CHRONICLE OF THE FAMILY.

NO. 2. APRIL, 1920. VOL. 7.

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EDITORIAL

The Editor regrets that during the last year she has been able to bring out only two instead of three numbers of the "Chronicle of the Family", and that the present one, which should close the year 1919, has been so long over due. Owing to the difficulties experienced in bringing out the "Chronicle" punctually and in collecting sufficient and varied material, the Editor feels she must reluctantly relinquish her task. Unfortunately a successor has not yet been found and it seems, from discussion with different members of the family, that the time has come to bring it to an end, therefore unless someone can be found to take on the Editorship, the present number which completes the seventh year, must end the life of the "Chronicle of the Family."

A word is necessary as to the financial side of the "Chronicle". The statement appearing below, shows that we have a balance of £31 6s. 6½d. in our favour and the Editor would like to suggest that this sum should be handed to Lady Buxton's fund in aid of the starving children of Europe.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR 1919.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand	18	14	9½
Subscriptions for 1919	30	1	6
Arrear Subscriptions	3	0	0
Subscriptions paid in advance	1	10	0
Extra copies		7	0
	£53	13	3½

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
Printing, August	10	14	0
Wrappers and Exchange		4	9
Printing, March, 1920	11	8	0
Balance	31	6	6½
	£53	13	3½

GENERAL NEWS.

After many delays, Kenah and his family at last arrived home on the 18th of July in the "Cappolonio". Margaret had, to our great joy, decided to take the chance of going out with them to make a long stay with Caroline and Dr. Murray and the family.

Clarissa and Brab are at Blackdown patiently waiting (with the regiment) for their transport which is at present repatriating Canadians. Their destination is China—half the regiment is going to Peking and the other half to Tin-Sin.

Vincient and Eileen are at present at Plymouth where they have managed to get a charming little flat. Vincent has just finished his course at Greenwich and passed his exams. in the top class. Now he is doing a further course at the Royal Naval College, Devonport, where he expects to be for a year.

Audrey is now a senior girl at Queen's College and has taken up Italian and German this term.

Monica is at present working in the Editorial department of the "League of Nations Union" and finds her work intensely interesting.

Ken Beard passed the first part of his Economics special in June. He spent most of the Long Vacation at Cambridge but, in September, motored up to Edinburgh and spent the time between friends there and at Stirling. He then went up to Glen Lyon for a week and returned to London in time to see Ronald off on the Llanstephan. During the strike he carried mails in London on his motor bicycle. He is now up at Clare again but is living out this term.

Willie Anderson arrived in England in September and proceeded to Rome about the middle of October.

Ernest Anderson spent his leave in September, partly at Glen Lyon and partly with friends in Uist, the northernmost island in the Shetlands. He travelled up from Aberdeen by boat and, owing to delay, missed the connecting boat at Berwick where he was forced to spend several days. When he finally reached the islands, the weather was so appalling that he was able to do very little fishing. The residents say that they cannot remember such weather during September. The gales were terriffic, and the waves beating on the rocky shore, simply magnificent. He returned to Aberdeen to find the great strike in progress. Fortunately, however, he managed to discover a train which was evidently taking officials back to Perth, so he travelled there in great comfort stopping at all the deserted stations en route. They were unable to get into Perth as the station was literally crammed with trains in which all the poor people, who had been unable to get rooms in the city, were living. From Perth he motored to Glen Lyon where he spent the rest of the time in a heroic effort to catch a salmon which of all fish appears to be the most irritating and elusive. He returned to London on Tuesday, 7th October.

Lucy Molteno arrived in England from America about May and has been spending most of her time with Aunt Bessie and Uncle Percy in London and at Parklands and latterly at Glen Lyon. She had the good fortune to be taken by Uncle Percy in his tour north in the Rolls-Royce, thus seeing a large part of England and Scotland which she would not otherwise have done. She has since been staying with the Miss Lutleys in their beautiful old house in Worcestershire and with General and Mrs. Greathead at Sidmouth. She hopes to return home before Christmas.

Aunt Bessie went north to Glen Lyon towards the end of July and, a fortnight later, Uncle Percy joined her, having had a glorious motor trip up through the Eastern counties, then through York, Durham and on to Edinburgh. The weather in August was glorious and the ever hospitable Glen Lyon house was

full the whole time. During the season Islay and Jervis, with their family, spent a delightful eight weeks there, Ernest was up for nearly three weeks, and Lucy, Victor and John most of the time; Uncle Barkly and Ken Beard for a week, as well as other friends who all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Uncle Percy came south at the beginning of October to Parklands, which is being completely repainted inside and outside. Aunt Bessie and Miss Cowan are remaining at Glen Lyon until the end of October.

During September Aunt Bessie, Jervis and Islay had a delightful trip on the "Iolaire," Lady Currie's beautiful yacht, which, after a stormy five years of submarine chasing and patrol work, has returned to the more peaceful job of showing people the glories of the West Coast of Scotland. As the first few days were rather stormy, they lay off Scalpay and spent the time enjoying the beauty of Skye from the yacht and fishing for lythe off the island and for trout in the loch on it. Then came an absolute 'dream-day'—blue skies, warm sun, glorious green blue sea, and most wonderful views of mountains in the distance and towering, rocky cliffs near at hand; so off they went, between Rassay and Rhona, with the glorious hills and mountains of Rosshire on the other. Then, far in the distant faint blue shadows, Lewis, Harris and Uiste—and just in front, great rocky cliffs on minute islands—the Shiants, which in June are the nesting place of millions of sea birds. From there on to Stornaway—a quaint and very 'fishy' fishing town—where the people all have the most delightful voices. Then off again, this time to Gairloch on the coast, which was reached just when the sun was setting in a golden glory and the full moon rising behind the mountains and casting a silver path over the quiet waters of the loch. The air was as warm as a South African summer's evening and the hills stood up black and tremendous against a silvery sky. An unforgetable day!

Next day a delightful motor trip, in a rickety Ford, across the moors to Loch Maree and then south again along the coast to Loch Duich where the "Iolaire" lay for the week-end. Edmund and Marjorie Fergusson were staying at Shiel Lodge which is just a short distance from the loch and, on Monday, when the yacht went off, she left Islay and Jervis with them while Aunt Bessie remained on board and, a few days later, went south to Oban to meet Uncle Percy with the Rolls-Royce.

Then followed, at Glen Shiel, the coldest week in September the inhabitants ever remember—snow on the hills, icy north winds, rain, sleet and grey, grey skies. Did they remain indoors and try and keep warm? Oh dear no! Day after day soaked through to the skin everyone, except Islay, fished, while she spent a melancholy time trying to keep warm behind the bracken. Results practically nil, on most occasions though the river was swarming with salmon and trout. Edmund was lucky once or twice and, after fishing from 10 o'clock in the morning until nine at night came home with some splendid sea trout and one grilse. The rest of the party had to be content with smaller fry and the knowledge that, at any rate, they were learning the hard lesson of patience under very adverse circumstances. However, they appear to have enjoyed themselves thoroughly and returned home delighted with their holiday and actually without having caught the severe chills they certainly deserved.

Pamela and Ian are very fit and well, the latter is now quite adept as a walker and a climber and is making strenuous efforts to talk.

Uncle Barkly spent a week at Glen Lyon and thoroughly enjoyed it though he was taken out, on his first day, and made to walk not less than 15 miles over the heather without having had any walking exercise for years—the result can be imagined, but even stiffness wears off and he had some glorious picnics and was finally motored to Edinburgh where Uncle

Percy had to attend a meeting and from where he returned south once more.

John and Victor are now up at Pembroke and are sharing two palatial rooms facing Sir Oliver Lodge's remarkable chapel which, however, they do not appear to frequent as they should do. A pleasant visit disclosed a new and quite large kettle, and a really excellent fire, in the place of the minute kettle, and the spiral of smoke which was all one ever hoped to find in Victor's previous rooms.

Cambridge is crammed and life is hardly safe, or hearing possible, in the seething mass of motor bicycles which snort along the narrow streets—generally with someone precariously perched on the carrier. There are 5,000 men up—many with wives and children —and once again a contingent of naval officers on a six month's course. John is studying Agriculture for a year and Jervis is remaining up until the end of the March term.

The following is an Extract from May's letter.

Trevaldwyn,
Llandrindod Wells, Wales.
August 31st, 1919.

"The coming winter promises to be a very trying one in the British Isles, as well as in Europe. The state in Europe, from the accounts of those who have been sent to investi gate, is simply beyond the imagination to grasp. I have undertaken a great effort here next week, to get funds for the Famine Fund for starving children of Europe. I would never have undertaken anything of the sort during the season, because you can imagine I have as much as I can possibly do, but it simply haunted me so that I felt I must do what I could. The particular fund for which we are collecting for is the Aid to Swiss Relief. The Government is giving £1 for every £1 and the same for other societies working for the same thing. They and the leading statesmen are urginig everyone to do all they possibly can."

September 11th.

"I must tell you about our effort last week for the starving children of Europe. Miss Hobhouse wrote that there was a Russian singer who had offered to give her services free for the fund. We therefore arranged a Song Recital at the theatre here on last Wednesday afternoon. Then for Tuesday we organised an afternoon at the Rock Park Pavilion. I do not know if you remember there is a semi out of door place for concerts there. I got someone to undertake to sell tea at 1s. a head at little tables, during which I engaged a very good little orchestra to play. We also had a Palmist and another little side show, a produce stall and a stall of mixed things. All these things I got the various shops to contribute. This all sounds fairly simple but there had been very many collections for all kinds of charities and our fund included children of Germany and Austria, therefore as soon as I started some opposition arose at "Ye Wells" Hotel on the part of the proprietress and we kept coming up against it. However, I was surprised how very good people were in helping me and it meant very hard work in a short time. I felt such responsibility with people coming to help all the way from London. Anyhow it turned out to be a most wonderful success. We actually made £104 clear profit. Madame Nitritina sang most exquisitely and she had an interesting and attractive personality too. Lady Clare Annesley who came down to speak, is only Kathleen's age. I invited her to stay on for a fortnight as she was really in need of a rest and change and we have become great friends. She is such a nice and interesting girl. I would so much like her to have a visit to the Cape some time when we are there. I am sure she and Kathleen would be friends and have much in common. She would very much appreciate a visit.

May Bowditch was here too and was such a help in many ways, she always has a fund of interesting conversation."

Extracts from a letter from Jarvis.

West Kenia.
October 10th, 1919.

"We have been very busy building and getting our farm into proper working order. Lenox and I have divided this farm and also the stock so that we have our interests separated. This means, of course, new bomas for the cattle and re-arranging of the herds, etc. We have dug out a cattle dip and got the wood ready for the kraals but cannot complete them at present as we can't get material. In the meanwhile, we are dipping, weekly, in Segar Bastard's dip. The farm we have divided has great possibilities and we can each make a very pretty home. Our house is very nice and is nearly completed, including furniture which we are having made on the place. We are within about a hundred yards of the Narro Morro River which is very winding, giving many big bends suitable for gardens. It is a beautiful spot. We have very fine yellow wood and chestnut along the river, the former of which grow into very big trees. We have cleared about two acres between the house and the river, in a bend, where we are having our garden. I have dug 46 holes for Kathleen's trees which we expect shortly. We have to take care to protect the garden from buck and monkeys.

