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GENERAL NEWS.

The engagement is announced of Margaret Molteno to George Murray.

News has been received of the birth of Ethel and Barkly Molteno's daughter on April 20th: she has been christened "Viola Barkly Mary."

The following is an extract from Betty Molteno's letter:—

June, 1917.

"Alice and I had spent last Thursday at Alice Holt. My first sight of dear Barkly—he is thin and greyer but very fit and so happy The great ordeal is leaving its mark upon him but his face literally shines with happiness and his figure remains light and springy—young as that of a boy. He met us at Bently, in that queer tiny motor car and took us back in it through the delicious fern-carpeted forest.

Barkly took me along the tiny pheasant foot-paths—we roamed through the lovely grounds of Alice Holt—he, piloting me from spot to spot that he specially loved and admired.

But before all this was done, he took us to make our bow to Baby Viola—Alice and I held the sweet thing in our arms—her large eyes well-opened, but a little lazy, after a meal. Later we found her reposing bissfully in her pram, tree-shaded, in a sweet spot in the lovely garden which was framed in colour, with its masses of peonies, rhododendrons and Mr. Robertson's pergola (made by himself) enveloped in pink roses.

The day was absolutely perfect—warm, rich sunlight and exquisite contrasts of light and shadow—light puffs of air and then stillness as in a dream; making pictures, in all directions, of this enchanting English scenery—the pearl, it seems to me, in England's precious stones, while the diamond is Africa.

Ethel is still lying in her charming bower filled with flowers, and commanding the lovely grounds, through its two great windows, so

that she is high above and yet in the midst of them. Her face too, is shining with the light of a great bliss—she can't worry even though her leg will not let her yet move.

The hours spent at Alice Holt were literally a glimpse into Paradise, into the garden of Eden, prepared by God for his children on earth. Gordon and Evelyn and their darlings, Effie Elliot and Sheila were in my thoughts—with them I have also spent moments of this Eden bliss."

The engagement is announced of Gwen Bisset to Mr. Vivyan Watson, son of the late Mr. Tom Watson of Kenilworth. He served through the German South West campaign and left for England at the end of June to join the Royal Flying Corps.

John Molteno's leave expired in June and he is at present stationed at Robert's Heights, Pretoria, waiting to be sent back to East Africa.

It is with deep regret that we have heard the news of Mrs. Stanley Murray's death in June. She was taken ill very suddenly with pneumonia, followed immediately by rheumatic fever and, after a week's terrible suffering, passed away.

Jervis Molteno appeared before a board on his return from the Cape, in April, and was declared medically unfit for active service. He and Islay have taken a house near Glen Lyon, where Jervis intends studying agriculture and forestry.

The following is an extract from a letter of Islay's:—

Glengowlandie,
Keltney Burn,
Aberfeldy, Perthshire.
June 26th, 1917.

"I wonder if you remember Glengowlandie at all? We are very high up and practically surrounded by glorious moors, green, purple and brown. There is just one fascinating blue peep into the valley far below and, a few minutes' walk from the house we get a wonderful view of Schiehallion standing up bold and deeply blue against the sky.

It's a glorious world to live in—very lonely but so beautiful that one forgets how lonely it is. At present the wild flowers are wonderful, great patches of yellow, brown, and misty blue hyacinths, pale primroses, little yellow rock roses, king cups and butter cups, globe flowers and daisies. The Keltney Burn is quite near, and to my mind, it would be difficult to beat it for beauty. It has the most wonderful amber water as cold as ice and its banks are precipitous and covered with every kind of fern and wild flowers.

I daresay you have heard Jervis is studying farming and forestry. He is very busy at present hoeing turnips. He really only works in the fields when extra hands are needed."

We hear that Margaret Molteno has been offered, by the Board of Agriculture, an Inspectorship of Potato Diseases. We hope she may be able to take advantage of this opportunity of making use of her Cambridge Agricultural Diploma.

An alarming cable was received from the War Office about the middle of July, saying that Ronald Beard had been severely wounded in the face and arm. Happily subsequent cables from friends, and one from himself, gave the re-assuring news that he was recovering well and was in Manchester.

All Kenah's friends were much pleased to read in the cable news of June 3rd that his name was mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's dispatch of April 9th.

We congratulate Vincent Molteno on having been awarded the Distinguish Service Cross in recognition of his services in East Africa. On his arrival in England he was granted six weeks' leave, part of which he spent with Clare at Bracknell and the rest at the Isle of Wight.

From the latter place he and Eileen were able to see something of Clarissa.

The following is an extract from a letter of Clarissa's:—

"We are still in Southampton, which we like most awfully. Brab has a very nice billet as Garrison Adjutant—he does all the work of the Garrison here which, as you can understand, is fairly heavy, helped by his one and only clerk—myself. There are about 30 units under this office and I do all the telephoning, typewriting and confidential work, which is usually done by two soldier clerks! but nowadays there are no men available for this kind of work. It is most fearfully interesting, as often, when Brab has to be away I have to interview anyone who comes in—as I am now waiting to do. Of course I have no time to go out much as we work even on Sundays. I love it all.

Brab will be at home for another two months, at any rate. He has had a little worry with his heart lately but, on the whole, is much better.

I was so excited when I heard of Vincent and Eileen's arrival, they have been staying with mother for a few weeks and are going to Parklands for the week-end, after which, I hope they will come here for, at least, a week. This is such a nice place, everywhere lovely open spaces and quite a quaint old town."

The following is an extract from a letter from Ernest Anderson:—

April 15th, 1917.

"We have been up at the big show. It was a fine sight, but the weather absolutely appalling—we moved up in a snow storm which turned everything white. The guns had done the work most effectually. The brigade I was in was in reserve so did not come in for the show that the other two did. We were only slightly shelled. I watched the others, however, on the opposite rise and they came in for some nasty stuff. However, we did fine work at a very critical moment, as the village was a very important one commanding the country road—we now hold the village—a good many horses were, of course, lost but the casualties to men not so bad. The weather is never kind to us, but this time it has beaten all records—snow, rain, and a gale the whole time—you would be pleased to see the masses of artillery."

On May 19th it was a delightful surprise to get a telegram from Lenox, dated from Durban, saying we might expect him about the end of the next week. On the evening of Thursday, May 24th at about 9 o'clock, he arrived at the cottage. It seems he had contracted fever in crossing the swamp mentioned in the last number of the *Chronicle*, which no one, who went through it, escaped. It was about 300 miles long and 15 miles across, and over it hovered perpetually a cloud of mosquitoes. It took 8 hours to cross, walking, most of the time up to the waist in water and mud. Once over, and camped on the other side, a storm came up and blew away tents and everything, leaving them in the soaking rain all night. Lenox describes a party which followed them who, calculating to take only 4 hours to get over, started at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Darkness overtook them, half way, and they spent the night perched on boxes of specie, they were carrying, and which they piled up till out of reach of the mud.

The fever Lenox contracted here returned at intervals during the next five months until, in May, he applied for, and obtained, the month's leave, which was due to him. It took him five days—travelling, on horseback and with porters, from the direction of Tabora,—to the lakes and five days across the lakes, in fine boats—to reach Port Florence and from there by rail to Nairobi. In the train he developed an attack of fever and spent 10 days, under very good care, in Nairobi Hospital. On leaving there he was to be sent to a Convalescent Hospital but applied instead to go to Daressalaam, en route for home, as, at the latter place, he had some business to do handing in his papers, etc. He waited there for 14 days without being able to

