CHRONICLE OF THE FAMILY.

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EDITORIAL.

In the last number of the *Family Chronicle* the Editor asked for an expression of opinion as to whether the *Chronicle* was considered of sufficient interest and value to be worth continuing. A number of replies have been received and all are strongly in favour of keeping it on. A further encouragement is that seven more people have promised to become subscribers, which means we only require five more to reduce the subscription next year to 12/-.

It may be of general interest to quote a few of the opinions received in response to the last Editorial. Charlie Molteno writes: "I feel that the *Chronicle* is of the greatest value to all members of the family and that it would be the greatest mistake to discontinue its publication. The value of the *Family Chronicle* will continue to increase as time goes on and will also help to keep in touch those at a distance."

Percy Molteno writes most emphatically to the same effect and says: "It gives us much news we would never see otherwise and it will prove a most valuable record in time to come, of what the various members of the family have done in the war."

A very warm letter of appreciation was received from Bessie Molteno, saying how much it was valued by those on her side of the water.

Ernest Anderson, Kenah and George Murray writing from the Western Front, all vote strongly for its being continued and speak of it as full of news and interest.

The same opinion is expressed by Jarvis Murray from East Africa, and Lenox writes: "I personally think it would be a great shame to discontinue the *Chronicle,* as we who live so far away appreciate its real value, for it keeps us in touch with all members of the family, whom one would otherwise never hear of, especially during such times as this when letters are far from regular." (Lenox received over a year's post on one day).

A helpful letter came from Betty Molteno suggesting improvements, she writes: "I am now one of the people dependent upon the *Chronicle* for news and have no doubt that it fills a real need and should be continued. I should like more news about Gordon, Evelyn, Effie, Harold and Uncle Tom. I should like more collaboration from this side, something each time from May or Margaret and a word from Hilda and Ethel."

Letters of appreciation have been received from Barkly Molteno, Willie Anderson, Harold Anderson, Miss Bingle, Col. Sandeman and others, the gist of all being the same as those quoted above, in consideration of which, the *Chronicle* will be continued. The Editor hopes that all the family will help by sending news or articles without waiting to be specially asked. Contributions for the next number should reach her not later than the first week in July.

GENERAL NEWS.

Lil Molteno came down from Kamfer's Kraal in December and spent about three weeks at Claremont House before her baby girl was born on December 22nd. The rest of the family followed in January and when they were settled into their house at Kalk Bay Lil and the baby joined them there. There was quite a large family gathering and plenty of well-deserved baby worship when sweet little Jocelyn Lilias was christened. Her godparents were Brenda, Mrs. Winterton and Jervis.

James Molteno is, at present living at Elgin. He came down from Kamfer's Kraal with Wallace's party in December when they went to Kalk Bay and, after a few day's stay with Victor and Mildred, came up to Oak Lodge, where he is a happy addition to the busy party there. He finds endless interest in Ted and Harry's farming operations and is enthusiastic about the climate and scenery.

After their honeymoon at Onrust River Islay and Jervis came to "Aboyne" where they spent Christmas and New Year. Early in January they went to Elgin to pay a long promised visit to Aunt Caroline and Kathleen which they greatly enjoyed, especially the glorious motor expeditions with Ted and Harry. From there they went to the Marine Hotel, Muizenberg, and Jervis spent much of his time fishing from the Kalk Bay pier.

As soon as Miller's Point was vacant at the end of January they settled down there to their first experience of housekeeping and were thoroughly enjoying their stay when it was suddenly cut short and they were obliged to leave for England at 24 hours' notice on Feb. 24th, by the "Walmer Castle," as it was supposed to be the last ship to carry women passengers.

We have since heard by cable that they arrived in England on March 28th.

Since last December Dr. Murray has been engaged in military service—first only during the mornings but soon for all day. His work lies between the Convalescent Hospitals of Trovato and Newlands House and also Wynberg Camp and the officers at Waterloo Hut. In spite of long days, from 8.30 a.m. till sometimes 7 or 8 p.m., and a good deal of walking between the places of his work, he has kept very fit and even, he says, all the better, for the full and interesting occupation.

He finds the Cottage most convenient as a home and when Caroline is away he takes his meals at the Palace Hotel, close by, except lunch, which he has at the Officer's Mess at the Camp. His friends are only beginning to get used to seeing him in khaki and he himself, to his military title of Captain.

The Oak Lodge party spent a delightful month at Miller's Point in April. Kathleen and "Uncle James" especially enjoyed and benefited by the sea bathing and many grateful thoughts went out to "Uncle Percy" for the enjoyment of that glorious spot.

Gordon and Evelyn with their two little daughters, came down from Griqualand East, for the Rosebank Show in February and spent a very enjoyable month's holiday amongst all their old friends. Effie had planned to come with them but gave up the idea when she found they could not travel by sea as she dreaded the long railway journey for little Sheila.

Gordon and his family travelled down this time via Maclear, which cut off one of the three nights in the train and they all, including little Elizabeth and Mary, enjoyed the motor journey of 120 miles from Matatiele to Maclear in spite of bad roads, rivers and ponts. Mrs. Southey managed to put up the whole party in her cottage at Rondebosch but they spent a few days with Caroline and Kathleen at Elgin and, later, at Miller's Point.

The children were a great interest and pleasure to everyone and "Uncle James" and they were special friends.

Aunt Emmie is now comfortably settled in a small house in Main's Avenue. It has been a wrench to us all to see her leave the old home at Beaufort Villa, so full of dear associations and which, for most of our lives, has been a gathering centre for all the family, but we realized that she needed to lessen her work and responsibilities and to have, at last, a quiet little place of her own.

Willie Blenkins will miss her very much but he is interesting himself in his house and garden about which he is full of ideas and he has also been interested in seeing Aunt Emmie getting settled. Unfortunately, immediately after the fatigue of the move, Aunt Emmie was seized by the prevailing influenza epidemic and had quite a sharp illness which left her very weak but she is now recovering well. Miss Twycross was glad to be able to nurse her as she is staying with Aunt Emmie till May, when she goes to a relative on a farm up country for the winter.

The great drought has broken at last on the Karoo and splendid rains fallen. There has been no very big rain at any time but soft, soaking showers have fallen at short intervals and the result is a veritable miracle. It is almost impossible to realize that the howling wilderness of dust and stones and black charred-looking bushes has been transformed in 3 months into this green flowering veld, grass covering all the ground between the bushes so that one might almost imagine one self in the Western Province. The smiling stretches of pasture with the contented-looking browsing sheep and cattle are only rivalled by the smiling content of the farmers' countenances and even Wallace, the pessimist, is finding it hard to rake up causes for discontent! Kamfer's Kraal has never looked so beautiful and the veld and vleis are in beautiful condition, only the stretches of dead lucerne land bear witness to the severity of the recent terriffic drought.

Harold and Doris Anderson and their two children, Peggy and Thomas, arrived at Kalk Bay on April 4th and are staying with Mr. Anderson at Quarter-Deck and Beaufort Cottage for the month. They are greatly enjoying being at the sea and are out on the beach and rocks, or on the new pier, continually. Harold is having tries at his old favourite sport—fishing. It is six years since they were last in the Peninsula.

John Molteno was invalided down from East Africa and arrived at Wynberg Hospital on December 12th, where he remained for two weeks and was then released with three month's sick leave. He much enjoyed being at home again and among his many friends. He purchased a smart little pony and trap and was constantly to be seen driving out his friends and he was in special demand at the newly instituted early morning market at Wynberg and his trap a most welcome means of carrying home large baskets of fruit to the houses of different friends. He expected to

return to East Africa at the end of March but at the expiration of his leave it was found necessary for him to undergo an operation which took place at Wynberg Camp and from which he is now making a very good recovery.

Vincent Molteno was transferred from the "Hyacinth" to the Monitor "Severn" in August, 1916, working along the East Coast. In October he went ashore in command of a naval detachment of field guns and machine guns in connection with the 1st Division of the East African Forces acting south of the Rufigi River. He was invalided from Kilwa at the end of February and arrived at Simonstown on March 13th.

He was given sick leave and joined his wife who was staying with her parents at Muizenberg. It is a great pleasure for his father and all of us to see so much of him and, of course, it is a great delight for Eileen to have him back, as she had only spent 10 days with him since their marriage.

Vincent received orders to leave for England on May 2nd and Eileen has been fortunate in obtaining permission to accompany him.

Nance Molteno is now a boarder at the Diocesan School for Girls at Grahamstown. Her mother took her there at the end of January and then spent a few days with relations on a farm near Cathcart, a part of the country which she found most interesting and beautiful.

On April 11th Bob Lindley left for England to train for the Flying Corps.