I am afraid it is impossible for Rosamund and me to come down at present. I believe the time has been extended for my passage till May 20th of next year and I will do my best to come down before then. I wish to get some land ploughed over during these November rains and plough and sow again in March. If I don't do this, I lose a year. I wish to put in some flax and wheat. The flax I will sow only for seed which is fetching locally one rupee a lb. and an average acre yields six hundred lbs. I have also to take out a furrow so you see that it is impossible to get away at present. Then again, as I mentioned before, I have drawn a 3400 acre farm which I want to thoroughly look over. It is, as far as a hurried visit shows, both agricultural and stock and is well watered by two rivers but pretty high and gets very cold. We have applied for some Crown land, adjoining the farm we are on, under preferential treatment, which I hope we may obtain. It was very hard luck on Lenox not having a farm but Ken has drawn quite a good one.

Rosamund has worked very hard to get things straight. She looks after all the dairy work and her ghee is getting quite a name as she takes great pains over it. We separate 25 gallons of milk a day which gives us about 40 lbs. of butter every four days. This turned into ghee makes about 30 lbs. which we sell in Nieri at one rupee per lb."

Extract from a letter from Rosamund.

West Kenia.
November 15th, 1919.

"Lenox is building his house (to be used later for a store) on the boundary of the division of this farm, so it is only a few minutes to get from one to the other. We can hear his dogs barking quite plainly and he is with us nearly every day for a portion of his time. We all work hard so have little time for writing . . . . . .We were all talking of trying to get to Cape Town from here by motor car and rail and as Lenox and Jarvis both know the country well through which we would have to motor, we may some day attempt it. . . . .The fruit trees are doing well but alas! I am afraid the Loganberries are dead beyond hope. I was so glad when they came as berries are things that come on quickly. A friend sent me roots of wine berries and the Gregg raspberry and I have strawberry plants now in full bloom. I found some Cape gooseberries near an old kraal and made some jam and also got some plants. Our garden is beginning to be an asset but as yet is not in too flourishing a condition. New ground seems to take some time to establish itself to new conditions. Jarvis is taking out a furrow to run through Lenox's land and also ours so then we can grow anything, as now watering is the difficulty. This is the month of what is known

as the short rains, but as yet we have had only one good shower. We want to have everything in readiness for the long rains in March and then, with luck, our gardens and orchards will be established.

You ask about my lioness escapade—Jarvis set some grass on fire and the boys let it get away; not only our own but all our neighbours' grazing was in danger, so everybody turned out to fight it. Somehow I got away from the rest and, while beating out the fire, in one place, I suddenly heard a grunt, almost like a pig, and looked up to see, about ten feet from me, a lioness and two cubs, about the size of Airdales, walking away down a nulla. The fire was between us or I might have had a nasty experience. I was too much surprised to be frightened and, by the time I realized there was danger, she had gone. One of the boys saw her further down the nulla, a little while afterwards."

The long looked forward to family gathering at the end of 1919 ended in disappointment for from the English side all efforts to obtain passages at the required time for Percy and Bessie and their party and for May and Freddie, were unsuccessful while from East Africa Jarvis and Rosamund found that once they began to settle down on their farm, and build their house, the work and interests started had to be carried through by themselves.

Lenox made constant unsuccessful attempts to get a passage and was almost in despair when at last we were rejoiced to get a wire from him saying he was leaving Mombassa in the Karoa about the 9th of January. Shortly before this wire reached us, came the good news that Percy had succeeded in getting a passage in the "Ulysses," sailing from Glasgow on the 28th of December and expected to reach here about the 17th of January.

IN MEMORIAM.

On the 9th of Oct. Uncle Bisset passed quietly away at Beauleigh. With him is gone for the older members of the family, another of the "few remaining landmarks" of their childhood, for it is nearly sixty years ago that, at the age of twenty-five, he married our dear Aunt Betty, and ever since, he has been closely associated with the life and events of the ever widening circle of the family. The end was lingering, but, happily, with little pain. He was surrounded by all he loved and was watched over, throughout his illness, with untiring and most loving understanding care by Bessie Beard, who left her own home to come and help her parents, as no one else could, in that trying time. He was looking forward, with keenest interest to Gwen's wedding, and it greatly pleased him that the day chosen was the anniversary of his own wedding. As day after day passed, it seemed as if he might yet be spared to see the happy hopes realized and when at last the end came, just a week before, it was felt that his own wish would certainly have been that no change should be made in the plans of the young couple. He was laid to rest in Wynberg churchyard beside his dear son Edgar.

THE COTTAGE ON THE HILL.

It was a lovely English April morning one Saturday last September, when I joyfully accepted Frank and Ella's delightful invitation to motor up to Elgin with them and spend the day with Brenda in her new home.

Punctually at 8.30 the Buick swung away from the doors at Claremont House and sped through the suburbs. It was a lovely fresh, rain-washed morning and the weather was trying to make up its mind to be fine, brilliant bursts of sunshine lit up the young green of the oaks, and their reflections in the big pools of water left by the night's rain on the roads, through which we swished and splashed—Nesta, looking like the embodiment of Spring,

her motor veil streaming out behind in the breeze was at the wheel, driving with her usual dash and sang froid, flying round corners on one wheel, passing other vehicles with quite an eighth of an inch to spare—while her dear Mother, who in olden days was nervous in the humble pony cart drawn by its ambling steed, sat peacefully among the profusion of baskets and bundles containing a variety of presents for Brenda, from a quantity of lovely flowers to a roast sirloin of beef, eggs, iced cakes, etc., secure in the confidence which she feels for all the performances of her charming daughters.

Leaving a sun-bathed Table Mountain at our backs we flew along the broad flat road towards Somerset West, past the Maitland forests, past villages nestling among the Spring green of their trees and shooting crops, the fields studded with wild flowers and great clumps of late flowering arum lilies, until the mountains of Sir Lowry's Pass came in sight, a vivid blue with their summits crowned with masses of fleeting rain clouds reminding one of Scottish passes—Ella here announced that it would be like Scotland if you eliminated the mountains of Sir Lowry's Pass came in sight—a storm of indignant protest from the other occupants of the car! The gallant Buick breasted Sir Lowry's Pass with hardly a loss of breath or without once stopping for a drink, and we passed from the placid beauty of the valleys, the gorgeous blue of the bay and dazzling whiteness of the sands, up to the rugged and quite other beauty of the Elgin mountains, the wooded slopes and rocky crags, the veld ablaze with an endless variety of flowering heath and sped down into the shady village of Grabouw. As we turned out of the village, forded the river and drove up the hill to "Evergreen", we beheld the cheerful countenance of "Tommy" come to meet us, and a very hearty welcome he gave us from his perilous perch on the splash boards.

On panted the car, up along the wooded road, up the hill between banks of bushes and heath till with a triumphant hooting of the horn to herald our approach we reached the summit and there, against the distant blue of the mountains stood the charming little thatched cottage, with a radiant Brenda smiling a welcome in the foreground.

If ever there was a lovely spot for two little birds to build a nest, this is it! Just over the crest of the hill it stands, with its high gables and thatch and low, overhanging eaves and casement windows, with a wonderful view of the undulating Elgin country, of wooded slopes, of the valley with the Palmiet river winding below and the luxuriant pastures and clumps of giant oaks of "Glen Elgin" just opposite across the river—and with those glorious blue mountains all around, so that it is difficult to say on which side of the house the view is most superb.

We went through the tiny porch under the eaves, through the half-door into the charming living-room, white walled, white ceilinged with great beams of un-planed forest poles, doors and cupboards in the walls of pitch pine and a wide open fireplace in red brick with a high mantel shelf. The big casement window has a wide window seat cushioned in gayest cretonne, the curtains are a restful shade of blue as are the cushions and the comfortable chairs. The round table is of bog oak as is the welsh dresser and reim chairs; and the gay rugs, and the polished floor gives a bright note of colour to the cheerful room. Book shelves, photographs, some really lovely water colours on the walls and vases of spring flowers give the lived-in feeling which makes a room like home.

A second half-door opens on to the stoep where vines are already beginning to climb the trellis of forest poles running round on two sides of the house and where Tommy has made some wonderful rustic chairs and benches from which the view can be admired in comfort.

On one side of the living room is a good sized bed room with gaily flowered chintz curtains and more charming water colours on the walls. There is a really beautiful old bed of a quaint old world design and the rest of the furniture has been cleverly manu-

factured by Tommy and draped by Brenda in more of the bright-coloured cretonne with a very charming effect.

The kitchen is on the further side of the cottage and is bright with the shining newness of pots and pans and has a most convenient and clever little pantry built on to it under the low eaves. There is also a comfortable little bathroom on the other side of the porch adjoining the bedroom, also under the thatch, with water laid on from the furrow by means of a pump—a very clever contrivance the design of which I feel is beyond me to describe in detail though it was carefully explained to me by Tommy and is entirely Frank's idea.

We spent a most exhilerating morning, inspecting and admiring every detail of Brenda's delightful little ménage including the beginnings of a garden where rose bushes are thriving and beds of peas and beans were already in evidence.

I wish I could give some account of the farm itself, Frank and Tommy were engrossed in talk of planting and ploughing, but I was much, too much engrossed in domestic details to listen to them and would not be competent to describe their farming operations in any case. Tommy is quite the farmer already, he is even dressing for the part as Brenda told us he had appeared at breakfast that morning in an evil-smelling pair of dungarees which he had promptly been requested to remove as they caused loss of appetite! Although he divested himself of the offending garments and stowed them in the bathroom, being the most remote spot in the little ménage, a curious odour still pervaded the house. Tommy justified his purchase with the remark that they were the sort "Uncle Wallace" always wears, a reason which utterly failed to appease his indignant bride!

We had a most sumptuous lunch at the little round table which proved most elastic as we were a large party, though I was told it was nothing to the number who had feasted there on previous occasions. About 2.30 Dr. Murray, Caroline and Jack drove over from Palmiet River and about tea time Harry, Marjorie and Grace Blackburn and Miss Harsant appeared in their car, on their way back from the Caledon Flower Show, so the cottage on the hill was filled to overflowing with admiring enthusiastic guests. Brenda provided relays of tea and cakes in charming wedding present cups with an utter absence of fuss, or atmosphere of effort. She is a most self-possessed and charming little hostess of whom Tommy must indeed feel proud.

Even the most delightful of visits must come to an end and our chauffeur reminded us that she was going to a party that evening, so with many regrets we said good-bye to dear Brenda —to Tommy—to the cottage and to the view and packed into the car once more.

