CHRONICLE OF THE FAMILY.

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EDITORIAL.

I have to apologise for the late appearance of this number of the *Chronicle* which was partly caused by my fortnight's stay at Elsenburg in the beginning of July, and partly by the late arrival of some of the contributions. A further delay was caused by pressure of work at the printing press.

It would be a great help if people would send their contributions in good time, not later than a month before the next issue is due, which would save a great deal of correspondence on the part of the editor and insure a punctual publication.

Will all who have not yet sent in their subscription for 1915 please do so as soon as possible.

The annual subscription is 15s. and should be sent to the Treasurer. Extra copies may be had, by subscribers, for 1s. 6d. each and by non subscribers for 5s. each.

GENERAL NEWS.

Arthur and Beryl Bisset have left Kalk Bay and have taken "Alice's Hope" in Alexandra Road, Wynberg.

Clare Molteno is still enjoying being at Millar's Point and is looking forward to a visit shortly from Vincent who has had some exciting experiences in the "Hyacinth," off the East Coast of Africa.

Lucy Molteno is now a boarder at Wynberg High School while Carol is a day scholar at the Rondebosch School.

John Molteno's commando has been disbanded and he thoroughly appreciated being at home again.

As the Middleburg College does not re-open till October, he has gone to stay at Kamfer's Kraal to get some practical experience of farming with Wallace who will be glad of his help.

The Karoo is suffering from a very severe drought, the worst that can be remembered by the present generation of farmers. At Kamfer's Kraal the rain-fall for this year has not reached 2 inches and what rain has fallen has taken the form of showers falling on narrow strips of the farm. For the first time in his life Wallace has been obliged to " trek " his stock. He has hired a farm near Omdraais Vlei, (half way between De Aar and Prieska) 15,000 morgen in extent called Lammetje's Pan and has sent up the whole of his small stock with the exception of one small flock. He was fairly fortunate in his lambing as he has managed to rear about half the usual number of lambs, some of the farmers have only saved a very small percentage. There is comparatively little stock left in the Beaufort district as nearly all the farmers have been compelled to " trek." Wallace has lost a very large number of ostriches as the young birds cannot live without green food, though he is feeding on mealies and lucerne hay.

Lil Molteno paid a fortnight's visit to the Peninsula in June, staying with Hilda Murray. Both she and Hilda played a great deal of golf and were most successful in the various competitions. Lil came second in the Royal Cape Championship and won the Electic and the prize for the best net score.

She also tied for the July Medal (silver spoon) and in playing off the tie won it with the same score.

Hilda won the May Medal (silver spoon) and the Bogey Competition.

Betty Molteno and Miss Greene have taken a house, (at Gordon's Bay) for 6 months where they enjoy being near Minnie Molteno and have pleasant meetings with the Glen Elgin party who often run down there in their delightful new car.

Capt. Newcomen rejoined his regiment at the front early in May. During his absence Clarissa is staying with her Aunt Muriel, Mrs. Nott at Ashtead, in Surrey.

The latest news we have had of Barkly is that one of the ships of his squadron was torpedoed, but happily not sunk.

We are glad to hear that Islay Bisset has quite recovered from her operation. She was allowed to return to Cambridge, though on condition she did no exams.

Jervis Molteno has made a good recovery from his operation but as the doctors did not consider it advisable to begin work too soon he did not return to Cambridge last term. He motered to Glen Lyon and spent some time there salmon fishing.

We are pleased to be able to congratulate George Murray upon having taken the Science Tripos with honours, getting a second class. He took his degree on June 21st. Since October last he has been training hard in the Cambridge O.T.C. and on June 23rd he was gazetted to a commission in the Special Reserve of Officers to the Royal Field Artillery.

He has been ordered to Preston where he is at present, but he will probably have at least two months at Woolwich before going to the front.

Margaret Molteno who has just completed her first year at Girton has successfully passed the first part of her exam. for the Agricultural Diploma.

As, out of the 8 who went up for this exam., only three passed—herself and 2 men—she is to be specially congratulated.

Caroline Murray returned from her 6 months' visit to England, on the 26th of June in the " Llandovery Castle " in which, on her previous voyage, Ted Molteno had made his return journey. The early part of her voyage was fairly exciting.

The evening before starting the ship's people were awakened, by a terrific noise, to find that bombs were falling around them—one coming down almost upon the ship. From the bridge the Zepplin could be plainly seen and there

was great noise of firing from the anti-aircraft guns.

Then the very interesting but anxious passage down the River and the Channel, was much prolonged by fog which kept falling and lifting and when off Cape Finisterre, between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening, a submarine was sighted close to the side of the ship. Two of the passengers saw it as well as the captain and the doctor but no one was told about it till the following morning though some had noticed the sudden change to a zig-zag course, of the ship.

The day after leaving Madeira one of the crew fell from a boat, at boat drill. Three boats were lowered with as little delay as possible but though they searched for two hours the poor young fellow was never seen again.

All these delays together with strong head winds, beginning from the Equator, made a long voyage of three weeks.

Gwen Bisset's return home has been delayed by the dread of submarines but she is happy to be able to have the chance of another visit to Scotland with Bessie and her party.

Mary Molteno left Berkhamsted School at the end of July and will return home shortly with her Aunt Miss Ida Jones.

Gladys Bisset and her niece, Helen Bell have just spent some time with Gordon and Evelyn, in Griqualand East and are now staying with Effie and Eliot Stanford near Kokstad.

Evelyn and Mary Gordon will leave with them on the 1st of August from Durban, by sea for a long visit here and Gordon hopes to join them about October.

We have heard very little lately of Harold Anderson but know that he has had an exceedingly difficult time owing to the slump in ostrich feathers followed by the very severe drought.

We congratulate Ernest Anderson upon his being mentioned in dispatches for gallant conduct in the field and also George Moodie and Capt. Craven—who married Celia Merrilees. Both the latter were wounded early in the war but have returned to the front.

We were all much interested to hear that Marjorie Wisely was to be married this month to Lieut. Fergusson in Dunkeld Cathedral. Her fiancé had been wounded in the Dardanelles and was sent to Malta. She went out to him there and as happily he was not seriously wounded, they were able to return together to England. All the Glenlyon party were looking forward to being present at the wedding. The ceremony should be specially interesting as taking place in that part of the Cathedral which was restored by Sir Donald Currie.

Kathleen Murray spent the first fortnight of July at the Elsenburg School of Agriculture attending the vacation course of lectures. There were about twenty women and fifteen men taking the course which proved to be most interesting and helpful.

KENAH'S DIARY *(Continued).*

Feb. 24th, 1915. Yesterday we embarked on the Galway Castle, our horses, mules, wagons and motors going on the "Erna Woermann" and British Prince, which made up the rest of the convoy. Yesterday was a perfect day, fairly warm and just a light S.E. wind and everything looking its best. Usmar lunched with us and later on Col. Buist came down to bid us farewell. Finally the Governor and Gen. Thompson came up the side and had a look round and we were off. I am not quite sure when we actually left the docks as I was busy in the depths of the ship settling our men down. Fortunately I found the chief officer was an old shipmate of Freddie's, and with his aid I obtained a portion of the promenade deck for our Brigade, where they will, at any rate, have plenty of fresh air. The place allotted to them, originally, was in the steerage with about 380 burghers—not too cheerful a pros-

pect. This is another lovely day and beautifully cool and fresh. We are being escorted by the "Armadale." The ships with the horses and transport are not in sight. I suppose it is not considered necessary to worry about them, so long as the men are protected. We are a good crowd on board, many of the men have never been on the sea before. They are certainly having a very pleasant first experience.

Sat. Feb. 27th, 1915. Walfish Bay. We got in early yesterday morning. There was a fairly heavy mist so that we could see nothing of the land except a floating glimpse now and again of low lying yellow sand-hills. About 750 of us got on board a tug and a lighter and were landed at the whaling station. The fog was so thick that we made a bad start and found ourselves almost on the beach—had to back off and coast along until we found the jetty. From this point we had to walk about 2 miles to the principal landing stages and settlement. As we went along the fog thinned out a bit and we could see something of the nearer land. The beach stretched away in every direction without a break in the smooth brown sand, as far as the eye could see.

It is like the beach at Muizenberg without the mountains to relieve the eye in either direction. There is no surf as the bay is almost land locked— so they say—but it is seldom possible to get an extended view on account of the haze which sometimes becomes a dense fog. On reaching the settlement which is just a huge camping ground for the troops and stores that are landing we came upon a scene of the greatest activity and apparent confusion. There is one fairly substantial landing place which boasts of a steam crane; there is also another smaller one where lighter goods can be landed. The horses and mules are brought off on huge "floats" or ponts; these are hauled close in to the shore by crowds of kaffirs, all singing and chanting. A gangway is then put over the side and the animals walk down into the shallow water and so ashore, quite a simple matter the only trouble being that, on account of the shelving beach, the ships have to lie a long way out. Our first business on arrival was to find a site to camp on. We visited the clearing hospital and found Maj. Campbell-Watt and a section of his ambulance in charge. It was nice meeting them again and also fortunate for us as they have taken us into their mess, but as it was late we lunched with our men off bully beef and raw onions and biscuits, which I must confess I found excellent though some made rather heavy weather of it, as a first go off. They will all have to get to like it soon. After lunch we went over to the beach to look out for our kit. "Floats" were coming in every now and then and discharging masses of equipment from which each commando was engaged in trying to sort out its belongings. A little further along would be another float discharging horses, all along the beach were men bathing and catching soles. These seem very plentiful at times, one supply officer told me they had come along in such quantities that they scooped them out in cart-loads and fed all the troops on them for 3 days.

From the shore the beach goes back quite flat, and only just above high water mark under ordinary circumstances, but when the neap tides come, the water runs back for a couple of miles over the flat. Our horizon inland is limited by huge sandhills like those at Fishhoek, only no rocks or vegetation and the sand of a light brown shade which looks almost yellow in certain lights. The camps have been formed on this flat and here was a scene indeed!—masses of men, horses, mules, oxen, engines, tents, trucks, telephone and telegraph wires and poles, wagons, big guns, etc., etc. People going about in every direction, some busy—others idle—and all very cheerful and well. Maj. Campbell-Watt says he has been here 2 months and that the climate is perfect. Very little wind, quite cool and bracing with delightful sea beathing. The people who live here permanently say it is like this the whole year round. There is a good deal of mist and fog which keeps things cool. They have once had heavy rain but this is very rare. Water has to be distilled from the sea

and everything else has to be brought from the sea or inland. This morning the sky is clear but haze round the horizon much the same so that no extended view can be obtained.

Feb. 28th, Sunday. I saw an account yesterday of the weather conditions at Swakopmund; amongst others, a record of the rainfall. The total for 1912 was $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch, while that for 1913 was $\frac{3}{10}$ of an inch, this rainfall comes in the shape of fine mist spread over a great number of days.. So they really have no rain that can be called properly by that name. The climate is ideal for a seaside resort, mild, cool, bracing, no wind. The bay is so landlocked, there are no waves, the beach is so gently shelving that bathing is perfect; no danger to the most timid and plenty of swimming for the more venturesome. The men spent all their spare time bathing and spearing soles. When we get to Swakopmund we shall travel all along the beach. Our possessions are slowly coming ashore, we expect that they will be landed by to-night. So far we hear that General Botha has pushed in about 30 miles from Swakop up along two routes, at this point they have struck nice country with fine lucerne and plenty of fruit and good water. Our orders are to follow up as soon as possible. It will take another day or two before the brigade is ready to move. At present there are only two engines and a limited number of trucks, and owing to the heavy sand, everything has to go by train. We are arranging for our heavy kit and motors to go by rail and then we trek on with our wagons and horses. To-day some of the infantry troops are moving on and also lots of railway material. The sky is clearer and the sun bright but the air is very cool—the horizon is never free from heavy haze or rolling banks of fog which retreat out to sea as the sun gets hotter and turn back again in the evening till next morning.

