

# CHRONICLE OF THE FAMILY.

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CO-EDITORS

{ MAY MURRAY.  
EFFIE ANDERSON.

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## BIRTHS.

MOLTEÑO—On August 13th 1912, at Claremont, Edward, son of Wallace and Lil Molteño.

MURRAY—On November 21st 1912. Rhona Hilda, daughter of Kenah and Hilda Murray.

ANDERSON—On December 9th 1912, at Nooitgedacht, Norvals Pont, to Harold and Doris Anderson, a son. He has not been christened yet.

## FOREWORD.

In this age of journalistic enterprise, when the market is flooded with new ventures in the way of magazines and newspapers, and when every successful adventurer may possibly add one more to the number of tyrants who hold sway over their fellow men, it is customary for the Editor of a new magazine to say a few words justifying its appearance.

This is to be a family magazine intended for distribution solely among the members of a charmed circle—I say “charmed”, for it has occurred to the Editor that many of the communications which now do not “go the round” would “charm” if read and dwelt upon, by the friendly fireside on a winter's evening, or in the lonely ship

as she thrashes her way through the “Seven Seas”, or perchance by the weary public man or woman tired with the prolonged battle of public affairs, or even by affording friendly criticism or discussion to the “happy picknicking ones” in their occasional “camp out.” Even admitting all this, there is another and higher reason why a family magazine should be started. Here the Editor feels that he is treading on ground not lightly to be entered upon. This particular family resembles in some respects the famous Banyan Tree, its branches are ever spreading, dipping down and taking root, ever expanding and perchance affording sleep and shelter to weaker fellow mortals who are also fighting the great battle of life. Already its aunts, cousins, brothers and daughters-in-law are fairly numerous; some of them are losing

touch with each other, some are scattered abroad, some in Great Britain and others elsewhere, some occupy prominent public positions, some are engaged in helping the Great British Stock onwards in the cause of Freedom, and whilst all are engaged in work, all are agreed that work in some form or other is the most blessed privilege of man—yet it is quite apparent that hardly any two members of the family quite see eye to eye as to the method in which any particular work should be done. This divergency of opinion is not to be deprecated but welcomed, betokening as it does that all are engaged in seeking after that rare jewel, "Truth", the very search for which will contribute a breadth of view which must in the long run lead to consideration and sympathy for others. Now it seems a great pity that the family influence should not permeate all its members merely for want of a medium to convey the record of "things attempted, things done." Furthermore what is of larger benefit still, it will be the means of preventing the younger members growing up strangers to each other. If, then, this family magazine strengthens the links that bind the family together, and, mayhap, permits a more united effort to be made towards solving any of the present day problems, then indeed the advent of a "Family Magazine" will have been ennobled and justified.

### EDITORIAL.

It is proposed that this magazine shall come out three times a year, April, August, and December. Contributions must reach the Editors not later than the beginning of the first weeks of March, July and November.

A notice will be found at the end of the magazine saying what the annual subscription will be.

All Subscriptions to the magazine to be sent to Effie Anderson, Tressilian, Kenilworth. All Literary Contributions to be sent to May Murray, Kenilworth House, Kenilworth. Matter to be written in clear

handwriting on one side of the page only, leaving a small space at the top of each page and a margin at the left hand side. Pages to be numbered in small numbers in the left hand corner.

It is hoped that the various members of the family will support this magazine warmly and make it a success by contributing interesting articles. There is also to be a children's page. If the Editors should receive too much matter for one number, some of it will be held back for the next.

A Financial Statement will appear annually.

Suggestions for the cover of the magazine will be gladly received.

There has been some difficulty as to knowing how to name the members of the family in this magazine. Some think it would be simplest to mention all by their Christian and surnames, as the relationship to the Editors may vary in time and so perhaps create confusion later on. Suggestions will be gratefully received.

### GENERAL NEWS.

On the outbreak of the Turkish war Ernest Anderson offered his services to the Red Cross Society for the aid of the Turks and has gone out to Turkey in command of the 2nd Red Cross Unit. Ever since their arrival, shortly after the battle of Kirk Kilisseh, they have had their hands full tending the wounded and cholera-stricken. The plight of the former, after the days of neglect which intervened between the battle and their arrival in Constantinople, was hopeless, and finally the authorities gave permission for the 2nd Red Cross Unit to proceed to Tchatalia, and there after many difficulties, has been erected a hospital, where the wounded are able to receive prompt assistance. All his letters have necessarily been very short owing to the constant demands on his time, but we publish the following account of the journey from Constantinople to the front.

After an absence of several years, during which time she has worked hard and seen many lands, Inanda Lindley has returned to South Africa. We are all of us extremely sorry that her health has not allowed of her continuing the work she had begun among the Japanese; but needless to say we are delighted to have her with us again.

We have news of two naval appointments of interest to all of us. Captain V. B. Molteno is appointed to the command of H.M.S. St. George, the 5th Destroyer Flotilla, and Lieutenant Vincent Molteno to H.M.S. Lion. For some weeks previous to this appointment Vincent was 2nd in command on H.M.S. Hind, a destroyer.

Lucy Molteno leaves on a visit to Europe towards the end of March. She hopes to spend a few weeks in Switzerland with her sister Carol, and expects to be back about the beginning of July.

Nan Mitchell, who has been out here for some months on a visit to Lucy, returned last month to Europe. We were all very pleased to see her again, though, owing to the Charlie Moltenos being at Millar's Point for the greater part of her stay, we did not get the opportunity of seeing her very frequently. We hope she may see her way to pay the Cape another visit before very long.

The Wallace Moltenos have come down from the Karroo for the hot months and are living in their new house at Kalk Bay. It is high up behind the station, and they have a beautiful view over the Bay. It is a great pleasure to feel that we are to have them so near to us for three months each year.

Col. Sandeman is with them, having arrived from England on November 25th in the Balmoral Castle for his annual visit. He is heartily welcomed by us all. At the end of February he returns with Lil and the children to Kamfers Kraal.

The latest news from Nels Poort is good: the drought has broken and they have had six inches of rain, an unusual amount for this time of year and which did some damage at Nels Poort.

Mr. Anderson, Willie and Effie returned by the same boat as Col. Sandeman. Willie is in much better health, thanks to the time spent at Ringwood in the New Forest and later at Arora. He now only needs the bracing winter air of the Karroo to complete his cure. He leaves for Aliwal North as soon as the weather gets cooler.

Harold Anderson was here for a flying visit shortly after their arrival. We hope that he will soon be down for a longer time and bring Dot and the children with him. He has just sold his farm Nooitgedacht and has bought a new and larger one at the junction of the Zuurberg Spruit and Orange River. Although now quit of all anxiety on the score of drought his water will have to be raised by pumping, and it will be interesting to follow his experiments in this less common method of irrigation.

We were pleased to have Evelyn and Mary Gordon with us for a couple of months. The latter, who will be two years old at the end of March, is really a most fascinating little person and won all hearts. She talks a little Kaffir and Dutch, and her English is very fluent. Gordon Murray, like all busy farmers, was only able to spare a few weeks. They all look well and continue to speak in the highest terms of their district, Griqualand East, which by the way is gaining a new settler in Ada Southey, who is engaged to Eliot Stanford. His farm is about three hours' drive from Gordon's. Evelyn will be lucky in having her sister so near her.

From England we have very happy accounts of the Christmas gathering at Parklands, that spot endeared to every member of the family that has visited England and felt the warmth of its hospitable welcome. Percy and Bessie have at present included in their own family circle George Murray and Islay and Ursula Bisset, who are for the time being their adopted children.

Besides these, the Christmas holiday party included Doris Beard and Vincent Molteno. Kathleen Murray looks back lovingly to her happy time there when she also was one of the adopted children. The old house is filled with many dear memories, but alas! it can no longer respond to the large-hearted hospitality of its owners, and we sadly realize that soon it will be only a memory of the past. Its place will be filled by a building that is sure to be more spacious and beautiful, but it will be the same dear family circle and beautiful surroundings that will help, ere long, to clothe it with the old loved atmosphere.

Islay and Ursula Bisset write very happily from Berkhamsted, where they are now at school.

Ursula has been successful in her music exam. and we heartily congratulate her. Doris Beard, who is in England, is not with them, but is also charmed with her new school.

Before the beginning of the Cambridge year George Murray paid the Cape a short visit. He and May travelled out together, and, although he had only a few weeks here, with the help of his motor cycle he seems to have made good use of his time. He is now settled down as a Cambridge undergraduate at Trinity College, where he is keenly interested in his work and in sport.

The 27th of May is Jervis Molteno's 21st birthday; we wish him happiness and every success in the future.

Aunt Annie celebrated her 80th birthday on Feb. 26th. We were all delighted to see her looking so well and happy at her large party in the afternoon.