The weather evidently considered that it had done enough for us by that time and we drove home in an uncompromising downpour, the mountains were blotted out, so was the sea, and everything but the dripping trees on either side of us. But as the skidding car danced homewards along the rain-washed roads, we snuggled cosily down inside our coats and rugs and dreamed of happy years to come, of a rosy future and all good things to that radiant young couple in their cottage on the hill.

Kathleen's and Margaret's Travels

August 12th, 1919.

Nearing Matjesfontein. We have had a lovely journey so far and very comfortable. At Worcester appeared Mrs. Greeff and Truda with a lovely little boquet of violets, snowdrops stocks and fern and a huge parcel which proved to be a large sponge cake, a quantity of preserved figs, delicious preserved green apricots, raisins, walnuts and a jar of naartje komfyt. It was good of her and we had a splendid tea later from her store.....The scenery has been very fine and now we are in the Karroo—we have just passed Triangle.

Between De Aar and Kimberley.

August 13th. 1919.

We expect to arrive at Kimberley at 4 p.m. and leave at 7. 45 so we think we shall go for a tram drive and have tea and dinner some where. The dining car is so crowded that, so far, we have only succeeded in getting breakfast. We have enjoyed our own meals and doled out the milk very carefully. We only wish we had brought more bread but we can get some at Kimberley. Our other passenger is quite pleasant and quiet in her corner whilst we are for ever heaving some large bundle from the racks, unpacking tea baskets, searching in string bags and suit cases, eating relays of fruit, sweets, etc., preparing for, or cleaning up after meals so that the whole day seems quite busy! Margaret does *not* like the Karoo.

In the train between Mafeking and Bulawayo

August 14th, 1919.

Margaret and I have been very good travellers, did not feel ill or tired at all and had good appetites. Margaret was horrified at the appearance of the Karoo—even the Hex River Pass which we came through before dark on the first day—and she was quite appalled at the scene next morning, but I must say, what we saw of it was very flat and bare and brown with only some curiously shaped mountains in the distance.

As we approached De Aar, it certainly presented a dreary spectacle—dry brown veldt with an awful collection of ramshackle, corrugated iron houses and a forest of windmills—every building seemed to have one or two —and all was enveloped in a brown haze of dust. We seemed to continue through this same flat burnt up looking country, with a few lines of kopjes, all the way to Kimberley which we reached at 4 p.m. in the afternoon. There it was quite interesting to see the signs of the diamond mines—huge mounds of blue, and queer unsightly machinery.

Our travelling companion told us a nice thing to do was to take a tram drive, and as we had a wait of four hours, we decided not to waste a minute. We found our way to the Market Square and were struck by the number of Bars—one every few yards—and no likely place for tea. Having explored the Town Hall in search of an advertised bazaar, where we hoped a nice tea might be had, I finally asked a clergyman and he directed us to "The Better 'Ole."!

At 5 p.m. we caught a tram to Alexanderfontein 6½ miles distance. We sat in front and enjoyed the keen air. The sun was low and the evening calm and bare brown desert stretched as far as one could see, save for the sad looking pepper trees bordering the tram line. We had no time to get off at the terminus which is one of the chief pleasure resorts of the Kimberley people, but all we saw was a sad plantation of sickly little gums and pepper trees, struggling to keep alive in the brown dust. On our return to Kimberley we walked about till dusk and then had dinner at the station. About half an hour before our train started, who should appear but Emily Elliott, specially come from Wincorton to travel back again with us. It was very nice seeing her. Her dog Sheila was brought to the station to see me.

This morning, at about 6.30, we reached Mafeking but were not dressed in time to get out. Our cabin companion left us there, and now we have the carriage to ourselves. All today we have been travelling through Bechuanaland which is also dry and brown, but grass country and plentifully studded with flat-topped scrubby thorn trees. The sun has just gone down leaving a gold band along the horizon against which the outline of the trees shows up quite black.

We seldom stop anywhere, but when we do, native children run along the train begging while their elders offer nicely dressed skins for sale and curiously carved wooden animals.

Victoria Falls,
August 18th, 1919.

We arrived at Bulawayo on Friday morning about half past eight, and after putting our ten packages of hand luggage in the cloak room, had breakfast at the station. We then took a rick-shaw to the Museum and spent some time there, after which we found a nice place to have tea.

We did not find Bulawayo attractive, it looked terribly dusty, dry and bare, with no gardens. Our train left at one o'clock. The scenery became prettier as we went on, fairly thickly wooded with a variety of trees, none very big but pretty with their autumn foliage though all was very flat and bare and parched looking. Towards evening we got into the dust belt, which made us sneeze and cough and feel very dirty, but it was a lovely evening and quite calm. Each time the train stopped, we opened a window to breathe the fresh air. It was our own long train that churned up all the dust. That night we did not sleep well. At Wanke, the great coal centre, we broke down and had to wait four hours till another engine was brought from Livingstone. We were frightfully disgusted at losing such a long bit out of our precious time at the Falls. As we neared the Falls we felt very excited and I was the first to see the spray like a cloud of smoke some miles away.

There is nothing of a railway station at the Falls, not even a platform and we handed our many packages out through the window. Soon some of the hotel natives came to our aid and we marched off to the hotel preceded by three tall lean, very black natives clothed in a sort of short white muslin chemise.

We are delighted with the hotel—a long white crescent shaped building with green shutters, a flat roof with pillared parapet where one can sit. It has plenty of space and wide corridors through which the air circulates freely. Everything is very clean and we have a lovely large room with a tiny balcony looking straight away to the wonderful chasm and bridge below the Falls, and their distant roar sounds just like the sea. There are lovely bath rooms and we did enjoy getting clean again and putting on white clothes. By then it was nearly half past eleven and we set off as fast as we could for our first view of the Falls, thrilled at the prospect. We followed the path to the bridge. It was sandy and hot as all the country around the hotel, had been burnt so that all the trees and grass were black and scorched. It was a good mile and a half to the bridge and we eagerly hurried on, intent only on our first view of the Falls. We looked in blank disappointment, seeing only a wall of rock and a tiny trickle of water. Knowing it was the dry season we supposed the Falls to be nearly empty. We walked a good way on and then turned as we had gone over two miles. Then we felt all the fatigue of our journey as in the scorching heat, we slowly made our way back to the Hotel. As we came along, my eye fell upon what I thought might be spray in the distance and remembering the cloud of mist we saw from the train, we began to hope, the real view was yet to come.

After lunch and a rest till tea, we set out on the path to the canoes. As we walked, we were really thrilled by the increasing volume of sound and the cool spray in our faces as we neared the edge of the rain forest. Presently we saw the wonderful Devil's Cataract close below us—a mass of water, rushing faster and faster over a rocky slope and then hurling itself over the edge of the precipice, into the chasm below. We could not see the main Falls yet but walked along the river to the canoes and soon we were seated in a canoe with five natives paddling us, with swift, strong, even strokes, to Cataract Island, across the strong current just above the Devil's Cataract. When we landed, the chief canoe man led us to the different view points. He spoke no English, just mentioned the names. I noticed how carefully, he kept his eye on us at the dangerous places and bent back the thorns and branches from our path. What is so wonderful about the Falls is that when all the water of this huge Zambesi—nearly two miles across in parts—has hurled itself over the precipice,

it enters a narrow fissure and flows on at right angles to the Falls themselves. It is really a fissure into which it falls because the country above and below is on the same level. Directly opposite the Falls and so wonderfully close to them, is the rain forest, extending a mile, parallel with the Falls and drenched in perpetual spray. Our guide led us to the other end of the Island and what a sight burst upon us! We were standing close to the Main Falls and so great was the volume of water and the height of the drop, that the spray sent up was so fine that it was like clouds of steam completely hiding from our sight the fathomless chasm below. Through this wonderful dancing white mist was the most vivid and beautiful rainbow that ever could be seen diving right into the lowest depths. We gazed and gazed, thrilled with the wonder and beauty. Beyond us, where we stood on a spot overhanging the edge, we saw Livingstone Island, but could not go there on account of the danger of the current.

Next day was Sunday and we went with most of the Hotel visitors for a whole day up the river in a motor launch as far as Kandahar Island, a distance of eight and a half miles. The wide river is wonderfully beautiful, seemingly an endless vista of islands and inlets on either side of us. The water was very blue and the banks and islands densely wooded with trees and palms of great variety. We eagerly looked out for hippo, but had no luck, only seeing a few crocodiles which were much smaller than we expected. We also saw an iguana, rather like a huge puff-adder, with two little feet.

Kandahar Island had so much undergrowth that walking was difficult and we got our clothes full of prickles. We had lunch near the landing place and then started back, stopping at another island for tea. This one was more open, with groups of giant palms from some of which an enterprising man succeeded in getting some balls of vegetable ivory, by throwing stones at them.

Tuesday.—(In the train to Bulawayo). We did do so much yesterday and now it is very sad to be leaving, but I am sure we made the most of our time. Apart from the river expedition, we went everywhere alone and hardly came across a single person, except natives, in our long walks.

Yesterday, at once after breakfast, we left for Livingstone—6 miles distant—and, this time, Margaret and I chose to go by canoe, hoping that we might see a hippo. At the landing stage, we got into trolleys, pushed by natives and had a two-mile run to the town. On the way we passed the huts erected for the native queen who came down, a short time ago, to meet the Governor and Lady Buxton. We also passed the site for the aerodrome, at present a huge level clearing among the trees, marked out by a white-washed boundary line of cement patches. The first sign of Livingstone was the Zambesi Timber Mills. They have a rail track of their own extending thirty-four miles into the forest. The wood we saw was very like teak. Livingstone has rather a park-like appearance, grass, trees, wide roads and scattered houses and avenues of mango trees. Government House looked cool and attractive with a very wide verandah running all round it, shady trees and gay well-watered flower beds. We thought we would call on Mrs. Stevenson, but discovered she had not yet arrived. We saw her husband for a few minutes before leaving. We got back soon after 1 o'clock and found the walk to the hotel very hot and exhausting.

At three o'clock we set out again, going through the rain forest and stopping at every opening to get the view; our white skirts and blouses were soon drenched; we did not wear hats but had some protection from our sunshades. The water falls over the edge in green masses which changes into the finest, purest white mist, then seems to shape into misty forms, with fish-like heads and streaming hair, diving out of sight into the cloud of vapour. At the Rainbow Falls, it was fascinating standing in the spray, watching the mist and

rainbow effects, pale shifting lights in the pure white seething vapour below us, and above, the strong vivid arc, while the air seemed filled with dancing swirling drops, like silver confetti.

After about a mile of walking, the rain forest ends and one reaches the wonderful promontory of Danger Point where, deep below us, is the culminating point of all the great volume of water from the Falls forced into this single deep, narrow channel which takes a right angle bend and whirls on in the twisting cañon with precipitous cliffs of solid rock on either side.

