CHRONICLE OF THE FAMILY.

NO. 2. AUGUST, 1918. VOL 6.

Editor, Kathleen Murray, Palmiet River, Elgin, Cape Province.
Treasurer, Brenda Molteno, Claremont House, Claremont, Cape Province.

CONTENTS.

GEORGE ANTONY MURRAY, M.C., CAPTAIN, R.F.A.

"Cape Times," taken over from English paper:—

Murray.—Died in France, on April 5th, of wounds received in action, while in command of his battery, Captain George Anthony Murray, M.C., R.F.A., son of Lieut.-Colonel Murray, M.D., grandson of Sir John Chas. Molteno, dearly beloved husband of Elizabeth Margaret Murray, and son-in-law of Percy Alport Molteno, M.P., aged 24.

Extract from P. A. Molteno's letter:—

"April 18th, 1918.

"And now I must write to you of the dreadful tragedy of which we have cabled to you.

"Since this offensive began on the 21st, we have lived in dreadful anxiety. We did not hear at all for days . . . . . Then came the letters that George was all right and had retired safely with his battery, and was out of the fighting for a bit—then that he had new guns, and we had several letters—quite happy ones. I had one, too, dated the 3rd and Margaret the 4th and 5th., and our anxiety was much less. I then cabled to you when I had news of Kenah, Ernest and George, as I knew how anxious you would be.

"Then on Friday morning last, the 11th, came a letter, without any warning, to Margaret, at breakfast, from the Adjutant, to say that George had been badly wounded by a shell splinter and sent off in an ambulance. . . . . We tried, in every way, to hear more—at War Office, Red Cross, etc. At last the War Office, after 14 days, consented to make a special enquiry. Up to then, they said no news was good news, as they would have heard had he been fatally wounded, so we hoped and hoped—but to-day came the terrible news that his wound had proved fatal, and that he had died at a forward dressing station . . . . . To me he was a son, so good, so cheerful, so splendid in every way. We are linked in a common sorrow, and I mourn for him as if he were my own son."

"April 3rd, 1918.

"Dear Uncle Percy,—

"There is a chance that our letters may get through to the post again, so I am writing just to let you know all is well.

"I can't very well give you much news. I arrived back at the battery just a few hours

before the attack began. It was rather an abrupt return to war after such a delightful month in England, and needless to say I didn't like it a bit.

"The Major commanding the battery was taken prisoner, so I am in command. For the first day or two we were no use at all as a fighting unit as we had no guns. All we could do was to hurry back as fast as possible to get new ones. At first they could only give me 18 pr., and I had to use them as best I could, but now I have got howitzers again.

"The whole affair has been extraordinarily well carried out by the Germans, and as far as our part of the battle is concerned it has cost them practically nothing.

"For the moment things are stationary, and we are quite in the dark as to what the next move is to be.

"I can't see that the attack has given the enemy any special advantage so far as territory is concerned, and I have a sort of feeling that he has not made his real effort yet. I have only seen one daily paper since I got back, so I don't know much about what is going on. I should imagine it has caused a tremendous stir in England, and no doubt it has been an eye-opener to many people.

"The British Army and its Staff will have to work wonders if it hopes to recover its reputation.

"There has been nothing the matter with the men beyond complete lack of organisation.

"The last fortnight has been extremely interesting. We have all rather enjoyed the style of fighting, and have learnt a good deal too, but at the same time it is very exhausting. At present we have settled down in comfortable quarters, and things are becoming more normal.

"We are hoping for letters any day now. I do hope Margaret is well and has not been too anxious while all this has been going on.

"Please give my love to Aunt Bessie, and much love to you, from

"Your loving nephew,

"GEORGE."

Extract from Kenah's letter:—

"May 7th, 1918.