get any word of a transport so that as his leave was then already half over, he finally took a passage in the "Gaika. Daresalaam was in a very unhealthy condition and gave him another sharp attack of fever which kept him a prisoner, in the tiniest of cabins, and in very warm weather all the way to Durban. He was kindly cared for by an old lady, Mrs. Dunman, who had once been a patient of his father's. At Durban he met several old friends from East Griqualand and, both there and at Port Elizabeth, he received warm hospitality. He looked all the better for even the short leave but unfortunately he did not come down invalided which would have made everything easier for him, and, in the doctor's hands, he would not have been allowed to go back so soon; as it is, when he was boarded by the doctors, they advised an extension of his leave, but he was not willing that it should be for more than a fortnight longer as he knew men were badly needed for the advance. On the evening of Tuesday, 12th June, he received orders to report at Simon's Town the following morning and take charge of 40 men returning to East Africa. On arrival at Simon's Town he found that he would have to remain there and go up with the men to Cape Town by the evening train. Caroline had made up her mind to accompany him as far as Durban where he might be delayed some days waiting for a transport so that she and Kathleen had a busy few hours to pack up Lenox's things and hers and join him in his train at Kenilworth at 7.30 that evening. Dr Murray and Jack had to bid Lenox good-bye at Cape Town station. At Maritzburg Gordon, with Lenox's friend, Mr. Hector Bastard, were waiting to join his train to Durban and they remained at the latter place with him and Caroline for three days. They arrived on Saturday evening and on Sunday Lenox had orders to be ready to embark early on Monday morning. At the last moment, when the men were standing, with their kit all ready, counter orders were received and all was again uncertainty as to their departure. Meantime Gordon and Mr. Bastard had wired for their carts to meet them at Franklin, the terminus of the railway. Caroline felt it very hard to have to decide to part with Lenox any sooner than was necessary but, when all things were considered, it seemed best to her not to lose the chance of going with Gordon to his farm for a few days before returning home as Lenox might, at any moment, get orders to leave, at an hour's notice. It was a great pleasure for him to meet, at Durban, quite a number of his old East Griqualand friends.

Lenox did not finally leave Durban until July 26th, after six weeks of impatient waiting necessitating being ready all the time to embark at a few hours notice. Shortly before leaving he received the news of his promotion to a Captaincy.

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

Alice Holt, Near Farnham, Surrey.
July 12th, 1917.

"Saturday afternoon I was meeting Lorna at Princess Theatre where her school had sent evelen girls up to give a demonstration of Dalcroze Eurhythmics. M. Dalcroze himself played the piano, and gave the commands in French. Miss Ingham (the mistress of Lorna's school) was there too, giving a little explanatory lecture. It was a beautiful thing to watch the little girls—ages varying from nine to fourteen—in their short black costumes, short sleeves, bare legs and feet and their hair flying out, looking so happy and quite unselfconscious. The perfection of harmony and beautiful joyous movement, it is difficult to explain.

At one time M. Dalcroze called to Lorna, gave her the baton and made her conduct the class. It gave me a thrill, almost of pain, to see little Lorna stand up in the middle of the stage and conduct with great vigour.

Any child was singled out to do some piece of individual work and the whole thing took the form of just one of their odrinary classes, in fact most of the music was improvised, to which they had to respond.

Before reaching the performance, which was due at 11 o'clock, Lorna and I, in different parts of London, both had to seek shelter in basements, from the German air raid.

Karin and I were in Regent Street, when, looking up, we saw crowds of aeroplanes (there were twenty-four German ones and several of ours, I heard afterwards) coming over us. "Is this a raid?" we asked of a policeman, for one couldn't tell whether they were ours or the enemies. "Yes," he replied, "it's a raid, right enough," and then our guns began and we could see the fire bursting all round them. A porter came out of the Civil Service Commissioner's building and asked us to come in quickly and go into the basement. One couldn't help wondering why they didn't drop a bomb on one and I simply felt I couldn't put up my glasses to look. I felt sure that if I did, I should get a bomb in the eye!—what funny things one thinks of!

The basement we were in was filled with youths, evidently up for some exam. For half an hour the guns went on and then they seemed to quieten down and I could wait no longer and was the first person to get out of the building, for the only thing that worried me was knowing that Lorna was in London too. Princes Theatre was at the far end of Shaftesbury Avenue. I could get no taxi or bus but walked quickly and arrived just as the performance had started. It was wonderful how little the raid seemed to upset things—a fire engine passed me and I could smell the fire and see the smoke of one place hit—evidently quite near.

Lorna had motored in from the North of London and they had had to get out of their car and go into a tube station for shelter. I was thankful that Lorna did not seem to have been at all alarmed. It was an unpleasant experience although I was somewhat surprised to find that I didn't feel one atom frightened, only anxious to find Lorna. However, one felt so utterly helpless—such a mere gnat or ant at the mercy of those birds of ill omen who had got between us and the lovely blue summer sky, for there they were with the sun shining on them, looking just like a flight of beautiful birds."

The Albert Hall Meeting.

"To express sympathy with the Revolution in Russia."

By A. H. Booth.

The meeting took place on Saturday night. Percy gave me a platform ticket and Olive Schreiner and I went together. Thousands of people, perhaps 10,000, filled that huge building, which was crammed to the topmost galleries—a vast and practically unanimous audience splendidly controlled by the chairman. So glorious, so outspoken, were the speeches that its vibrations still thrill me so powerfully that I cannot hope to adequately convey them to paper—still something you must have. All the speakers spoke with full appreciation of the gravity and meaning of the gathering—gave themselves fearlessly and outspokenly as its mouthpiece. Never has Humanity seemed to me more glorious, spirits, confined still by the flesh, were all these speakers—one and all except, I regret to say it, Maude Royden, who did not seem to me to rise to the same level. Still it was good that one woman was among them, though all the men speakers fully and absolutely associated women with all they said.

The organisation and getting up of the meeting was entirely due to the working men who had to work very hard in the very short time in which it was arranged.

Smillie, Thomas, Bellamy, were on the platform and made speeches. Now I know that they are powerful and popular orators but more concerned with getting out what they have to say than with any attempts at oratory. They reminded me, in this respect, of Jules Jaures, to whom I listened at a gerat meeting at Geneva, about the time of Ferrier's execution. They, like Jaures, have the power of swaying, convinc-

ing, and leading the working men. It was, to me, eminous, for those holding the reins of Government, that these men should fearlessly, openly, express their absolute unshakeable, resolution to begin to make England the real home of the proletariat of England who, to-day, are almost completely divorced from the land, with no stake, nor rights in the soil of their native land. They expressed their abhorrence of war and all that it meant to the masses—declared that their brothers, now being destroyed in these awful blood battles of Europe would help them on their return. to make England the English workman's real home. They declared that Love must prevail—that Liberty, Equality and Fraternity were going to take visible shape —that Brotherhood was going to prove its power to renew and bless mankind and to Russia they gave the honour of taking the lead in this development. One of them said that, before the war, they had asked for small things: more food, more education, more opportunity for the masses but now it would be useless to ask for small things with so enormous a war debt that threatened to be fastened on the neck of the people—they must and would agitate for a reduction of the interest to four, three, one per cent., or even to the doing away of the whole debt. The war had tied them up, though some were silken cords. They would set about unfastening these cords and the lead given by Russia would help them. All the audience was appealed to—men and women—each to do his share, not to wait for others to do for them what each individual could do for himself. What struck me in the speeches was their absence of show-off, of bombast, their dealy earnestness, their sense of the necessity for much greater freedom if they would escape degrading, absolute, slavery. The great—hitherto too inarticulate soul of the masses was beginning to express itself.

There were very fine speeches by George Lansbury (Chairman), Nevinson, Israel Zangwill, Commander Wedgwood, M.P., Lynch, M.P., and Anderson, M.P. All voiced the same determination to follow the splendid lead given by Russia—all denounced the present Government—the "Times" and the whole Northcliffe Press. They also denounced conscription, labour conscription, the muzzling of a free press and of free speech. One of them said that those who had resolutely stood out, from the beginning, were so few, that they might all of have been shut up in one prison, or contained upon one platform—but what souls of flame were these!

A great glorious life is stimulated in one by seeing and listening to these men. The meeting, to me, was a Pentecostal one. Flames of fire did descend upon the speakers—such a deathless spirit possessed them and expressed itself through them, one realised that fear of imprisonment or death could not touch souls like these.

Nevinson, at the end of his speech, proposed that the Russian custom, at meetings like this, should be followed, of the whole audience rising and standing silent for a few seconds in memory of all the martyrs who had suffered and died for freedom. The whole vast audience rose and stood for a few seconds in impressive silence.

What also remains with me is the impression of the groans and growls that came from that vast audience at the mention of Henderson's name and of the Northcliffe Press.

You can imagine what this meeting has done for me. It is to me the beginning of the English Revolution. If men, such as spoke on that platform, are to guide it, it will be a bloodless one. Reason, justice and the high soul of man will lead—not blind hatred—not brute force—not a disastrous letting loose of blind passions that bring their own inevitable terrible reaction.