Leaving Danger Point we followed the edge of the gorge a short distance and came to the bridge—350 ft. above high water level—and, crossing the gorge in a single span, it is a marvellous feat and the highest bridge in the world. The whole length is 650 ft. across and the view, looking down the river as well as up, is wonderful. The river seems to take great hairpin bends. We crossed over and followed the further edge till we came to the steep rocky path descending through wonderful trees and twining creepers and groves of palms until, at the water's edge, is one of the most awe-inspiring views one can imagine. We stood on great black rocks, with the whole waters of the Zambesi whirling by at our feet, the depths of which have never yet been fathomed, for the current is too strong. Great precipices towered above us and the bridge hung high in the air like a cobweb across the chasm.

The sun was low and all was in shadow—a grand and fearsome sight—with the roar and mist of the Falls away in the distance. We did not know it then, but have since been told, that one has to be very careful of crocodiles here among the rocks and that a fall into the water would mean certain death in that terriffic current.

It was getting late so, very reluctantly, we climbed up again and, tired though we were, went on to see the eastern cataract and the very end of the Falls. Just as we got above, the sun dipped and we saw it like a huge glowing ball of fire through the whole mist of the Falls, leaving, as it disappeared, all the western horizon bathed in a dull red glow. It was long after dark when we reached the hotel, very hot and very tired but a hot bath and lemon squash revived us.

This morning our train left at 12 o'clock. After seeing to our luggage and paying our bill, we had our last look at the Falls. We climbed on to the rocks just next to the Devil's Cataract and then managed to get on to a ledge quite low down where we could see the Cataract pouring down beside us from above and, by lying on our faces, could look right into the whirlpool below and feel the rumble, as well as the crashing of the water. It was sad to leave and we had specially enjoyed seeing it all by ourselves.

Buta-Buta, Basutoland.
August 31st,1919.

"We left Johannesburg on Thursday morning and at about 5.30 reached Kroonstad. where we had to stay the night as the train went no further. It is an awful, dreary place, the country around all flat and dry. At 6 o'clock next morning we caught a train which only went as far as Bethlehem and there we had to wait from 10.45 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. We reached Fouriesberg at 7.20 p.m. The motor man dawdled so over our starting and then we had a long drive in pitch darkness, bumping about with long awful skids in the thick dust. Finally we got here at about 10 p.m. and both of us crept into bed without delay. I must have had an attack of influenza but am steadily recovering in this lovely air and with plenty of sleep. It was hard on Margaret and she was so good in looking after me. She loves being here but I don't think we can manage the Mount-aux-Sources trip as it would take ten days very hard riding and in the present drought horses are difficult to get, also Mr. Ashton can't get leave. However it is very nice being here and Margaret loves it. She has been for rides and walks and yesterday, with Mrs. Ashton, paid a visit to the local Chief and his wife who was so delighted with them, that she kissed them both!"

September 9th.

"We got back yesterday from a lovely week-end at Leribe, the chief camp of this district. We had planned to leave after lunch on Friday but there seemed little hope of going at all, when we got up that morning. The rain had come at last, first of the season, accompanied by a tremendous thunderstorm. However at 12 o'clock it cleared and we sent a telephone message to say we were coming. We were to drive in two buggies, Mrs. Ashton and I in one and Mr. Ashton and Margaret in the other—the distance being 19 miles. Just as we were ready to start, it got very black, then the rain poured down and the thunder crashed but, no sooner had we decided it was impossible to go, and taken off our coats, than it cleared a little, and off we started. We had two smart native orderlies accompanying us on horseback.

"It was a lovely drive through mountainous country with a very good road. For the first ten miles, we had practically no rain, then it began to look very black ahead and the effect was wonderful of the clouds coming down lower and lower, getting blacker and blacker until it was extraordinarily dark; great tongues of black cloud came down and hung over us, giving one the feeling of some awful catastrophe about to be let loose upon us from the sky. Then a wonderful flash of lightening lit up the sky for some seconds and the thunder crashed out and seemed to be hurling itself and rebounding among the rocky crags of the surrounding mountains, a wind got up and the hail came down, at once making the atmosphere icy cold. We had it all in our faces and the poor horses did not like it and came almost to a standstill battling against the wind and hail. I noticed the one orderly covered himself, head and all, with his coat and rode without looking apparently. Of course there is great danger of being struck by lightning up here and people are frequently killed by it. We heard later that the hospital wash house at Leribe was struck in that storm and the sink all ripped up. It was very fine being out in the storm, as we were, with the vivid flashes of forked lightening across the inky sky and the continuous crash and roar of the thunder, and the buttresses of the mountains needed little imagination to appear like giant gargogles leering down at us through the drifting clouds.

"The storm cleared before we reached Leribe, which is a beautifully situated camp planted with trees, chiefly pines, willows and wattles and everywhere peach trees in blossom growing wild. There are quite a lot of houses there, mostly with very nice gardens, a fine hospital, a church, Courthouse, schools and a library. The nearest railway station is Ficksburg, which we could see against a mountain about 12 miles distant. Mr. and Mrs. Ashton stayed with the Keables, he is the clergyman of the place and Margaret and I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Booth, she is a daughter of Sir Herbert Sloley and once had lunch with us at Kenilworth, when the Ashtons were with us. She is very young and pretty and has two rosy little girls aged one and two. We went straight to their house and found a nice fire in our bedroom and enjoyed our tea after having removed our wet things.

"Next morning was one of the most heavenly days you can imagine—dazzling sunshine with a cloudless sky, and that wonderful pure transparent air you get at high altitudes. The Booths' house stands high with the garden sloping away from it, filled now with fruit blossom, peach, plum and bushes of Japanese quince and we looked away that morning to a glorious mountain range covered with snow. After morning tea we set out for a picnic, our two carts and the rest of the party on horseback, including several native orderlies. Our picnic was to a native village on the side of a kopje, from which we had a magnificent view. There was a church there and we had our lunch in the clergyman's garden. We first climbed up the hill to see a cave in which there are the footprints of a dynasaur in the rocks. A dynasaur is a huge pre-historic lizard. We returned after tea and that evening we all dined at Mrs. Keable's, a party of 9, in honour of the anniversary of the Ashtons' wedding day. We had a very lively evening

with games and plenty of jokes and laughter, as both Mr. Ashton and Mr. Keable can be very amusing.

"It was actually 1 a.m. when we got to bed that night and next morning it seemed everyone, except Margaret and me, had gone to church at 8 a.m. However we were interested in going to High Mass, which is the native service, lasting from 9 till 11 a.m. It is not a R.C. Church, but a very high church, and as far as the native part of the congregation is concerned, the service might be R.C. We only came in after the sermon and did not stay till the end, we were there about half an hour. The church is built of stone but with an iron roof, the service was in Sesuto of course, and I believe the communion service was in progress but I could follow none of it as all the practices were so unfamiliar to me. The church is full of different little altars with the images of different saints and there are pictures of the stages to the Cross. Native boys and men took part in the ceremonial, some wearing red and some purple cassocks under their surplices and the whole time they seemed to be doing different things — carrying huge, lighted candles, one swinging incense, another rang a bell at different stages and of course there was a lot of bowing and crossing and moving about. All the natives cross themselves with holy water on entering and leaving the church and it is quite touching watching their intent and earnest expressions throughout the service, everyone took part in the singing and responses. The whole service seemed to be sung and there was no accompaniment. Christianity seems to appeal to the women more than the men and the majority of the congregation was women. They all wore their blankets but the few men present wore, for church, a more or less European get-up. The men find it hard to give up poligamy, which they are obliged to do if they wish to enter the church, but a woman of course is not a polygamist, even if her husband is one. We could not stay till the end as we had been invited to see over the hospital by the Matron, Miss Child, whom I remember meeting at our house. The hospital is very bright and attractive and up-to-date and beautifully kept. It stands in a lovely garden with huge climbing roses all over the stoep. It is a native hospital, of course, but a couple of rooms are reserved for Europeans. Miss Child says they love their daily bath and we have been greatly struck by the scrupulous cleanliness and tidiness of all the huts we have been into. The natives get free medical attendance and medicine from the Government paid doctors, at least they pay a fee of only 1s. and for this reason they don't think much of the Government doctors and medicine and very often go far out of their way to consult a private practice doctor, who charges them very stiff fees. One native had to pay £100 during the epidemic for the doctor's visit."

"We had meant to leave for Butha-Butha after lunch but were persuaded to stay on till Monday morning.

I was keen to visit Jonathan, who is Chief of the Leribe district, and grandson of Moshesh. He is known throughout South Africa by all the natives from the Zambesi to Natal, in fact Basutoland is known to the natives as Jonathan's country, although he is not paramount chief. We passed his village on top of a hill, a little off the road, and Mr. Ashton said his huts are the biggest in Basutoland. When I suggested it on Sunday evening, Mr. Ashton sent an orderly to warn Jonathan of our coming and we were all rather disappointed to hear next morning that Jonathan, with a large retinue, had arrived to see us at Leribe. It was very polite of him but we would rather have seen him in his own village. He is quite an old man now, nearly 80, and of course is well known in Basuto history and during the Gun War. He was waiting for us at his Town house and we drove there after breakfast. He is a stout, good-natured looking old man in a frock coat and figured silk muffler. His valet was brushing him down with a clothes brush as we approached. Mr. Ashton presented us all and we shook hands and presently Margaret asked

if she might photograph him. A chair was brought for him to sit on and his retainers, clad in blankets, ranged themselves behind him. He beckoned his son, a youth of about 20, to stand on his right and a very tall man in a knitted cap to be on his left. The son wore his blanket but stood in a royal way. having his spats buttoned up for him and he looked dreadfully anxious that the photo might be taken before he was ready. We then said good-bye and started back home, arriving in time for lunch.

"Margaret and I ride every morning, the air is lovely and the weather perfect, except for those two days of rain. There are numbers of native villages all around here and they generally choose the top of a kopje, or some height on which to build and at this time of year are surrounded by a sea of peach blossom and perhaps a few willow trees. All the natives look so good-natured and friendly and greet us with smiles and cries of 'Dumella' (good day) and the long drawn out, Eh. Both men and women wear very gaily-coloured blankets. The prisoners, such a contented looking crowd, wear orange red blankets and tam o'shanters and work in a most leisurely manner without a guard. A great many are working in the garden at present, there seems to be no ignomy or harsh treatment connected with their sentence. They have an armed orderly in charge of the main gang and he sometimes finds a comfortable place and goes to sleep, the prisoners being careful to wake him up if Mr. Ashton appears in sight. From what I have seen there is very good feeling between the natives and officials, and the latter seem to quite have the interests of the native at heart. The natives seem very content and peaceful and are very proud of their country and nationality. Their great fear is of being handed over to the Union and of prospectors coming to search for minerals.

Reidfontein, Cedarville,
Griqualand East, C.P.
Sept. 20th, 1919.

