

# CHRONICLE OF THE FAMILY.

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## EDITORIAL.

The attention of readers is drawn to the "Roll of Honour" at the back of this issue. It was very kindly sent us by Percy Molteno and the Editor would be glad of further news of those mentioned and also the names and particulars of any who may have been omitted through lack of definite information, for publication at a later date.

The Editor would also be glad to receive news letters from all the scattered members of the family, these and other contributions should reach her during the first week of July.

Readers are reminded that the subscription for 1916 was due on January 1st and is payable to Frank Molteno, who is very kindly acting treasurer during Brenda's absence.

## GENERAL NEWS.

Ronald Beard sailed for England in the Llandovery Castle on 27th November. He spent Christmas at "Parklands" with Bessie and Percy, and is now at Clare College, Cambridge.

A little daughter—Patricia Mary—was born to Ethel and Bazett Bisset on December 3rd. Bazett is at present in the Transkei and Ethel hopes to join him shortly.

Ella, Brenda and Helen left for England in the Saxon on 29th January—Helen has gone to school at Berkamsted, where Nesta has been for nearly two years. Ella intends to leave for the Cape sometime in April, but Brenda is remaining to bring Nesta home.

Mr. Anderson returned from his visits to Effie and Harold early in January. Effie arrived here at the beginning of February and is staying with her father at "Quarter Deck".

Harry Blackburn has joined a mounted regiment and was at Johannesburg for a short time. Marjorie went up there to pay him a visit and say good-bye before he left for East Africa.

Arthur Bisset has enlisted and left for Potchefstroom on 5th January. He left for East Africa early in February and reached Kilindini safely. His address is Private A. Bisset (7861), D Company, 9th S.A. Infantry, c/o The Army Field Post Office, Kilindini, B.E.A.

John Molteno has joined the Mounted Field Ambulance and is now in East Africa.

The following are extracts from his letters:

..... "We left Durban at midday and have had fine weather so far. We are fairly well fixed up and much more comfortable than I expected and fairly free except for two parades a day and sometimes there is some fatigue to be done.

I believe we are due to arrive at Killindini on Sunday —. The day before yesterday there was land in sight and we saw several light-houses towards evening. On Tuesday we passed a ship going south, and after hailing her, we ran alongside her and she signalled to us. This boat is armed and they had the guns trained on the boat we met.

It is a fine journey down to Durban, the whole country is covered with long grass and the mealies and banana trees were quite a sight in Natal.

We arrived this morning after a nice voyage and are leaving for some place inland. The scenery was very fine yesterday and we came through date and cocoa-nut plantations.

We are now quite near the border of German East and I heard several shots yesterday. We have been very busy since we landed and have shifted camp half a dozen times in the last two days, the scenery was very fine coming up; we

went through thick forest and passed several lakes.

There are several aeroplanes here and they go up every day. We came part of the way from — in a cattle truck, it was frightfully hot and we only arrived here at midnight. The trains go very slowly, about six miles an hour! There are lots of Indians up here; they look very fierce with their long knives. The natives are fine looking men, but the women are hideous, they twist their ears into all kinds of shapes. They use Indian money here and you have to change all your money before you leave Killindini."

Jervis Molteno is now at Sandhurst and expects to be there for 5 or 6 months, after which he hopes to get a commission in the Scots Greys.

Islay is leaving Cambridge at the end of this term, and she and Jervis hope to be married before he goes to the front.

Margaret is still at Cambridge and the following is an extract from a recent letter:—

"I am very busy indeed and my days are completely full—from 9 a.m. to 6 15 p.m. as a rule—so that, by the evening, I am quite tired out and have not the energy to do any more work as, I suppose, I should.

The work this term is very interesting indeed. We are working at the complete quantitative analysis of the soil and some crops, which comes in Chemistry.

In Botany we are busy struggling with fungi and their immutable forms. In Agriculture we are doing horses, cattle and stock generally. Each crop in detail—all the cultivations, etc., and varieties and qualities.

In Zoology, or rather Entomology, we are going through the insects, and specially those injurious to farm crops, etc.

Lastly, we are struggling with that most complicated subject—Genetics, or the study of Mendelism, breeding, heredity and variation. It is very interesting and very difficult to understand. In every subject, except the last, we

have practical work also which makes them far more interesting but takes up a great deal of time."

George Murray managed to get a few days leave at Christmas, and the members of the family at "Parklands" all seemed very delighted to have him there again.

We hear that Harold Murray is now in Egypt as Staff Officer to the General in Command. He has also been given the Military Cross.

Lil and her family are down at their seaside house. Unfortunately the children have whooping cough, but from all accounts they are getting on satisfactorily. Wallace came down for a few days but hearing of the welcome rains, after the long drought, returned almost immediately.

All will regret to hear of James Molteno's sudden illness which occurred while he was staying at Glencairn. Victor immediately motored down and brought him to his house, where he has been most comfortable and made a rapid recovery under Mildred's kind care and the devoted attentions of Nance and Charles. He spent all day on the cheerful balcony, where Betty came daily to read the papers, etc., to him as his eyesight was somewhat affected. He has just left with Wallace to stay at Kamfer's Kraal.

Ian Bisset left for Potchefstroom on 9th March, for a month's training before going to East Africa, on the journey they were held up for 12 hours owing to wash-aways. Fortunately he had large supplies of fruit, sweets and other eatables, which various members of the family had brought him.

Lenox Murray writes from East Africa:—  
Jan. 29th 1916.

"I have not had much chance for writing lately. We are busy and moving but I can't give you any news.

The large box of sweets reached me here a couple of days ago,—nothing has ever been more welcome as we have been on short rations. Jarvis is here, so I was able to give him his share. I am sending you a few snaps, I have quite a good collection . . . . .

While on the march we had one awful night and got flooded out, we had to stand up all night in the pouring rain, soaked to the skin. I had no water-proof, only a warm military overcoat which soon got soaked through . . . . Then a German patrol tried to ambush us while we were going along a road. We rode right into them at mid-night and we lost two killed and a couple wounded. They cleared as soon as they had fired about 100 shots at close range. The only thing to do was to scatter, which we did, otherwise there might have been more loss. It was quite enterprising of them and they seem well informed.

I am very glad to get the *Cape Times*, it gives far more news than any paper in this country where there seems to be an absurd censorship. In the Cape papers they speak openly as to what troops are being sent here, but here not a word is allowed to be mentioned. One young fellow, in the transport, got hauled over the coals for mentioning that he got a very fine view of Kilimanjaro from where he was stationed. Considering that you can get a good view of the mountain for several hundred miles along the border, he would hardly be giving any information to the enemy.

I sometimes wish I had got into the artillery but, at the outbreak of the war, I joined where men were wanted most.

I have had a variation of work and quite an interesting time. I am wondering if, when this is over, they will send us to Europe—if so, I hope, and will try, to get into the artillery—that is why I wish I had been in that from the start. I have now reached the exalted rank of corporal."

February 13th, 1916.

"I am afraid I will not be able to write anything of interest. Yesterday it was officially announced that Smuts was to have command here. I am awfully glad and only hope they

will get things soon settled here. He will have the chance of making a great name for himself, being in supreme command."

The following is an extract from the dispatch of Admiral Bacon, commanding the Dover Patrol, reporting the operations off the Belgian coast between 22nd August and 19th November, 1915, published in the *London Gazette*.

"On 6th September Westende was subjected to attack by H.M. Ships 'Redoubtable' (Capt. V. B. Molteno, R.N.), 'Bustard' (Lieut. O. Maguire, R.N.); and 'Excellent' (Commander G. Saurin, R.N.), under the direction of Capt. V. B. Molteno, and with results that reflected credit on all concerned."

Vice-Admiral Bacon's report deals with the performances of the monitors and patrol boats, many of which were under the command of officers of the Royal Naval Reserve, and were manned by deep sea fishermen, the latter showing splendid coolness under fire, zeal, and enthusiasm, and extremely accurate shooting, especially against Zeebrugge.

Kenah Murray is now with the South African Field Ambulance in Egypt, having left England about the middle of December. He writes from Alexandria and although the South Africans have been in action against the Senussii, his Ambulance was not there. They were camped, he said, on a sandy stretch very like Muizenberg, from where they did not expect to move yet.

The following is an extract from a letter of Kenah's, written shortly after his arrival in England:—

10 Palace Court,  
London, W.  
Nov. 26th, 1915.

"Ernest came over on a week's leave last week and I was fortunate in being here, at Palace Court, when he arrived. He looked very well and was cheerful though, in common with most, he is weary of the war. For many months now they have not been in the firing line and it is dull work. He tells me that no one in

France is allowed to keep a diary or take a camera with him.

On Monday Major —, a friend of Uncle Percy's, came in. He was also on leave from the front. He and Newcomen had both been in the great attack made at Loos, last month. They said the French attacked with 60 Divisions and fired 10,000,000 (ten million) shells in four days' incessant firing day and night, prior to the attack.

Our troops broke right through the German lines on a very big front, but, owing to a muddle, no supports or supplies were sent up so that some of the regiments were three days without food or even proper water to drink. The result was that, when the Germans counter attacked, two whole divisions of our newer armies fled and much hard won ground was lost together with out chance of taking full advantage of our success.

It is curious how everyone, coming from the actual scene of action, is most confident of eventual success. They all say that it is quite easy to break through but the difficulty is to cope with the advance of such vast masses of men and to provide them with proper supplies when once they go forward. Here, however, some take rather a gloomy view of the outlook and think that everything points to an eventual dead-lock.

It seems probable that Lord Kitchener has been sent to the East to take the responsibility for withdrawal from the Dardanelles and then, no doubt, he will go on to Egypt to secure the defence of the Suez Canal and make further invasion there an impossibility.

The more I hear from all sources, the more certain I feel that the whole success of the war now depends upon our ability to break through the Western Front. If we cannot do that then our chances of dictating terms will dwindle in proportion.

We are now settled in barracks at Twizzle-don, not far from Farnham, and almost 8 or 9 miles from Alice Holt. It is not very far from Aldershot, Farnborough and Fleet, over the whole of which region camps seem to stretch.

Everywhere one meets troops moving about and all day long aeroplanes are buzzing about. I saw twelve on the wing, at the same time, last week.

Our men compare most favourably with all I have seen so far. They are of far finer physique than the local regiments and have, I believe, attracted much attention on that account. In fact it has been suggested that our Ambulance should form the nucleus of a new fighting regiment! !

We certainly have a very fine lot of men in our ambulance and a nice type of fellow too. We have had no word yet as to when we are likely to go to France. In fact we don't know at all that we may not be sent to Egypt, or even B.E.A."

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### From Our English Correspondent.

The Editor, *The Family of the Chronicle*.

England.

10th February, 1916.

The Editor,

*The Family of the Chronicle*.

"This year Aunt Bessie and Uncle Percy once more had a large and cheerful party spending Christmas with them at Parklands. Ronald Beard, who arrived in England a short time before came down and swelled the numbers—and the noise. Then quite unexpectedly on the 28th George turned up on leave. As you no doubt know, he was promoted last November from the ammunition column he was in at first, to a battery near Ypres. Just before Christmas there were rumours that the 14th Division was to be sent out to Egypt but in the end they were moved to another position on the same salient. You can easily imagine the talking that went on! We asked countless questions and listened eagerly to endless stories profusely illustrated with fuses, bullets, bits of shell and other odds and ends of which George seems to have an unlimited supply concealed upon his person. The day before he went back May, (having left the unfortunate Freddie to meet and entertain

two absolute stranger visitors, rushed up to see him), she and Freddie had been spending Christmas with Mrs. Parker at Cheltenham and had also paid a flying visit to Palace Court earlier in December and we were delighted to see her again. Since then we have heard fairly frequently from George—the latest news being that to-morrow he and his division are to go into a rest camp for some time, after which they are to be sent further south.

Last November Ernest, while over on leave, spent a day at Cambridge with Jervis, Margaret and Islay and had tea with them, under the careful supervision of a chaperon, in spite of tactful remarks, meant to convey the impression that the cousin was 'quite' old, the Vice-Principal maintained an adamant front and insisted upon the necessity of a chaperon prescribed in the seldom kept college rules. After Christmas the Life Guards spent some weeks digging trenches but, as far as I know, they have returned from that job and are once more in billets.

We were all simply delighted to hear of Uncle Barkly's appointment to H.M.S. Warrior last December. His base is at Invergordon and Aunt Ethel, who has been living at Alice Holt, has just gone up to join him there. We were fortunate enough to see Kenah several times before he left for Egypt, once Hilda and he spent a night at Palace Court and another time he motored over to Parklands on Uncle Barkly's old motor bicycle, which achieved the great triumph of a non-stop run, and spent an afternoon giving us interesting accounts of the German South West campaign. Hilda and her family are at Alice Holt but Lorna has gone to school at Eastbourne and I've not yet heard how she is getting on.

I've not seen Aunt Clare or her family though they are in London and have paid various visits to Palace Court. Brab has unfortunately been ill again and he and Clarissa have been living quietly in the country for some time past. I've not heard of them just lately but in January he was practically alright again.

Ronald is up at Clare this term and hopes to join the Inns of Courts O.T.C., quite soon.

Jervis is at Sandhurst training for a commission, he gets up at the appalling hour of 6.15 a.m. and from that time until he goes to bed, is hard at work at such mystic performances as 'Square' and 'Wooden-horse' and the more prosaic ones of Riding and Physical Training.

Islay and Margaret are now up at Cambridge working very hard!! I hear that the former is leading a discussion circle on 'the child and the nation' and that she is making herself a pest to her neighbours by discussing, at all places, the case for and against compulsory education, the feeding of school children, juvenile delinquents and other, such subjects. Last time I saw her she was tearing her hair over a paper she was to read to a certain select society on the principles of foreign policy and was earnestly endeavouring to discover someone who would give her a suitable definition of 'selfishness'; that being the subject to be discussed at a meeting she goes to each Sunday. This zeal for knowledge is certainly overwhelming and often embarrassing to those around.

Nesta and Victor are both back at school. The former is excitedly looking forward to the arrival of Aunt Ella, Brenda and Helen, next week."

Yours, etc.,  
"Cassiodorus."

## LETTERS FROM GEORGE.

Jan 20th, 1916.

"Since I last wrote we have come up into action again. The time has been very much occupied with making the new positions for the guns and the quarters for the men and ourselves. It is wonderful what a lot of care has to be taken to conceal the position from aeroplanes. We are out of sight of the German trenches behind a sort of ridge but, all the same, if an aeroplane can find you and mark the place down on a map you will soon be shelled out. We have taken a tremendous lot of trouble and

I think the result is very good, it being quite difficult to see the gun positions at all.

We have managed to make ourselves fairly comfortable in a house that is not much knocked about. There is a fine strong dug-out at the back, built by the engineers, of steel, concrete, timber and earth and we use it if necessary. It is similar to a good many which have been built round here and they have stood direct hits from 5.9 inch shells without being damaged.

Things go on much as usual. We don't fire so many rounds here as we did in our last position and, on the whole, it is more peaceful. I am keeping very well. The weather is pretty cold now but it has been a warm wet winter so far."

February 3rd.

"I believe we are to move out of our present position in a week or two. We will probably have a little rest and then go into action again further south. Of course nothing is definite, it never is, but the fact that we are to move is practically certain. We are delighted at the prospect as the trenches and positions are as bad as they possibly could be. They say this is easily the worst part of the line.

Ernest has been not far from these parts for a long time but I have never managed to meet him Trubshawe also is quite near but, so far, there has been no chance of seeing him. Some of his regiment is in our Division but he is in a different battalion.

Horsley is still in England, as far as I know, where he has been since he was wounded the second time (last May).