The meeting was meant to be International, the mass of German people were referred to with sympathy, as possible, and expected, helpers, in this great coming emancipation of Humanity. All distinctions of race, colour, creed; all the old shibboleths, hitherto in use, to keep down the masses, were to give way to wider, broader and deeper conceptions of the

destiny of Humanity. An immense leap onward was to be taken on the path of Progress—but the leaders of the working men spoke cautiously, they were sure that a hard and prolonged struggle was before the masses of Russia as well as of their own country.

Now I have tried to convey to you some idea of the most glorious meeting I have ever been at and of what this particular voice of London said in contradistinction to the vile press that has tried to be considered England's mouthpiece.

With the S.A. Field Ambulance in France.

Extracts from Kenah's Letters.

April 15th, 1917.

"I have not written for quite a long time as I have been very busy for the last six weeks, in common with all those engaged in the big battle now going on. When I left our last place I was given the post of O.C. of a large rest camp, or rather the site for one. Since then I have been busy all day and every day, as, owing to the difficulty of obtaining material, one has had to improvise at every turn and do a tremendous lot of running about to get anything one did get. However, on the whole, I have been fairly successful and have been fortunate in having a very nice chief to work with. Accommodation had to be provided for anything up to 1,200 men or more. During the past week we have had at times over a thousand in camp. I get all the men who have got minor ailments or become exhausted from exposure and fatique. The site for the camp was a newly sown field on an otherwise suitable site and the only building on it was a large open shed for storing agricultural machinery and the like. We have erected 32 wood and iron huts, each to hold 20, and 30 marquees which hold about the same. The shed we have used for stores and a sort of mess room. Then we have constructed a road to come in by, and paths between the huts and tents. I am proudest of the cookhouse. There I have designed a row of ovens made of oil druns and channels on which the dixies cook. In the fires I have fixed coils of pipe leading to tanks, so that each separate fire will boil dixies, roast and boil water at the same time. This has been a great success and help as it is no joke to have to cook for 1,200. To do all this I have only had 50 men until the patients came in. Then we make them do a few days' work, when fit enough before they rejoin their units.

The rest of our ambulance has been scattered about doing various jobs. This time we have not come out so fortunately as we have had poor Capt. Welsh, a charming young fellow, killed and another one wounded slightly, Capt. Forbes. We also had one of the men killed and four wounded, but on the whole not such a number put out as last summer. This time the weather has been really awful. It has been simply a succession of storms of snow, hail, sleet, rain and high winds, and the suffering of those in the front has been indescribable. Here we have the poor fellows trooping in covered with mud, most of their kit gone, clothes torn and generally looking as though they had been through an awful time. The cold has led to many frost bites and other disabling results.

May 5th, 1917.

".... When the war will be over no one can say as the end seems as far off as ever. Now that America has come in I think there can be not doubt that it will last longer than ever. There is no reason yet for Germany to give in and I can hardly imagine an alliance such as is now against her, giving in until they have accepted what they want. I see General Joffre admits that it is known that, so far as food and supplies generally, are concerned, Germany has enough for another two years. We know here that in the recent captures plenty of good food has been found in their dugouts and "dumps," in fact many officers and men have told me the German food was such a nice change that our men would not use their own rations so long

as there was German stuff to be got.

They do certainly seem to be somewhat short of guns, from all accounts, but not of other things."

May 17th, 1917.

"For nearly a month we have had quite warm, sunny weather, which all have appreciated to the utmost. George wrote that they had had a terrible time during the advance—snow, frost, rain and mud—that many of their horses had succumbed and all suffered much from the weather.

You wrote from Miller's Point and it sounded more lovely than ever, from amidst this ceaseless bustle and roar and made me long for the day when all this will end and let us back to our homes. Here, of course, I am far away from the fighting and glad to be too. Our ambulance is out again resting with the division. This time they have not been so fortunate, as Capt. Welch was killed and also our A.D.M.S., Col. Symons, an exceedingly nice man. Welsh was a most charming fellow, I met him first at Otaviefontein, from which place he travelled back with me to join the ambulance; he was from then, onwards, in my section, I think without doubt, he was the best liked officer in our unit. He had done splendid work ever since we got to France.

I have heard nothing of Ernest for a long time—have never managed to meet Jerry. Not long ago Col. Gordon (who bought the farm next to you at Elgin) was near here and asked me to dine but, unfortunately, it was just a time when I was very busy and could not manage to go."

June 30th, 1917.

"Last week I had occasion to visit a place right away down the other end of the country recently given up by the Germans, so that my road took me through the heart of the greater part of it. On the way out we took a cross country route which led us across the old lines by a more or less unfrequented and very bad road. But the experience was most interesting and well worth the delay caused by having to walk across the old lines of trenches. After passing through the usual smashed up village we came upon the usual maze of trenches, wire, etc., and the customary litter of timber, sheet iron, stacks of barbed wire, picks, shovels, wheelbarrows, and the endless litter of the line with its irregular tangle of wire and stakes. Across the other side of a shallow valley we could see the regular dusty brown ranges of the German wire, far thicker and more regularly placed than ours. Next came their front line trenches, and soon immediate and numerable instances of the German "thorough" methods. Their trenches were far better and more neatly made than ours, and so well constructed as to need only the minimun of upkeep compared to our's which never, or hardly ever, seem to long maintain their character. It was also interesting to note the surprising difference in the lack of litter and waste. Everything was used and not left lying about rotting, as so much of ours is. As we went on a fresh evidence of industry and forethought could be seen in the treatment of the roads. Along both sides of the road stout wooden stakes about 3 to 4 feet high were driven in at intervals of about 10 yds. The effect of this is to keep the traffic from slewing off the roads into the gutters. This has many good results for it prevents the road from breaking away at the edges, which is one of the most fruitful sources of destruction, it also puts a definite limit to the extent of surface to be kept in repair, and mud thrown aside by the traffic as soon as it passes the line of stakes, can no longer be picked up and carried on to the roads again by straggling traffic, and so the road is kept automatically clean. Every few yards on either side of of the road were pockets of material for repair which placed like this could not become scattered and was always ready for the immediate repair of any hole or breaking in the surface of the road. All this must tend, of course, to great economy in the long run. The first village we came to was quite razed to the ground and in fact the only indication of a village was the rubble of fallen houses, and the remains of farm implements and odd bits of furniture, beds, etc.

Further on, about two miles behind the line, we passed a largish village just a mass of ruins and a speaking tribute to the quality of our shells. Our shell bursts seem to do much more damage than the German's. Along the roads I also noticed here and there that the empty shrapnell cases fired by our guns had all been gathered up and put in neat stacks, evidently with a view to carting them away to be used again. As we got clear of the lines the country began to look very different from our side. No cultivation had been allowed and all trees, except a few round the ruined villages, had been felled. Many appeared to have been cut down more than a year ago, and it is evident that the Germans were supplying themselves with all the timber they wanted, not only by using what they wanted locally, but carting away from France what they require further back. It was most strange to be able to see huge rolling plains with nothing to break the monotony but the clusters of trees around the villages. This added to the absence of cultivation, made the view one that was entirely strange for France and more like Africa. I can't, of course, now tell you of the various places of interest we passed through but hope to do so some day. As we got nearer to the new front the landscape began to be dotted all over with tents and large camps and bivouacs while away in the distance I could see shells bursting on the crest of a hill. It is quite evident, after seeing this strip of country, that the Germans had been contemplating giving it up for many months and perhaps more. In the meantime they had entirely cleared it of anything they fancied would be useful to either themselves or ourselves. All the villages I saw were very much knocked about, but this is hardly to be wondered at as we have been pounding away with ever-increasing volume for the last eighteen months, and it would not say much for either the accuracy or quality of our fire if the destruction was not as great as it was. I can now quite understand why the German prisoners invariably express such surprise, at our continuing to billet in villages so close to the line as we do. One can quite see their point of view, as after seeing what we saw, a village behind the German line must be a most unsatisfactory spot to choose. On the way back we passed across the old lines near where we spent so many months this winter, and it was indeed a curious sensation to be coming at them from the German side. I longed to stop and inspect some of the places I had often looked at through glasses, but there was no time. However, I daresay a chance will come soon."