On April 22nd Arthur Bisset returned home from East Africa, having received his discharge.

Donald Sandeman, whom some of the family met 2 years ago when he was visiting Lil, is now fighting in Mesopotamia. He is a Captain in the Corps of Guides and until recently they were kept at their post on the North West Frontier of India, then a second battalion was formed and the first and hitherto only regiment of Guides was sent to Mesopotamia.

Gerald Sandeman has been promoted to the Divisional Staff as Deputy Assistant Quarter-Master General. He is disappointed as it is Supply and Transport work and he says he is a "blooming grocer" now.

Ernest Anderson, writing on January 10th, says: "The censorship is so strict that it is very difficult for us to write interesting letters and even were it not so I could not give much news of interest about our doings, as you know, cavalry cannot be used yet. We went up to the Somme in the summer on three occasions in the hope of being used, but without success. They were long marches of about 100 miles each way. We have had about half the men away for some time now digging, but the rest of us are well back, living in four little villages in a valley with many large forts around. There is a county town about 6 miles away, but otherwise we are quite buried in the country."

Ernest's last letter was dated February 22nd and he and his regiment were stationed somewhere on the French coast, but we know from the papers he must have gone into action, as we read the cavalry are now being largely used.

From a letter received on April 16th we hear that Ernest has been slightly wounded in the foot and was in hospital. Happily it does not seem to be anything serious and we are even relieved to feel he will be out of action for a time.

Willie Anderson wrote last of February 16 and is still in Tunis. He speaks of a great improvement in his health and finds the climate suits him very well.

When the recent changes took place in the Navy, Barkly Molteno was appointed to the H.M.S. "Minitour" and later to the H.M.S. "Shannon".

Ronald Beard has finished his training and has been granted a commission as 2nd Lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery, and for some months has been stationed at Hemmel Hempsted. He expects to be sent over to France any time now.

Ella Molteno's father, Mr. Henry Jones, passed away on the 7th of April at the great age of 89. He had wonderful health and spirits up to the last and was happy to be always surrounded by the most loving care. During the few trying days of his last illness, Ella, Brenda and Nesta never left him night or day and his death leaves a great blank in their lives.

THE FALL OF THE COALITION.

MEETING OF THE LIBERAL PARTY AT THE REFORM CLUB.

When I arrived at the Reform Club about 20 minutes to twelve there was a large crowd at each side of the entrance standing on the pavement in order to get a glimpse of the arrivals to attend the meeting which had been summoned for 12 o'clock.

The Club was already full of members and there were various rumours as to who would and who would not be present. Everyone had been invited, including Mr. Lloyd George himself, and the members of the "Ginger" Liberal group who had but the day before passed a resolution to support him.

There were various rumours as to what would take place, including one in accordance with the "Daily Mail" plan announced this morning—an attempt would be made to secure the control of the Party Funds for Lloyd George.

The meeting took place in the Library of the Reform Club, which was two-thirds filled by the time I arrived. The table had been arranged against the windows, at which Mr. Asquith and his colleagues were to take their seats with their backs to the windows and facing the audience of Members of Parliament of both Houses.

The "Ginger" group were in full force and much in evidence as they had taken possession of the front row of chairs right in the centre of the gathering.

There was a faint cheer when Lord Haldane appeared and took his seat near the table, and then a very pronounced one when everybody rose to their feet on the entry of Mr. Asquith, followed by Lord Grey and all his Liberal colleagues in the Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Monague.

The proceedings were opened by Mr. Asquith himself—who still held the Leadership of the Liberal Party, to which he had been elected, in that very room, nine years before upon the death of his predecessor, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, and this fact he now recalled.

The scene which presented itself, would need an abler pen than mine to do it justice. There stood the man who for nine years had borne the burden of Prime Minister of England and for two years and four months had been responsible for the policy of England during the greatest war which the world has ever seen.

Just when he rose, the sun shone into the windows and lit up the whole Library in a pale and subdued glow. His voice was still, firm, and strong, though at times it faltered with emotion, he said he felt it his duty to explain to the Party why he was no longer Prime Minister.

He gave an account of the demand made by Lloyd George this day a week ago that the War Council should be so constituted that he himself should no longer be its Chairman and that certain persons should compose that Council.

While considering this proposal and being unable to agree that he himself as Prime Minister should not be Chairman of that Council his Unionist Colleagues requested him either to resign or to accept their resignations.

He complained of the fact that while the negotiations between him and Mr. Lloyd George were proceeding the "Times" had on

Monday written an article attacking him and containing knowledge which had not been obtained from him, and of matters which ought to have been most completely confidential.

He indicated that there were suggestions that he should remain in the Cabinet in a subordinate capacity, but in view of the Campaign of Callumny which had been directed, and with such violence, against himself and Lord Grey, upon whom the chief responsibility for the Country's policy during the War had rested, he thought it was far better that he should come right out and make a clear severance in order that the Cabinet might not be subjected to attacks of a similar character, owing to his presence in it.

That in regard to his colleagues he had left them free either to join or not to join in the cabinet as they might individually think best; from the point of view of giving the best service they could do their country in this time of crisis.

Lord Grey then said a few words, he spoke of the intimate relations and of the terrible strain, almost beyond endurance which had fallen upon all the members of the cabinet during the early days of the War.

The endurance as great and as painful as the physical endurance to which men in the trenches were subjected, that Mr. Lloyd George had borne the strain with them all, cheerfully and with great courage and that he could not think that Mr. Lloyd George had inspired the fierce attacks made upon himself in the Press.

He was prepared to give support to the New Government in their efforts to secure not merely the victory but the safety of this country in this time of grave crisis.

Mr. Eugene Watson then rose, as one of the oldest members, and proposed a vote of confidence in Mr. Asquith as head of the Liberal Party and this was seconded by Lord D'Abernen in a few well-chosen words, and was about to be put to the meeting when Mr. Booth rose from the front seat and said before it was put he would like to know "where *he* was to sit," whereupon someone interjected "No one can sit upon Mr. Booth."

Mr. Asquith replied to the question that he intended to sit on the front-opposition bench as the head of an organized and patriotic opposition supporting the New Government in all measures for the active and efficient prosecution of the War, but of course members might sit where they liked as it was physically impossible for them all to sit on the same side.

No other sound emanated from the "Ginger Group" and the vote was passed unanimously, and members dispersed at once, gathering in groups in the galleries to discuss what had transpired.

Thus fell the Coalition Government which came into office in May, 1915.

It was formed to hide the truth from the country. Under it the Empire has suffered the greatest humiliation in our history—the Dardanelles—the capture of our forces at Kut by the weakest of our enemies—we had to retire before the Bulgarians at Salonika and from Athens under guard of the Greeks! Under it every Liberal principle has been abandoned: Free speech, Free service, Free trade. The truth has been suppressed and the Nation's Parliament muzzled and treated with contempt. The result has been that discussion and power have been transferred from the responsible and informed arena of Parliament to the irresponsible and uninformed arena of the Press itself controlled by vast syndicates under Lord Northcliffe and others. This press campaign ended voluntary service and the life of the Government which abandoned it. The Military situation was never darker than at the moment of its fall.

Extracts from letters of Betty Molteno.

September, Cape Town, about 8 o'clock.—"A glorious moonlight night, a great cloud mass resting on the Table Mountain range and the lights of Cape Town and suburbs making a fine illumination.

Mrs. Bolus remained until the dinner bell rang: had one meal before the ship moved. After we started, I made an investigation of the decks; they are splendid, far better than in any former ship I have sailed on. From bow to stern one can walk the whole length of the ship. At the stern is a comfortable seat, but at present the bulwark shut out the immediate view,—still I found a place to sit quite at the stern, where one could be alone with the sky and sea and the sailing white gulls that, last night, filled the air with their swaying wings. The air was pure life and as exhilarating as high mountain peaks and filled with the great life of the ocean.

Alice remained in the dining-saloon: a stiff breeze made the boat move considerably: we rose and fell firmly. I could not get quite to the front, such was the swaying movement. About 10.30 p.m. we got to bed—no ports open. At 12.30 I was awake and got up to find more air, met a night steward who said he was going on deck and would tell me whether our port could be opened. At 1 o'clock he came to the cabin to say that the weather was wet and nasty and nothing could open. I then took wraps to the saloon and slept there till the morning. Got out for a few minutes before breakfast, the sea glorious, full of life and movement, gulls still about. Breakfast very good, some conversations with 2 young Australians.

12.30.—Spent an hour on one of the upper deck benches, which made either sitting or lying possible—the former position gave me sky and cloud-land—the latter a kaleidoscopic study of broken water suffused with light, such as I have never yet found possible—but have to describe it! It needs pencil-colour and brush and even then how at a loss one would be to portray it."

