

Dad Martin had dropped us off along the Mall so we could see all the formal groups involved in the changing of the guard.



The Horse Guards were next in line to pass Victoria Monument for the the stately affair.

The absence of the flag flying atop the Palace indicated the Queen was not it residence. Therefore, we did not make an attempt to visit her.



After all the pomp & circumstance leading up to it, the actual changing of the guard took place as which we watched through the big iron fence surrounding Buckingham Palace.

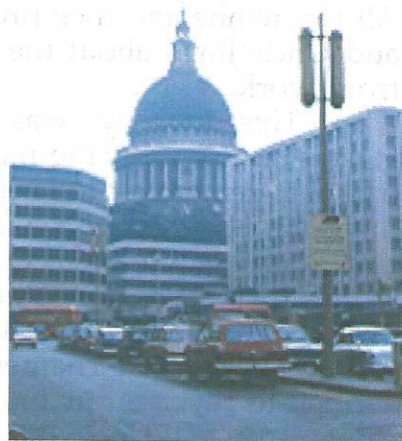


Tower Bridge

From there, Martin took us to see St. Pauls Cathedral, the Tower of London and the Tower Bridge. After photographing each we began our return trip past the Bank of London, the Financial Center, Piccadily Circus, Oxford Street, past Green Park, Hyde Park Gate, Harrod's De-

partment Store and back to the Excelsior Hotel via A4.

Our tour with Martin took a little over four hours to see the principle sights of London. It was a little past lunchtime so we decided to get a sandwich. I warned Dad that we would be visiting



St. Paul's Cathedral Aunts and Uncles later in the afternoon an this would certainly involve Tea Time!

Our Avis rental car had been reserved for 13:30 but it had just arrived at 14:15 when we finished our lunch. The parking lot next to the hotel had just been resurfaced and was still closed. This meant that parking was next to impossible. The girl at the Avis desk gave me the keys to a Hillman, but she didn't know what color it was or where it might be parked. She did give me the license plate number. After a 15 minute search I returned to the desk and asked the girl to join me in the search.

We finally found it and I drove it up to the entrance to pick up Dad. The girl complimented me on my ability to drive a stick shift, because she said most American customers don't know how to drive without an automatic transmission. She didn't notice that I was trying to shift with the turn signal lever, with my right hand while fumbling with the gear shift lever in my left.

It was about 15:00 by the time we got on our way to start visiting Glad's aunts and uncles who live just a few miles west of the airport. As none of them had telephones I called Mrs. Reid, a neighbor of Uncle Jim and Aunt Aim and asked if she would let them know we were coming.

She told me Uncle Jim had gone to work but she would run across the street and see if Aunt Aim would come to the phone. As it happened, Aunt Aim wasn't dressed to cross the street, but she sent word they would be looking for us.

Mrs. Reid indicated that Uncle Jim usu-