"Yesterday I got a letter in reply to my enquiries about George from the medical officer who was on duty at the Aid Post to which George was brought. He said that George was unconscious when brought in, and only lived about 10 minutes. From this it would seem that the wound must have proved rapidly fatal. He could not tell me where he had been buried, as he left the post that night April 5th-6th, and handed over to another ambulance, from whom I am now awaiting information to enable me to go down to find the site . . . . . The terrible thought is that we are only one family amongst thousands and thousands who have had similar and even greater losses to bear, and then one wonders how the world can have become so mad as to imagine that all this loss of valuable and promising young life can ever be compensated for by any material gain. I have, over and over again, thought this in the midst of the fighting, when scores of young fellows were going through our hands, mangled and made cripples for life, until one felt the dead ones were the lucky ones, to be out of it all, and resting where they never could be disturbed again. But then comes behind it all the picture of the dismay and suffering of the friends and relatives they leave behind, and there seems no escape from the evil of it all."

"May 27th.

"Since I wrote last I have been steadily planning to visit dear George's grave, and to-day I have at last been able to do it. And now I want to tell you all the information I have been able to gather.

"It seems (and this is the only information I am not quite sure of) that his battery was supporting the infantry in front of Fouilloy, which is due east of Amiens. After he was wounded he was brought to an Aid Post at Fouilloy. The distance was not great, and

could not have meant much more than half an hour—if that.

"Capt. A. Scott, R.A.M.C., who was on duty there, wrote and said that George was unconscious on arrival and died about ten minutes later. Capt. Scott's ambulance left that afternoon of April 5th, and their place was taken by another, to whom I wrote, and got a letter from the Rev. A. L. Edwards, who said he had buried George on the evening of April 5th, and gave me the reference by which to find the spot.

"To-day I managed, by the kindness of some friends, to get in touch with an inspecting officer who took me to the place, and eventually handed me to a friend who brought me back. The grave lies in a very peaceful little churchyard, peaceful in spite of all that is going on. The church is a rather quaint looking one—like most French churches, not very old. It is built of alternate bands of red brick and chalk blocks, which the weather has toned down to look quite pleasing. Not much damage has been done as yet, and fortunately it stands right on the outskirts of the village.

"From the main entrance of the church a little avenue of young elms leads through the churchyard. To-day they were in full new leaf, and made a cool, dark tunnel leading to a crucifix placed at the other end of the avenue. A little to the left of the end of this avenue lies the grave, close to the hedge surrounding the church and separating it from the fields beyond.

"I placed at the head of the grave a small, sturdy oak cross, which has been made from a pencil sketch, under my direction, by the patients here. I am enclosing a photo of the cross which was taken for me by the X-ray photographer at the Hospital here. It stands on a slab of oak. The lettering is carved deeply into the wood and cannot be obliterated. I placed the official cross at the foot of the grave, so that it is now doubly marked.

"I can't tell you how relieved I am to have been able to do this, as I know so well how difficult it becomes later to find, by description, any given spot. . . . . The name of the village is Aubigny, and it is almost due east of Amiens and quite close to Corbie, where we had our first experiences of a great battle at the start of our offensive in 1916, on the Somme.

"The officer who took me up had to visit another place near by, so I had a quiet half hour or more to do all I wished and to make a sketch of the position of the grave. Though near the line (of fighting), there was fortunately no one actually in the little enclosure round the church, and I could have my thoughts free, with you all, as I fixed the cross I had brought. . . . . The day was a glorious bright sunny one too, and the close an oasis of peace amidst the sounds of war all around."

"July 1st.

"I have heard nothing more since I last wrote. The disorganisation into which everything was thrown by the rapidity of our retreat accounted for the delay in finding out what had happened. In fact, I was in the midst of the second great battle before I heard anything. Then I got a note from Uncle Percy, and immediately wired to the Surgeon-General of the Army in which George was, and, forty-eight hours later, got his reply. For days after I could do nothing, as we were having very heavy fighting and lots of work. Though I did not know it at the time, George was just to the south of the Somme whilst we were just to the north, so that our Divisions were falling back almost abreast of one another on either bank of the river. As George was in England at the outset of the battle, he did not reach his unit until the final stages."