I don't think I have told you much about this new place that we have come to. It is practically the same as where we were before, only a couple of miles away, so the country in which the trenches lie is just the same. If anything it is flatter and more open here and consequently damper than ever.

We are again living in a ruined house, this time in a small village. No one else lives in the village except two Red Cross men, at a dressing station.

There are some very strong dug-outs in the neighbourhood with infantry in them and we have one into which we can retire in emergency—generally just as we are in the middle of dinner or some other very inconvenient time. We have furnished our house with things we could find in the village, but practically nothing of any value is left. The church has escaped the shelling usually given them and, when passing it the other day, I heard the organ being played very vigorously. A large crowd of Tommies was singing a hymn to quite a good accompaniment. Before I left, I am afraid they had got on to various popular songs, but it sounded so strange and nice that I didn't stop them. How they had managed to get the organ to work, I can't imagine, it was full of shrapnel holes and very rickety but there seems to be nothing a Tommy can't do if he tries. We won't be sorry to move from here though, because it will mean quite a long rest and then a much nicer place afterwards."

December 21st, 1916.

"Since last writing a good deal has been going on. You will have seen in the papers that there was another gas attack here a few days ago. We came out of action the day before which was rather lucky as the gas wasn't at all pleasant up there. Even here, at the wagon lines, it was very strong and we all had to wear our helmets for 35 minutes.

It was a very strange experience. At about 5.30 a.m. we woke to hear a tremendous lot of firing. It was quite dark and presently an unpleasant smell began to be noticed. We were expecting the attack at once. In a few minutes it got almost impossible to breathe. We put on our helmets. They are hideous looking things with goggles and a rubber tube to breathe out through. Everybody has to have two with him and they are frequently inspected so that we all were well prepared. As it got lighter it was very funny to see people standing about with them on. Naturally there was great excitement. We got our guns and wagons ready to go into action at points already arranged

However, by 6.30 we could breathe again and, soon after, messages came to say that the infantry were still safe. It appears that the gas was not a success from the German point of view as it not only failed to knock out the infantry, but didn't silence our guns. As a result they were attacked seriously and, at the same time, lost heavily from our gun fire.

I had always imagined that a gas attack would, at the most, only be a local affair, the gases spreading only half a mile or so, but, as it was, miles of country were swept by it and ever so far back the smell was quite strong.

Please excuse rather shaky writing because my hands are very cold. I have been helping to get one of our guns out of a ditch, all this morning. It was a very difficult job and the awful mud made it nearly impossible.

I think I told you that the division was probably moving from this part. As a step in that direction, we have come out of action and are now in reserve. I don't think we will be up again for quite a long time. The Division needs a rest as it has been fighting continuously since last May but I may possibly get my leave before we move. They give us 8 days, which is a good long time."

December 7th, 1915.

"I am in our big dug-out by the guns and I am the only officer at the Battery at present. We are engaged in firing on a point on the German trenches but, in the last 20 minutes, a German aeroplane has been up over us so we have not been able to fire.

One hears a good deal about our aeroplanes and their great deeds, but the German machines are much faster than ours and can always do very much as they like—the only thing is that there are not so many of them and they are not quite so enterprising as they might be. Our anti-craft guns fire a tremendous number of shells at them which drives them off and keeps them at a great height. I have only once seen one brought down. . . . We have just been firing again and now it is lunch time so I will finish this later to-day.

Thursday, 9th.

We have been given orders which have kept us particularly occupied and I am taking this opportunity to send this off. I am not allowed to say, at present, what it is all about, which is very ridiculous, however I will let you know as soon as I can. It may probably be some time before you hear again from me.

The weather has been quite warm again after all the ice and frost but for days now it has been raining fairly steadily, the mud down at the wagon lines is simply extraordinary, I don't see how it will be possible to move horses and wagons about at all very soon."

December 15th, 1915.

"We are going out of action in a day or two, and I don't think we will be in again for a couple of months. We are probably moving from this part but I am not supposed to make suggestions even. A change would be very welcome.

There has been a good deal going on just lately. About three days ago, the Germans gave a portion of our trenches a tremendous battering with their guns. I was up in the Observation Point at this time and saw the whole thing. Really I have never seen such a sight in all my life. For about an hour and a half they simply poured in shells of every kind and size. Great columns of earth, sandbags and timber were thrown up. Every inch of ground seemed to have a shell bursting on it at the same moment. A thick fog of smoke—black, yellow, green and white, according to the kind of shell—shifted away with the wind. It seemed impossible to imagine that anyone could be alive in the midst of it all. It was all retaliation for our shelling during the past week and you may be sure they will get it back again worse than ever. The whole of to-day we have been going at it steadily, and since we have the greater supply of ammunition now, they will get the worst of it. They have been firing a certain number of their famous 17-inch shells lately. The noise they make going through the air is quite appalling. It is no exaggeration to say that it sounds like an ex-

press railway train and you feel quite certain that it is going to fall exactly on your head—as a matter of fact, it probably falls a quarter, or half, a mile away, making a gigantic hole, I know of one that you could easily put two of the big Cape Trams into and they wouldn't fill it up! We have got the base of one of the shells and it weighs nearly 300 lbs. Unfortunately we will have to leave it behind. I almost feel inclined to put it in a box and bury it somewhere so as to find it again, goodness knows when."

November 19th, 1915.

"It does seem strange that Kenah should be in England—and a Major too! I don't expect there is much chance of coming across him out here for England is gradually getting such a vast army in the field. We all feel very confident. The winter will be unpleasant but, when the summer comes round, we will be able to give the Germans a tremendous dosing of shells.

Being out here is the most interesting and fascinating experience—roads and villages miles behind the firing line, get shelled and it is difficult to say whether it is more unpleasant, in that respect, right up in front, or right behind. The poor fellows in front have to put up with a tremendous lot of discomfort.

The nearer and nearer one gets to the front line the less and less there is to be seen. We get an excellent view from our Observation Point but I couldn't pretend to be able to describe it. There never seems to be a sign of life on the German side and I haven't yet got so far as to see a real live German soldier. It is difficult to find particular points because for instance—a place marked on the map as — Wood, has perhaps *one* tree, with *no* branches, left standing with a few old stumps near it and so on. It almost looks as if you could take a quiet stroll across the country and not come across a soul, when in reality, thousands have tried and have walked to their death. What it must look like in an attack I can't imagine. Our innocent little Field Howitzers make a big enough explosion and their shell is quite a baby one compared with



some of the big fellows. Of course I was down in the Ammunition Column during the last big attack so I only heard the noise of it.

November 26th, 1915.

Everything is going on very smoothly here and we are doing a good deal of fighting as the battery has got to register targets in a new area. I don't suppose the Germans like it much because there are a good many other batteries doing the same thing and it means a large number of shells every day.

I don't think I told you much in my last letter about what our place is like up here. To begin with, we are far more comfortable and civilized than in the Column. We live in a short isolated block of houses, not much damaged by shell fire. We inhabit the ground floor and the cellars, both of which are quite water-proof, with paper on the walls and plenty of furniture gathered in the poor old town. Each officer has his own room and besides, there are other rooms serving as dining-room, sitting-room, Battery Office and bath-room. Then, about 100 yards away, next to the guns, we have a summer-house serving as a map-room and ammunition store (in the cellar). There is also a fine big dug-out in which an officer sleeps every night. It is quite a masterpiece with a fire-place, carpet, table, chairs, shelves, maps and charts. It is divided into two parts and three telephonists sleep at the other end and can easily give any messages to the orderly officer. The roof is very thick, consisting of railway lines, iron girders, steel pipes and plates, besides layers of bricks, sand-bags and earth, so that it might be able to keep out quite a big shell.

A Capt. Palm is in command of the battery. He is a regular soldier, fairly young, very capable and always keen to have everything ship-shape. I am lucky to have got into his battery as it is easily the best in the brigade. There are four subalterns (including myself) but one, is only attached. They are very good fellows so that the battery is well run. We have about 40 gunners and signallers, who know their work and do it well.

The three most junior subalterns take turns at the duties of Orderly Officer, Observation Officer and Officer at Wagon lines—so that one day you stay at the guns all day, on the next you go up to the Observation Point to look out and to direct the fire of the guns at any point ordered; you stay there all day. On the other day, if there is no firing to be done, you visit the wagon lines which are quite near the column. It keeps you fairly busy on the whole.

To-day, for the first time, I was able to see some real live Germans, away in the distance, working at something behind their lines. They took a great deal of seeing and were mere specks. There is rarely any sign of life near the front lines during the day. The guns too are busiest just after dusk when they shell the roads and communication trenches, in hopes of catching the supplies coming up.

We fire a good deal more than the Germans do at present and already we have far more ammunition than they have."

### Letters from Major Gerald Sandeman

(Gerald Sandeman has been in the trenches since last April as Adjutant of the 6th West Yorks: he was mentioned in despatches on Jan. 1st and appeared in the honours list of Jan. 14th, having been awarded the Military Cross for distinguishel service. He is now attached to the 146th Brigade in the temporary post of Brigade Major.)

June 2nd, 1915.

"This is a grand life (bar the killing). Nothing like the boredom of the S.A. Campaign, Gad, we do live. One minute they say the Bosches in front of us are uncountable and another they say there are none. We listen like the devil at night but can't hear much. I am going out to-night with a ball of string to see if I can hear something, the string is to find one's way back. Rather jolly sort of job but you have to look out as the Bosch is fond of fireworks and he sends up flares all night long. They are awfully pretty, like Roman candles, our flares are nothing compared to theirs. I

think we are getting on top of the Bosches slowly but surely, the casualties are ghastly but a lot of the wounded recover, which is a little consolation. Its a marvellous life, sort of mixture of peace and war. You see, we only fight for 4, 6 or 10 days at one time, we are then brought back and put into billets. The fighting part for us so far has only been trench life, which consists principally in sitting still and getting shelled and fired at, of course, we give them gipp too, but there is a sort of unwritten law that each side lets the other bring their rations up in the evenings, after which you do your best to kill 'em, while they are cracking jokes and eating bully over a brazier. We are living in deep, damp, dark dug-outs! have lots of baccy and a brazier with coke at nights. If you show any smoke by day you are shelled. I get a lot of fun out of "Uncle Charlie," a well-meaning but very proper 2nd in Command. I have given him all sorts of rotten jobs which I had to do before and he takes 12 hours daily to get them done, but its grand to feel folks are working round you. Oddy, our signalling officer, a little lad with pink cheeks, and a Granny who sends us food, is a great help—he stalks Bosches with a telescope most of the day and answers for me when I am asleep, which is not often. Our 4 O.C. coves are very good chaps.

The subs. are *the* fellows, a light-hearted bomb-throwing crowd. They spend most of their time making mistakes which don't matter and patrolling, and putting up barbed-wire in front of our trenches. A fine lot they are, all full of life.

Of course at times we have our worries, such as shells and staff officers, the latter are the worst as they have an after effect, but we are awfully cheery as a rule.

September 19th.

"We have just had 12 days *rest*, think of it! in a wood, 7 miles back from the firing line... *grand!* We have had cricket, footer, sports, a band and pierrots! What more can you wish for? Gad, Lil, it has been ripping and we hope now for only 24 days in the trenches and then

12 days rest, life will be worth living. I wish this war would end .... I loathe to think of our blokes getting killed and the poor chaps have such an awful time. If you saw it out here you would wonder how human beings can stick it ..... but there it is, and there's no use worrying.

October 6th.

Out of the trenches and are now in support in farms. Quite comfy here—we have a large bare room with an old door as a dining-table and chairs pinched out of farms round, also a fire-place, which is ripping at night.

It is a slow show out here, but the French are very determined and they will *hammer*, something will give and it won't be the French. The night before we came out, I was up looking at a trench we are making out to an advanced post. Had to walk over corpses, most unpleasant—among others they found a Prussian officer; some of the parapets are practically grave yards.

October 30th.

Had most awful weather lately but better to-day, quite sunny tho' a bit cold ..... I'm afraid my soldier servant pulled the long bow when he said I didn't mind bombardments. most unpleasant performances to my mind and "Master" is always shaking with fear. I never yet met anyone who wasn't, though some blokes possibly get a little further into a dug-out than others. Shells are nothing to trench mortars—the latter you see coming, which is trying for your nerves, though the effect is very local .... We have labour battalions attached to us, funny old boys, all over 45 and mostly over 60 by the look of them. They do the digging at the back. Rather jolly old boys they look, you see them marching along with shovels and picks and huge saws at the slope. Things are fairly quiet, not much shelling last few days—very peaceful.

November 3rd, 5 a.m.

As you see its 5 a.m. on the morning of Nov. 3rd and what a morning! Been up all night trying to keep warm. We got in here last night to find all the dug-outs falling in. I am now sitting surrounded by slipping sand-bags—a

couple of railway sleepers above my head, which may come in at any moment—outside a sodden trench and pouring rain, “absolute blackness save for a flare light or so,” as the *Daily Mail* puts it. The zip, zip of the bullets—good word “zip”! Oh! a sodden country! The trenches are waist deep in water and we cling on by our eyelids. If you slip, you are done. Its just a toss up whether you are drowned or shot. I have a “tommie’s cooker,” consolidated meth. which makes a cup of cocoa in a few minutes. It fairly saves one’s life and is the finest thing imaginable, as we are soaked through without a chance of getting dry, its fine to get something hot. I can’t help laughing most of the time as its really jolly funny, you see chaps suddenly skipping out into the trench, having had their dug-out collapse on the top of them, they don’t seem to mind a scrap, they huddle together over a little charcoal stove. I like it when they sing as it certainly bucks one up. Well here is the dawn coming up .....

November 4th.

Its not a bad life in spite of the discomforts which are only just beginning. I would rather have them all than a bad shelling—still we get lots of that. They shell our communication trenches a lot now. This morning it was misty and I walked right along on top of our parapets, its quite safe to walk anywhere when its foggy.

November 20th.

Just come out of the trenches for 8 days. They are dropping bombs on us from the sky, jolly little Taubes overhead, but as our last 3 days in the trenches, the Bosch dropped 300 to 500 heavy shells, pretty close, per day, a few bombs are quite a nice change. Day before yesterday they got one of our trenches and I was afraid a platoon was wiped out, but after an hour’s digging, we found, beyond 6 killed and 7 suffering from shock, half the platoon were fairly all right.

Had a hot tub to-day, Gad, the mud is bad here—we have to put in 6 or 8 horses to get our limbers through it and then they fairly bust

themselves. We came back from the trenches in motor lorries, which was nice. The men had not lain down for 4 days and very little sleep—pretty done, but awfully cheery—singing hymns and puffing cigarettes, a grand lot.

Very sharp frost at night now. We wear long boots, teddy-bear coats, soft caps, and sheepskin gloves which hang round your neck on to a bit of rimpie. Such soldiers! look more like Laplanders! The men are jolly cheery.

November 30th.

Had about 50 cases of frost bite but there are very few now we have our long boots.

December 19th. Some excitement to-day, as we had our first taste of gas. At 5.30 a.m. a signaller rushed into my dug-out and said “gas is coming.” Billy and I had only got back from going round the front line at 2 a.m. Up I got to find everyone asleep and those who were not, grousing away at being pulled out. Ten minutes after about 5.30 a perfect volcano of shells followed and how on earth we weren’t scappered I don’t know. All wires were cut and we could get no messages anywhere, so we just had to sit tight and wait. After a bit we heard that all our companies and Mag. Scott who is at our advanced H. Gunners, with some signallers were under a gas cloud. A signaller was talking on the telephone when he suddenly stopped and said “Gas” and finished his message by buzzing. This was at 5.15 before the wires were cut. The gas passed just in front of us here, travelling S.W. Our casualties are a bit heavy .... As I wait they are trying to wipe out our front companies with shells. Billy Knowles did a bit of running for me and was very plucky and Hamilton, the doctor, is wonderful, he volunteers to go anywhere under shell fire. Our orderly room was bust in, 2 big shells wiped it out but the clerks escaped and we dug out the papers. thank goodness, as they mean months of work if we lose them.

