CHRONICLE OF THE FAMILY.

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EDITORIAL.

Before introducing the present number of the *Chronicle of the Family,* I feel a few words of appreciation and thanks are due to the retiring Editors, May and Effie.

Although the idea of a family magazine had been suggested and discussed amongst a few members of the family, it was entirely owing to the energy and enthusiasm of May and Effie that we have it in its present form.

The task of launching the *Chronicle* and keeping it going for the first two years of its life has not been without difficulties and I fell I can in the name of the family congratulate May and Effie on the success of their undertaking.

It is only natural that their successor should have some inward misgivings as to her ability to keep up the interesting standard set by them, but she takes this opportunity of appealing to the family for its help by sending contributions without waiting for an individual request. Both in this way and by paying the subscription early in the year, it can support the *Chronicle* and enable the Editor to carry on its tradition of linking the family together and providing an interesting record of its past.

GENERAL NEWS.

On December 24th, ten days after Effie's wedding, Claremont House, through the kindness of Ella and Frank Molteno, was again the scene of a large gathering of friends, this time, to say farewell to May Murray before her departure to England to be married. It was a glorious still summer's day and the great oaks threw a welcome shade over the scattered groups of guests seated around the tables. The older friends recalled the weddings of Caroline Murray, Maria Anderson and James Molteno which had taken place in the same loved spot.

An unexpected and welcome guest was Dr. Parker's youngest brother Charles, whose ship the "Goliath" had come into Simon's Bay a few days before. Apparently they had been escorting Indian troops from Bombay to Mombasa and had seen some fighting along the east coast, taking part in the operations connected with the blocking up of the "Königsberg" and the bombardment of Dar-es-Salaam.

On December 28th Caroline Murray, May and Ted Molteno left for England in the "Balmoral Castle."

The same evening Effie and Elliot Stanford left for their new home near Kokstad, accompanied by Minna the cook and the two dogs Corrie and Adam. Further on in this number we give Effie's account of some of her first experiences and impressions of farm life in East Griqualand.

Ted Molteno has gone to England to assist the Union Government in carrying out their scheme of bringing Belgian settlers to this country. He paid a visit to Holland, returning to England on Feb. 13th and we are sure that he will be able to give us a most interesting account of his visit.

On Christmas day came the long expected announcement of Clarissa Molteno's engagement to Captain Newcomen of the East Lancashire Regiment, which was sent to the front shortly after the outbreak of war. Clarissa had received several letters from him from the trenches and on New Year's day she had a cable saying he had been invalided home and expressing a hope that she might be able to come over. Twenty four hours later she left for England in the "Briton"—just a week after Caroline, May and Ted had sailed in the "Balmoral". They were, therefore, able to meet her at the other side together with Captain Newcomen and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Newcomen of Dublin. Clarissa, too, was welcomed into Percy's and Bessie's hospitable home at 10, Palace Court, where already the party who had arrived by the previous mail, was happily settled.

Captain Newcomen was not finally released from hospital until two days after Clarissa's arrival. He had been buried in the trenches under a falling horse destroyed by a shell, and when he was dug out, he was found unconscious. Happily he is nearly well now and will not have to return to the front for the present. After a week in London, during which he was a great deal at Palace Court, he returned to Dublin accompanied by his parents and Clarissa. The latter will have this opportunity of becoming acquainted with his relatives while he is convalescing.

They expect to return to London later, when Clarissa and Captain Newcomen will be married, probably at the end of March.

Frank and Ella Molteno spent January and February at their house at St. James.

While the war lasts Dr. Murray is living at Kenah's house carrying on the practice in the latter's absence.

Kathleen Murray has been at Oak Lodge since February 12th, where she intends farming with her Swiss friend Mademoiselle Geneguand.

Mildred Molteno and Hilda Murray, with their children, spent the last fortnight of February at Miller's Point. They much enjoyed the bracing air and sea bathing after the heat of the past few months, especially the children who were recovering from whooping cough and are now quite well.

Lil Molteno and her children are staying at their Kalk Bay house during February and March. Wallace has only been able to join them for a short time as he is without a manager and therefore cannot leave the farm for long.

Clare and James Molteno have left "Ballocmyle" where they have lived for the past four and a half years. James is staying in Cape Town for the present session of Parliament, while the rest of the family is at Miller's Point.

Nellie Bisset and her three youngest children are at Hamilton House, St. James for March. The children have all had whooping cough and we hope will benefit by the change.

Betty Molteno has spent a good part of February and March with Minnie at Gordon's Bay. She stayed with Kathleen at Oak Lodge for the last fortnight of February and from there went to Genadendal, the Moravian mission station beyond Caledon, and was much interested in the work which is being done there.

Miss Jarvis left Kenilworth on March 4th to stay with Mrs. Ham and Mr. Montague White at Fancourt, near George. She writes they are enjoying a succession of perfect days and of the charm of Fancourt and its surroundings.

"It is so refreshing," she says, "to see the wealth of foliage, abundance of water and green grass everywhere—especially after our poor burnt up desolate gardens in the Peninsula. I hope to go to the Wilderness and perhaps Knysna before returning and I also hope to go to the top of Montagu Pass."

Jack Murray has been undergoing treatment at the Victoria Cottage Hospital since Jan. 13th. He has been suffering from a form of rheumatism which has affected his back and feet and necessitated complete rest. He is now much better and was able to leave the Hospital on March the 4th, when he returned to Mr. and Mrs. Brown at Mowbray.

Harry Molteno has been incapacitated for several weeks past with an injured knee, the result of a fall from his motor cycle followed by over-exertion while helping to put out a big bush fire on the farm.

Kenah Murray left for Swakopmund on Feb. 23rd in the "Galway Castle". The following is an extract from a letter received from him:

"No letter containing information of what is going on will be allowed to pass so I shall just have to leave all that out.

This is quite a delightful spot in its own particular way. The Bay is quite land locked and so is like a huge lake big enough to hold a large fleet. The beach all the way round is like Muizenberg but there is no surf. It is just like bathing in a clear calm pond. There are quantities of soles which the men spend their spare time in spearing. By the way—we are not allowed to say where we are.

Ever since we landed, two days ago, the ships have been off loading. The cargo is brought away on huge "floats" or rafts. The heavy stuff goes to a small pier which boasts of a steam crane, the lighter stuff to a small jetty. The horses are landed by simply pulling the rafts on to the beach. This is done by hoards of cheery Kaffirs who sing and chant as they haul on the ropes. When in as close as can be a gangway is put over and the animals walk on shore. It is interesting to watch their relief and excitement on landing. They all neigh and roll and scamper about for some time and then stand waiting to get their food and water.

The weather here is delightful but in a curious way of its own. Every evening there is a haze which becomes sometimes a heavy fog. This remains till the sun slowly drives it out to sea. There is practically no rain. The German records show that during the last two years one-tenth and three-tenth inches fell respectively and all in the form of mist. There is not much wind except a slight breeze in the afternoons. Throughout the whole day it is cool, almost cold, so that one can take any amount of exercise in comfort and enjoy it.

We are camped on a huge flat beach going back to big sand-hills about two miles away. This beach is under water with the neaptides so they have put up a sort of sea wall all along the front to keep it out. Inland there is nothing to be seen but sand-hills, which the constant soft haze makes it impossible to see more than a few miles at the best of times. So far conditions are delightful, and I hear that already the troops have struck good country on ahead with plenty of grass, lucerne, fruit and vegetables, so things are turning out very pleasant."

Willie Bisset very pluckily effected the rescue of a man who was carried out to sea while bathing at St. James.

It appears that on Sunday morning, the 14th, some of the family were walking on the beach when they noticed a bather some distance out to sea and apparently in difficulties. Willie, realizing the need for instant action, threw off his clothes and seizing a rope, plunged in to the rescue. In spite of a somewhat strong current and large waves he was able to reach the exhausted man and bring him safely to shore.

Dr. Murray has been appointed Honorary Consulting Medical Officer to the Military Defence Force Camp at Wynberg, and also Officer Commanding, Citizens Training Force Ambulance, Cape Peninsula.

Victor Molteno and Willie Bisset both belong to the Constantia and Wynberg Defence Rifle Association, Willie with the rank of Field Cornet and Victor as Assistant Field Cornet.

John Molteno arrived home on leave on March 6th. He expects to return to his Commando at Upington at the beginning of April. He looks very well in spite of the strenuous life he has been leading for the past four months but the daily ration of hard biscuit has unfortunately resulted in the loss of some of his front teeth.

It was with great surprise and some alarm that we heard that Jarvis Molteno and Islay Bisset had both developed appendicitis. They were operated upon by Sir Arbuthnot Lane in London within a few days of one another and it is a great relief to hear that both are progressing satisfactorily and that there is no further need for anxiety.

Gwen Bisset has left school but is spending a few months in London studying domestic science previous to her return to the Cape, towards the end of April with Caroline Murray.