"The Thursday before we left Basutoland we went for a very nice picnic. Mrs. Ashton and Margaret drove in one cart and Mr. Ashton and I in the other, while two orderlies accompanied us on horseback. After driving for a little more than an hour, the road became pretty bad and we outspanned near an Indian trader's store. The Indians placed chairs for us on the stoep and brought us some quite nice tea while the native women crowded round us, asking questions, of course, only the Ashtons understood. Then we mounted our horses and rode across the hills for about an hour till we came to a native village, embowered, as usual, in masses of peach blossom. Most huts have round them a high screen of woven reeds forminig quite a big enclosure; everything within this screen, and inside the huts, is kept beautifully clean and neat.

"While the orderlies lit the fire and prepared lunch, the women gathered round us, laughing and talking but it was difficult to persuade them to be photographed—some even rushed away and shut themselves into their huts. By the time we were seated at lunch, under the peach trees, the children began to return from the school—a stone-built thatched cottage on a hill. One solemn little girl, of about seven, clad in a blanket and carrying her slate and book on her head, arrived in time to be included in a photograph. We could hear some of the bigger children, still at school, singing so Mr. Ashton sent an orderly to request the native schoolmaster to bring the mdown to sing to us. About 40 arrived and were arranged in a semi-circle in front of us while the schoolmaster conducted, giving them the note upon which to start. The pupils varied from quite small boys and girls to big men and it was amusing to see one of the latter in his blanket and tall native hat, carrying a school satchel across his back. The men's voices made a very deep bass accompaniment. At the end Margaret took a photo and we asked what was meant by a tall black staff

which one of the men carried, with an air of great importance. The reply was that it was a flag-staff but unfortunately with no flag as they had had no means of getting one. Margaret and I at once said that we would like to send them a Union Jack and when this was translated to them there was great delight and clapping of hands. Before dispersing they gave the native salute, with the right arm in the air and 'Eh Merenna.'

"We then climbed on to the shoulder of a mountain and had a most glorious view across plains and hills and winding rivers to great mountain ranges—much more of a 'World's View' than the Motoppas! All the Leribe district is very densely populated. There are numbers of native villages, great herds of cattle and horses and quite a lot of cultivation—mealies and Kaffir corn. There are also great flocks of sheep and angora goats so that the natives are very well to do. In consequence there are quite a number of traders—mostly English but also a good many Indians—in fact so many that they have a Mosque at Butha-Butha. Before a trader is allowed to settle in Basutoland, he has to get the written permission of the Chief of that particular district, then his name is posted up for a period during which time objections can be made and after that he is interviewed by a board of Government officials, who have the power to grant a licence or not, as they think fit. The Chief of Leribe is Jonathan, but there are minor chiefs for every village, or few villages. The second chief of importance was Joel, a half-brother of Jonathan, and older than he, but by a junior wife. A bitter feud had always existed between these two which made it a difficult district to administer. Joel fought against the English in the Gun War (disarmament) as did nearly all the Basutos except Jonathan but the latter helped the Boers in the Boer War and was imprisoned for a couple of years as a rebel. Any disturbances there are in Basutoland are entirely due to tribal feuds though outsiders and newspapers are continually trying to convey the impression of disloyalty to the Government and unrest as a cause of danger to the Union. Since the death of Joel there has been no more trouble in the district. He was well over 80 when he died and would have lived much longer as he did not drink and was very tough, but at the wedding-feast of a favourite granddaughter, he danced so much that he caught a chill on the liver which caused his death. Mr. and Mrs. Ashton attended his funeral, which was quite interesting, as he was a heathen. Both he and Jonathan had been baptized which was as far as they got in the Christian religion. The Basutos have no religious rites or ceremonies. They merely believe in an All Supreme Being and some kind of future life.

"Last Saturday, a week ago, we left Basutoland. We set off from the Ashtons, in great style in a Victoria with four horses and had a lovely drive of twelve miles to Fouriesberg. In crossing the Caledon River, the water was so high that it came into the carriage and we had to put our feet on the seats to keep dry. We had tea and a wait at Fouriesberg—an unattractive place—and then a six-mile motor run to the station. Here we had a long wait as the train was late and we were fairly tired and hungry when we got into it at 7.30. A compartment had been reserved for us and when the conductor had put in all our luggage, we went off to the dining-car to get some dinner—and here befell a serious adventure! There was some shunting of carriages going on, after the Bloemfontein train came in, and presently we started off. We looked out and, to our dismay, saw, in spite of the darkness, that we were going in the wrong direction and, our feelings may be imagined, when we were told that we were in the Bloemfontein train! There we were, without any luggage, coats or wraps and even very little money. Furthermore as it was Saturday evening, there would be no train till Monday evening. Ficksburg was our next station and we loathed the prospect of two days and nights in one of these dreary little towns. Worst of all, there was no way of stopping Gordon from

coming that long drive of four hours to Franklyn to meet us on Monday.

"When the conductor came along, he was inclined to be rude and insist that we must have got out of our train whereas it was his duty to have told us that the dining-car was to be changed on to the Bloemfontein train. We caused quite an excitement in the dining-car and some commercial travellers suggested our catching a goods' train early next morning. Then a young Dutchman came up and said he saw we were in difficulties, could he give us his assistance. While he was looking up all sorts of trains and connections, an idea suddenly occurred to me, I remembered that Mr. Pickstone had a large fruit farm near Clocolan, we might go on there and see over it and so not waste this precious time. Our friend then got us an empty carriage and two pillows and we curled ourselves up and tried to keep warm. It was a freezing night after the rain—the first cold we had felt in our travels and the first time we were without our rugs and wraps.

"At Ficksburg we heard that we would not be allowed on the goods' train and that the hotel was quite full, so that decided us to go on to Clocolan, which we reached at midnight. An icy wind was blowing and there was a drive of over a mile to the Town but luckily the hotel wagonette was closed. We were given quite a clean, nice room but an outside one, opening on to the street, with no key to the door but we were only worried to get warm. Next morning, in spite of the sunshine, it seemed colder than ever, the same bitter wind, like the Geneva 'bise,' was blowing and all the pools were ice. After breakfast we enquired about Mr. Pickstone's farm, which we learnt was called 'Platkop.' It was six miles off and the manager's name was Perkins. We ordered a taxi and, while waiting for it, we got colder and colder so we found the housekeeper, who turned out to be most kind and sympathetic and indignant with the railway. She lent us each an overcoat and rug and finally lit the fire and brought us each a cup of cocoa.

"Then we started off in the taxi, which only crawled along, and we were pretty blue and cold when it stopped in front of an attractive garden with gay bushes of Japanese quince and double peach and rows of tall purple iris in bloom. There were lots of trellisses beyond and a wide verandahed house covered with wisteria and roses—not yet in bloom though. A little boy peered at us and ran away and then Mrs. Perkins appeared and when we had explained ourselves and our adventure she asked us to stay with them until our train left the following afternoon. Before long Mr. Perkins appeared, having been to church at Clocolan, and he was equally kind with his wife, in welcoming us. He is South African born and she was a Miss van Zyl, from Calvinia. Her father had been a member of Parliament for twenty years and I found that Jarvis had often stayed with them when he was surveying in their neighbourhood.

"Mr. Perkins took us into some of the orchards, each of which is about a mile in length. There are 40,000 fruit trees in all and, at one time, this was the third largest fruit farm in the world—now it is the eighth. The chief fruits grown are cherries, pears, apples, peaches and walnuts. That afternoon we walked through the cherry orchard which was beautiful with its snowy blossom. They get magnificent and very profitable crops, this is the only farm producing cherries for the market—which is chiefly Johannesburg—they get from 12s. to 27s. for an 8 lb. box. The trees need never be sprayed nor pruned so that they are altogether a very paying concern. We were shown over the huge evaporator—the largest in South Africa—for drying fruit, the sulphuring rooms, the huge room where the apple rings are sliced by numbers of machines —a Kaffir girl at each—the various rooms for each stage of the work until the finished article is finally neatly packed for dispatch. Then there is a large packing shed, beautifully arranged for dealing with the fresh fruit. I was struck by the splendid organization and orderliness of the way the whole farm was managed down to the smallest detail, with absolutely

no waste, even the peels and cores from the apple rings were dried and put into sacks to be sold as pig feed. All the farm machinery, from large petrol-driven spraying pumps, and waggons, to the ploughs and harrows, were well painted and in perfect order, and each in its own place, sheltering well among the trees which formed a thick screen round the farm buildings. We came back through a large field of asparagus which produced five tons last season for the Johannesburg market.

"Next morning Mr. Perkins took us through pear, apple and walnut orchards and it was strange to see blanket-clad natives at work pruning without any white man over them, the women were hoeing round the trees. Mr. Perkins is the only white man on the farm, the rest are Basutos who, he says, do very well; some of his men have been 14 years on the farm, they get £1 a month, and the women 10s. Mr. Perkins ploughs their land for them, he gives no grain or rations but they are allowed to keep a few head of cattle. At the time when Mr. Perkins was down with influenza, the head native ran the whole farm. The work included picking asparagus, washing and doing it up in 1 lb. bundles and packing it for the market. Mr. Perkins said he managed splendidly and his services were recognized by the gift of a very fine blanket and a bonus at the end of the financial year, which delighted him. It is extraordinary to think of a man receiving wages of £1 a month, being so efficient and reliable.

"On Monday, after lunch, Mr. Perkins drove us to the station and as the train was late, he showed us over a creamery at Clocolan which was quite interesting. At 10 o'clock that night we were greatly relieved to find all our belongings at Bethlehem. The conductor evidently put them out there when he discovered what had happened to us."

Nel's Poort, C.P.
October 8th, 1919.

"Our travels are nearly over and, as I telegraphed, we shall be back on Tuesday for breakfast. I have not told you much about our time in East Griqualand, which was much too short, a week at Gordon's and Friday till Wednesday with Effie. We enjoyed it all very much and everyone was very good to us. Gordon took us to the Jones' farm, beautifully situated among steep hills, with a lovely view from the house away to the great Drakensberg range which we saw later under a heavy fall of snow. There is a lovely stretch of the Umzinvubu River running through the farm and we went trout-fishing after tea the day we arrived. Gordon and I caught nothing and then I handed my rod to Mr. Jones, who very soon landed quite a nice trout. It was really very cold, we got back at dark. The house is very large for these parts and very comfortable with such a pretty drawing room and lovely big stoep. Mrs. Jones was most kind. She has four nice children and is very proud of her "flu" baby who weighed 3 lbs. at birth and is now the finest she has had—a very pretty flourishing child looking like John Molteno. We enjoyed our visit to them, returning next day as the weather was too bad for us to climb the Drakensberg as we had planned. The only other farms we visited were the Hector Bastard's, where we watched a polo match, and Eileen and Cecil's. Eileen looked well and has made her home very pretty though its sad that the soil is too poor to make a garden round the house.