A trip to Elgin was lately the order of the day. To those who have not been there for some years there is a marked difference in the place. The plantations on every side are now very noticeable, and make a great difference to the landscape. Near the station was a magnificent stretch of potatoes, the mauve and white flowers forming a bright patch of colour up the hill as far as one could see. This large piece of land, about 25 acres, is now watered by the furrow which is taken out almost four miles away at the foot of Viljoen's Pass. Cultivation is spreading, and the veldt upon every side is receding before the onslaughts of the plough and the harrow, watched over by the untiring energy of Ted and Harry Molteno.

Bob Lindley has gone to Grahamstown as a boarder at St. Andrews College. The boys seem very fond of the place, and evidently Bob is going to be no exception to the rule.

Millar's Point has been very popular lately. Betty Molteno and Miss Greenes spent the last three months of 1912 down there with Lucy, Carol and John Molteno and at times Minnie Molteno, and May and Kathleen Murray. A very happy party they were, and school was much enjoyed by the three pupils, who certainly had the opportunity of acquiring knowledge under ideal conditions.

Hilda Murray and her children are going down to Millar's Point for March. Her little daughter was christened at St. Saviour's Church by Mr. Hampden-Jones at the end of January. Her name is Rhona Hilda. Quite a number of the family and friends were at the church, and later had tea at the house.

Harold Anderson's son who was born on December 9th has not yet been christened.

While fishing at Kalk Bay at the point beyond the fishery on Saturday, February 22nd, Charlie Molteno had a very narrow escape from drowning. He was just about to move to another spot, and as he was stepping with one leg raised a large wave caught him. He was bowled over and sucked out immediately, getting much scraped in his passage over the rocks, which were covered with barnacles. The water there was so rough that he found it impossible to get out unaided. Fortunately there were other fishermen within call and they came at once to the rescue. One of them held out his rod, which, immediately strain was put upon it, came in two; the second attempt was equally unsuccessful, as the rod slipped out of the man's hand. When he was finally helped to land he was in a very exhausted condition, having been struggling for some time with all his clothes on. Little Lucy and Carol ran to Wallace Molteno's to get a change of clothes, and were able to bring back a lounge suit of Colonel Sandeman's. This was supplemented by a collar and tie kindly lent by General Hertzog, who was staying near there, and some neighbours having given him brandy and later hot tea, Charlie and Lucy were able to get back to Rondebosch. We hope he will soon recover from his adventure.

Miss de Jongh and Mrs. Botha are now living in Hunsdon, one of the stone cottages belonging to Kenilworth House. They have made it look very pretty and seem so happy there. Although Miss de Jongh is not now in her usual good health she is always most cheerful and full of very interesting stories of Cape Town and its people and life in the old days.

Bazett Bisset has lately become engaged to Miss Ethel Rowe.

A very nice tennis court has just been made at Claremont House, on the right of the house, near the fence dividing it from the Greenfield House Avenue.

On February 24th Clarissa Molteno gave a most delightful little dance at their house Ballochmyle. The drawing-room was cleared for dancing and there were about twenty couples. In spite of the warm weather dancing was kept up until 1.30 which shows how thoroughly everyone was enjoying it.

The Rosebank Show was held this year from February 25-28. Wallace Molteno exhibited some ostrich feathers, for which he gained one second and four first prizes. He was unlucky in being beaten in primes by Mr. de Wet of Ashton.

We have just heard that Ernest Anderson is back in London. We hope for further news of him in our next number.

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## CLAREMONT HOUSE BAZAAR

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Ella Molteno held her annual bazaar in aid of Dr. Barnado's Homes on Saturday November 2nd. Claremont House is particularly suited for any out-door affair, and under the shade of the oaks in their fresh spring foliage the tables were arranged. There were the usual number of stalls with their attractive display of fancy goods, toys, cakes, sweets, and flowers, and a little beyond, under a grand old oak, tea and coffee and strawberries and cream were being served. The special feature of this year's bazaar was the Venetian stall, behind which Kathleen Murray in the costume of a Venetian girl did a brisk trade. All the beautiful and dainty articles at this stall had been the generous gift of Bessie Molteno, who had chosen them herself in Venice a few months previously, with the aid of May and Effie. Almost everything was sold, and this

stall alone realized over £9, the profits of the whole bazaar amounting to over £25. It is with great pleasure that we record the presence of Aunt Annie, driven in her bath chair, and looking bright and smiling, among the many relatives present. Aunt Emmie was also there, treating the small members of the family to delicacies from the sweet stall and plates of strawberries and cream.

A great many of the family who know Lil Molteno's brother, Gerald Sandeman, will be interested to hear that he has a little son born on November 7th, 1912, in Wales, and christened Arthur Guy. Their present address is Castle Mead, Manorbier, Pembrokeshire.

On October 16th, 1912, Aunt Betty and Uncle Bisset celebrated their golden wedding. There was a large gathering, and some of those present had been at the wedding fifty years ago, among them two of the bridesmaids, Miss Christina de Jongh, and Aunt Emmie, while Caroline Murray had been one of the little flower girls. Their wedding took place fifty years ago in Somerset Road, Cape Town, the centre of the family at that time.

Aunt Betty and Uncle Bisset received their guests under the fir trees near the tennis court. It was a perfect day, and everything looked very bright and cheerful. Bessie Beard and the daughters-in-law had arranged everything most tastefully, and the tables were gay with wild flowers.

### KAMFER'S KRAAL.

The great Karoo—what a weird, almost terrifying sound it has to uninitiated English ears! Never shall I forget my first impressions of it, nor of Kamfer's Kraal, as I saw them first in May, 1906, when, having recently become engaged to Wallace, I demanded to be shown my future home.

It was a lovely autumn evening when we started for the farm, May Murray, Effie Anderson, Wallace and I (or "the Wallace Collection" as we were promptly named by a facetious relative), the two former coming to chaperone their Uncle and future Aunt with delightful inappropriateness; both being very young and frivolous.

I often think of that first morning in the Karoo, spent with my face glued against the carriage window, gazing spell-bound on the great rolling brown plains and kopjes, and the distant lovely blue and purple mountains, the African "veld" spread out before me in all its wonder and terror and fascination. On we went, on and on, past the same brown flats with their sparse scratchy-looking bushes and thickly-strewn stones and boulders, the same queer-shaped kopjes, with their still sparser bush and more numerous stones, past little white-washed stations with their groups of pepper trees and blue gums where the train stopped apparently to think, as no one got in or out and only the engine got a drink—past little tumble-down white homesteads, very few and far between, with their solitary looking windmills and tiny patches of cultivation, and all this brown desolation—this desert waste—was glibly referred to by my companions as "farms". My idea of a "farm" being a rose-bowered, ivyclad red brick group of buildings surrounded by their poultry yards, prosperous looking stacks and fields of waving corn and sweet green pasture, I could only listen in amazement fraught with an awful sinking of the heart.

At last, at one of the same white-washed stations with its group of blue gums, about 3 p.m., we were told that we had arrived, and all bundled out in great haste, being assisted to alight by two strange individuals with shirts innocent of collars, faces innocent of razors and battered felt hats. As they bore about as much resemblance to the immaculate men of my acquaintance as the veld did to my idea of a farm, I was puzzled as to the proper etiquette for a moment, until, recognizing Gordon Murray,

whom I had met before, I realized that this was the usual attire in the country.

My next shock was the wagon with its team of eight mules on which we perched, I being accorded the seat of honour on my own portmanteau, and, as Effie insisted on driving, we started off at a swaying, rocking gallop apparently to nowhere in particular, down a valley between rugged stony mountains—and the sunset and the gorgeous after-glow turned all that wild, bare country to the veriest golden fairyland.

I would like to write my first impressions of Kamfer's Kraal itself, of the rather neglected tumble-down bachelor quarters, of the river without water, the furrows which I referred to as "drains" and was bitterly reproached for ignorance and disrespect to the "irrigation works"—of the garden, a green oasis in the desert with its tangle of unpruned vines and fruit trees, of my first introduction to the ostrich, the angora goat and the merino sheep, and of the Hottentots themselves with their queer shapes, puckered faces, and heterogeneous collection of garments—but space fails, and the patience of even "family" readers would fail also.

I have been asked to write an account of the developments at Kamfer's Kraal. When I saw it first there were two furrows from the weir built by Mr. Jackson, the one on the west bank of the river leading to a dam, the one on the east bank to a four-acre land of lucerne, four breeding camps and a small patch of lucerne between them. There was a windmill and tank at the house, two other windmills and tanks on the veld for watering stock, i.e. there was about twenty acres of established lucerne, the weir, two main furrows and three windmills. It would take a great deal too much space and be too great a tax on my readers to recount the development year by year, as it was carried on first by Wallace and Gordon, and afterwards, when the latter bought his own farm in Griqualand East towards the end of 1908, by Wallace and his manager, Cornelius Lemmer, so

I will simply describe the farm as it now stands.