August 16th.

"Actually no ink to be had, so can't write much. This place is very picturesque, reminding me of Marseilles in its Frenchness."

Gordon Sq., London.
September 2nd.

"No letters were allowed to be posted at Dakkar—such heaps to tell that I fear nothing scarcely will be told. Have communicated with May, Hilda and Ethel, and had lively, warm, loving letters from them all. Yesterday Alice and Helen were sheltering from a shower when who should flit past them but dear Nan Mitchell—Alice and she pretty well rushed into one another's arms and an appointment was made to meet at her rooms at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

Percy came from Scotland on Tuesday. He telegraphed for me to dine with him at Palace Court and then motored me back to Euston, where he caught the Scotch train back as he returned the same day. He gave me a lovely warm welcome.

London is throbbing with interest and I try to keep myself from oozing away in feeling. Have seen Olive Schreiner several times and love and admire her (if possible) more than ever. I saw Emily Hobhouse at the Westminster Palace Hotel: she says she has been resurrected but she looks more fragile than at the Cape—ethereal and wasted—London must be too much for her. A lady who has lived much in Albania and knows the Balkan States, Greece and all that part of the world, came before we left. Famine is stalking through those regions of Europe: 150 per cent. Albanians must die if food cannot be got to them; the Americans are the only people to do it and they are already doing an immense amount.

I find night London very picturesque, small fairy lights glimmering in all directions and the stars gleaming overhead. The people in streets, trains or motor-buses so kind and polite, no standing while men are sitting, and so obliging if asked a question.

Alice and Helen have come in and are now going to see Nan Mitchell. How one loves her for the help she is giving to the suffering; she told Alice she makes only a short run to America and then returns to her works of mercy in France."

Tavistock Square.
October 9th.

"Here I am in the big three-windowed room —doubtless once a saloon when some wealthy family inhabited this mansion. Very comfortably I slept, the breathing is good and there is a feeling of brightness and freedom which was wholly foreign to my big room in Gordon Sq. The dear green-frocked lady brought flowers while I was out yesterday evening and there they were to greet me on my late return from Olive, lighting up the big room with their sweet faces and making me feel surrounded by spirit friends.

Yesterday morning, on my way to Olive I walked to Palace Court and found the Parklands party would not return till to-day. Elizabeth was away for a month's holiday and another nice woman had taken her place. She said she had seen a zeppelin come down in flames —an astounding and awful sight, which made her want to burst into tears. She could not understand people bursting into cheers. I found Olive ill and suffering. At 3 o'clock Miss Brackenbury came to fetch her for a motor drive and I went with them towards Golder's Green and we passed through Olive's street of children: there they were, a world of little people, clambering, like sparrows, about the door-steps, along the streets in perambulators, one sweet little fellow of 4 with his arm round the neck of a small girl beside him. One was bathed in childhood— happy unselfconscious childhood—God grant they are moving into a better era than the Inferno we are passing through.

The heavy fall of clouds, that hung so low above us broke and broke as we mounted the rise at Hampstead Heath. Sunshine came, first in faint wan flickers, then flecks of delicate blue appeared beyond the breaking clouds till at last fields and rivers of golden light flowded in a late afternoon of subtle penetrating soul and reviving loveliness."

Parklands.
October 15th.

"I am having one of the wondrous moments of life here with dear Margaret, she drove us for about 2 hours yesterday through the lovely lanes, that dipping up and down country, all miniature, tiny hills, valleys, streams, very soft and gentle, very tender to human beings is this sweet English scenery—not the deep breathing—the mighty draughts of fresh life of Glenlyon, not the deep emotions, the abiding passions, the Love and Hate of the untamed mountains, but a deep, soul-penetrating, soul-awakening music is here always trying to give some deep message to one's soul .....

Last week was largely given up to Olive, she was in torment with the struggle to breathe and we moved through the kaleidoscopic life of London on the top of busses like some of Dante's tormented spirits in the Inferno, yet Olive is never wholly dominated by the physical life—bright sparkles of another life are ever breaking from her lips and one is thankful to be beside her, to view life from her large and vivid standpoints—no wonder her body finds it impossible to keep pace with the eager, aspiring, inquiring spirit within. And on we whirl into the twilight, into the descending night as London begins to clothe herself in robes of unearthly splendour. The great golden harvest moon breaks through the trees in Hyde Park and sails gloriously in a clear evening sky—solitary apart from the bewildering, to her microscopic, life of London.

And once more the great lumbering motor-bus plunges into a vast thoroughfare and we are moving in a scene out of the Arabian Nights—a dark sea illuminated by innumerable fairy lights, and one wonders how the great vehicle will find its way through that quivering, and scintillating, colour-besprinkled darkness. Then we alight at Charing Cross— an immense sea of thrilling, surging human life, and slowly worm our way through the crowds into a vast newly-established Lyons restaurant.

You will say I don't speak of the war—I must not—there are plenty of signs of it in leg-less and arm-less men. A terrible aeroplane was mounting, losing itself in the clouds above us, as we whirled along and I have seen hideous devil playthings of aeroplanes lying like giant yellow slugs beside the place where they had been manufactured; I have been roused out of sleep because Zepps were about and as Olive and I sat on a bus, a man volunteered the information that in his neighbourhood, in the East End, a bomb fell on a public house, killing 2 women, a baby and 2 barmen, and exploding the great barrels of beer.

Indeed the Devil is unchained and is forging himself with hate and blood, spying out his venom upon Mankind, that still dares to believe that somewhere in the Universe, Love and not Hate reigns supreme.

These must be the birth throes of a New Humanity, whose watchwords will be: Love, Light, Life."

November 28th.

"I went with Olive to hear Mr. Ponsonby speak at South Kensington on Tuesday night —a fine meeting—a spirit of hopefulness as to Peace, a big movement has begun in America. What helped me was the sincere sweet souls that looked out of the people's faces: as for Ponsonby, he spoke like one inspired.

You will have seen the important changes at the Admiralty and that Beatty now commands the Grand Fleet—my heart is heavy with a sense of impeding Fate. Tremendous things must go on taking place, but as Browning sang—in spite of all "God's in His Heaven, and all's right with the world."

Llandindod Wells.
November 24th.

"I fear only a word can go to you from this dear spot but no words can adequately express what I feel about this sweet real home. I arrived on Wednesday and the time is flying all too fast. You know this place, so full of its own special flavour—Welsh. How happy you and Dr. Murray must feel about darling May—she has indeed found her realm."

London.
December 8th.

"Again I must put off my return—now I hope to spend Christmas here and to see dear George if he can be back, as he expects, for Christmas. You will not be surprised that I am glad to be here in these moments of kaleidoscopic change. I feel so very far away from the Cape—a sense of hopeless separation as regards the putting you into touch with the rapid changes going on here.

On Wednesday Olive and I paid Emily Hobhouse a visit, she was staying with a delightful lady in a beautiful flat; she is wonderfully better and seemed in good spirits. I fancy, on the whole, satisfied that the management should pass into the hands of Lloyd George, whom she seems to personally like. Yesterday Olive and I lunched with a charming friend of hers at Hampstead—an American—breaking her heart over the war: her husband has been for weeks in the Isle of Man, among the interned people there. She knows heaps of Conscientious Objectors who are still being imprisoned and hardly dealt with. She proposed our going to Caxton Hall, where an exhibition was going on, to help Sylvia Pankhurst's Babies. Zangwill and Nevinson were there and also Sylvia Pankhurst. It was delightful to see Olive amongst all these friends who so evidently feel blessed by her presence.

How deeply I feel for, and with the dear, dear, people of England. They are so bewildered, so many of them feel as if they are offering themselves up on an altar of sacrifice for Humanity. They literally believe they are the guardians of Freedom and Justice. Dear dear, People! They feel as if Germany had set up some terrible pagan god of War and Destruction—God only knows whither we are drifting. The German Peace move, one can but hope and pray, may be the beginning of Peace—but until the real moment comes for it Peace cannot come. It has to descend into multitudes of souls—into hearts that are prepared to receive it. The Fires of God, purifying, searching, must burn to prepare the way

for the Prince of Peace to descend and the stubble and chaff must first be destroyed or Mankind will not be able to receive the message."

December 29th.

"You will understand how difficult it has been to write letters in the midst of these excitements about Peace. The Press here seems to me extraordinarily wicked in the spirit in which it writes. It seems like madness—a loss of all balance, dignity, self-respect, bullying and cursing, pure and simple. The real heart and soul of the nation are vastly different and in no way voiced by the wicked Press. The more deeply I see into the soul of the English people, the more do I admire and respect them and realise that, in respecting themselves they know how to estimate or respect other nationalities.