Tuesday, March 2nd, 1915. Walfish.

Yesterday our belongings came ashore fairly regularly and, by the evening, all our waggons, carts, etc., were safely in camp. We were to have gone on to Swakop to-day but could not as some of the gear of the rest of the commando has not come ashore, however, I think all will be ready for a move early to-morrow morning.

This morning we had a short ride. At first we went south along the sea shore and across the bed of a lagoon from which the water recedes at low tide. There were thousands of sea birds walking about and, among them, large numbers of flamingoes. These latter are remarkable looking birds, particularly so when on the wing, just as they rise the crimson splash on their sides shows up well against the rest of their snow white plumage. Last night it was very cold indeed in spite of my sheep skin bag and an extra blanket. This morning has been warm and bright and clearer than hitherto so that from the tops of some of the small hills we got quite a good view of the country. As far as one can see with the glass there is nothing but rolling sanddunes with, here and there, very scanty patches of thin scrub. The sand takes up all the formations that Scott describes in the antarctic "Sastrugi" and are beautifully shown over large tracts. I noticed also formations and fantastic shapes which might quite well have been the originals of his photographs to illustrate the varieties of surface encountered. Evidently the sub-soil is of a clayey nature and gets mixed with the overlying sand, the result of which is that when the wind sweeps the sand along, the clay does what the frost achieves in the antarctic, forming a sufficiently binding basis to get the sand to stand together and assume the curious shapes noticed.

March 4th, 1915. As arranged we trekked from Walfish at 8.30 yesterday morning. At first, while the tide was low, we got along quite well but gradually we were driven higher and higher up the beach until the whole commando was struggling painfully along in bottomless sand—at the foot of the dunes backing the beach. As usual the burghers had taken no notice of their orders, and instead of sending all their kit away by train they had put a lot of mealies and other stuff on their waggons. The result was that eventually the mules could struggle no longer and the

officer in charge threw 30 bags of mealies overboard and left them on the beach. After this we got on better, but even so the first 7½ miles took us 5½ hours, at the end of that time we arrived at a siding called "Rand Rifle Siding" where we had been told to water our animals. But here again we found that our cheery burghers had never made any arrangements to have the water sent on so that the burghers who were ahead had drunk up all the water before we arrived. Here we were, with over 400 transport animals, and no water. However, by means of the field telephone, running along the railway, we got a 2000 gallon tank sent out from Walfish. During the halt Van Coller and I walked some distance out to the top of the highest sand dune and got a splendid view—it was really a remarkable sight. The scene again was quite arctic, vast plains of white sand stretching away in every direction and worked by the wind, into miniature valleys and mountain ranges. Far inland we could make out a range of blue mountains. Of vegetation there was none unless one could dignify occasional very lean little tufts of scrub by that name. The day was one of the clearest and warmest we have yet had which was fortunate.

After a halt of about 3 hours we trekked on again. The railway skirts the shore all the way and is guarded by block houses which were manned by the D.E.O.R. At the halting place we met Maj. Rose and others we knew. The tide was still up and the struggle grew worse and worse until, about 7.30, the track turned across a point and here the mules could struggle no longer so we decided to camp. Fortunately we had been careful enough to pick up sufficient of the discarded mealies to give the animals a good feed.

As the day closed the fog drew in again. Before turning in we dined off our emergency rations and some raw onions. This morning it was still foggy but we got a nice swim in the sea and trekked once more.

About 1½ miles further on we came on Col. Gregory's headquarters and found them just starting breakfast so we gladly joined in. Another four miles of struggling brought us into Swakopmund, where we found our camp pitched by the men who had gone on by train. Here, as elsewhere, the only unpleasant thing is the nuisance of flies, I have never seen anything to equal them, they swarm in countless millions.

Our camp stands on the outskirts of the town, on the edge of a shallow valley which is called the Swakop River. The water came down, a little while back, for the first time in many years. Under ordinary circumstances. the river, like most on this coast, loses itself in sand long before it reaches the coast. Landwards there stretches a huge sandy plain devoid of vegetation while the horizon is bounded by high mountains, many miles inland—some say eighty miles—but they don't look so far as that. There is evidently a concentration of forces going on here as camps stretch away all round the town, with thousands of horses picketed behind them. We hear that Col. Alberts has made a reconnaisance with about 1200 of his burghers and is now camped about 40 miles out having driven the Germans out of one position and subsequently found them strongly entrenched at a place called Jakhalswater, about 60 miles inland.

Swakopmund, March 5th, Friday.

Yesterday afternoon and this morning we have been into town and had a good look round. It is quite a large town with many fine buildings. The curious thing to me, on first seeing the place, was that all the streets were left as they were—just soft deep sand. One would have thought that, with expensive buildings, water, and electric light laid on, the Germans would have paved the streets with either wood or stone. As it is they have contented themselves with laying wood foot-ways on either side of the principal streets and narrow gauge railways to the various parts in the middle of the thoroughfares. These are no doubt convenient in a way but an abominable nuisance to any other wheeled vehicles. There are lots of private houses which are all well built and splendidly furnished throughout. Very nearly all the buildings in the town

have now been allotted to the various units stationed here. It is curious to walk into fully furnished houses and find men camping out everywhere. It appears that the Germans quitted the town in great haste, leaving everything just as it was. They must have done this when the place was shelled by the "Armadale". It was then unoccupied by either side except for a small patrol who were evidently left by the Germans to fire the various mines they had planned. During this time the coloured population in the neighbourhood seem to have looted the place and done a great deal of malicious damage to furniture, etc. Evidently the few German soldiers here used summary measures, as, at one spot outside the town where our men were making a blockhouse, they came on the freshly shot corpses of 19 natives. It is supposed they must have been met by a German patrol coming away with loot. General Botha is living in a fine looking house overlooking the landing stages. The landing arrangements are very elaborate consisting of twin piers running out into the surf with enormous cranes for lifting the goods. These big cranes are carried on one of the piers which is still in course of construction, and seemed to be used solely for the cranes to move along. These were apparently wrecked by the Germans before they left. In spite of all their preparations the surf which rolls in on this unprotected coast is so formidable that ships have been known to lie off for as long as 42 days before they could complete discharging all their cargo.

Though the weather has been calm ever since we were here, the swell rolling in has never made it possible for anyone to land on the pier unless they were exceedingly daring and active. The water supply at Swakop comes from bore holes in the river and is horrible, it is very brak and tea and coffee is miserable. There are rumours that we push on early next week.

Saturday, March 6th, 1915. Swakopmund.

We have had a quiet idle day and have just returned from a delicious bathe immediately in front of the town. During the afternoon we met Major Campbell-Watt, and the rest of his brigade. They are living in a nice little villa, which is beautifully furnished and belonged to the German Government Geologist. It is most curious to stroll about from house to house and find them all occupied by soldiers, as a matter of fact the troops are now camped outside the town and only those whose work keeps them in the town are given the use of houses. We also saw Major Moffat and others we have met and knew elsewhere. The weather continues delightful, cool and fresh all day and very cold at night. However, I am told conditions change rapidly as one gets away from the coast. As it is, it is hard to imagine that we are only 10 degrees south of the equator.

Monday, March 8th, 1915. Swakopmund.

It seems probable we shall be here for some little time yet. To-day we have had a horrible change in the weather. The night remained warmish, which has been quite the contrary up to the present and, as morning broke in a fiery red sky, it got hotter and hotter, then a few puffs of wind, and very soon quite the worst dust storm I have ever seen came tearing down on us. The wind was burning hot and the temperature rose rapidly until it registered 108 degrees in the shade and 138 degrees on the sand on which we are encamped. It was awful, the tents began to blow down and cooking became impossible. Van Coller and I put on goggles and beat a retreat into the town, where we had some work to do, and remained there until near lunch time, when we faced the blizzard once more. All we could do in camp was to creep into our tent—which threatened every moment to blow down—and munch a biscuit. There being no abatement later we went off again and had a dip in the sea and then visited "headquarters". The building they are occupying is nice and airy, and cool. Here I met Dr. Nobbs who is in the Intelligence Department. He showed us a very interesting collection of photographs of the interior which do not inspire one as the country seems very arid in every direction.

Tuesday, March 9th, 1915. Swakopmund.

Last night the wind dropped and a gentle breeze came in from the sea which was an intense relief after the fierce heat and dust of the day. But not long after sunrise, to our chagrin the same wind started again and soon we were once more enveloped in clouds of driving sand. Although it did not get so hot the dust was quite as bad. This state of affairs continued until about 4 p.m., when the wind dropped and changed round again. We had a glorious bathe.

March 11th, 1915, Thursday. Swakopmund.

We are still waiting to move. I presume that supplies are being collected and sent forward and that we shall not move until this is accomplished. In connection with the heat on the 8th I was examining my clinical thermometer to-day and found it had risen to the limit and then the bulb burst so I asked Van Coller and Edmeades to examine theirs and we found that all confirmed a temperature of 110 degrees. The thermometers were all in our tunic pockets hanging on the tent pole which therefore represents the heat in the coolest and most protected spot in camp. To-day is warm but pleasant, as there is very little wind and what there is comes in from the sea.

March 13th, 1915. Saturday.

The weather has once more settled down to what appears to be its more usual routine. That is to say a good deal of mist and haze along the shore varying in intensity and rendering the air cool and damp and positively cold at nights so that one is glad to get into all one's warmest things for sleeping. A few days ago we were asked to lend five of our general service waggons to the Brigade for transport purposes, the idea being that all the available transport is being used to push forward as many supplies as possible. This evening our conductor returned looking rather the worse for wear and giving a story of having ridden the first trip of 30 miles or more each way with hardly any rest being allowed to the animals and then receiving orders to load up and do the trip again after a halt of barely four hours. This he said was impossible for the animals to do, with the result that he appears to have come in conflict with some officer in charge and has therefore returned to report to us. However we still have to investigate to-morrow.

Tuesday, March 16th, 1915. Swakopmund.

On Sunday we rode out to rail head about 9-10 miles out. We made a "bee" line across the desert for our destination. This is a real thorough going desert and no mistake, not a sign of vegetation anywhere except a scraggy growth in the bed of the Swakop River. Not far from here deep soft sand comes to an end and the surface is then fairly firm, so that it is splendid for riding over and motors get along well, as although the sand is soft in the hollows one can always find a way round on hard ground. When we reached rail-head we found that our mules were still away. What was disconcerting was to hear from Capt. P— the O/C that ours was the third conductor to be sent back which lends colour to my idea that the Senior Transport Officer having given promises to carry out certain moves, if supplied with sufficient waggons, and, finding that the various conductors were reluctant to kill their animals for his glorification he has dismissed them on one pretext or another to work his own sweet will. However this may be, it appears that our poor animals are doing about 66 miles on 1 drink and short feeds, for each time they do the journey. Van Coller gave our conductor a note to Major Wilson, the O.C. Transport, saying that he insisted on either an explanation or our own conductor remaining in charge of his own teams. We have heard no more. From the rail-head the country showed no prospect of amending, still nothing but desert as far as the eye could see in every direction. We are still waiting until supplies have been accumulated for a move on.

