

CHRONICLE OF THE FAMILY.

NO. 2.

AUGUST, 1916.

VOL. 4.

EDITOR KATHLEEN MURRAY.

P.O. Elgin, Cape Province.

Treasurer, Brenda Molteno, Claremont House, Claremont, Cape Province.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL	41	THE BOMBARDMENT OF DAR-ES-SALAAM—	
IN MEMORIAM	41	LIEUT. CHARLES PARKER, R.N.	52
GENERAL NEWS	42	GENEVA AND THE WAR—	
FROM OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT	46	MADAMOISELLE GENEQUAND	54
THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND	48	LETTERS FROM EAST AFRICA	57

Editorial.

The Editor would be glad to receive contributions for the next number of the *Chronicle*, which should reach her during the first week of November. Those who have not yet paid their subscriptions for 1916 are requested to do so as soon as possible.

In Memoriam.

It is with the deepest sorrow that we record the sad circumstances of the tragedy at Fancourt, Blanco, which resulted in the death of Mrs. Ham and Mr. Montague White, as well as of their friend Mrs. Vintcent who, with her little boy, was spending a few days with them. It seems that, for the latter, a little picnic was planned on Saturday the 8th of April; it was there that the fatal mushrooms were gathered and, in the evening, they were eaten at supper.

Towards morning Mr. White heard sounds of distress in his sister's room and found her alarmingly ill. Mrs. Vintcent was a trained nurse and he hurried to her room to ask her to come to Mrs. Ham's assistance but he found that she, too, had been seized in the same way. When Dr. Snow arrived he brought their old friend Miss van Niekerk and a nurse. They

found Mrs. Ham conscious and she even sat up in bed, later, and said she felt better but poor Mr. White had the agony of seeing her pass away, in great suffering, on Monday the 10th, before he himself succumbed. When Mrs. Vintcent died on Wednesday, he seemed to lose all desire to live and in spite of the most skilled and devoted care, he too sank into rest on Thursday.

They were laid side by side near the little church they loved, at Blanco, and for which they had done so much.—United they had been through life and now in death they were not parted.

Their beautiful home stands desolate with all the treasures their artistic tastes had gathered there. The building up of that home of their early days had been an ever greater delight to them both, drawing them to it always more and more so that, latterly, even when her brother was away in England, Mrs. Ham never felt lonely there but found constant happy occupation and companionship in the lovely garden with its wealth of choicest flowers which she delighted to think her friends could share with her, for hers was a loving nature always longing to "give". It seemed fitting that, after a life full of vicissitudes, it should be her last resting place.

GENERAL NEWS.

Effie's little daughter, Shiela Maria, was born on April 17th at Tressilian, Kenilworth. Elliot had to return to his farm at the end of April, after a very short visit, but Effie remained at Kenilworth with her father until the middle of June. She took back with her an old nurse who had taken care of her as a baby.

Uncle Tom has let Tressilian and is staying with Mrs. Ogilvie at Quarterdeck, Kalk Bay.

Later he intends paying a long visit, first to Harold, and then to Effie.

On April 18th Brenda Molteno's engagement to Lieut. Gordon Thomas was announced and took us all by surprise. Mr. Thomas was formerly in the Mercantile Marine, but as a R.N.R. was called out at the outbreak of war. He was appointed to the "Macedonia" and took part in the Battle of the Falkland Islands. Subsequently he was stationed at Simon's Bay for five weeks until he was ordered to England to undergo a course of gunnery at Chatham.

It was on the voyage to England that he and Brenda met and very shortly afterwards we heard the news of their engagement. On leaving Chatham Mr. Thomas was appointed to the H.M.S. "Warspite" which played so gallant a part in the Battle of Jutland and effected the rescue of the "Warrior".

Ella Molteno arrived home from England on June 27th and as she had seen Barkly and Mr. Thomas since the Naval Battle she was able to tell us many interesting particulars and even show us the fragment of one of the shells which burst on the "Warspite".

Nesta leaves school at the end of this term and returns home with Brenda about the middle of August. Helen will then be the sole representative of the family at Berkhamsted.

Islay Bisset left Cambridge at Easter and is expected to arrive at the Cape at the end of July on a few months' visit.

Margaret Molteno receives our hearty congratulations on having taken the Agricultural Diploma which completes her two years' course at Cambridge. The subjects of her examination, which took place in June, were Agriculture, Chemistry, Botany and Physiology.

Jervis Molteno has been granted two months' sick leave from Sandhurst and will have to go before the Board early in August.

News has come of the birth of Marjorie Fergusson's son. She and her husband are staying in Scotland. As a result of all he has gone through in the war he has been invalided out of the Navy.

George Murray has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant and we believe is stationed somewhere near Arras. He arrived in England on June 15th for a week's leave, part of which time he spent with May at Llandrindod. From all accounts he is looking very fit and well. The following are extracts from his letters:—

May 9th, 1916.

Just two weeks to-day I got orders to proceed to England on a course of instruction. I was in a great state of excitement about it, since it is 4 months since my last leave.

I felt here on Sunday, arriving in London on Monday evening Wednesday I went down to Salisbury Plain. There were 15 officers in the course—all from France.

The object of the course seemed to be to revise our knowledge of the proper methods of engaging targets in the shortest time. We had a few days of lectures and instruction and then 2 days of firing on the ranges. Each officer was given 2 targets to engage and was allowed 20 shells for each.

The weather was beautifully warm and fine so we enjoyed the time thoroughly.

The Colonel who was in charge of us was very complimentary about the way we conducted the firing.

This last jaunt does not count as leave and I hope to get a week towards the end of

June. The time does go wonderfully quickly. I have been out here 8 months already and feel quite an old hand.

The spring has come properly at last and most of the trees are in leaf and all the crops and hay are beginning to get quite long. Our battery position is really very pretty. Things go on exactly the same as ever—there is practically no news that I could give you. I wish that things would move one way or another as the present does seem a great waste of time and energy.

I am writing this all at our observation station. It is raining hard and there is nothing to be seen so that I have nothing to do.

I met Oswald Horseley when I was in London. He is laid up at present with trench feet. It appears that he went out again and went to Ypres just after we had left it. He was only there about a month when his feet got bad. He had always scoffed at the idea of trench feet but he got them very badly indeed. He couldn't walk for a month. I don't know whether I told you that he had been mentioned in despatches. I think it was for something he did in the battle for Hill 60 after we blew up an enormous mine."

—
Extracts from Kenah's letters:—

At Sea,

April 19th, 1916.

"We are moving again, as you see. We left Alexandria about a week ago and are expected to reach our destination some time to-day. Unfortunately we have had a stiff wind all the time with rather a high sea, which has made the voyage by no means pleasant. While at Alexandria old Gunn came to see me one day. He is with the 1st Regt. but had tooth trouble and was sent to hospital. He is on this ship. Before leaving we were reviewed by Sir A. Murray. He is now commander-in-chief in Egypt. After the review he spoke to the C.O.'s and said very nice things to them. I am very glad to say that, so far, the S. Africans have earned a very good name wherever they have been. Sir A. Murray said he could say that he knew the Old Army and that he had

seen much of the New, but never had he seen better troops with better discipline. He went on to say that when he was asked whether he could spare us, he had replied, it would be taking from him his best troops but that he knew that only discipline and self-control could win in Europe, and, therefore, he thought our place was where those qualities were most needed.

I am wondering very much whether I shall be able to get in touch with George or Ernest. The British troops are so widely scattered now, I hear, that I very doubt the possibility of seeing them.