The old weir was destroyed by a big flood of the Salt River in March, 1909, and it took eighteen months to build the new one and repair the damage done by the flood, so that took a year and a half out of the seven years that Wallace has worked at Kamfer's Kraal. The new weir is a much more massive structure, with a retaining wall on the east bank of 1,000 feet, and a relief or overflow weir on the west bank, giving the river a width of 300 feet instead of 140 feet. Therefore when the river is going over the main face of the weir 4 feet deep it begins to spread over the relief channel and relieves the pressure on the east bank and retaining wall, where the break occurred in the flood of 1909. The furrows on each side have been considerably widened, and the furrow on the west bank branches off before reaching the dam into a 12 feet canal, going for nearly three miles to the veld and watering about 300 acres through sluices every 50 yards or so, the water being spread out over the veld by means of a series of small walls below the sluice gates. The main furrow goes into the dam as of old, and through it to our largest lucerne lands, a beautiful level sweep of 80 acres and another sweep of 50 acres below, which we have laid out this season and hope to sow and establish. On the high ground to the right of the lands is a stack yard with a huge reserve of dry lucerne and a horse cutter for chaffing it and feeding ostriches or any stock.

On the east bank of the river the furrow is also considerably widened and waters another 90 acres of lucerne divided into five or six lands, as well as flooding the breeding camps when required, and going on to flood another 100 acres of veld. We have now divided the old breeding camp into eight, with strong double fences, and have added a ninth camp next to them. So much for the food irrigation.

Opposite the house we have a big 16 feet windmill and 60 feet square tank irrigating

ten acres under lucerne, rape, barley and any winter feed, and surrounded by a row of young pear and apple trees with a clump of fruit trees at one end. It is proposed to put more land under this mill, and also to add an engine or second mill on the same water, which is a very strong one. Next the breeding camps and partially irrigating them is another windmill 12 feet, which also irrigates a patch of mangels, rape, melons etc., but as the water is very sulphurous it does not thrive so very well. There are also three more windmills for watering stock, which makes eight in all, and which prove invaluable in drought when the dams dry up.

The garden is in good order and we put in about 60 new fruit trees last season. At Mimosa Grove, except for making three breeding camps and putting the garden under lucerne, not much development has taken place, with the exception of the stone and wire weir at the drift and headworks and big steel sluice gates. The two big ostrich camps between Mimosa grove and Kamfer's Kraal have been newly fenced, and the veld flooded by the river below the lands is also fenced on both sides of the river, forming three vlei camps. The out buildings are considerably added to, as there is a big shed for ostrich chicks, a big wagon house and a laundry, as well as the stables, harness and forage rooms, and two of the old rooms are used as incubator rooms, to house the four incubators.

Kamfer's Kraal is one of the many progressive farms which demonstrates what can be done by bringing water into the desert and how that wonderful alluvial soil can be made to blossom like a rose, and when the rains have been good and I ride or walk about our domains in autumn evenings and gaze rapturously at the great vivid green stretches of lucerne, the Mimosa trees with their load of golden blossom, and the ever thickening stretches of green bush and grass in the vlei camps I wonder if this can be the brown desolation of my first impressions—this be the Great Karoo.

LILIAS MOLTENO.

## Extracts from Ernest's Letters.

Ali Beychiftlik.

Kuchuk Checkmedje. Nov. 26th 1912.

Various things have happened since I wrote. My Unit, as you see, has left Constantinople. We are about 25 miles out, and near the Chatalja lines. Our journey was a strange one. We could not use the train, as it was infected by cholera patients coming down, so Wylie arranged for a naval launch to take us and our equipment round the coast to a spot quite close to this place. From here we had to carry our things over a sort of bar and then were towed in boats by another small launch that had the previous day been hauled over the bar on to this lake. Bad luck seems to track us. To begin with, some wagon called for our luggage the afternoon previous to starting and dumped it down near the sea on Seraglio Point.

This, that day, was turned into a cholera landing place, and the result was that that evening on going down I found a horrid mess. It was already dark, men lying about thick in all directions groaning; there must have been hundreds of them. A ship had recently arrived bringing in about 5,000, 1,000 of whom were suffering from cholera. They tried to march them up to St. Sophia: the ill ones fell down almost at once. We turned out stretcher parties, and carried a good many down to the receiving sheds near the railway. A terrible sight there—two sheds jammed full, dead and dying heaped up together. Well, our belongings were plumped down on the point amongst the crowd. Wylie of course had to recall the guards we left there. The following morning we went down to the customs where we got on to our launch, and the extra kit which was put into a barge was towed. On arriving at the point, we found the place absolutely black with cholera soldiers, and our baggage hardly visible for people sitting on it. As soon as the barge was alongside the poor devils jumped into it, quite sixty of them. A chap with us had to draw his sword, and eventually we



got them out, but not before all our things had been thoroughly infected. We then carried our other stuff down and got it into the launch. I was afraid that we should have been stopped at the last moment, being all infected like this. However we got away all right, and fortunately it was a bright sunny morning. It took us about three hours by sea, and then we landed near this lake. We disinfected the things as best we could. After a lot of trouble, by means of wagons and boats we got all our luggage away. The launch towed three boats up here, where we arrived when it was dark. We saw a train passing, one mass of cholera soldiers, carriages black with them, even the foot-boards were occupied, mostly, though, by those that had died and were tied on to them.

I think I told you we had cholera in our hospital, in fact I think most of the places must have got it. 15,000 troops have been lost here in this way. Now I am glad to say it is all finished, but at first it looked as if it would bring the war to an end.

This is quite a lovely little farm overlooking the lake. We have now got it nicely rigged up as a hospital. We have about 15 gendarmes and ourselves, nearly 30 all told. In addition we have an advanced Field Hospital 5 miles from here, with one doctor, one dresser, 4 orderlies and 4 gendarmes.

The day after we arrived was rather exciting, as the thunder of guns began at daylight and lasted all day. The sound was so close we expected the Bulgarians would be across. Wylie came back that evening from Hadamkeni Nayim's head quarters, having seen the Bulgarian attacks, all of which were repulsed. No correspondents are allowed up here so I suppose the papers are full of rubbish. I rode up to Hadamkeni a few days ago, and then all along the lines to Kara-aghratch (which means black tulip) at the left wing. It was a most interesting day. Nayim lives in a train with his staff and has a wireless station just next to the train. A valley separates these lines from the Bulgarians,

who are entrenched in the hills opposite. Except for some firing from the Turkish ships there was no fighting the day we were up. The cholera was already much better, and instead of seeing thousands lying about as Wylie had done the time before, we only saw a few cart-loads coming in. The Turks were busy digging more trenches, and I should think it almost impossible for the Bulgarians to drive them out now. Everybody looked very cheerful, well clothed and well fed. We met the doctor we were looking for at Kara-aghratch and arranged a spot for our Field Hospital, where, in case of a fight, we shall take the wounded from the left wing.

At present things are very quiet, and only fourteen wounded have passed through our hands. Now that the cholera has finished I hope the Turks will do something, as I hear the Bulgarians are in quite a bad way.

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It is some time since I last wrote. We have been lying low waiting for the result of this conference. A great many of our men have left, but I am still here with the greater part of my unit. We, at least the two dressers, Ward, Turkish doctor and myself are trying to keep warm this evening round a paraffine lamp stove, and as everyone is talking you must excuse a disjointed letter. We have thirty-four patients in hospital and have been doing some operations, nine the last week, quite decent ones, and I am pleased to say all have done excellently. We have the only decently equipped theatre outside Constantinople and people are beginning to know this. I must say we have rigged this farm house up quite decently. I am thinking of writing a little report about it. Food supplies have been our chief difficulty, as practically everything has to be brought up from Constantinople. The cold weather has set in properly and snow has fallen, which has made the neighbouring hills quite white, and the mountains on the other side of the Marmora are very beautiful.

It has been a great job trying to keep the patients warm, as the house is a curious old draughty place, nothing but windows which are very badly fitted. It is a three-storied affair like a sort of castle, a closed yard at the entrance side, and in some out-buildings here we have made our office quarters.

We had a case of small pox that developed in one of the patients about ten days ago. As he was pretty bad, in fact a mere skeleton when he arrived, it carried him off. I am glad to say we have not had another case. I am enclosing a couple of newspaper cuttings from the "Surrey Times", they were sent by one of my dressers, and will give you a little idea of what we have been doing, though they are rather foolishly written. I took him up to Kara-agatch, that he writes about, one day when I was visiting our advance station. If the war finishes we shall leave here in about ten days time, if it goes on we shall remain. I am going to look about to-morrow for another advance station should this happen, as things are beginning to look a little that way at present. Page has left, so I am senior man now of the Red Cross out here. However, I much prefer being here than having to run the hospital in Stamboul. Christmas passed off very merrily, as we had a number of visitors of our party, up from S. No civilians can travel by the trains yet, but our kit carries us anywhere. Many of the chaps had plum pudding, sweets, cakes, etc., sent up to them, so we did quite well. I began to feel quite a lost bird as no letters etc. ever seemed to come for me, while everybody else was getting things.