To tell you about the spending of Christmas would be long. Never have I been more deeply moved by the messages of Peace and Goodwill. I went to St. Paul's on Sunday and Monday (Xmas Day) and it was well to be there amidst the throng of worshippers in the dim Cathedral with its brightly lighted choir —the vast building remaining dim and mysterious. Tears could flow and hearts could throb unobserved even by one's neighbour—though perhaps not unfelt by those who were in sympathy. The glorious music breathed Heaven and the fresh boys' voices were angelic in sweetness and purity."

January 20th, 1917.

"What black dark weather yesterday and again to-day? I have managed to get along fairly with the help of the gas-fire, the Vegetarian Restaurant and plenty of reading! Last evening, just before 7 o'clock, as I was about to get ready to go to my evening meal at the Veg. Restaurant came a truly terrific explosion: the sort of thing I have often envisaged during our voyage in the "Athenic", but more tremendous in bulk and vibration than anything I had imagined, such a concussion, such reverberations, such a volume of awful sound! I felt the powerful vibrations in my body long after, and didn't recover the shock for 2 or 3 days. Immediately the house broke into terrified movement and sound—childrens' voices mingling with those of the grown ups in wild excited laughter. One felt, at last it is here! What comes next! I finished my preparations and then went downstairs to find several excited, terrified women standing at the front door. "It's not Zepps, or there would be more of them," they said. "It must be an explosion at a Munition Factory." Another remarked: "Someone saw a sudden extraordinary blaze of light, which was rapidly followed by the terrific outburst of sound." I then went out into the dark to the Veg. Restaurant, not many people had arrived but all looked startled and shaken. Later others dropped in: one was certain it was an explosion at a Munition Factory and could not be far off, he thought at Farrington Street.

When Miss Howard brought my breakfast next morning she said: "The papers say nothing about it." Later her mother came to my room and said she had been told that the explosion took place near Woolwich. When I went to lunch at the Veg. Restaurant someone lunching there, who had been working at the scene of the explosion, said 1,500 dead bodies had been found. Later I saw Mr. F., he confirmed this, and said that an immense conflagration was raging, that people on the spot thought it was the end of the world.

The explosion took place at Silour Town, not very far from Tilbury. Rumour says that 16 streets have been destroyed. No details in the evening papers."

DORIS'S WEDDING.

Doris Margaret Beard to Ernest William Lasbrey, April 17th, 1917.

How wonderfully like a miniature world our clan is becoming!

With its ever-widening circles, and its growing interests, there are constant calls for our sympathy and co-operation, our services and our love, a very human document indeed is our Chronicle.

Since our last copy reached us much has happened—and Sorrow, the misty-eyed has slipped silently into some of our homes, there to make her dwelling place; but as ever, Joy her attendant waits beisde her.

Therefore it was with hearts filled with pure rejoicing that we all gathered on 17th April at 3 o'clock, up at the old Parish Church of St. John's, Wynberg, to be present at Doris Beard's wedding and to extend a warm welcome to her bridegroom, Rev. Ernest Lasbrey.

There had been very heavy rains during the day and night before, breaking up our long summer drought; but sunshine prevailed early in the day, and a lovely afternoon gladdened all hearts. Everything felt and looked so clear and fresh, and a keen touch in the air brought roses to young cheeks.

The church had been most beautifully de-decorated by loving hands, and waving palms, and papyrus, and long graceful bamboo sprays caught the eyes first and then they rested upon tall hydrangeas tinted with their rich autumn colouring—and snowy chrysanthemums, and some very exquisite Eucharist lilies sent specially for the day by the Dowager Lady de Villiers.

Friends, guests and parishioners early filled the church and away to the left in the corner beside the pulpit there gathered a little company—all in khaki and dark green—the well-known Kenilworth troop of Boy Scouts, come to do honour to the Rector—their ex-Chief—and their chaplain, on this glad day.

To some present it did not seem so very long since the bride's mother herself had passed down the old church to the altar, and now here was her daughter with her sweet bright face coming up the aisle between rows of eager faces, for he who to-day was claiming her as his bride, has built for himself throughout his Parish, a niche, in so many hearts and homes, that his people welcome her as their friend also.

And so, to the soft sweet notes of Lohengrin's bridal march, Doris came on her father's arm, such a beautiful winsome girl, charming in all her ways, and yet one lovely trait stands out—to those who know her—best described in the name once given her of "Friend of all the World." Significant title for one whose work will often lie amongst human hearts and full of suggestion for the days we live in.

Her gown was softest white crepe-de-chine all veiled and draped with her mother's lovely old Limerick lace, with it she wore Islay's plain tulle veil and her mother's orange blossoms—thus fulfilling the old proverb for a bride: "Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue"—(the girls at the wedding know what dainty little article was blue!)

The beautiful shower bouquet, was made chiefly of chrysanthemums and cactus dahlias and some beautiful sprays of real white bridal heather.

Behind her came her only attendant, little Betty Bisset, looking a perfect picture in a dainty white frock and a soft bow of pale pink in her silky yellow hair, clear and fresh and sweet as a primrose, carrying a graceful basket filled with flowers shading from delicate pink to the softest of mauves.

Those who knew said that a perceptible stir and ripple passed over the little company in khaki and dark green at this moment!

The clergy and the choir being in readiness and Ernest Lasbrey awaiting his bride, with his friend Lieut. Parker, R.F.A., the service began immediately with the singing, on our knees, of the dear old favourite "Our blest Redeemer."

His Grace the Archbishop, assisted by Rev. Coldstream Sampson and Rev. V. de Smidt, performed the ceremony and in closing spoke tenderly and wisely to the couple before him.

He gave them as a watch-word the verse from 4th Chapter, 1st John: "Whatsoever is born of God, overcometh the world and this is the Victory that overcometh the World—even our faith," and he spoke to the bridegroom of the work to which he had been called, and his special service as Rector of the Parish of St. John's. He reminded the bride that she had chosen one who was called to special work.

While he was thus speaking one could not help thinking of the beautiful spiritual inheritance of the bride, coming down from both sides of the family, and it seemed so fitting that she descended from those in whom such depths of earnestness and real devotion to truth had blossomed, and borne such rich fruit, should find her heart's home and her life companion in one pledged to the love and Service of God.

Then, around the bridegroom there began to gather thoughts that one could almost see, of love and gratitude from many a father's and mother's heart for the love care and devotion he had given to the many dear boys, who from time to time had gathered about him, and heartfelt wishes and prayers ascended, that the blessings poured out so freely for others would return to cluster round his own home—and just there our thoughts sped over the sea, to the widowed mother, thinking surely of this happy day for her son and one felt that for her too it would bring blessing. By that time we found that the service was nearly over and we all joined together in singing that most beautiful of bridal hymns "Oh perfect Soul", a fitting close to that ceremony where so much of sacred mystery is symbolized and there came a swift realization of the truth of that inspiring thought, that in almost all the deep and beautiful things of life, if we seek, we find a Trinity and that always where man and maid lift high their hearts and hands in holy love and aspiration, there is present the spirit from on high, who meets them and blending their lives into one, overflows in blessing and love through them and others.

When the bridal party had withdrawn to the vestry we had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Murray—the clan rejoices with pride over its singer and enjoyed to the full his rendering, with his usual taste and feeling of Hamilton Gray's beautiful song "A Dream of Paradise." When the last strains had died away the clear, bright opening notes of Mendelssohn's wedding march clashed out—played triumphantly by Mr. Hutchinson—and a very happy pair passed down the aisle, greeting their friends as they went to the porch, where the Boy Scouts were lined up to receive them.

In a very short time we had all gathered at Belford and were being welcomed by Bessie and Bert.

The former wore a lovely gown of deep sage blue satin, the bodice being mainly composed of Geogette crepe with faint touches of green, with this was worn a most becoming wide black hat with a soft feather trimming of vivid green.

Most of us have experienced the genial hospitality in that charming house, so I need only hint at the spacious rooms with their exquisitely arranged flowers and the elegant simplicity of all the appointments.

The damp day had prevented our having tea under the trees, but Doris' brides table had been set in the bow window at the far end of the drawing-room and the room was filled with members of the clan, the clergy, the church-wardens, a few old family friends and Doris' girl friends.

Very sincere congratulations were given to Mr. and Mrs. Bisset, Senior, on their granddaughter's marriage and everyone rejoiced that they were both so well and able to be amongst us—while there was very real disappointment for his many friends in the fact that owing to, we hope, a passing indisposition, Mr. Beard, Senior, was unable to join us.

"No speeches" was the order of the day, but one was permitted, since the Church-

warden had a presentation to make—from the Parish, and Mr. H. Gibson, in a happy little speech, gave them the good wishes of their Parishioners, and in presenting a handsome cheque, constituted the bride and bridegroom into a committee of two to arrange for the spending of it!