Letter from Lt.-Col. Osborn to Dr. Murray:—

"Hospital for Officers,
11, Palace Green,
Kensington,
London, W.

"Dear Dr. Murray,—

"It is only the other day that I obtained your address. Unfortunately, in the offensive of March 21st last, all the papers,

etc., in my office had to be burnt, to save them from the Bosche. Amongst them was the book containing the information about next-of-kin, etc., of the officers in the Brigade under my command.

"Now I take the first chance of writing you with reference to your son, who was in my Howitzer Battery.

"By what we all thought at the time, a piece of good luck, he did not arrive back from a course in England until late the night of the 20th March, so was out of the initial attack.

"He lost his Major, wounded and taken prisoner (but died the following day of his wounds), so took command of the remnants of the battery in the unavoidable retreat. We finally fetched up at Villers Brettoneaux, and, having obtained fresh guns, etc., stood, with our back to the wall, to prevent the Hun reaching Amiens, with orders to fight it out to the last man.

"It was here that your son died a noble and gallant death. The batteries came under a most severe bombardment from the Boche, but stood up to him, and, as you know, barred his way to his objective—Amiens.

"Your son was very severely wounded, and died from the effects shortly afterwards.

"I was not present at the time, for it was my misfortune to collapse from shell shock and mental and physical exhaustion caused by those very strenuous days.

"Now, I wish to speak of your son as a dear friend and comrade. He had served under me for two years or more, and last spring and summer I appointed him my adjutant. Naturally, I got to know him very intimately, and each day caused me to appreciate his good qualities more and more. A splendid fellow, always bright and cheery—did not know the word fear—had no nerves at all, I don't think, or else he controlled them in a wonderful way—was a general favourite with all his brother officers, and was highly respected and trusted by his men. He was a keen and most efficient soldier. As a gunner, for his age and experience, second to none.

"Only a few days before he rejoined from England, I got a report from the Overseas School of Gunnery in which he was classed as one of the best who attended.

"I feel very deeply his loss, and hope that my few remarks may in some small way help to dull the sharp edge of your grief. It is almost useless to try and express, adequately, in words one's feelings over the loss of splendid men, whom it has been a pleasure to serve with—so many have gone.

"I have written your daughter-in-law, his newly-wedded wife, and hope to see her some time soon.

"If you should wish to write to me at any time, do not send to address at head of this letter, as I hope soon to be out of the place and, after a short rest, back to work.

"Cox & Co., Charing Cross, my agents, will always forward any letters.

"Kindest regards and deepest sympathy.

"Yours sincerely, "J. J. OSBORN, Lt.-Col."

Col. Osborn to Margaret:—

"Your husband served under me in the 47th Brigade R.F.A. for nearly two years, part of this time he acted as my adjutant, and I desire to write you a few lines, in the hope that my remarks may, in some small, very small way, help you.

"Without a doubt your husband was one of the best soldiers it has been my lot to serve with me. As a gunner he was second to none. It's saying a lot, but 'tis true. The last report I had from the Overseas School of Instruction put him down at the head of the officers who were attending.

"As my adjutant, I got to know him more intimately, and I formed a very high opinion of him as an officer and a gentleman, and I counted him as one of the new, and yet tried, friends this war has blessed me with.

"The loss was mine when, in due course, he returned to his battery in order to be ready for promotion, which soon came along.

"He was loved and respected by all ranks, not only in his own battery, but throughout the Brigade. His men would stick to him through all, and trusted him.

"He joined us on the night of March 20th last, and by good luck—or bad?—missed the attack of the morning of the 21st. His Major being wounded and missing, he took over command of D/47—or rather the remnants.

"We eventually fetched up at Villars Brettoneaux, near Amiens, got some guns, ammunition, etc., and were told to get into action and fight to the last, to defend and bar the road to Amiens.