The stay in Egypt has done all our men good. They look in fine condition—brown with the sun and healthy and strong. I spoke to one of the Naval officers superintending the embarkation and he said: "This is the fittest looking lot of men we have yet carried."

May 3rd.

"I can't tell you where we are except that we are in France and, in a few days, will be in the firing line. We can hear the guns booming at times in the distance. All of us keep well and are full of keenness for our work. The S. African troops have created a most excellent impression everywhere. The S.A. Brigade has been given the distinction of being the first Colonial contingent that has had the honour of being put to a regular division. So far they have kept all the other Colonials together, not being well-trained enough to act with Imperial troops.

May 23rd.

I cannot say much about this part of the world. The censorship is very strict and, as a matter of fact, I am acting as censor to our unit for the present, but, of course, all letters are liable to be re-censored before finally leaving the country. The nearer I get to the actual scene of war, the more hideously futile it all seems. Much as I hate it all, I have never regretted my decision to come in the capacity I have done. The more I see of what modern warfare means the more I realize the preparations Germany has been steadily making for years. The Allies have simply had to copy

what she had done as they were all so far behind in the contemplation of war.

To judge by the machines, devices and ingenuity generally displayed by Germany and compare it with those of the Allies, is simply astonishing.

The immediate impression is that one side had thought of nothing else and the other had thought war would never be resorted to again.

Our Brigade is now in the trenches and I have been up, in the course of my duty, to several points, and at one place through a periscope I had a look at the German trenches from several points and at one place through a periscope where only 50 yards separated us from them. At one point where I got a more extended view, it was a wonderful sight. It was a warm peaceful afternoon, with brilliant sun and clear sky—rather a heavy bombardment had just subsided and not a shot was to be heard—looking out over the trenches in all directions not a living soul was to be seen.

It was hard to imagine that thousands of men were buried there ready to fly at one another at a moment's notice. Well, I must post. We have been very busy visiting the area we serve and getting all the information we can and not much time for writing.

June 5th.

Your letter reached me while we were at the front, just before we moved away down here where our division is having a rest from the trenches. Our ambulance had about 14 days in the trenches during which time they were sandwiched in with another ambulance in order to get broken in to the rather nerve shattering process of getting accustomed to shell fire.

The Germans are using very big shells now. They say their regulation field guns are now all 15 c.m. which is something over 4 in. in diameter and on many occasions they were using 9 inch shells which give a very heavy explosion.

..... I am keeping very well and I think the roving life has done my health no harm, but naturally I am longing to get home and settled with Hilda and the children.

All our unit keep very fit and the men have done well in their first experience of trench warfare and modern guns.

Ian Bisset writes from East Africa:—

June 16th, 1916.

"We are in the best of health and feelings. From our last camping spot, a place with a cold mountain torrent rushing by, we marched some 18 to 20 miles to our present position and I have seldom passed through prettier scenery. The march itself was considerably spoiled by the amount we were obliged to carry!"

The engagement is announced of Doris Beard to the Rev. E. W. Lasbrey, Rector of St. John's, Wynberg, and Christ Church, Kenilworth. Mr. Lasbrey has so many friends in the family that the news was received with great satisfaction.

Ronald writes most cheerfully from Cambridge:—

"I'm quite sorry to be leaving Cambridge so soon, and only hope I will be sent back to complete my training in the Cadet Unit, which is stationed here now.

I think this is the first time I have ever been made to work till I was really tired, and in the evenings I quite enjoy getting into bed!"

Bazett is still in the Transkei, and Ethel and little Patricia have been staying at Muizenberg for the last few months.

Jarvis Murray has received a commission as 1st Lieutenant in the 4th Battalion of the Kings African Rifles, stationed at Bombo, Uganda.

Maurice Southey has been appointed Assistant Political Commissioner at Moschi with the rank of Lieutenant.

Mildred Molteno with Nance and Charles spent the June holidays at Kamfer's Kraal. Carol travelled with them on a visit to the Wintertons.

Letters from the Karoo show that the country is still suffering seriously from drought. The rain which fell in the autumn was not nearly sufficient and, unless it rains next month, Wallace will again be obliged to trek his sheep.

Mr. George Jackson and Mr. Harry have trekked again and at Baaken's Rug they have never been able to bring their sheep back.

At Kamfer's Kraal the lucerne is practically all dead, so Wallace has planted the lands with wheat, but if the rain does not come next month there will be no crop. The Government. The lake would be eleven miles by five the Poort with the object of ascertaining the feasibility of Sir John Molteno's scheme of blocking the Poort and then damming up the Salt River so as to form a big lake. The result would be that at least 17,000 morgen of alluvial soil below the Poort could be put under irrigation for the purpose of closer settlement. The lake would be eleven miles by five with an average depth of 19 ft. If this scheme should be carried into effect Kamfer's Kraal farm would be expropriated as all its river veld would be under water.

Lucy Molteno spent the June holidays at Oak Lodge, Elgin, after which she joined the rest of her family at Miller's Point where they made a short stay.

Kathleen Murray attended the fortnight's vacation course at Elsenburg again this winter and much enjoyed the lectures and practical work. These short courses, which are held at each of the agricultural colleges of the Union, have become so popular that a good many applicants had to be refused this year.

The following is an extract from a letter from Evelyn Murray:—

Reidfontein, Cedarville,
Griqualand East.

July 2nd, 1916.

We have at last got our dining room chairs which were most beautifully made by a man in Cedarville.

They were copied from an old Dutch chair belonging to Wilfred and are made of stinkwood with reimpjes seats. They seem to suit our room so well with its low ceiling and dark beams.

Elizabeth is now very well and is a really fascinating young person. She is rather small but plump and round and looks her very best in her bath which is the great event of the evening. The whole family, and any visitors there happen to be staying with us, watch the performance. She is very good and very jolly and has a great number of friends and always a smile for everybody. She is very fond of her Daddy.

Mary is a most devoted sister. She has grown quite a lot since we returned from Cape Town. I mean to take some snaps of her on horseback to send you. She looks very nice and has a very good seat. She canters now and seems quite at home on horseback.

Gordon has just had two heifer calves from his good cows—one from Prien, one of his imported cows; it is the third calf he has had from her in three years. The other is from one of his Bloemfontein purchases.

We took three first prizes at the Matatiele Show. Clinker took first as a 2 year old bull and also first for best Friesland bull in the Show yard.

Naatje II. took first as a 2 year old heifer and third in the milking competition.

Naatje I. took 2nd in the milking competition—being beaten by a cow that had just calved—whilst she had been in milk about 6 months.

Our old bull again took 1st prize in the over 3 years' class. He has been shown 3 times and has only once failed to get 1st prize.

Cecil's prizes for Shorthorns were 1st for yearling bull, 2nd—bull over 3 years, 1st,—cow, 1st—heifer, 1st—mare.

We regret to hear that Uncle Bisset has been laid up with a severe attack of pleurisy, but happily from latest accounts he is making a good recovery.

The following is an extract from a letter from Gordon:—

Cedarville,
East Griqualand,
July 16th, 1916.

"We have just returned from spending a few days with Effie and Elliot Stanford. Their farm is about 3½ hours' drive from us, straight along the river. It is at a lower altitude than our farm and is considerably warmer, which is very nice in the winter. Their homestead is on the lower slopes of a fairly high mountain, facing the morning sun and they have a nice lot of trees on both sides of the house, which make it pleasant and sheltered, but do not shut out the view. Effie has laid out a very pretty garden and as they have plenty of water conveniently laid on, things ought to grow well. They also have a nice tennis court and we play a good deal when we go down there. The country up here is looking very dry and brown and we need rain badly."