Wednesday 17th, 1915. Swakopmund.

The mules came in this evening, the conductor reported that the note had had the desired effect of re-instating him in charge of our animals. He reported that 2 animals were knocked up and were replaced but otherwise the teams do not look too bad considering

the amount of work they have been through. The upshot of the whole thing is that we shall have to take a lot of persuading before we lend our teams again. To-night we hear we shall be able to draw 24 extra mules so that we shall be better off. This will mean 12 to each G.S. waggon and Ambulance waggon and 6 to each water cart. Our orders are to leave at noon to-morrow, so our trek starts in earnest at last.

Friday, 19th, 1915. On trek.

We left Swakopmund at noon yesterday. We found it imperative to leave a good deal of our outfit behind. This includes all the mens' kit except one change of clothing and one blanket, also all tables, benches, and camp furniture together with 10 of our bell tents. We had devised loops of stout rope to lash on to the motor wheels for the sand and these proved a great success, as with an occasional shove from the men our motors were able to struggle through the first deep stretch of sand and are I believe the first cars to get out of Swakop without being towed by animals. Our first stop was at a place called Nonidas on the Swakop about 7 miles out. About 1½ miles out the surface became much harder and the going was quite good. After watering our animals we started off again and have been going all night.

It was quite clear but no moon and as far as we could see there was nothing but sandy desert in every direction. At about 5 a.m. we halted where we now are, at a sort of subsidiary supply depôt not far from Haigamchab. Here the Rand Rifles were encamped. There are a considerable number of troops moving up. It is curious to see the motors forging along over the desert. The surface is just hard enough to make it possible to get along. Motor cycles do marvellously well, no sand seems too deep or surface too rough for them—one hears the hum of the engines and then a little covey of them will go flying and skidding by as they sort out the best ground to go over. The car speedometer registers 25 miles. We go on again soon.

Saturday, March 20th, 1915. A deal has happened since my last entry—to continue in order. We trekked on from Haigamchab at about 11.45 and got in to Husab about 2 p.m. Here we found a huge straggling camp. The water hole was about 4 miles down a gorge and a fearful struggle was going on to get the thousands of animals watered. Immediately on arrival we tried to find out what was going to happen, but headquarters said nothing definite was yet planned. So we sent our animals off to water which under the circumstances meant that they would be away many hours. I then tried to get some rest but many interruptions occurred until at 7 p.m. a message came that we were to be ready to trek again with as light equipment as possible at 8 p.m. and carry enough food and forage for two days. We were told to move towards a place called Riet. Van Coller decided at once to move forward with four out of our six ambulance waggons taking 12 mounted men so that we should go light and have the maximum carrying capacity. The rest of the Brigade was to remain at Husab to cope with any wounded sent back and pass them on to the coast. It was about 9 a.m. before our mules returned. The next difficulty was that no guide was provided nor could we find anyone who could do more than give us a general idea of the direction "keep the Southern Cross on your right" was about as near as anyone seemed able to tell us. So with the help of my electric torch we floundered clear of the camp. There was no moon. Once out Van Coller and I skirmished about until we found a spoor leading south-west across the desert. With the mounted men strung out behind us to guide the waggons we moved slowly forward until the spoor became more definite. It was a curious feeling to strike out across the desert in the dark in a new country and in the neighbourhood of the enemy, not knowing for certain that one was sure of the road being the right one. About 11.30 p.m. we decided to outspan and rest our mules and after doing this we found that we had camped not far from transport, which was comforting,

as it showed at any rate we were on the right road. At 5 a.m. on the morning of the 20th we trekked on again, and not long after dawn saw the General and his Staff striking camp in front and as it grew lighter still the dust raised by the Brigade could be seen. We had been travelling across an immense flat towards a big granite mountain and now saw that the road turned down to the left of this mountain and dipped into a wide valley towards the river. The Burghers had no sooner begun to go down when the Germans opened fire with shrapnel from some big guns away down in the valley. We remained on the crest watching the troops spread out to attack. The Germans were firing very badly as their shrapnell was bursting from 200 to 300 feet up in the air. Presently we made our way down and placed our waggons under cover of a ridge while Van Coller and I with one waggon and four men went forward to where we heard a man had been wounded. We kept along the road while the German guns were delivering a heavy fire of shrapnel at the sandy ridge behind which the larger part of one force had left their horses. By turning down to the left we took the waggon right down behind the ridge close to where our guns were stationed. Having got the man on board we remained where we were as there was some risk to the waggon in returning. Our guns are under command of Toby Taylor who was captain of our soccer team at Pembroke in my year. He managed to get his guns under the tail end of a ridge, only 950 yards from the German guns and out of their sight, so that they did not know where the fire was coming from. We arrived just before the firing began and got a splendid view from over the top of the ridge. The fight opened by the driving in of the German outposts, and an attack on the rock ridges from which the burghers drove the Germans with rifle fire. It was after this that the guns took position. After a few shots our guns found the range beautifully and one after another the German guns were silenced. Their gunners must have had an awful time and the beauty of the whole thing was that they never could make out our position and kept firing right over our heads. While this was going on our burghers were working their way in on each flank. Some splendid work was done by them on both wings. As the Germans had such a magnificent position and such splendid cover only very few of them were seen all day. About 3 in the afternoon we saw a horseman gallop out from behind the German guns towards the road and presently one of the gun limbers came into view making for the road. Our guns immediately opened and a shrapnel shell plunged right into the limber knocking over the whole team of mules, as we found afterwards, killing one of the drivers. The Germans then brought up another team which was also wiped out and one of the drivers killed.

March 23rd, 1915.

A lot of rifle fire followed till dark and as we left the scene of the fight we saw the dust rising in rear of the German position and then later followed a most tremendous explosion followed by a blaze. During the day we collected 8 wounded and 7 deaths were reported. The next morning the Germans were found to have cleared out and we went forward. On reaching the position of the German guns we searched for wounded and found 3 severely wounded and 1 slightly injured by a fall. In our search there was every evidence of the haste with which the place had been left. There were about 150 unfired shells and several boxes of unfired cartridges, also all sorts of personal kit, medical stores, etc. While there were signs of all sorts of stores, wine, beer, and meat having been destroyed. We have got a fine supply of medical stores and a nice officers' tropical tent. The German position was most wonderfully strong and had all sorts of natural advantages. Directly behind the guns was a deep gulley which led down to the bed of the Swakop. It was by this means that the guns had been got away and it was evident that the unfortunate limber had been sent out as a decoy to draw our fire while

their guns were being withdrawn down the kloof.

Thursday, March 25th, 1915.

The Germans had had their camp all along the kloof behind the guns and in the larger one into which this debouche right away down to the Swakop where there was a water hole. Along this were strewn all sorts of equipment, the useful parts of which, such as stretchers, dressings, medicines, tents, we gathered up for our own use. In searching the following day behind the guns a shallow grave was found with three bodies—but the task of going deeper was so unsavoury that the men pursued their investigations no further. At another point the remains of a man was found who had apparently been struck by a shell, the only recognisable part being one leg. So it is evident their losses must have been considerable. Our scouts also captured an ambulance train but allowed it to proceed to its destination.

Last night Van Coller got orders to return to Swakopmund as the bulk of our Brigade is returning there until the transport and supply arrangements have been got into good working order. At present they cannot keep us properly supplied. It was therefore decided that I should remain here at Riet with 19 men and establish a Hospital. Van Coller trekked at 10 p.m. This morning Edmeades arrived with fifteen men and the equipment which had been left with him at Husab. He has been through some very hard work. Seeing how things were V. C. very wisely had decided to leave Edmeades with enough men and equipment at Husab to look after any wounded we might send back, but the 9th M.B.F.A. had not been so far sighted and like all short-sighted people, were landed with a far larger number of casualties than ourselves. The result was that Edmeades and his men had to take on some 50 odd wounded which they had sent back to Husab and had made no provision for. So poor Edmeades found himself with nearly 70 wounded. He managed to get the assistance of Capt. Vaughan R.M.O. Rand Rifles, to help cope with the rush. He seems to have managed the whole thing most ably and deserves every credit for all he has done in running the evacuation of the wounded of both our own and the 2nd M.B.

Sunday, March 28th, 1915. We are gradually getting news of what happened to the 2nd M.B. They left Husab the same night as we did and divided into two columns. One under Col. Alberts and the other under Col. Collins. Collins attacked Jackhalswater which was held by about 300 Germans and Alberts attacked Pforte where there were about 200; Alberts captured nearly 200 Germans and 2 guns and 2 or 3 maxims, but Collins seems to have made a mess somehow, and lost about 30 or more men either killed or captured. But taken all round and considering the positions held by the enemy our total success has been very excellent. It seems that Alberts gave the 9th M.B.F.A. no explanation of their plans but simply told them to follow him. This was of course very much what happened to us, but, anticipating the necessity for a tent division at Husab, we left it there as the 9th should have done too, if they had stopped to think a bit. However the ultimate mistake lies with the commanding officers in not making the medical officers fully acquainted with their plans, and if there is any cause for grumbling it will be themselves who must take the onus. What must have been obvious, to anyone looking more than a very little way ahead, has now occurred. We are stuck for supplies. To keep a force like ours supplied in a desert is a huge undertaking and one which is entirely beyond the available system of transport. Unless some very radical change is made and the transport trains are augmented to at least 4 times their present capacity there will be constant delays to our advance. I am now stationed at Riet with 20 men and about ½ our equipment, while the rest of our Brigade has gone back to Swakopmund to wait until a sufficient amount of supplies has been sent forward to allow of a further advance.

What beats me at present is why any attempt has been made to move inland until it was certain that we had sufficient transport to keep us in supplies for a steady advance. Trekking to and fro will only wear out men and horses and necessitate covering hundreds of miles more than is necessary.