"It was then that I had to leave my beloved Brigade; the shock, nervous strain and physical exhaustion, coupled with the too close acquaintance with a 5.9 shell, finished me, and I went down, as I thought, for a short rest. The powers that be thought otherwise, and I was sent home, and have been here ever since.

"I tramped along with your husband for several hours the night before, as we were making a forced march to reach this spot, and we chatted of many things—of his course—of the good time he had—of you and his marriage. He was bright, cheery and optimistic as usual. I shall always remember that night.

"Next day I left, and then came the news—I need not say or describe my feelings—my heart went out to you and his family. . . . I send you my heartfelt sympathy, and hold it a privilege to mourn with you for the loss of a very dear friend and comrade."

Extract from Brigadier-General Harding Newman's letter:—

"He was one of the very best officers I have ever known—extraordinarily capable, with a very high sense of duty, and the bravest of the brave; I don't think he knew what fear was; he only had to know that it was his duty, and he did it without any consideration for himself. Amongst many brave men his special bravery was well known throughout the Divisional Artillery. He is a very great loss to us personally, and the country, as an exceptionally brilliant officer. . . . . I thought you would like to know how much the splendid example he has always set, and the good work he has done, is appreciated by myself and all the officers of the 14th Divisional Artillery. Such men as he don't die—at least their spirit remains as an example and guide for others."

Extract from a letter of Captain Crosse:—

"Adjutant, 47th Brigade.

"The Regiment has lost a great officer, as he was a gunner of the latest school, and one of the best we have had in this Brigade. I have known him for two years out here, and I have never met a man with such complete lack of nerves. I honestly think he did not care a snap of the fingers for shells or any other form of frightfulness."

Extract from letter of Major W. A. Low, M.C., late O.C. "D" Battery:—

"He was certainly the best officer we ever had in the Battery, and no one was more universally popular than he in the whole Division."

GEORGE MURRAY IN HIS SCHOOL DAYS.

George Murray was at Bedales for four years,—these years, from the age of fifteen to nineteen, which are perhaps the years of greatest growth, and of most lasting change, in a boy's life. Though a school life of four years is much shorter than that of most of our boys, he became so completely one of us, formed such close friendships, and took so full a part in the life of the school, that it seems as though he had been with us much longer, and he is as closely identified with it as those who have spent twice that time here. Coming to us when his sister and cousins had already been for some time in the school—and both with her and with them his relations were particularly close—he very soon got into the full current of the life, and his natural abilities, both in the class room and playing fields soon brought him to the front. He was one of these boys who do not seem to exert themselves, who are never nervous as to how they are going to do the thing in hand, and take everything as it comes with the same good

humour and quiet ease which to the superficial observer may seem to mean indifference to the result, but which are really the outcome of a steady purpose, not easily disturbed, and the quiet confidence that comes from a well-balanced nature and a happy temperament. No one could be further from any touch of conceit or desire to put himself forward; but neither did he ever shrink from any responsibility that came to him, or fail to use his power so that any job he undertook should be properly done. When luck was against him I never remember seeing him put out or inclined to vent his disappointment on others: when success came, there was the same equality and self-control. No one could take "ragging" with greater good humour, nor in all his own fun can I recall any unkind word or action. This eveness of temper made it easy for him to exert authority and to obtain the willing co-operation of others; as Prefect, as Captain of the Football eleven and of the Fire Brigade, he obtained, without fuss of any kind, the ready, efficient service that comes of affection and respect. And always one pictures him as one of a group of friends bound together by interests, experiences, ideals, shared through years of life together, and growing, one rejoiced to see, after the school days were over, into still closer ties as a wider outlook and new purposes opened out before them.

What, thinking back to these days, did I expect of him? Not any brilliant success at the University, but a fair place in the lists, the outcome of steady work, and an honourable record on every side of his life there: and these he had. And after the University, throughout life, much the same record; for he seemed to have no great ambitions, nor such exceptional abilities as would win him fame and position in spite of himself; rather the same contentment with what life should bring, and the same even poise and sincerity of character that would win for him everywhere confidence and respect.