From Our English Correspondent.

The Editor, *The Family of the Chronicle*.

England,
5th June, 1916.

My dear Editor,

The first excitement since writing was of course the arrival of Aunt Ella with Brenda and Helen. They reached Palace Court late one night looking thoroughly tired and worn out, and for days after Aunt Ella mournfully told the family that she could still feel the ship pitching and rolling—a remark which had deep meaning for the initiated.

After a hurried visit to Islay at Newnham Helen went straight on to school where she has settled down very happily under the stern guidance of Nesta who, be it known, has now reached the elevated position of head of the School House. Aunt Ella and Brenda have occupied their time rushing about London shopping and, about the country, paying visits to their friends. They spent a week with May and Freddie who are both very happy looking

for microbes, and beekeeping and gardening. Brenda also stayed with Mrs. Maclean in Edinburgh.

Quite the news of this number is Brenda's engagement to Sub-Lieutenant Gordon Victor Thomas, commonly known as "Tommy," whom she met on the voyage over. He was formerly in the Mercantile Marine but, after taking a gunnery course at Chatham, and incidentally getting nearly killed by a passing motor—he got a first-class certificate in his exam and was commissioned to H.M.S. Warspite, one of our latest oil driven battle ships.

March was a very unusual month in many ways. First of all after a month of really springlike weather we had a succession of severe snowstorms which turned the country into a white and sparkling fairy land, and secondly we had an absolute epidemic of Zeppelin raids. One passed directly over Newnham but Islay, to her intense disappointment, slept through it all. Uncle Percy was lucky enough to see one again as he left the House late one night, or at least, he saw the shrapnel bursting round the Zeppelin which was too far off to be seen by the naked eye. Ernest, who came over on leave about that time, was very amused at the excitement they caused. He reached Folkestone late one night to find everything in complete darkness owing to a report that Zeppelins were about. The train had not even been shunted into the station which was simply crowded with soldiers and finally in despair he climbed underneath the table in the waiting room and went fast asleep. We were lucky enough to see quite a lot of him during that week but since he went back to the front we've not heard from him very often, partly I believe because his regiment is taking no active part in the fighting at present though they periodically go up to the trenches to dig.

George, who has just been promoted to the rank of lieutenant, has left his old position near Ypres, after much wandering about, has settled down near Arras. He came over here not long ago for a course of howitzer instruction at Larkhill on the Salisbury Plain and did most awfully well. We didn't see much of

him unfortunately as he had no regular leave, but we are hoping to see him over here sometime this month.

The Easter vacation was an especially nice one as there were quite a number of us at Parklands. One Saturday several of us went over to Sandhurst to see a battalion parade there. It was about as perfect a day as it could possibly be and it was splendid seeing the sun flashing on the bayonets when they presented arms. Jervis was promoted first to lance-corporal and then to corporal but unfortunately he managed to overdo things and has just been given two months extension on his previous month's sick leave. Aunt Bessie and he spent a fortnight at Glen Lyon and they had glorious weather most of the time. He and Islay, who left Newnham last term, had hoped to get married this month, but unfortunately it is against regulations and now they have got to wait until the former has finished his course at the R.M.C.

Margaret spent part of the vacation with a reading party at West Kirkby. At present she is undergoing all the horrors of her final Agricultural Special at the end of which she leaves Cambridge for good. Ronald, who passed Part II. of the Littlego last term, has given up his ordinary work and is now a member of the Cambridge branch of the Officers Cadet Corps, Victor is, I hear, hoping to try for the bronze life saving medal this term. He proved himself a true Molteno in the holidays by cycling down from London to Parklands on his beautiful new bicycle.

Uncle Barkly managed to get eight days' leave in April and he and Aunt Ethel came over to Parklands several times. One day, to our dismay, he arrived with two very black eyes and a scraped forehead and informed us that the day before they had met with an accident. They were going "quietly"? along in the famous A.C. and were just going over a cross road when a big car dashed along and gently tipped them up throwing Uncle Barkly onto his face in the road and pinning Aunt Ethel underneath the car. He fortunately managed to lift it off her and then they found that the big car had, for no reason whatever,

run into a ditch about forty yards up the road and that the chauffeur was actually wanting the poor battered little A.C. to pull him out!

On Uncle Barkly's birthday some of us went over to Alice Holt to tea and there we met Hilda and her family. Lorna is awfully happy at school and I hear that Stuart has now gone to Malcolm's School near Guildford and is getting on splendidly. I've not heard any very late news of Kenah but I do know that he has left Egypt and is now "somewhere in France."

Clarissa and Brab spent some months at Bitchington on Sea, an eastcoast town, where they had nightly Zeppelin raids and there "were more signs of war than at some parts of the front." Brab is now supposed to be fit again and is on Salisbury Plain at present, expecting at any moment to receive orders to go out to France again. Aunt Clare has settled down at Bracknell in Berkshire with Monica and Audrey. She started a small school there, but soon had so many pupils that she was obliged to move to a bigger house with a lovely garden. Of course it means a tremendous amount of work and we wish her all good luck in her enterprise.

Last Friday we heard with great agitation the news of the great battle off Jutland in which Uncle Barkly's ship, the "Warrior," and Mr. Thomas's ship the "Warspite" played such gallant parts. I dare not give even such scanty news as I do know in case the wrath of the censor should fall upon my defenceless head, but it is common knowledge that the poor old "Warrior" had to be abandoned after being towed for ten hours and that nothing but the bravery of the "Warspite" could have saved her from being blown sky high earlier in the battle. It is needless to say how overjoyed we are that Uncle Barkly and Tommy came out of it untouched and how proud we are of the enthusiastic reports of Uncle Barkly's crew who, after giving him "three cheers and some more" informed all bystanders that "he's the best captain in the British Navy."

Yours, etc., "Cassiodorus."

The Battle of Jutland.

Since our last issue the great event that has filled our minds, has been the Naval Battle of Jutland with the part played in it by Barkly and also by Brenda's fiancé, Mr. Thomas.

As yet we have no first hand account from Barkly, but we publish Percy's most valued letter which gave us the first particulars and some extracts from various newspapers.

10, Palace Court,
June 8th, 1916.

My dear Charlie,

"I will try to give you some account of the events of the last few days. Last Friday we had the first intimation that something had taken place in the North Sea, as at about 2 p.m. Brenda had a wire from Mr. Thomas that he was safe and "uncle proceeding slowly safe." The former was on the "Warspite", one of our latest battleships. I concluded that an engagement had taken place and that the "Warrior" was seriously damaged and at once went to the Admiralty but could not hear anything.

I went down to Parklands and about 6 p.m. had a telegram reading "quite well, Barkly."

Next morning there appeared the news of the great battle of Jutland with our serious losses.

On Sunday I had another wire from Barkly that he was coming to Palace Court on Monday.

We found him and Ethel here on our arrival from Parklands as they had come up by the night train. We were delighted to see them. He had gone through the most terrible experience which had told on him as he had not had any sleep since the ship left port on the preceding Tuesday, but considering what he had gone through he had stood the strain wonderfully.

I should have mentioned above that to relieve you all of anxiety I had cabled to Frank on Saturday morning that Barkly was safe and I hope that the wire arrived in good time.

Barkly and Ethel have been with us since

and he has been reporting to the Admiralty and writing his despatches on the action which he hopes to complete to-morrow and then go for the week end to Alice Holt.

I am sending out with Ella some papers with various accounts of the battle and the Warrior's experiences and will now give some further account gathered from various sources.