Billy Knowles went up to the 2nd line just after the gas cloud had passed and the men were most cheery and seemed to think it rather a good show. I have not slept for 36 hours and am pretty tired.

## To C. W. B. MOLTENO.

## AN INVITATION FROM A FRIEND.

A voice from the wilderness sings—  
 Canst thou come with me O brother,  
 Thou tiller of the soil,  
 And cease thy daily harvesting  
 And rest thee from thy toil:  
 To wander to far distant spots  
 And bathe 'an naturel',  
 Where never stormed a suffragette,  
 Where never sighed a 'belle'?  
 'Twere well could we but spend some days  
 And search the mountains round  
 For disas blue, and disas red  
 Where tigers oft' abound.  
 To wander up the mighty 'Kogel',  
 At Rooi Else mouth to rest,  
 To sleep where Hangklip's breakers dash,  
 Rolling from out the West.  
 Roast thou a mighty ostrich—whole—  
 And strap him on thy back;  
 'Twere meal enough for both of us  
 E'en though the stuffing lack.  
 A cask of wine, a box of grapes,  
 'Twould be no load for thee,  
 Italia's sons are staunch and strong,  
 Their step so lithe and free,  
 The Ides of March must come and go  
 And days full yet a score;  
 Yet would I that there be prepared  
 With edibles galore—  
 My load? An oaken staff to help,  
 My feeble steps along.  
 A lute of liquid tone on which  
 To play a pastoral song.  
 And thou shalt dance, when thou hast made  
 My couch from snakes immune,  
 And washed and packed our supper things  
 And I shall play the tune!

R.S.V.P.

## DINAH.

It may be that some of the junior members of the family, or even the seniors, who are now battling in far off lands or seas, do not know who Dinah is or why she comes into the *Family Chronicle*, so I think I ought to tell them.

Well, Dinah is one of the old-fashioned Bob-tailed sheep dogs. She is quite an aristocrat and her pedigree can be traced very far back, she has many illustrious ancestors who in modern days, have been awarded Silver Cups, Medals, etc. Now Dinah is a rare beauty, she has very long and shaggy grey hair, with a white ruff round her neck, a bob-tail, a white moustache and very fine beard—I don't know whether a lady dog should have a beard—she has a beautiful pair of brown eyes which flash when she is angry, but, when in a pensive mood, one glance from them steals your heart away. She has only been exhibited at a Show once and of course got first prize in her class. Dinah is an excellent watch-dog, a fine swimmer and a trusty friend, no thief can enter the house, and non dare attack her mistress Kathleen.

Now this year Dinah surprised us by having twelve puppies, which caused great excitement in the farm circle. What was to be done? A consultation was held and Grandmother said we must find a nurse, so search was made and we found another very nice mother dog called Polly who had only one puppy; we got her and appointed her nurse to five of Dinah's and in that way we brought up all ten, for two had died the day they were born. They were all very handsome puppies, five were nursed by Polly and lived with her in one of the fowl runs, the other five lived with Dinah in an outside room, and Dinah, like some grand lady, came occasionally to see how they got on with their nurse. In this way affairs went on very happily until, one day, we had a great adventure which I think I must tell you. It happened in a very hot day and the sun blazed scorchingly; we were at dinner, when Dinah came in, and seemed very restless, she kept constantly moving about, then running out and barking. At

last I got up and went out, she immediately ran before me until we came to the fowl run, where Polly lived with her set of puppies. I went in and to my surprise found only one puppy with Polly in a corner. Where could the rest have gone? for there was no way of getting out of the run. There was no shade and the sun beat fiercely on Polly and her one puppy.

In great alarm I sent off our boy, Jackie, to the house to ask Grandmother and Kathleen to come and help to search. In the meantime I found the four puppies, they were in a terrible plight, three had squeezed themselves between the back of their box and the wire-netting and lay fixed there on their backs hardly breathing, one had actually forced itself through the wire and lay, unable to move, under the shade of an oak. We speedily carried them to other quarters, gave Dinah an extra one to nurse, and in a few days they had all quite recovered. Had we understood Dinah when she first came to tell us there was something wrong outside, we would have succoured the puppies at once, and it was really quite a narrow shave.

The moral is that anyone who is fortunate enough to own a Bob-tail dog, especially one of Dinah's should study his ways, and then he will find out that he can speak quite plainly.

Now my sketch of Dinah is already unduly long, but I think I must describe one more event in her domestic life, as there was an element of anxiety in it—and thereby hangs a tale! When the puppies were about a fortnight old and their eyes had just opened on this work-a-day world, the time arrived when their tails had to be cut. Some of them had short tails—one quite a short one. A consultation was held, the manager of the farm, Kathleen, was most stern, she said: "tails must come off." and it must be done properly, as sometimes there was risk of haemorrhage.

No veterinary surgeon could be had at the farm. What was to be done? It would be difficult to send Dinah, Nurse Polly, and the 10

puppies to Cape Town. A veterinary surgeon was consulted by telephone. Finally it was decided to call in a surgeon, but he should be an experienced one, and if possible a fellow of his College. You see Dinah was such a distinguished person that no expense should be spared.

Eventually all was arranged, the surgeon was found and he agreed to do the 10 amputations, provided he had the necessary staff, and here was a difficulty. However it so happened that Lucy and Carol Moltno were staying at the farm, so the surgeon fixed a morning and appointed Lucy and Carol as Ward Sister and Probationer, and Kathleen as Matron in Charge of the operating theatre. Accordingly it was arranged that 5 amputations should be done at Nurse Polly's establishment and the other 5 at Dinah's house. It was a very solemn affair and a procession set out to march to Nurse Polly's, headed by the Matron, who carried her own (specially devised for the occasion) operating table, Sisters Lucy and Carol carrying dressings and antiseptics, followed by the surgeon. Then the new operating table was set out and each puppy put in position by the Matron, and the operation done. Haemorrhage in one case was controlled by the Sisters. Afterwards the same solemn procession wended its way to Dinah's house and the 5 other puppies were treated in a similar manner. Both Nurse Polly and Dinah howled and barked during the proceedings, and afterwards loved the little puppies by licking their sore tails. Finally each set of 5 tails was put in a paper coffin and all ten were buried carefully. Thus ended a day of great anxiety in the house of Dinah.

Dinah's establishment is now smaller, she has allowed her nurse Polly to go and 4 of her puppies have found new homes, so that now she has only six little dogs with her. They are all very cheerful and quite valiant watch dogs, very affectionate and with excellent appetites—sometimes very naughty, as far as chickens are concerned.

C.F.K.M.

**KENAH'S DIARY** (*concluded*)

Thursday, April 20th, 1915.

I have had no further word of the motor ambulance to-day, but have done all in my power to have one sent. One always had an idea that in war and where men's lives are at stake a request for urgent help would be promptly attended to. But no such luck, my wires have gone untreated for 5 days on any one of which we might have had a call to succour wounded, quite out of reach by animal transit. In Swakopmund or near vicinity there are to-day to my certain knowledge no less than 5, if not more motor ambulances doing nothing and here where they are urgently needed I have with difficulty retained the one I am entitled to.

April 22nd, 1915.

But as I anticipated the motor ambulance has not come through. Fortunately there has been no call for it. I hear the railway will soon be in working order and then it will not be long before we move forward again. This afternoon Cols. Stock and Odum arrived, and will leave again to-morrow morning. I was very glad of a chat and Col. Stock has agreed to my suggestion and called for more motor ambulances to be sent forward.

April 23rd.

The day before yesterday the additional ambulance wagon and water cart arrived. Unfortunately mule haulage is no use whatever at the present juncture, when the only casualties likely to occur will be 30 or more miles out, with no water to be had when you get there.

Tuesday, April 27th, 1915.

Saturday morning about 11 a.m. I got a wire to say Motor Ambulances passing Husab. I was then at headquarters and sat chatting till lunch-time. We had just finished lunch when I saw the motor arriving. About half an hour later a message came over to say V.C. had come. On coming back to camp I found V.C. and Rev. Macgregor had come in the motor. In the afternoon a message came that one of our patrols had encountered a German one and had taken a prisoner, and also shot the

horse of an officer, in the wallets of whose saddle, were found certain orders relating to an attack to be delivered on Riet and Salem. Our patrol followed up and found a force of about 300 Germans camped not far up the river about Salem.

Apparently it was decided not to molest these in the hope that it would not upset their intention of making a night attack. So once more we went through the excitement of making all preparations for a night attack, but as so often happens, nothing has come of it. At sundown we heard some distant explosions which seemed to come from the direction of Pforte.

I have omitted to mention that on Friday 23rd a German patrol visited Jackalswater. There is a water-hole about 1 mile from the camp (where there are now about 700 S.A. Irish) and it appears that one of the engineer corps was sleeping near this hole and saw the men come in but being 4 to 1 was afraid to do anything, but lay in hiding. The Germans rested about one and a half hours and then went on right into the main camp before they were noticed, they would even then have got away had not the prisoner's horse gibbed at the firing with the result that he was made prisoner. I have often remarked that whereas passwords, sentries and all the circumstances of war were most rigorously in force in Cape Town, they become of less and less consequence, the more we have come in actual touch with the enemy. Up to the present all our schemes have shown the utmost contempt for our enemy. We have treated the Germans as though they were children and perhaps have been justified in doing so as they have not so far taken any advantage of our slackness. What these prisoners told us is most interesting. For one thing they say that the troops after Riet fight retreated by road and not by rail as we supposed. They went to Salem and slept there the night, within 9 miles of ourselves. They then trekked labouriously the next morning and for the whole of the day, during any part of which it would have been a simple matter for a small body of our mounted men to have captured the lot of them and all the guns, as they were so

dead beat that they were utterly unable to put up any resistance. Looking back it does seem strange that no attempt was made to follow up our success.

Another piece of information was that the aviator had had a fall in landing and had damaged both himself and his machine so that he will not be able to fly for a long time. This man has undoubtedly put up a fine record as he has flown most consistently without accident for the whole period of the war.

The prisoner had been with the patrol at Spinx and said that they had got into great trouble with the O.C. for having shot the horses. Both this man and another prisoner taken a few days ago, said that Col. Franke was a great drive drinking hard and very severe on his men. He had quarrelled with all his civilian soldiers and was turning them out of the ranks. He had given the survivors of Riet a most withering address and called them all sorts of hard names for having vacated their position. He had ordered his patrols to push forward on all occasions until they were actually fired upon, in order that they should bring back no false rumours as regards our whereabouts.

Wednesday, April 28th, 1916. Riet.

On Monday a force of about 400 Germans with 12 guns attacked Zuch Kopjes, a point on the main line, held by Col. Skinner, our force had just moved up and had no maxims or guns. They had therefore to advance against shell fire until they got within rifle range, after which the Germans withdrew. Our casualties amounted (we hear) to about 40 all told. The attack on this place and Salem must have been planned cunningly, but their courage must have failed them when they found us (at Salem and Riet) fully prepared to meet them. However, for 2 nights now we have been specially on the alert. Early this morning the burghers at the head of the general advance began to arrive, with the result that the valley once so peaceful and beautiful—is now a cloud of dust and confusion. Since I moved away from the hospital and came to camp away from the other camps, under these great thorn trees, I have been better able to observe the bird life. There

is a flock of 8 to 10 slate-coloured cockatoos. They are about the size of the white fellows with the celery top, but their top is made of fluffy feathers and fuller than the ordinary cockatoo. They have a loud squeaking cry and are not very beautiful to look at. Another bird that has interested me is a very beautiful little wood-pecker. He has a nice cosy fitting coat, stripped transversely with dark and light brown, while his head is capped with a neat fitting little cowl of vermillion. He creeps about sapping round worm holes in the dead branches on the tree above me, until presently some unlucky worm looks out and is gobbled up. There is one friendly looking fellow, like a large jay in build with black and white markings instead. V.C. and I have just returned from reporting to Col. Brits and Col. Lemmer. They have both had a step up. Brits, our former Colonel is now Brigadier-General of 1st and 2nd Brigades, while Lemmer has taken his place as Colonel.

Saturday, May 1st, 1915, on trek.

On Thursday we got orders about sundown to tell us to trek at 9 p.m. We left at that hour in the glorious light of a full moon in a clear sky. The mass of transport was so great along the road that our first stage—to Salem—which was only 5 miles from our camp, took us no less than 5 hours. On the way we smashed the back wheel of one of our G.S. wagons. Fortunately we have just had a farrier attached to us and he and his mate were able to fit the wheel of another wagon to ours, and catch us up later on. From Salem we trekked on up the Swakop all night in deep sand, and clouds of dust, but through lovely surroundings, granite kopjes on either side and under the shadow of immense thorn trees in the river bed. By 4.30 a.m. I called a halt, and after a cup of coffee had an hour's sleep, trekking on again at 7.30. About 11.0 a.m. we reached Dieptal but found no water, so trekked on for another hour and then outspanned in a nice little grassy kloof alongside the river, but still no water. On we went again. It was now getting hot, and I felt very sorry for our poor animals. By 3.0 p.m. we reached Houbis, where we overtook our division. There was still no water, so we started digging in the riverbed;

but were most unfortunate, going 17 feet in one place, and 10 feet in another without striking water. After sundown we managed to water the animals by making use of some holes made by the burghers higher up. We were just falling asleep when a message came with orders for us to trek at 5.0 a.m. So up we had to get to make all arrangements for an early start. Our orders said "Trek light with ambulance wagons only and 2 days rations to be made to last 4 days." We turned out at 4.30 this morning and trekked away after drawing rations from our Brigade supply column. We are now at Dorstriviermund, where our advanced columns came in contact with the enemy yesterday afternoon. A mine was successfully exploded under one of the commandos, killing 3 men and some horses.

Sunday, May 2, 1915. Dorstriviermund. My notes were brief yesterday, as after continuous trekking and little sleep, one does not feel much in the mood for writing. At the best of times writing is not a comfortable pastime on trek. However, we have not moved since yesterday forenoon. Our camp site at Horibis was quite the most beautiful we have yet struck. At this point the river bed was about a mile wide, and except just where the water occasionally was, there was quite a lot of grass and weedy growth. Dotted over the valley were little groups of the most enormous thorn trees I have ever seen. Under one of the biggest of these we made our camp in beautiful shade, and if it had not been for the anxiety about water, nothing could have been more delightful than this beautiful spot. There was lots of animal life. Pheasants were plentiful, and all sorts of beautiful birds, while, just at dusk a small buck ran down the river bed not far from where we eat. It was, therefore, with a certain amount of regret that we had to pack up our traps and trek away. All the morning we trekked up the bed of the river, the lanes of great trees on either side growing with such regularity as to give the appearance of a majestic avenue such as one sees in some of the old parks in England. The scene of the mine explosion was rather dreadful, one came across pieces of horse and men over 100 yards away

and in the afternoon when V.C. and I climbed a kopje, fully 100 feet up its side and about 150 yards from the mine we found fragments of one of the horses. The most marvellous escape was that of one of the men, who was thrown some 50 yards away and landed in a high thorn tree, where he stuck and from which he eventually came down quite uninjured. The mine was fired—as we subsequently found—by two men lying in a little nook among some rocks and bushes. They easily escaped after the confusion caused by the explosion. I must say that I shall not be in the least surprised if our men take some fearful reprisals; if the Germans go on with this sort of thing. It appears that the Germans were holding this point where the river narrows, but when they saw some of our men were likely to outflank them, they cleared off without loss of life on either side.