George Murray writes from Cambridge on Feb. 12th:—

The King was up here yesterday morning to review the troops. It was a glorious day, and I managed to get several photographs. All the 20,000 men were assembled on Parker's Piece and it was a fine sight. By great luck, after climbing along a wall in someone's back garden I got an excellent view of the whole thing. After the troops had gone the King inspected a motor wireless set which was just in front of where I was. His cars then came along to fetch him and his particular one stopped exactly underneath the bit of wall I was on. The result was he came and sat in it, so close to me that I could have shaken hands with him. He didn't seem to mind my taking his photograph, but unfortunately moved just as I took it.

We hear by the mail leaving England on Feb. 20th that Mrs. Inglis (Alex Murray) has a son.

Her brother, Captain Murray, was married in November and shortly after left India with his wife. He is now serving with his regiment, the "Royal Scots" on the continent while his wife is staying at Bournmouth.

Caroline Murray writes on Feb. 21st:—

"I have just returned from a long visit to Olive Schreiner and it was like the best kind of sermon to be with her and feel the path of highest aim put so straight and clear. I think I have never appreciated her so much as in our long talk this morning. I could not help contrasting the dull soulless discourse by Prof. Bradley, to which we listened on Friday afternoon at Bedford College.

It was a crowded audience who must have been left at the end with a compressed standard of morality. He carefully explained the impossibility of applying to national conduct the same principles as those we accepted for individuals. I should have thought the necessity for the highest standards increased with the wider range of influence. He dwelt upon the hope of eventual co-operation between the nations, yet spoke of a long period of Peace being possibly a greater disaster than War which brought out such fine things! I felt the only hope for him would be to put him in the trenches. D—— S—— could not condemn War, as Ted and I did, as a means to attain an end, however worthy, for we maintain that the worthy end is never attained that way but always something rather the opposite, whilst the seeds are always sown for future trouble.

Yesterday morning I went to see Miss Hobhouse at Hampstead Heath. She is filled at present with the peace movement, especially

among the women of the different nations, and she wants to go, as soon as possible, to a conference at Geneva and then on to Rome.

In the afternoon I went to Mrs. Saul Solomon's for tea. We talked Peace with unanimity till a Miss S—— came in. She took up a different line—the complete crushing of Germany and abolishing of her Navy—the manliness of War and its necessity and she claimed that the Christian Churches supported her view, which I said was unfortunately true though so difficult to reconcile with their professed Christian Principle of Love as opposed to Force.

On Monday Evening Ernest had dinner with us and lunch again on Tuesday. He looks very well and it is such a pleasure to be with him again and follow his experiences. He spent the morning helping May choose curtains, taking his dog with him. After lunch he, Ted and I went so far as Oxford Circus together where I left them to find a boy to take the poor dog back to the home of Ernest's manservant.

I found that Ernest slept only on straw in a loft with no pillow though in a French chateau, so after paying a short visit to Jervis and Islay in the Nursing Home, I hurried back to Palace Court to make two loose covers for a cushion which May and I took to him at Victoria Station, where his train left at 6 p.m.

It was such a business to find Ernest in the crowd of men with their friends seeing them off—some crying and some laughing and we hurried along the platforms where two trains were getting ready to start for Boulogne. At the last minute May came along with Ernest whom she had just found waiting for us at the barrier. I was so glad we could give him the cushion and see him off."

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mrs. Henry Jones, who passed away on December 31st, 1914, at Ellaslea, Rondebosch, and we feel the deepest sympathy for Ella Molteno who has been so little separated from her mother during her lifetime. We realize what a crushing blow her loss must be to Mr. Jones, to whom we extend our sincerest sympathy.

It is with deepest sorrow that we record the death of Charlie Moodie on Wednesday, Jan. 13th. He and his brother George were both at the front about 3 miles apart. George had received leave to come over to England for the week end and, before leaving, sent his servant to Charlie with some things. The man returned with the awful news that his brother had just been killed. George hurried over at once but found that the men were all still in the trenches. He only heard from the ambulance people that his brother had been wounded in the head and that death must have been instantaneous. This was the heartbreaking news he had to bring to his aunt and sister. Words cannot express how deeply we feel for them all.

On Tuesday, 19th, a memorial service was held for Charlie in the Chapel of the Magdalen College Mission at Euston.

KENAH'S DIARY. (*Continued.*)

Tempe, November 29th, 1914. A gap of nearly three days in this has occurred, partly because there has not been much of special interest, and partly because a slacking off of surgical work has meant an augmentation of outfitting for our trekking work, which we hope is soon to come.

Yesterday we had orders to move to Tempe. Tempe is the site of the big camp made during the S.A. war. It lies about 5 miles out of the Town on a range of low hills commanding a splendid view of the country round. The Government have taken over this camp, but as they would only take over some of the buildings, the remainder were sold and so everywhere you go you see the foundations and fragments of the houses which give the place a rather desolate appearance. When all the

buildings were there it must have been a very imposing camp, but now it looks like a skeleton of one. The British Government spent 1¼ millions on this camp, I am told.

November 30th, 1914. During the past week there has been a lot of heavy rain, accompanied by much thunder and lightning. Almost 4 inches of rain must have fallen during the week. It has been a perfect God-send as the country was extremely dry and the last two seasons have been droughty ones. The commandoes must have had a miserable time out in the open with no shelter at all. It is remarkable how quickly De Wet has been knocked out this time compared with the last war. It was done by the remarkable mobility of the commandoes, as instance, Brand's commando of about 1,500 men travelled nearly 100 miles in 2 days and 3 nights, giving themselves no rest and very little food until they caught De Wet at Mushroom Valley. So quickly did they cover the distance that De Wet had not the slightest idea they were anywhere near him.

One pictures a commando as rather a picturesque fine looking body of mounted men, but the reality is anything but imposing to look at. The burger regards commando work as the dirty and unwashened job it is going to be and so turns out in his old clothes. They are then given a rifle and bandolier and a white band to tie round the left arm. This completes their outfit. For sleeping they usually carry 2 blankets put under the saddle to serve as a numna by day and cover for themselves by night. However, each man has a somewhat different plan. After being on the move for a day or two and not washing or shaving you can imagine what a fearful looking lot of ragamuffins they look. It is scarcely to be wondered at that their wounds go septic. I went down to the station the other day to see some sick men in a commando which was resting for a meal. The station smelt exactly like a monkey house.

Horses out having a feed and drink on the platform, men going about with little kettles and tins of bully beef and loaves of bread and all in a state of utmost filth. It was a sight to make you realize what fighting really meant to these men. Out to fight and nothing else. No comfort, no show, just out to fight for their homes. All sorts of ages, sizes, shapes and dispositions! Some gloomy, some cheery, but all in earnest about "Onze Commando" and keen to show that a commando could still do as well as ever commandoes have done before. There was a pathetic note too, in such a scene. These were not professional fighters. Everyone had given up his means of livelihood to meet an emergency.

December 1st, 1914. The weather has been delightful since the downpour. One day's sunshine served to dry the surface, and now the grass is growing fast, and the country beginning to look less like a desert.

On moving to this camp we have joined the other two M.O.'s and occupy the Colonel's bungalow. The nights are so beautiful that we have our beds out in the garden, rise early and ride before breakfast. It is a splendid chance to get ourselves gradually broken in for the trek.

We all long to get on trek, for our experience at present is, that owing to the rush to get men into the field, there has been no time for training. The result is M.O.'s go off with their columns without any clear idea of what is expected of them. This is fatal to a systematic treatment of the wounded and results in M.O.'s running short of supplies, and thereby unnecessary suffering and delay.

The scheme adopted by our Forces is one adapted from the R.A.M.C. It is roughly this. Regimental M.O.'s accompanying each regiment. Their duty is to render first aid in battle and to sick on the march. These cases are sent back with all dispatch to the Field Ambulance (we are a Field Amb.). Our duty is to give further treatment. Operate only on urgent cases, and then evacuate all cases to the Lines of Communication, and so to the base hospital.

You will see, therefore, that unless each man is fully conversant with the plan there is sure to be delay and muddle. They are in the position of having to learn as they go, instead of being trained beforehand. The main point is that every endeavour has to be made to get sick

and wounded away from the front as soon as possible.

The ordinary medico has considerable difficulty at the start, to realize that he must move cases he would not care to risk in the ordinary way. Here it is the case of putting the sick man to a considerable amount of risk, on account of the risk there would be to the whole regiment by having their movements hampered by an accumulation of sick. Until this is fully realized the novice at Field work is inclined to get an accumulation of sick which he thinks are unfit to move, they use up his supplies and soon he himself (the M.O.) becomes useless because he has nothing to give.

December 3rd, 1914. Yesterday was fraught with a considerable amount of excitement. We—that is Usmar, van Coller, and myself—have been struggling hard to be kept in one unit to work together as a whole. So far we have managed to keep together. But yesterday comes a wire from Headquarters to Col. Knapp, our S.M.O. (Senior Medical Officer) to say send either Captain Murray or Captain van Coller, or both to Cape Town for duty at Walfish Bay. Col. very considerately asked us what he was to do as he knew our desire to keep together, and also considered it more satisfactory from a military point of view. He therefore wired he had Captain Gow here unattached and could send him. At 8 p.m. comes another wire saying, send Murray he has prior claim. However Col. Knapp stuck to his guns, and Gow was able to continue his preparations.