Extracts from George's Letters.

March, 23rd, 1917.

".... We are quite civilized and comfortable still, which is lucky because the weather is horribly cold and it would be very nasty out in the open (he has been expecting to advance to a new position in the former German trenches). There have been several snow showers and both to-day and yesterday the ground was quite white.

We are busy preparing our new positions. Ours is fairly well placed, the chief attraction being that there are some fine deep dugouts near by. Another battery is alongside and we will share the dugouts with them. The dugouts are in our old trenches so you see it is not a long move for us. It is very hard to find any German dugouts that are not completely destroyed. A few have been discovered here and there and they have generally had traps laid in them. One had five small mines laid in it with the fuses laid into just above the fire place. Another had gas in it and there were 20 men gassed as a result, fortunately none of them fatally. One sees great accounts in the papers of how the Germans have laid waste the villages, and they are certainly true of these parts. In fact if they have done the same everywhere the whole country must be nothing but a desert. In the villages they have given up, there is absolutely *nothing* left standing above the ground level. Every tree in the coun-

try side and along the roads has been cut down. Of course they have left things alright behind the new line they intended to hold. I must say I don't think it will do them a great deal of good. It must have been a big task getting it all done.

We get a magnificent view from our new O.P. (observation point). We can see five villages (German) very plainly besides endless others away in the distance. Also there are miles and miles of open country towards the south. I am sure that a good big effort is going to be made. It may not be on the intended scale in parts, but where it does come it will be pretty concentrated.

We are all keeping very well.... I have not been able to resist collecting one or two new souveniers. The ground is strewn with endless shells and bombs of every description. There is one enormous German heavy trench mortar which I can't help coveting. It stands about 3 ft. 6 ins. high and is a nice blue colour—unfortunately it must weigh quite 200 lbs., so it is no use doing more than look at it. I have got a nice little vaned bomb (empty) and an extraordinary looking whizz-bang, it is about half as long again as an ordinary one and has a long pointed cap over the fuse.

There will be no chance of carrying any heavy things about so I am leaving them with some of our extra kit that we are storing in a farmhouse near our old position. Everything is being put in our huge farm wagon and later on we will be able to send a team of horses to bring it along."

March 24th, 1917.

Up at the O.P.

"I have been kept pretty busy so far, but now that I've got time I feel almost too cold to write. I can't imagine what is happening with the weather. There has been a bright sun all to-day but I am sure the temperature has'nt risen above freezing. Certainly all the mud in the trench is still frozen hard. What's worse is that I have got to do Liason to-night. (Liason = keeping the battery in touch with the Infantry and means staying all night with the Infantry).

"There is a new arrangement now. Instead of the Liason Officer spending 24 hours with the Infantry he only goes there for the night, 6.30 to 6.30. So in the day time he does ordinary O.P. Our O.P. is one of the good old fashioned style, just a place cut into the parapet of an old disused trench. We hope in time to make it a bit more comfortable but so far it hasn't a scrap of shelter of any kind. The trouble is it is so very far from the battery that it is too much labour to carry material up, particularly as it would have to be at night.

The Germans have got a very fine lot of planes here, and give our people a bad time of it. There is one chap in a bright red machine who is the terror of the neighbourhood. He is a splendid fighter. To-day he brought down one of our machines in flames. The whole thing burst into flames and crumpled up. It makes one feel furious to see it. There never seems to be a single fighter of ours anywhere about, or if there is it is going in the opposite direction as fast as it can. The Germans have bucked up a lot since last year, and our Flying Corps will have a difficult job in getting the better of them. Our losses in planes just in these parts have been enormous lately, we generally seem to lose at least two every fine day."

April 4th, 1917.

"I am in a fearful state of rush and hurry so there is only time for a very small letter. The reason for it all is that I have taken over the job of Adjutant of the Brigade, and at the present time it is a fearfully busy life. You remember I said the former Adjutant was slightly wounded and much shaken and has had to go away so the Colonel has asked me to be Adjutant. In some ways I was not keen to do the job. I will automatically get my 2nd star when I am gazetted as Adjutant.

I can give you no information about our doings present or future, but I think I am right in saying that we shall be out before many days (out of action).

The weather is fearful, not a bit of sun or warmth. I sit and freeze most of the day in

my large coat, signing and writing showers of correspondence. I know practically nothing about Adjutant's work, but it should not take long to pick up."

April 5th, 1917.

"I am writing in the early morning before breakfast. I have been up to watch a practise shoot. You are probably wanting to hear more about the Adjt. business, so I will try and tell you what his duties are. First of all I live at Brigade Headquarters, the Colonel and his Orderly Officer being the other two officers there. The O.C. looks after telephone communications with the batteries (there are four batteries in a Brigade) and deals with the management of Headquarters personel and equipment. The Adjutant deals with all the correspondence connected with the Brigade, both Tactical and Executive. That is to say the Batteries get all their orders and information, etc., through him. The Colonel looks at all important correspondence and makes out any additional orders of his own in connection with those that come in from D.A. (Divisional Artillery, i.e., the General's Office). At most times there is a huge lot of rather unnecessary correspondence to worry over. Just at the present it comes in stacks but is quite interesting. I have two clerks, one a sergt. and we keep a typewriter, which is going all day long. It is a great change from the much more strenuous battery life. In some ways it is an advantage. For instance it is a safer kind of job. There are no O.P. duties and no being with the battery in action in nasty forward positions, as often happens nowadays. Also there is no worry over moving, fixing and looking after the men and horses. I stay with the Colonel in some convenient place as near to the batteries as possible."

May 6th, 1917.

At present our Headquarters is in the famous Hindenburg line. We are living in huge deep German dugouts, they are tremendously strong, quite forty feet down in solid chalk, and very comfortable. To give you some idea of the style of things the Germans do; this dugout is quite continuous, apparently indefinitely. I have been 3,000 yards along it, and there was only stopped because I was up in our front line, and it was blocked by barricades. In all probability it runs miles and miles across France. There are entrances up into the trench every 15 yards or so and it is quite well ventilated.

An adjutant has a busy time during active operations, as it means sitting at a telephone talking hard at all hours of the day and night. The only thing I don't like about it is that there is so little time to get out for exercise or to see things ..... We have had a fairly big job, our Division having quite one of the hardest tasks at the start, but it is absolutely amazing to see the work put into this line of trenches by the Germans. Everything is on a colossal scale, as you can see by the dugout system we are living in. The German troops are a mixture of very good and very bad, and I certainly think that the better their trenches the better for us because they go down into their dugouts and don't put up half the resistance they do in the open. For the moment things are at a stand still, and no one quite knows what is going to happen."

June 26th, 1917.

"My last letter was before the fighting began at Arras. We had a strenuous time of it for the first month, but since then all has been comparatively quiet on our particular bit of front.

Unfortunately during the fighting, what with iron rations, the continuous amount of night work and the living in deep dug-outs, I got a bit run down and caught an infection of boils. I was sent down to the sea-side for a fortnight but it made very little difference, so finally I have come here to a Hospital to get vaccine made and have proper treatment. I am at the 3rd Canadian Clearing Hospital which is not more than a few miles from where our Division is."

A later letter tells us that George had got his leave and arrived in England on June 13th.

The East African Campaign.

Extracts from Jarvis's Letters.

April 20th, 1917.

"We have reached this place, the name of which I cannot give, which is a fine, healthy, well-watered country. It has taken us fifteen day's march from where I last wrote and we had to cross a very difficult river en route, 12 miles wide, which took us three days to get through. We were in water up to our waists the whole way and in places up to the arm pits and camped two nights on islands so small that there was barely room for the men to rest. What made the marching through the water very slow was the slippery bottom. We do not expect much fighting but plenty of marching. The probability is that when the waters subside the campaign here will soon finish. From here I expect it will be difficult to get letters through. I am keeping very well, and am very glad we have not been apportioned the coast belt to work in. It will be best to address al lmy letters to Bombo, Uganda.

May 6th, 1917.

"After a month's trek we have arrived at this camp and are in very healthy country, awfully cold and rather windy but with plenty of good water and lots of eggs and vegetables, so that the food question is no worry.

May 14th, 1917.