Our division under General Brits consists of the 1st and 2nd M.Bs., about 5000 strong. At present the 2nd and the right wing of our Brigade have gone forward and Edmeades with B. Section, the rest of us are I imagine forming a sort of rearguard. We have no more food left now for men or horses beyond what we have been able to save from our former rations; and when I think of the difficulties of transport, I am wondering where our next supplies are coming from. We have had all our animals out in the Kloofs to-day picking up what they can in the way of grazing but it is very, very little.

This morning I got my rifle out for the first time, and went out just before dawn. I was fairly lucky, as I had not got more than about 400 yards up a Kloof, when I saw a Stembok, which I managed to shoot. We had some of it for lunch to-day and though tough for want of hanging, it was nice to get some fresh meat. V.C. and I went out again later but saw no more game. I shall try again at dusk as meat is becoming a necessity with the promise of no rations in the near future. At about 1 p.m. we heard two long explosions on ahead which must be mines. We have had no news yet from those ahead, so I suppose we shall not perhaps trek on till to-morrow.



Thursday, May 6th, 1915. Karibib.

We entered this place in the small hours of the morning after a trek about 40 miles without food or water for our poor animals. However, they have come through wonderfully well. The Germans have cleared out and left their women and children to gether with a certain number of officials and old men.

To return to the events of the last few days, which I have not found time to enter while on trek. On Sunday evening we had a chat with Com. de la Ray and from him heard that he was awaiting orders to move forward at any moment. That provisions were practically finished, so next morning V.C. and I started off at dawn for a shooting expedition. After being away three hours, we had the disappointment of not seeing any game at all. On arriving back in camp at 10 a.m. we found everything ready for a forward trek. Our way led up the bed of the river again in deep, soft sand—fearful work for the wagon teams. On the way up we passed some deserted native kraals—the first signs of native habitations we had yet seen. At mid-day we rested and watered our animals from holes dug in the river-bed. We trekked on again at 2 p.m. and about 4.30 reached Gamekaubmund, where we found the whole of the remainder of the Division encamped along the river-bed. In the evening we were informed by Col. Lemmer that there were no more rations for men or animals, but we could have some goats for food and must do the best we could with grazing for the animals. In this connection I may say that we were still in desert-land with just a little reed and coarse grass to be found here and there. Our orders were to discard everything we could do without. So we once more resorted our wagons, making up G.S. Wagon load of drugs, dressings and a few essentials, per section, and sending back the remaining wagons and all the men we could do without. Our orders were to trek at 8 a.m. the next morning.

May 4th, 1915.

Our way again led up the river-bed and after trekking for a couple of hours, reached Bulio-

font. Here there was a fine farm,\* where a large orchard of date palms was laid out on a stretch of river-bed. We rested all day, getting orders to trek at 1.30 a.m. on May 5th, 1915. We were told we must go right through to Karibib—nearly 40 miles—with no water and of course nothing for the animals. We were off pretty punctually and made 10 miles in 5 hours and then rested for two hours. We had now trekked out of the river and were making across a great, gradually rising plain covered with quite a heavy growth of thorn bush and a little tussocky grass in places. After this halt V.C. and I ranged out into the veldt to try and get some shooting. Quite close to our halting place we came on the fresh spoor of a lion, while there was heaps of spoor of all sorts of buck and larger antelopes. We saw quite a number of small buck, hares and korhaan, but no larger game, though we persevered for four hours we got no chance of a clear shot at any of the small buck we saw. I came right on top of a fine big jackal, but did not shoot as we were anxious to obtain meat. We rested again at mid-day and during the rest I managed to shoot a large hare, which we gave to our drivers. During the afternoon we reached Undas and just beyond camped for two hours. Here we decided to give all our water to the animals, which amounted to about two gals. per beast. At this outspan we had a shot at some paw, but the light was bad and the range long and we had no luck. V.C. knocked over a korhaan earlier in the afternoon. At 8.45 p.m. we got away on our final stage and by 1.30 a.m. to-day, May 6th, 1915, found ourselves in Karibib. We are all glad to drop into our rugs and sleep till daylight. Personally I had a most refreshing sleep and in spite of long trekking and little sleep, was quite fresh again this morning.

Sunday, May 9th, 1915. Karibib.

On awakening on Thursday morning we found ourselves quite close in to the town. When we stopped at 1.30 a.m. I was not at all sure that we had really reached Karibib. As I have often said before, the nearer the front

the less the precautions, and up to the time we decided to halt no one had challenged us nor had we seen anyone, though lights showing here and there, and the dim outline of a church steeple made us sure we were either at Karibib or some village not far off. However, when we woke, there we were quite close into the town, and as luck would have it, almost alongside a neat-looking hospital. This proved to be a native hospital in connection with the large Rhenish Mission Station here. We were met at the hospital by a nurse who brought us the keys. I think all the inhabitants were extremely nervous as to how we were going to treat them. I suppose they expected we should treat them as their countrymen have done the Belgians, and billet our soldiers on the townsfolk and levy a war contribution from the town. As a matter of fact General Botha called them all together and told the men that they would have to surrender all arms and ammunition and give their parole, and otherwise they are permitted to go their way. No one has been allowed to come into the town except by special permission and only those buildings are being made use of which are Government property or are not in use. This is quite a fair sized town with good buildings. There are three large hotels and some quite fine railway buildings and stores.

The people are very short of provisions and many things like tea, coffee, sugar, jam and salt are almost finished. There are about 50 men, 100 women and 150 children, the military had left them 2 bags of meal, 7 bags of rice and 36 bags of mealie meal, and this they reckoned was to suffice them for 2 months. They have plenty of meat and good butter and I suppose milk, though we have seen none yet. The altitude is 3,845 feet and the climate seems very pleasant, just like the Karroo, most glorious, fresh, bracing mornings and then inclined to be hot, but not unpleasantly so. We managed to get a room at one of the hotels for a day or two so as to get cleaned up and rested. However, on arrival, as I mentioned we were handy for the native hospital and found it very nice and clean and with very comfortable administrative quarters, so we had a glorious wash

and shave. A search round the town followed, we found a civilian doctor, who was running a small private nursing home, apothecary's shop and consulting rooms, as well as dwelling house, all under one roof.

There was also a very tumbled down military hospital in rear of the local goal. This we took possession of and cleaned it up and got it in order for our patients. To-day we had a chat with the missionary people as a result of which they have given us a couple of very nice rooms in the administrative portion of their hospital, where we took up our abode to-day.

Yesterday V.C. and I went out in the motor to hunt for pasture, taking our rifles with us. We saw four springboks and had a long shot, there seemed lots of korhaan and a fair number of steembok, and quite a number of wild ostriches. V.C. bowled over a fine fat cock ostrich for our native drivers who were much pleased.

Food is still very scarce, for 5 days we had no issue of rations at all beyond ox or goat, while the wretched animals had to do what they could with grazing. Meat without even salt to season it is rather short commons and men were offering one shilling to half a crown a piece for ration biscuits, to those who had been providential enough to horde up a few against an emergency. This place was approached by 3 routes, along our route 44 mines were discovered, along another 87, and by the third, the whole of which has not yet been traversed, 53. In spite of this our total losses from mines since landing have been 7 killed and 6 wounded. The Germans, on the other hand, had one of their companies pass over a mine, which had been laid without their knowledge, and this exploded in their midst, killing and wounding 38. In addition to this two men of their patrols were killed in another, so that their fiendish plans have recoiled severely upon their own heads. Great credit must be given to our engineers, and others who were set the task of locating mines, and many narrow escapes have been recorded. It seems that a plan of the disposition of many of the mines, fell into General Botha's hands in his advance

on Otzimbinqwe. The forces that went by that route detached a commando to come over this, these report that they passed through some splendid country, they describe it as among the best they have seen in Africa, splendid grass, quantities of fat cattle and sheep, and lots of water. These people only suffered the inconvenience of living entirely on meat, as we had done, but did not have the added disadvantage of no water and very scanty pasturage.

When one views the whole move up here, it has been rather remarkable, the time occupied was 7 days and this was accomplished on  $2\frac{1}{2}$  day's rations for men and animals through desert land for most of the way. Even on arrival here, there was no certainty of anything and, as a matter of fact, there was no food to be had for the men as a whole for two days, until a couple of wagon-loads of biscuit and dried fruit came through. So really the men have gone for 9 days on  $2\frac{1}{2}$  day's rations. Several engines have been found here and this morning the first train came through bringing a little more food, so now we may hope that some fodder will be brought through soon for the animals, who have only the poorest of grazing as a reward for their arduous trekking.

May 13th, 1915, Thursday. Etiro.

For the past three days, since my last entry, we have been resting at Karibib. Rations are still very short indeed and one feels lucky to get even  $\frac{1}{2}$  rations, while the wretched animals have to be contented with such grazing as they can get and the issue of a stray pound or two of fodder. We were informed that the force would not move from Karibib for about a month and that during the interval 30 per cent. of the troops were to be sent back and the remainder re-organised for the finish of the campaign, so everyone began to settle themselves down for a prolonged stay. To this end we searched around the town and hired a room from one of the townsfolk. No sooner had we moved all our things and made our arrangements, than an order comes that we are to be ready to trek at 7 p.m. on the 12th. The Brigade was to move on Omarim in two wings

of 500 picked men and animals in each. Our arrangement was to take 4 ambulance wagons, leaving the heavy wagons and tent division at Karibib. Our ambulance wagons travelling in two sections, with a water cart and scotch cart in each. Edmeades in charge of B. Section with the left wing and myself in charge of A. Section with the right wing. V.C., of course, free to move with H.Q. Staff. We were away punctually at 7 and trekked at a good speed for 5 hours, reaching this place on the Kahn river at mid-night, here we outspanned and had orders to be ready for the road again at about 5 a.m. However, later on the Brigade Major came over and told us the astonishing bit of information that we were to return to Karibib in the morning as "General Botha had wired that he did not approve of this forward move."

This is, I think about the finishing touch to a casual campaign. Just fancy a move of this magnitude having been planned and put into effect within the command of a General without even acquainting him of their intentions, just picture a General having given instructions for a division to reduce its strength by 30 per cent. and reorganise, remain at a certain place to do it, and then find that it has planned a fresh little campaign all on its own account, and put into it effect, the whole thing is grotesque and gitbertian. I do not wonder General Botha has peremptorily ordered us to return. On arrival here we were met by two of the scouts of our Brigade saying that they had come in contact with the enemy about 17 miles ahead and had three seriously wounded. It was then 12 (mid-nigh)t of May 12-13. V.C. decided to send Capt. Redlinghuis, the R.M.O. of left wing, with one of our ambulance wagons to attend to these wounded until we came up. He left about 2 a.m. and subsequently returned at dusk that same day, he reported that on arrival he found two of the wounded had died before his arrival and he had brought back the wounded man with him.

May 15th, 1915, Thursday. Karibib.

We gave the mules a short rest and then trekked on till mid-night, until we had passed

our rear guard. It is worthy of mention that the rear guard don't worry about the ambulance one bit; they had simply gone off and left us at dusk, to come on as best we could. We trekked again at dawn and got into Karibib at mid-day, May 14th, 1915. During the early part of the evening and up to 11 p.m. we saw rocket signals (red and blue stars) sent up several times from the tops of neighbouring kopjes, these must be German "look out" men.

May 22nd, 1915, Saturday. Aukos, near Usakos.

We remained in Karibib until Tuesday, filling in the time by helping Major Moffat open a hospital, in fact we were given to understand that we should be in Karibib for at least 14 days. However, on Tuesday morning at 7.35, without the least previous warning, comes an order to trek at 9 ! ! ! This with all our kit spread through an extensive hospital ! ! So we made up our minds just to get away in our own time and not worry about trying in the least to keep up with our Brigade. By about 4.45 all was in readiness, and we left Karibib en route for this place, we out-spanned about 8 p.m. and camped for the night. The nights are getting really very cold now, but the weather is glorious and absolutely ideal for trekking. Immediately on halting a big fire is made, our valises come out and each man arranges himself, according to his ideas of comfort. In the meantime the "Boys" cook our meal, and within an hour or so of halting, everyone is slowly settling himself to rest for the night. The nights are brilliant with star or moonlight as the case may be, and there is seldom much wind to bother us. Taken all round, this is quite an ideal climate for outdoor life. We were off again at 8 a.m. and I ranged out in the veldt in the hope of getting some game, but beyond a few fleeting shots at running duiker and steembok I had no luck. By mid-day we reached Usakos and rested to water the animals, Usakos is quite a nice little town, it had been entirely deserted by the Germans and native population, there are some magnificent power houses and workshops, and quantities of water. Detachments of the D.L.I.

and P.S. were in possession, a railway bridge between Usakos and Karibib had been destroyed and a gang of our people was hard at work repairing it. After lunch we trekked on down the Kahn River while we found our straggling camp. The camp is on a farm called Aukos. The general opinion is that this farm was a Government Experimental station, there is a fine windmill and accommodation for watering 400 animals simultaneously. The farm lies on the edge of a vast swelling plain, under the shelter of a big mountain. The plain is sandy and covered sparsely with thorn bush, varying from 5 to 10 feet in height. Judging by the quantity of spoor there must be lots of springbok, small buch and several varieties of larger game.

On Thursday V.C. and I decided to sally out for a shot. We had been out for a short time before sunset on our arrival and V.C. shot a Steembok. We heard that from Thursday at 12 am armistice was to be declared.. We left camp at dawn and drove out about 3 miles in the car. Up to 10 am we saw a Jackal and one or two Steembok. There we had breakfast.

We were now a long way out and on some rising ground and as for the motor had been quite good, we gave the driver instructions to make for a kopje a good way ahead and await us there. We then separated and after going about an hour I had a shot at a springbok, but failed to get him. At this point we found the ground was getting very undulated and rough, and having fears that the motor would be unable to get to the rendezvous, we decided we must take up the spoor and follow him up. Unfortunately the man has only just joined up, and we did not know what we were in for. After some trouble we found the spoor and followed it for 3½ hours until we found it leading along a road towards Usakos. We were now of course a very long way from Camp, and without food or water, and about 3 p.m.! We followed the spoor a bit further until we came to a farm where we found a fine well, but it had been blown in by the Germans, so no water! We now made up our minds that the driver, finding it impossible to get to the

rendezvous, had made up his mind to return.

Then commenced a weary trudge. It took us 4 hours to get back to camp, and both of us felt pretty well done. We had been walking 10 hours without water. To cap it all we never saw a single head of big game. The driver had not returned. It is years since I had such a walk. We must have covered somewhere about 25 miles or more. The next morning the motor driver turned up at about 10 a.m. saying that he had walked part of the way in the previous evening and started away about 3 that morning to get into camp, as the car had broken down.

May 24th, 1915, Monday. Aukos.