December 4th, 1914. Gow left early this morning in floods of rain. It is still pouring and the country is practically under water. Everyone is jubilant at such splendid rain.

Van Coller and I clad ourselves appropriately and went for a walk in the rain. The wide shallow valley between this and Bloemfontein was a huge lake and the town must be having a thorough washout. A wire came from Pretoria saying that they were quite satisfied about Gow taking my place, so once more we are in hope that our unit will not be broken up. The news of De Wet's capture came to-day. Feeling is very high here and I am sure that unless the Government takes very strong measures against the captured rebel leaders and De Wet in particular, they will lose a great deal of prestige, and very greatly in political ways.

The feeling is that unless rebellion is very firmly put down unrest will be roused again very soon.

December 5th, 1914. To-day the rain is over. The town has been quite seriously flooded but everyone is so pleased at having such a splendid rain after so much drought that no one minds a bit of damage.

Yesterday we had arranged for quite an elaborate mess dinner, inviting 4 guests, but unfortunately, for various causes only one was able to come. We lashed out and got a turkey, which our soldier cook turned out quite nicely.

December 11th, 1914. Since writing last we have had regular routine work at the Tempe hospital. The staff consists of Col. Knapp, we three and a dentist named Brothers. The latter has retired from regular practice, but has come forward to give his services for the men in the field. There are very few wounded coming in now, but a good many sick. There are generally 150 to 200 cases in hospital. I have charge of the surgical wards and van Coller the medical. There is quite a lot of surgical work and I am getting a good deal of experience in cases one does not often come across in private practice. We have had news from Headquarters that there will not be much doing for a couple of months yet as the troops are being rested and re-organised after the rebellion work. It is just possible we may go back to Wynberg, as Usmar is wanted for giving instruction. We ought to hear in a day or two. Col. Knapp left to-day for Pretoria to discuss matters at Headquarters. In any case we shall not be going on trek yet awhile. The day before yesterday the news of Beyer's end came and the rounding up of the last rebel commando.

Yesterday I drove with de Kock to a place called Glen about 15 miles out. Owing to heavy rains the roads have been very much washed out. We had rather a struggle crossing a drift. The road in and out had acted as tributaries

during the storm and huge banks of sand had collected on either side. I managed to zig-zag up this huge bank of sand, but only succeeded after much digging and paving the way with flat stones to give the wheels a grip.

December 15th, 1914. Work has gone on much the same for the last few days, but much discussion as to our future plans has originated in the news brought back by Col. Knapp from Pretoria. He himself is under orders to leave for Cape Town en route for Luderitzbucht to-morrow. We are to remain until the Hospital is sufficiently clear for 8 men to run it. All the cases fit to travel to go to Kimberley. After this we are to proceed to Wynberg and from there to Swakopmund.

December 16th, 1914. Since last writing I have been to Pretoria on business connected with our Brigade. I left on Tuesday morning and travelling all day reached Pretoria at about 1.30 a.m. Wednesday. All the bridges and culverts were guarded by pickets of burgers and Defence Force men.

The uniforms of the burgers were most varied and remarkable. Men of all sorts of ages, each got up according to his own idea. Most seemed to favour their old clothes. Some of the officers had parts of a uniform. One man had almost a complete uniform, the whole being finished off by the most jaunty looking little pale grey civilian hat.

Another rather fine looking old man had on a grey tweed riding suit, with a Sam-Brown belt revolver, and so on, every sort of mixture of civilian and military clothing and not the least amusing thing about it all was that no one seemed to think that they were the least bit funny. It was quite interesting approaching the Witwatersrand in the night time. It was inky dark and the masses of lights on the mines showed up particularly well stretching away for miles. There was one long line with great clusters cropping up at odd intervals, indicating the mines themselves.

I was out early on Wednesday and spent the whole morning conferring with Col. Stock and various other officers in regard to various points in connection with ambulances and field work. We inspected all sorts of ambulance vehicles from 2 wheeled contraptions to carry one stretcher case to a motor ambulance for 4 stretcher cases and 4 sitting. It was quite interesting and most instructive. After lunch I went for a trial run in a light motor ambulance and drove up to the Union Buildings. They are really very fine indeed and stand on a splendid site. From the terrace in front there is a splendid view of the Town and owing to the plentiful supply of rain everything was looking its best. The Town lying in a hollow with hills all round dotted with trees and buildings and at this time covered with fresh green grass looked quite beautiful. I have no doubt it must be very close and hot in warm weather, but that day it looked its best. On returning to the office I saw more vehicles and interviewed more people and finally left by 5.20 for Johannesburg. The journey through rolling downs deep in a rich growth of grass and forest patches scattered about all looked beautiful. As we drew near the reef the big white "Dumps" and dirty houses and engine shops around the mine heads began to appear. Of course I only saw the part of the town seen from the railway and what I could see of the principal streets in half an hour in a taxi, but I was not much impressed. Pretoria is decidedly picturesque, while Johannesburg is a mass of houses, mine dumps and hauling gear.

I left at 9 p.m. and as I managed to secure a compartment to myself I had a good sleep, arriving at Bloemfontein at about 9.30 a.m., where Usmar and van Coller were waiting for me on the platform to hear the news.

Our plans are now to clear this hospital and proceed to Wynberg to open a training school for officers and men during the month prior to embarcation for G.S.W.

December 23rd, 1914. Late at night on the 20th we got our orders to proceed to Wynberg. We therefore trammed out early on the 21st and arranged for our train to be sent to Tempe. By about 12.45 we were all aboard and moved down to Bloemfontein station. Here the ladies of the Victoria League presented each of the men of our Brigade with a parcel of papers, a pair of socks and some cigarettes. On leaving Tempe we took a new recruit on our strength

in the shape of a fine grown Airedale pup. We have christened him "Tempe," and he will now accompany us on our travels.

We are not on the ordinary train but have 5 carraiges attached to a goods train, so our progress is slow.

December 26th, 1914. We reached Wynberg station at 5 a.m. on the 24th. The Brigade is now in the Training Camp at Wynberg. I have been detailed for special work in the office of Lt. Col. Buist, R.A.M.C.

Captain Forbes who came down with us and had been attached to Col. Lukin gave an interesting account of how the Col. nearly lost his life by lightning. It appears that he went to the top of a kopje to reconnoitre a position and while there a thunderstorm came up. When it passed over the kopje Col. Lukin had near him 2 signallers, one was operating the helio about 10 yards away and the other was standing about the same distance on the other side. They were all knocked down by lightning and Col. Lukin had hardly regained his feet when a second flash came and they were all bowled over again. This time Col. Lukin was unconscious for about 5 minutes. One of the signallers escaped unhurt, Col. Lukin had his breeches ripped down the side of his leg but was otherwise uninjured. When search was made for the third man of the party, the soles of his boots were found on the spot upon which he had stood, still occupying the same relative position as when the owner had stood on them. His body was lying about 10 to 15 yards away, down the side of the kopje. He had a gash on the side of his head. His clothes were so torn that it was practically impossible to separate the fabric of his tunic and shirt from one another. The uppers of his boots were on his feet. All his buttons were gone. His body was marked with fine exfoliating black marks. Death was instantaneous.

January 26th, 1915. In train, just leaving Beaufort West. I remained in Col. Buist's office until Jan. 16th, when I rejoined my unit at Green Point. We were shifted the following day to Young's Field, Wynberg, for the purpose of carrying out our scheme of training ourselves and other units for field work. Everything was just getting into shape when orders came that we were to hold ourselves in readiness for immediate entrainment for the front. At the same time Usmar had orders to remain behind to carry on the training school. This was a great disappointment as so far we have stuck steadily together, and Usmar must feel being detached very much as for months past he has been working up his brigade. He has a promise, however, that he goes with us to G.S.W. Van Coller now takes command and has been promoted to Major.

Our orders came on Jan. 23rd, the very day on which according to original orders we were to have sailed for G.S.W. with the 1st Mounted Brigade, to commence the invasion of G.S.W.

Some idea of the size of our unit can be gathered from the following:—4 medical officers, 60 men, 40 natives, 140 mules, 20 horses, 6 ambulance wagons, 2 motors, 6 general service wagons, 4 scotch carts, 2 water carts.

At 2 p.m. on Sunday the word to inspan was given and by 2.45 the wagons were all drawn up in order of marching, e.g., ambulance wagons, G.S. wagons, scotch carts and water carts.

The mounted men form a string along the right hand side by which words of command can be passed along. We were due at Cape Town station at 5 p.m., but found on arrival that the work had been too much for them and we could not expect to leave till the next morning at about 6 a.m. We camped that night on Green Point Common which is undoubtedly the most hopeless camping ground one could wish for, always dusty and windswept. That evening it was blowing hard and I imagine the men had a bad time, as they were enveloped in clouds of dust all the time. We slept comfortably in a marquee. Reveille went at 3.30 a.m. and by 6 we were at the station once more. It took 25 trucks and 3 coaches to carry us. We were the 20th troop train to leave in the course of 36 hours, the whole of the 1st M.B. to which we are now attached, having preceeded us.