As far as the fighting goes the Germans have very little chance, as we outclass them in all branches in the field. Our only enemy is the country. Hitherto I have had no time to say anything about the country and must take the opportunity now that we are resting to say something about it. After leaving Swakopmund we only trekked about 9 miles by daylight. At this time we passed through barren hillocks the surface of which was simply disintegrated quartz mostly like course granulated sugar and giving a very fair travelling surface. During the same night we seemed to cross an immense flat with the same sort of surface but even finer and the going quite good apart from the dust. When morning dawned we found ourselves still among endless sand-dunes to the South, but about 4 miles to the North kloofs led down to the Swakop. On the opposite side were the most weird and wonderful looking rugged hills and small mountains. These were cracked and scored and blistered to an extreme degree and present an example of the utmost possible desiccation. They seemed to be composed mostly of granite while seams of quartz and an almost black looking fine-grained rock ran in fantastic lines across the landscape. The picture was one of utter desolation. This same country was maintained until we reached Husab at about 2 p.m. Here the camp was at the bend of a valley leading down to the Swakop. The bottom was broad and sandy while the kloofs leading into it all round the head and sides presented the most wonderful examples of desiccation of huge masses of granite. The bottoms of these kloofs were soft and sandy with the results of the disintegration the whole effect was of a huge amphitheatre with little anti-chambers leading off all round. In these were ensconced the various small units like ourselves, the various colonels and their staffs, Headquarter Staff and so on while the main force lay in the amphitheatre. As we left again at nightfall and trekked all night, we saw nothing of the intervening country. Here we lie in the bed of the Swakop. All round are still the weird and wonderful worn granite kopjes while at the south is Lange Heinrich quite a considerable and very rugged granite mountain. The formation on the last part of the plain before reaching this valley was worthy of note. It was quite flat, but the surface instead of being covered with fractured quartz was closely and neatly packed with smoothly worn quartz pebbles varying in size in certain areas, but wonderfully even in size in any given area—mostly they varied from the size of a pigeon's egg, either a little smaller or bigger—they were nicely packed and looked as if they had been finally rolled with a heavy roller so that on looking down the general effect was that of mosaic work. As far as one can see ahead the country is very rugged and similar in character to what we have passed. Here and there in the kloofs one sees some very drought resistant scrub, but the bushes are very few and far between and seem mostly to belong to the fat stemmed, small leafed varieties found in arid regions. There is no doubt it is a most remarkable part of the world and one in which the student of Geology would have unlimited scope for the study of the effects of desiccation in the extreme. The whole face of the earth is blistered and scorched until it looks like nothing I have ever seen or imagined before. It is fairly hot during the afternoon but cools towards evening and early morning. Unfortunately it seems rather a windy place and as the thousands of animals which have passed through and to and fro to the water have thoroughly loosened the ground we suffer from much dust. It is no use whatever trying to keep clean and everyone looks the same colour. The dust being composed of disintegrated granite contains much mica and as this settles all over one it looks quite pretty glistening and shining in the sun. As the whole 1st Mounted Brigade has now moved back for a time.

Edmeades and eleven men go back too to join the rest of our Amb. Brigade at Swakopmund. I shall await them here.

To-day the Rand Rifles have arrived; they looked very miserable as they came in having been marching pretty steadily about 18 miles per day from the coast. I must say I should not like to have to walk in this part of the world.

April 2nd, 1915. In the interval since writing I have been at Riet. After V.C. left I took over the Farm House at Riet, a small crazy looking structure made up of 4 rooms all of different sizes none of them built true and none of them having anything to do with the other except for a small window connecting a sort of store room with one of the larger ones. The place had been ransacked by the burghers and was in a fearful turmoil. In the garden they had unearthed a galvanized iron tank in which the owner had packed his "cutlery and plate." The house stands in an enclosure of about 2 acres. About ⅓ of this has been levelled off into garden beds sown with lucerne and mealies and in front of the house the nucleus of a fruit orchard. There are a few peach trees with labels on showing that they were supplied by "H. E. V. Pickstone & Bro." Our first job was to clean up the house and immediate surroundings and then the enclosure. I had the fences mended and gate repaired and Red Cross flag installed at the entrance to our estate. The Engineers supplied us with a pump, by the aid of which we pumped dry and cleaned out a well in the front garden and have got a nice supply of water all to ourselves. The grounds are dotted with large thorn trees which give a nice shade and also some gum trees and other imported varieties. At the back of the house we have erected a section of a fine large marquee captured here which makes a nice shady hospital for from 15 to 20 men. We have also our 2 operating tents and 8 bell tents pitched around it in the shade of the trees and are ready for anything up to 100 cases at a pinch. Since the pump has been fixed we have watered the lucerne in front and it has shot up nicely. This we are using as a vegetable and find it to be like sweet spinach. Our cook boy Harry has also made some quite nice "brade" with it from onions and bully beef. Some of the troops are beginning to suffer from the continual bully and I am hoping a feed of lucerne will set them up. The men have worked well and we are, as a result, rewarded by being as comfortable as circumstances will allow.

The force now here consists of Rand Rifles about 700 strong and 300 burghers under Commandant Bezuidenhout. In addition there is a maxim gun section under Capt. Goldberg (Benjamin's partner of the firm of Benjamin & Lawton) a section of S.A.E.C. under Capt. Muller and our intelligence section of about 30 Herero natives under Capt. Kennedy and Lt. Howie. So we are a comparatively small community. I am alone in charge of the hospital but have the company, and help if necessary, of the R.M.O. to the 300 Burghers. It is really quite pleasant here on the whole—a good deal of dust at times, usually for 3 to 4 hours every afternoon—pretty hot as soon as the sun rises and fairly cool at nights. But with good water nice fresh lucerne to eat and moderate shade things might be a lot worse. Our patrols are vigorously scouting the country round for 20 miles out. Yesterday I was chatting with Capt. Kennedy who told me he had sent 3 of his men and a native boy a long way in to see how the water was. Presently in came one of the men without his hat and one of the natives. He said they reached the water hole they had been ordered to inspect just after dusk and were resting. This man said that having had orders not to rest near the water hole he was annoyed with the others and so he and the native withdrew and lay down under a bush some little way off.

About 10 p.m. he heard a noise and saw some Germans surrounding the horses and 2 other men. They also spotted him and called on him to hands up, but he and the native managed to slip away behind a rock and escape. We were still discussing this piece of news, when who should turn up but the Sergeant and other man on their horses. They

were very done up and after a rest and some tea related how when they were behind a tree to which 2 of the horses were tethered, the other two being a little away from the tree but between them and the German patrol. They did not answer but while the one man covered the German with his rifle the other saddled up quietly. In the meantime they heard the German order some of his men to go round in rear of them. However, when ready they got on their horses and bolted down the river bed making for a kopje behind which they doubled and then stood still. The Germans galloped after them but went right past and as soon as they did this, our men followed them right out of the river and then slipped away. They declared that the Germans followed them in small detachments till 4 a.m. after which they saw them no more. All the explanation these two could give of the other men who had run away on foot was that they had "cold feet" and there was no necessity for them to have bolted.

This evening I was again over at Kennedy's camp when in came Commandt. Bezuidenhout to say that a patrol of his had just been over to Tinkas (the nearest water hole to the scene of the adventure) and there had found the 2 horses supposed to have been captured the day before. The mystery has not been solved yet.

April 3rd, 1915. The solution to the foregoing incident seems to be that in all probability the German patrol was a small one too, each being afraid of the other and in the darkness, thought discretion was the better part, and so each escaped from the other. This afternoon I went in company with Col. Wylie who has now arrived and taken command of the troops here—some of his staff and some engineers to inspect a mine which had been laid by the Germans. They had protected the approach up the bed of the Swakop River by erecting a barricade of thorn trees and barbed wire. Immediately in front of this barricade two mines were placed. The barricade lay at a point in the river immediately in front of a watering place and where the bank on either side consisted of precipitous granite cliffs. The idea was that the horsemen would mass up against the barrier while an opening was being made and then the mines would be fired. And this is what very nearly happened. The burghers massed up against the barricade and one German who remained behind was seen pulling at a wire to fire the mines. Fortunately the device jammed and he was captured before the mines went off. The mine he was trying to set off was immediately disclosed and a fire kindled over it and the dynamite burned out; the other mine was only discovered later on and it was this one we went down to destroy. The engineers dug down upon it and placed a charge over the cases of dynamite. It went off with a mighty explosion, which must have worked havoc had it gone off at the time intended. So far the Germans have not met with much success in the mines they have laid.

April 4th, 1915, Sunday. To-day Capt. Redlinghuis and I went for a scramble on horseback along the slopes of Lange Heinrich. This is the most prominent mountain in this region and lay on our right flank during the engagement of Riet. We struck a game path which took us all along the top of a ridge through wild and desolate looking foot hills, with deep gorges on either side. Whenever there was the smallest bit of level ground we found holes made by zebras for rolling. The only living things we saw were some small birds, dassies and a pair of the brown Khorhaan found in the Karoo. The path at the end of 2½ hours brought us out on one of the shoulders of the main mountain and from this we got a magnificent view of the country around and particularly ahead. We had a fine view of Tinka's flats over which Commandant Bezuidenhout had ridden many miles in an endeavour to outflank the Germans at Riet. As a matter of fact the path over the hills which he ought to have come by and did not find passed over the foot of the shoulder we were on—the one by which we eventually returned. From our point of vantage we also had an excellent view of Modderfontein and the country towards Jakalswater. We could see the railway

line winding up a sandy kloof from the Swakop at Riet and ascending by a long gentle slope to the higher flats at Modderfontein and on to Jackhalswater. This piece of railway had been laid expressly for the defence of this position, and its existence was quite unknown until the day of the attack. The Germans had indeed taken a lot of trouble and had undoubtedly lost a magnificent chance of holding us back by failing to hold such a wonderful natural fortress. I don't think there can be many other positions where their chances will be anything like so good.

One pleasing result of our ramble was that in spite of his somewhat clumsy appearance I found old Cato is quite a handy man with his feet. I have called my horse Cato because not only is he a most splendid old philosopher but he is a bit of an orator too. He always has a friendly word to say when he comes across other horses or is rejoining his friends. When he rests he does so thoroughly. If the night is warm he lies down full length with his head resting on the ground and goes sound asleep. The night before the attack on Riet we had not had much rest for 36 hours when we lay down to sleep on the road for a few hours before dawn. When we had to go off again I went over to the wagon to which Cato was fastened and though it was rather chilly I suppose he was pretty tired and I found him full length fast asleep. I took him by the ears and gave his head a shake, at which he raised his head with a groan, but did not get up, as much as to say "good heavens!! are we off again." I then gave his ears another pull whereupon with more grunts and groans he got on to his feet, gave himself a good shake, quite clearly indicating "well if it must be I'm ready." Then if I fall back along the line—and ours is a pretty long one when the whole brigade is on the move—to see that all is well, as soon as I start forward he will give a loud neigh and two or three more until I get back to Van Coller's or Edmead's horses, who are his friends. He is quite a character and carries me easily and well and is docile and quiet and not easily scared by anything. If left loose for a moment or two among any group of wagons it does not take him more than a very few minutes to find where the food is—no matter what it is in he soon finds how to tip it out or pull open a bag or even bite a hole in it if the worst comes to the worst. So take it all round he is a splendid fellow for a campaign, and I hope when it is over to manage somehow to keep him.

April 5th, 1915. Monday. New troops came in to-day and I spent most of my time getting them settled into their various sites. The engineers have got some good pumps going now and there is abundance of beautiful water.

April 6th, 1915. Tuesday. This afternoon I accompanied Col. Wylie over to Modderfontein on a visit of inspection. Here we found Capt. Wood with 100 men forming a volunteer squadron of the Bloemhof Commando, doing outpost duty. Their camp lay at the foot of the most immense granite boulder I have ever seen. It was not so very high but the area rising above the sand was immense. The top of it was pitted and scored by the heat and drought into all sorts of curious crannies and caves. In one of the larger caves Capt. Wood made his refuge from the sun. It was nice and airy and cool commanding a magnificent panorama of the country round. One could see over to the ridge we were on on Sunday and away back towards Husab. He said they had patrolled about 20 miles in and found good veld and considerable quantities of game, but no water. On one occasion they saw a herd of about 3-400 springbok.

It was near Capt. Wood's camp that the German headquarters had been and here again were signs of the rapidity of their flight. In fact they had left their camp in the morning for the fight and never got back to it. It was near here that the ambulance train was captured but when found to be a Red Cross train was allowed to go back. Here as elsewhere the country is entirely desert, though there were it is true a certain number of euphorbia bushes which relieve the eye, but do not signify much as regards fertility or plenitude of water.