Barkly has, of course, lost all his things, but what he stands in and is still in his uniform in which he fought the action.

Admiral Packenham lent him his overcoat to travel in. The fleet went out on Tuesday the 31st May and was engaged on Wednesday between 5.30 and 6 p.m. onwards, he was with the battle fleet well ahead. The Battle Cruiser Squadron had been engaged with the German High Seas Fleet already for about two hours. Barkly's Flag Ship the Defence led the way and attacked a light cruiser which was eventually sunk by the Warrior, but the 1st Cruiser Squadron got between the Battle Cruiser Squadron and the German Fleet so that they received the full fire of the great ships of the German Fleet. It was a terrible position to be in and nothing could stand it. There has never been anything like it. The Defence was overwhelmed and blew up within 3 cables of the Warrior and, of course, in full sight. Then came the Warrior's turn to receive the same terrible torrent of fire at least 4 great ships were pounding her with 11 ins. to 12 ins. shells. Barkly left the bridge for the conning tower only just in time, for the whole thing was carried away just after. The decks and her sides were pierced and shots through the engine room killed 20 men there and flooded it. The sea was sent up into water-spouts drenching the ship and everyone in her. She could not have endured another salvo when up came the Warspite and instead of passing on the far side of her most gallantly passed astern and took the terrible pounding which she would have received and which would have been fatal.

Thus relieved of the terrible rain of shells she drew out of action. Before this, and after

the Defence was blown up, she had sunk the German Light Cruiser which was lying in wait to torpedo the battle cruisers as they came along.

Now a very remarkable thing took place. The engine room was full of water up to the top with steam rushing out from the severed pipes. The engineers worked heroically and kept the engines running, nearly perishing in the struggle, and had to be drawn out from under the gratings burnt with steam and having to put their heads under the water to keep from being killed by it. In this way they managed to keep the engines running for 1½ hours and this saved her as it carried her out of the zone of terrific fire.

Then began a tremendous struggle to save the ship: everyone worked magnificently. But with no steam for the pumps they were reduced to hand work.

Barkly now came across the H.M.S. Engadine, an airship ship, which had launched her airship and so was free. He signalled her to take him in tow. All this time, especially as they were going so slow, they were exposed to the danger from numerous torpedoes.

They toiled for about 10 hours when the sea began to get up and work the rents in the ship's sides so that she lost her stability and began to settle down, and Barkly decided, most reluctantly, that he must transfer the men and abandon her.

The transfer was safely effected, under great difficulties, particularly with the wounded. The ship being a mere table without shelter, and all being wet to the skin and much exhausted, they had a very trying time as there was only standing room for so many.

However they got back safely to Rosyth where, with some difficulty, Barkly got them some fresh clothing. The next morning when they collected together they all cheered Barkly most enthusiastically and gave a few more for Ethel who has been an immense help to him in this most tremendous crisis.

Even when they reached London they gave cheers for their captain and declared that he was the "finest captain in the British Navy."

The third ship of the 1st Cruiser Squadron the "Black Prince," was also destroyed besides the Warrior and also a destroyer. There were on Barkly's ship 100 casualties during the action, of which 56 were killed, littering the decks and blocking the gangways, so you may imagine the inferno through which he passed.

His first lieutenant had to stand outside the conning tower as there was not room for all inside and he had to go all over the ship during the terrible time with messages. What a position to stand in that storm of bursting shells without any protection whatever! He was wounded in several places.

There is no doubt that Barkly has done splendidly and it was magnificent that he brought his ship out and saved all the company who remained alive.

It was very strange that Mr. Thomas was on the Warspite which intervened so providentially. She too had a tremendous experience but having great guns which gave the Germans terrific blows, and having very powerful armour, she did not suffer so seriously, she had only 20 casualties. She had a remarkable experience, a shell struck her in the stern had jammed her rudder so that she had to go round in great circles one of which brought her near the whole German Battle Squadron.

Barkly was very nicely received at the Admiralty and the first Sea Lord sent for him. He is finishing his reports and hopes to get to Alice Holt this week end.

Three out of four of the First Cruiser Squadron were lost with the Admiral, Sir Robert Arbuthnot, Barkly's old friend.

It is indeed awful to have these magnificent men destroyed in a few moments by these terrible weapons of destruction. What grief this battle will cause in thousand of homes."

The following accounts of the "Warrior" are taken from English daily papers.

Daily Graphic, Wednesday, June 8th.

A thrilling story is told by a gunnery officer of the Warrior. He says:—

"On Wednesday when we had been steaming for six hours the sound of gun-firing was heard, and the flashes of the guns were observable about ten minutes later. Both squadrons were evidently approaching each other at the rate of twenty knots. At 5.50 p.m. "action quarters" was sounded. At 5.55 the following order came down the fire control of the forward turret: "Enemy cruiser three funnels green 90. Range 15,850 yards; deflection 10 left. Salvos control." Ten seconds later the gong rang, and a fraction of a second had not elapsed before a double gong sounded for range finding.

The first two shells having given us the range, the starboard gun of the fore turret thundered out, the shell crumpling up the hindermost of the three funnels of the enemy. A 'direct hit' was signalled, when suddenly two more light cruisers were signalled to port, and the Defence and the Duke of Edinburgh were left to deal with them. The latter vessel had to intercept a mine-layer that had made its appearance. All at once a huge fountain of water rose twenty yards ahead of us, and we then knew that we had to deal with something bigger than a light cruiser. Two shells of at least 12-inch calibre fell ahead of the Defence, and three seconds later a salvo cut her amidships and she crumpled up and sank. The Black Prince was next to go. Two great shells carried away her funnels and fore turret, and a second salvo hit her in the magazine, and she blew up.

Our turn had come, far away on the horizon we could see three tripod masts. By now the enemy light cruisers were burning fiercely, and had ceased to fire, but one after another 12-inch shells dropped on either beam of us. At last the enemy, out of our range by three miles, found their mark. The first shell smashed our motor-boat hoists into splinters. The second shell hit the starboard side in line with the turrets. The third hit the quarter deck just abaft the bulkhead door, plunging downwards and wrecking the dynamos and putting the whole ship in darkness. The gun turrets, too, were almost useless, as the ammu-

nition hoist had gone. Another shot put the port and starboard engine-rooms out of action, killing twenty men. After five minutes the vessel was on fire.

At 6.30 we were a hopelessly battered hulk, and waiting for the shells that would finish us, when the Warspite passed between us, and engaged the foremost enemy battle cruiser with deadly effect.

The first shot from the Warspite lopped off the foremast of the leading enemy battle cruiser. The next overturned both fore gun turrets, and in five minutes the enemy vessel was ablaze from end to end, enveloped in a cloud of dense smoke.

The second battle cruiser, who had been concentrating her fire on the Warspite, turned to starboard and endeavoured to pick up her main squadron. But two shells from the Warspite blew all her funnels to pieces. A third shot made a great rent in her stern. A fourth ploughed up her deck and burst against the foremast, bringing it down.

Two minutes later this vessel also was on fire, heeling over, with the Warspite still pounding her and ripping great gashes in her starboard side and bottom. The last we saw of her was nothing more than a broken hulk.

Slowly the Egadine, which was a hydroplane parent-ship, towed us towards port, passing the Crescent, which had all the survivors of the Queen Mary, the Invincible, the Ardent, and the Fortunate on board."

The Plymouth "Western Mercury" says:—

How the Warrior was abandoned after every effort had been made to save her was told at Plymouth on Monday by one of the crew, who said that, in his opinion, every man owed his life to the energy and resource of the captain who had had charge of the ship for the last three months.