"Wilfred and his wife and children came over several times. Pauline is a dear little girl and Elizabeth's great friend. Mary and Elizabeth look flourishing with very bright colour. Evelyn is a wonderful manager to put up such a large party and cater for us all and in addition people dropping in for meals every day almost. She has made a very pretty garden all round the house, but of course we were rather too early for its full bloom. Margaret and I had a charming rondavel opening on to the pretty garden, Gordon drove us to Effie's which we much enjoyed. Her garden was more advanced than Evelyn's and quite gay with lupins and verbenas, and the first roses. I thought her house very charming and the children are just sweet, little dainty attractive

things with lots of character. Cynthia is just 2½ and is very clever, she speaks beautifully and can say any number of nursery rhymes without having been taught, just hearing them. Effie says the other day they came back from a walk in great excitement and Cynthia said, "We played on the rocks, and there was a smell, a dead and we looked, and it was a faded snake"! Sheila was very friendly and quite interested in us. She is three and a half. The day we left and had just packed up she came in and said looking at Effie, "Are they going to take the carpets too?"

"We went for two lovely rides at Effie's, one along the mountain side winding above the Umzimvulu River until we got into a kloof with a stream coming down the mountain in a series of waterfalls and pools. Margaret and I enjoyed a lovely bathe in one of the pools as it was a very warm evening.

Another day Elliott took us to their "bush" a lovely bit of natural forest, a tangle of growth and great yellow wood trees hung with lichen. A lovely stream runs through it and at one point we reached a wonderful cave formed by a gigantic rock lying right across the high banks of the stream and a second huge rock spanned the stream again lower down. It was so pretty, looking under the bridge it formed, at all the ferns and green bordering the stoney steep course of the stream. The "bush" is on the other side of the mountain behind Effie's house and you get a very wide view across a great plain with hills and mountains beyond. It is all native territory and stretches away to Mount Fletcher and Umtata."

"Elliott drove us with four horses to Kokstad on Wednesday morning. We stopped at the Rennies' for half an hour and reached Kokstad to do a little shopping for Effie before lunch, Kokstad is quite a pretty town with nice houses and gardens, streets lined with trees and water furrows. The oaks, in their new foliage, looked delightfully fresh and green in contrast to the still dry country. After lunch we motored to Franklyn where we stayed the night leaving on Thursday morning for here. We intended breaking our journey at Harold's as arranged, but he met us at Norval's Port station and said as Dot was still ill we had better not come. We therefore sent a telegram to warn Uncle Wallace that we should arrive that night at mid-night and as it was already 4.30 p.m., and Saturday afternoon, I addressed it to the station Master, Nels Poort saying, "If possible please inform Mr. Molteno we arrive tonight".

Our train was very late and it was 2.30 a.m. when we got out at Nels Poort. To our great relief a coloured man met us with a cart, as we hardly expected our wire to reach in time. It must have been quite half past three when we reached the house and the man showed us our room and we were astounded to see a boy of about 10 occupying one of the two beds. Our driver said he thought Mrs. Molteno had not understood, she was expecting a "baas" and then we saw a letter of welcome to Gordon! We were highly amused, but not wishing to disturb anyone, asked the man if there was not an empty room anywhere. He prowled down a long passage striking matches we following, trying to suppress our laughter! Finally he was about to open a door when, my eyes fell on a pair of white boots, and I hurriedly stopped him. After more consultations, all in Dutch, he led us stumbling over flower beds etc., right round the house and through the garden, to a rather dusty outside room which contained a bed and here Margaret elected to sleep in her travelling rugs in preference to sharing the room with the unknown boy which it fell to my lot to do. What remained of the night was very short and I did not even get sleepy, much less go to sleep and next morning Aunt Lil burst in hurriedly. Someone had brought a message that Gordon was coming and although she felt puzzled and surprised she prepared for him. When the maid came to her room next morning and she asked if the gentleman had come she was told no, but two ladies had arrived. She was shocked at Margaret's sleeping in the outside room which is used for chaffeurs, scab inspectors, etc. The boy in my room was a

school friend of Donald's and it was into Dr. Snell's room we had nearly burst. Aunt Lil was very good to us and said we should have waked her up, as she hated the idea of that being Margaret's first introduction to the Karoo and to her home.

The weather has been very nice since we arrived, Uncle Wallace returned from Beaufort on Sunday and the two boys and Dr. Snell left on Monday. We have been to the station twice and yesterday to Kamfers Kraal, which I have not seen for 8 years."

Memorial Service to the Late General Botha.

Sept. 5th, 1919.

I went to this Memorial Service which took place at Westminster Abbey yesterday Sept. 4th, at noon.

Most of the mourners were in the stalls of the choir and under the lantern. The service was a musical one, the opening sentences of the burial service being sung in procession as the Choir entered, followed by the psalm "The Lord is my Shepherd." The choir then sang the anthem "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff comfort me" by Sullivan.

Then came a hymn sung by the whole congregation "Through the night of doubt and sorrow." Then a short portion taken from the Burial Service and two special Collects, which it may be interesting to reproduce in full, as they were specially drawn up for this service:—

O Eternal Father, we humbly draw nigh to Thee amid the memorials of Great Britian's most illustrious dead, and in this Church where our Kings and Queens are crowned. We dedicate to Thy great glory the memory of our dear Brother departed: We praise Thy Holy Name for Thy manifold gifts bestowed upon him: Grant unto him Thy eternal peace and the blessing of Thy perfect comfort unto all that mourn: We ask it in the Name of Him who died and rose again for us all, Thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who hast compassed us about with so many and so great mercies, we render unto Thee our humble thanksgivings for the wondrous and glorious unity of our Empire, for the beauty of the freewill offering made by her sons and daughters, and above all, for the steadfast bond of true affection which has knit together as one in loving duty and patient purpose the Dominions Overseas and the Mother Country: and we beseech Thee, that we and all Thy servants, now united in kinship of race, and in comradeship of arms, may never cease to draw more closely together in loyalty of understanding and in fellowship of action, and may gratefully and devoutly dedicate to Thy service the privileges of assured freedom and the blessings of hard-won victory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Finally the hymn, "O God of Bethel" sung by the congregation. The Dead March in Saul was then played while the congregation stood, and as they left Beethoven's Funeral March.

It was a quiet dignified service with very beautiful music. There was no note of undue sorrow, but rather one of thankfulness for the gift of such a noble life.

To me it was very interesting to recall my experiences connected with General Botha. All the Empire was now mourning for this man and expressing its sense of great admiration for the services he had rendered, not only to South Africa, but to the Empire, and amongst many thousands the personal appreciation of the nobility of character, the moderation, the tact, and the goodwill which always characterised the General.

Yet it was not so very long ago when I was asked to secure accommodation for him just after the Boer War, that hotel after hotel refused to receive him, and it was with difficulty

I got the consent of anyone to house him and his colleagues. Going about London as I then did with him on several occasions, it was quite remarkable that wherever he was recognised he was cheered by the people, and in fact it became difficult for him to move about so great were the crowds that constantly assembled.

The Press was at that time quite aggressive and were furious when they realised what a hero's place he held in the estimation of the people who frankly appreciated the qualities of a brave and courageous and chivalrous foe.

But at that time the official world and the Press world were against him, though in the highest quarters he was received most courteously and most generously.

When he and his colleagues were presented to The King on the Royal Yacht by Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, the King said to them: "I desire to express to you the pleasure it gives me to shake hands with such brave men."

To-day he is mourned by the highest Statesmen in the land. Mr. Bonar Law and the Home Secretary represented the Government as well as other members of the Cabinet.. I observed also a good many South African faces and among others some of his greatest opponents, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, Sir Abe Bailey, Mr. Ross and others. Lord and Lady Gladstone were also present under whom he had first served as Prime Minister of the Union.

The day was fine and bright and the beauty of Westminster Abbey was clear to the eye as it seldom is in the dark atmosphere of London.

The service was a worthy appreciation, in one of the most sacred spots of England, of a man who had once been an enemy and had since become a fast friend. It was an evidence of what is best and most generous in the hearts of a great people.

THE BUFFELS BAY CAMP.

Instead of Celebrating Peace in the approved style—either being perched in a superior manner far above the crowds, or else elbowing your way along in the aforesaid crowds—about 40 of us decided to celebrate it in our own way, down at Buffels Bay. We accordingly arrayed ourselves in Camp Kit, i.e. tunics and kappies, and in the men's case shorts and shirts, and started. Unfortunately it rained for three days out of our five, but for all the effect it had on our spirits, it really need not have taken the trouble! To anyone standing at the cottage, which was our home during the Camp, it must have been rather a jolly sight—our cavalcade winding down from the road to the beach. First the waggon, with all our luggage, (As little and as compact as possible please!) jogging along, and then a string of campers, some, it must be confessed, rather footsore, after the 13 mile walk out from Simonstown. Arrived at the cottage there began the work of sorting out ones hold-all, rug-straps, or in the case of those who had such luxuries, camp stretcher. In a very short time however, we had seized our belongings, and had selected our special corner in which was dumped our rugs, etc.; and woe betide anyone who tried to annex that corner! Then indeed we began to feel camp life had begun, and that for five blessed days there was nothing to worry about, neither from strikes, nor the feverish wondering as to which of your limited supply of evening dresses people know least!

One night at Camp might be pictured thus—A medley of people, clutching their respective sleeping bags, blankets, pillow, etc., each frantically assuring someone else that they had really bagged that piece of floor to sleep on! After a time figures slip down in to their sleeping-bags, and comparative quiet reigns. Only comparative however, for remarks like this will pierce the silence every now and again. "Ow! this draught is going down my neck!" "Well pull your blankets round you, silly, only do be quiet!" Silence

—"Who is going to bathe tomorrow morning"? "No one, its too cold, besides I'm orderly tomorrow and have got to get breakfast." Sleepy voice from adjacent sleeping-bag "I do like seeing people work!" A vicious movement on the part of the first speaker and then —silence and the night.

The more energetic people made several long excursions, while some of us lazy ones preferred to be on the beach. Often not bothering to talk, but just watching the distant mountains ever familiar and yet always changing, their colours shifting, merging, blending, their beauty so great, that it sometimes makes one sad. One glorious day we spent at Cape Point. The weather was perfect and we set off in high spirits. It's a glorious walk along the Coast from Buffels, and we kept stopping just to take deep breaths of the tang of the spray, and to watch the waves with the sun sparkling through them. We reached Cape Point and went to look over the drop just below the top lighthouse, nearly 800 feet, it's a magnificent sight and lovely in the extreme, with the gulls circling round and round, and calling to their young who perch in the most perilous looking niches, in the face of the cliff! We had lunch on the top of the cliff and simply "absorbed" the view. I wonder where there is anything to touch it! We could see on our extreme left the Atlantic Coast, the waves breaking in endless lines, and creeping up on the beaches; then stretching from Cape Point itself, a veritable chain of mountains. Vasco de Gama, Paulsberg, Smitwinkel, Millar's Point, the Muizenberg Mountains and Table Mountain itself, Devil's Peak. Then following round from there, the whole range of the Hottentots Holland, crowned, that day, with gleaming snow, and further off still even the Mossel River Mountains were visible! It is a sight that silences one, it's beyond description. We then clambered down the 209 steps to the new lighthouse and went and sat on the rocks beyond it, while far below the waves dashed up in all their grandeur. It was a glorious day and we got back as the stars were coming out, brilliant and lovely, and the soft dark was creeping up over the sea—we left Buffels very sadly the next day, and came back to good clothes and civilization. I think that interludes like those camps, form mind pictures which will never fade in all the years to come.