January 29th, We spent all yesterday at de Aar. The evening of our arrival there the O.C. of the Hospital came over to say he had

just brought in a soldier whom the police had gone out to arrest. This man apparently managed to knock one man down and when running away was shot by the other. The bullet went through his back and finally lodged in his abdominal wall. I went over to give a hand at the operation ..... At about 1 p.m. we got orders to go on to Upington.

When I woke this morning we were just leaving Prieska. From there we are on the new stretch of railway. We have been pegging away all day through very arid looking country. The local people say that in common with the rest of the Union there has been no satisfactory rain for 3 years, but whereas the drought has broken elsewhere, there seems no prospect here.

Upington. January 30th. When I woke this morning we were standing in a siding at Upington. The town lies on the northern side of the Orange River, and must be about one and a half miles distant in a direct line from where we stand. All round us a busy railway terminus is gradually springing up on a waste of brown powdery sand, with drought stricken and stunted looking trees and bushes scattered thinly about. Beyond stretch mighty plains, as far as the eye can see, broken here and there with low ridges and occasional curious looking little kopjes of big stones. Everything looks dried up to the last degree. The river is marked by a belt of green trees resembling weeping willows, which grow close to the waters edge. I was dressed by 6.30, when van Coller and I sallied forth to report our arrival. We trudged along the railway track in the deep soft sand for about a mile, until we got to the outskirts of the trees fringing the river. Here we found some of the commandos encamped among the trees. I foresee we shall have great difficulty with these. They have no discipline and do what they like when they camp. At this place they were scattered among the trees in little knots. The horses tethered to the same bushes beneath which the men slept and ate. No attempt at any method of sanitation or provision of clean water for drinking—just all higgledy-piggledy.

Presently the railway track took us over a temporary bridge across a spruit, in itself a very considerable river, and then a little further on we came on the edge of the main stream. At this point it is about a quarter mile broad, flowing very fast. They say it has been rising steadily for some days and is now too high for it to be safe to use the Pont. After waiting some time a petrol launch came over and in this we crossed to the other side.

The path from the river passed through some most verdant looking gardens which were irrigated from the main stream, and lay in what is really an extension of the river bed in times of extreme flood. On emerging from this to the level of the plains on the other side we found a motor in which we got and were soon deposited at the Headquarters. Col. Brits was not there yet, so after making further enquiry as to his whereabouts we made our way over to "the Hotel" and had breakfast.

The town of Upington is not beautiful. The houses are scattered about in some sort of order, but the intervening spaces can hardly be called roads.

After breakfast we ran Col. Brits to earth in a lovely spot. Striking across the arid rubble strewn apology for a street and down a steep slope towards the river we crossed a water furrow and entered at once into a most luxuriant garden. It was just a tangle of vines, fig trees and creepers of the convolvulus type, almost smothering the path leading into it. In this garden stood a pergola heavily matted over with vines, and here in the cool shade we found Col. Brits and his staff about to have breakfast. After a short chat we returned and have decided to remain for the present in the train. It is blazing hot but more comfortable than camping in the dust. So far we have had no news of what is on foot. All sorts of rumours, but nothing certain.

About an hour ago we heard some heavy gun fire and then some rifle shots. I have just been watching from the top of our engine water tank and saw a big commando saddle up in one of the camps on the other side of the river and gallop off in an easterly direction.

There were a few more rifle shots later but now all is quiet and I last saw the dust of the commando disappearing among some ridges about 5 miles away.

February 2nd, 1915. The last two days have been awfully hot. We heard no more of what the firing was about, but on that day Maritz and 3 of his staff were brought in to arrange terms.

The sequence of events has been as follows—On Jan. 23rd Maritz sent a message in to Upington to tell them to remove the women and children as he intended to attack the place the next day. This he did. Those who took part in this affair said it was quite the battle of the rebellion. Maritz had about 1,200 rebels who were all equipped in German outfit and had apparently been well drilled during their sojourn in G.S.W. He also had 200 Germans with big guns. Their guns considerably outranged ours, but in their anxiety to capture the situation they brought them unnecessarily close, so that our fellows in the C.F.A. were able to get within range and once they did this their shooting seems to have been very good as they soon put one of the German pom-poms out of action and eventually did such execution that the rebels were forced to retire.

One of the gunners told me that at the point he was in charge of, the rebels came up for the attack in splendid order and though he soon got the range and began putting shell after shell into the midst of them they never gave way, and when eventually it got too hot for them they retired in perfect order. I am not quite sure what the casualties were but we had about 10 men killed and about 20 wounded, while I believe the rebels lost pretty severely as they left 18 dead when they were driven off. The failure to take Upington seems to have been the finishing touch for Maritz as he dare not now go back to G.S.W. and his men are too disheartened to carry on the struggle. So apparently he asked to be allowed to come in to make terms. This was the reason of his visit on Saturday. We know nothing of what took place, but suppose that as in other cases surrender would be unconditional. In any case he and his staff returned on Sunday, so we ought to hear news in a day or two. It seems that the Germans do not mean to surrender with their guns and have probably trekked back to G.S.W.

It is a great pity that the Orange River has become flooded so that neither ourselves or any of Col. Brits' commando have been able to get across the river. The only means of communication is by a petrol launch. Neither the new pont put up by the Government nor the old one belonging to the Town can be worked. I rather think if Col. Buist had been able to get his force across the river he would have had to round up the Germans as well as the remainder of the rebels. As it is the river is very high, the main stream is 365 yards across, and besides this there is a side stream about 50 yards across, which is running very strongly.

It is a wonderful sight to see this enormous volume of water running through this desert. The only rivers I have seen to compare with it in size are the Rhine at Cologue and the Danube at Vienna.

Sunday was very hot. I don't know what the official reading was but it must have been about 110 degrees or more in the shade. It has been up to 120 degrees recently.

On Monday we had a change in the shape of a dust storm. As there is no vegetation, except an occasional very dried up looking bush, and all the soil is light and powdery you may imagine what a time we had. We took refuge in our railway carriages but here the temperature was 105 degrees and the atmosphere laden with fine dust. This went on pretty well all day, but towards evening the wind dropped a bit and van Coller and I got on our horses and made for the river. The river water unfortunately is so laden with fine mud that it was only like washing in thin mud. However it was wet and cool.

There is no more news as to what has been decided. All we know is that Maritz & Co. have returned to their forces which are lying beside a big water pass about 40 miles away. There is no water between this and that so it would be well nigh impossible to send a force out to attack as if the capture of the water was

delayed even an hour or two the fate of the attackers would be doomed.

One report says Maritz and his men were sent back in a motor and that when they reached their camp they stripped the car of all its spare tyres, petrol, oil and grease, leaving the chaffeur just sufficient to get back to camp. If this is the case I should say it means that Maritz intends clearing off with the Germans and leaving his men to their fate.

February 5th. We lay at Upington from Jan. 30th to Feb. 3rd with no word as to what was going to happen next, until we had orders to leave for Cape Town on Feb. 3rd.

Monday and Tuesday were terribly hot, in fact every day at Upington was. We had no special thermometer, but I found each day that my clinical thermometer which I kept in my tunic pocket hanging in the coolest part of the carriage, always rose to 105 degrees. There was no relief from it anywhere as even in the shade of the trees along the river the sand under foot was so hot and powdery that it seemed to make very little difference to one's comfort to get into the shade. The least puff of wind or any person or animal passing by sent clouds of dust into the air.

Altogether I don't think I have ever experienced such intolerable heat. There was no escape from it anywhere. I tried all sorts of dodges from sitting with nothing on at all to clothing heavily. No clothes at all was worse than any other dodge as ones skin became burning dry and hot with no protecting layer of moisture. One comfort was that hot though the sun was it does not burn one's skin like the coast sun does. One could walk about with bare arms and legs with impunity if due care was taken.

Upington must be a miserable place to live in. We were delighted to leave and I don't anticipate any anxiety to return there again. We covered the distance of 120 miles between Upington and Prieska in something under 18 hours which works out an average of 6 to 7 miles per hour. The delay was chiefly due to want of water. Each engine carries 4,000 gals. more water than usual and where the water supply is weak it takes a long time to fill up.

Prieska we saw only from the outskirts of the town. It lies close to the river and looks as though it had some pretty gardens. From there to de Aar we travelled through terrible drought stricken country. The bush looked and, I think, really was quite dead for long stretches together and not a living soul to be seen.

Just before reaching Britstown we passed through the block of farms owned by the Smartt Syndicate at Hout Water. They have big dams and are irrigating extensively. It was quite a marvellous sight to come out of all this terribly burnt up looking country and pass suddenly through fields of waving green grass, lucerne, and harvested crops.

EFFIE'S LETTER.

Inungi,
P.O. Kokstad,
East Griqualand,
Feb. 19th, 1915.