But the searching test of war revealed a depth and strength that had not been fully shown before: a fearlessness, a tenacity of purpose, and an aptitude for command that marked him out among so many in whom these qualities have been conspicuous, and that here, alike in the happiness and in the stress of life, his nature was growing continually deeper and finer. And we can be sure that this growth has not stopped, even though here we can no longer watch it; for the unseen future we can feel the same as for the stage of growth we look back upon with so much joy and thankfulness and pride. Here he lived every year to the fullest: he knew the happiness that comes of clean and active living and the use of all his powers; he knew the best that life can give, high ideals, friendship, love. The worth of such a life is beyond all estimation—for him and for us.

July, 1918.

J. H. BADLEY.

MAJOR OSWALD HORSLEY, M.C., R.F.C.

It is with great sorrow that we have heard of the death of Major Oswald Horsley, George's great friend and his bestman at his wedding. He was killed in an aeroplane accident, in July, whilst trying a new machine. He was the younger son of Sir Victor Horsley, the well-known surgeon, who died in Mesopotamia, whilst on active service. The day that England declared war he, together with his brother and his great friend, Trubshawe, joined the Artists' Corps as privates. Two months later he was sent to France and, before long, received a commission in the Gordon Highlanders. He was awarded the M.C. in 1916, and after being, several times, severely wounded, was discharged from the Army as medically unfit. He then entered the Flying Corps, where he soon distinguished himself, being given a bar to his M.C. and promotion to the rank of Major. He and George were the closest friends during their school and College life, and, during the war, they were fortunate in meeting fairly often both in France and while on leave, in England.

GENERAL NEWS.

For some time past Dr. Murray and Caroline had been expecting the end of the E. African campaign, and had been looking forward to seeing Jarvis, after the long interval of 7 years, and, in the end of April they asked Gen. Botha to use his influence with Gen. Van de Venter to get special leave for him and for Lenox to come to see them. In due course the reply came saying that Jarvis had been offered a month's leave, but that, owing to the critical military position, he had not availed himself of it, while in Lenox's case, they said the work he was doing was too important for him to be spared, at present. By the time this reply reached, a telegram had already come from Jarvis saying he was leaving for the Union on the 23rd of May, and hoped to arrive in a fortnight's time.

Then came the question of a house to accommodate all the party as Gordon was expected also. No sooner were enquiries started than Aunt Emmie, at once, offered to give up her home and go to stay with Aunt Betty and Uncle Bisset, for the time. This plan was untold comfort to all, and especially to Caroline, who was spared all housekeeping trouble, of any kind, through Aunt Emmie's thoughtful and generous arrangements, which gave them all, at a moment's notice, a complete and most comfortable home.

It was a delightful surprise to get a wire from Jarvis, from Pretoria, saying he would arrive on the 5th, which meant he made the journey, from Blantyre to Cape Town, in 12 days! That was the day Kathleen had planned to come up to Kenilworth, to be ready to meet him, but, instead, it was he who, with Dr. Murray, Jack and Caroline, waited at Salt River for Kathleen's train to come in from Elgin.

After all that he had gone through during these four years of incessant strain, without any leave, it was a relief to see his light active figure with all the spring of youth in it, and his cheery smile, though his hair was grey and his face a good deal lined. In spite of the long separation it was a great joy to find he had not lost touch with all the home associations, and it was the keenest pleasure to him to be with his old friends again.

When Gordon arrived the whole party came down to Elgin, for a few days, which were quite too short for all they wanted to do. Ted and Harry spent as much time as possible with him every day, and on Sunday Jarvis motored with them to Gordon's Bay. A happy little visit was also fitted in, to Miller's Point, where Charley and his family were staying.

The memory will long remain with all who listened to Jarvis's stories of thrilling interest —about the campaign, wild animal adventures, and most touching histories of his hunting dogs. His quiet way of telling created real pictures of vivid and living interest that will always remain. One longed to be able to reproduce them at once. Gordon had to return home a few days before Jarvis left on the 6th of July.