GWEN BISSET'S WEDDING.

16th October, 1919.

It is said that "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." If that is so, then Gwen Bisset's prospects of happiness must be bright indeed for, not only unclouded sunshine, but all the fresh glory of the Spring, seemed to flood her wedding day with their beauty, and they found a fitting jewel for their setting in as lovely a bride and bridesmaids as one could wish to see. The ceremony took place at St. Saviour's, Claremont, a church which is full of associations of the bridegroom's family when their home was at "The Grove" in the days of his grandparents. The church had been tastefully decorated and was filled to overflowing with interested spectators, besides numerous guests. At Aboyne, the reception was held in the delightful garden where a large marquée had been erected for refreshments. On their return from the church, the bridal party grouped themselves beneath one of the tall palms on the lawn and a fascinating picture the bride made in her dainty dress of white chameuse with crystal and silver tassels, with her two charmingly pretty bridesmaids beside her, in soft blue ninon with veils of the same colour fastened over their hair by a circlet of tiny flowers. A special note of distinction was the contrasting colour and quaint formality of the sheath of pink tulips which they carried. As the guests streamed into the house to admire the display of wedding presents, arranged in the drawing-room, they passed through a perfect bower of wisteria in the entrance hall and everywhere the exquisite arrangement of the wealth of choicest flowers, was a constant theme of admiration.

It was a very happy crowd that surrounded the bride and bridegroom, in the marquée as they stood behind the huge wedding cake, and that drank to the only toast of "The Bride and Bridegroom," proposed by the Rev. Mr. Hext, who had officiated at the ceremony.

While the bride changed into her pretty travelling dress of white gaberdine, the guests loitered in the lovely garden full of colour glowing in the brilliant sunshine and when the young couple appeared they had to run the gauntlet of a perfect storm of confetti as they walked to the motor in which they were whirled away to Gordon's Bay.

THE NELSPOORT MISSION SCHOOL.

By a Well Wisher.

I wish you could all see Lil's Mission School as I first saw it. We started out from the Nelspoort farm one sunny morning in July, while the ice still clung to the edges of the sluits, and walked across the three miles to Mimosa Grove. We walked through the solitude and spaciousness and beauty of the karroo world, past the dam, on through the ridge and over a foot-bridge, and then suddenly came out upon the Mimosa Grove farmhouse to find 'teacher' giving the children their gymnastic drill out in the open before the school-house door.

'Teacher's' incisive voice rang out: "Arms, forward, bend!" "Arms, upward, stretch!" "Bodies, sideways, twist!" And seventeen animated bodies obeyed with an alacrity that spoke well for 'teacher's' discipline though seventeen pairs of eyes strayed with keen interest in our direction. And I wish you could have seen the children themselves, from the tiny woolly-headed girl who danced with eyes and toes through the motions, to the tall lanky boy whose arms and legs moved in all sorts of angles and directions. *But,* there they were, seventeen of them, not only alive with proud interest in their pursuit, but gleaming in cleanliness of skin and clad in whole and clean clothes. To be sure there was a kind of pathos about some of their clothes, as, for example, in the lanky boy's coat with sleeves like drain-pipes sewed onto shoulders that came down many inches on the arms and with fronts fastened tight across the chest with pins. (Of course Lil speedily furnished buttons to help that.) But even this coat showed a mother's pride and care and when one knew that some of these children had up to now run wild on the veld, one realised what the school had done for them and their families in the one short term of twelve weeks.

Then, too, I wish you could all have attended the school-concert at the end of the September quarter, in all the lamp-lit grandeur of Wallace's shearing-house. Here, there were refreshments served by proud and interested Mission-school parents and purchased by themselves as well, all for the benefit of the school. There was a programme of some thirty numbers, containing songs, recitations, dialogues, etc., not only in the two languages but having all the day-school children, the parents, big sisters and brothers of the evening classes and even 'teacher' herself as participants. (There was also a unique plan of having all the encores at the end with an extra charge for each!) Lil and Donald and Aimée as patrons occupied seats of honour near the platform and Pal (the dog) took a prominent part, seeking his friend, Lil's cook. If you could have seen and heard all we did that evening, you would have agreed with us that it was hard to realise this school was but six months old.

However, if it has existed in material form but six months, it has been working in Lil's mind much longer than that. From the time she first came to Kamfer's Kraal she seems to have been worrying about the coloured children, though not until they moved to the Nelspoort farm could she carry out any of her plans. And then it took months to find out all the things to be done to start the school and still more months to do them. There was the Department of Education to interest in

giving the grant to make the school possible; Mr. Wilmot's permission to obtain to have it at Mimosa Grove—the vantage point for the two farms—the parents to stir up to a sufficient eagerness for education to furnish both children and fees; further plans to devise so that the school should be self-sustaining and not pauperising; the teacher to select and initiate, and all the final details for starting and carrying on the enterprise. And, now even, when Lil works out her balance-sheet for the Department and finds that the whole plan works, she has no assurance that the school will be, as she hopes(a permanency for the Department's continuance of its grant rests on the having of an average attendance of twenty, and the maximum attendance of twenty-eight only promises to fulfill this demand when parents and children have been educated to regularity.

In the months that have already passed, there have been many experiences, some amusing and some quite otherwise. Of the former, there stands out the day when Mr. Wilmot, having forgotten all about the school, came along and seeing a number of children playing around Mimosa Grove (at their recess) sent them off to drive in some straying sheep. And there was no more school that morning. But the trying sort of thing to bear is when 'unbelievers' in any sort of work for the coloured people come along and rail at Lil and tell her that she is sowing the seeds of Bolshevism among them. Of course, those of us who believe in the possibility of making the coloured people into a self-respecting, moral, decent race and who see in Bolshevism the natural outcome of a discontented, immoral ignorance, these railings count for nothing, but we readily admit that in the midst of the inevitable discouragements of running a Mission School they must be very hard to bear.

However, in the meantime, the school goes on. Day by day, the children learn to read and write in English and Dutch, to sing hymns and songs in both languages, to recite psalms and Bible verses, to sew and play, to keep themselves, their work and their schoolroom neat and tidy, to obey their energetic Lovedale 'teacher' in mind and body. Canon Moore visits them and finds their progress satisfactory (and unusual). Lil stands behind it all and supplies the extras, ranging all the way from soap and Jeyes' fluid to cheer and encouragement and cake and friendliness. And the rest of us take comfort in the knowledge that on at least one Karroo farm the coloured children no longer run wild on the veldt with half-naked bodies and wholly-tattered morals, but get some of the better things that life should hold for all children of whatever race or colour.

GAMIN — A POLICE DOG.

It may interest you to have an account of my new French police dog "Gamin," and I will write down all I know about him.

His late owner, Mrs. Duff, went to France in 1916 and drove a Belgian Ambulance for the Belgian Red Cross. In connection with this, they had about 100 police dogs trained to go out at night and find the wounded. Among "Gamin's" many duties, he had to carry messages.

After one of the Great Pushes (1917) one night this police dog, "Gamin," brought back a handkerchief which the Ambulance Section recognised as belonging to a French Major, R.M.A.C. Mrs. Duff at once started, with the Ambulance and bearers, following "Gamin" who raced in front and took them about four miles distant, where he had left his wounded master, who was lifted into the Ambulance as well as the dog who had two bullets in him. Unfortunately the officer did not recover, and as therefore the dog was masterless, Mrs. Duff bought and brought him to Scotland.

"Gamin" is French for "street-boy." He is about 3½ years old, pure bred French police dog. French sheep dog crossed with the wolf. His coat like our smooth-coated collies, tan and brown markings with black shadings, very much like a jackal, and Captain Buchanan

says he is exactly like the Huskies who draw the sledges in Canada, only smaller—He is excellent at retrieving both on land and water, is a strong swimmer and swims with his head and shoulders high out of the water. He suffered severely from shell-shock, but is now recovered, although nervous at sudden noises. He is kindly and gentle in temperament, has very powerful shoulders and is a swift runner. He obeys instantly, is most offectionate and loves putting his fore paws on your knee and laying his head on your shoulder. It would be most interesting if "Gamin" could speak and tell all his experiences. He was trained to work in absolute silence. When he found his wounded man, he had to gently take a cap or handkerchief back to his Ambulance Section. He was also trained to creep through wire-entanglements and fences, lest, if he leapt them he would be seen by the enemy. Sometimes he would be out for two nights at a stretch.

The night he brought his wounded Major in, although wounded himself, he refused to allow his wounds to be dressed until his master had been attended to.

"Gamin" worked for 7 months with the Red Cross after his police work. The first night he slept in my room and when I went to my bath in the morning I put his collar and chain on a chair and when I returned he had carried them to his deer-skin mat. He is a very quiet sleeper, and only requires being shown once what is required of him.

I put my handkerchief well into a hay cock and told him to go and fetch it. He at once hunted round till he found it and brought it to me. He is a charming dog.

E. M. M.

Some Reminiscences of Medical Practice in the Cape Peninsula.

Taken from the *S.A. Medical Record.*

It has been suggested to me that some record of medical life and work in the Cape Peninsula in the past might not be without interest.

As in all parts of the world, a new order of affairs and men has arisen, and will in turn make room for successors. Now, if it were possible to obtain some record of past medical doings in various parts of the country, a very interesting volume might be the result.

In 1870 the total number of practitioners in the Cape Colony was sixty, scattered over a vast area. In Cape Town then the number did not exceed a dozen. In the suburbs there were three, and at Simonstown one. How greatly altered are the numbers after the lapse of forty-one years!

The Cape Peninsula then, as now, was a delightful place of residence. The railway only extended as far as Wynberg to the south. All the work had to be done in the saddle or by cart. The roads, when once one left the main road, were few. Oftentimes the practitioner had to ride at night to Constantia, the Flats or elsewhere, and getting about was not always easy. Well I remember one night, between one and two, a farmer calling, leading a spare horse for me to ride. He remarked, "He is young and wild, but I will fasten his head to the halter of my horse, and we will manage." To ride an untrained horse is a doubtful pleasure at any time, but, somehow, at that hour of the night, and in view of an anxious obstetric problem awaiting one at the other end, the prospect was still less pleasant. Think of it, my bretheren of to-day, with your luxurious motors. Tristram Shandy speaks of Dr. Slop's messenger riding at full gallop with the doctor's obstetric forceps jangling in his green baize bag, but we often enough carried it in our saddle-bags. Another night a man fetched me to visit a patient near Muizenberg. We drove there in an open cart in glorious moonlight. For the return journey we in-

spanned a fresh horse borrowed from a neighbouring farm. We started off at a brisk pace, but, after going a little way, on passing a narrow sand track, the horse suddenly swerved, took the bit, and bolted down the side-track. We had not gone far before we collided with a bank; the two men were thrown out—as luck would have it, into a prickly-pear bush—and I landed on the top of them. We extricated ourselves as soon as we could, and much Dutch and English was spoken, there being a perfect equality of language, especially in adjectives, my immediate duty being to sit on the horse's head whilst the others loosened him.