"The arrival of the post is a great event and the letters end their long eventful journey by being slung across the river in a box. This is not always going to be the case for some day it will stop raining and then all sorts of nice things will happen and I will get my furniture and other belongings, for which we have waited so long. Last week the river did subside for a few days and our wagon went into Kokstad and brought out a top heavy load which included the sofa which is now a great inducement to laziness and will become, I feel sure, quite irresistible when the cold weather comes along and we have a big fire on our open hearth. The rats, alas! have been busy among my precious things and when the crate of dining room chairs was unpacked we did not find one whole 'riempje' left on the seats. I could have cried but instead have written to Cape Town for new riempjes and Elliot and I will do our best to make them as good as old. Settling in with these disadvantages is proving a lengthy affair but the wagon has gone in to Kokstad again;

it will have difficulty in returning for the rain came down last night. I begin to have hopes of being settled by Easter.

We have a dear old man staying with us at present—he has hair like Father's—and with his help things are going ahead. There seems to be nothing he cannot do and no subject he is not well up in. He arrived three days ago and at once proceeded to unpack the things he had made for us. A kitchen table, covered with zinc, with ledges for pots below, a wash up sink, for which he had made the stand. A primus stove with various accessories, such as a plate for heating irons and a tiny can with a little spout, made by himself, just holding the right amount of oil. Another can made by himself for filling the lamps and a patent receptacle for paraffin all fitted with a padlock and taps with a little bucket to catch the drips. A patent rack for drying kitchen towels. Having unpacked and left us speechless he set to work and soon had fixed doors with fly proof-gauze to the pantry cupboards. Next morning breakfast was cooked outside and Mr. Scott proceeded to take the stove to pieces, fit in new bricks, and renovated the whole thing so that Minna's face was wreathed in smiles when that afternoon she lit a fire and for the first time found her oven heated properly. The chimney was readjusted and then water was laid on to the kitchen and the sink fitted in. Next came the casement windows, up to now we have only had window frames and from outside the house looked like a mask of comedy—quite as sad. They are still being fitted and then he is going to put up shutters in the pantry—he is also at work on an extra window in the kitchen. He starts work at 6.30 and keeps at it most of the day—not bad for 72. All this he does because he loves Elliot.

No subject has escaped his attention; yesterday I pointed out a clock which would strike wrong in spite of all our efforts. He said very confidently: 'I'll put it right in a few minutes.' We smiled rather maliciously knowing how cleverly we had taken it to pieces all to no purpose. However a very few minutes sufficed to have it striking and repeating just as a well trained clock should do. He is going to fix me up a meridian line with a slate and by it we will always be able to get the time to within the fraction of a minute. Can you wonder that with a person like this about the place, I feel we shall soon have our house a model in every way! I only wish my furniture, etc., would come while he is with us as his help would be invaluable in fitting up shelves for books, etc. One thing he has not coped with and that is the mud which is quite the worst I have ever come across and I find in Kokstad the farm has quite a name on account of it. The floors are always hidden by it. I begin to think we shall have to adopt the mediaeval custom of rushes spread freshly each morning. All this is about indoors. The reason probably being that owing to very heavy rains I was in the house all yesterday and most of to-day. I have been at work on some shirts for Elliott. Elliott rode into Kokstad this morning on business. He meant to get home to-night but when he got to the river it was very high and he had great difficulty in getting across and it tired his horse a good deal so that he probably will stay the night in Kokstad. We drove in to town last week and stayed two nights. It was my first visit. We left here at about nine and found the river low enough to drive through. The roads are very cut up with the rain but be did not hurry. We ate our lunch by the roadside on the Rennie's farm under a willow and got into Kokstad early in the afternoon. There we did some shopping and then Elliot took me to see some of his relations and we also called on Bishop Gibson who lives there during the summer.

Our horses behaved very badly when we were coming home and jibbed and kicked and Chance the worst offender lay down twice and each time looked as though he would never get up again. Elliott finally got them to start and then to atone they behaved splendidly and pulled nobly up some very bad places. We passed several wagons hopelessly stuck—one a wool wagon had all four wheels in the air!

This trip to Kokstad was my second jaunt off the farm. The first was far more exciting. There is a little church on the Rennie's farm where service is held once a month. Elliott and

I with Mina wedged in started off on Church Sunday, the first in the month, Fergus Rennie who had spent the night here accompanying us on horseback. Minna and I wore Sunday finery and Elliott had on his "going away" suit. Arrived at the river it looked fordable and Elliot decided to drive through. First of all he took Minna and me across in the box and then returned, took off his clothes, which he stuffed into the cart seat and proceeded to drive across in bathing kit. All went well until about two thirds of the way. There the current was stronger and the horses lost their footing and were swept off the drift. Chance at once lost his head, struggling wildly. Philip who was on the up side got pulled under the disselboom. You can imagine how Minna and I felt, helpless, on the bank. Fergus and Elliot between them urged the horses towards the bank and finally they unharnessed them and got them safely ashore. The buggy was so deep in the water that it looked as though they would never get it out. Minna and I managed to grab hold of the disselboom and while they pushed and we pulled to advance it a little way. All our efforts to get it up this bank, we were some 50 feet below the drift, were hopeless and then some of our boys hove in sight—with their assistance the dripping cart was got to land. During the height of the struggles in the water I had seen the cart seat float away but could not make them hear nor could they have spared their attention from the horses at the time. Now a sad sight was revealed! away in the box floated Elliot's going-away suit and my coat, while of Elliot's favourite pipe there was no sign—he has not yet recovered from that loss. How I wished I had brought everything over in the box with me. I shall be wise in future. After a rest to breathe the horses and get things a little dry we started again on our way, no longer the spotless trio of an hour before. Elliot drove in his bathing suit and his trousers hung on the back of the cart to dry. He also wore a shirt fairly dry by then and my Burberry wrapped round him for it had nearly dried too. Minna and I were liberally besplutered with black mud and my new dust coat looked very homely—by the time we reached the Rennie's it looked more so for the seat had deceived us into thinking it dry and had come off red; in addition to being soaked through from it I was also wet from being squeezed up against Elliot. Of course church was out of the question and while Elliot got a change from Fergus I borrowed from Mrs. Rennie, who was at church, and Minna washed out my things. We spent a very pleasant day there and started for home about 4. Between our rixver and the Rennie's farm was a small and muddy river and on our way we had followed a new track and nearly come to grief in a hole. Returning we stuck to the old path and in a moment had plunged above the axles in black ooze. The horses floundered madly and the cart strained till I thought the wheels would break. Then the poor horses just sank down till only their heads and shoulders showed. Minna and I stripped off our stockings and stepped sadly into the black mud and sank and sank. On the hill came some kaffirs in their Sunday clothes. Elliot shouted to them and they came, slowly, loathed to ruin their boots! However, when they saw the plight we were in, they forgot their clothes and stepped in nobly. For the second time the horses had to be unharnessed to get out of danger and they sprang up, snorting with fear and sputtering us with mud. It was a heavy job moving the cart but at last it was dragged backwards from the quagmire, the horses were put in and we climbed back and then, half fearing that they would refuse to pull, we plunged into the river at the new drift. Elliot shouted to the horses and the boys yelled and we came through in great style. We felt that little more could happen in the way of untoward adventures, but had yet to learn. When we reached our own big Umzivulu it was flowing by in grand style and Elliot had decided to take no risks so after we had been taken across in the box the horses were driven in to find their way through with us to catch them when they landed and Elliot and two of our boys set to work to sling the cart on to the cable. This is a lengthy job and hardly had they begun when we saw a big cloud rolling our way and soon with a crash of thunder the storm was on us. Minna and

I sat on the cart cushion sheltered beneath my sunshade and my Burberry but very soon Minna scrambled to her feet with a sad cry, and revealed the fact that we were sitting in about 3 inches of water. Of course we were soon quite wet and Elliot was much hampered by Mr. Rennie's trousers which when wet weighed about 30 lbs. By this time the cart was got over, we looked very funny and the rose of my hat had leaked all over me before I had realized what was happening and had torn it away. Just before the storm passed it flung some nasty jagged bits of hail at us and Elliot and I are still wondering what was so fatally wrong with our church-going attitude. The last part of the way is up hill and as the roads were so slippery that the horses could scarcely keep their feet Elliot had to push behind. And so ended our first experience of Church Sunday. We have decided to try next time and have asked Bishop Gibson, who is coming out for the service, to remember us if we do not appear and to send out helpers.

Of course this rain has a bright side and the country is looking very lovely and green as England. The view from the house was rather blocked by trees but to-day I have been having some of them cleared away with a very good result. The laying out of the garden is still to be begun and I sit on the verandah and wonder how it will look. Elliot's aunt, Mrs. Walker, has a very charming garden in Kokstad and I am trying to persuade her to come out and then we can talk it over together. Plants do very well here if they are watered in the winter We are thinking of having paspalum for our lawn.

From the length of this letter you will imagine I have nothing to do, which is far from being the case, as this morning I picked peaches which are now to be made into jam."

The date of May Murray's marriage to Dr. Parker is fixed for March 24th. The ceremony will be performed at St. Matthew's Church, Bayswater and will be as simple as possible with only a few of the immediate relations present.

The British Navy as a Messenger of Peace.

While the war continues it is quite impossible for me to write about it. Moreover we are all rather tired of reading war news and talking of it. I will therefore give an account from memory of the uses that are frequently made of warships to improve our relations with other countries and to compete with them in regard to seeing who can entertain and please the others the most, rather than in who can destroy most.