Following closely upon that came the photographing of the wedding group, upon the verandah steps, with the Scouts making a living framework around them—and as one rejoiced over this fitting background, of the bridegroom's beloved Scouts, one's thoughts flew away to Ronald, over the sea, and the many other older members of that specially loved troop, who "absent from among us" serving God and their King, yet lived in our hearts and such as in thought of this happy day.

Linked up with these scattered friends were the many other relatives and dear ones far away, who would be sending their loving thoughts for Doris and Ernest.

Then the bride went off to change her dress, assisted by Gwen Bisset, who as chief helper throughout all the preparations, and during the day had, with her tasteful and skilful fingers and quick perception proved invaluable, and who looked particularly attractive in a gown of deep bottle-green, a hat of the same shade and some very becoming black fox furs.

Meanwhile an opportunity now presented itself of looking at the presents, set out in the dining-room—such an attractive array—ranging from many articles of silver, old family jewellery, pictures, dainty needlework, to "riempje" chairs!

One large cushioned chair, which caught the eye, bore on it a tiny silver plate with an inscription from the Scouts.

Warned by the approach of baskets of dainty flower petals, of the passing of time we all gathered about the doorway and steps to see our newly-wedded pair set out on their honeymoon—and presently they came, with smiles, amid a pink and purple shower—Doris looked delightful and charming in a dark green taffeta, with its touch of gold and a green hat to match.

Everything was packed in safely, and away they went, followed by cheers from their friends (and a satin shoe!), to dear Miller's Point, which is gradually gathering an atmosphere of romance to add to its other charms.

This ended a very happy afternoon, and wishing the young couple God-speed in their new life, we turned to our kind host and hostess, who well deserved congratulations on the charming appropriate and well appointed wedding.

With the S.A. Field Ambulance in France.

Extracts from Kenah's Letters.

October 31st, 1916.

"During the past month we have been through another plunge into the great battle. Though it has been a bad time for our infantry, it has not, on the whole, been nearly such a terrible experience as the first.

We have now moved away and hope to be in rest for some time, but how long, or how short, no one knows of course.

On arrival in this place I made the usual enquiries as to whether George's division was anywhere and found, to my delight, that his unit was in the next village to ours. So off I went in high hopes and had no difficulty in finding the unit, but, to my disappointment, George had just been sent off to a gunnery school about 25 miles away and would not be back for nearly 3 weeks. This is the first time I have managed to get in touch with his unit and it does seem bad luck not to have been able to find him there.

We are having very wet, stormy weather and how they hope to go on with the great battle in such conditions, I don't know. As it was this time the wretched soldiers were soaked in mud and frozen with cold until one wonders how human nature can endure the trials to which it is put."

November 3rd, 1916.

"Yesterday Major Pringle found he would have to visit Headquarters of our Division and I discovered, to my delight, that they were quite close to the school at which George is visiting. So I went with him and, after business was over, we drove on and I had no difficulty in finding the place and George.

Of course he had no idea that I was even in the neighbourhood. When I arrived he and some others were having a practice game of football. I watched for a few minutes and then called out. For a moment he looked very much puzzled and could not make out who I was, for as it was raining I was very much muffled up. It is about 5 years since I last saw him, he was looking very well and says they are working them pretty hard right up to a late hour at night. There are a large number, I think about 100 of them, all living in a huge chateau. The owner, a French count with his wife and 2 daughters, are still in residence, and I imagine it must be a trying experience for them to have 100 pairs of muddy boots in and out, of their large and rather gaudy chateau, all day. George seemed very well and cheerful and is getting rapidly bald. This piece of news caused immense amusement among my brother officers.

I am in great hopes that we may settle down somewhere for the winter for a longish spell, in which case one might get more time for writing. As it is we have never been more than about 14 days in one spot—mostly only a day or two. I find it difficult to write with any degree of patience when one has to do it in some chilly spot with hands and feet getting rapidly colder and colder. Recently the weather has been worse than usual and the country is now a morass; you can't step outside but into seas of slush. Most people wear "gum-boots" but I find them horribly chilly. However, most of the South Africans, including myself, seem to be standing the weather better than the Home troops. We have, so far, had quite remarkably less illness, from climatic conditions, than the British regiments in our division."

November 29th, 1916.

"I am back once more after my leave. It has been a real joy to get away and a splendid change, giving one renewed vigour for the work here. Immediately on my return, I made my way over to see George. Is it not splendid for him to have got the Military Cross? Awards are extremely hard to get now-a-days and mean unusually good work. George was looking very well indeed. To find him I had to visit Headquarters and there I saw his General, who spoke most nicely about him and seemed to have the highest opinion of him. He was very nice to me and gave me every help to get to George, whose battery is in the line again. Unfortunately we have moved from where we were when I saw him first, and now we are too far off for me to be able to go over again. However, I believe we shall really never be very far apart this winter—may perhaps chance to be stationed quite close.

To-day it has been just on the point of freezing all day, enough to freeze water in places, but not enough to dry up the ground. This, I think, is the most trying sort of weather, as it is wet under foot and bitterly cold at the same time. However, I have provided myself with a good outfit, which makes an immense difference. I have a sort of chamois leather under-suit which goes over my usual under-clothing and outer garments. It is very light and absolutely stops the wind penetrating.

At present we are lucky to be housed in quite a good farm house with a nice stove in the mess room. It must be bitter work for the poor sentries in the trenches in this weather—always wet underfoot and no fires allowed."

December 21st, 1916.

"This last blow by the French at Verdun is really quite a staggering one, as they have captured there, in one day, as many big guns as we have done during the whole of our push in the summer.

The French are really splendid. They went through the mill, at the start, the same as we are doing, but they have finally got a splendid

staff and carry out their work with amazing dash and precision.

At present we are living in a fair-sized town through the outskirts of which the line goes. Most of the civil population has gone long ago. All the conspicuous buildings are demolished and most of the houses are more or less battered. The population must have fled precipitally as we have in use even the silver spoons and forks belonging to this house. It has not suffered so much as most and has only a few shell holes in the roof which we have patched up, more or less.

The weather is cold and damp; every now and again we get a spell of frost which is infinitely preferable to the wet. I often think of the nice bright weather at home, as day after day, of gloom and wet, goes by here."

January 20th, 1917.

"I am sitting to-night in front of a lovely big fire, in what was evidently the Principal's sanctum, of the big school building which we are making use of as an Advanced Dressing Station. Beyond having had all the windows smashed and a few holes blown in the roof, the building has not sustained a great deal of damage. We are only about a mile from the front line, and this is very different to the accommodation we have experienced elsewhere. Our corresponding A.D.S. at most other parts of the line would be in dug-outs among the trenches, so we are extremely lucky. The trenches are just on the outskirts of the town and from them the wounded are brought for the first part of the journey on hand-borne stretchers and for the remainder on wheeled stretchers. Behind us are numerous batteries of guns of all sizes which fire over our building, and as some are only from 50 to 100 yds. away, they give us a good shake up. It is wonderful how one adapts oneself to circumstances, as in common with most of the others I often don't even wake up when they fire.

Our guns do much more firing than the Germans, though they have given us several pretty smart bombardments since we have been here, and as they almost invariably use gas shells, it is somewhat unpleasant. Fortunately for us there was an issue of really splendid respirators issued just before we came here, and they have proved excellent. A sort of mask fits closely over the face, with a tube leading from it into a box packed with chemicals which strain off and render innocuous every kind of gas. Armed with these one has nothing to fear from gas, as we have been able to prove on several occasions lately.

George came back from leave about 5 days ago and is stationed again where they were on our arrival here. We have been able to see quite a lot of one another, and will make the most of the time we are close together. The day before yesterday he brought me a letter from you and on the same day I got another one sent on by May, so I have had quite a lot of home news.

Just at present we are having a very cold snap, which began with a day's frost followed by a heavy fall of snow and then a thaw, with frost again to-day. As long as it is frosty the snow is rather pleasant than otherwise, as it cleans up everything and is infinitely preferable to the interminable wet and slush. I am glad to say my cold has practically gone again and I am feeling very fit and well. It has really been a slice of great good luck that we should have had the use of good buildings all through December and up to the present, as now the days are perceptibly lengthening out, and another two months ought to see us through the worst of the winter weather.

Our Brigade is standing the winter very well, and the men remain cheerful through it all. If you see any of those who are working for the "Comfort Funds" you must tell them that their efforts have been of real use and much appreciated. In fact the splendid supplies of comforts of all sorts, which come to the South Africans, has become quite proverbial in our Division. The conditions under which the men have to exist, are often almost more than one would imagine human endurance could sustain, and as the modern soldier carries a huge load of equipment he cannot take along anything much for his own comfort. The parcels of comforts are used as soon as

they arrive and he therefore gets the benefit of them without any added weight to his already heavy burden of equipment."