"All night the crippled cruiser was towed at eight knots, but when daylight came she was rapidly sinking. With the sea becoming more and more rough the auxiliary vessel that had been towing us was ordered to cast off and come alongside."

One of the crew of the Warrior, in a letter to his parents, says:

"The Defence (our flagship) led the way. We opened fire at 15,000 yards and gradually closed with the enemy up to about 6,000 yards. It seemed hardly realisable at the first that we were actually in action, but presently the enemy shells could be heard striking our armour plate and dropping into the sea, and the boom of the guns and clouds of spray intimated that here was the real thing at last.

We devoted our attention to one particular cruiser, and presently the control signalled "Enemy crippled," and shortly afterwards "Enemy sunk."

We were engaging the second vessel of the enemy squadron when suddenly out of the mist we found ourselves confronted, about 3 miles away, by five battleships of the German Fleet, who immediately opened fire on us. Then came disaster. The Defence, which had been fighting some distance in front of us, was badly hit, and almost immediately afterwards blew up in a cloud of flame and smoke, and when we passed over the spot hardly a trace of the vessel and her brave crew could be seen.

Then came the Warrior's turn, and our captain's magnificent handling of his vessel alone saved us from utter disaster. Steering a zig-zag course, he thereby avoided many of the shells that were meant for us. Several times, just as the vessel swerved to port or starboard, a hail of shells would fall into the sea over the spot we had just left, raising big volumes of water which poured into the turret and drenched us all.

But we could not escape altogether. A large shell tore through the deck into the engine-room, killing and wounding about 40 men. Another smashed into the stern, making a great hole and setting us on fire. Another entered the mess deck, starting another fire and causing several casualties.

This could not last for long, and we could see that the end was near unless assistance arrived. But just as everyone had made up his mind for what seemed inevitable, some of

our battleships, the Warspite leading, came up astern and saved us. The Warspite received a salvo that was meant for us and would no doubt have finished our career. But on swept the Warspite in pursuit of the enemy, who immediately retreated.

We were now in a bad state, on fire aft, and making water rapidly. We succeeded in subduing the fire, and then devoted our best attention to keep the Warrior afloat. Presently we sighted a ship which we at first took for an enemy and prepared for action, when she disclosed her identity and proved to be one of our own vessels. She stood by and took us in tow. All night we were pumping and baling in our effort to save the ship, but about 8 o'clock in the morning the captain saw it was hopeless. A rough sea had got up and our after deck was almost level with the water. The order was therefore given to abandon ship, and by splendid manoeuvring on the part of the officers all the wounded and the remainder of the crew were transferred to the other ship and landed in England.

Our captain afterwards called us together and said he was a proud man to think he had commanded such a crew—proud of the manner in which everyone, from the smallest boy upwards, had behaved during the engagement."

"Men who took part in the great battle are convinced that they did far more damage to the German Fleet than the Germans are admitting and that more German ships were sunk than has been announced. The crew of the Warrior passed through here on their way south to a naval port. They were cheery and confident. One looked in vain for any sign of the depression which a battle with its nerve-shattering cannonade and its tragic picture of death and wounds and sinking ships might be expected to produce. Two or three of the men carried Union Jacks as souvenirs of the fight, and as the waved these a cheer was raised by the gallant-hearted seamen.

"We gave them a terrible drubbing, much worse than the Germans are owing up to," declared one amid a chorus of agreement by

his mates. "Why, we ourselves sank two light cruisers and a destroyer before we were done in, and the Tiger sank five or six destroyers." (His account of the fight was incomplete because the Warrior had to come out of the line before the battle was half over.) "We went into action at 5.30 p.m.," he said. "At the head of our gun fleet the fighting had been on for about an hour. We got to very close quarters, less than 5,000 yards, I should say. It was fair weather, but misty; the westerly gale had subsided. The entire German Navy seemed to be out against us, big ships and little, and all firing as fast as they could serve the guns. All the sea looked like one bloody battle.

"At so short a range as that you could scarcely miss. Great big 14.2 shells were battering us all the time. Some smashed clean through the ship, killing every man they touched. We engaged ship after ship, and I am sure we accounted for two light cruisers and a destroyer.

"We saw the Queen Mary blow up as the result of heavily concentrated fire. It looked as if her magazine exploded. She just broke in two and went down like a stone. I am afraid that very few of her officers and crew can have been saved, for it was all over in a couple of minutes right in the hottest of the battle, when it was impossible to pick up men out of the water.

"The Indefatigable went down much in the same way. She had given the enemy a devil of a pounding and they gave the same to her. Our losses in the Warrior were few. We were badly holed. One of our engines was smashed and the others stopped. One of our ships took us in tow and drew us out of the line—a grand bit of work in the middle of the shell fire and torpedo attacks. She had us in tow for ten hours, taking us back to our base. We should have reached it, I think, if the sea had not got up, but we were settling down and getting full of water and the Warrior became unmanageable, so our captain ordered us to go aboard the —.

"Dawn was breaking. We shifted ships without loss of life and here we are, and all we want is another ship and another gun at the

Germans, for they are jolly well worth fighting. Make no mistake about their good ships and guns, good gunners and seamen. If you can imagine a hundred thunder and lighting storms rolled into one—that was what the battle looked like and sounded like. Funny thing, although I know the Germans had Zeps out I did not spot one."

The Bombardment of Dar-es-Salaam.

Some months ago the Editor asked me to write this account of the bombardment of Dar-es-Salaam, but I then considered it unadvisable. That objection, I think, is now, after the elapse of more than a year, removed.

Owing to the regrettable loss of my diaries in the disaster to the "Goliath," I have to trust to my memory, but the date was, to the best of my belief, November 25th, 1914.

I cannot tell the reason for this action of ours beyond the published one; neither do I know if there was one, but the effect must undoubtedly have increased temporarily, if not in any way permanently, our prestige among the natives of G.E.A. and B.E.A. which we had somewhat lost owing to various reasons. I speak only from knowledge of events and opinions on the coast, for we had no information as to what was going on up-country.

We spent most of our time at Mombasa, using that port as our headquarters, and while there, fitted up a very dirty small coasting steamer as a tender. Her engines were bad and much had to be done to them and the boilers; much of her gear was very antiquated, and also she had to be fitted with guns and armour. For this purpose, and to arm two tugs which had also been hired, the "Goliath" supplied most of her 12 pounders, and any steel plates not really wanted on board the "Goliath" to be fitted as shields. The name of this old thing is the "Duplex," and she is, as far as I know, still in use for other purposes. It will be remembered that the German light cruiser "Koningsberg," which caused a certain amount of anxiety with regard to Eastern mercantile traffic, and also sunk the "Pegasus" while the

latter was at anchor carrying out boiler repairs off Zanzibar, took refuge up the Rufigi River in G.E.A. after this last exploit.

This river has four or more mouths, and, further up, breaks up into many creeks, some of which are navigable, and the majority not. It was an excellent place to hide, but also a death trap—given the number of ships to watch outside. The banks are bush down to the water, and the creeks and river proper very sinuous. It was therefore an easy place to defend by guns and trenches on the banks, and this they did.

As some may remember a collier was eventually sunk across the deepest mouth. It was a brave feat to remain quite inactive under a heavy fire, carrying out this work, and one which has, to the best of my belief, passed unrecognized, as, of course, must many such naval and military exploits.

The above mentioned "Duplex" played a part in this operation, and also one of the "Goliath's" steam boats; while the light cruiser "Chatham" directed operations.