January 12th, 1913. As I have a chance of sending this up to Constantinople tomorrow I will finish off. We are getting very tired of waiting, and hope to get some definite news in a few days. A letter from you arrived today dated December 17th, it came up from Constantinople nailed on a box, also one from Father. Many thanks.

The kit was quite all right, though at present I live just in my uniform and

rubber boots. Have used the sleeping bag every night since arriving in Turkey, and could not do without it, same with the camp bed. The instruments have also been very useful. The dress suit has not yet been worn by myself though I lent it to some one else who was at Constantinople for Christmas. Davis has turned out one of the best, not so far as good cooking goes, but his willingness to work. He cooks for the men, and they seem quite content. At present he is ill and has been so for a few weeks.

I am very sorry to say a good many of the orderlies turned out failures especially the nursing ones. They might have been all right for a Field Hospital, but for a base hospital I am convinced that female nurses are the thing. I have had many worries and troubles up here one way and another with various people, arrangements, stores etc., but have jogged along all right so far and managed to keep things running well. You will be disgusted to hear that practically all my photographs have been failures, all moved, your camera must have peculiar actions. It shows how foolish it is to take a camera one is not accustomed to. It is a great pity as some were rather interesting as I have had more chances than anyone as I am often up at Mabemkeni (Turkish army's centre). There was some firing this afternoon, but I think only the Turks trying some new guns they have recently received. The poor soldiers are having a very rough time of it, living in a pig-sty of mud and very cold. At present it is almost impossible to move the troops because of the mud, it is terrible.

The Turks themselves are keen on continuing the war, but it is doubtful whether the Powers will allow them. If Adrianople falls I suppose that will finish the thing.

I hear they have 120,000 civilians there besides something like 80,000 troops.

The following are the cuttings mentioned.

## WITH THE TURKISH WOUNDED.

December 7th.

Below we give some further extracts from the diary of Mr. John Douglas Wilkinson, of Sutton, who is acting as assistant surgeon in one of the hospitals in Turkey established by the British Red Cross Society :—

Saturday, November 9th.—Our first hospital is now on a sound going basis. There are three wards, St. Thomas, Mary, and Judith, the last so called after Mrs. Wyllie's Christian name. Considering the mixture of men we have arrangements are working extraordinarily smoothly. As a train comes in from the front, 27 miles away, the wounded are put on stretchers and brought up the hill to us. First they are laid, still on their stretchers, in rows, and each in his turn is brought to the receiving ward, where there is accommodation for three wounded. The first business is to get their clothes off, and in the case of those who have had no food for several days, to give them bread or rice and water, or Oxø hot. The poor beggars seem to have rigged themselves up in every pyjama, vest, rug, trousers, and tunic they possess, to protect themselves against the cold, and each has an amulet of sorts round his neck and a little packet of money, either in his belt or sewn up in one of his numerous garments. Unless they are too ill to care, which most of them are, they won't let you touch either necklet or money.

Their clothes and bodies, in almost all cases, are in a most awful state of dirt and vermin, and many of them are suffering from dysentery, cholera, or typhoid. Some of the wounds are ghastly beyond all description, and the courage with which they bear them and their stoicism is remarkable.

Their injuries are temporarily dressed, with a view to operating shortly where necessary, and they are put to bed after being as thoroughly washed as their injuries permit. So far the theatre has been in constant use all day, but we are unable to operate at night, having no light strong enough for the purpose.

The men we are dealing with are mostly the Asia Minor troops, strong, big-boned, dark and often handsome men, usually with beards. Few of them have had sufficient food for many weeks, and are terribly emaciated. We find out their needs and explain our wishes largely by signs, but we have now the services of three interpreters. One, Ahmed, a native of Cairo, who keeps an antique shop there, has come over at his own expense, and for no wages, to give what help he can. He has food with our unit, and is altogether an extremely intelligent man, talking English and Turkish thoroughly well. I find my French is quite useful, for many of the better class Turks who visit us talk in Turkish to the patients and translate their wants to us in French. Many of my particular patients are learning a few words of English, and I a few words of Turkish.

I have little or no time to get off my feet all day, and not much at night.

Things seem moving very slowly. Little or no news of the state of war reaches us, although we are the nearest hospital to the front. Thousands of refugees arrive in the city every day, and all side streets and most main ones are made impassable by bullock carts with the owners camped there. At night the people wrap themselves in their rugs and lie just as they are on the path in the filthy road, men, women, and children, sheep, goats, and oxen are all lying asleep together. The whole thing is a sight that no one could picture who had not seen it.

Sunday and Monday were uneventful days; in fact our work seemed only like general hospital work, with all the draw-

backs of insufficient supplies. Patients mostly are doing well. Some, of course, have died; they were hopeless.

Wednesday, November 13th.—Had a false alarm. We had made all arrangements to go to Stephano, and had actually boarded a special train, when just before the train left we were stopped by order of some Pasha owing to outbreak of cholera there. Of course, now the hospital is established as a going concern, there are many more of us than are actually necessary to do the work, so the idea is that sections should split up with separate spheres of work.

On Sunday we visited. We are the first Englishmen the girls had talked to for five months; the only men they meet here are Americans. The sun has never ceased to shine since we arrived, and it is usually hot. No one would believe it was nearly December.

Thursday, 14th.—Today I have had such an experience as lives in a man's memory. Part of the defeated Turkish army returned by boat from Salonica, I believe, and were landed at the point. There was not a man among them without either cholera, enteric, dysentery, or smallpox. There were not many with external wounds, for the wounded had succumbed at once. These men were all in the last stages of exhaustion, and were strewn over the ground in every direction. When I first came to the spot the scene was indescribable. It was impossible to tell which were "living and which were dead. There must have been altogether from 3,000 to 4,000 of the living corpses" and when some attempt was made to move on those who could crawl at all to a large building where they could sleep for the night, it reminded one exactly of the "Retreat from Moscow" picture, particularly as the soldiers wore those hooded great coats. All through the morning we formed seven stretcher parties, and helped carry those not already dead to the cholera hospital, where, at any rate, they could get the food and water they had not had for three days. The next morning we were down there again, and I counted more than 200 dead men lying stiff in a hundred different postures round about. Of course, we had to be thoroughly disinfected with a cholera spray from top to toe several times. The physique of our stretcher bearers was favourably commented on by the Turkish officers, I should say that for every two wounded the Turkish bearers carried, we carried three, and the distance was about three-quarters of a mile. During the day we received orders for Section 2 to proceed to Ali Bey Chiftlik (i.e. Ali Bey Farm). This we consider great kudos for us, and accordingly we dumped Section 2's stores and baggage and men's kit on the Sempko(?) point, all among the cholera stricken patients, and mounted a guard all through the night. I did a turn from 11 to 1; after that I was jolly glad to get to bed for four hours, having had no sleep for two days and a night, owing to having to take the place of a nursing orderly, who went sick in the infectious ward, from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Never had such a night as that in all my life, and hope I never shall again. Fetching and carrying delirious patients for twelve hours, and persuading one of them who got off and went into the street and down the road while I was dressing another, is no joke.

We got off at 5 a.m. on Saturday morning, and after indescribable delays, boarded a little Government launch at the customs quay, worked round the point with a lighter, and puffed merrily along the sea of Marmora past St. Stephen's to a small bay a mile or two beyond. Here we got off, hauled the baggage piece by piece about 200 yards across sandy ground, and pushed it on board ordinary small rowing boats. Some of us had a delightful bathe in the seas of Marmora . . . surprised the Turkish soldiers who had been sent to help us haul. We have with

us a British officer in the Turkish Gendarmerie, very useful indeed; talks Turkish of course, like a book, and smoothes the way with the magic wand of authority. We brought a little puffing steam launch with us from Constantinople and at length started up the lake. It took about three hours to get to our destination, an old farmstead by the lake. It belongs to the Sultan, and the house, which is most remarkable in architecture, is quite uninhabited and in disrepair, but people live in subsidiary cottages round about. The whole place wears a most peaceful appearance, only marred by the firing of heavy guns in the hills a few miles from us.

One of the first things we did to-day was to buy six sheep and 18 cows; one sheep we killed at once. There were a lot of turkeys and fowls about, and tons of wheat in the granary, so we shall not starve. Everybody worked hard in every department to get the place ready for receiving the wounded. Major Wyllie and Capt. Deedes reported fighting within ten miles, in which the Bulgarians had been twice repulsed. At different times in the day three wounded officers turned up. All speak French, and are not seriously damaged. One is a most delightful blood-thirsty old chap, his sabre is covered with fresh blood, and he himself was badly cut in the foot in a cavalry charge.

There has been practically no firing to-day; only one wounded has arrived.

Friday 22nd.—Time since I last wrote anything has passed very quietly. We have some wounded arriving daily, and after being attended to and having a day's rest here, those who can be moved are passed on to the various hospitals in Constantinople. To-day we sent forward a small party, one surgeon, a dresser, and four men, to establish a receiving station (two tents) about six miles from here. The Bulgarians lost 600 men in a cavalry charge yesterday, according to a wounded officer who was brought in late last night, and . . . he says they had retired some little from Chatalja. In fact, the Turks have had the better of the last few days' fighting.