March 19th, 1917.

"It is some time since I wrote last but I have been busy and moved about. First of all I moved up to and lived for 10 days or so in the Advanced Dressing Station I was asked to fit up for that purpose. I had just got the rough of the work done, when I was offered and accepted the command of a large Rest Camp where I am now. The site is a very nice one but will require a considerable amount of work to fit it for the required purpose. It is on a gentle slope which had just been ploughed and sown, with the wheat ears just beginning to push up. The orders were that I was to provide accommodation for 1200 men, who will be those who are suffering from exhaustion and minor ailments. Certain huts and tents were promised and for the rest I was to have a free hand to plan out and construct the various appendages of a camp such as this, e.g., stores, offices, dispensary, cookhouse, mess room, etc., etc., on a scale to cope with 1200. One of the most crucial matters is to fix up a cookhouse for 1200, and I have made a plan for one to meet the case, and when it is finished I shall tell you whether it was a success or not. So far it seems to be turning out well. Fortunately for me my immediate superiors are very nice to work with, and back me up most cordially in all I am endeavouring to get and do. The weather is the great difficulty."

Extracts from George's Letters.

November 14th, 1916.

"So much has happened since I last wrote to you that I don't quite know where to begin. My last letter was written some time before we went down south to take our turn at the fighting there. We spent 2 months right in the very midst of it and took part in the advance during September, when the Tanks made their first appearance and when all those villages were captured. It is not much use attempting to give you any account of the time down there because I would have to mention names and describe places, and of course that is not allowed.

I heard that Horseley was not far off at one time but I didn't meet him. He was very badly wounded, but I am glad to say he is now recovering slowly. He was awarded the Military Cross and would you believe it, I got a message from our General, a few days ago, to say that I had also been given it. I never expected anything of the kind because so many people deserve honours that it is difficult to know whom to select.

As soon as we left the Somme. we went straight back to our same old part of the front. I was sent off on a course of instruction about 20 miles behind the lines, where I am at present. It is the second course I have been on and I enjoy them, as a pleasant change from the firing line."

November 22nd, 1916.

"The course of instruction finished a few days ago and I am back again with the battery. We are very comfortable at present as we live in a ruined house a little distance from the guns, which is much nicer than in dug-outs.

You can have a stove fixed up and everything keeps much drier and warmer. Naturally we have all our dug-outs and places prepared at the guns because the house may get knocked to pieces a bit more at any time and we don't want to be stranded.

All the leaves are off the trees and things look like mid-winter again. We hardly seem to have had any summer at all this year, though that feeling is probably due to the fact that we spent the best months on the Somme. and there the time passed by quickly. Also all the woods were so blown about that not a single leaf was to be seen on any trees near to us.

A few days ago the ground was covered with snow but it has all disappeared again. I am going to do my best to keep warm this winter. I bought a fine big fur-lined coat while on the

course and it is splendid. I am glad to say, I am very well and fit though I don't look forward to the wet and cold of another winter.

Fortunately this is chalk country and not the horrible mud and clay of Ypres, so that it is possible to keep dug-outs fairly dry."

Extract from a Letter.

November 29th, 1916.

"George has gone back to the battery now and as his Commanding Officer and second in command are both going to England on gunnery courses, he will be in command of the Battery. It is a position of great responsibility but, having done it for 10 days once before, he likes it very much. They are very busy and all rather worn out and hoping for leave and the end of the war.

He says he is sending or bringing over some more souvenirs!—2 huge brass shell cases from German 8 in. howitzers, another aeroplane bomb and a machine gun! which he got out of a captured German trench.

From a few scattered remarks I gather that George got his Military Cross for his action on the 15th of September—the day the tanks were first used. He was detailed to follow the attacking infantry and keep the battery in touch with their movements. He had two signallers with him to lay the telephone wires and send his messages. Almost at the outset one of his men was killed and I gather that the other was also killed later and he had to lay the wires and send the messages amid heavy shelling in an exposed position all alone. He was warmly congratulated by his General, for his work and had a very nice note from him also. One remark made of him by the General was: "He is absolutely the coolest man I've ever met."

Extracts from George's Letters.

January 4th, 1917.

"Here I am back in England once more—my leave arrived at last. I hadn't much warning as to the exact date and let people know it would be round about New Year's Day. As it turned out, I crossed from France on the morning of January 1st and arrived in London at 2 p.m. It was a lovely day and it felt very strange indeed to be back in the midst of civilization. Although it is only 7 months since my last leave, so much has happened, in that time that it feels ages longer.

I went straight to Palace Court but found all the party was down at Parklands. Aunt Bessie and Margaret, however, were coming up next morning so I decided to wait and go back with them.

To make the most of my time I went straight off to the Horsleys, without so much as washing and shaving. I found Oswald there, still on sick leave. He wasn't looking at all strong, I thought, and it will be a great mistake if they make him take up his duties again at the end of the month. He had an enormous wound in his side, over 12 inches long, besides another smaller one in the ribs. What is more he has been shot through the shoulder twice before, so I think he should be given a thorough rest and then only taken for light duty. The worst of it is he is so keen to be doings things that he refuses to be reasonable. Did I tell you that he had been given the Military Cross? He gained it in an attack on the Somme. We have hopes that there will be an investiture by the King before my leave ends, so then we could go together, but I fear there is not much chance as they told me at the War Office that there probably wouldn't be another till the end of the month, by which time my leave would be over—I have got from January 1st to the 11th.

I spent the evening and also stayed the night at the Horsley's, and then went back to Palace Court in time to meet Aunt Bessie and Margaret. We spent a busy Tuesday and Wednesday doing a lot of shopping as I had quite come to the end of all my clothes. London seemed even busier than usual and I was surprised to see so few signs of war.

Tuesday afternoon Margaret and I went to pay a visit to Aunt Betty. It was so nice seeing her again and we had a good long talk. Wednesday we came down to Parklands, Uncle Percy, Helen and Victor were all there.

March 20th, 1917.

"Since I last wrote things have been going on without much change, or rather it was so until a few days ago. Now, however, this considerable German withdrawal has caused a great deal of stir. It is difficult to write so as to give you much detail about my doings because of the censorship. I am still in practically the same place so that so far we have not been greatly affected by the movement. The Germans have managed things very well and thoroughly. It is scarcely possible to find a single dug-out or emplacement that has not been destroyed.

I had a good long walk round his lines yesterday. It was extremely interesting, being able to examine all the points at which we have been shooting for such ages. We little thought 2 days ago that it would be possible to walk comfortably across no-man's-land and examine places that we had previously only been able to look at from a distance or through a periscope.

It is quite like the style of things on the Somme again, but without the signs of heavy fighting. Naturally the weather does all it can to make things uncomfortable. There is a gale of wind with plenty of rain. So far there is not the smallest sign of spring, but still the days are longer and it is nice to feel that there is a chance of warmer weather before very long.

Kenah is now some little distance away* though I still have a fair idea as to his whereabouts."

*In the cable news of March 18th the *Cape Times* stated that the S.A. Contingent was 7 miles S.E. of Arras.

The East African Campaign.

Extracts from Jarvis's Letters.

Bombo, Uganda.
November 27th, 1916.

"I am still at Headquarters, where we are training a large number of men. It is strenuous work but the men are turning out exceptionally well and the Colonel says their shooting is better than that of any recruits he has before had. I think I told you that the Kabaka (the King of Uganda) is a Lieutenant in this regiment. He is away recruiting now for the Baganda companies of whom we have several. They make good soldiers but are terrible thieves and one has to have constant kit inspections to see that they don't sell articles issued to them. The country is pretty thickly peopled and foodstuffs are very cheap. On some occasions I have had to buy food for new recruits till they gradually get accustomed to the ordinary rations, and 1½d. per diem gives a man as much as he can eat —in fact I am told that when porters don't get rations, they receive 1 cent a day to buy food, and 6 cents make one penny! The local food consists of bananas (green) and potatoes. The green bananas are cooked until soft and eaten with baked potatoes.

The proper soldier's daily ration consists of 1 lb. rice, ½ lb. mealie meal flour, 2 ozs. Ghee (clarified butter), ½ oz. salt and ½ lb. meat.

We recruit a large number of our men from a district called Gulu, which is about 16 miles from where Sir Samuel Baker had his headquarters, many years ago. I am enclosing a photo of a kit inspection of some of our garrison company at Entebe. We have a garrison company of about 300 strong, those who are old men no longer fit for active service in the field and temporarily taken on during the war to relieve garrison work, but they have done good work on occasion when called upon, as I mentioned to you an instance in a former letter."