I must here make a necessary digression, for there were in Dar-es-Salaam harbour two merchant ships destined, if possible, to assist the "Koningsberg," and also a so-called hospital ship, which was, however, unregistered as such, and consequently open to suspicion, subject to investigation, and, if necessary, lawful prize.

The "Duplex" left Mombassa at midnight, and the "Goliath" at 10 in the morning of Nov. 23. At four in the afternoon we came up with the former steaming a bare 4 knots, and almost on her last legs, so she had to be taken in tow, and any idea of reaching Dar-es-Salaam by daylight next day was perforce abandoned. Accordingly we towed the "Duplex" well on towards Zanzibar, "slipping" her at 2.0 a.m., so that she could crawl in, and anchor for the day and next night. While in tow our engines and stokers had been busy on her engines, and she had a further opportunity all day. We remained under way—out of sight of land, for Zanzibar and Pemba Islands were supposed to be infested with spies. None of

the shore lights were lit, and so, as the current varies for no known reason from nothing to 3 knots, it was a matter of luck that we happened to be exactly in position, as dawn was breaking on the morning of the 25th, outside Dar-es-Salaam. There is an outside bay protected by reefs to the northward, and the inner and outer Makatumbi Islands to the southward. It is nice and sheltered, and suitable as an anchorage for quite heavy draught ships. There is also quite a large, winding inner harbour. It was in this latter that our objectives were anchored; the tops of their masts being just visible above the dense bush. We anchored about seven in the morning near outer Makatumbi and outside of it. The "Duplex" had arrived somewhere, and also the protected cruiser "Fox" who was our senior officer. Before the war she was Senior Naval Officer's ship in the Persian Gulf but was, like many ships, moved elsewhere on the outbreak of war.

A signal was made for the governor to come on board the "Fox" which he did. Here I would add that Dar-es-Salaam is undefended so far as heavy artillery is concerned, and consequently they were compelled to comply with our wishes or suffer.

What transpired at this conference I am naturally unable to say. I only know that the general terms offered were that our boats must have a safe passage to do their work of destruction and investigation in the harbour or the town would be bombarded. These terms were neither accepted or refused, but a request was made that, should it become necessary to bombard, the hospital, churches, and a mission house would be spared. In view of subsequent events the mention of the last place was interesting. A boat was sent in, and also a small tug we had with us. The "Duplex" was anchored near the entrance to the harbour, and our steamboat picked up our Commander who had been put in command of the former. Our torpedo lieutenant, who was also first lieutenant, and an engineer lieutenant, and about six electricians also went in as demolition party. As to what actually happened to this last party

so far as details are concerned, no one can know until the war ends, for they vanished after having been taken to an apparently deserted steamer to destroy her engines. They were presumably taken prisoner for we heard in the following February that they were safe and well.

About noon the tug mentioned before was seen coming out of the inner harbour being heavily fired on. The ship accordingly opened fire. We had a very accurate map of the town, and so, though unable to see more than was on the coast line, were able to bombard points of importance such as the railway station, and barracks. Our first two shots were directed at the Governor's house, the first of which almost removed the roof, and the second caused it to burn furiously. By the evening it was burnt to the ground. To return to the tug.

Not much direct assistance, if any, could be rendered to her as she came out, though the "Duplex" anchored, as has been said, closer inshore, could use her 12 pounders effectually. One of the principal points from which the tug was being fired at was the "mission station"—a shady bit of what has now passed into the dictionary as "Hunnishness." The poor little tug eventually got out to us rather knocked about, but happily, with no killed. The lieutenant in charge got the D.S.O. for his service, but he was unfortunately lost with the ship in the Dardanelles. He and one or two others in the tug were wounded. From him we got some scanty news of the rest of the party. The surgeon had apparently gone to the hospital ship, and, having commandeered a native boat, had almost regained the tug, but, on being fired on, the boatsman turned back, and so he also was taken prisoner we surmised.

During the afternoon a desultory bombardment was carried out, and all hope had been abandoned of our Commander in the steam boat and his party, when suddenly the boat appeared at the mouth of the river being fired on heavily. She had a lighter lashed on each side, but I think these were a doubtful advantage, for, while only affording indifferent protection they reduced her speed enormously.

The channel from the mouth of the inner harbour to us was not straight but follows the coast line along some distance and then becomes deep water. While following the coast she was a good target, and, to crown all, she ran ashore at the end on a sandbank. They at once cut the lighters adrift, and so got off and arrived alongside.

Never shall I forget the sight for she was an absolute shambles. The Commander was lying on the tiny deck very white and still and blood-stained, as was another man in the stern. Bullet holes, splinters, and blood were everywhere.

The wounded were hoisted inboard and the boat was made clean, and a little ship shape, and was then hoisted in. By this time it was almost dusk so orders were given to take the "Duplex" in tow, and proceed to Zanzibar. There we anchored at two in the morning of the next day.

During Sunday, we landed our wounded and remained at rest.

On Monday we went, in company with the "Fox," leaving our old incubus, the "Duplex," behind, to carry out a heavy and systematic bombardment of Dar-es-Salaam.

Geneva and the War.

The passing through Switzerland of the refugees from the French provinces invaded by the Germans is almost ancient history now, but the spectacle of that long procession can never be forgotten by those who saw it.

When Switzerland realized that the war was likely to be a long one, she was desirous of extending her help to other victims besides the prisoners, and addressed a request to the belligerent powers asking to be allowed to repatriate, at her own expense the civil population driven from their homes and at that time interned in Germany. The request was granted and soon the Swiss had made all arrangements to help these unfortunate people back to France.

Then began the sad procession; through the frontier towns of Switzerland passed those strange bands of people of all ages and

conditions, united at that moment by the common bond of suffering. I will only speak of what Geneva saw and what will remain a nightmare to all those who witnessed the passing through of these 90,000 people released from German internment camps. Maybe the train arrives in the middle of the night—at 2 a.m.—when the earth is frozen; sometimes it is snowing, sometimes the north wind—the icy bise is blowing

On the platform, awaiting the train, are the Red Cross doctor, the French Consul, and the Red Cross nurses, often quite young girls who have come to help convey to the building set apart for this purpose those who are sick, for alas! there are always so many of these! And through the dark night this sad procession of four or five hundred unhappy beings repairs to the school lent for the purpose of receiving them. A mournful procession! Silently it passes through the dark streets. Now they arrive, and are crowding into the warm and lighted halls. They all look frightened and confused; they are silent, and draw back instinctively when you approach them.

But there is no time to be lost, for their train leaves again in four hours' time, the train which is to take them to France. Quickly they are taken to the bathrooms, and then pass through the hands of hair-dresser and doctor before they are dressed in fresh clothes and are taken to have a meal. In the presence of all this suffering, borne with the resignation of despair, one feels almost heart-broken. Naturally, too, it needs all one's devotion and humanity to touch and care for those poor broken bodies, foul with months of neglect and privation. Happily in all cases pity conquers disgust, and everyone sets bravely to work. One little girl cries when they try to take off her stockings. Her skin sticks to them, and they can only be removed after a long time in a warm bath. She had them on her feet ever since she left her own home four months before! Little by little, perceiving that everyone only wishes to do them good, these people gain confidence; their tongues begin to unloose. One will tell you in low even tones how

after a lifetime of toil he had succeeded in getting a cow. One morning the Germans came and carried him off. One woman holds carefully in her arms an empty jampot, the only thing she was able to save, and she clings to it as to a treasure. They speak without hatred, as of some inevitable fate, but you hear over and over this refrain, "And yet we had never done them any harm!" There are people of all ages; some quite old, shivering in their summer clothes, which they had been wearing for six months, in spite of the cold. "Several," they said, "died on the way in the last stage before taking the train; the German soldiers are hard; they would not let us stop to help them."