"Since last writing we have marched a long way again. For four days we marched through hilly country, over a high table land with very fine scenery, our path rising to over 8,000 feet above sea level. The country is very fertile and well cultivated but the natives all live in holes in the ground from fear of the Germans who raided them about nine years ago and killed some thousands of them.

For the last month we have been in quite a cold climate, in fact very cold, but luckily no rain to speak of. We are now reaching a warmer country again. The Germans use tiles and bricks (for building) to a great extent, and apparently have taught the natives to use them in some places. They have a very sound policy with regard to languages, all natives being made to learn Swahili, which means no difficulty in making oneself understood anywhere."

June 14th, 1917.

"I am now in Portuguese East, having travelled about 2,000 miles since leaving Uganda. It is most interesting being here, as so little is known about the country. It appears to be quite healthy and is fairly high. When operations have advanced a bit more I may be able to say something about the country. I expect my letters will be very irregular for some time to come as we are in a very out of the way part and mails are difficult."

June 16th, 1917.

"We are in quite healthy country with plenty of native foodstuffs. The mornings are quite chilly. I am still very fit and the campaigning does not worry me at all as far as the camping out, etc., is concerned. Our officers (those in my Company), are a very nice lot and our Company a very good one—the best in the regiment. They are fine fellows and keen that no harm should come to any of their officers."

24th June, 1917.

"We do not anticipate any obstinate fighting here but probably a great deal of marching still. I wish I was able to go into details of what we are doing, and of the country, which is well-watered and fairly thickly peopled by quite a superior class of native.

I have met a most interesting Archdeacon who knows the part we are in very well, and although 68 years of age, is a wonderful walker. He belongs to the Universities' Mission and has been here 13 years. Before the war he went to Portugal to complain of the treatment of the natives by the officials here and was very well received in Lisbon. He returned with a commission who investigated the cases reported by him. There used to be a great deal of fighting amongst the natives themselves even until quite recently but, apparently, they have never been organized under one man like the Zulus."

Just at present we are living very comfortably as plenty of fowls and eggs are to be had. Wherever we go a market is at once set up, prices are fixed, and everything sold under supervision. Eggs are 48 for a shilling. By the way, we are back again to English coinage which is quite strange after nearly six years of Indian money. This country is nearly everywhere covered with light forests, and so far, we have seen very little open country."

Extracts from Caroline Murray's Letters

In the Train.

June 13th, 1917.

"After we left last evening I found Lenox had had no supper so my ample provision basket was at once useful. Then we chatted comfortably till 9.30, when he left to go to bed. I have taken charge of his ticket for the men which amounts to over £100 for the journey to Durban. I find this carriage so comfortable and clean and hope I may be able to have it to myself all the way. About midnight someone brought me a parcel from kind Mrs. Greef. I felt quite touched at all the kind thought she had put into it with the nice things most beautifully packed, which included some delicious hanepoot grapes!—in June!

Oh, the early morning in the Karoo! Can anything beat it I am so filled with the fascination of it all that I can scarcely tear myself from the windows. There are all those glorious Prince Albert mountains—the long quiet distances between with the low hills like waves acros an ocean of space. The slight touches of human life in the lonely little tracks or some little low buliding with a waggon beside it and sometimes a few sheep, only seem to accentuate the loneliness of the immense space and silence. There is nothing like this air of the Karoo.

"Later. We have just passed Nel's Poort but there was no sign of Uncle Wallace. Really it has been a perfect day—such an atmosphere as would glorify any scenery and seemed to intensify all the strangely beautiful characteristics of the Karoo. At Beaufort Lenox went to see the men and found one had been seized with a bad attack of fever. He is seeing about his being moved to a separate carriage and getting all the blankets he can so as to induce perspiration.

It is surprising to see how much is being done along the line in cultivation wherever water can be taken from the rivers, or there are dams or windmills. Krom River is quite park-like with trees and pasture! Everything looks so fresh and green one can't imagine there was so lately such a drought."

Friday 15th, 1917.

"My comfortable circumstances came to an abrupt end last night at Nauw Poort at 11.30, when the conductor opened my carriage and ushered in a poor mother with four children! I held the baby of six weeks in my arms while the mother got the children to bed and finally they all settled down fairly comfortably. Lenox came to fetch me for breakfast at 8 o'clock and when we had finished we were just coming into Bloemfontein.

On the way I was much interested to see the Monument to the Women and Children who died in the Boer War, standing below one of these long low isolated ridges of hills so characteristic of the Free State. It is a very tall obelisk.

Now we have just passed Modderpoort which is such a picturesque place, where the railway passes between two abrupt rocky hills. When I last came through it looked quite a native place but now there are more trees and European homes. The Basutoland mountains are grand and covered with snow."

Friday Evening.

"We have passed Ficksburg where a party of ladies were waiting with tea and all sorts of good things, cakes, eggs, fruit, for the soldiers. It must have been a treat for them and I saw parcels being put up for them to take on with them. The men cheered them

lustily as we left. Ficksburg is situated in marvellous scenery. The evening light was beginning to creep over the long magnificent range of Basuto mountains lighting up the snow. Lenox and I have been watching the wonderful lights and colours and changing views—it was fascinating. Now it is rapidly getting dark. We reach Ladysmith to-morrow morning early but don't leave till 10 o'clock. We get to Maritzburg at about 4 p.m. and Durban at 7.30."

Natal, Saturday, 16th.

"We have now just left Colenso with its sad memories and its monuments of the Boer War, which are all very nicely cared for by the Ladies Loyal (now Victoria) League. The country is beautiful all along the Tugela, which we crossed several times. The natives about and in their fields and their groups of huts all harmonise so well with the scenery."

Durban.

Sunday, 17th.

"The journey to Maritzburg was very beautiful and the views magnificent as we wound round the wooded heights and looked over the wide stretch below with Maritbzurg lying like in a basin. We reached the station at a quarter to four and I looked out anxiously and, to my joy heard a cheery shout from Gordon almost before I saw him. Hector Bastard had come with him and they gave Lenox a great welcome. Gordon had only got our wire at 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. He set off at once to let Hector know and got there late that evening. Next day he started off in a storm of rain and snow to take Evelyn and the children to stay with Effie while he was away. They said he'd never get there in such weather but they they reached safely and he left next day for Franklyn, where he met Hector; they slept in the train that night and reached Maritzburg half an hour before our train came in. At Durban Mr. and Mrs. Tod with their two daughters were waiting to meet us. They were all interested to see Lenox getting his men to fall in and march briskly off and later we passed them in the street, as the Detail Camp is a little way beyond our hotel, on the beach. We were very lucky to get rooms here, so near Lenox's camp where he has had to report again twice to-day. His orders are to be ready to sail to-morrow morning.

They say there are 50,000 troops in Durban and that, two days ago, there was not a scrap of food left in the town. As we sat at breakfast this morning ,a great number marched past and we saw a man-of-war (convoy) go out to-day and several troop ships—they say to England—but thousands of men have been leaving for Mesopotamia for some time past.

The poinzettias are a perfect delight, just a blaze of colour. The orange creeper too and crimson bouganvlia and the brilliant Kafir boom, also the beautiful spreading native trees of various kinds in the streets and gardens both public and private, are a pleasure to see. Certainly Durban is an attractive place but it has not the wonderful clear atmosphere of our end. I am writing on the verandah on to which my room opens. The beach and the sea rolling in are almost within a stone's throw across the road and just opposite we look across to the Tea Rooms run by the Nel's Rust Dairies. It is a very gay scene we look on to with crowds of people along the well laid out esplanade with grass and trees and lots of seats."

Inungi, P.O. Kokstad.

June 22nd, 1917.

"We reached Franklyn at 7.30 p.m., when it was already dark and we groped our way up to the rather bare stone building which has replaced the wood and iron shanty that was the Hotel when I came here last. Beyond Malenge the scenery was most beautiful. We passed through some native forests clothing the ravines in the mountains. The magnificent stems of the yellowwood trees rose up through the most exquisite tangle of growth all festooned with graceful creepers. At one of these beautiful spots quite a flock of gay parrots flew up screaming from amongst the trees.