April 7th, 1915. Wednesday. To-day I have remained in camp all day, a good deal of correspondence, a wire from Van Coller to say Moffat comes out leaving on Thursday and I am to remain here till the brigade returns. I am glad of this as I did not fancy going back and having possibly to return immediately.

MY VISIT TO GEORGE.

I left home early in March to pay a long promised visit to Mrs. Ham at Blanco. Most of the railway journey was done at night, but from Mossel Bay the scenery became very picturesque and reminded me of the south of France. George is a very pretty town—with wide streets and nestling amongst trees—the lovely Outaniqua Range of mountains adds largely to the beauty of the landscape. Blanco is four miles from George, a sweet little village, Fancourt being quite the "Manor House" of the place—it is quite a show place and strangers were constantly arriving in motor cars to see the garden and grounds which are most beautifully laid out with ornamental water, making islands with rustic bridges and the water covered with blue, cream and white water lilies. The house too has many attractions, large, lofty rooms—and some of them furnished with furniture made from local woods, black wood, etc.,—the whole place is embowered in trees and many of them rare ones. It seems impossible to do it justice by mere description, I wish you all could see it for yourselves. I made an expedition to Oudtshoorn to see the Montagu Pass. We left George at quarter to three o'clock and did not reach Oudtshoorn until twenty minutes to seven. At the station, before reaching the highest point, we stopped for some time. Women are there, with bunches of heath and bracken,—with which the sides of the mountain are covered. You go through seven small tunnels and the scenery is grand and awe inspiring.

The last week of my visit I went on the Monday morning, with Mr. Montagu White, in his ox wagon, as far as the road leading down to the Wilderness. He was taking his oxen to the lakes for some weeks to give them a feed of sour veldt. We passed through forest-clad hills all the while, a succession of mountain passes, crossing rivers with bridges that would tempt every artist to stop and sketch. The road is the beginning of the 51 mile drive to the Knysna, and is twelve miles long.

When I reached the place to leave the wagon Mr. White kindly sent the driver with me to carry my suit case. It was a steep walk of half an hour, when we reached the bottom of the hill—there was the Wilderness Hotel! The sea is in the foreground, and on one side the lovely river. Next morning I had a walk through the forest to see the Kaaiman's River. Some ladies from the hotel kindly offered to go with me, as they said "I could not go alone." The walk is a foot path winding up to the highest point; as you go along you get glimpses of the sea, and at last the river flows below—the open ocean in front—a glorious view. There is a waterfall in the river higher up, but as the boat was broken we could not get there, so we did not attempt to go to the river side—it would have been a very steep walk. In the afternoon Mrs. Vincent offered to go with me on the other river, which you see from the hotel. We rowed for about an hour to get to the ebb and flow. As we went along, the hills closed in more and more, the forests coming down to the waters' edge and all unfamiliar trees, like yellow wood, black wood, stink wood and iron wood,—also lovely ferns everywhere. At last you felt in dreamland—surrounded by these forest-covered hills, and all reflected in the water, so bewildering that you did not know where the forest ended and the water began—the stillness and solemn grandeur was quite over-powering.

The next day the motor fetched me and we returned another way from the one I walked down. It was a lovely drive, with distant views of the lakes. When we reached George Mrs. Ham was there waiting for the motor, and we

started for the Knysna. I motored sixty four miles that day.. I feel I have not adjectives enough to describe that wonderful drive. About half-way a very heavy shower of rain came on and by the time we reached the Omteny Forest the mists were hanging around and added greatly to the beauty of the scenery. When nearing the Knysna you go through a weird pass, quite bare of trees but very steep and with curious rocks around. This takes you down into a long valley—I afterwards heard it was called the Phantom Pass—a very appropriate name. After driving through the valley for some time, you cross a bridge and then you have a narrow road with a high hill on the one side and a broad river on the other, it must be two or three miles long for it took us some time to get over, and it went on until we reached the Knysna. There we stayed a couple of days—saw the "Heads" one day, which also is very grand and beautiful—and on the third day we returned to Fancourt. I left for home the following Tuesday, ofter a delightful visit of four full weeks, feeling much better for the change.

Letters from East Africa.

Lenox writes:

Since I last wrote to you we have been in action twice, bue we have had only one of our men killed. On both occasions, we had forced night marches and came in contact with the enemy at dawn. On the last occasion we crept right up to the enemy's outpost at night and were trying to surround it but, unfortunately, one of their picket walked right into us. He was only four yards from me. I tried to take him prisoner but as he would not put up his hands, he was shot. This, of course, caused the alarm. This was at 3.30 in the morning and we could only see the rifle flashes on all sides. At the start we got some fair shots at quite close range—only 20 to 30 yards—and the enemy lost several men. We were in a very nasty position as they held all the cover as well as the hills above us. Anyhow, after a time, we managed to retire and get back to our horses, without any loss. Of course, it was no good remaining as the surprise had failed. The darkness saved us as, had the dawn come, they would have given us a bad time from the hills through which we had to retire. Previous to this, we had taken the precaution to cut their telephone wire so as to prevent re-inforcements being hurried up.

I am leaving this squadron shortly as I have got a position as one of the Intelligence Scouts. The Scouts consist of only nine men and I suppose I am lucky in being chosen. I am only waiting for a good horse to arrive. I am sorry to leave this squadron, as we have such a nice lot of chaps and all get on so well together. However, there is one other fellow in the Scouts from this squadron, who is a friend of mine, from Kenia, and who has always been one of our mess.

Maurice is still here with us and is very well and a jolly good chap. I continue to have good reports from my farm and all the stock is well.

May 8th, 1915.

I am out of the B.E.A.M.R. now and am an Intelligence Agent. This post is the nearest one to the Germans. My duties consist of keeping in touch with the enemy as much as possible.

I go out with a couple of boys and sleep out in the bush to try and watch the movements of the enemy. It is a great trial to one's nerves—the bush is very thick and one has to trust a great deal to luck. The enemy are very active around here and there is some fighting nearly every day. Our patrols get in touch with those of the enemy very often but I don't think I am allowed to give particulars.

As we are only about 1500 feet above sea level the climate is very trying and there is a good deal of malaria. This is very important work but I find my nerves are not so good as they used to be. You can be assured that I will be as careful as possible.

The river here is the most beautiful I have ever seen. Its water is as clear as crystal—one can see the fish swimming about and sometimes a hippo.

The banks are lined with drooping palms—whenever I go out I decorate my hat with creepers and grass so that when I am lying down in the grass, it is difficult to be observed so long as one lies perfectly still. One has to be very cute and up to every dodge.

The Germans are very daring and cute, I think they have some Dutch about here as scouts. I have just returned from having been out three nights, there were 14 Germans close to me—I was alone and must have passed quite close to them. A patrol of Rhodesians walked into them and had several killed. Maling's brother was one of the killed to-day.

Mguma, May 19th, 1915.

We have some of the Rhodesians here of whom I knew a good many in South Africa. I was out with a force of 200 men for several days. We had two maxims with us. While we were having lunch at a river, we were attacked by a strong force of the enemy with maxims. The mist was pretty thick and the grass long. Both sides kept up a terriffic fire and I have never heard such a fearful row. It fairly rained bullets. They tried to flank us but found us prepared and we drove them back. One could not see much of the enemy till we came to close quarters. This bush fighting is a trial to one's nerves and also gives the black troops an advantage.

Everyone stuck it well—we drove the enemy back and they retired at sunset. On one flank five men got cut off and they suffered the usual treatment. They were all killed with bullet wounds and bayonets. Then they were stripped and some of the bodies mutilated. One has to expect a certain amount of that with the use of black troops. We have tried to restrain ours as far as possible but I can say, as an eye-witness that, in each case that our wounded have fallen into their hands, every man has been killed and evidence is clear, that only some of them have been killed cleanly. ..... The Germans, with their strict discipline, could easily put a stop to this if they wished. This is about the most brutal fighting one can imagine.

Our black troops are an example to everyone and a credit to their officers. They are firm as a rock and just seem to love it. They have great ideas as to their own abilities and I never want to be with firmer or better men. They are great at volley firing—you hear their corporals give the order and they all get off their rifles like one man. A smarter, cleaner looking lot you could not meet. I don't think you ever get white men so keen on their job as these chaps. We have chiefly Nubians, Yows and Abyssinians.

I do hope to get a chance of meeting Mr. Selous. I hear 1,000 men of the Legion have arrived with him in the country.

In Jarvis's last letter he writes that he has just been recalled to the front.

He had been granted special leave to go to Laichipia to complete his survey work there. He writes "Land here has not yet been affected by the war as I have just been asked to cut off 2,000 acres of mealie land from a farm in the Molo District, which has changed hands at £2 per acre.

The Government have put trout into one of our rivers and will put them into the other next year.

The road to the Northern Territories is being pushed forward rapidly and is now 10 miles beyond our farms. It passes through the top farm—all the rivers are now bridged between us and Nairobi and the road has been made up for motor traffic.

A tremendous development is expected, after this war, in Central Africa having Mombassa for its centre of export and import."

As we go to press we hear that Ernest Anderson has received his promotion with the rank of Captain.

Vincent Molteno has also got his promotion and is now a full lieutenant.

Murray Bisset is standing for Parliament at the next general election as Unionist candidate for the South Peninsula.

Kenah Murray returned from S.W. Africa on August 12th in the Hospital ship "Ebani".

Letters from Captain G. Sandeman.

Gerald Sandeman got a territorial adjutancy in December 1913, so did not go to the front with the Border Regiment last August. His territorial regiment, the 6th West Yorks, were mobilised at the outbreak of war and after eight and a half months hard training they left for France on April 15th.

April 24th, 1915.

My dear old Lil,

Just a line. When we get settled down a bit, more time for writing. Gad—what a life—it's just top hole. We are strangely near the jolly Huns—80 yards is my nearest so far, but I had quite a lot of sand-bags in front of me so was as safe as a house. I told father of my merry afternoon among the shells, it was just like Olympia to see the houses blowing up. I expect we will be in for the real thing soon. We are wonderfully lucky and it was worth the long wait at home to get out and see some real scrapping. It's a quaint life. The men are billeted in farms and sleep in the straw, the officers are in houses of sorts. We have moved twice so far and will probably shift again to-morrow. Here, we are in a château, jolly pretty, not a bad little town. You can't get much washing but you get used to being dirty. We drink coffee mostly and I smoke plug tobacco which I cut with a knife —cobble stones to walk on—by gad, they are hard. Everyone is so jolly cheery, the men are simply topping, all smiles, and all the troops out here are wonderfully disciplined. My regiment (the Border Regiment) are quite near here and I saw them last week and had a long talk with "Watty" and "Chads", it *was* ripping to see them. My old Colour Sergt. is now a subaltern and we shook hands very warmly. Good-bye—much love to all.

May 5th, 1915.