#### WITH THE TURKISH WOUNDED.

##### *A Suttonian's experiences.*

December 4th.

Below we give some further extracts from the diary of Mr. John Douglas Wilkinson, who is working as dresser on behalf of the British Red Cross Society among the Turkish wounded.

Sunday, November 24th.—Had a grand day to-day; plenty to do and quite amusing. After breakfast, began the business of transporting five of our convalescent patients by the usual sea route to Stamboul. My sides still ache with laughter. The lake was really quite rough, and the launch, with its train of three boats, almost unmanageable. However, eventually they started, with every prospect of being drowned after having escaped an untimely death at the hands of the surgeon! It is no easy thing to fix up four patients on stretchers in a small dingy. Still, it was done, and I hear this evening they arrived safely, deeply grateful to us for our trouble. We are getting quite a different class of soldiers here from those we had in Stamboul, much nicer men and more intelligent. . . . You can't imagine what motoring over such a rough country is like. There are no roads; the best surfaces are mere cart tracks, with boggy holes every few yards.

I shall always remember as long as I live the evenings we spent in this little room. We have our dinner about 7 p.m., and after that we sit and talk and argue, and discuss for an hour or two before turning in. Our party varies a little every day, for there are always comings and goings between here and Constantinople.

Monday, 25th.—Had a red-letter day to-day. Have been on horse-back for twelve hours. We have cleared all our patients but one, who is dangerously ill, down at Stamboul, so as to have this place free to receive wounded from the next fight, which may happen any time—and I started off early this morning. We rode first of all to Tashargil, our encampment nearest the front. There is a surgeon, a dresser, and four orderlies there. It's about 5 miles from here. They all seemed in the best spirits, and spoiling for a fight. We left there and went straight on to Cara Aghatch (The Black Tulip) where the staff of the Turkish army were. From here we could see, with glasses, the Bulgarian lines on the opposite mountains, and see the discharge of the guns on both sides. We are just out of range. Shrapnel was bursting within 300 yards of us, and I saw several men drop. We went into the cottage where the chief surgeons of the army were. They were awfully pleased to see us, introduced us all round, and gave us Turkish tea out of a coffee Samovar, and talked with us in French. After another look round we made our way to Tashargil, and then rode back home in the dark. This last part was most perilous. We kept losing our way and stumbling all over the place, but they put out a lantern on the hillside, and we eventually reached it, and so home. All along the track near the front were dead horses in all stages of decay, with vultures feeding on them, huge trains of baggage waggons, and loaded mules, oxen and donkeys, and soldiers making their way to the front. The Turks seem bucking up tremendously. Cholera has almost died down—(N.B.—It killed 15,000 before it died, though)—and now fresh troops are arriving every day. The country all round is exactly like Salisbury Plain or the South Downs, or the Long Mynd. No trees to speak of, except in a few sheltered spots. At present the position is this: The Turks are impregably entrenched on one side of a valley. The Bulgarians ditto on the other. Neither will take the offensive. Puzzle: What will happen in the end?

Wednesday, December 4th.—There has been really nothing to write about since the 25th ult. We are simply waiting. The armistice of 15 days has been declared, and the chief thing of note about our hospital is the absence of patients. That's always the way in war time. One day a rush of wounded, almost too many to deal with; another day or week there are no admissions at all. We make changes of personnel with Stamboul and Tashargil every few days, with the idea of giving everyone a chance. Personally I am quite pleased to stay here. The place exactly fits in with my rural likings; the lake, the farm, the marshes, the sea, the mountains of Asia beyond, snow-capped, and reaching up to the clouds, are a never ceasing source of pleasure. I have seen the following birds: chaffinches, blue tits, great tits, bearded tits, various warblers, common wren, magpies, jackdaws, wood pigeons, rooks, little grebe, heron, many pochards, coot, kestrel, wild ducks, snipe, brown owl, bunting, great crested grebe, several enormous white-headed eagles, many large hawks, and several unknown finches. All our stores and appliances that we are not actually using every day are packed and ready for immediate transport to any place Major Wyllie telegraphs us. Yesterday people were talking about being home for Christmas. To-day it does not seem so certain.

## CHILDREN'S PAGE.

*Contributions from children under 17 years old.*

## PICNIC AT FISH HOEK.

Aunt Lil and Cousin Nelly gave a large children's picnic at Fish Hoek on Wednesday February 11th, to celebrate the birthday of Betty Bisset and Donald Molteno. About 50 people (mostly members of the family) were invited, and we all went down by the 2.30 train. It was a beautiful afternoon, the only drawback being a very strong wind, but in spite of that the picnic was a great success. First of all the little ones bathed. They all enjoyed it so much that it was quite difficult to make them come out of the water. It was really a very pretty sight to see them all playing about in the waves. Peter Molteno made quite a little picture standing in the water, the wind blowing all his curls about. Lorna Murray swam very nicely and did not mind getting a ducking, neither did Eldred Bisset, who must rather have enjoyed it, as he was constantly going under. The tiny ones, namely Aimée and Donald Molteno, Stuart Murray, and Charles Molteno were very independent and preferred bathing quite alone, further along the beach. When they were eventually dressed there was time for one game of cricket before tea. Colonel Sandeman had kindly brought down his bathing tent, which was very useful all through the afternoon. As soon as it was fixed up we bathed. When we were dressed we joined the little ones all sitting down, having their tea, which was spread out on the sand, under the shade of some rocks. Betty and Donald sat facing each other in front of their Birthday Cakes. The table was prettily arranged with crackers and sweets. After tea the children enjoyed themselves, playing in the sand or paddling. Later on some one told the little ones stories, to which they listened with great delight. It being summer, most of us stayed until the 7 o'clock train. It was lovely then and we were all sorry to leave.

MARY MOLTENO.

## BAZAAR AT NELLIE BISSET'S HOUSE

A Sale of Work was held at Aboyne, Pine Rd., Kenilworth, on Saturday, 19th October, in aid of the Freed Slave Home in the Soudan.

This Freed Slave Home was erected by Dr. Carl Kumm, in memory of his wife. The Government brought many slaves from all over the Soudan, where the Moslems are fast gaining ground and turning the natives into Mohammedans.

It requires £4 0s. 0d. a year to keep a slave, and out of that money they are fed, taught and clothed (which does not cost much!!) We support a boy who was a *cannibal*, and when they were being brought to this Home the men in charge missed three of them, and on returning found two of them eating the third!!! But, since, we have heard he has been converted and baptised and called "Yusu fu" (which we think means "Joseph"). Aunt Emmie commenced this work four years ago supported by Doris Beard, Ursula Bisset, Joyce Steytler, Mary Anderson, Elspeth Moffat, Nell and Peggy Findlay. Islay and Gwen Bisset.

But since we commenced this work five of the girls have gone to England, in consequence of which there were only four of us to do the work. The grounds were decorated with flags, and small tables were arranged on the croquet court for tea. There were lots of homemade cake, sweets, chutney and jam, and some very pretty fancy things, a great many of which were sent out from England by Islay and Ursula Bisset.

The total result of the bazaar was £13 10s. £12 of which were handed over to the secretary of the Home to support the boy for three years more; by that time he will be able to teach others.

GWEN BISSET.

## A LETTER TO FRIENDS IN GENEVA.

I am in hopes of finding leisure of mind and body sufficient to enable me to write you a joint letter to be posted at Port Said. We were in dock at Naples at about 9 o'clock yesterday, and left at 10.15 p.m. I was not able to turn this long day to account for the purpose of ordinary sight-seeing, and I only took short little walks into the Naples that lies immediately beside the Docks. And, what a world that proved to be. It was like looking at a drop of water through a microscope. O the people! the people! What a surging mass of humanity! How they seemed to rise and fall, to throb and vibrate in the same way as the waters over which we are now moving—a Jungle, a Kaleidoscope, a Cinematograph Show—and neither my flesh nor spirit eyes able to sufficiently seize and analyse it! It makes me think of 'Kim', and Rudyard Kipling's descriptions of India. Pale faces, sickly faces, jaundiced faces, diseased human beings, and such a hungry human soul looking out of all the faces, all the eyes, asking and seeking for the Christ, for the new revelation that is to give meaning to Life. For these people can never turn their faces into masks. Through their eyes one sees into their hungry souls. The desperate hunger and thirst, the terrible need of a great new light seemed on all their faces.

And yet the enchantment of the South was upon them! They were a part of such a sublime Nature, and Nature's purifying fires are constantly at work before their eyes. Consciously or unconsciously they are always seeking Nature's God. They cannot become purely materialistic. They cannot content themselves with material food.