After dinner at the hotel Gordon and I started off by motor for Kokstad. We spun along at a great pace with the stars above us and the lonely darkness all round except where the motor lamps threw the light on the road. We passed a few Kafirs returning from the mines who had come by our train and a group seated round a fire beside a waggon but there were no other signs of life until we looked down upon the few lights of Kokstad, which lay like in a basin below us.

We found at the hotel that Eliott had arrived and would be in later so, as it was past 9 o'clock, we went to bed. Next morning before Gordon was ready for breakfast I walked down the wide, quiet street, lined with trees and water furrows. I was much interested to come across the big sort of pyramid stone monument 'to Adam Kok and his spouse Margaret.' It was strange to think that they were just coloured people—Griquas who were removed to this part and given large grants of land when the diamond fields were discovered in their country—now Kimberley.

Eliott and we breakfasted together and then started for his farm. It was a longer drive than I expected, all through low, grassy hills, all a beautiful golden colour from the frost. About two-thirds of the way we reached the Rennie's farm which is eight miles from this. They have a good many trees and a garden around the low house with a wide verandah and there seemed to be quite a small village of huts and various buildings around.

We reached here between half past one and two o'clock. From quite a long way off we caught sight of the house resting on the slope of a range of smooth brown hills. We crossed the river that is sometimes a barrier and passed through large mealie lands, stopping to examine, with great interest, Eliott's huge silo cut into the side of a hill where two natives were chopping out the food and packing it into a waggon for the cattle.

It seemed like a dream to be stopping at the gate of Effie's garden and seeing her and Evelyn and Uncle Tom and the children all waiting to welcome us. From the wide verandah, which runs round two sides of the house, we entered the most charming room, bright with gay flowers everywhere, and pictures on the walls—such pretty casement windows and the delightful old furniture Effie brought with her. I do think she has arranged her house with great taste and comfort and cleverness.

I wish I could describe to you the beauty of this lovely spot and the indescribable feeling in the air. From the front of the house one looks across Effie's garden, which must have been very gay, on to the tennis court, which is a rich deep red colour, beyond stretches the wide sweep of low hills, range behind range and, just a few steps from the house, one catches a glimpse of the snow-capped Drakensburg. Over all this breathes a sort of satisfying peace with an atmosphere that lights it up with perfect glory. One longs to transport here the nerve-racked victims of our futile and cruel civilization.

On the right of the house stands Uncle Tom's hut, which he loves and finds delightfully comfortable and free. It is surrounded by a garden of roses and below it, on either side of the tennis court, are lines of old fruit trees and quince hedges. On that side of the house is some very nice well cut grass like a bit of lawn on either side of the path leading to the house. Then one looks on beyond to various interesting farm buildings and operations—mealie shelling from a great pile of cobs—mealie grinding and crushing with various machines worked by natives and it is pretty to see the waggon coming along with loads of mealies. One also looks down here on to some green oat lands and vegetable gardens.

Yesterday as we sat at breakfast quite a little cavalcade rode up to spend the day—Miss Rennie, who is about twelve, her brother of sixteen, their tutor Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. Fergus Rennie, who is about twenty-four. They all carried guns and tennis rackets and, following their horses, was a good sized foal. After breakfast the men all went off to shoot, return-

ing before lunch with two fine buck. In the afternoon they all played tennis and it was nearly dark before the cavalcade wended its way home.

Fergus Rennie was in East Africa for a year with Van Deventer and must have been near Lenox at Arusha but did not see him, though he says he thinks they fired at one another through one of those mistakes that seem to happen too often. They were expecting the Germans to be in a certain quarter from which the men Lenox was with appeared and as they had not been warned of their coming, as soon as they appeared through the bush, they opened fire on them, fortunately only three men were wounded and none killed, before they discovered their mistake.

Uncle Tom and Sheila are great friends, Sheila is a little darling. She is nearly as tall as Elizabeth but is smaller made, the children are very sweet, playing together with Evelyn's little Kafir nurse girl, Bulleye.

We have had such a lovely picnic to-day, up to the mountain at the back where there is a most beautiful native forest and such a magnificent view from the top on either side—away over endless ranges of hills and mountains. This farm is the end of the white man's country and on the further side of the mountain we looked over all native territory.

Evelyn and Effie had packed up all our provisions early after breakfast and I sat down to write in my room. I wondered that we were so late in starting when I heard there had been a great catastrophe. Several of us were to ride, and a pony had to carry the pack-saddle with the provisions and rugs. The latter had just had the saddle bags strapped on when something must have frightened him—he wrenched away from the native who was holding him and tore madly off—the saddle swung round and everything in the bags was smashed to bits, the jar with the milk and the cups were in atoms, and the milk had soaked the bread into a pulp, the ham and the hard-boiled eggs lay in fragments over the veldt and entirely a fresh lunch had to be prepared and packed.

Effie, Uncle Tom and I, were mounted on ponies and the rest, including Mary, walked Preceeding us was a native carrying the kettle. We off-saddled for lunch on a lovely slope with thick soft dry grass to rest upon and on the borders of the lovely forest. Effie and I had ridden on some way bending under the overhanging branches along a cattle path—there were glorious trees and shrubs of great variety—many of the trunks and stems were covered with ferns. This untouched wholly wild nature is fascinating.

To-morrow we start for Gordon's farm soon after breakfast; the journey will take about 3½ hours.

It was a lovely morning yesterday when we left Effie's in Gordon's cart which has a wonderful capacity for its size. Gordon sat between myself and Evelyn who held Elizabeth on her knee and he managed to drive all right. The luggage was strapped on behind and on the seat above it, sat Mary and Bulleye who hopped off and opened all the gates. We had had such a happy visit. Effie manages wonderfully to accommodate, apparently, indefinite members of visitors, however unexpected and to do it very comfortably without any fuss. She has two good Kafir maids, and old Nurse gives a hand, though a slow one.

We waved to the little group who could follow our course a long way through the wide stretch of hills. Our road lay all up and down hill but it was a pleasure to drive behind Gordon's stout and willing pair of horses whom nothing daunted. We passed very few farm houses, only occasional groups of Kafir huts. At the end of nearly three hours we found ourselves in the wide Cedarville flats across which we could see, in the distance, the trees of Gordon's farm nestling against some low Koppies. The Great Drakensburg, snow-capped mountains bounded the horizon in front of us.

When we reached the farm, about 1.30, the Kafir maids came running down from the huts to light the fire and Bulleye was noisily wel-

comed by her mother with strange exclamations and gestures of delight, while her father kissed her solemnly as he came to the horses' heads. It was interesting to see all the improvements since my last visit—both in the house and the farm. The latest is the fine big stone cows' stable, with thatched roof, on the rise near the Kafir huts on the Koppie. It surprised me to hear how small has been the cost of these various buildings—Kafir labour is so cheap and plentiful that they have a great advantage. Another improvement is the windmill with water laid on to Evelyn's garden about the house, and to her vegetable garden below the road.

Evelyn has laid it all out so prettily and has worked very hard herself with the help of a Kafir woman, called a "garden-girl." The terraces and pergolas must be lovely in the summer.

Tuesday after lunch Gordon drove over to see Cecil's farm and took the children and me with him. I was very much interested in seeing Helena and Cecil's new little cottage. It stands looking over a most commanding view. The trees that have been planted are too young to give any shelter yet, but the uninterrupted flood of sunshine was not unwelcome in the winter. It was strange to see all their home just as they had left it so suddenly when the war broke out. A Kafir man appeared to be caring for it very faithfully. Quite near their house are the club tennis courts, with a nice little house for the use of the members when they meet once a fortnight. There are about 30 members who spend the whole day there bringing their children, for whom it is also a happy opportunity of meeting.

Friday 29th.

We had such a pleasant drive yesterday to Wilfred's, stopping on the way at Cedarville. It is a peaceful little place. Just a dozen or so houses splashed on the side of the mountain, with a couple of stores, two churches, a hotel, Bank, Post Office and a Library—thanks to good Miss Alston's efforts. The glory of it is its commanding view, across the wide flats, to the opposite line of mountains along which one can locate many of the farms of the district, including Gordon's as well as Wilfred's, towards which we were travelling. As we reached his house, which stands close (too close), beside that of the adjourning farm, it was like an English scene with all the huge haystacks. The whole country is tremendously cultivated huge tracts of mealie lands, nearly finished harvesting, and with acres of turnips and wheat for winter feed no wonder one sees such splendid herds of cattle. I was so much interested to see Wilfred's sweet little home and his charming wife and we had a most pleasant time there. We returned past the pretty little lonely church amongst the hills and through what was once Mapooin's farm. At the door of what was his big hut sat on old Mr. and Mrs. Becker, who now live and farm there.