Plenty of cigarettes, a dug out and some clean straw, shells hurtling over my head and a shot gun at my elbow to shoot carrier pigeons! What more could you want? Incidentally a few rats scampering about. It's a poor heart that never rejoices. I was up most of the night investigating mines—sounds cheery! We had a mining expert out at 3 a.m., specialist from Harley Street! We have a "last hope" post bang up against the Boches' trenches and I rather think they have ruined it, but the fellows said not. It's the deuce of a jolly spot. Last night the Huns heaved bombs into it, no casualties but two subs. jolly nearly hit. The subs. are splendid, real top hole. The captains take the show a bit seriously, they are not used to doing without sleep and they feel the strain a bit. The men are perfectly wonderful, up to the very best standard of Tommy I consider. One of our patrols met a German patrol night before last, both parties fled from each other! Jolly sound, as if either had fired, the lot would have been killed. It's not a health resort between the two lines of trenches, there are stacks of dead Germans lying about, for one thing, and you trip over them. We seem to be stuck here for a bit, been eight days in the trenches now. It's ripping, much better than billets. Of course my job is nothing compared to the blokes in the trenches, I have a lot of work in a way but am not tied down to a quarter deck and I see all the fun all round. They have just been shelling our little hospital in the rear. The whole show went down to earth when they started, only one shell got a decent hit at all. Lunch time—stew and beer, top hole. Gad, this reminds me of South Africa, it's grand, but by gad, it's rough and ready.

Saturday May 15th, 1915.

A cheery line from you. No, I've heard nothing of Sydney..... If the Germans have got him wounded, he ought to be all right. We are waiting now to be relieved in the trenches. I shall not be sorry to get a night in bed, have been up practically every night and have not had my clothes off for ten days. The last two days we have been bombarding the enemy's trenches day and night and have been shelled ourselves. To-day a

shell plumped into our mess kitchen, luckily breakfast was over. Yesterday a big one cut our little walnut tree down just behind my back, I was shot into my dug-out. I have a very healthy respect for a dug-out, strange to say! most fellows have here. We got some trench mortars up and had a go at them last night as they had been annoying us with catapult shells, mortars, howitzers, and such like friendly little fellows. Yesterday they heaved 15 bombs into one of our trenches and then shouted out, "Now you've got it, hope you like it." The cheek of the jolly Boches! They shout over to our trenches in the morning, "Good morning, Tommy." It's such an absurd existence sitting 90 yards or less from chaps and doing all you can to kill 'em, when you would much rather all turn out and play them at footer. The gas business is being overdone; we all have masks now, and the last time the Germans used it, they were simply mown down by our chaps, who waited till the gas had gone and then let drive. We go into billets to-night to a little town only two miles from our trenches, three miles off there is a village where I know a place for a hot bath and a café where you eat omelettes and drink white wine! So I hope with that and a real sleep with my boots off to feel like a chirpy young sparrow in no time. Much love to you all.

MAY'S WEDDING.

Wednesday, March 24th, 1915, was May's wedding day. There was great excitement at Palace Court—perhaps specially because it was the first wedding to take place there.

George, Jervis, Margaret and Islay were all down from Cambridge. Gwen was a free person, having just left school and Mary and Nesta came up from Berkhampstead for the day and Clarissa, who was staying with her grandmother, joined us at the church. Percy and Bessie had spent great thought and care over all the arrangements and had May been their own daughter, they could not have done more to smooth her path.

The weather was, happily, warm and pleasant, though not sunny, and everybody seemed to be in the best of spirits. The servants had all been so much interested in the event and all helped in the kindest way. Elizabeth was in her element with the flowers and one wondered at such profusion, at that season—no one could have chosen or arranged them more tastefully. There were white lilies, white lilac, tulips and daffodils, besides pot plants and the rooms looked lovely.

By twelve o'clock everything was ready. Barbellion had sent his men to arrange the table and help to serve the good things they had brought, but Elizabeth had herself arranged the flowers—pink tulips with lilies of the valley and white heather—and nothing could have been more charming.

The wedding-cake, which had arrived from Gunter's, the evening before, was placed on a side table.

The time for the ceremony in St. Matthew's Church, was fixed for quarter to two as May and Freddie's train was to leave Paddington at four o'clock.

Jervis and George, looking very smart, with gay button-holes, went beforehand to the church to arrange where everybody should sit and show them to their places, as they arrived.

At last all were ready to start. May looked charming in saxe-blue chameuse with a large hat trimmed with soft blue feathers and relieved by a bouquet of magnificent deep red roses.

Margaret, her bridesmaid, wore a most becoming shade of pale grey chameuse with touches of pink in the corsage and a black velvet hat with white ostrich feathers—her bouquet was of pink carnations and she wore a pearl and silver pendant, the gift of the bridegroom.

Caroline's dress was of dark nattier blue and she carried a bouquet of pink roses, while Mrs. Parker wore black with a bouquet of William Allan Richardson roses.

Bessie looked regal in a beautiful dress of purple brocaded chiffon velvet with a coatee of rich purple silk and her hat, trimmed with superb white ostrich feathers, was equally becoming.

All the party were conveyed, to and from the church, by the Roll's Royce and the Talbot. Percy coming last, with the bride and bridesmaid, as he had to give the bride away.

The bridegroom, and his eldest brother, who acted as bestman, were early in their places and the guests were just beginning to be impatient when the music announced that the bridal party were entering the church.

The ceremony was conducted by Dr. Parker's brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Cheales, assisted by the Rector, Mr. Murphy.

It was a simple short service with no singing but very good music and it was a happy party that met in the vestry after much mutual congratulations and good wishes.

On their return from the church, the guests were received in the drawing-room at Palace Court by Percy, Bessie and Caroline.

Dr. Parker's family were represented by his mother, his youngest sister Ruth, his two older sisters, Mrs. Lloyd-Davis and Mrs. Cheales, and two of his brothers.

Among the guests were Lady Currie, her sister Miss Millar and niece Miss Munn, Lady Merrilees and Captain and Miss Wisely. Unfortunately Mrs. Wisely was not well enough to be present.

While the wedding party were being photographed by Elliott & Fry, the remainder of the guests were entertained by Jervis, in the dining-room, where the dainty display of good things was appreciated.

There were no speeches but the health of the bride and bridegroom was drunk in champagne and if loving friends and sincere good wishes make for happiness then, no two people could be more blest than May and Freddie.

Letters from Caroline Murray.

Extracts from Caroline's letters written during the three weeks which she spent with Bessie and Jervis at Fortingal Hotel. They motored from there to meet Barkly at Edinburgh, where Percy joined them from London.

April 27th, 1915.

Our day, yesterday, at Glencoe was one to be remembered.

The morning seemed dark and when I came down to breakfast, I found Bessie, with our landlord, Mr. Mackenzie, standing in front of the hotel looking anxiously at the shut in hills, but the latter re-assured us by saying that the wind was from the east and would soon drive away what was only mist. So we ate our good Scotch breakfast cheerfully and at 9.30 were whirling our way to Fernan, on Loch Tay where we were to pick up Mr. Athol Gordon.

He arrived on his bicycle from Kenmore at the same moment as we and took his place beside Jervis who was driving us in the Talbot. The Rev. Mr. Gordon is a most genial companion and loves his "bonnie Scotland" both as an artist and a patriot. By the time we had reached Killin, at the head of Loch Tay, the sun had banished almost all the mist and soon we rejoiced in a sky and an atmosphere like our beamingly beautiful winter days at the Cape—full of glorious light and colour.

You remember the delightful journey—over lonely, bare, wild moors with dark hills, sometimes rolling away into distance, sometimes narrowed into a deep glen with bold steep heights, now covered with glistening snow—always, somewhere the delicious blue water either of a still, lovely loch or a tumbling craggy river with banks of soft clean grass or overhanging trees.

Up to Tyndrum we followed the Oban road and there we branched off into high moors over the mountains where one wondered still to see a railway line. We passed two charming little hotels at long intervals and then got beyond the railway into quite bare, lonely country, which brought us at last to the entrance of

Glencoe. Here there is a solitary inn, called the King's House and we stopped to order tea for our return in the afternoon.

Leaving there we were now facing the magnificent "Shepherd of Ettive" towering up stern and majestic—its black precipitous sides all festooned and crowned with glistening snow. It stands like a silent watcher guarding the entrance of that deep awsome glen with its haunting memory of awful tragedy. Only a few scattered heaps of stone mark the spot where once stood the poor simple little homes in this wild and lonely beauty with nothing, one would think, to attract a cruel and greedy world.

About one o'clock we stopped at one of those quiet lochs sleeping amongst the stern mountains and there, on its banks, we placed our rugs and basket beside a rocky "burn" and enjoyed the excellent lunch Mr. Mackenzie had put up for us. The sun was so hot that I felt nearly roasted but aunt Bessie revelled in it. It was a lovely spot—to recall always with delight—and such sunshine, rich coloring, and dazzling snow made it a day of exceptional beauty. After lunch we went on right through the glen as far as Lord Strathcona's place, where the scenery opens out and we had a view of the blue sea running into the land like a long narrow loch. On the way we saw a lot of deer on the opposite side of the river quietly feeding with some sheep. Jervis tried to get some snap-shots of them but he had great difficulty in crossing the river, jumping from rock to rock. Soon after three we were back at the King's House where a real Scotch tea was ready for us at one end of a long table, whilst the other end was arranged for two walking lady tourists, two friends of whom were seated as close as possible to a huge fire, awaiting them. We did justice to the delicious scones, butter, honey and tea and, just as we were leaving, we saw the two walking ladies coming across the heather with their knapsacks on their back. At Fernan we parted with Mr. Athol Gordon and reached here about half past six, having done 130 miles with the greatest ease and comfort.

May 10th, 1915.

Thursday morning I posted my letters to you just as we were starting for Ben Lomond with Miss Bonar who is a delightful companion. Our way took us again along Loch Tay, past Killin and by the oban road as far as Glengarieff where we turned off into beautiful Glen Falloch with its craggy "burn" tumbling over steep dark rocks and the birches and beaches and larches all in the fairy-like foliage of early spring. It was an exquisite approach to lovely Loch Lomond which at this end is all still unspoiled nature. Its opposite banks are here so steep that not even a road can find a place on its thickly wooded sides. The rich sunshine lit up the dark woods and crags and gave the most delicious blue to the water. Above the dark enclosing hills rose the sharp peak of Ben Lomond. Miss Bonar directed us to a favourite spot overhanging the Loch where we encamped for lunch and basked in all the restful beauty.

From here we went on to Loch Long which opens on to the sea. It was so strange to see the seaweed in its beach and get the strong smell of the salt water. On its banks we passed a torpedo factory and also masses of the richest gorse bloom I have ever seen.

Suddenly, from the luxuriant beauty of the loch, we plunged, in a moment, into the sternest and bleakest of glens, not a tree or a house to relieve a feeling of awsome loneliness. We ascended the dark rocky heights, past noisy burns, by a steep winding road, the summit of which is called "Rest and be thankful hill". Beyond this we as suddenly emerged from this bare wild glen to find lovely Loch Feyne lying beneath us. Here we saw the most wonderful banks of primroses carpeting the ground for miles beneath the trees and here and there a patch of blue hyacinths and violets. Then again we would come upon dazzling masses of golden gorse. It was indeed a feast of beauty

and the rapid motor travelling accentuated the fascinating contrasts. Again we left the soft luxuriance of the loch for another silent rocky glen which led us to Invarary with its stately castle surrounded by delightful lawns and gardens and forests of the most glorious trees. I have never seen such giant cedars.

Princess Street Hotel,
Caledonian Railway,
Edinburgh.
May 12th, 1915.