The motor driver said that he could easily find the car. I had my doubts when I had heard all his story as this huge plain swells up very gently towards its centre and has no Kopjes or undulations sufficiently distinct to mark them one from the other. However, at mid-day I started off on horseback with the motor man, our conductor and a team of six mules with their drivers. Three hours walking brought us to where we could get a fairly extended view of the region in which we had left the car the day before, but I very soon saw that the motor man had not the foggiest notion of where he had been and where the car was. I therefore decided to leave him and the mules to rest until sundown and to go on with the conductor in a direction in which I felt sure we must cut across the spoor of the motor. My instructions were that if we did not return by sundown the mules were to return home. The conductor—Pollard—and I then rode forward and after going for about an hour or more, we struck an old road and following this for some time came on the spoor of the motor turning into it. It was about 5.30 and as it gets dark about 7 there was no time to be lost, so we set off at a canter along the road, about 6 we rode right into a large herd of springbok, there was a slight rise just in front and they were breaking across the road, I slipped off my horse quick, and managed to get in 3 shots in rapid succession as they dashed across the road and into the bush on the other side. One buck fell dead in the road, while another wounded one, remained behind and the 3rd shot I must have

missed. Not anticipating any shooting that evening I had only 3 cartridges in my magazine, while firing the last shot and re-charging my rifle, the wounded buck made off into the bush and as I was pressed for time I did not follow. The buck I shot turned out to be a very fine big, fat ewe. We pushed on again and about a mile further I saw a tin house ahead, as we drew nearer I saw the spoor of horsemen. The horses were shod with German shoes and had passed along the road since the motor had done so on the previous day. When about 400 yards away, I saw the smoke of two fires and as so far the German patrols had always fired at sight on our men, I thought it wise to see who was there, so we struck into the bush until I caught sight of a native, and then I knew there were no Germans about as the natives are escaping from them in small batches regularly now. At this place we found a water-hole with some very uninviting looking water in, but it was alright for the horses. The motor spoor now turned out homewards through the veldt, and we pushed on as fast as we could, until it got too dark to see any more. We then off-saddled for an hour until the daylight had quite gone. There was about a quarter new moon and I hoped that it might be possible to follow the spoor again later. When we started away again we managed to hold the spoor by picking it up here and there in sandy places until our perseverance was rewarded coming upon it in the bottom of a shallow valley. As far as we could judge, we were now about 10 or 12 miles away from camp and the difficulty was to so locate the car as to be able to find it next day. To this end we fixed a white flag in a thorn tree on the nearest rise and then kept along a cattle path until we struck an old road, here we set two dead bushes on fire and then kept along this road until we came out on a well-used road we knew of, here we marked the place again by dragging bush twice across the road and then we felt satisfied there would be no difficulty on the morrow. Next day the conductor went out and brought the car in, we found that the driving shaft in the right half of the back axle had a bad flaw in it, which had given way. Thus ended our first and rather eventful shoot in G.S.W.

It is a long time since I have had such long rides, and it speaks well for the climate that I felt no excessive fatigue, except after the long trudge in on the first day. At the present time we are resting and re-organising our force, so far at any rate as the burghers are concerned. Our camp is on the edge of a vast swelling plain, covered with stunted thorn bush, which is very sparse, but viewed from a distance looks quite dense. The soil is mostly sandy and quite bare, as all the grass or rather such grass as there was, is now quite dead and gone, just here and there in the bottoms of slight depressions one comes across a little dry grass, or possibly showing signs of once having been green. Even in the most fertile spots it only grows in very scattered tufts, the bush is just high enough to make it impossible to see anything more than a few hundred yards in any direction, so that it is well nigh impossible to locate anything like a cart or wagon which you might wish to make a base for a day's hunting. During my long ride after the motor I saw any quantity of spoor of kudu and gemsbok but never saw any of these animals in any part of my journey. Yesterday V.C. and I went out again on horseback, we left camp at 5 a.m. and rode straight out to the water-hole, which we reached about 8 a.m., here we rested, fed and watered our horses and then pushed further out intent on getting at least a gembok, if not a kudu. However, we had no such luck, for though we kept going until one o'clock, we never saw a single head of game of any sort. We then rested a while and turned homewards. At about 2 p.m. I spotted a single springbok, just in time to stop our horses in a slight "loopje" or shallow water course (of course no water in it). We left our animals with our two "boys" and going forward carefully found ourselves about 300 to 400 yards away from a large herd of springboks. We got up to 300 yards and then started firing, the shooting is very difficult as one only gets a fleeting view of the animals as they dash through the bush, most of the herd did not know where we were and so the whole lot became confused, with the result that we each put in about 7 or 8 shots before they finally disappeared. After it was all over we picked up 3 bucks and then when

ranging round, I came across another, which I also shot. We now each had a buck on our horse, so we made towards home, on a little way we again came on two of the herd, one of which I shot and when going to finish it off, we saw another 6 or 7, one of which V.C. wounded, but did not get. We were now about 4 hour's ride from camp, so we pushed steadily back. About half way home we came suddenly into another small herd of springbok but unfortunately they saw us before we did them and got away before we could get the range. To-day we are busy making biltong, which is really the object of our shooting, as we have no wish to be landed for several weeks on half or quarter rations as we were during the last move.

Tuesday, May 25th, 1915. Kl. Aukos.

Yesterday our post caught us up at last and we each got a big accumulation of letters, papers and parcels, enough to keep us going in literature for many days to come. I hear that our plans are to remain here for another 10 days or so, until the animals are well rested and have picked up a bit in condition, at the same time supplies will be accumulated and when all is ready, we advance on the Northern Districts. Yesterday one of our motors we lent to Col. Odum to go to Windhuk in came through, the driver said he had instructions to do on down to Railhead (Garul) and meet Col. Stock, so we expect him to pass through to-day sometime and I shall ask him to take this back.

Friday, 28th May, 1915. Aukos.

On his return Col. Stock passed through to Karibib by a different route so I shall have to wait the chance of seeing him on his homeward journey. All the burghers who were sorted out for return have now gone and I suppose we shall have a quiet time waiting for the next move, though, I presume, there will be a certain amount of re-organising in the Medical Service as well. Early on Wednesday morning we heard the hum of an aeroplane and saw one of our long expected machines coming in from the west. Our people seem to have been rather unfortunate up to the present as none of the machines have been a success, this one, however, is a fine bi-plane and was expected to be able to overcome most difficulties, when it

passed over the camp, it was flying at a great height, and with a glass appeared to have two men in it. We shall all be curious to see to what degree it will be able to help us with scouting in a country like this, where distances are great and the people in it, few and scattered. In any case it made a splendid flight that morning and we heard later arrived safely in Karibib.

On Wednesday V.C. and I decided to go out again for some more buck, as we have been unable to get any fresh meat since leaving Karibib, though the burghers are still being issued with fresh beef. This is one of the anomalies of our curious army, if we send to Headquarters and ask for meat they give a letter to one or other of the Commandants, who if he feels so disposed, will issue meat, but if not he takes no notice. Further orders from Headquarters meet with the same fate but no pressure is brought to bear on defaulting Commodants, there seems no penalty whatever for the non-fulfilment of orders, beyond occasionally a mild remonstrance from the Senior Officer, everyone in consequence, from the highest to the rank and file seems afraid to take up a firm line, so that discipline is entirely absent, men will disobey orders, insult and even strike their officers without there being any penalty inflicted. As an instance of the general sort of mix up among the force, Capt. MacGregor (the parson) was asked by our Wing Colonel to join his mess, the mess consists of Colonel, his two brothers who are burghers (privates) another man, who is a sergeant, and the cook, the cook prepares the food and puts it all on the table and then all, including the cook, sit down together. A few days ago the Captain who was adjutant to this same Colonel, was one of those sent back home. He (the Captain) had a younger brother (who was the sergeant on the Colonel's staff) so the difficulty of filling the place of the departing Staff Captain was easily overcome, by making his young sergeant brother Staff Captain in his place !!! Imagine in an ordinarily constituted military force, the feelings of the dozens of officers thus passed over!! However, this is typical of the manner in which the whole thing is run. At the beginning of

the war the Captain in charge of the Brigade train (transport) attached to our Brigade engaged a man as one of his conductors with rank of sergeant, a little later this sergeant was removed to another unit and promoted, by the time we began the campaign here in G.S.W. the ex sergeant had risen to be a major!! and is now in command of all our transport and incidentally the C.O. of the Captain who originally took him on as a conductor, and so on it goes. The whole system of commando is rotten, being purely a political arrangement of men enforced to be engaged in warfare. A couple of weeks ago a man was court martialled for sleeping on out-post duty, it was a long time before his C.O. could get a court together and when he did they merely said the man must not do it again! This for a crime which might have meant the loss of hundreds of lives of his comrades. For minor offences the usual thing is the imposition of a fine, but it is apparently no one's business to collect these fines, so of course they are never paid. However, I have degressed from the topic of our last shooting expedition. There having been so much shooting in the near neighbourhood, we thought it best to take a water cart and push out further. We left here after lunch in rather threatening weather, and trekked out about 3 hours. As the sun sank we saw a thunderstorm approaching, but it did not reach us until we had finished our evening meal. We had just nice time to settle ourselves in our valises, when the storm broke. There was a great deal of thunder and lightening, and high wind, but fortunately as far as our comfort was concerned, not very much rain. During the next two or three hours, there were several storms, accompanied by showers, but we kept dry and finally I fell asleep while waiting for the next shower and did not wake until V.C. roused me about and on a half hours before dawn. Then followed a most disappointing day, no matter which way we went we came across horsemen ahead of us, so that after getting about 2 or 3 hour's ride from our camp we gave it up as a bad job and trekked slowly home. The game has now been driven too far afield to make it worth while going out again. To-day has been hot and sultry but the clouds

are so few and scattered that it does not look as if we shall get any rain, the few showers we had with the storm were quite useless and can make no difference to the growth of grass around this part of the country.

Tuesday, June 1st, 1915. Aukos.

Apropos of a rotten gruesome photo in this (May 21st) week's Cape Times which shows 3 of de Meillon's scouts hanged in a tree by their German captors, I forgot to note a point of interest in this connection. There is a native location at Karibib just on the precincts of the town and in front of this stands an old thorn tree, very much like the one in the photo, and this tree is used for the same purpose. From a branch hangs a wire noose, the condemned man stands on an empty carbide tin with his head in the noose, the tin is taken away and he hangs by his neck until he is slowly throttled. This is all done publicly and is the sentence for quite trivial offences. The natives told us one of their number was thus put to death, just before our arrival, for stealing a bottle of rum. The Germans seem to behave very brutally against the natives, with the natural result that the natives are against them now.

In connection with our abortive move on Omurum, I heard quite an interesting and at the same time illustrative piece of news, which did not leak out at the time. As you remember we reached the Kahn River at Ehro at midnight and, owing to our recall, spent the day resting and waiting for the ambulance we had sent on ahead for the wounded. During the morning our Brigade Colonel rode out some distance ahead and, as everyone was tired with the night trek, they all did as is their usual custom—went to sleep without posting any sentries. In the meantime a German patrol of 4 men rode into the camp with the intention of surrendering, when they arrived they could find no one awake!! and even those who may have been, were too slack to take any notice, after mandering about for some time they stumbled on the Brigade Adjutant, whom they also found asleep, and roused to surrender to! This sounds almost incredible more particularly in that we were at the time advancing to the attack in quite new unscouted country,

but it is exactly what happened and exactly in keeping with the casual way in which things are done throughout. A spy or several together could come into our camp at any time of the day or night without the slightest danger of being interfered with, although we have outposts along some of the principal roads, no sentries are ever placed around the camp.

Thursday, June 3rd, 1915. Aukos.

We are still lying here, with every prospect of remaining where we are for another couple of weeks. The railway is gradually getting into better working order and we now have a fair quantity of supplies for the animals, though our own ration has resolved itself into plain and unadulterated bully beef and biscuit. The bully is of very poor quality too, very old, lean and dry.

Saturday, June 5th, 1915.

On Friday afternoon V.C. got a wire asking him to proceed at once to Karibib, to consult in regard to the new medical arrangements, so off we went in a car and got there about 5.30. Col. O. was away for the afternoon, so we looked up Major Campbell-Watt and his Brigade and put up with them for the night. That morning we saw Col. O. and were told by him that the 1st Brigade had been given a special commission to undertake, which would necessitate their being away from all communications for one month, the ambulance was to be cut down to about half and Edmeades and myself detached on this account. I was to go in charge of a clearing hospital with the main advance. All this was rather a crushing blow, as it meant practically to be dissolution of our Brigade, which we have fought so hard to keep together and which we consider has met all the requirements up to the present, and was easily capable of adjustment to meet any special requirements in the future. However, we said nothing until we had slept over the situation. This morning we went over to G. again and asked him if it could not be arranged that I at any rate remained with V.C. and our men, he told us then that this was impossible as in spite of representations to Headquarters, the Commandos had insisted on this reduction and the Med. Headquarters were sick of protesting and had finally agreed to do as they



wished and leave the responsibility with the Combatant Staff.

Thursday, June 10th, 1915. Windhuk.

On our return to Kl. Auchos V.C. and I went carefully over the situation and decided that I should return to Karibib on Monday and have and have a final interview with O. This I did, but O. said the position was so impossible between the Commando Headquarters and Medical Headquarters that, much as he disliked the arrangements it must now go through, he pointed out that all along the Commando Headquarters have been trying their best to get the Medical arrangements into their own hands and now it had been definitely decided to let them have their own way. V.C. was now to travel with Headquarters as S.M.O. purely and solely and the ambulance transport was to be divided and handed over to the R.M.O.'s, who were in future to be the sole Medical Officer with the Commando Brigade. The only latitude he could give was that if Edmeades very much wished he could remain by swapping with one of the R.M.O.'s, but that I could not have this chance as I was ear-marked to go in charge of Clearing Hospital B.

I returned to K. Auchos with this news and it was decided that Nortje would go with me while Edmeades took his place. Naturally V.C. and I are both very put out as we had hoped that our Ambulance would not be split at this stage of the war, things being as they were, we thought the next best thing was to apply for a few day's leave and visit Windhuk, so no sooner than decided we left again there and then in the car for Karibib and took train at 7 a.m. on Tuesday for Windhuk. When about 3 hours on our journey we pulled up and found the telegraph wires cut and a feeble attempt had been made in two places to blow up the line, luckily the patrol who did this seem to have been amateurs at the game and they had only succeeded in bending the metals slightly, that the train was able to pass over the place quite easily. The whole day we journeyed over a vast plain, slightly undulating and covered with thick thorn bush and quite a fair show of grass in parts. We saw a good number of farm houses and some of them very fine ones. There is quite

a considerable town Okahandja, with fine buildings, most of the buildings are in white and red shades and done in quite good style. Apart from the interest of seeing new country, the journey was very tedious. There is no more coal to be had and the engines are driven with fuel, this means that steam pressure can only be kept up for a short while, the engine having to rest while the steam is got up again. Owing to this and the delays in dealing out supplies to the troops along the road we did not reach Windhuk until the early hours of Wednesday morning, on arrival we went over to the nearest hotel and were lucky in hitting on quite a nice clean and comfortable place. We spent the next morning in having a look round the town and endeavouring to get shot-guns and ammunition from the Provost Martial. We found, however, that the order was that guns were only to be issued to men stationed in or around the town. V.C. managed, after much persuasion to get one issued to him for the use of the Medical Staff with the 1st M.B., but no further could the Provost Marshall be persuaded to stretch a point.

The town is quite a big one straggling along the course of a dry river, which winds around low rounded kopjes, studded sparsely with thorn trees and stunted growth. Quite a number of little villas and not a few pretensions mansions are dotted over the kopjes on either side, on the western side the hills are lower and more sweeping in contour and over these are scattered several large native locations, while to the east the kopjes are higher and more abrupt, and are the site for the European suburbs. The new houses in the residential portion of the town are perched on top and all over the kopjes, these have white walls and red roofs and many are executed in quite good taste and give the town a picturesque appearance. The general aspect of this part of the town reminds one very much of the environs of some of the Northern Italian towns. The inhabitants have been allowed to carry on as before, with certain limitations, so that beyond the burghers going about and the sentries posted on guard over some of the buildings, things are going on much as though nothing had happened.