Towards evening Gordon, Evelyn, Mary and I walked up towards the new cow stable. The waggon was returning from the cheese factory with its load of large shining milk cans and we watched the beautiful cows in milk coming, one by one, to their places in the new stable, which can hold 32, besides a place for the two men who sleep there to look after them. The valuable Friesland bull "Clinker" sleeps in the old stable.

As we turned from the stable and the Kafir huts, nestling amongst the rocks of the Koppie—how can I describe the wonder of the sunset colouring over the Cedarville flats?—The distant lines of green from the wheat and turnip lands blending with the prevailing golden yellow—the pink of the nearer hills with the varying shades of blue in the distant mountains—all bathed in the sunset light, made such an exquisite blending of colour as is quite indescribable.

Saturday, 30th. In the train to Maritzburg.

Yesterday we left Reidfontein before 1 o'clock. Evelyn and the children went with us as it was planned for them to spend the night at the Hector Bastard's, while Gordon was away. I looked forward to meeting them again and their three fine little boys whom they had brought to see me at Gordon's. Earlier in the

morning a native had been sent on horseback to fetch the post and hear whether my trunk had yet arrived from Franklin, where it had been left when we went on to Effie's. We expected to meet the man at the gate where the Cedarville Road joins Gordon's farm, but it was three-quarters of an hour before we saw, just a small black speck—3½ miles off! which Gordon rightly guessed, and wonderfully soon recognised, as his horse and man. There were no letters but a note saying that that my trunk had left Franklin, on the day before, on Mr. Moxom's waggon. The only thing to do was to go first across the river to Mr. Moxom's. Arrived there, we found all the family were away at Durban. After much questioning of the natives, with Mary as interpreter, we at last found a man who told us the waggon was off-loading at a store in the mountains, quite out of our road, but that he was sure it was now on its way here. Here was a dilemna. Gordon decided that our only plan was to go and meet it, but that made it impossible to go to the Bastards as we would have to find another road to Franklin. Evelyn was quite undismayed and, after a moment's thought, said she would walk to the Bastards, which was between 4 and 5 miles off—a Kafir woman was engaged to carry their luggage—Bulleye tied Elizabeth on to her back and the little party bid us good-bye and set off.

Gordon and I then started on our chase, which led us past the farm of the Mrs. Brown with whom we had travelled from Durban. As we neared their house, to my great joy, we at last came upon the waggon, with its long team of oxen, creeping over the lonely veldt and, reposing on it in, now, solitary grandeur were my long-lost trunk and Gordon's suit case. You can imagine, we pursued our journey with minds relieved. All these delays meant that, instead of reaching Franklin at 5 o'clock, we only got to Mrs. Jim Cole's at near 6 o'clock. We have always been so kindly received there and I was sorry to find that Mrs. Cole was away but Mr. Cole made us welcome at a nice warm fire and, after an excellent dinner, we went on much refreshed and I thoroughly enjoyed the hour and a half further drive, in the moonlight to Franklin, which we reached about 8.30. Gordon found the hotel quite full so after seeing me into my carriage, he said he would drive straight back to the Bastards, which we could not reach before 1 o'clock in the morning."

Beach Hotel, Durban.
Sunday, July 1st.

"I am sitting on the balcony here with trams, motors, rickshaws and crowds of soldiers and people, passing continuously—such an abrupt change from the wide, silent flats and hills with their ever-varying colour and few signs of human life.

I was delighted with the scenery nearing Durban—such beautiful native forests clothed the valleys, trees of great variety, stately palms —amongst them and gorgeous flowering trees. The luxuriant tropical looking gardens make every place beautiful and the numbers of Indians about in their gay colours, give quite an Eastern character. It is a pity that, with all this splendour, one has to take the drawback of an enervating climate."

Monday, 2nd.

"Lenox was so much astonished to see me when he came in for dinner last evening for, by mistake, he had never got my telephone message. We sat on the stoep and talked till nearly 10 o'clock. You can imagine how glad I am to be with him. He thinks the warmer climate here has done him good. (Later). Lenox has just received orders to be ready, with his men, to sail at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning. After a hurried dinner he has gone back to the camp."

Tuesday, 3rd.

"Such a morning we have had again—just as before—early breakfast, packing and strapping up kit, this time he said good-bye and I had watched him go off to the ship in two rickshaws, with his kit. Later I followed him with a parcel I had forgotten—Lenox and his men were still standing ready for their turn to file on to the ship. To my surprise, when he had

got them all on board, he returned and told me the orders were that he was not to go yet and we came back to the hotel together."

Monday, July 16th, in the train past Ladysmith.

"You may think that it was difficult for me to leave Lenox and to-day is his birthday. He will probably go into camp now till he sails—it is thought about the 20th. It is such a lovely early morning with the wide, peaceful, golden brown hills again surrounding us and behind them the splendid snow-capped Drakensberg. The air is so much purer and fresher than in Durban. Saturday afternoon there was a tremendous downpour of rain and yesterday it was still muggy and very windy. Towards evening Lenox and I watched a magnificent bank of thunder clouds with the light of the setting sun upon them and, as my train left Durban, I sat for a couple of hours by the open window, fascinated by the wonderful effect of incessant lightening playing over this bank of cloud which appeared like great peaks and chasms momentarily standing out in the flashes of light.

11.30. We have just come through the splendid Van Reenen Pass and it was most interesting to watch the train reversing, in short zigzags, up the last steep, ascent. I spent all the time on the platform of our carriage in spite of a keen, strong wind. It is rest and new life to gaze and gaze over those miles and miles of country stretching away to the towering wall of the Drakensberg—a lovely opalescent colour and light upon them an touches of glistening snow. The Pass itself is beautiful, deep-wooded kloofs, strange and striking rocky peaks and flat-topped abrupt hills surprising one at every turn. Just now fro mthis station (Van Reenen) I long for a Kodak to take the view of a line of 4 most curiously stone-capped peaks. One never sees any photograph of these most characteristic peaks."

Tuesday 17th, 9.30 a.m.

"Just had breakfast after leaving Bloemfontein. Yesterday, by the afternoon there was a great change in the scenery we were passing through. Treeless, featureless plains seemed to sweep to the horizon without even a koppie to break the monotonyoas is the case here near Bloemfontein—a cold, wild wind swept and howled over the bare landscape and above masses of angry clouds which gathered and descended i none corner of the horizon in (they said) a snow storm. No wonder we read at Bloemfontein of extraordinary floods of rain everywhere."

Thursday, 20th, Kamfer's Kraal, Nel's Poort.

"Our train on Tuesday was ¾ of an hour late so that it was 1 o'clock in the morning before we reached Nelspoort. About quarter to one I went out to see what station we were stopping at. When I opened the corridor door I found our carriage was next the engine. The driver told me we were at Krom River and I warned him I was getting out at the next station. It was so strange scrambling out in the darkness and silence. On my way towards the platform I met a coloured man and a boy who asked if I was "Mrs. Murray" and explained they had a cart waiting for me. Then I came upon the stationmaster with a lantern, which was most useful in helping me to find my way over the stones, to the cart, but which seemed so to disconcert the mules that he had to move away while they were being unfastened. Then we started off, going, it seemed to me, by faith—but I soon saw the driver, somehow, knew his way and so I just gave myself up to enjoyment of the weird look and feeling of things in a midnight drive of nearly 2 hours, just seeing the dark outline of the mountains and of the mimosas along the river while the dried yellow grass, at times on either side of us, looked like snow or water. The sky clouded over more and more so that it only grew darker as we went on. Suddenly the boy gave a great shout. I thought he must have seen some animal but the driver said: "It is his Ma, who lives over there," pointing to a line of bushes. I then knew we were near the end of our journey and soon we drew up near the white buildings of the farm and the bell-tower. The driver was Ave, who was here with Gordon after whom, as well as Lenox, Jack

and George, he made interested inquiries as we drove along. He told me the house was full of visitors and showed me to a cosy little room opening outside to the bell-tower. As he was bringing in my things, Wallace appeared just recovering from a bad cold, he insisted upon lighting a paraffin stove upon which Lill had had put a saucepan of cocoa; by the time I had taken it and Wallace had gone back to his room, it was nearly 4'oclock.