In a corner of the hall four children tell you that their mother was carried away to another camp; and after having carefully taken down their names the doctor finds that she had passed through Geneva three months previously, believing that her children were lost. Taken by the Germans when working in the fields she had begged them to let her go and fetch her children whom she had left at home. The refusal was definite and final. The eldest, 14 years old, had carried her little sister in her arms during the last long march of twelve hours!

Then comes a little boy, dragging on his foot a copper pot! This seems strange, and an examination takes place. After successive coverings of rags and papers one arrives at a poor little club foot that the march had rendered so painful that he could walk no further. Some kind ingenious women of the party had hit on this novel foot-gear as a sovereign remedy!

But everything is not sad, for there in a bedroom a flock of little old ladies refuse to go to bed for fear of missing the train! By dint of persuasion they are at last induced to lie down. Ten minutes later, on re-entering the room, there they are, all on their feet twittering chattering, nodding their heads and repeating, "We don't want to go to bed; we don't want to miss our train!" Nothing could be funnier than these little old ladies who have regained all their liveliness at the thought of

seeing their country again. Then there are the mothers who refuse to recognize their own babies, when transformed by a bath and new clothes!

At 6 o'clock they must start again, and all these people, who have only passed four hours in Geneva, and who leave us wearing new warm clothes and carrying presents in their arms to cheer them on their way, are no longer the same beings of four hours before. "We had quite forgotten that there was such a thing as kindness!" they say. And off their train goes, carrying them into France, where they will find neither their village nor their friends. Then cries of, "*Vive la Suisse! Merci, Merci!*"

More than 90,000 have thus passed through Geneva, many seriously ill with consumption. "They make us break stones; those who were very ill died at their work." And then again came the refrain, "They are hard—the Germans!" The train is gone, and everybody goes home to prepare for the next convoy.

Sometimes the trains arrive in the daytime, impatiently awaited by a tensely expectant crowd, anxious to prove their sympathy; and whilst they pass through the town all these unfortunate beings have parcels put into their hands by unknown friends. Sometimes a smile lights up the face of a child, but that of the others remains a closed book, telling of the sufferings of these months of captivity, and on seeing them thus pass, resigned like a herd of cattle, I see a man wiping away a tear with the back of his sleeve.

Later on it is the wounded who pass through. The crowd collected on the platforms gives them an enthusiastic reception and loads them with flowers and presents. But see, a French officer on opening an elegant packet tied with pink ribbon discloses a dead rat! "That must have come from a German," says he, and bursts out laughing. And the trains go off amid cries of "*Vive la France! Vive la Suisse!*" Once through an error of administration a train with wounded Germans arrived at Berne at the same time as a convoy of wounded French. There was a moment of anxiety, for nothing had been prepared for the Germans, who were

not expected. All at once with one accord I saw the French soldiers open the windows of their compartments and throw to the Germans some of the flowers and presents they had just received!

All this passing through of the refugees and the wounded, and the arrival of the sick prisoners to be interned in Switzerland, bring you strangely near the war. Spared up to the present moment in this gigantic struggle Switzerland is trying to prove her sympathy in a practical manner. Thus we have seen the creation of "*L'Agence des Prisonniers de Guerre*," which makes it its business to hunt up those who are "missing," to put them into communication with their families, and to forward them letters, money, etc. About £3,000 daily passes through the hands of the *L'Agence* which forwards the money free of expense to the persons concerned. The reading of these letters—Russian, German, French—is of thrilling interest, and very touching in their distress. Often they are illegible, and still more often incomprehensible, the writer begging you to find such and such member of his family of whom he has no news. What joy when, after a search, it is possible to give the assurance that the lost one is certainly alive!

During the two years that the war has lasted the activity of *L'Agence* has never ceased but there is less to do now, and some of the 1,200 persons who work there daily are attending now to the prisoners' parcels, whose number is ever increasing. On all sides the sad stories of the newly arrived prisoners show to what an extent these parcels are necessary. The greater number declare that without them it would be impossible to live at all. And so the work continues, and twice a week trucks convey to Germany provisions of every kind.

Everywhere committees are also being formed for rendering help to the Serbs, the Poles, etc., and it is astonishing to see how the smallest purses answer the appeal, for everyone feels that Switzerland can never do enough in gratitude for having been spared all this misery, and to help those who have been sucked into the whirlpool of war.

Letters from East Africa.

The following are extracts from Lenox's letters:—

March 29th, 1916.

"There has been no chance of writing since we started on the move now a month ago. We have been continually on the move day and night. We have been camped here for the last couple of days and the rest is very welcome.

There are a lot of farms round here most of which have been deserted by their owners. It is a very fertile piece of country, most things growing splendidly. It is a treat being able to get vegetables and green mealies from the farms. It is quite interesting getting into the more settled parts of G.E.A. and having a glimpse of what the country can really produce. Most of the operations, up to the present, have been in the thick bush which has been trying to everyone, especially to the mounted men. Here it is more open and it is like getting a breath of fresh air. How long we shall remain here, one can't say.

The military operations seem to be going well, but the dense bush makes it difficult to corner the enemy and the usefulness of mounted men is lessened.

The Germans are clever enough to keep to the bush as much as possible.

There has been a lot of fighting—our last camp was attacked for 4 hours, but the enemy were driven back with severe loss.

The next day they were driven from their positions and they retired hastily down the railway. Jarvis and I are both well, but I would feel more contented if one of us could get back to attend to our business as we are now quite out of touch with the farms."

May 26th, 1916.

"This is just a line to let you know that I am quite well. I don't know where Jarvis is or what he is doing as I have not heard from him since we separated about two months ago. I never get any letters now, which is only to be expected as I am continually moving.

Fancy, quite accidentally I met Arthur Bis-

set the other day. It was strange to see him roughing it as a Tommy. I must say I admire him for setting an example to the younger men who have no such ties as he. He had grown a beard and I would not have known him if he had not spoken to me. It was a great surprise to meet him and I was so glad to see him.

I have just returned from a trip through the Masai country. It is practically waterless, except for a few waterholes. The water is so filthy from the thousands of cattle drinking there that one could hardly use it to wash with. Fortunately I could get any quantity of milk, so used nothing else, but I don't like it as it generally has a nasty taste and one gets very tired of it.

I am starting off again to-morrow and will be away for some time."

The following are extracts from John Molteno's letters:—

15th April, 1916.

.... "We are still chasing the Germans and are right in the wilds now. There are lots of lions in this part and one was shot in our camp a few nights ago. We hear them roaring every night. Yesterday one chap shot three elands and another two bush buck so we are quite well off for game. I also saw some giraffe and kodoo. I am Quartermaster of our lot. We have a clearing hospital and keep the men until they are able to be sent to the base hospital. We passed through several German towns which contained some very fine buildings. In one house I saw a very fine collection of horns and skins. We have trekked a good distance in the last three weeks. I found a German donkey in the bush, so won't have to walk as long as she lasts!....."

7th May, 1916.

"This is a fine country we are travelling through. There are heaps of bananas and fruit and vegetables. Last night we had muscovy duck for supper! There are lots of natives in the town; they are very raw and are dressed in skins and blankets. I saw one of them carrying a 2 lb. jam tin in his ear! The Masai are a very wild tribe and live by plunder...."

8th May, 1916.