After lunch we went over to the wireless station, which lies about one and a half miles out, this was a most interesting experience. I am sorry I never had the opportunity of inspecting a wireless station before, as it gave no standard for comparison. The station belongs to a big company, who were, I suppose, subsidized by Government, in any case it has been left intact with just the vital parts removed. One of our wireless operators—R. McMillan—is in charge and he conducted us over the place and explained all the working of the apparatus most clearly. There is a huge power station, consisting of 250 H.P. Diesel Engines for the big range work and two smaller ones for use when the full range is not required. Everything is in duplicate in this fashion so as to minimise the chance of a break down. The rods operating in the valve in the piston heads of these engines have been removed, the significance of this is that before new ones could be fitted the engines would have to be entirely dismantled, so that it becomes a question whether it would not be cheaper to get a new plant altogether. It seems probable, however, that some arrangement will be come to with the Company for the return of the parts in as much it will be almost as much to their interests as ours to put the plant in working order again. This constitutes the vital amount of dismantling that has been done, in connection with the power house are the buildings in which are the accumulators, switches, and resistances for the accumulation and discharge of the current, here in one room stands a marble table about the size of a large office desk, at which the engineer is seated and from which by a series of switches he controls the whole plant. Throughout the plant are numerous motors for various purposes, and varying in size according to the work they have to do. The largest is somewhere about 10 feet in diameter, while on the engineer's table stands a little chap not much over one inch in diameter, this little fellow is set to signal V.S. on the signalling key until the required station is called up, by pressing the proper buttons on the table the

big 250 H.P. motors are set going, the various circuits are made and the messages finally discharged. The whole plant is most beautifully finished off and everything looks as though "made" anywhere but "in Germany", it is good and of the best all through. The "Aerials" or wires from which the messages are discharged and by which they are received are supported on 8 erections, each of which is a sort of small Eiffel Tower in itself, these are 350 feet high, and stand on huge glass washers so that the towers are insulated from the earth. There are a number of beautiful buildings in connection with the station, wherein the Staff have their quarters and the whole area is surrounded by high barbed-wire fences, McMillan tells us that although, as it now stands, the plant is useless for sending messages, it will soon be rendered available for receiving and he hopes in this way to pick up European news. The visit to Windhuk is well worth the trouble, if for no other purpose than to see this magnificent plant. This morning we spent in strolling about the town and again this afternoon, during our rambles we visited the new Government buildings, this is a fine block standing on top of a hill overlooking the town, in it is the Parliament House and all the departmental offices, it was curious to stroll through endless series of offices just left as they were, pens, ink, paper, all ready for the next day. Most of the important records have, however, been removed, later on we came across Major Pringle, who has been fixing up the medical arrangements in the town, as his was the first ambulance to get in. The town has an ample supply of water from boreholes, but I am told the sanitation is bad and not carried out in the thorough manner in which the Germans do most of their work. To-morrow we return to our duties and it will be with much regret that V.C. and I go different ways, and the ambulance we have worked for is split up and taken from our control, it is true that about half the men go with each of us, but the life of the unit as a whole seems to have come to an end.

Monday, June 14th, 1915. Karibib.

On our return journey Major Pringle was on the train with a section of his ambulance going out to join one wing of their Brigade (3rd) stationed at Wilhelmstal. About 20 miles from Karibib we picked up Major Skinner Clarke with the residue of his ambulance (9th) which has gone through much the same sort of metamorphosis as ours. We did not get into Karibib till about 7.30 and put up again at Rosemann's Hotel, next day Van Collier left early by motor and I found my way out to where our men were camped on the outskirts of the town, here I found a camp consisting of all the odds and ends from the various ambulances which have shared our fate. It seems that these will be shuffled and resorted into the two clearing hospitals A. and B., I go in charge of B. and Captain Truter (of Ourtshoorn) in charge of A. It will be some days before we are able in any way to sort out what we require.

June 15th. Karibib, Tuesday.

This afternoon I was down watching our aviator fly. It was a glorious keen afternoon following a fall of rain and rather tilting wind and the machine looked most graceful. Not long after he descended a second bi-plane, which they had been expecting, hove in sight. It was coming along very high up, about 5000 feet, and as it came over us began to circle round to make sure of exactly where to land. In the final circle it must have been only 3 or 4 hundred feet up. The aviator finally glided gracefully to earth and ran up to within a few feet of where we stood. He had just come from Walfish Bay, having covered the distance which has cost us so much hard trekking, in just under two hours!! Both these machines are of the most modern type and carry three passengers, for war purposes they can carry 8 bombs of 112 lbs. each. They ought to be of very material assistance in helping us to locate and round up the Germans. A strong westerly wind brought up great banks of mist and cloud from the coast, resulting in quite a good fall of rain in parts, though there was not a great

deal here. Now that it has cleared again, it is bitterly cold and hard to imagine we are in tropical latitudes.

June 23rd, 1915. Wednesday, Ormaruru.

Up to Thursday last I could get no definite instructions as to how or when I was to obtain the outfit for the Clearing Hospital I was to form. On Thursday Col. — sent for me and told me he was leaving with the General on the forward move, and that Captain Truter and myself were to do the best we could to sort out from the remnants of the Field Ambulances, what we considered sufficient personnel and equipment to form two clearing hospitals, with which we were to be prepared to go to Ormaruru at any moment. This was, to say the least of it, disconcerting news as I knew well there was not nearly enough equipment for even one clearing hospital capable of attending to 200 men. It was still more disconcerting when I found that Truter thought I knew all about what he was to have. It did not matter when I went, it was all the same, no one had nearly enough staff to supply; the transport people had had no instructions and had had no wagons and in fact it looked quite hopeless. For a start Truter and I decided simply to divide our Brigade (the 7th) into two lots of 15 men each and take 6 natives each for the rough work. Then we had to sort over and divide what equipment there was. Everything was hopelessly short of the requirement of even a 50 bedded hospital and let alone 200!! Each section was to have 1 ambulance, 2 motor ambulances, 1 watercart and 1 Scotch cart and 6 G.S. wagons. There was not one of these items that was fit to travel until repaired and no G.S. wagons at all. During Friday and Saturday we worked hard doing our best and by Saturday afternoon had evolved—mostly on paper—what we wanted and hoped to get, but at the very utmost it did not pan out at more than 50 beds per Section. On Sunday morning early comes a wire from General Hys that both Sections were urgently needed at Umarum. By 3 p.m. I had got out a complete list of all I wanted and decided to push off with Nortje in

two motor ambulances, which were ready and go on to Umarum to see what buildings, etc., could be made use of, leaving Truter and Muller to push on all the men equipment and stores they could lay hands on in the time at their disposal, as soon as they could.

Nortje and I left Karibib about 3.30 p.m. accompanied by Col. Wylie. We took the road to Etivo and got to the farm on the river Kahn, at which we camped on our wild goose chase last month when General Brits essayed to attack Omarum without orders from Hqs. We reached this place about 4.30. Here Col. Wylie turned back in his car and we waited for our second car which had fallen behind. It did not turn up until dusk having had tyre trouble. On its arrival we pushed on again for a few miles and camped. Just before we left Etivo one of our aeroplanes passed over going to Omarum. It was a lovely clear night, but bitterly cold, with a very sharp frost, so that we did not get much sleep. Everything was frozen hard when we turned out just before sunrise. We got into Omarum about 11.30 and found part of the 7th M.B.F.A. under Captain Cillie encamped outside the town. He had accompanied part of the 1st M.B. which had come up via Okombahe. On reporting to Col. O. he showed me the various buildings available for hospital purposes. I decided to take over the school buildings for B. Clearing Hospital and secure the barracks for A.C.H. under Captain Truter. Part of the school was for boarders and here we found 25 beds and a matron in charge, who volunteered to do the cooking for us. For the afternoon some 70 odd patients were handed over to me. Nortje and one orderly was all the staff we had available and we had a worrying time as we had none of our equipment of any kind nor any food. After much hunting from one place to another, I borrowed from people in the town, a sack of mealie meal, and one of rice, with which the men had to make shift for the night. On Tuesday morning the first instalment of the men and equipment arrived in four motor lorries, while the remainder arrived this morning with four G.S. wagons and the remainder

of our equipment. Yesterday Col. O. ordered me to hand over one motor ambulance as his car had broken down. So now I have only one motor to serve both hospital and evacuate the sick to Karibit—40 miles away over bad roads. How the Field Ambulances are going to manage to send their sick and wounded back, I don't know. Already I have had an urgent wire to send for sick 20 miles ahead, which, of course, I am unable to do. The new scheme could not have been more ill-advised and if there are many wounded at any time, there will undoubtedly be a hopeless break down of the medical services.

The country through which we have come is a great improvement on the previous stretch. It is quite heavily wooded with thorn trees and stretches of grassy land here and there. All along the road, we saw guinea fowl and pheasants in large numbers, while big game and bucks of various kinds are said to be plentiful. Omarum is the name of the river on which the town is situated. Where it passes through the town, there is a small stream of running water—the first we have seen in this country. The town straggles along the banks and most of the houses have beautiful gardens, where everything grows luxuriantly. Date palms, orange trees and bamboos are the most conspicuous features in the gardens, but all kinds of fruit and vegetables grow well for most months in the year. The weather is very cold at present. Sharp frosts at night and bright, cool and bracing during the day. George, my boy, came to report that my horse and two of Nortje's had gone. From the look of things it seems probable that they have been stolen. The boys have searched all day, but not a sign of them is there to be seen or heard of. I suppose some scoundrels among the troops trekking forward have stolen them. It is most disheartening to lose "Cato," who, though no flier, is a most suitable animal for this sort of work.

June 25th. Omarum, Friday.

We have had a tremendous rush of work, the difficulties were added to by all the orderlies being not quite conversant with their new

duties and the large number of patients to be dealt with. All have worked well and willingly, which is half the battle. On Wednesday, with the hospital full to overflowing and our equipment and staff taxed to the utmost, came word that a fight was anticipated next morning. I wired for the ambulance train to be sent forward as soon as possible, but got a wire and 'phone message to say this was next to impossible until Friday morning. On Thursday there was no word of any fight having taken place. Captain Truter and his (A Clearing Hospital) arrived during the day and went over to take up their quarters in the old barracks. These are quite a good block of buildings. The houses are in the form of a square, and are all built with wide enclosed stoeps back and front, have water laid on and good stabling. They stand on clear sandy soil and are in every way suitable for hospital purposes. They, in fact, form quite the most suitable block of buildings for this purpose that I have seen in this country. The water being good and plentiful, this should be a most suitable spot for an advanced base hospital. Late on Thursday evening Major Whitehead arrived with the ambulance train and was able to take away about 40 of our sick early this morning, so that the congestion is at least relieved. During the last few days we have had over 100 patients to deal with as well as rather more than this as out-patients. This with 25 men and the difficulty in getting food, has kept us all very busy. This afternoon a wire has come from O. to say both A. and B. C.H.'s are to be ready to move. This is delightful, as up to the present we have been provided with less than half the necessary transport. However, we have wired that A. can move but in this case B. cannot until transport is provided. An ambulance has come from Kalkfeld, which has just been occupied, the Germans having retreated without fighting. I forgot to mention that one of our aeroplanes came to grief while landing here on Sunday. One of the planes touched a bush and the machine swung round into a tree. No

one was hurt luckily and they think the machine can be repaired fairly soon. The ambulance driver tells me another of the aeroplanes came to grief at Kalkfeld this morning, having apparently got mixed up with telegraph wires when landing. He does not know if any one was hurt or not.

June 26th, 1915. Saturday, Omarum.

I hear to-day that it was Van der Spuy who came to grief, but that it was only a slight mishap leading to damage to his "tail," so probably it will not mean putting him out of action. The same man tells us that the latest news is that the Germans have split up and are going off in different directions. If this is so, the end ought to be soon as our men will hunt them down soon. One of the S.A.M.R. was shot at close quarters by a sniper, who got away. General Brits column has sent us one wounded German prisoner. Now that I have got rid of the bulk of the sick, we have got things a bit straight, and hope in due course to get a more or less satisfactory outfit. To-day Truter trekked off with his hospital. We thought this best as O. has got out of touch. So Truter has taken all the wagons (5 in number) and I must wait till my transport is sent up to me. Moffat has gone up with him.

June 29th, 1915. Omarum, Tuesday.

Yesterday evening a wire came from Col. O. saying both C.H.'s must move on to Otjwarrongo where Truter was to establish his C.H. in a building capable of 60 beds. He was arranging transport by motor lorrie for me. I wired Truter and managed to get him on the telephone at Kalkfeld. Yesterday one of our wounded men came in one of Van Coller's wagons bringing two sick as well. They had been on the road since the 25th. I also had a wire from an orderly (Bayly) S.A.M.R., M.B.F.A., saying he had been evidently forgotten as he had lain 5 days at Kalkfeld with two sick and had no more rations. All this is very annoying and discreditable to our organisation as it could so easily have been avoided. I have been endeavouring to get my transport completed, but found to my annoy-

ance that nothing further had been done since we left Karibib. Major Russell who was left to act as A.D.M.S., spoke to me on the telephone yesterday and seems to take the view that as we got here all right or rather somehow nothing further need be done. This is very trying to put it mildly and I have written and wired to O. that I must have better support, if not from him at any rate from his deporties. My orders were to have 6 G.S. wagons; 1 ambulance wagon, 1 Scotch cart, 1 water cart, and 2 motors. At present I am reduced to 1 Scotch cart!! Everything is the same, I am short in everything, blankets, pillows, sheets, towels, cups, plates. It is all the same. It is all very disheartening as we foresaw this and could have avoided it, had we been allowed during the 5 idle days at Karibib to start getting our outfit together and the deficiencies brought on from Swakopmund.

July 2nd, 1915. Friday, Omarum.

On Thursday Major Russell, Acting A.D.M.S., came up. We had a long chat and I feel sorry for him as he has been left with an awful muddle to try and deal with. His efforts to get transport have so far been unavailing in addition to which there is a shortage of available supplies in all departments, so that however willing he can't give them to me. He went back early next morning. To-day we are no further with the matter. O. seems to be sending wires but as the D.H.Q.M.G. tells me here, if a man goes out without giving fair warning of his requirements, it is impossible for those in charge of departments to be expected to provide at a moments notice, what they have not been warned to prepare for. I have worried every one I can, but having no proper authority to back me it is a hopeless sort of task. It is now 5 days since I got my orders to move and still the chances of getting transport seem as remote as ever.

July 3rd, 1915. Omarum, Saturday.

Having had no further news of transport, and having handed over the hospital to Captain Drew, we decided to go for a shoot, so yesterday afternoon we took the cart and our

horses and drove out to a secluded spot close under the Orange mountains.

The country was quite beautiful here. Lots of good grass and the bush not quite so thick. There was lots of game spoor about. Just at dusk we came on the site of an old German camp, and about 2 miles further on made our camp for the night. Early next morning we went off. Nortje and a Lieut. Owen, who had accompanied us, went one direction and I went the other with George. Though we saw lots of spoor we were unlucky in seeing no game, so on returning to camp about 11 a.m., George and I rode back to Omaruru. On my return I found a wire saying I was to have transport and trek to Otavifontein and take over hospital duties there. I saw the D.A.S.M.C. and from him learned that Major Rose (of the Dukes) had come up and that he had 24 motor cars with him to take us along. Later I saw Rose and it was a pleasure to meet someone who had some sort of organisation under him. The motors, he said, would be in next morning. It was nearly 9 a.m. before Nortje turned up bringing a fine young Kudu cow which he had shot. It must have weighed about 300 lbs. and was just about as much as our light cart could carry. It appeared that after going a certain distance they had come across another shooting party and who had come on a herd of about 15 kudu, just like my luck!!