I was wakened by the bell ringing outside my door at 7.30. I would not let myself be persuaded to stop in bed and enjoyed meeting the pleasant big party round the breakfast table at half past eight. Lill and Wallace seemed equally happy with all smiling young faces around them. The visitors were John Charles and Peter Molteno, and Mrs. Thomas, custodian of the Michaelmas Gallery, with her little daughter, Marie. After breakfast John and Peter persuaded Wallace to take them out with a gun and before long they returned—Peter proudly carrying two birds they had shot—you can imagine the perfect bliss of this free life, to the boys and they and Donald, as well as Amy, are the happiest companions.

I walked with Wallace across the river and saw all the new lands he had made there, irrigated by the big pump and which was the scene of Uncle James's interest and work when he was here. A great deal of work has been done since I was last here but the slump in ostriches and the drought have played havoc with the expected results.

As John had just had a birthday there was a tea party in the afternoon, followed by a performance got up by the children. When the table was set, and Mr. and Mrs. Fouché had arrived ,the gramaphone struck up a march, and in walked a procession headed by John—tall and magnificent—as an Indian Rajah. Following him came Marie Thomas as Juliet, in a long train of orange satin. Then Donald as a Spaniard, with moustache and waving plumes in his hat. Peter made a jolly Jack Tar. Amy was the very sweetest fairy—her very fair hair harmonised with the crown and star of silver and the silver spangled white frock and she looked a lovely etherial Fairy Moonbeam. I did not wonder that Edward, as the most charming little Perriot, elected to sit beside his pretty sister. Mrs. Thomas was a most capable mistress of ceremonies, assisted by Miss Reynolds, the popular new governess. As the procession filed out after tea, it was joined by Father Christmas, in scarlet gown and long, white beard, carrying a red cloaked baby and no one would have guessed it was Nurse, with dear little Jocelyn gravely enjoying her part in the fun.

The fine new day nursery had been arranged and decorated for the performance in which even dear little Edward did his part—each one giving a recitation, a song, or a dance, and all with a sense of individual responsibility and complete un-selfconsciousness that were delightful.

This is a very happy glimpse into the home life here into which Lill has managed to bring so much charm and kindness and variety with a pleasant round of society making it an almost ideal environment for a growing-up family. The house is so bright and pretty and comfortable that, altogether, one can understand why guests are always so happy here.

This morning Wallace motored the 5 children and myself to the station. The new road avoids crossing the river, and runs along the foot of the mountain. It is really beautiful, especially where one looks down upon the river with Mimosa Grove on the other side.

We heard at the station that no trains can yet get through the wash-a-ways and no passengers can be booked either South or North. The train I came by is still held up at Beaufort. Mrs. Thomas and the children can therefore not get away to-morrow."

Sunday 22nd.

"My happy visit is nearly ended for I leave by the mail train from Johannesburg, at 10.30 to-night. On Friday morning Wallace and I had a long walk down to the lower wheat lands which look splendid. The three boys went with us—John and Peter each carrying a gun. To

their intense delight each of the two shots they had brought down a bird though the hawk John hit last, got away so that their bag consisted of only 3 birds. For a boy of 10 Peter has really wonderful aim and judgment—never losing his head, in spite of his intense eagerness and dash. Donald was very good in letting them have all the shots. I have so much enjoyed having all these children about me and they are so happy and good. In the evenings they gather round the fire in their dressing gowns and Wallace reads aloud—"The three Midshipmen" is their delight at present.

Yesterday we spent a whole glorious day in a rocky kloof, looking over towards Bleak House and Beaufort. All the wide distance around and the mountains beyond were bathed in deep still sunlight—so calm, so restful; I thought of Betty and felt her there. Mrs. Thomas grilled a great pile of delicious chops while, at another fire Lill fried bacon and, with potatoes, eggs and tea, we fared sumptuously. How far from the horrors of the war, it all seems."

Tuesday, 24th, Kenilworth.

"I left Kamfer's Kraal on Sunday afternoon about 4 o'clock. John went with me and kind, pleasant Mr. Fouché drove us as far as the George Jacksons. The country was looking beautiful. I have never felt the Karoo more kind and restful and all the impressions is still with me, making everything here seem comparatively small and shut in. I had a very pleasant time with the Jacksons and after supper and a chat round the fire, they sent me on to the station where the train came in quite punctually and I had a comfortable journey home."

A Visit to Harold and Effie.

T. J. Anderson.

The evening of 19th May found me leaving Cape Town for my long promised visit to dear Effie and to look up Harold on my way. He met me with his car at Norval's Pont station, and a spin of something over an hour brought us to "Rietfontein" (19 miles). I had a very affectionate greeting from Doris, who I found, as I did Peggy and Thomas (dear little lassie and lad) in excellent health. I spent a most happy week at Rietfontein enabling me to follow Harold's work in his demesne, which comprised the preparing of land (166 acres) for wheat. It is too soon to predict, but let us hope he will gather in a bumper harvest. Circumstances with Harold are specially favourable seeing he has installed an engine and pump which deliver into his furrows and dam 138,000 gals. water per hour from the Orange River, which for a distance of 3 miles or more borders his property. This thorough irrigation of his lands is making a valuable estate of his farm. He is master of his engine as he is of his motor car, and spares no pains in keeping them both in first rate working order. He indeed looks the practical engineer as he emerges from his engine house in his soot and oil begrimed garments, after an adjustment of, or repairs to, some item of the pulsating mechanism now guiding the destinies of his farm. My stay of a little over a week included a visit of a day and night to the adjoining farm "Inhoek", the beautiful property of Doris' father and mother (Mr and Mrs R.E. Anderson) who received me, as they always do, with the most cordial of welcomes.

Eventually I resumed my railway journey via Bloemfontein (Polley's Hotel excellent) and Pietermaritzburg (Norfolk Hotel, exceedingly good)—to Franklin, which is the present terminus—thence by public motor (22 miles) to Kokstad where Elliot met me and an exhilarating drive of 20 miles landed me at my destination on 2nd June. Dear Effie and little Sheila brightened the beautiful day as we drew up at the gate—I had a most loving welcome indeed. It is delightful to see my dearest "Girlie" once more, and as to my little granddaughter, I viewed her last as a wee mite of 2 months, now a sweet lassie of 14 months with flaxen hair and blue-grey eyes, and, with a wholesome will of her own, making her tottering way about, the idol of both Mother and Father.

I am greatly enjoying my visit to this beautiful farm —splendid for cattle which indeed look in exceedingly good condition—. The same can be said of the sheep, which thrive well—. The wool is particularly light in the grease, and last clip fetched a handsome price. Industrious Elliot is ever hard at work. He has constructed an excellent silo containing at its installation 400 tons of good compressed fodder for his winter feed. He is gradually increasing his stock—this is hs great desire, for he tells me the farm can carry far more than its present head of cattle.

Effie's dear little home is most comfortably and cosily arranged. My quarters are to be found in a rondaval in close priximity—thick sun-burnt mud walls thatched with the strong long grass of the country. It is moreover floored and very comfortably furnished. These rondavels strike me as particularly picturesque and in remarkable harmony with the character of the country. My surprise is that they are not more frequently adopted—a group of 3 or 4 of them—inter-connected and well "shod" would form an attractive residence. Compare such with the usual unromantic, unlovely and scenery resisting corrugated iron which so frequently meets (and offends) the eye!

We have just had a most pleasant ten days' visit from Gordon and Evelyn—accompanied by their two dear little girls, Mary and Elizabeth—sweet little lassies both of them. During their stay Gordon left to meet his mother at Durban and subsequently returned accompanied by Mrs. Murray—we were thus a very happy family party and had a right royal time together.

Everything comes to an end and so did our happy party—our friends have now all departed, but my happy stay continues. At the beginning of August I return home and will be accompanied by Effie and Sheila, who will spend a few months with me in the Cape Peninsula.