmen and High Court Judges admitted to attend the sittings of the Lords', only about two hundred of them can get a seat in the Chamber. They vote their "Content" or "Not Content" by going into the Division Lobbies on either side of their Assembly Hall.

Unwillingly we followed our guide through a number of corridors leading eventually to the Chamber of the House of Commons. I only remember a few pictures showing remarkable events of English history, such as the embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers from Southampton, Charles I arresting the Five Members of Parliament, and a complete collection of emblems of the Royal Family.

We made our tour to the eastern block. This part had suffered a great deal from air raids. The Commons' Lobby was severely damaged, but later rebuilt on the old lines in contrast to the Chamber of Commons which was also rebuilt in its old style, but no attempt had been made to follow the old designs of wood-work and stonework. There were even more seats built in the Strangers' Gallery, and larger windows replaced those which had been destroyed. During the period of reconstruction the Commons assembled in the Lords', whilst they held their sittings in the Queen's Robing Room. The re-built Chamber

was furnished with gifts from all parts of the Commonwealth: the Speaker's chair was given by Australia, the table by Canada, etc. The upholstered benches were arranged in the same way as in the House of Lords: Members of the party supporting the Government face those who have another opinion, but the leather of the upholstery is green, while it is red in the Lords'. Here like there the Division Lobbies are on each side of the Chamber. Lots of books in large book-cases contain the official records of all the speeches, made in the House of Commons.

We mistakenly supposed that we had come to the end of our tour. No such luck! Through the Age-Lobby we turned into St. Stephen's Hall, originally a chapel and later the Chamber of the Commons. It is now outfitted with portraits of English politicians and rulers. But finally - Thank Heaven - we reached the last curiosity: Westminster Hall. Built about 1100 A.D., it is the oldest part of the whole palace of Westminster, and one of the largest buildings in Europe, which is not supported by columns. Apart from a few memorials on the grounds there is nothing in the Hall.

The tour was finished. We sighed with relief to have overcome that fatigue, but for another reason, too: Sorrow fell upon each of us as we realized our trip through England was finished.

-by Uwe Keil

Der 2. Tag in London im Stichworten, der 6. 6. 1961

Ankunft unseres Führers, Mr. Brückler, im Österreich. Von The Mall aus zum Buckingham Palace, Nachablösungen beobachtet. St. James's Park. Im Boy Scout House für wenig Geld sehr gut gegessen. Zur Westminster Abbey. Mit der M-Bahn zurückgefahren. Abends entweder Fußball im Holland Park gespielt oder durch die City gezogen, Solos besichtigt. 23³⁰ zur festgesetzten Zeit zu Haus.

Der 3. Tag, der 7. 6. 1961

Ulrich Middelhauens Kamera ist verschwunden. Es überschattete unsere herrliche Fahrt. Jeder verdächtigte jeden. Wer konnte sie gestohlen haben? Oder war sie in der Westminster Abbey verloren gegangen? - Im Bus zur Tower Hill, Tower besichtigt. Traitor's Gate, Beefeaters, White Tower mit Kronjuwelen. Waffensmuseum. - Am Billingsgate Market, dem Fischmarkt vorbei, London Bridge, Fleet-Street, in einem "Corner Shop" reichlich zu viel zu Mittag gegessen, alles für 5 Schillinge. St. Paul's Cathedral besichtigt. - Abends Geheimberatungen auf der Toilette, wer die Kamera genommen haben könnte.

Mein 4. Tag, der 8. 6. 61

Busrundfahrt durch Londons Vororte. Arbeitersiedlungen alle im englischen Einheitsstil. Fleischmarkt besichtigt. Im Old Baley einer Gerichtsverhandlung beigewohnt. Wieder im Corner Shop gegessen, nun vorsichtiger mit dem Tellerbepacken. Zur Downing Street. Abstecher durch Solos. In der Baker Street in ein Kino. Ein AKI, Trickfilm. Es darf gerannt werden.

Der 5. Tag, der 9. 6. 61

British Museum. Madame Tussaud's Nachsfiguren.

Nachts: eine Zimmerschlacht zum Abschluß einer herrlichen Fahrt, denn morgen nachmittag geht es Heim...

An Experience in London

One evening after having been to the City with our guide, we were free to go where we wanted. So I decided to see the radio shops in Fleet-Street with Wolfgang Rauball who was also interested in those shops which supply everything a radio amateur needs. The weather was pretty fine but not so the things in the radio shops. They were all much too dear. Therefore we walked on home.

But as we had still time enough I made up my mind to photograph a typical English gentleman wearing the uniform of the City, i. e. dark suit, bowler, hat and umbrella. What a difficult task that was! Whenever I wanted to press down the lever of the camera the gentleman either went on his way too quickly or else he just looked at me and that frightened me. I thought one never knows what he will do, when he realises that I am about to take his photograph. So we had to think of another way to manage it. At last we happened to see a fine subject for my camera entering a small postoffice.

Wolfgang pushed me. "We must wait till he leaves the office and just at the moment he comes on to the pavement you press the button down. The gentleman will surely not see what you do."

We decided to wait. We peeped through the window. He was exchanging some papers with a clerk. After some minutes had elapsed he really seemed to be ready to come out. Quick! I ran back five yards from the door. Then it was opened. The man came out and hastened to a taxi which was just passing by. My snapshot was taken. And it was a really funny fellow I had photographed.



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had photographed...