About May 20th the 3rd Cruiser Squadron received orders that early in June they would make a cruise in Scandinavian waters and would probably visit Christiania, Christiansand and Copenhagen. We were at that time busily engaged at Bantry Bay in carrying out our various gunning and torpedo and other drills and exercises and the change of a three weeks gala cruise was generally welcomed in the squadron.

About June 12th the squadron consisting of Antrim, Argyll, Devonshire and Roxburgh (representing England, Scotland and Ireland but not gallant little Wales) left Portland for Christiania at economical speed (about 10 knots). We soon encountered the sailor's worst enemy, FOG, and passed through the Dover Straits seeing nothing and not even hearing the fog signals of the Light Ships when passing Eastbourne. After a day and a half of fog it cleared and we had beautiful weather for the remainder of the trip. Each morning and afternoon we carried out steam tactics, that is, practised manœuvring our squadron.

On the fourth day at evening we arrived off the entrance to Christiania Fiord, which is 60 miles long, and proceeded at 8 knots up the Fiord as we were only timed to reach Christiania at 8 a.m. The scenery all the way up the Fiord is very beautiful, well wooded, lovely grassy glades, and the most picturesque wooden houses tucked away in the most charming caves or perched up on the cliffs. As it was

almost the summer solstice, it never got dark all night and the sun rose about 2 a.m. As the navigation was intricate going up the Fiord I never went to bed at all that night which was a bad beginning to a very strenuous week of festivities. We were met by the Harbour Master outside the anchorage off Christiania and anchored exactly at 8 a.m. Our guns thundered out a 21 gun salute and the inhabitants of Christiania knew that the 3rd Cruiser Squadron had arrived. A very few minutes after the British Consul arrived on board in full dress to call and give us all the information possible about everybody and everything in Christiania. We saluted him with 7 guns. He was followed by Captain Meyer of the Norwegian Navy who was appointed as a sort of A.D.C. to Admiral Pakenham during our stay, and a very charming and interesting and useful man he was.

The British Minister and 1st Secretary of Legation arrived on board also in full dress at about 10.30 a.m. and received a salute of 15 guns. Directly he left, Admiral Pakenham and Staff landed to call on His Majesty at the Palace and then he returned the British Minister's call and the Consuls. At these meetings the further calls of officials were arranged. All next day the various high naval, military, and diplomatic officials came on board to call and all had to be given their exact number of guns and other salutes, and that night the British Minister gave a big dinner party. The ships were all thrown open to the public from noon every day to 8 p.m. and nearly every one in Christiania must have come on board. Lots of young fellows swam off. I never saw such people for bathing and boating. Half the population lived in the water or on it. Our men were allowed ashore from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. daily and boats ran to and fro at every hour.

In many ways Christiania is the most beautiful place I've seen. It is so very fresh and verdant and the creeks and coves are so pretty and all the houses so picturesque and in keeping with the scenery. It is quite ideal for boating. Our time was all mapped out and was one round of festivities. About 20 officers dined at the County Palace with the King and Queen. It was a charming spot, and their majesties were most gracious. After dinner we walked about the grounds in the twilight. The King and Queen were most particular that they should talk for some time with each officer so that no one was able to feel that they were merely one of the crowd. The Queen is sister of our King and the King is a nephew of Queen Alexandra; he was a Danish naval officer and has retained his love of the sea. Both of them could not possibly have been nicer in every way.

On the Sunday the King and Queen and Prince Olav came on board to church. As bad luck would have it a thunderstorm broke over us while we were at church under an awning on the quarterdeck, which put a sudden stop to the chaplain's sermon: this was hard luck on him, but I regret to say it didn't seem to disappoint the congregation as much as it did him. After church the King went all over the ship; and evidently really loved it. We had a terrible squash to lunch 30 people in the Ward Room (we'd wanted to have it on the quarter deck but the rain prevented that) but it went off very well. Besides Their Majesties, the British Minister and Secretary of Legation and their wives, also Captain Meyer and his wife and the Queen's two ladies in waiting and 2 or 3 three others came. I sat on the Queen's right. After lunch the Queen insisted on being photographed and having several groups taken. The chaplain took several very good ones.

The Roxburgh gave two childrens' parties and made them a huge success. The Admiral said that they would be remembered long after all the rest of the visit was forgotten. The Norwegians seemed a very simple natural charming people and were most friendly. I cannot help feeling that our visit cannot have failed to have improved the friendliness between the Norwegians and ourselves, but principally we owe their liking of us to the particularly charming occupants of the British Legation and their families. The Norwegians I met nearly all impressed on me how much they liked and admired the representatives Great Britain had sent to Christiania. Curiously enough Dr. Murray had stayed with the Consul and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Grey, when he was in

Bergen. He had quite won their hearts.

After eight days we left Christiania with very many regrets and all of us hoping we should visit it again and renew the friendships we had made.

The King and Queen sent both the Admiral and myself a charming signed photograph of themselves and Prince Olaf. She also said we were not to allow Copenhagen to make us forget Christiania.

At Copenhagen, where we arrived 24 hours later we found entirely different scenery and conditions. A new British Minister had only just arrived, who had not yet got a house of his own. The ships lay much farther from the shore and everything was more formal and Copenhagen much more of a big capital city, than pretty, charming Christiania tucked away at the head of its lovely Fiord.

A very grand dinner was given by King Christian at the Amelianborg Palace at which were present a great many royalties, brothers, uncles and nephews of the King. Our stay here was brought to a sudden end by the murder of the Austrian Heir-Apparent. All the dinners and "At Homes" that had been arranged were cancelled and we left the next day. Little did we think however, that in a month's time we should be engaged in a war, which that event precipitated.

Letters from East Africa.

The following extracts from a letter from Jarvis Murray were published in the *Cape Times* of Jan. 5th, 1915. We think it best to republish it in our *Family Chronicle* as it appeared in the *Cape Times*, though some interesting details have been omitted.

Nguruman's Nek, overlooking
Lake Natron, G.E.A.,
November 26th, 1914.

Dear ——, I have now a chance of giving you a detailed account of the situation here. What a tremendous "War of nations" this is! Now, first of all, as to how this country is getting along. Practically everyone was called out when war was declared, but a large proportion of the whites had to be left in the different districts to prevent trouble with the natives. As many married men as possible were left behind in this latter capacity. The natives on the whole—B.E.A.—have behaved very well, and only in three places was there a little trouble at the start, which was at once put down severely by the Government. Lenox and I are both in the East African Mounted Rifles (E.A.M.R.), total about ——, which is all we are able to mount. The East African Regiment represents the footmen, of whom the Government are recruiting as many as possible. It is a very long boundary we have to guard, about 500 miles long. We were very badly off for arms and ammunition. The artillery consisted of four Maxims, one of which was continually jammed; two Hotchkiss (2½ lb.), and three old muzzle loading 7-pounders. A number of our men were armed with sporting rifles, and the total number of .303 ammunition was 250000 rounds. The Germans are supposed to have about 7,000 native troops and 3,000 whites, and are very well armed. They have 80 Maxims and over 100 field and siege guns. If they had only made more determined efforts at the start we should not have kept them off the railway or out of Nairobi. Our position now, of course, is pretty satisfactory.... The Punjaubis, who came over first, have been fighting very well, and also the K.A.R.'s.... The Germans commenced by coming over our border in several places, but always came off pretty badly, and I believe are now devoting all their energies to fortifying inside their own territory. They behaved very stupidly at first by firing the Masai boma's on our border and raiding some of their stock. We have now moved the Masai well inside our border. Lenox and I were almost at once detailed off to guard this pass, which is an important one. Our patrol consists of seven white men, four native police, and two K.A.R. (native) helio signallers. We are on top of a mountain about 40 miles from the terminus of the Magadi Railway, with which we are in touch by helio. Our camp, which is a very strong position, is about two miles inside German territory, and perfectly healthy, being about 6,000 feet above sea level, and overlooking