December 16th.

"We are making great efforts at increasing the regiments up here. My own, the 4th K.A.R., is 5 times as strong as it was in May last.

This is a very pretty spot but out of the way, being 31 miles from Lake Victoria and 48 miles from Entebbe, which is the capital of Uganda. The country all around here is undulating and thickly peopled and is full of banana groves and cotton fields. Tropical fruit is plentiful and cheap, pine-apples (the best I have anywhere tasted), mangoes, bananas, etc. Every day at lunch a large bowl of "angel's food" is brought round containing pine-apples, bananas, mangoes, guavas and oranges. Eggs and poultry are very cheap and native food costs next to nothing.

At one time sleeping sickness created great *havoc amongst the natives in Uganda but it* is practically non-existent now. It seems to be confined to the edges of lakes, where the undergrowth comes down to the water, but is not known 3 to 4 miles from the water. In consequence the natives are not allowed within 4 miles of the lakes. The bulk of the country lies from 3500 to 4000 feet above sea level and is always cool at night, although not in the middle of the day.

Some of our old Sudanese soldiers are men who were under Sir Samuel Baker and Emin Pasha. When they get too old for service in the field, they live in the "mulki", which is a sort of native location attached to the cantonment, and it is quite interesting to talk to some of these old men.

All the officers have to qualify four months after joining, in either Arabic or Swahili. I was able to pass at once in the latter language and hope soon to qualify in Arabic."

December 30th.

"The weather has truned dry and hot here, which is good for the recruit training, as the *constant rain experienced before delayed mat*ters very much and made accommodation difficult.

I may be going to Nairobi on the 8th with the Colonel. A large training establishment is being made there on the plains outside the town; a good deal of training originally carried out here will be transferred there. Numbers of recruits are coming in—mostly from the North. On the whole they are not difficult *to manage, but, when they are once trained* the sooner they get into the field the better, as they soon get an idea that they know everything. We have one N.C.O., a Swahili, for whom I am rather sorry, as he is always getting into trouble at the Depot. He is a very smart soldier and has proved himself an excellent man under fire, but has now been reduced from Regimental Sergeant Major to Sergeant for constant little irregularities. The Colonel is now sending him to the front with the next draft.

A number of our recruits came from near Nimule and Gondokoro on the Nile. They are tall and thin and good fighters.

Lady Jackson, the Governor's wife, came out to Bombo a few days ago. One meets very interesting people here now and then. The head of the Medical Department here is Col. Hodges, who has been many years in the country, and is an interesting man to talk to. Some of the old native soldiers who live in the military village attached to Bombo, have worked for many well-known men: one old man was with General Gordon when he was *killed at Khartoum, several of them* were soldiers of Emin Pasha and Sir Samuel Baker. One old man came up to me a little while ago to get the Sudanese Military Medal, I found he had fought against us and he was much disgusted when I told him he could not have it, as it was only for men fighting on our side."

Dodoma.
February 13th, 1917.

"I have moved with our men here, which is a good healthy camp and, as far as I could make out, we shall be here for a couple of *months*, as the rains are now on and will prevent our moving. The idea seems to be that this campaign will soon be over once the fine

weather sets in. I have met Arthur Bisset here, in a detail camp. He is looking very well but cannot get away. He seems to have kept pretty fit, his regiment have had a great deal of marching, but not much fighting.

The country around this area is pretty thickly bushed and thickly peopled with natives, who keep stock and go in for a little agriculture."

Dodoma, G.E.A.
March 4th, 1917.

"I wrote to you from Mombasa last..... We had a good sea trip on a very fine boat and have been here for some time still training hard but expect to move off soon. The enemy are very scattered and I expect we shall have plenty of marching, but probably not much fighting. Neither Lenox nor I expect to leave B.E.A. for service in Europe. It is quite possible that some of the K.A.R. may go to Egypt for garrison work till the war in Europe is over but I am told the African troops will not be used north of a certain latitude, about that of Bagdad, and as the fighting is rapidly shifting north, by the time the fighting here is over the war zone is pretty certain to be beyond the limits of African troops.

I have not seen Lenox since last May. He is purchasing cattle from the natives in G.E.A. and the Officer in Charge of the cattle-buying told me he was his best buying-officer and seems to think a lot of him."

Extracts from Lenox's letters.

Permanent Headquarters address.
Lieut. L. B. Murray,
c/o A.D.R.S.,
Dar-es-Salaam.

Umbulu, G.E.A.

"Just a few lines as there is a chance of getting this through to the post. None of the nice things you sent have I received. It's quite hopeless to send things as I am out of touch with all transport, etc.—I may get them at the end of the war—I move all over the country, away from all roads, etc., and am here to-day and gone to-morrow.

I am having a very interesting time and, by the time this war is over, will have seen most of this country. In this area game is very plentiful and elephants can be shot without much difficulty. It is very windy and cold. There are numerous lakes of all sizes and, in places, you get miles and miles of hard salt and soda.

This place I am writing from is an old German fort and is a grim old place. There was a wireless station on the hill above, which the Germans removed before we arrived. After we had occupied this place some time, all was quiet and our people became careless—no outposts or pickets were kept and the men often used to sleep under some trees about 200 yds. from the fort. One morning early a strong party of Germans appeared. They crept close up to the fort and got into some old buildings quite near to our sleeping men. At dawn they opened a heavy fire and the men were shot down before they were awake, at a range of about 10 yards. We had 11 killed and a number wounded. The Germans entered the Hospital but did no damage and then retired after keeping up a fire for about 2 hours.

Everyone speaks very highly of the German Native Commissioner here and he was no doubt very much liked by all, which is probably why the natives round here are still sympathetic with the Germans.

After this attack steps were taken at once to turn this place into a sort of Gibraltar, but of course, any danger of attack had then long passed.

There is a German grave here, the story of it is this: the man was about 30 years of age and was the Sergeant-Major in charge of the native soldiers here. One day the officer rebuked him very severely about his work in front of his men and in the native language. He said he did not mind the rebuke, except that it was given before his native soldiers, so he went and shot himself. We don't do these things but somehow Germans take a soldier's duty more seriously than we do. We have evidence of similar instances of German officers shooting themselves when they have

failed in their duty or their officers considered they had done so.

The war drags on and the enemy are putting up as fine a resistance as history can quote. They have nothing and just live on the country. Their natives run away, but they carry on and won't give in and their main force is still intact."

Schuyanga, G.E.A.
January 5th, 1917.

"I have moved on 100 miles since I wrote last, about 10 days ago. I am now buying cattle in the Newanza area and had a very bad trip through to here with my boys. The country is very low and swampy with clouds of mosquitoes. In one place we had to march for 7 miles, through mud and water—the whole way it was above our knees and, for miles, waist high. It was an awful trip and our porters had a dreadful time.

This is a very fertile part, grows nearly everything and carries thousands of cattle. We buy oxen for £1 to £1 5s. which, in South Africa, would fetch £10 and over. They have the finest oxen I have seen and I expect to supply about 6,000 a month.

I have had no fever yet but am taking a good deal of quinine to guard against it. The mosquitoes worried me a great deal as I had no net, but I have been able to get one now.

I have been advised from one of our Supply Depots that there are goods waiting for me. I think they must be the things you sent me long ago.

We had quite a merry little Christmas dinner—there were three of us, E.A.M.R. officers with our N.C.O.'s—and a wonderfully good dinner was produced, even including champagne.

I was offered quite a good billet as Assistant Political Officer, with a salary of £540 per annum. It is equivalent to an Assistant District Commissioner, but as I do not want to go into the Administration permanently, I did not accept it."

IAN BISSET.

Those who knew Ian Bisset most intimately thought only of life for him. He was so very much alive. He lived a very full life, in spite of affliction greater than usually falls to the lot of happy boyhood and young manhood. The very conquering of the bronchial trouble, which was being achieved, spoke of abundance of life and strength of will. He made life so very much worth while with his well-spent hours; his persistent conscientiousness; his carefully kept, but ever ungrudgingly bestowed, possessions; his skill in the use of rod, gun, tool and pencil; his true pleasure in reading; but more than ever with his much valued friendship; his passionate love of natural beauty; his zest for highest service; and the inner spirit life, which working from within caused a beautiful unfolding as the years advanced. He knew something of the hard side of life for he was sensitive, and often he was a sufferer. What he achieved at school was only done by very strenuous work. In reaching forward to higher things he endured hardness.