July 8th, 1915. Otavifontein, Thursday.

Next day Sunday the motors came in and we got packed up and started away. I went ahead with Nortje in the Hupp Ambulance and got into Kalkfeld about 6 p.m. Here I saw Van der Spuy and Captain Turner the flying men, Van der Spuy was recovering from his accident and Turner was seedy. After patching them up I pushed on for 3 or 4 miles and camped in the veld, the rest of our convoy not having caught up. It was bitterly cold. Next morning we pushed slowly on reaching a farm about 11 a.m. where we got a plentiful supply of fresh milk, butter and cheese. The farmer let us have as much milk and buttermilk as we

wanted for 3d. a head, and sold us butter for 2s. per lb. and cheese at 6d. per lb. This was a splendid addition to our fare. At midday we reached a delightful spot in a river bed. Here the country was splendid, lovely grass in unlimited quantity and heaps of game. While the kettle was boiling Nortje shot a steenbok and I a couple of pheasants. We rested here until our convoy caught us up at 3 p.m. Going on again we kept together until we got to Otjiwarongo, spending a night on the road. Here I found A.C.H. had trekked two days previously. We also heard that the whole German force was surrounded just outside Otavi. We pushed on until lunch time at 1 p.m. The country now was just a paradise for stock, vast fields of lovely grass standing waist deep, lying in great glades in the surrounding bush. We saw one great Kudu bull about 600 yards away but as he did not offer a chance of a certain shot we did not fire. That night we camped again in beautiful country. Next morning we came on again and began to get into uncertain country as regards roads, and finally took to the railway and drove along the track. This we continued to do for many miles turning off and camping once more in the veld. That evening we cooked two pheasants and a guinea fowl and very excellent they were. I made a beautiful warm bed of cut grass, and through it froze hard, it was quite pleasant to be able to defy the cold.

On the next morning, Wednesday, we pottered along the rail track and shot some more guinea fowl and a couple of partridges before our convoy caught up again. After lunch we went ahead again and got here at about 4 p.m. The news was that the Germans had sent in for terms and an armistice had been declared from the previous day until 5 p.m. to-day. This morning we heard that General Myburgh not having heard of the armistice had advanced from the north to attack. The Germans sent out officers under the white flag. While the palaver was going on the officer carrying the flag, put it down and his comrades who were watching thought that something had gone wrong and fired on our troops, wounding one man.

General Myburgh immediately gave the order to charge and in a few minutes our burghers dashed in and captured 500 Germans and their guns and released about 300 of our prisoners. We also got news that General Brits, who is up near the Etoscha Panne, had captured 200 Germans there in charge of the remainder of our prisoners, so now they are all liberated. General Myburgh has got to Grootfontein and has come in on the German main force which is now surrounded and lying about 12 miles out. It now appears that negotiations have come to a head by the Home Govt., saying there must be unconditional surrender. The Germans have asked for a further extension till 7 p.m.

Later.

The Germans have asked for a further extension till 7 to-night and orders are out for everyone to stand to arms, ready to move out at a moments notice. So things are quite exciting for the moment.

July 9th, 1915.

This morning we heard that the negotiations had been going on through the night and that at 4 a.m. the Germans had finally decided to surrender unconditionally. So far not a word has leaked out as to what the proceeding will be.

July 10th, 1915.

I have been so busy up to the present that I have had scarcely any time to write down the various items of news in their proper order. I found about 40 cases in hospital among which were some 14 very badly wounded and all suffering from want of attention owing to the extreme shortage of hospital material. Had any transport arrangements been provided at the proper time I would have had my hospital going within 24-28 hours of the arrival of the troops in this place, instead of arriving 8 days late. Owing to the shortage of everything the whole place was in a great mess and it has been hard work getting things even moderately clean. I want now to turn back to the course of events during the final stages of the campaign. After the retreat of the Germans from Kalkfeld our forces moved after

them with all speed. General Brits on the extreme left made for the Etoscha Pfanne, where the bulk of our prisoners were reported to be. The infantry went along the railway with the 5th M.B. in advance while General Myburgh was trekking on the extreme right making straight for Grootfontein.

We have not heard much of the adventures of the flanking forces but whatever happened they reached their destinations so quickly that it is doubtful whether the Germans were aware of their presence until they found General Myburgh in possession of both Grootfontein and Tsumeb, the two termini of the railway. The central forces after reaching Otjiwarongo had a stretch of 75-80 miles to traverse with only one waterhole at Okaputa leaving a final stretch of 50 miles without water, the Germans holding Otavifontein at the end of it.

From Otjiwarongo the main road lies to the east of the railway while another one goes along the same route as the line.

Otavifontein lies between two ranges of hills running east and west. The road pierces the southern range and here we had news that the Germans had laid a large mine 156 yards long with flanking mines, the whole containing 6,600 lbs. of dynamite. Guns were posted on the hills and the main defence prepared to oppose a force entering by the main road. General Botha therefore sent a force of the S.A.M.R. to deploy along the main road, in meantime sending the main force to attack the Germans right flank along the railway. Both these forces had to march the intervening 50 miles at their best speed, and immediately attack on arrival.

The Germans taken utterly by surprise when they found the main attack being delivered on their flank, fled after firing a few shots and were pursued by some of our mounted men until they fell back on their position about 12 miles further back. The S.A.M.R. scouts going carefully came on the wires leading to the big mine and cut them and following up the wires found and captured the 3 men whose duty it was to have fired the mine at the proper moment.

In the desultory fighting that went on 8 Germans and 6 or 7 of our men were wounded and several killed on both sides, 4 of ours I believe. The German main position is out on the Tsumeb line and here they found their retreat cut off by General Myburgh. I heard subsequently that when General Myburgh captured the 500 Germans and released our prisoners he also captured the main bulk of their supplies so that in a very short time the Germans found themselves in the hopeless position which led to their final surrender. The whole thing had been a most brilliant piece of generalship which could only have been accomplished by troops capable of getting every ounce out of their animals without killing them in so doing, and men not afraid to face the prospect of fighting for their water after doing all this. I am told one of the first things Colonel Franke asked General Botha, was what breed of animal he possessed capable of doing such wonderful trekking. The infantry too covered 50 miles in 36 hours, which, under the circumstances must be a record.

July 11th, 1915, Sunday. Otavifontein.

I am gradually getting together a more connected account of the last fight from various sources. I find from one of our wounded that he and some others who were pursuing the Germans and endeavouring to cut them off, got so far ahead that our guns mistook their dust for that made by the Germans and opened fire on them, killing one man and wounding three others. One poor fellow had his arm shattered by a shell, amputation being necessary. To-day a train load of about 300 reservists was brought in. These men are to be given their parole and allowed to go back to their farms. The regulars, about 2,000 or more, are being sent to Aus where they are to be interned.

General Botha has been most magnanimous, he has allowed the regulars to surrender with "honours of war" which seems to mean that they will be allowed to go to Aus carrying their rifles. All ammunition and big guns, of course, have to be given up. The reservists on arrival were detained in front of the hospital, so that we have had a good view of their arrival.



Most of them look very battered and dirty though apparently most of them had been issued with new hats and other articles of equipment to render them more or less tidy for the occasion. I managed to-day to evacuate about 32 or 33 patients by means of some motor lorries returning empty to Kalkfontein, so that this will ease our congestion.

Monday, July 12th, 1915. Otavifontein.

Late last evening a couple of train-loads of prisoners arrived, about 500, bringing the total to 900 odd for the day, these are all the reservists, there are altogether, so I found out officially last evening, 4,200 odd prisoners to come in, this seems a large number to surrender without putting up a single fight. However the end was inevitable whatever was done, so probably Colonel Francke thought it useless to throw away lives I know General Botha is delighted beyond measure to have brought the campaign to a close with so little loss of life on either side.

More trains have come in to-day bringing 4 field guns, 4 howitzers and quantities of ammunition and equipment of all sorts, also a large troop of hoarSES and mules were driven in at daybreak.

Truter has gone on ahead and wired his arrival at Okaputat and will go on to open a hospital there, so when the train arrives and we can clear our hospital there should be no further need of our services.

Saturday, July 17th, 1915. Otavifontein.

We are still here leading a more or less humdrum existence for a change. The hospital work keeps us going pretty hard all the morning and then all sorts of odd jobs at scattered intervals during the rest of the day, most of, in fact all, with one exception of the wounded were horribly septic on arrival and this has entailed constant dressing to get them at all clean. Yesterday I had to amputate the leg of one of the German prisoners close up to the hip joint as it had been inelaimably septic. Unfortunately the poor fellow is phthisical, and very thin and miserable and does not look as

though he had much chance of pulling through. Fortunately he is a cheerful fellow and that is half the battle.

Nortje and I have made some short excursions into the bush round about, but there seems to be very little game just around here, probably all been scared away by the large numbers of troops and animals scattered about recently. The settling up arrangements strike one as curious and quite in keeping with the rest of this wonderful campaign. The German regulars have not yet been taken over and remain in their camp with their arms and ammunition. In the meantime all the troops have been withdrawn with the exception of a small force of S.A.M.R. and infantry, who are eventually to act as an escort of the prisoners. However, I have on good authority that Col. Francke is playing the game and faithfully carrying out all the terms of surrender. The Germans are repairing the line from this end while we are working up from the south. To-day I have it on good authority that it is anticipated that the linking up will be complete by to-morrow, Sunday, and further that the ships will leave Swakopmund on August 3rd, so that we must all be down there somewhere about that date.

Major Botha—brother of the General—is here and was telling us some of their experiences in the 3rd Brigade, which advanced on Grootfontein. They found no force there so pushed on to Tsumeb, the other terminus of the railway. It was he who was leading the advance guard of General Myburgh's force when they attacked Tsumeb, with the result I have already recorded. He said that about 18 miles outside Tsumeb they found a sort of subterranean lake, a great hole 300 feet deep leads down into this lake and all the slopes of this was strewn with shells and ammunition which the Germans had been throwing into it. The Germans have now reported that when they found they were likely to be surrounded and their animals were giving out, they threw 28 big guns into this lake as well as all the ammunition they could take there.

Up to the present time the trains which are arriving daily from the German camp have brought in 34 big guns, 22 maxims, 26,000 rounds of big gun ammunition, about 1,000,000 rounds of rifle ammunition and lots of rifles, harness, waggons and all sorts of other stuff. I am told there are still large quantities of equipment to come in from Tsumeb, where the Germans had constructed huge kilns for the destruction of equipment but had not had time to entirely destroy. They seem without doubt to have been prepared for something very much bigger than the mere defence of this country against natives, who do not use aeroplanes or require the employment of big guns.

Thursday, July 22nd. Otavifontein.

Still waiting for the ambulance train. We had a wire yesterday afternoon to say it had left Kalkfontein, about 100 miles from here, but up to the present, (p.m.) to-day, we have heard no more of it. There is, of course, great congestion on the line, with all the troops, prisoners and captured material going back, with scanty rolling stock and a narrow gauge to cope with it. On Tuesday afternoon Nortje and I went off in the motor and pushed out some distance to the neighbourhood of a place called "Aairus", where we hoped to get a chance at some big game. Just at dusk, as we were looking out for a spot to camp, we spotted a fine old gemsbok bull about 400 yards away. I had a shot at him. He ducked his head down and shuffled backwards a few yards and then made off and was soon lost to sight in the dusk and long grass. We could not be sure that he was hit. Next morning I went to the spot but could find no signs of his being wounded. We were camped far out in an immense plain, which looked dead level, but was covered with vleis—now dry and deep in yellow grass—and patches of low scrub about waist high in most parts, but higher here and there, there were not more than about a dozen thorn trees in sight. After going about a mile I spotted, with the aid of my glasses, a fine, big, blue wildebeeste bull, he was about a mile or more away and, though the plain seemed so flat, it was

surprising how soon he walked slowly out of sight on the near horizon. I set off after him and when I got to the point, where I had seen him last, after a long search with glasses I saw him still about a mile ahead. Going forward again I came on 2 stembok and decided to try and secure them as we were anxious to get some game, I shot one dead and hit the other in the hind leg, but he got away in the bush. After marking the spot where the buck lay I went on again in search of bigger game, and about a mile further saw a magnificent gemsbok bull standing in some rather high bush, I ducked down to site my rifle and then tried to get a view of him, but he was on the move and eventually I got a shot at about 400 yards but missed. One has to shoot standing, as the grass is too high to sit or lie down, and even standing it is difficult to get a clear view. However, I followed him for about 2 or 3 miles and eventually got another chance at a long range but failed to hit. By this time I had to return to camp and pick up the stembok en route. On our way back after lunch we spotted a herd of 5 gemsbok feeding near a flock of about 5 or 6 ostriches but these fellows made off as soon as they saw us, being followed shortly by two huge bulls we had not seen at first. On our way home we called at a farm house where we found a nice homely old lady, who was a refugee from Swakop, she gave us some milk to drink and butter and bread made of stamped kafir corn, it was rather like shortbread made of very coarse oatmeal, she showed us some fine horns and eventually sent for one of the bushmen working on the farm, who produced the skull of a bush-hog with magnificent tusks, he had shot it with a poisoned arrow which he also produced, Nortje purchased both the skull and the arrow.

July 28th, 1915. Otavifontein.

On Friday (23rd) I had to go up to Guchab, a place about half way up the line to Grootfontein for the gruesome purpose of investigating the truth of an assertion by some natives that one of their friends had been shot dead by the Engineer in charge of a mine, about 3

weeks previously and just after the occupation of the place by our troops. I went in the car, the road lies in a long kloof, rising very gradually for about 25 miles until Guchab is reached, about 1,000 feet above this place and therefore over 5,000 feet above sea-level. Along the road we passed several copper mines but none of them seem to be worked on a large scale, they all had the appearance of leading a very pottering existence. I called in at the only farm that looked promising and found it belongs to a Dutchman called Venter, he was out shooting so I did not see him but spoke to his wife, she told me she had been born in the country (she appeared to be about 45). Her father's farm was at Bonidas, near Swakopmund. What interested me immensely was that she told me that in the early days her father had about 3,000 head of stock on this farm and that the veldt used to be splendid, at the present time it is an absolutely barren desert without a vestige of growth anywhere, except just in the river bed. She was most emphatic on the point that splendid grass used to grow, not only in the river, but all over the veldt, which to-day is a howling wilderness of sand and rocks.