both Magadi and Natron soda lakes. We have had two brushes with the Germans, but I don't think there is any likelihood of them coming through here, as the country between us and our railway is very waterless. About ten miles from our camp into German territory is a native tribe called the Wa Sonjo, with whom we are fortunately on very good terms. They extend in a series of villages to a distance of about thirty miles from our camp into German territory, and have proved invaluable as intelligence agents. They are quite an interesting people, and are quite out of touch with other natives, being isolated by waterless tracks. They live on permanent rivers, and have a wonderful system of irrigation. Every bit of land along the rivers is irrigated. Their villages are built away from the rivers, and have only four or five approaches, cut through dense sansiviera, and each approach is fortified by double gateway and palisades—the sansiviera is impenetrable. The one gateway is about 50 yards behind the other. Day and night these gateways are guarded, and no one is allowed to pass after dark. During the day guards are placed at intervals between the village and the river. I should think to natives these villages are impregnable. The people are armed with bows and poisoned arrows, knobkerries, and sword knives, but don't appear to use spears. Fortunately the Germans appear to have treated them rather harshly, so that they were quite willing to make friends with us. Our first encounter was really due to them. The Germans sent out a patrol to the far village, and these natives heard that the chief was to be taken away, and asked us to help them. Five of us, therefore, left at once about midday, and got near the village about 3 o'clock in the night, having walked through the night. The patrol consisted of four native troops and three porters. About daylight we heard a couple of shots, and it appears that Germans had commandeered about 30 Wa Sonjo porters to go to Arusha, six days away, and one of them said he could not pick up his load, so the one Askari fired two shots at him. This was very thick bush country, and when the patrol came along we called out to them to stand; but they tried to clear, and we had to shoot, and killed two and captured the other two. About two weeks after that a German officer with twelve Askaris came along, and carried off one of the chiefs, after thrashing another. Again the Wa Sonjo asked our help, and seven of us went out with two of our native police, and attacked the Germans about daylight, after travelling through the night. We killed the officer and eight of his men, but four got away. They fired quite a lot of shots at us, and one of our men, named Barnes, was hit in the side when next to me. Most of their shots went very high or much too low. We captured all their kit. They are wonderfully well equipped in every line, particularly in boots and rifles. All the rifles were brand new Mausers, stamped either 1912 or 1913 Dantzic. It is a most absurd policy of the Germans to handle these natives roughly, especially at this time. On this past trip we had to pass through the first Sonjo villages about sundown, and about sixty young fighting men came out to meet us, headed by their old chief, whom they say is 100 years old, and is the man who taught them to make their water furrows. He made us a wonderfully good speech in excellent Swahili, to the effect that " we were going on a dangerous trip and must be very careful, When one hunted the rhino, the buffalo and the elephant one only attacked them when one had chosen one's own ground, but if they got into a thick piece of bush one left them until a more favourable opportunity. In the same way we must only attack the Germans if the situation was favourabls to us, otherwise we were to come back and wait for a better chance. Furthermore, if we returned without firing a shot he would not consider us cowards, but wise men for the above reasons. We were also on no account to follow their tracks as they would perhaps leave a couple of men to hide behind and wait, and if they saw us we might be led into a trap." This and other sound advice was given us, after which he spat on the shoes of the two guides and sent us off with his blessing. After the affair was over he particularly sent over to congratulate us and to inquire after the wounded man Barnes. The latter was not seriously hurt and was quite

able to travel, and I took him in to Magadi a couple of days ago. We are all being recalled in a few days days to Magadi as the advance into G.E.A. has commenced. This post will be held by a white intelligence officer and native police. The first fight in the advance took place about two weeks ago, when about 1,000 of our men attacked a heavily entrenched position of the Germans, called Longido. We were unable to take it that day, but it was evacuated by the Germans during the night, and we now hold it. The Punjabis behaved very well during the fighting.... The Somali tribes on our northern frontier have sent a very loyal letter to the Government asking to be employed against the Germans. Our patrol has lost all its mules. A pack of six lions came round one dark night and killed two in about as many minutes. The others have died of Tse Tse. We have to cross a Tse Tse belt to reach our outpost. However, we captured a mule from this last patrol. A most satisfactory feature of this war is the way the natives in India and here have supported us. All our white volunteers are very good shots. One of our patrol is considered the best game shot in B.E.A. We have a great pull over the Germans in mounted men. They have very few mules, and cannot replace those they lose, whereas we can get an unlimited number from Abyssinia. We get quite good food, and of course the game supplies our meat. When we first came here our supplies used to reach us at rather irregular intervals, but we are very well off for supplies now. We get bacon, flour, biscuits, tea, coffee, sugar, oatmeal (sometimes), jam, salt, pepper, mustard. Maurice Southey is with our squadron, and was in the Ingito Hill fight, and escaped unwounded. In this fight our men lost eight killed and four wounded The plains round Lake Natron, which we look down on to from here, teem with game of all sorts, and is perhaps the most wonderful buffalo country in Africa. We can see herds of 500 to 600 feeding in the open during the day, and I believe sometimes a couple of thousand are seen together. Amongst other varieties of game which are plentiful are giraffe, elands, rhino, oryx, kongoni, gerenuk, greater and lesser koodoo, lions, bush buck, zebra, blue wildebeeste, Grant, Tommy, duiker, steenbuck, dikdik, and game birds of all descriptions. These plains, however, are very hot, being only about 2,000 feet above sea level. There is a patrol about 20 miles from us on these plains of four white men and three Askaris, and the corporal was badly mauled by an old lion. He went down to the river towards evening to shoot guinea fowl and came on this old mangy lion in the long grass at close range. The lion had been wounded by someone a long time previously. The fellow fired and hit the lion, but not badly. It sprang on him and knocked his rifle out of his hand; while it was chewing his shoulder he managed to recover the rifle and shoot it through the neck It then seized him by the leg and he was able to shoot it through the head. It had given him 17 wounds, and would have probably killed him at once if it had been originally a sound lion. The fellow was able to walk to the camp a mile away, and rode into Magadi the next day, but died about a week later. Some of our men went after the pack of lions which got amongst our mules and killed two and wounded three, since then we have heard nothing more of them. When the Germans are anywhere in our neighbourhood we sleep away from our camp and occupy the hills commanding it, before daylight. We have a very strong position, and if we found our position untenable could easily get away into a forest behind us. ..... This campaigning has done a great deal of good to some heavy drinkers whom I knew before the war. We have one on our patrol whom I knew a couple of years ago as absolutely an impossible man owing to drunkenness. Now that he cannot get drink he has proved one of the most unassuming and hardest working of the whole patrol.

New Stanley Hotel,
Nairobi, Dec. 12th, 1914.

My dear Mother,

I have just arrived here on a few days leave. I have been out three months and have had a pretty rough time, but am none the worse for it—all the better I think. I shall be leaving for the front again in a week's time.

Just before we returned here 7 of us have been doing some very important patrol work a long way in advance of our troops to the left. We cut up two German patrols, the last one quite a big affair. We were 7 and they were 14. We killed 9 of them and only one of us got wounded.

On our return here the General complimented us on the good work we have done. It has been quite a leg up for us.

There have been several very stiff encounters and 21 among us are already killed and 12 wounded.

In one fight 25 of us got close to 200 of the enemy in the bush. Fighting started at 30 yds. and we had to retire leaving 9 dead and 4 wounded. It was a close shave. We were 3 months out in bush country and if it had not been for the clothes from the German dead I should have been naked. I have a complete German outfit from boots upwards. The boots are excellent, of which I have got two pairs Their kit all round is far better than ours.

December 25th, 1914.

I am back again at the front with our main troop in the front advance. The censorship is very strict and we are not allowed to give news at all nor mention the names of places. At present, therefore, I can give you no news except we are all well.

Jarvis has returned to continue his survey work at Kenia and will be quite close to our farms. He is on indefinite leave but may be called out again later.

Maurice Southey has just left for two weeks leave. ..... We can see the German Camp from here about 30 miles away ..... We are kept very busy and in the little spare time I wash my clothes and try and keep clean. I am still wearing my German boots I captured. They are most comfortable and quite the envy of the whole camp.

C. Squadron, E.A.M.R.
Field Post Office,
Magadi Column.
Jan. 11th, 1914

My dear Mother,

I was so glad to get your letter yesterday and also the *Family Chronicle*. The news was most interesting. I am afraid you won't get much news from my letters at present as you can't imagine how strict the censorship is. The other night one of our men was shot by the sentry. He did not hear the challenge. This makes the second shot in this way. Fortunately he was not killed and will recover.

Jarvis has gone up to Kenia to continue his survey work. My cattle up at the farm are doing awfully well. There have been no deaths since I left and there have been 40 calves so far, and I should have close on 200 head of cows, calves and young stock now. When I get back I must try and build a small house, and then you and Kathleen must come and stay for a long time.

I think affairs in India and Egypt are for the present restricting the advance in this country. I have a Swede sharing my tent. He is quite a young man and a very cool chap in action. He was acting as centre man in the advance guard when we were following the Germans through the bush near Ingito Hills. The bush was very thick—suddenly he heard a native soldier say "Piga Sasa" (shoot now) and six of them fired point blank at him only 20 yards away. He simply rolled off his horse lying behind a bush. He heard one of the enemy say: "Ah, he is quite dead." One of them looked out and he promptly shot him through the head. Then he shot two more and the other three bolted. One of the bullets passed so close to this chaps head that it actually left a burnt mark across his cheek. This gives an example of the bad shooting of the enemy and also the advance guard work one has to do in this country.

Of the eight men we had killed that day nearly all were shot by white men, their native troops are good, but don't shoot well and at three or four hundred yards they would not have a hope against us.

In all these difficult encounters where they have outnumbered us and had the position, we have always inflicted far heavier losses on them. They have very good white men as sharp shooters. They seem to have a vast number of

machine guns and rely a great deal on them. ..... Out here one can only say the Germans have behaved well, but acts of brutality will always take place when both sides are making a large use of native troops. I think it is a great pity in a country like this to have had to use black native troops. It is likely to have far reaching results. ..... A great many Nubians and Abyssinians are being used and make very good soldiers. They drill as smartly as any regulars and are certainly a credit to their officers, and of course physically and for endurance they leave nothing to be desired...