"We began to feel we were near North Queensferry and to wonder whether we should need permits before meeting Uncle Barkly there. About 2.30 we reached a place where we were stopped and questioned by a sentry but were allowed to pass on. It was very exciting when we caught sight of the great Forth Bridge—to me for the first time—and then we saw all the long line of war ships lying in the river opposite Rossyth. Jervis at once recognised the "Lion" and the "Tiger". Now we met sailors everywhere and just as we got down near to the water two officers passed us on their way to the golf links. We found they were Barkly's present Admiral, Grant and his late Admiral, Packenham. Another moment and Jervis exclaimed 'There is Uncle Barkly!' He had crossed with them to the ferry and came hurrying along to meet us. It all seemed like a dream. Barkly said he had just found that the last ferry would leave at 3 o'clock, so that there would be no time for him to show us Rossyth and the north side of the river from which we would get the best view of the "Antrim" but he had arranged with the ferryman not to go off without us if we were a few minutes late.

Percy's train was due about 3 o'clock. The station was just above us on the top of a steep hill but the "Talbot" negotiated it splendidly under Jervis's guidance. In the few minutes of waiting Barkly took Jervis and me to a place higher up the hill from where we had a wide, and most interesting, and fortunately, exceptionally, clear view up the river towards the sea. Barkly pointed out to us a little island and other fortified places and in the distance we could see the Bass Rock, North Berwich Sound and even Mary Island. Percy arrived looking ever so much better than when I had left him in London. He and Barkly walked down to the ferry and we motored right on to the boat and crossed alongside of the Forth Bridge whilst all the war ships lay on the other side.

Across the river we motored through most lovely grounds belonging to Lord Linlithgow and past all the long line of battle ships, cruisers, and destroyers till we came to where we could see the "Antrim" and Barkly's landing place.

Lord Roseberry and Lord Elgin have also beautiful places on either side of the river and it is a great boon to the sailors that they have thrown them open to them so that they can enjoy their games, without anxiety, in sight of their own ships. Barkly motored back with us at 5 o'clock to his hotel and after tea Percy and Jervis took him back to his embarking place as he had to be on board by 6 o'clock.

Next morning at 11 o'clock we were again near the landing place,—meeting on our way many parties of sailors, with their footballs or marching back to their ship. Here there were wire entanglements and walls of sand bags and the sentry refused to let us pass without a permit. However, as we were early there was time to go to Queensferry and get one at the police station. When Barkly joined us we had an interesting drive through Leith and Granton and other of Barkly's old haunts till we came to Holyrood where, after seeing the old ruined chapel, Jervis left us with the Talbot and Percy, Barkly and I walked up through the town, by the Cannongate, right up to the castle at the top of the rock.

Barkly was always our guide and he loves this old part of Edinburgh with all its relics and memories and quaint names. Now it swarms with little children of the poor and it was amusing to see their interest and admira-

tion as they saluted him—one we heard remark "I think he is an Admiral." I noticed that Barkly never failed to return every salute with a friendly smile. From the castle we had a fine view and it did not take us long to get down to our hotel just below, in time for lunch. In the afternoon as we walked down Princes Street, we found it a fashionable promenade where Barkly exchanged salutes with many officers he knew and I saw that he attracted much admiring interest. We walked up Carlton Hill again and then, after looking in at the Academy returned to have tea at the Hotel before taking Barkly back to his ship. Our wonderful meeting had come to an end so full of mingled emotions one could scarcely analyse but only feel. It was a great comfort to find him looking so well and keen and cheerful as ever. We had been most fortunate in timing our visit as his ship had returned, only the evening before, from a 5 days' cruize. They can never forecast their movements from day to day.

CLARISSA'S WEDDING.

Clarissa Molteno was married on March 31st to Capt. G. Brabazon Newcomen of the 2nd East Lancashire Regiment, at St. Matthew's Church, Bayswater.

The reception was held just a week after May's at 10 Palace Court, where Clarissa was staying with Percy and Bessie.

It was a quiet wedding but a very bright and pretty one. Mr. Newcomen, the father of the bridegroom, had come over from Ireland to be present and was accompanied by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Nunn. Clarissa's mother's family was represented by Mrs. Holland-Pryor, her grandmother, and her aunt, Mrs. Nott, who acted as dame d' Honneur. Amongst the guests were Lady Currie, her sister Miss Millar and her niece, Miss Munn. Captain and Miss Wisely and a very few friends of the bride.

Clarissa looked charming in a simple white satin frock with a wreath and veil and made the very daintiest of brides.

Captain Newcomen and his best-man, Mr. J. Rogers, were in khaki. Percy had again to take the father's part and give away the bride. Everyone was interested and almost amused at the firm and resolute responses of both the bride and bridegroom and they looked a very happy pair as they smilingly walked down the aisle together after the ceremony.

On their return to Palace Court the bridal party were photographed by Elliott & Fry, while the guests were being received and entertained by Percy and Bessie. The cake was cut with the bridegroom's sword and the health of the young couple was drunk in champagne and, after a very bright and pleasant gathering, they hurried through showers of rose-petals, into the Rolls-Royce which whirled them off to the Cecil Hotel where they spent the four days of their short honeymoon. At the end of that time Captain Newcomen had to return to his duties at Tedworth where he was training recruits.

Extracts from Ernest's Letters.

24th May, 1915.

My dear Father,

It is some time since I have written you, but we have been having rather a terrible time. For the last month we have not been away from our billets except for two nights. On the 12th we went into some very hastily made trenches to the N.E. of ————. We were lucky in having only one casualty in getting in, as the 2nd Life Guards had twelve. We spent the night trying to improve the trenches and at 4 a.m. we were subjected to a terrific bombardment from high explosive shells. They burnt all among our trenches,

killing and burying men, and making an awful state of the place—the ground actually shook. This went on continuously without a second's interruption for two solid hours. I can assure you it is not a nice experience sitting still in a sort of narrow ditch, being covered with earth and débris from the explosions, and almost deafened with the row—expecting each second to go sky high. After two hours it suddenly ceased and the crackle of rifle fire began from our men, showing that the Germans were coming out of their trenches to attack. Immediately the guns switched on again, and for another hour we had the same hellish fire. The Germans then attempted again, but were a a second time met with rifle fire. This led to a third bombardment. Subsequently however we had to retire. I had to get over 800 yards of open country which was plastered with shells and rifle fire and I must say I consider myself very lucky in getting through. The regiment got into some trenches occupied by the Bays and remained there. I had a splitting headache, but had to open a dressing station for the wounded who were pouring in. Luxmore, of the 2nds and I ran one together and we were busy the whole day, hardly without a stop. Under a heavy fire our motor ambulances ran right down to within 100 yards of the only trench separating us from the Germans. At 2.30 p.m. a counter attack was organised and we drove the Germans out of the trenches. This was done by the 8th Brigade. but they were then subjected to the same awful bombardment and after half an hour had to give them up again.

However, we held the Germans up. This was I hope their last determined attempt to take Ypres which was only two miles off. Ypres has cost us an enormous number of men and of course the Germans have lost even more.

The following day was, I am glad to say, quiet and that night we were relieved. We, however, remained a few miles back in reserve for a week and then returned here. I can't tell you how nice it was getting back to a little quiet. The guns have growled down south ever since we have returned. The news, however, looks good. The Russians now seem to have held the Germans up and inflicted great losses and Italy and Roumania seem to be coming in. If it was not for these heavy howitzers—the inexhaustible supply of shells and the number of maxims they use, it would be easy work. The German infantry don't seem so much good, certainly the ones in front of us were rather hopeless. They ran like hares as soon as we got near them, but the heavy guns and maxims are excellently worked. Nothing can remain in the trenches alive after a sufficient bombardment. The Brigade lost two doctors that day, one of them having his head blown clean off.

Ypres was a wonderful sight as we passed through on our way to the trenches. A portion of it was burning furiously, and flames lit up the Old Square—to complete the picture a shell exploded just as we were passing. I don't think a single house stands whole now, and many streets are quite wiped out. Motor busses brought us back from the huts—about 100 of them in a long line—as we passed Poperinghe the Germans started to shell it. I can tell you we dashed through the streets at a great pace —one shell chashed into a house only thirty yards ahead. The town is quite deserted. The huts were not exactly a nice spot either, as they used to be shelled generally once a day when we would all turn out and go into the fields till it was over. We have learnt a lesson from being too brave and remaining behind.

I hope this war will soon be over. I am getting very tired of it and the waste of lives is appalling.

27th. I went into the neighbouring town yesterday to have a tooth out, and saw a number of people suffering from the results of this gas the Germans are using. It is awfully sad, they were just just gasping for breath. All the bad cases die, as the lung tissue gets quite destroyed. It is a most beastly form of warfare. Numbers had come in during the day and were lying about all over the place, mostly outside, to get as much air as possible. The gas was noticed as far as twenty five miles back, so you can imagine in what enormous

quantities they are putting it out. They are also using it in explosive shells.

I have just heard I can go on leave for 72 hours starting next Monday. All those that were in the trenches are going, two per regiment at a time.

I hope Italy having come in will help to hurry things up. I hear even the pessimists in Paris are quite cheerful now and say they can see the end coming. Let's hops so, but the Germans die hard and are full of all beastliness.

1st Life Guards.
16/6/15.

My dear Father,

Since writing to you I have had five days leave in England. Four of us went off together. We motored down to Boulogne one evening, spent the night there and caught the boat the next morning. We ran into several banks of fog on the way over in which we had to slow down and make no end of a row. I found London rather excited over the zeppelins and people were providing themselves with respirators. I had dinner with Uncle Percy three times and had some most interesting talks. We are at present simply tucked away in a pretty little village but standing to at an hour's notice. French was to have inspected us to-day but that has been postponed. I live in a little farmhouse with another chap and meet at a house about 400 yards away for meals. It is all very peaceful here and, except for the rumble of guns in the distance, there might be no war near. The weather is beautiful at present and very warm. I enclose a photograph of myself taken in the winter while I was photographing my horse, my servant, Cooper, holding him. Wahby has had to give up his job and consequently has gone to join his brother. How he must hate this war. Well I hope the worst is over now. I am looking forward very much to a trip out to you after. I hope you are all keeping very fit. With much love.

Your affectionate son,
ERNEST.

THE LOSS OF THE GOLIATH

It would be a little abrupt to give any account of the dramatic loss of the H.M.S. Goliath without some short reference to the ship herself and her work since war was declared. She could hardly have been counted as an "effective", for she was about seventeen years old, and eighteen knots would have been her absolute limit of speed under ideal conditions at the time when war was declared. Her tonnage was 13,900 and her armament consisted of four 12 inch and twelve 6 inch with a number of 12 pounders and four torpedo tubes.

Previous to the declaration of war she was with other ships of her class at Milford Haven with a very reduced crew, but was completed to full crew for the Test Mobilization held in July.

Her first duties were patrolling in the Channel but on September 19 she was ordered to Gibraltar en route for Bombay. From there she convoyed to Mombassa the transports containing the first troops engaged in East African operations. The ship was also engaged here until the middle of December carrying out, among other operations, the bombardment of Dar-es-Salaam. Engine room and other defects made it imperative for her then to go to Simonstown for a refit. Between the declaration of war and the end of 1914 she steamed over 20,000 miles which was a strain on so old a ship already much overdue for her refit, especially as, when in the Channel and on the way out, steam for full speed had almost always to be at short notice.

Two months were spent at Simonstown when the ship and her crew were thoroughly refitted. Those two months is a memory I shall always hold very dear. Finally on February 25th she again sailed for East Africa, flying the flag of Vice Admiral King Hall, and was engaged there until the end of March when we had orders to transfer the flag to the "Hyacinth", and proceed to the Dardanelles, presumably to replace either the "Irresistible" or "Ocean".