We congratulate Kenah on the recognition his services in the field have received. He was mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's despatch dated April 7th, 1918, "for distinguished and gallant services and devotion to duty between September 25th, 1917, and February 25th, 1918," and in the Birthday Honours he was awarded the Distinguished Service Order.

Kenah is now out of the fighting, and on the staff of the S.A. Base Hospital at Abbeville.

Barkly Molteno, whose name was also among the Birthday Honours, is to be congratulated on having received the C.B.

He and Ethel have taken a house at Alton, Hampshire, not far from Alice Holt.

Ernest Anderson has been far behind the lines since March. His regiment, which is now undergoing training, has been dismounted and converted into a machine gun section. It is now known as the 1st (Life Guards) Battalion Machine Gun Guards. They now use mechanical transport—numbers of

trains, cars, motor bikes and side cars, presenting, as he says, a curious sight.

Jervis Molteno is still doing clerical work at the Defence of the Realm Losses Commission. He and Islay have left West Hampstead, and have leased a charming house called "Woodlands" at West Byfleet, Surrey. It is beautifully situated, with a fine view and grounds of about ten acres in extent, including a nice garden, orchard and vegetable garden.

Their small son was christened at Cleve Road by the Rev. Athol Gordon, who was passing through London on his way to a Church Hut at Rouen. His name is "Donald Ian Currie," but he is called "Ian."

Betty Molteno writes:—

"You will like to know that the dear baby, who is such a little joy, was baptized yesterday, and that it was so sweet a ceremony with the young mother and father beside the clergyman, Islay looking, oh so sweet, with the beautiful baby in her arms—Jervis, so dear and loving, as he took the little man when the name was given. Afterwards Islay put baby into Bessie's, and then into Percy's, arms. It was like a lovely sacred picture. Olive Schriener was there too, she also thinks baby's head is like Percy's. How thankful one is that he has come at this moment of utter need—such a little morsel of pure joy to tell of God's Love and Infinite Tenderness."

Victor Molteno left Bedales at the end of June. He had hoped, as we all had, to be able to come home for a visit before going to Cambridge in October, where he is entered for Pembroke College, but owing to the difficulty of securing a passage, we much regret he was unable to do so.

Monica Molteno is working in the Code Department of the Admiralty, and on Saturday afternoons and Sundays helps at an American Hospital.

Audrey, we hear, is very happy at Queen's College, London.

Ken Beard has left college and joined the O.T.C.

Clarissa is staying at Claremorris, in the West of Ireland, where Brab has an appointment on Lord Shaftesbury's staff. It is also the headquarters of the Army of Occupation. She writes that the Irish are so busy disagreeing among themselves that they have no time to rebel!

The district is a flourishing farming one, especially for cattle and sheep.

Vincent and Eileen have been staying at Garelockhead in Scotland, where Vincent has been busy with a submarine, "putting it through its trial."

The following is an extract from a letter of Lucy Molteno:—

"Newhaven,
U.S.A.,
March, 1918.

"The 'City of Lahore' arrived in Boston late on Saturday evening, and early on Sunday morning we steamed up the Boston river to the docks. I was just going to see if I could telephone to Aunt Carol, when I heard my name called, and there she was on the wharf below. . . . We spent the whole morning getting ashore; but had dinner at an hotel, and after that we saw nurse off. Aunt Carol has been ever so sweet and kind to me, and I love her very dearly. Before I came to America I had never seen any one so highly vitalised.