These are examples of medical work in the seventies, even in the more or less civilised Cape Peninsula. Nevertheless there was a pleasure in it. Frequently have I driven from Claremont to Simonstown or Hout Bay at night, and many a time, if moonlight, I have enjoyed it all. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and so we poor country mice had our compensations, even if we did not enjoy the lucrative rewards and the dignity of our Cape Town confrères. On many a night Nature charmed one with the mysterious sounds of the night birds, the croaking of the frogs, and the will-o'-the-wisp light of the fireflies. Nowadays, in this direction there is a marked change also. Is it due to the inroad of the Gold Bug? Are even the charms of Nature subject to his influence? I know not, but certainly the change has come. The roads, strange to say, are less well kept, although there are many more of them. The tram and motorcar have spoilt all the pleasure of riding or driving, the roads are disfigured by rails and overhead wires, flaring posters intrude in even the quietest places, and the stately old houses are disappearing. Showy modern villas, conical excrescences as gables, jerry-built houses, shops, the iron roof, the fearfully and wonderfully ugly architectural design, everywhere predominate. The very people are different. Many races — Indian, Greek, Russian Jew, German, American, English and Dutch—jostle each other. The coloured are steadily increasing and outnumber the white. Trade is passing gradually into the hands of the new-comer—Jew, Indian, Greek—all other nationalities, as far as trade is concerned, going down before this formidable trio.

I have digressed somewhat, but it can be shown that the alteration in its environment has had, and is having, its influence upon the medical practitioner of to-day. The man of those days was in the fullest sense a general practitioner. The population was less, the field, the skill, courage and resourcefulness of the individual practitioner was quite on a level with anything his present-day confrère can show. Indeed, in resourcefulness I think it was greater than it is now, for the general practitioner had to rely on himself, there being no *deus ex machina* in shape of a specialist to appeal to. Nowadays in most difficulties he flies to a specialist, because his clients will have it so, and so resourcefulness lies dormant. Let us give an example. A general practitioner in a country district had a man brought to him in a partially asphyxiated condition. He was a coarse and large eater, and had been dining off pigs' cheek; he scraped out the pig's eye and swallowed it whole. It had stuck fast, apparently, at the upper end of the sternum, and was causing pressure in the region of the bifurcation of the trachea, with consequent difficulty of breathing. No time was to be lost. Opening the trachea would have been of doubtful help; the practitioner had no satisfactory probang, so he took a thick copper wire, bent it into a loop, and passed it down the œsophagus, and luckily managed to hook out the offending pig's eye! You may call it rude surgery, but it was resourceful and practical.

The leading practitioners in those days in Cape Town were Dr. Ross, Dr. Herman, Dr. Chiappini, and Dr. Abercromie, father and son; in the suburbs, Drs. Shea, Ebden, Stewart and John Wright. The work done was of an all-round character. In obsteric practice the exhibition of chloroform was the exception; craniotomy was preferred to Cæsarian section.

In lithotomy, lateral perineal was the route, infinitely more difficult than the present simple suprapubic method. In amputation Esmarch's bloodless method was first used in this country by the writer in 1874, and in the eighties the first gastrostomy was done. In fact, the work in every direction was in accordance with the advanced teaching of that day. I have known a practitioner's record of his day's work to be as follows:—Morning, consultations and compounding drugs till 1.30; 2.30, a twenty-mile ride in the saddle, including a fall from his horse when cantering over ground full of mole-holes; on getting back an emergency case demanding immediate amputation in upper third of thigh; in the night a difficult instrumental obstetric case. Not a bad record! Easy to recount, but anything but easy to do. A variety of work took up the day, thus another day's record shows such as extraction of teeth, catheterisation, operation for strangulated hernia and an operation for cataract. As regards the latter, I have known a friend equally skilful in extracting teeth or doing a cataract operation with either left or right hand. The life of a general practitioner was a strenuous one. Much was expected of him, and if he did not tackle dental, ophthalmic, aural and obstetric work when it came to him, it meant loss of practice, and he became a man of no account. It never seemed to occur to the minds of simple-minded folk to reflect on the enormous field of knowledge they expected one man to cover. Again, the practitioner, then as now, had to struggle with prejudice, or a better name might be "popular pathology." For instance, a friend of mine during my absence was called to see a case of dipdtheria in a child. The case was far advanced, and tracheotomy was urgently needed. After some persuasion the parents consented, and the operation was done successfully. On the eight day the child was doing well, but the parents would not have a nurse, and so the medical attendant had to come several times a day and clean the inner tube. One day during his absence it appeared the child had a meal, and in some way or other the tube got blocked, and when the medical attendant arrived the child was dead. Well, on my return from Europe the parents said to me, "We never wish to see Dr. —— again, and will never allow him to enter the house, because he did the operation which killed the child. Had he given the child a mustard emetic instead it would have lived." I explained and expostulated in vain. "Popular pathology" had been outraged, and once more it reigned supreme. My skilfull friend, had he obeyed, would have been spared much toil, anxiety and trouble, and with the aid of the "mustard emetic" would have gained kudos no matter how the case ended. Alas! sometimes for the medical attendant the path of virtue is hard to travel! Those were the days of the "family doctor," but *nous avons change tout cela,* and that individual has now become a *rara avis.* I have said our population has changed, so with his environment the medical practitioner has changed also. Is the change in every respect an advance in the right direction? I think that a debatable point! We are in a transition stage, with many of the drawbacks incident to it. The "family doctor" was looked upon as a friend as well as a physician, one who was applied to for advice primarily on health matters, but frequently on family affairs arising out of such questions, and he was really a physician as well as a friend in time of need. Furthermore, on his side there was the feeling that his clients were his friends, that they had the first call on his services at all hours, by day or night, in calm or storm, and no matter what other calls arose, it was his duty to render to them before all others his fullest service, often times he did not press for his long overdue fees, oftentimes his fees were charged on the minimum scale. If he had a difficult or obscure case in the family, he was generally the first to ask for a consultation, and he felt it his duty to see that the consultation should be with someone who *was* of the best type, and who would probably render the best service. Indeed, he felt that the consultation was one of his "responsibilities." Now the relationship between the physician and his clientèle is fast

disappearing. American customs have crept in. An American doctor once said to me, "Yours is a wonderful custom. You can leave your practice for six months and find it again when you return. With us, if we want to leave for four months, we sell out." Now here we are advancing in the same direction. The power of the almighty dollar is manifesting itself. The public chop and change their attendants, apparently placing as much confidence in a recent comer, who may have dropped from the clouds, as they do in the tried and well known. This method is really a two-edged sword; it cuts both ways. Since the public try to form the profession, so to them the "chicken sometimes comes home to roost." How can they expect any individual interests to be taken? Why are they put out if the weary doctor declines to turn out at night? Why disquieted if operations are apparently so cavalierly suggested by the new attendant? Must he not chop also? Why disquieted if there is the risk of being at times translated to other regions by a strange hand? Why tremble at the prospect? Those relations who succeed to their wealth will perchance shed a few tears, but none of them would really wish the dear departed to return, as it would be awkward for the family property to have again to change hands! In other words, if the public regard medical practitioners much as they do a cabman on the stand, then they must not expect the personal equation to enter into the case. The general practitioner in the seventies worked on lines which are fast disappearing. He was truly "a Moses" who led his people, and toiled for them, but the public, like the children of Israel, want the luxury of change they sigh for other leaders and other gods. They will find them—albeit like Aaron's golden calf they may lead them into trouble. In the seventies Medical Societies flourished and languished in Cape Town. There was a branch of the British Association, also the South African Medical Association. They eventually amalgamated. The central hospital was then as now the Somerset. There were no suburban hospitals, no Municipality outside of Cape Town, and no Department of Public Health. All these things evolved themselves as the time rolled on, and it is not too much to say that the Medical Associations had much to say in moulding public opinion on matters pertaining to health legislation. Is it too much to hope that this influence may always continue?

ALICE GREEN.

On the 28th of January, 1920, at Trevone, in Cornwall, our dearly loved Alice Greene passed peacefully away. For some time we had known that there was no hope of her recovery, though it was difficult to connect her, with her splendid physical and mental equipment, with the thought of serious illness. It was only when she spent some time with May and Freddie at Llandrindod, last summer, that we first had any hint of anxiety and since then, her illness had rapidly developed. Soon after leaving them she settled down in her sister Helen's little cottage in Cornwall and, on September 8th, 1919, she wrote with characteristic keen enthusiasm, to Caroline Murray from that spot she so loved:— "I thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for the loving and most beautiful letter received from you, a few weeks ago. I have wanted to answer it before, but alas! in these days, I have to wait for 'a good day.' To-day is really a good day, As a day, it is simply ravishing—the most perfect golden yellow September day you can imagine, radiantly light and bright, as only the Cape and Cornwall can be and with a delicious cool breeze underneath the hot sunshine. I am lying out in my long chair right in the sunshine and you cannot think how lovely it is in this little garden overlooking the sea, from the brow of the hill. I spend every possible minute here, after breakfast and dinner, and the rest of the day is spent in the pony cart, with Betty or Helen, scouring the country. It is so nice that Betty seems to love Cornwall as we do and seems so happy here. It is so dry, light and spacious that it reminds her of the Cape.

Its very treelessness and upland bareness is its charm.

"You evidently, from your letter, had not realized that the vague unwellness, which made me go to Trevaldwyn in April, developed suddenly into a violent little illness, from which I have barely begun to be really convalescent..... You can imagine how strange it seems to me to be suddenly turned into a complete invalid but I keep up a good heart and a cheerful spirit and go on struggling to get on to my feet again, which is the very least I can do in return for the wonderful goodness and kindness of the dear ones who are helping me along, but of course all my old plans for my beloved South Africa have gone to the winds. I somehow knew there was something ahead of me all the long winter and hoped that South Africa would avert it .....

"I cannot describe to you the sweetness of May and Freddie to me, nor how happy, in spite of everything, the two months in their house were, nor what a perfectly lovely house it is, I can only call them two angels and anybody is lucky indeed to fall under their care. As to the house—it cannot be imagined, it must be seen and felt. It is quite unique.... Excuse this letter all about myself when there are a thousand other more interesting things I wanted to write about but, after all, you had to be told what manner of person I now am! But don't forget, I am full of hope!"

To the end her radiant joyous spirit triumphed, never losing the keen, looking-forward, interest which was part of herself and made life richer and fuller for all with whom she came in contact. The loved ones around her could scarcely grieve as they watched her pass so calmly and trustfully into the Great Unknown. No word of complaint escaped her but only grateful, loving appreciation of all that was being done for her relief and comfort. The life that had so freely used for others the great gifts bestowed, was freely yielded when the call came for a wider service.