We have very good practical keen officers in our Squadron. Both the captain and the two lieutenants were right through the S. African war and have lived in S. Africa most of their lives.

I was very glad to get all the news through the *Chronicle*. I am keeping very fit and well.

Lenox is awfully

Extracts from Ernest's Letters.

26th December, 1914.

"It was very nice getting 'letters' from both of you for Christmas. I am now anxious to hear how the wedding went off and what you are doing and how you are. We are now quite 20 miles from the firing line and in quite good billets. The cavalry are now all out of the trenches and I don't think they are sorry, especially in this cold frosty weather. We spent a very nice Christmas. We (the Head quarters) invited all the officers of the regiment, the General and his Staff to dinner—over thirty—we had it in the school room of the village and you would have been surprised to see what an orthodox dinner we turned out. The King and Queen and also Princess Mary sent presents all round. To-morrow I am to superintend the bathing of the whole regiment and I have just returned from the nearest town where I have arranged to carry it out in the brewery. The men are going to bathe in the beer tubs. A second series of leave is going on at present and I am hoping to run over to England again on Jan. 1st for 72 hours. The horses all look very fit again and are all under cover. The guns have been pretty busy the last few days, but one can only just hear them here. There is a general feeling that the war is not going to last very much longer."

13th February, 1915.

"Have just returned from another go at the trenches, and are now in reserve in the town. The place is awfully knocked about—I send some post cards showing all the damage. The Cathedral came off badly. A certain number of the inhabitants have returned and are living amongst a lot of ruined houses—a very sad sight. The day after our arrival an aeroplane dropped a bomb, but there was not much damage.

The trenches were old German trenches, much better than the last we occupied. They were situate in a wood about 20 to 30 yards from the German ones. The Germans tried to cut the wire in front of our trenches and the last night we got 6 of them.

The village in rear of the Germans is a complete ruin—not a single house left. The smell was unpleasant as the shells had opened up vaults in the churchyard and I saw coffins floating about in the water. Two French gunners remained in the trenches with the telephone to the battery. The shooting is most accurate and at a range of 3,600 yards. This battery had a range of 800 yards to look after and they guaranteed that nothing would come across the ground.

We had a very unpleasant experience the night before we left the town. At about 8.30 shells began to come over into our area—one burst in front of our billet smashing the house to bits—6 men were terribly mauled and 9 wounded, 2 of them badly. The house was about 30 yards from ours. You can imagine the scene: street pitch dark, smell of powder, and clouds of dust visible by aid of the torches—the poor fellows had to be dug out from the debris. Our house was a terrible sight with all these poor wounded men.

Another shell killed 3 drivers and 4 horses in a waggon. A third killed 8 civilians and

wounded others. A fourth killed 8 artillery men. These poor fellows of ours were asleep at the time. We left there last night, about 100 motor buses came up bringing our relief and taking away half of our division. We got back here at 3 a.m."

ON COMMANDO.

Graaff Reinet Commando,
Upington.
22/2/15.

Dear Kathleen,

I received your letter some time back asking me to tell you what we have been doing since we left Graaff Reinet and what the life here is like. Well there were a lot of us at Grootfontein who were very keen to volunteer and when we got the opportunity of joining the Graaff Reinet Commando we immediately did so. There were 24 of us so we just made up a troop of our own. We went down to Graaff Reinet on the 23rd of October and camped in the Show grounds for 5 days when we left by train for the front. After 3 days travelling we reached Draaghoender, which is 54 miles from Prieska, on a new line which was at the time still under construction. We camped at Marydale, near Draaghoender, for a week and then when we were fully equipped left for Kakamas, but when we had gone about 50 miles we were ordered to go a place beyond Upington as Kemp and about a thousand rebels were making for Upington. We went through Kenhardt and did the journey of 100 miles in a couple of days. We waited for Kemp at Steen Kamps Pan for 16 days. Then he tried to get into German West but we, as well as a lot of other troops including the I.L.H. and some of the N.L.H., went to Rooidan to stop him. We had some 15 pound quick firers of the S.A.M.R. with us and drove the rebels back into the sand dunes of the Kalahari Desert but somehow Kemp escaped during the night after the fight. It was at Rooidan that Lieutenants Hobson and Galpin were shot. Lieut. Hobson and six of our troop were ahead of the commando scouting, they saw about 40 men riding towards them so two of our chaps were sent back to report and the others went on. When the forty men got closer Lieut. Hobson signalled to them, thinking they were our chaps but they did not answer and rode on and when about 40 yards off dismounted and told our men to surrender, they wouldn't however give in. Halse was wounded almost immediately and then Lieut. Hobson was shot and the other two chaps decided to lay down their arms and as they were walking towards the rebels Galpin was shot and fatally wounded. Simpson luckily escaped but was nearly shot in cold blood as he had shot a rebel. The place where this happened was as flat as a billiard table and quite bare. The day after the fight we chased Kemp until our horses gave in, when we returned to Upington. From there we went to Kemoes and then on to Kakamas, which is about 60 miles down the river from Upington. At Kemoes all our waggons got stranded on an island in the river which came down before we could get right across, they had to remain there for a month before the river went down. After we had been at Kakamas a couple of days we were ordered, at about 7 a.m., to get ready for a two days' patrol and we left in an hour's time. I didn't even trouble about taking a blanket and thought we were returning in about two days' time but we had to go rather farther than was expected and were away just two weeks. One night we rode from 8 p.m. until 8 the next morning, carrying two days' rations for ourselves and our horses. We only rested half an hour that night and got the enemy the next morning and had a scrap with them and drove them to the border. We didn't see the waggons for five days and lived on meat without any salt for two days. We found some rebel's sheep and two of us had a sheep to ourselves, we followed the rebels to Schuit Drift, on the border of German West and had a scrap there. While on this trip we drank water which was alive with different kinds of insects and it made quite good soup when boiled! We camped at Nous, near the border,

for ten days and left for Kakamas two days before Maritz shelled the camp at Nous and captured a number of waggons and various other things, including about 400 plum puddings.

Kakamas is a poor white settlement and is really quite a pretty place. I haven't seen lucerne, even in the Karroo, to touch that grown at Kakamas. Fruit also does very well and we had quite a lot of watermelons and grapes while we were there. We stayed there about a month.

When in camp we always go out on picket or patrol, sometimes in the day and sometimes in the night. There was just one thing that I did'nt agree with and that was standing to arms. We had to get up at three every morning and saddle up and fall into line to march. We had to sleep in front of our horses with the reins in our hands.

For about two months we had no tents and we never sleep in them now but use them in the day time for shade. I wish one could do without food while on commando as the bully beef and biscuits get pretty monotonous. The biscuits would make good tiles for a stoep! Our day's rations consist of 5 biscuits, a tin of bully beef, ¼ lb. of jam, 2 oz. of sugar, a ¾ oz. of coffee. When possible we get fresh meat, bread and vegetables.

I went out on a eight days' patrol while at Kakamas and one day we went to see the great Falls of the Orange River, otherwise known as King George's Cataracts We had to wade through 7 or 8 streams and carry our clothes on our heads. The islands are covered with acacias and monkey trees in this part and we saw some monkeys, paraquets and wild geese. We reached the Falls after about half an hour's walk and they were really a glorious sight. They are higher than the Victoria Falls and twice as high as the Niagara Falls, being over 400 feet high. You first see the brown water of the Orange River being churned up as it dashes through the rocks and then it is hurled over the sheer edge of rock and is turned into a crystal white stream, which everlastingly roars as it is poured into the chasm several hundred feet below. The chasm extends as far as one can see and the sides are solid rock. There was a continual mist rising from the spray and the sun shining on the mist made a lovely rainbow. It was a lovely sight and well worth seeing. The Government have bought the falls and I believe intend using the water for making electricity.

We were camped near the Falls on a farm 55,000 morgen in extent and there were several hundred head of cattle in it, looking in the pink of condition.

We got a helio message one afternoon ordering us to return to Kakamas immediately, which we did. On our arrival there we found the commando had left and so we went on to Upington and arrived the day after the fight, when the rebels attacked the town. Two chaps in our troop had the horses shot under them, and they all had the experience of being under cannon fire and having shrapnel bursting over them with a few small bushes for protection. We have had a lot of rain lately and the flies and mosquitoes are consequently very troublesome now. The rain has brought the horse sickness and three or four horses die every night. The weather is still very hot. We left a water bottle outside a couple of days ago and when we poured the water out it was so hot that it burnt one's hand. We have just returned from chasing some Germans who invaded the town; there were about 600 of them. They got such a fright and returned home before we even caught sight of them. There is talk of leave now and I hope we get it soon as we have been out over four months in this god-forsaken country and been roasted enough in the sun. No one has any idea of what the heat is like here unless he has experienced it. It will be quite a treat to sleep in a bed again and not be woken up for picket or get the order "Op Zaal" in the middle of the night.

Well I expect you have heard enough now, so I will say good-bye.

Hoping you are all well.

I remain
Your affectionate cousin,
JOHN T. MOLTENO.