"After we had seen nurse off, we went to call on the L——. He is the President of the University. He asked us to spend the evening with them. Afterwards we went to call on the Potters. To get there we walked through the oldest and quaintest part of Boston. It was the first lovely spring day they had had, and the air was just like wine. The river wound in and out of the town, and the

red brick houses, mellowed with age, were reflected in its waters. There were little winding streets climbing up the hill, hardly any shops in that part of the town, and all fancy work was absent. . . . . That night we spent with the Lowels. Aunt Carol said they were one of the oldest Bostonian families, and I was tasting the full Bostonian flavour—especially when I ate Bostonian black bread. That evening was very interesting. Every one was very lively, and talked very well; there was not a gap in the conversation, and people talked of world-wide subjects, with a sprinkling of racy stories. The next morning Mr. Lowel showed us over the college. It was like seeing a small village, red brick buildings standing among leafless trees and grass. There was an enormous library, which held 60 miles of stacks. A lady built it in memory of her son, who died. As you come into it it is very imposing, everything converging towards the portrait of the boy in the far distance. It is all in marble and stone of a very light buff colour. We went to the Museum, and saw the famous glass flowers; they looked as if they were real, they were the closest imitation of nature imaginable. Then we went to call on the H—s, and came back in time for lunch with Mrs. Lowel. Then Mrs. Lowel motored us to the Art Museum, where Mr. Potter, who is an artist, and has something to do with the Museum, showed us round. I saw pictures of the Italian masters, the Dutch masters, Turner, Val, and many others, Chinese art and Egyptian art. It was all very interesting.

"After tea, we caught the 5.15 train to New Haven, and arrived there late that night. I will describe the house in detail afterwards, but at present I am writing in all the spare time I have. It is one of the three old houses in New Haven."

Willie Anderson, after his arrival from England, spent some months with his father at Kalk Bay. Harold and Doris, with their children, were also there for a month. During the winter Willie paid Harold a visit at his farm, and then went on to Natal, where he still is at present, living at the Trappist Monastery, Marianhill, near Pinetown.

We hear flourishing accounts of Harold's farm, a splendid winter, and nice rains at the end of August. His crops promise very well, and he hopes for double the harvest of wheat he got last year.

Ronald Beard arrived home on leave on 26th August, after an absence of nearly three years overseas.

Double congratulations are due to his parents, both on the score of his safe return and on the arrival of their first grandchild at the Rectory, Wynberg.

It has been a great pleasure to everyone to see Ronald again, and we all hope that he will be thoroughly set up in health by this visit to the Cape, and we trust that time, and surgical skill, will completely restore the use of the arm, which was injured in France.

On 31st July a little daughter was born to Doris and Ernest Lazbrey, to whom we extend hearty congratulations.

A month later, on 29th August, at St. John's, Wynberg, "Margaret Oakley" was baptized by the Ven. Archdeacon Brooke.

Later on in the afternoon there was a charming little christening party at the Rectory, which, it may interest many to know, is now that picturesque thatched-roofed cottage on the Main Road at Wynberg known to us all for many years as "Miss Buissinee's house," Riverstone.

It was looking very attractive that day, the garden being bright with spring flowers.

Little Margaret came in for a good deal of baby worship, and bore herself bravely, behaving most beautifully both then and earlier during the little ceremony at the church.

Doris' tea-table looked very sweet with its daffodils and primroses, while in the drawing-room great sprays of yellow jasmine, and more daffodils, continued the colour scheme.

Gwen and Eldred Bisset have lately been spending a month with Lil and Wallace in their new home.

Lil has been busy altering and rearranging the homestead; but besides this she has found time to enter heartily into some theatricals.

She took the part of leading lady in the play "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace," which was performed to a crowded house in Beaufort West.

She made a most excellent Mrs. Gorringe, and much of the undoubted success of the evening was due to her.

Ursula Bisset has just returned from a couple of months' visit to Pretoria.

She is looking very well, and has thoroughly enjoyed herself, and has made the most of the welcome opportunity of getting acquainted with her future home.

All lovers of Claremont House would thoroughly enjoy a walk in the dear old garden just now.

The oaks are looking lovely in their different stages of soft tassels and young spring green, while the may, every one declares, has not looked so beautiful for years, and certainly the bushes are laden with the richest of sprays and masses of blossom.

Special interest centres round the "new garden" that Frank and Ella are making in the field between their property and Greenfield House.