From this good lady I was lucky in getting 4 lbs. of fresh butter and my water-bottle full of milk. On arrival at Guchab it was too late for me to start my investigations so I camped about two miles away in the veldt and carried out my work the next morning. The fatal shot was through the neck, the culprit has been arrested, I returned to Otavifontein that day (July 24th), and during the evening Major Whitehead (O.C. Ambulance train) rang up on the telephone to say that he had got to Otair. So I arranged to send for him next morning so that he could be here for breakfast. On his arrival we made enquiries about the return of the train and found that there would be no engine available till Tuesday, 27th, we arranged therefore to go for a shoot on the 26th, this time we decided to take the road for the Etoscha Pand and go out along it for about 20 miles or so and see what was to be got. So

Nortje and I started away that same evening (25th) and trekked about 4 hours to a port called Goab P forte, where we slept, going on again early next morning. About 3 miles or more from the poort, we passed a water-hole and deserted farm-house and a mile or more on came to a low ridge of hills, where we decided to make our shooting camp. As soon as it was light, we walked out doing this ridge to view the country and try and spot some game. For miles around the country was heavily wooded, with occasional open glades, which we scanned closely with our glasses. The trees here were finer and different to what we had seen previously, being very fine and tall, the foliage in many cases had taken on beautiful autumn tints, grass was deep everywhere in the open and even under the trees, where they were not too densely packed. We had a most interesting walk for about 4 hours, but though we saw no end of evidences of the presence of gemsbok, kudu and hosts of small game, we were unfortunate in seeing nothing at all up to our return to camp, about 11 a.m.; here we found Majors Russell and Whitehead who had just arrived in the car. After some coffee and biscuits we went off to try our luck in another direction; where the bush did not look quite so thick, our direction lay back towards the hills through which we had come. This time we rode and saw no big game until we ascended a kopje at the foot of the hills, when I spotted 3 gemsbok feeding on the outskirts of the forest and heading down towards the kopje I was on. Unfortunately Majors R. and W. had gone to another kopje and failing to see the buck as they went up it, scared them away into the forest. Nortje and I decided therefore to ride along parallel to the direction in which they had gone along the foot of the hills and endeavour to head them back towards the others, who were to remain on the kopje. We galloped across the open stretch between us and the edge of the forest and down a long narrow glade among the trees, as we neared the end of this Nortje spotted the 3 gemsbok among the trees on our right, so off we tumbled and opened fire, they

were only about 150 yards off but in the hurry and excitement I missed my first shot, my second, however, reached its mark and after a parting shot at one of the remaining bucks we got on our horses to give chase. We found the bucks I had shot standing among some trees, the bullet having gone through its shoulders. I could not see it from where I was so Nortje gave it a final shot, unfortunately it proved to be a young heifer and therefore had not much in the way of horns, apart from this it was in fine condition and good for the pot. The next business was how to get it to camp, after several futile efforts to get it on one of our horses we gave that up as a bad job, it must have weighed about 250 lbs. and was too much of a handful for even the two of us, with a dodging horse, so with the aid of my picketing rope and a mule chain we got it into a tree and decided to go for the Scotch cart. On returning to where we had left the others, we set off to return as previously arranged, to the water-hole we had noted on the way out, and to which we had sent my conductor and the carts and spare horses. We had not gone very far when we came suddenly out of a belt of thick bush into full view of a magnificent kudu bull with a cow. Being anxious to give Major R. a chance we all waited for him to fire but unfortunately he was some way behind and could not get a clear view, so that the old bull moved off, I had a couple of shots as he bounded over the rocks but without effect. Then on we galloped through the thorns and high scrub until I spotted the old kudu standing under a tree. This time I got Major W. off his horse and we walked up under good cover until he could get a good view of our quarry. He had a shot at about 250 or 300 yards of which the kudu took no notice, I had another snap at him as he moved off, but neither of our shots told. As we rode on I came across the spoor of the cow and dismounted to examine things but could not find the spoor of the bull, though when last seen they were both together. I started back on the cow spoor to endeavour to make out when they had parted or whether possibly he

had been hit. On my way back I passed R. who said he would follow the others and I traced the cow spoor back to where she had been standing when we shot at the bull, but though I spent some time, I could not pick up the bull's spoor owing to the hard ground, and being anxious to do something in regard to getting my gemsbok home. I therefore made for the water-hole but found on arrival that none of the others were there yet. About 40 minutes later Nortje and Whitehead came in. It was now getting dusk and we were all rather perturbed at the non-appearance of R. as no one seemed to have seen him after he passed me and that was about 2½ hours ago. When it came to about 8 p.m. and he had not turned up, we realised he must have got lost, and the prospect of finding anyone in a maze of forest and high bush was rather hopeless. I decided therefore to send the conductor off to the poort and instruct him to take one boy and make a big fire upon the hillside. I remained at the water-hole and Nortje and W. set off on foot to go back to where we had camped during the day. You may imagine my relief when about 9.15 I heard the carts coming back and saw R. coming along. By a piece of immense good fortune the conductor heard a shout in the bush and had found R. who, after much fruitless wandering had just made up his mind to make a fire and rest where he was for the night. This adventure made us rather late and it was 2.30 before I got back to Otavifontein. Nortje remaining behind to fetch the buck on the following morning.

On Thursday (27th) the ambulance train arrived here and went on to Grootfontein to pick up some cases there. They returned again the same evening and on the following morning (28th) we got the bulk of our cases on board and the train left about noon. We heard to-day (30th) that it arrived at Usakos last evening and went on to Ebony. Ebony is the station where the new broad gauge laid by our troops meets the German narrow gauge. They ought to be able to off load on to the broad gauge ambulance train to-day and start back to us

sometime this afternoon. If all goes well they should reach us here about Sunday or Monday, they will then have to go to Tsumeb, the other terminus of the line and bring patients from there and so back taking us, en route.

Wednesday, July 28th, 1915 Otavifontein.

We decided to try and fit in one more shoot before the return of the hospital train, so Nortje started away in the evening with the Scotch cart, buggy and riding horses to go to Acam's plains, where we had been before, but without horses. The idea was that Russell would leave next day for Tsumeb and from there wire me his plans, when I would go out and join Nortje, who would then return or not according as Russell was able to get back or not.

July 29th, 1915.

R. did not get away to-day, there being no opportunity.

July 30th, 1915.

R. got away in the Railway Manager's motor to Tsumeb and I should hear from him on his arrival. All the troops are now gone except the S.A.M.R., who remain permanently.

July 31st, 1915.

No wire has come from Tsumeb all day up to 3 p.m., so I am leaving a note for R. and will push off to the veldt and let Nortje return and find out what is happening.

Sunday, August 1st, 1915 Otavifontein.

I have just finished my note to R. and was getting into the motor, when two wires arrived, one from Whitehead saying that the hospital train was at Otjiwameq and another from R. saying he would remain at Tsumeb for a few days and perhaps visit Namutoni on the Etoscha Pfanne. I called in at the station leaving a note for Whitehead telling him my plans and heard from the R.S.O. that in all probability the hospital train would go on to Tsumeb that afternoon and return to Otavifontein by mid-day the following day, Sunday. On the strength of this the only plan for me was simply to go out and bring Nortje back. The distance to the point away out on the plains to which Nortje had gone was about 25 miles

or more. It was near sundown when we drove right into a herd of 6 haartebeeste standing close to the road about 250 to 300 yards ahead, I fired a shot at the nearest one from the car but missed, I then jumped out and before they got out of range I managed to drop the two biggest which unfortunately proved both to be cows, though fine specimens and in good condition. I shot a third one which in the confusion of locating the bucks in the long grass, we missed and never found. After this episode I decided to camp where I was and send the motor on tell the rest of the campers to come back.

At 8.30 before I heard the carts coming along Nortje arrived later in the motor having returned late to camp as he had shot a fine haartebeeste bull towards dusk, unfortunately it was too late to go out to bring his buck in, so he had first brought the head, and also a stembok shot earlier in the day. Nortje had had a great day, he said the previous day he had spent pottering about, locating the game, and then as I did not arrive as expected he had started away that morning to have a hunt. He said he saw about 100 gemsbok, several herds of haartebeeste and wildebeeste as well as pau and all sorts of small game. However it was now too late to turn back for a further hunt on the morrow, so we pushed off early next morning for the hospital. On arrival I found a wire to say the train would not arrive till Wednesday morning, which was aggravating, as it meant I need not have cut short my last shoot.

Wednesday, August 4th, 1915. Tsumeb.

Having got everything packed and ready to put on the train we decided yesterday to take the chance of running up to Tsumeb, meaning to return on the Ambulance Train the following morning. The journey was interesting as it took us through the German position near Korab, where they had intended making their last stand. About 10 miles from Otain, the railway passes over a low ridge flanked by higher mountains on either side, the gap being about a mile across. The approach to the ridge

was across a flat, grassy plain, quite devoid of cover, all along the ridge had been fortified with schanges and gun emplacements while roads had been made in the new leadings to every part of the position so as to facilitate the movements of ammunition carts and guns. Everything was marked out clearly with sign-boards showing where the roads led to, out on the plain white crosses were placed to mark out the ranges. In this position they had placed 22 maxims and 34 big guns, for which latter they had 28,000 rounds of ammunition. The troops numbered something over 3,000. As a matter of fact, though the position was a strong one for a frontal attack, there would have been no very great difficulty in outflanking and attacking in rear.

We got to Tsumeb about mid-day yesterday and had a poorish lunch at one of the hotels. We found the ambulance train there, hoping to get away next morning. Whitehead, Russell and Dalton returned about 4 p.m. from Hamktoni, where they had gone during the interval. Tsumeb is the "Rana" of S.W.A., evidently the copper mines along the Grootfontein road are only subsidiary affairs, as here they have a huge mine where apparently they carry out the whole operation even to the smelting. Here also the military had their main Supply and Ordnance Stores, they had made hurried efforts at wholesale destruction, when they were cornered, but had not had time to do a great deal of damage. They managed, however, to burn large quantities of rifle ammunition and burn large stocks of rifles, as well as some motor cars, they had also started to burn 4 field guns, but were interrupted before any damage was done. The stores were filled with all sorts of equipment in large quantities, enough to have equipped our whole army efficiently. The copper mine was being searched and had so far yielded several thousand cases of rum and was still disgorging all sorts of things up to the time we left.

Capt. Dalton was one of the Medicos captured at Sandfontein and has been with our prisoners ever since, he was in charge of some

sick from among our prisoners, waiting for the train. We ought to have left this morning but no engine was available, nor did it seem possible to find out when we should get one, this was rather disconcerting and I hunted round the station yard and found a sort of tandem motor trolley which after a little persuasion I got to work, we then found another light trolley to hitch on behind for our baggage and had determined to sally forth next morning back to Otavifontein if no engine was forthcoming by then, when a wire came saying we would have a special engine by the morning.

Tuesday, August 10th, 1915. "Ebani".

We got away from "Tsumeb" about mid-day on Thursday and picked up our sick at Otavifontein and did a most successful and rapid trip to Usakos. Here we saw Col. O. and Capt. Jameson and were told we had to push on at once and get on board the "Ebani", sending the narrow gauge train back from Ebony the same evening. So off we went and got about 5 or 6 miles away when we chashed into the back of another train, which had left 20 minutes before us, the impact upset most of us and threw some men out of the train, but fortunately only the guard of the front train was damaged, having his leg broken, for the rest the engine on the front train had its water-tank burst and generally put out of action (it was pushing the train at the time to help it up a rise). Some of the carriages were partially telescoped, and it took the relief gang about 203 hours to get things straight, after which we returned to Usakos. Here we got things together once more and pushed off about 11 a.m. This time we made a more successful run and got to Walvis late in the evening, embarking early next morning on the hospital ship "Ebani".

We are all rejoiced to hear that, at last the terrible drought has broken at Nelsfont. James has been very much interested in being there with Wallace and helping to lead the water on to the thirsty lands. Wallace has unfortunately got a severe attack of whooping cough.

Feb. 1st, 1916

## ROLL OF HONOUR

Feb. 1st, 1916

## The Great War

| Name and Rank on August 1st, 1914, or on joining since that date.<br>Branch of Service (Ship, Regiment, etc.). | Remarks, if any, such as promotions, decorations, casualties, etc., during the period of the war.   |
|--|---|
| Flag Capt. V. B. MOLTEÑO, R.N.<br><i>H.M.S. "Antrim" Flag Ship,<br/>3rd Cruiser Squadron, Grand Fleet</i>      | Promoted to command H.M.S. "Redoubtable", 29th July, 1915, bombarding Belgian coast. Mentioned in Admiral Bacon's Despatch, 13th January, 1916. Now commands H.M.S. "Warrior" 1st Cruiser Squadron.<br>Mentioned in Dispatches, May 31st, 1915. |
| Surgeon Lieut. E. D. ANDERSON, M.D.<br><i>1st Life Guards.</i>   | Took part in the operations against the "Konigsberg".   |
| 2nd. Lieut. V. H. P. MOLTEÑO, R.N.<br><i>H.M.S. "Hyacinth," Cape Squadron.</i>                                 | Promoted to rank of Intelligence Officer. Rejoined East African Mounted Rifles.   |
| Private T. JARVIS MURRAY.<br><i>East African Mounted Rifles.</i>   | Promoted to rank of Corporal.   |
| Private LENOX B. MURRAY.<br><i>Do.</i>   | Promoted to rank of Major. Volunteered for service with the South African Exped. Force now in Egypt.  |
| Captain CHAS. M. MURRAY.<br><i>S.A.M.C., German South West Africa.</i>   | Serving in France with 49th Battery, R.F.A.   |
| 2nd. Lieut. GEORGE A. MURRAY.<br><i>Royal Field Artillery.</i>   | Served on the Northern Border of the Cape Province. Through the Rebellion and G.S.W. campaign. Rejoined for service in G.E.A. in 1st Brigade M.F.A. Now in East Africa.   |
| Private JOHN MOLTEÑO.<br><i>Graaff-Reinet Commando,<br/>Union of S.A. Defence Force.</i>                       | Liable to be called out at 3 hours' notice.   |
| Lieut. VICTOR MOLTEÑO (Assist. Field Cornet).<br><i>Wynberg-Constantia Defence Rifle Assoc.</i>                |   |
| Batt. Commr. FRANK MOLTEÑO.<br><i>Citizen Force,<br/>Union of South Africa</i>                                 | At present in British East Africa.  |
| Captain WILLIE BISSET (Field Cornet).<br><i>Wynberg-Constantia Defence Rifle Assoc.</i>                        | At present at Potchefstroom, training for East Africa with 2nd S.A. Infantry.   |
| Dr. C. F. K. MURRAY.<br><i>Hon. Consulting Physician,<br/>Base Hospital, Wynberg.</i>                          |   |
| Private ARTHUR BISSET.<br><i>Signaller, 9th S.A. Infantry.</i>   |   |
| Private IAN BISSET.<br><i>Cape Town Highlanders.</i>   |   |

ROLL OF HONOUR (*continued*).

Trooper HARRY BLACKBURN.

*4th S.A. Horse.*

Private RONALD BEARD.

*Cape Town Highlanders.*

Capt. W. S. DACRE CRAVEN.

*Royal Horse Artillery.*

2nd Lieut. LESLIE K. WISELY.

*Royal Field Artillery.*

Capt. F. DONALD MIRRIELES.

*West Surrey Yeomanry.*

Lieut. EDMUND J. FERGUSON, R.N.

*H.M.S. "Raccoon."*

Capt. BRABAZON NEWCOMEN.

*East Lancs. Regiment.*

Donald JERVIS MOLTONO.

*Gentleman Cadet, Sandhurst.*

Took part in the advance in B.E.A.

Now at Clare College and training in the Inns of Court.

Twice mentioned in Despatches, Jan. 20th, 1915, and May 31st, 1915. Promoted to rank of Major.

Wounded November, 1914.

Promoted to rank of Lieutenant, invalided from France.

Promoted to rank of Acting Major. First in France now at Salonica.

Wounded at the Dardanelles. Transferred to the Destroyer "Mentor".

Wounded at Ypres.

Training for the Cavalry (January, 1916).

## THE WIND.

The wind sighs over the valley asleep  
 And over the swaying trees;  
 It sighs its way to a spot in my heart,  
 And my stirring memory frees.

The memory leaves of a childhood, now gone.  
 Of fancies that once were mine,  
 When the sighing wind spoke straight to my  
 heart,  
 And swayed it with fancies fine.

And fairy castles of rapture arose  
 As the wind rose higher still,  
 With the dearest delight of fairyland,  
 And naught to thwart one's will.

And just as my castle of bliss flashed fair,  
 And dazzled the sun with light,  
 The chimes of consciousness clashed on my  
 heart,  
 And I waked to the wild, dark night.

And now, when I list to the sighing wind,  
 My thoughts and my dreams rise free;  
 The power of storms on the wings of the wind  
 Gives the freedom of life to me.

LUCY MOLTONO.