Businessman



Content with our work we took a bus to the Youth Hostel

By Manfred Sauer

Der letzte Tag, der 10. 6. 61

Mit der Tube bis Westminster. Soldaten mit Bärenfellmützen verkauften Programme für das Royal Tournament, dem offiziellen Geburtstag der Königin. Das Parlament besichtigt. Essen für die Fahrt gekauft, den Bus gesteuert, wir fahren nach Dover. „Da ist eine Kirche!“ - „Hind besichtigt!“ - „Da ist ein Museum!“ - „Hind besichtigt!“ brüllten wir im Chor. Castles, Kirchen, Museen, Versammlungen, Führungen, alles waren wir leid, wir freuten uns auf die Heimfahrt.

Reiseordnung für meinen Sohn.

19 Jungen machen Sorgen, das bedeute jeden Morgen!

Dann beginn schon in der Früh / und gib Dir mit dem Brau-sein Müh'!

Sei nicht laut, das ist nicht fein, / und laß des Raufes und Balgen sein!

Sei verständnisvoll und hilfsbereit! / Du erntest dafür Dankbarkeit.

Schmeckt die Suppe nicht wie zu Haus, / isß sie, wie einen Festtagschmaus!

Sage nie: „Bei uns ist das besser“! / Verwechsele auch nicht Gabel und Messer!

Halte Ordnung in Deinen Sachen! / Dann wirst Du Dir vieles leichter machen.

Ist Dir von jemandem Unrecht geschehen, / mußt Du es großzügig übersehen!

Will Dir etwas nicht gelingen, / erwing' es nicht mit Fluchen und Ringen!

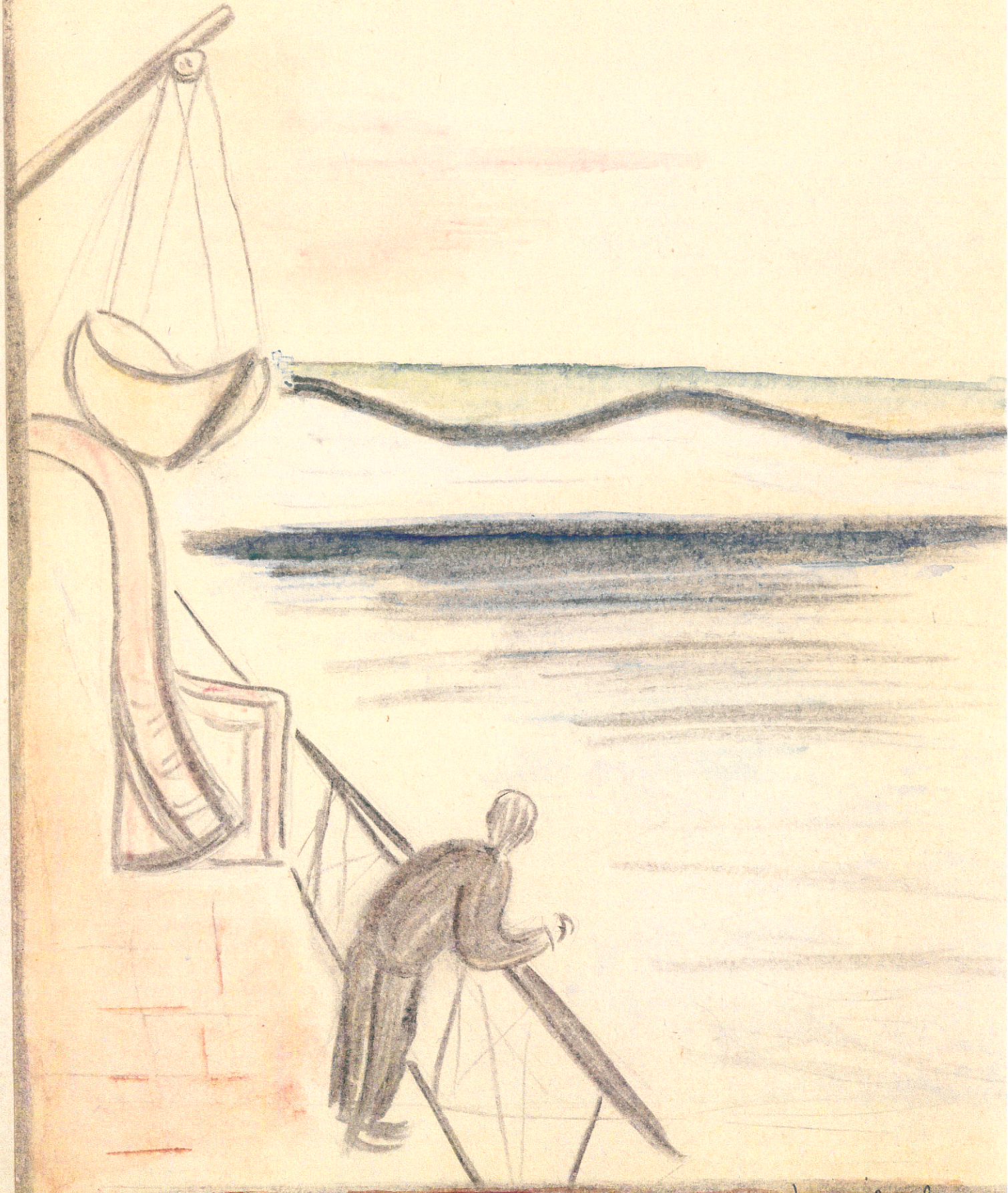
Sei so, daß Dein Lehrer stolz auf Dich ist / und Deine früheren Mängel vergißt.

Denk immer daran, Du bist Gast im England / und vertrittst Vaterhaus und Vaterland!

Deine Mutter. - Müde lehnt sich Dr. Bennefeld gegen die Dortmunder

Balkenhofsmauer, doch lächelnd verabschiedet er sich von seinen Jungen.

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View back