This is a still gray morning; as yet no sunshine. The ship is all that can be desired in every respect. The engines work smoothly, and there is no uncomfortable restless vibration to make one aware of the

confinement of the steam, and of its struggle to escape from this confinement. The food is good and well-prepared, and all is clean and fresh. The kind German faces that beam upon you on all sides are a benediction. Such a loving, deep-hearted, child-like soul looks out of their faces,—not the desperate soul-hunger of the Italians. The Germans are up and doing and seem more at home on this earth.

February, 3rd.

The voyage from Naples has been delightful. We left at 10.15 on Tuesday night, and on Wednesday were in sight of land for many hours. We had a long-drawn-out splendid view of Stromboli, which to all appearance rises sheer from the sea, and so gets the full advantage of its height. It looks like a gigantic domed pyramid towering, solitary, alone, all alone, over the waste of waters.

On Thursday there was sunshine in the morning but not much in the afternoon. Before darkness fell a complete change took place. A magically clear, light, dry warm *African* air seemed to be coming towards us, seeming to awaken new, strange far-away long-lost life. Yes, this must be a first greeting from Africa.

After dinner came a scene of splendour that almost made me lose consciousness of the body, as one felt oneself becoming a part of the sea and the sky and also played upon by the moonlight that was shimmering on the waters. And so gallantly our boat plunged on, her rising and falling with a large rhythmic movement as she ploughed the waters like a hugh sea-creature, full of life and splendid confidence in her powers. And one realized how wondrous is Man's power in thus conceiving and creating such a splendid boat as this. At the far stern-end of the boat the band was making sweet music, and welcoming in soft strains the *Schönes Orient*.

To-day is exquisite,—delicious sunshine, delicious air and indescribable loveliness on the water. The sea a dark, dark blue; blue

with infinite depths of blue in it, and a vast dazzling river of silver flowing from the horizon that was of the Sun's making. I keep fancying the Mermen and Mermaids below in their glittering caverns, living in a splendour of light and colour that one's eyes could not endure to look upon.

To-night we enter Suez Canal, and shall be in it for about eighteen hours (many of which will be hours of the night). And then for the next five days comes the Red Sea, so long thought of. I am told we shall not have very great heat, as this is not the hot season of the year.

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## NEWS FROM JARVIS AND LENOX MURRAY.

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The following are extracts from Jarvis's letters beginning with the first ones written from British East Africa. They will be continued in the next number of the magazine.

September 21st, 1911. Camp in middle of the Aberdare Forest.

I am commencing this letter as you see in the middle of the Aberdare mountains. We expect to reach Nyeri tomorrow morning early, where I shall be able to post. Nyeri is a Government station where there is a shop, and a couple of houses, including the residence of the District Commissioner. The West Kenia farms commence about 8 miles beyond, and beyond them again lies the Laikipia Plateau. We have had a most interesting journey from Naivasha so far. We left the latter place at 8.30 a.m. on Tuesday. We have 24 porters, a cook, and "general boy" and "head boy." The daily programme is, leave camp at 7 a.m. and march until about 1 p.m. or 2 p.m. and then camp. The average march is 15 miles a day. Our porters are all Kikuyus, the cook and general boy are Swahilis and the head boy is a Somali. The Kikuyus seldom carry

spears, but generally have a weapon which is half-way between a sword and a knife. None of our "boys" have spears, but about half carry swords. The Masai generally seem to go about well armed and are distinguished by the length of the blade of their spears which is about 2 ft. 6 in. to 3 ft. long, about half the whole length of the spears.

On leaving Naivasha one immediately begins to rise and in about 2½ hours reaches a treeless plateau stretching to the foot of the Aberdare, where the grass is very thick but coarse, and probably at present only suitable for cattle. However, where it has been eaten down it seems to get fine, and I daresay this plateau will at a later date carry sheep also. Our first 2½ hours march was through forests of cedar trees. The rest of the day's journey was over this plateau and we camped at the first wooded stream we came to which was about three miles from the foot of the mountain. About 2 hours before reaching camp we came in for a thunder-storm accompanied by light rain, which stopped when we reached camp about 4 p.m. This was rather a long and trying march for the "boys", but we had to push on to this stream as it was the first place where wood was obtainable. While camp was being got ready Lenox and I walked up stream with our rifles to try and shoot a buck for meat. The stream ran between high banks, one side of which was covered with grass and here and there a tree, and the other side with dense bush. We kept along the grassy side and had not gone far when we saw two bush buck on the opposite side. I fired but the bush was so thick we could not see what had happened. On going a little further we saw another at which Lenox had a shot, and I think wounded it, but it jumped up again and I fired at it. We sent our "boy" into the bush to look for it but he could not find it. We then started back to camp and saw another, which we knocked over. Lenox had one shot and I two; all three bullets hit it. Our "boys" had a hard job to get it to camp out of the bush, but once in camp

they soon polished it off. We kept a back leg for ourselves. The next morning we left camp at 7 a.m. and, in about an hour, reached the forests where the path became very steep. We first passed through big trees with not very heavy undergrowth, but soon got into the bamboo forest which continued right up to the very top of the pass between 10,000 and 11,000 feet up. These bamboo forests are very pretty having a feathery look, but are very dense, and we got hardly any view out. The path which was only 5 or 6 feet wide was very steep. Once on top we had a very fine view towards Mount Kenia (the first time we had seen it). We were fortunate in having a beautiful day as I believe it nearly always rains going over this pass. Kenia looked very fine, but in a short while became enveloped in clouds. We reached the top of the pass about 10 a.m. Our porters must have had a hard struggle to get to the top with their heavy loads. Once on top our path sloped gradually and we were, for the time being, out of the forest, the veld being covered with thick coarse grass with here and there patches of bush and timber. At about 1.30 p.m. we reached our camp. Although we were gradually descending, our camp was really still on the top of the mountain. The country in the neighbourhood of our camp was mostly grass, with here and there belts of bush. About 100 yards above our camp was one of these belts of bush, and about 4 o'clock I walked up to this bush to see if I could shoot anything. I found the belt of bush only about 50 or 60 yards wide, and on going through it had a fine view of the surrounding country which was undulating with here and there deep valleys (all still at the top of the mountain). It was a beautiful afternoon and I lay down in the grass to watch for game. The belt of bush next to which I was lying ran along the hill for about 800 yards and turned at right angles almost encircling a sort of "Kom" which lay below me. I saw two bush bucks come out and walk along the edge of the bush, feeding, and then go in again. Then two

magnificent koodoo came out about 800 yards away and walked slowly into a thick piece of bush in the "Kom" below me. I watched them through my glasses. They were beautiful animals—a bull and a cow, and kept about 50 yards apart, and were apparently rather nervous, as they would every now and then stop and throw their heads up and look in all directions before moving on. I was just thinking of going back to camp, when a small koodoo bull walked out of the bush about 50 yards from me. I lay still and he passed within about 20 yards of where I lay without seeing me. I felt very tempted to shoot, but we have only taken out a traveller's licence costing £1 which only entitles us to shoot smaller game. However, with permission of an owner, we may shoot anything, except an elephant, on private property. Although I did not shoot anything, I was very much interested in seeing the game. This morning when we were leaving camp we saw the fresh spoor of a tiger within a hundred yards of the camp. We left camp again about 7 a.m., and after walking about half an hour entered the bamboo forest on this side of the mountain and began the tree descent. The path was even steeper than on the other side and the forests are decidedly larger and finer than on the Naivasha side of the Aberdare. We walked for 2½ hours through dense bamboo forests, where there was not a sign of animal life, although I believe they are full of elephants. After leaving the bamboo we got into the forest in which we now are, which has very fine large trees but very dense undergrowth, which would be impossible to get through, except by following the game paths. I believe these forests are full of buffalo, elephants and koodoo. Once out of the bamboo the woods are full of life again. We are camped in a beautiful spot. It is an open space surrounded by big forest trees and dense undergrowth. There are some peculiar trees here which run up to about 80 or 90 feet, the same thickness and as straight as an arrow, and without a branch.



Nyeri. September 22nd, 1911.

We reached here at 9.30 this morning. Our last camp in the forest was nice and warm, quite different from the other two which were bitterly cold. We left camp this morning at 6.30. and came out of the forest in about  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour. The view is very fine from the edge of the forest, one looks over a hilly country full of cultivated lands, and beyond the hills, level country sloping up to Kenia.

Nyeri is at the far edge of the hills and looks over the lower plains which slope up to Kenia. These hills which we passed through this morning are covered with a beautiful rich red soil, and seem very fertile. The soil is nice and loose and does not seem to cake at all. The hills are native reserve and entirely agricultural. The stock country is on the lower plains. The grass around here looks very good and is mixed with plenty of clover. The natives grow mostly mealies, sweet-potatoes, beans and sugar cane. They are all Kikuyus round here and have very little stock. The Masai on the other hand are entirely stock owners and despise these people who live by agriculture.