We arrived in the locality on April 23rd, just in time to assist at the celebrated landing on the morning of Sunday the 25th, which will be handed down as one of the biggest things among many big things in this war. As a combined Naval and Military operation it is, I imagine, unique. For the first week we were employed on the outside of the peninsula supporting our left flank as one of several ships, or firing at Turco-German batteries. We were then transferred inside the straits supporting the right flank where the French were held up to the S.W. of the now much written of KEREVESE DERE. One British battleship and one French man-o-war were always here by day, and the French ship withdrew at night. Few opportunities presented themselves of giving direct assistance, but we could give indirect help as on the outside by firing at the enemy batteries and guns. But here we had three difficulties at least to contend with, namely a strong current,—never less than three knots, and sometimes as much as five,— any mines which may have escaped our mine sweepers, and also the tension caused by being at all times a target for Asiatic batteries principally, and one or two European guns. These Asiatic batteries seem very mobile in addition to some presumably in emplacements.

It is a different matter being in an action,—where one is free to manoeuvre, and can rely on being fired at incessantly for the duration of the action and firing back at the target one can see—to the conditions prevailing there where one has to endeavour to maintain one's position so as to be of maximum use as a floating fort, and where one is at the same time an exceedingly conspicuous target for guns one cannot see. We had many, many narrow shaves in addition to the actual hits scored. Their shooting was exceedingly good, as was also our luck, the latter largely due to the fact that if we moved after their first shot was fired, the second one would probably miss. But this movement obviously rendered us useless until our position was again ascertained.

This is a long winded dull exposition of the situation as it appeared to us. There was no excitement unless—and indeed it may appear to be such to any who have not experienced it, and who do not realize what it means—one can call excitement the soft sound, like the buzzing of a bee rising to a shrill shriek, as a shell comes at you, and you wonder if it will hit and where. This entirely ceases to be excitement when, as happened one morning, the sequel is a deafening crash, a blinding flash, and a shower of splinters, as it exploded in the deck half a dozen feet away. It makes one think, when a man, standing barely a foot from you, is badly wounded, and you remain a little shaken as to nerves but otherwise sound.

Here I must digress a little in case readers should be under any mistaken impression that I consider my experiences under fire in any way singular. I marvel that men in the trenches who suffer this sort of thing so very much more, do not become nervous wrecks. The man who says that shell fire leaves him unmoved is a super fatalist or a braggart. One may, after long custom, become the former. Before one starts one is—unconsciously—the latter, "Where ignorance is bliss, etc.".

To resume. Four ships were employed on the inside. Two divided the day, one took the night and one "stood off" for twenty four hours. Of the three who divided the 24 hours, the two not "on" were "stand by" ships. I am quite at liberty to divulge this much organization as it is different now.

At night one was in a quandary. If one anchored one was of use to the military if required, as one knew one's position to a few yards, but was an easy target for submarine or torpedo boat (the latter could only approach undetected under a combination of unlucky circumstances). If one was under way one was uncertain as to position sufficiently exact to assist the military, one was just a little less liable to torpedo attack, and consequently of negative value. On the never to be forgotten night of May 12th we went on covering duty in the evening. It was a fine still evening but clouds were abnormally low and thick, and there seemed every prospect of a dark night. When darkness fell at about half

past eight we anchored, and it was pitch dark and cloudy. Some destroyers were covering us, but it seemed an ideal night for an attack, so much so that I remarked on it before I went down below for a few minutes to have supper. In the ward-room the conversation among the surgeons, paymasters, and any not on duty or asleep, was unusually solemn. It impressed me at the time and more so when I thought of it after. Down below at night in war time is no place for a white man after a hot day for there is little light, no current of air, much heat and general air of everyone "having their loins girt and their staffs in their hands." As I went on the bridge I lay down in my shelter and went to sleep. The Captain and I—the navigator—always slept on the bridge, and I personally always slept in my clothes.

Something—premonition or our gun—woke me and almost simultaneously there was a tremendous uproar, and I heard someone shout: "There's a torpedo boat." Perhaps half a minute elapsed before the second similar upheaval, then a similar interval before a third. It is impossible to adequately describe the shock of a torpedo explosion. The noise was quite different from a gun and was more like a sudden tremendous rumble of thunder as opposed to a thunder clap. The ship shook as if it was bound to drop to pieces. I could never have believed the force. The bridge was covered with thick spray almost amounting to a green sea after each one. The third hit was level with the bridge, and the other two before it, so the fore part must have been blown to pieces, and it was obvious that the ship was a "goner" for she went down by the starboard bow and heeled to starboard very quickly. I was very quickly up and on the port side of the bridge with the Captain, and indeed everyone came over pretty quickly to the high side. Slowly she went over and down with an awful crashing and clatter as fixtures broke away and slid down to the starboard side. A crowd on the bridge climbed over the rail on to the side as she capsized, but I didn't worry to do this as I thought one couldn't have time to get in a really advantageous position for she was going over fast now. Never shall I forget the awful moment as the first swirl of water reached my legs, but it was little more than a moment before I was in a rush and tumble of water going down and down.

One hears of curious thoughts crowding the brain of drowning men, but I suppose I must be rather a materialist for as I started to come up my only thought was whether I should reach the surface alive, for I was rather at a loss for breath, and must, as was subsequently very painfully demonstrated, have bumped something on my way down or up. Being so dark there was no indication of nearing the surface, but when I did there was a huge black mass just disappearing which was the stern bottom up. It was a horribly uncanny sight.

I luckily came up near a number of pieces of wood, evidently bits of the deck blown up, and had enough breath to swim and secure two bits of convenient size to put one under each arm. I had all my clothes on except my sea-boots which had dropped off, and also my cap which naturally had gone. There seemed a lot of men near me, and just at first there was a lot of awful moaning, but we all shouted to cheer one another up, and a number began to sing cheery songs. I remember being a little annoyed at some man shouting "Be British." It seemed so unnecessary, and also a reminder of such an infinitely worse catastrophe in mid Atlantic.

Soon these voices became fewer and fewer although one could hear them at a distance all shouting "Boat ahoy." I never thought that any boats would come, for I didn't see how any ships could have heard the explosion. It didn't make enough noise I thought. Having this in mind my idea was simply to try and keep alive until I got ashore at Sedd-el-Bahr or drifted out on the strong current to the transports.

I was moving my legs all the time to keep circulation going but couldn't move my arms much as my bits of wood were inclined to float away. I cannot describe the cheering sensation when suddenly a searchlight switched on and then several more and after a little more swimming I saw heaps of boats. It was almost

heart-breaking when two steam boats passed quite close but didn't see me, for I was beginning to be a little cold, but to my great joy a pulling boat came straight at me, and they shouted out: "All right, sir, we're coming," and I felt much relieved. My troubles were not quite over for when they had pulled me in I was in a fair amount of pain, felt very sick after swallowing so much salt water, and was awfully cold. However, they quickly took the to a trawler where kind hands almost carried me to the engine room, took off my clothes, gave me a cigarette, and massaged my legs and arms, and put on clothes which they procured from somewhere. After this and a glorious tot of neat rum I felt quite fit except that I could barely move except with much agony from being bumped by wreckage.

I was eventually taken to the "Euryalus" at 5 o'clock a.m., where some kind person gave up his bunk and I had my injuries dressed, and was able to lie down again. I need hardly say that I felt as if I was starting life again after such a ghastly experience, and I wondered and wondered how many of my mess-mates were in like happy case. I noticed that my wrist watch, now a precious relic, stopped at 2.28, and I fancy she was first hit at 2.15 a.m.

ON COMMANDO *(Continued.)*

After our leave had expired all those who hadn't had enough of the lovely life in that part or were moved by a patriotic spirit returned to Upington on the 11th April and, when we were equipped, left for G.S.W.

Our commando, together with 70 Cradock men, numbered 300 strong. We left on Sunday, 19th, for New Kalis, a distance of approximately 200 miles, the greater part of which was through the desert. We took 500 remounts and a convoy of 50 transport waggons containing rations for ourselves and our horses.

We trekked fairly slowly, doing an average of 20 miles a day, as the sand was very thick and the waggons had to keep up with us. We passed through Zwart Modder which is 75 miles from Upington and was for some time the headquarters of the rebels who went to German West just to "protest" and see what Manie Maritz was doing.

We then went up the Molopo river bed to Bloemfontein which is quite near the German border. The Jew who kept the store there told us that his store had been looted by rebels and Germans but that the Union troops were worse than either as they even stole his postage stamps! He thought he would put on fancy prices when he saw us coming, but we taught him to play a different tune, which made him very soon lock the store door, and he then meekly served through the window.

We crossed the border on Monday, 26th April, at midday, and hung a Union Jack on one of the iron poles which you find all along the border. We also saw a copper plate with British Territory written on one side and German Territory on the other. In German South West the sand was much thicker and we just crept over endless red sand dunes. At a German police station called Lescondies Dam we camped several days and had to help the donkey waggons over the dunes. We fastened a long rope to the dissel-boom and about 30 chaps pulled—all the officers took a turn and even the commandant. I'll never forget the remounts, some days we drove them on loose, but sometimes we had to take turns and each lead three. You can imagine what it is like leading three half-starved horses, some of which hadn't even halters, only bits of wire round their necks, and then, when you halted for dinner, and had to hunt for scraps of wood, these things would break loose to look for food and each wander off in a different direction. It was enough to make a saint swear and then you would have to feed them out of one nose bag.

We arrived at our destination, New Kais, on 30th April, which was my birthday. Gen. van Deventer was expected to arrive in camp that night from Keetmanshoop so a picket had to be sent out. Of course eight of us had to go. In the middle of the night we heard that we

were to return at day break and go to Cape Town and then go to Swakopmund to join the Northern Force. I said that they were pulling our leg, but we found it to be true and left next morning for Upington. We trekked in the early mornings on the way back as this allowed the horses to graze the whole day. Horse rations got pretty scarce, and we were put on half rations, and as the biscuits, or kluikers, as they were called, ran out we were given flour and made rooster koekies. Two of us who used to mess together got on the soft side of a transport conductor by giving him a pair of riding breeches which quite did the trick. He gave us flour whenever we needed it and we even got a tin of jam occasionally, which was considered more precious than gold, the ration being one spoon every other day. We used to enjoy a kind of wild melon which tasted like cucumber, called zammers. It was a very good thirst quencher. We were pretty well off for water but it was mostly the kind that you can chew. There were quite a number of shallow pans, some only two or three inches deep and really swamps. I remember one in particular was thick with frogs eggs. We were very much surprised to hear that we were to be disbanded when we arrived at Upington, and so our campaign came to a sudden close, without our ever seeing a German.

NAP.

Obiit, May, 1915.

Old Nappy dead!
He was as full of life as he could hold.
The thing's absurd.—*We* might be lying cold.
He bounding overhead!

And such a *boy!*
How he would prance and frolic, leap and bound,
So light he scarcely seemed to touch the ground,
—Incarnate Joy!

He was not brave
He never seemed to fight a real *good* fight,
He'd think in all encounters Might was Right,
And so behave.

A meek Rob Roy
He was not even honest. He would steal,
Would forage for himself to get a meal,
—And with what joy!

But such a Friend!
How kind, forgiving, patient, fond and true,
With heart as fresh as is the morning dew,
Sweet to the end!

Farewell, old boy.
If the undying principle be Love,
We'll find thee bounding in the field above
All Love and Joy!