But chiefly we thought of life for Ian because we, who watched him closely, saw great promise in many directions. A deep religiousness prevailed with him. He arranged his life cleverly and happily. He had a command of himself which gave a certain air of readiness for both serving and leading. He could express himself in speech and in writing quickly and with considerable effect. Side by side with all this we also noticed other things, things he fought through for himself and by himself. Occasionally the conflict seemed to bring him to a point from which he looked deep into life—remarkably so, for a boy.

These developments went on for the five years during which he was a member of Rondebosch High School. The time was full of the frolic and radiant activities of a boy's life.

Out of school the Kenilworth Troop of Boy Scouts was one of his chief outlets. His contemporaries in the Troop were a very efficient

lot. He had a particular desire to help to build up another generation of scouts who would maintain the then existing traditions. He seized on opportunities to do this with special acuteness, backing it all up with an unselfish use of whatever he could bring to bear upon a position in order to improve it.

Pleasing incidents which marked the course of his work to gain his end are now treasured memories. Amongst many other instances, connected with this, the writer remembers how he built his canoe, finishing more than half the work solely for the good of the Troop. A summons for Defence Force Training in 1914 precluded any possibility of his attending the camp, where the canoe was first used. He took the same care and pains to help a smaller boy to build another. He made a special point of obtaining personal smartness as to uniform and "turn out" as well as general efficiency. The special attentions he paid to comrades during illnesses; his willingness for more work and still more work in the course of an already over arduous day, in order to save younger boys from getting over tired; his efforts to produce something really entertaining for camp "sing-songs." All these things together with his determination to spread keenness for everything going as well as the frank boyish generosity he quietly employed as opportunity arose served not only to bring his goal nearer, but also to show us how deeply he entered into the spirit of Scouting.

In this way he left a mark on the Troop which seems now more like a man's mark. Indeed it was a man's mark, for in December, 1915, when he was 18 years and 3 months old he was called upon to take the position of an Assistant Scout Master.

The call to the Front had come some time before this. The opportunity to go was awaited eagerly and taken sooner than medical advisers recommended. He was to show the wisdom of his decision by proving himself one of the fittest men in his regiment.

A new chapter opened in his life when the train for Potchefstroom steamed out of Cape Town station one Wednesday in March of 1916 bearing him and his friend Ewart Wiener to new and perilous experiences.

We still thought of nothing but life for him. This was just a part of the training. We felt that there were great things to follow. No one desired this more than Ian himself. He longed to live. He planned and worked and schooled himself for the years to come. He was brimful of the hope and the enthusiasm of life. At this particular time, although all this was very strong within him, he reckoned that his life belonged to his country.

A chapter of five years had closed. The new chapter opened. Development in the old chapter was interesting; in the new chapter it was amazing.

The training at Potchefstroom was short, but he lost no time in identifying himself with efforts there to help men to realize more fully the power of true religion in their lives.

The life in the regiment in East Africa was often very difficult from the religious standpoint; so he overcame natural reticence and set to work unflinchingly to improve matters in this direction. Two of the roughest type of foul-mouthed men, after a prolonged altercation, made thoroughly beastly by the use of the worst sort of language, he invited into his tent, then and there speaking to them with such firmness and sympathy that the men both expressed regret. It is said that the Company was not troubled again by their talk.

The trying conditions which prevailed throughout the campaign were met with a wonderful buoyancy of spirit. The Chaplain of the 8th Regiment gives us the information that sometimes in such a position as might arise at the end of a hard day's marching when some impossible sort of discomfiture had to be faced, hardship was again and again made an occasion for hilarity, as Ian found something humourous in the situation and drew peal after peal of laughter from his mess-mates. Through a time when we know that circumstances were never anything but very trying, we are proud to learn how he kept up the

spirits of his tent. "Sometimes at night," to quote the Chaplain's words, "I thought that his tent would never stop laughing."

The well-merited stripes came to him before long. Corporal's duties gave further scope for showing his high qualities. "We never objected to his fatigues," one of the men said, "because he always shared the work with us." "He was right in the front when we stormed the hill and shared his blanket with one of his men through the bitterly cold nights when we occupied it," is another testimony.

The efficient way in which he looked after his men inevitably brought him under the notice of the officers of his regiment. A well-earned commission was the result.

It is difficult to explain what this step must have meant to him. It was some considerable relief to us to think of him being spared the weight of a soldier's kit on the long marches, but we knew that a heavier burden of responsibility would be no light weight in exchange. We realized how immensely he would appreciate the privacy and freedom of his own tent; and how he would be encouraged by such recognition of his services. But whilst sensible of these things he looked beyond them, feeling that it was part of his training for the great life work to which he looked forward.

The testimony of his superiors leaves no room for doubt as to his success in the capacity of an officer. In point of fact we hear that he was also a power for good with all ranks.

In any sketch which aims at giving a true impression of his life during the period of his participation in the campaign an important place must be given to his intercourse with the Chaplain of the 8th Regiment, Captain W. O. Skey, A.C.F., to whom relatives and friends can never be too grateful. Much of the grief and heart-rending disappointment we felt so poignantly in February and March was tempered and soothed by the consolation of knowing that he had a man with him who was in sympathy with his ideals, who spared no pains to show his sympathy and offer his friendship, as well as to minister in holy things according to the duties of his sacred office. The quiet service in the tent; the Blessed Sacrament in the field, at the roughly improvised Holy Table; the long talks about his work amongst the Scouts, about his home and about his ambitions were sources of great strength in those days of strain. Then there were the times spent alone. The writer of this article had to put a few leading questions to a member of the 8th Regiment in order to get all the information desired. One question was as follows: "Did you notice that he went off by himself at set times?" The answer came without hesitation to the effect that such was the case. Early in the morning, by dint of turning out before others, and every evening he went away for a time. We will not go further; the ground on which we stand is holy.

The testimony of the Regimental Chaplain, given at a Meeting of Ian's friends and brother Scouts at Wynberg Rectory is remarkable. "I feel," he said, "that I want to aim at living just the sort of life he succeeded in living."

We always thought of life for Ian Bisset. In the few years, and especially during the last year, our expectations of the influence of his life were absolutely exceeded. Although we did not as fully realise this as we do now, yet we rejoice to think that all around him recognized in his life a blessing and an inspiration.

On February 13th it seemed that another chapter was about to open when the eagerly looked for news of his home-coming reached his parents by letter. An hour later the dreaded telegram arrived. Another chapter had indeed begun. We feel it is meet to say

"He asked life of Thee,
Thou gavest him a long life:
Even for ever and ever."

E. W. LASBREY.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

A very beautiful and touching little memorial service was held in Christ Church, Kenilworth, on the evening of February 1st at 7 o'clock. A stranger coming in by chance would hardly believe that it was a young boy of 19 in whose loving memory the church was filled to overflowing with sorrowful faces—in the middle aisles the Scouts, behind and around them row after row of relatives and friends. And yet as the beautiful Evensong went on and Ian's favourite hymns were sung, the feeling of peace overcame the sorrow, and there was even a note of triumph and exaltation as the young voices rang out in the final hymn "For all the saints who from their labours rest." His sweet young spirit brooded over all and we felt him very near—the veil seemed almost lifted. Such a wonderful, perfect pure life, so sweet, so pure, so blameless, so full of fun and energy and spirit, so gallantly sacrificed for his country. It was impossible to feel sorrow at the moment—the joy and beauty and triumph of it all was around us.

Over the altar hung a beautiful cross of white flowers, and under it a floral emblem, a circle within a circle, the Scout tracking sign meaning "Gone home"—made in flowers for the last time for a Scout who has truly "Gone Home."

When the Scout hymn had been sung a hush settled over the church as Ian's great friend, Mr. Lasbrey, began to speak. His words: "Ian Bisset was dearer to me than a brother," made us realize how hard it was for him to preach and yet he said, hard as it was, he had never wanted to preach so much before. Very beautifully and clearly and simply he spoke, telling us of the beautiful young life we were commemorating and dealing one by one with the difficulties which must arise even in faithful hearts when such a promising young life is so suddenly cut off for no apparent reason and a personality which had already had so much influence for good is withdrawn from amongst us. And what of our apparently unanswered prayers? Some of the boys might ask if it was worth while joining in praying for their chums who are fighting when their prayers for their great friend and Assistant Scout-master's safety have not been heard. The preacher gently reminded them of the most earnest and intensest prayer ever prayed on earth, our Lord's Prayer in Gethsemane, apparently unanswered and so a whole world saved. He took their difficulties one by one and quietly gave them help and consolation and peace in thought that great and good as was Ian's influence here and promising as was his life, there is no doubt that a greater and more urgent work was needing him on the Other Side. Silently the congregation stood while clear and sweet from outside the church came the bugle call—the last post. Another gallant young spirit has been laid down for his friends, who knows how many lives his beautiful example will inspire?