Our Somali (Ali) who is our head boy, also has a very poor opinion of them and says the Masai (who I believe are of Semitic origin) are much more intelligent, and require to be shown how to do a thing only once whereas these people have to be always superintended. The Masai also in their wars always send word to their enemies that they intend attacking, and come openly. The Somalis apparently look down upon all the natives who are far inferior to them. Ali seems to know the country between this and Egypt very well. He says Abyssinia is the finest of all the countries in Africa. He seems also to be a "jack-of-all-trades". His last job was gun bearer to an American named Captain Rainer, who is hunting lions here with a big pack of hounds. In two months he killed 27, and his biggest bag was 9 lions between sun-rise and 11 a.m. one day. The government have just given

him permission to go into the big game reserve to kill lions, which have become very plentiful there.

Twenty of our porters out of twenty-four have refused to go beyond Nyeri, so we are getting fresh "boys" here. I hope it will not delay us. The District Commissioner has an awfully pretty place here and his flower garden is a sight. All kinds of garden flowers seem to do well. We called in at a Roman Catholic mission station which we passed half an hour before getting here, as we wanted to buy a Swahili vocabulary. However the Fathers were only able to talk Italian and Kikuyu, so we did not get much information from them, and they appeared to have only an Italian English and an Italian Kikuyu dictionary. There seem to be plenty of natives around here and we passed some very good Rietti wheat. Mount Kenia is just opposite us but seems to be enveloped in clouds the greater part of the day. It is really wonderful how the grass grows in this country. In some places it is coarse, in some fine, but everywhere it grows in one thick mat. Nyeri has a fine situation on a hill with a river below it and I believe will soon be the seat of administration for the Kenia Province.

Fort Hall is at present the capital of the district, but it is not nearly so central or so healthy.

September 23rd 1911.

The District Commissioner is getting us fresh porters, but we do not expect to get away until to-morrow morning.

Nat Barry has been out to his farm near here and is returning this morning. We have just said good-bye to him.

October 2nd 1911.

My last letter was written from Nyeri on the 23rd of last month, since when our trip has been most interesting. We had to engage fresh porters at Nyeri as nearly all the original lot refused to go further. I think they thought we were going to a place called Guasen Nyiero where it is very stony. About twenty minutes after leaving Nyeri

we entered bush and forest land, with here and there open stretches. The country is very pretty and everywhere covered with Rooi Grass which, when eaten down, turns to couch; both are excellent for stock, but up to Barry's farm, where we camped, there is rather too much bush for an ideal farm. Barry has very good timber on his farm and has put up a saw mill driven by water power. He has quite a nice little house made of wooden slabs and thatched with grass. I think he has 6000 or 7000 acres. The next morning, the 24th, we kept along the slopes of Kenia passing over some very fine stock country, quite open, with wood along the rivers, which are fairly frequent and always perennial. Here and there the Kenia forest shoots out in tongues into the open country. We reached Kenealey's farm at 12.0 o'clock. He and Barry seem to be the only two who are doing anything with their farms, and although this whole allotment of farms called West Kenia has been taken up, only 4 are occupied. Kenealey seems a very nice young fellow and comes from the Eastern Province. We went out in the afternoon with him for a shoot. His hut stands on the bank of a river and across it is a tongue of forest running down the river on the opposite side. Three nights before a lion had been to his kraal, but the palings are about 12 ft. high, so he could only walk round and growl. We hoped either to come across the lion or a rhino, but saw nothing until we turned homewards when I shot a steenbuck and a waterbuck. The latter is a large handsome animal, we had to leave our two boys with it and send back half a dozen boys from camp to help bring it in. It was quite dark when we got back to camp, and the "boys" did not half like the idea of going into the bush with lions about, but we gave them two lanterns and they returned with the buck about a quarter to ten.

25th. We continued our march to Paice's farm, three hours beyond Kenealey's. There were a couple of huts here but Paice was

away buying cattle. This is an awfully nice country and the best we have seen. The rivers are only about 4 or 5 miles apart and separated by beautiful grass country; I think there would not be much difficulty in taking the water of these streams out for irrigation. There is a very fine piece of unsurveyed land here which we would like to try to get from the Governor if possible. A great advantage of this particular area is that one does not get the heavy fogs which prevail on the east side of Kenia. They only come round as far as Barry's farm. Another advantage is that there seems to be comparatively little vermin compared with other parts. There is not much game either unless one goes into the forests where there are elephants, rhino, and buffalo. The only animal which seems to abound on the open country is the zebra. We heard hyenas here for the first time, they came quite close to the tent and made a most weird howling.

September 26th 1911. We went on to the next farm which is the last of this allotment along the slopes of Kenia. It is a very good little farm and we will see if we can get hold of it. It is the only farm in this neighbourhood which has the red soil, the others being chocolate. These farms have a great advantage in being near the forest where one is granted permission to cut wood for your own use for five years. The principal woods are cedar, camplor, chestnut, and a sort of sneezewood. Here our "boys" said they heard a lion during the night, but we heard nothing. We had a thunderstorm at the last farm between 1.30 and 4.30 p.m. and have since had one every day between those hours.

September 27th 1911. To-day we had a good look at the surrounding country, and, coming back, met two men named Lecher and Manney who were returning from a shooting trip down the Guasin Nyero river. About two days march from here they say there is any quantity of big game of all descriptions including plenty of lions. We went over to their camp while it rained and

had some tea. Three days ago they had two "boys" mauled by a lioness which they had wounded. They walked right on top of her before seeing her and the one "boy" gave her a crack on the head with his knob kerrie, with the result that he and the next "boy" were badly mauled, and the lioness escaped. Each of these fellows had shot a lion and a rhino.

September 28th, 1911. All the roads in these parts are foot paths. We trekked today across the plain towards the Aberdare mountains again, our objective being Rumruti which is the Seat of a District Commissioner, and four days' march from this farm. We passed very good stock country but with a great deal more scrub than nearer Kenia, and the waters further apart. We camped on the Angaro Nyeru River which is a beautiful camping spot. During the day we saw a troop of at least three hundred zebra, amongst them some tiny little foals. At another place we came upon a herd of about thirty or forty eland mixed up with a mob of zebra. As soon as they saw us they separated and the eland ran and stood looking at us at about two hundred yards. They also had some small young ones, and there was a magnificent bull amongst them, but we have no permit to shoot so let them go. We also passed some gemsbok which were very wild. About 4 o'clock when the usual thunderstorm was over, we went out to shoot some meat for the pot. Our camp on the river was surrounded by thick bush but as soon as one gets out of these river valleys the country is quite open. We walked up the valley and then made for the open country. Before getting out of the bush I had a shot at an Impala but missed and, in trying to follow it up we got into the open. Standing on the edge of the bush, we heard a lion somewhere on the edge but a long way off; it sounded like an ostrich. We walked some distance in the direction of the sound and listened but could hear nothing further so turned to go back to camp as it was beginning to get late. Just as we got into the bush we heard him again

and not very far off, but it was too late to do anything so we pushed on to camp.

September 29th, 1911. Today we camped on the Wasin Gobi River, also an ideal camp.

After waiting for the rain to stop Lenox and I went out to shoot about a quarter to five with our two "boys". On climbing out of the river valley we got on to an open plateau dotted here and there with trees, the slopes to the river being covered with thick bush. There were some Thompson's gazelles feeding on this open plateau, so Lenox and I started to stalk. After going a little way I spotted a lion looking at me about 800 yards off. I had got a little separated from Lenox who had fired a couple of shots at the buck and could not attract his attention so sent off one of the "boys" to tell him to come on and started to stalk the lion with the other "boy". The lion was sitting on his haunches in front of a little bush on the edge of the plateau and between us was a stunted tree with a small taaibush under it. I kept in the line of this tree and crept up to it. He was watching me the whole time, but apparently could not make out what sort of an animal I was. When I got to the tree I was about 200 yards off, but unfortunately there was a slight rise just in front of the lion and when I lay down I could only see the upper part of his chest and his head. I lay down and waited for Lenox but seeing the lion look behind him once or twice I thought he would go, so took careful aim and fired. The bullet must have passed very near to his head which he gave a shake and then galloped off into the bush. Lenox had by this time come up, and we ran up to the spot where he had gone into the bush. The two "boys" behaved very well and we spooed him as far as the edge of the bush, but did not like going in after him as it was beginning to get late. We then walked along to where I at first saw him sitting to look if he had been hit when up jumped another very big lion about 100 yards off. I took a snap shot at him and hit him badly. He fell but was up again in a minute and into the bush. We got up to

the spot where he fell and found blood but did not like going in after him as the sun had already set, so went back to camp.

30th. This morning as soon as it was light we went off to track the lion with the Somali and three natives. We look up the spoor where it entered the bush which was pretty thick, and followed it into a gully. At one place he had apparently lain down, as there was a pool of blood. At last we came to a very thick taaibush about 5 yards in front of us and the natives declared they could see him lying in the bush. After looking very hard we could make out a portion of a tawny body, but could not see what part it was. I fired at what I took to be the middle and out rolled a hyena which we thought at first was a lion. He had apparently also been following the blood spoor and when he heard us lay down in the bush. After this we lost the lion spoor in stony ground although we hunted the whole morning in the bush. Yesterday evening when I was stalking the lion Lenox shot a buck which we left and this morning on our way to track the lion, we found another lion had come from an opposite direction and eaten it entirely up except for the horns, so lions are fairly numerous just there. We were very disgusted at not getting the wounded lion.