".... At present we are running a hospital in a German Mission Station. The buildings are situated on the side of a hill and are quite well laid out; the main building is three stories high. Then there are also lots of stables, fowl runs, pig styes, etc., all built of brick. Here is also a Chapel which now holds quite a number of patients. We are very far from civilization and don't get any letters or news, except for a couple of war telegrams now and again."

11th May, 1916.

We have been here three weeks and are off again to-morrow. We trek about fifteen miles a day. Sometimes the waggons disappear and we have to look for them. You never saw anything like the roads. The rain seems to be nearly over now. You would be surprised to see the sugar-cane growing here, it is about as high as our balcony. This part is all wild, except for the Mission Station, where there is a couple of hundred acres of sugar cane and kaffir corn, worked by natives. There is plenty of game; one chap shot four hartebeest and three impala the other day.

The following letter appeared recently in the "Cape Times," and describes the work of the East African Mounted Rifles in which Jarvis and Lenox took part.

"We left camp on or about the — and marched on the German town of —, which is some 70 miles by road from —. On the way we didn't meet with any serious opposition, doubtless because General Smuts was making things very hot for the Germans on the other side of Kilimanjaro. At a place called — I had my first experience of being under fire. The Germans ambushed the advance guard of the regiment, killing one man and wounding another. Then they opened fire on the rest of us who were going at a walk in the open. Bullets came pretty thick and fast, zip-zip in the grass, and phit-phit in the air. I had occasion then, as I have had since, to be glad that the German native troops are bad shots. As it was, one man got a bullet through the helmet, which was close enough.

Once we started to gallop no more bullets came near us, and we were able to take up a position facing the enemy, and a merry little skirmish started, lasting till dark—about an hour and a half. They didn't manage to hit any more of our people, but I believe we killed two Europeans and some natives. One of their snipers gave me a very considerable scare as he put a bullet through a bush I was kneeling behind, close to my head. We pushed on again and got down into the elephant bush near Moschi—a German game preserve, full of elephants, also a few lions—and were there four days before entering Moschi.

Moschi, the long-looked-forward-to, was a disappointment, as it is an insignificant little hamlet planted in the mud. Leaving there after a day's rest, we went on some 15 miles, and were employed in locating a German force in the bush. It was pretty ticklish work, as one had to advance along a narrow path in the dense jungle until we came on their outposts. Of course we did this on foot, and were remarkably lucky in seeing a native soldier standing on the path. Had he been, as he should have been, standing a little to one side, we should have caught by surprise, for they would have seen us first. Their sentry lost his head, fired hurriedly, and bolted down the path, instead of diving into the bush. He paid dearly for his mistake, for he was shot through the head before going far. We exchanged a few shots with some other natives, and then having located the enemy, retired till the main body came up to deal with them.

The column came up some hours afterwards and a brisk fight started, the enemy being driven back past the river he was camped on. The following day was fairly peaceful, except that about 4.30 in the afternoon some of their snipers crept up and fired on our people who were watering horses and bathing at the river. One poor fellow was murdered in this fashion in the act of bathing, and I personally just escaped being there by about three minutes, for I had also been bathing.

That night was one of the perfect moonlight nights of Africa, and about 7.30 the Germans

attacked in force, advancing through a palm forest and posting snipers up trees. They kept up their attack for seven hours in a very brave and determined manner, charging up close to our maxims, which roared and rattled till I thought they would melt in their own heat. The air was full of bullets, but not many men were hit on our side. Our principal anxiety was for our horses, but these escaped by great luck.

The next day witnessed an action on a fairly large scale, for we attacked the enemy in their main position and the fight went on all day, the Germans clearing out at night. We were escorting the artillery and were not in the firing line, but there were plenty of bullets flying about and a few shells from the German big guns. We lost one man killed and one wounded by stray bullets and also some mules. Following on this at 4 p.m. the next day we were sent on an 80-mile forced march to a place called Aruscha, a small German town evacuated by the enemy. We rode right through the night until 11 next morning before resting, and I was asleep in the saddle most of the time. However, when we reached Aruscha we found it a very pretty place, most beautiful country with innumerable crystal-clear streams and luxuriant vegetation. I cannot remember any country I have admired so much. We were quartered for a while in the German fort and then moved to ———.

During the last day or so we have had a rest and a chance to get into clean clothes, but no one knows when we may be off again. Of course the pace we have been going has told on horses and men, and a good number of both have gone sick, but I have come through quite fit. We are expecting the big rainy season to start at any moment, and I think it is a question if much can be done once it starts. I hope, however, that we may be able to keep on and finish off the war, as we are not here for the love of the thing."

The following is an extract from Jarvis's letter:—

Bombo,
via Kampala, Nganda.
July 1st, 1916.

"I have been transferred to the King's African Rifles as a first Lieutenant and am now stationed at this place, Bombo, which is a most beautiful spot and quite healthy.

I have a number of new recruits under me and it is quite possible I may be out of the firing line for several months, to get a military training. I am in this regt. until the termination of hostilities in Europe. I am told I am fortunate to get into the 4th as it is the crack Battalion and it is difficult for even an army man, to get a commission in it. Our regiment is only for use in B.E.A., Uganda, and the adjoining territories.

Lenox is now out of the firing line. He has been transferred to the East African Supply Corps to buy stock for the Army and will get a commission soon if he has not already got it.

Everything is going on well on the farm. I met Segar Bastard in Nairobi as I came through, he thinks more of the country than ever and says our cattle are doing very well.

I am, unfortunately, not able to give you any military news except what you have seen in the papers—Lenox and I were with Gen. Stewart's column in the final advance and saw all the fighting round Kilimanjaro. We were very heavily attacked one night at Kahe, from 8 p.m. till 1 a.m., by 14 double companies (2,800 men) but we beat them off. In this night attack the Germans lost about 300 killed and wounded.

Our Squadron was detailed off to assist the line near Kahe, before our occupation of Moschi which we successfully did during a night of continuous rain. Both Lenox and I have kept in very good health during the whole of the campaign. Neither of us has been off duty a single day since August 12th, 1914,

when we joined, and we have roughed it, probably more than any other men.

I was chosen, with three other men, to inspect the German fortifications and sketch them before the final advance. We were away 6 days and got up, during the nights, under the forts to find out which were occupied and, during the days, we sketched them from a distance. I have several times been guide to small flying columns and have always been more busy than most other men, as I have had to do a good deal of sketching.

I had a most interesting trip across Lake Victoria Nyanza. All the small towns, on or near the Lake, are beautifully kept and very pretty. The train runs down on to the jetty at Kisumu and the port is called Port Florence where we boarded a very well fitted-up boat, but of limited capacity. It took us from 2 p.m. till about 7.30 to get outside the Kariamdo Gulf—steaming at about 10 or 11 knots. Here we anchored for the night as some of the islands have light-houses.

Next day we passed numbers of islands and arms of the lake running into the land and

finally reached Jinga, which is at the head of an arm of the lake. The Ripon Falls are only about 10 minutes' walk from the jetty and are very well worth seeing; although not high an enormous volume of water comes over and the waters below the falls, swarm with fish. We spent that night on board, fast to the jetty—apparently the boats don't travel at night.

Jinga is quite a small town. We left at daylight and reached Port Bell at about 2 p.m., here we entrained to Kampala—a distance of $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles; this is only a railway connecting Port Bell with Kampala from which we reached Bombo by motor bus—another distance of $23\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

From Jinga there is a railway 61 miles long running to Lake Choga, where it connects with a steamer across the Cape to Masinde and from there again by motor bus to Butiabo on Lake Albert. From Butiabo by boat to Nemur and thence by motor bus to Gondokora and boat again down the Nile—is the Nile route from Jinga to Cairo."