October 1st, 1911. We trekked today to the Umtara River through very good stock country, but fed down very short by the Masai. The country we have so far been through has no natives but today we passed two occupied Masai kraals.

2nd. To-day we came on here to Rumruti, but the country is not nearly so good as what we have been through. The Masai who had been moved from these parts to another area on the German border are coming back owing to this other area being too cold. Some of them must be quite rich. We passed to-day quite 1,000 head of cattle and several thousand sheep belonging to Masai, and I am told a single man will sometimes have 1,000 head of cattle as well as sheep and goats. As they get rich

they keep buying wives and each wife has so much stock to look after. We again saw a herd of about twenty-five eland with one very small calf. We seem to be out of the lion country again. Rumruti is very pretty and the commissioner has a beautiful garden with every kind of flower growing in profusion, and plenty of water. It is on a strong river which forms a papyrus marsh, about 10 miles long, commencing about a quarter of a mile from here, in which there are plenty of hippos. We expect to be back at Naivasha in ten days. Our route back takes us over a shoulder of the Aberdare mountains about 800 feet above sea level. The whole of B.E. Africa is apparently volcanic, and in some places of quite recent origin. Above Barry's farm at Naivasha there are places where steam issues from the crevices.

The following is the latest news from Jarvis and Lenox.

Jarvis writes

January 9th, 1913 . . . . I spent Christmas with Lennie Wright on the farm he is managing on Lake Naivasha. It is situated on a semi-detached portion of the lake, an ideal piece of water for boating, having quite clear water, with here and there beautiful landing places. Lennie has a very nice sailing boat, and a moter tug is being built, as transport to the farm is done by lake from the station which is at the opposite side of the lake. The lake is probably about half the size of False Bay being between 50 and 60 miles in circumference.

There are plenty of hippos but no crocodiles. It is one of the few lakes whose water is quite sweet to drink. I believe it will become the fashionable place for B.E. African people later on as things develop. A mountain ridge cut me off from the lake and I had a pretty tough walk over. The crest of the ridge and more than half way down on the other side are covered with heavy forest, this side of which I know well, there being many good tracks through it. I determined to take a well beaten track, of

which I knew, crossing a nek in the ridge and which I thought must take me down on to the plains on the far side.

I left camp rather late on Christmas Eve, as I had to shoot some meat for my "boys." On reaching the top of the ridge found my track ran dead to an old Wanderobo encampment which was deserted, and I could find no sign of a path leading away. It was too late to turn back so I cut into the forest and for some distance got along on old game tracks, but eventually lost all sign of a path and had to put one of my "boys" to cut a path with his sword, and from that time on this boy cut through the undergrowth while I and the two other boys followed. About 4 o'clock it began raining so I put my gun into its holster and gave it to the boy behind me. We had been plodding along in the rain for about an hour, with the undergrowth getting thicker and thicker, when suddenly a branch cracked near us. I signed to the "boys" to all stand still and tried in vain to get my gun out of the holster which had shrunk with the wet. While still struggling as silently as possible with the gun, a rhino made a short rush in our direction and stood about seven or eight yards away not able to get our wind, and another gave a snort and rushed off luckily away from us. I had by this time got my rifle out of its holster, but could not see the rhino, owing to the dense scrub. After standing a few minutes quite still, we silently crept away leaving the rhino to himself. The sun had already set when I eventually got out of the forest and it was after eight o'clock before I reached a farm house at the foot of the mountain. On getting out of the forest I passed any amount of fresh rhino spoor and it was surprising that I did not come upon any more. My "boy" had been cutting a path for four solid hours and the two wretched "boys", who were carrying things, were on their feet from 11 a.m. till 8.30 p.m. without a halt. Lennie is on a very fine portion of the lake, beautiful for boating. He has two near neighbours Mr. and Mrs. Hockly and the Allenborough brothers, one of the latter

was a commander in the Navy . . . . We have roughly a little over a 1,000 sheep 42 cows and heifers, 1 pure bred short horn bull, and two three quarter bred Hereford bulls and about 70 cows and heifers to come from Abyssinia. Besides the above Lenox has his mare and filly, a span of oxen, an ox cart and wagon. I have an ox cart and 4 oxen. Lenox writes January 1st, 1913.

"Things are going along pretty well — The short rains are just about over and everything is beautiful and green. Segar Bastard — Maurice Southey and I did some shooting about Christmas time. We were away six days. It was quite nice and although we were never more than a day's journey from here I had never been to that part of the country before. We took all our things in my Scotch cart. On our way we did not get very much, only stayed one day at our first camp: it was very dry there and the game had shifted. There seemed to be no lions about except for the fact that we found one zebra, which had been badly wounded—of course it may have come from some distance. We all felt a bit disgusted as we expected to find a good deal of game. Next day we made for a spot on the Guaso Nyiro river. The country here is very level and we passed through oceans of thorn scrub which made travelling for our Scotch cart slow. It also made it difficult keeping the direction, as one cannot see at all on account of its being so level. We did not want to shoot game except for the pot and wait for lions. About mid-day we were just entering a large plain where there was plenty of game — zebra, oryx, Tommy, grant, eland. On the edge of this I saw a wart hog, he was looking at me and I shot him in the head; the dogs were on him at once: he fought hard and we were trying to kill him with spears, when all of a sudden we heard a "whoaf" and there was a lioness about 150 yards off. She made off as quickly as possible. Segar had a shot, and missed and then I had a shot, but cannot say for certain if I hit. She got out of sight then, but we followed up and each of us had several shots. The dogs

then rounded it up and then only could we see it was hit in fact had three shots through it—so we each must have hit. After we had given it two more shots, we left it to die. It was a good lioness and we all felt quite pleased. Further on Segar shot a hartebeest which we dragged behind the cart for hours as a trail for lions. When we got near to our camping place, I shot three zebra as bait, and we also dropped the hartebeest in a likely spot. We camped in a secluded spot not far from the river. I had eight dogs with me.

Next morning we started off early and got to our kills just as it was getting light. The first kill had been partly eaten by lions; but they had evidently eaten early as we could see no tracks through the wet dew.

We followed on to the next zebra, which had been totally eaten and the lions had only just left, as we could see the wet dew tracks. I put the dogs on the trail and the first three followed it at once. Segar and myself mounted our horses and followed, Maurice coming on with the boys. We had gone about half a mile and had just entered the thorn bush when we caught sight of them—three lions and a cub.—They were now only 200 yards off and the dogs in hot pursuit: the cub turned into a big bush and the dogs surrounded it. I was anxious to secure the cub at the risk of losing the lions. They delayed us some time and we had to hand over the cub to the dogs. We then followed on as before; the lions must have separated for the dogs all went different ways and several rather at sea; however after about half an hour the dogs picked up a trail and surrounded a lion in a bush. It made an awful row and we stood about 50 yards away to wait events; I offered the shot to Segar and when the chance came he put a bullet through its back, killing it. It was only a half grown lion and we were rather disappointed. The remaining lions got clean away. Had we not waited to bay the cub, I am certain we should have got the lot. It was unfortunate for the cub got bitten in

the throat and died the next day—I was very anxious to get the cub so as to train the dogs at trailing. Maurice saw a leopard but it got away.

Next morning we were up at the same time—as we got near the first kill, we saw a lion making off and we gave chase, the dogs taking up the trail. It appears there were two; the dogs set after the one and the other at once lay down in the grass. We should have ridden right on top of him, but old Simba smelt him and chased him up covering him in a bush. I followed the other one with the rest of the dogs leaving Segar and Maurice to the other. This was a lioness—full grown and the dogs made her very fierce. I stood about 50 yards off and waited. At last I got a chance and hit her behind the shoulder but too far back. She came out then, and the dogs at once were round her. She tried to get at me but the dogs were good and there she was, jumping about and lashing her tail. I shot again, this time breaking her hind leg—she then returned to the bush, growling all the time and the dogs making a frightful row. After the dogs had worried her she was out again, but only got half way and I put a bullet in her head breaking her jaw and out at the neck. Down she went into the bush only to be out again and this time I got her full in the chest and she rolled over, dead. She was a good lioness and took a lot of killing. Dogs add a great deal to one's safety. By this time the others had come up, and looking round I saw all our brave boys high up in thorn trees. Segar had shot the other lion, but in doing so had shot poor old Simba through the head and killed him. It was unfortunate as Simba was on the other side of the bush and the lion in front, and his bullet went right through the lion first. I cannot tell you how sorry I feel, he was such a trustworthy, faithful old dog, he had the sense of a human being and I miss him as I should miss such a friend. It damped our spirits and I am sure I shall never have such a faithful animal again.