A beautiful pergola of white columns, running, roughly, north and south, and of some 90 feet in length, has been erected close to the edge of the old flower beds.

The upper end is reached by passing behind the little summer house, and the big bush of sweet yellow jasmine that grows below the conservatory end of the stoep. Entering it the original flower garden, with the graceful old date palms, is on the left, and an open lawn on the right.

It is interesting to know that these columns were cast in moulds sent out from England by Percy, who had used them for the pergola in the garden at Parklands.

In time the pergola is to be a mass of climbing roses, and, running the whole of its length on the right, outside the pillars there is a long narrow bed set in the grass and filled with roses. This slopes away down a grassy bank to the lawn below, which extends to the line of oaks separating it from the garden of Greenfield House.

Charming flower beds have been cut out in the grass, at intervals, all the way to the lower end, and in imagination one looks ahead and sees them filled with bright colours.

Close under the hedge dividing the properties a scalloped edge of beds has been arranged, and these are to be filled with blue hydrangeas, and possibly clumps of bamboos are to be set at intervals to form a waving screen.

Below, at the further end, big clusters of blue agapanthus are to bloom, as well as Jacaranda trees.

Sweet peas and many other spring flowers are coming up thick and fast at the lower and open end of the pergola, and beyond there stretches a green paddock with bunches of white arums, and the eye travels away past them to the quiet green of the trees and the gray-blue pile of the mountain beyond.

It will be of interest and pleasure to all to know that Marjorie and Harry Blackburn have leased Greenfield House, and will move there early in the spring.

Ella is engaged in a further reconstructive scheme at St. James. Hamilton House, as known of old, has been demolished, and a new house, built in Italian style, is rising in its place. It is hoped that it will be completed in time for them to spend the usual summer months there.

BOB LINDLEY, M.C., ROYAL FLYING CORPS.

We desire to extend our very deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Lindley and their family circle, on the death of their son Bob.

On the 29th of June he was reported missing, but, with the great anxiety, there also seemed much ground for hope, for, in his last letter, he had spoken of having to go some long distance over enemy country which might mean their not being able to hear from him for some time, and as he also had a new engine, it seemed quite possible that he might have had to descend in enemy country and been made a prisoner.

Mrs. Lindley said that both Percy Molteno and Mr. Schreiner were making all possible enquiries.

At last, about the end of August, a cable message informed them that Bob's observer's name had been found on the Copenhagen list, and that he was a prisoner at Hamlyn. This seemed most re-assuring information, and therefore it was all the greater shock when, on September 7th, a cable from Mr. Schreiner brought them the fatal news that Bob had died in a hospital in Bruges, on the 29th of June, the same day that he was reported missing. The cable said "head-wound," and that he was buried in the parish cemetery at Steenbrugge. It was through Percy's enquiries that the information was obtained through the Geneva Red Cross.

It is difficult to think of this boy of 19—a mere child still—having already, in this short time, fulfilled so brilliant a career. The Military Cross he had won seemed only a step in the way of great promise.

Our hearts are full of deepest sympathy with his parents, sisters, and Miss Matthé.

With the South African Field Ambulance in France.

Extracts from Kenah's letters:—

"April 7th, 1918.

"Since I wrote last, which was while I was on leave, when George was married, we have passed through a time crammed full of events, happening in such rapid succession, that I can scarcely believe it is only a month ago to-day that I came back from leave. On the last day I was in London I met Col. Pringle, who had returned the previous day from the Cape, and told me he had met you and Dad. I am very glad he did, as I scarcely expected he would manage to do so.

"On my return to France I found the ambulance had moved from the area in which I had left them, as the Division had gone closer to the line in readiness to 'support,' in the event of an attack.

"We were camped in the ruins of a village about 10 miles behind the line, awaiting orders to move up in relief of the Division who had relieved us about five weeks previously. Two days later we got our orders, and our location was the Main Dressing Station (or MDS as it is technically known), in the same sector as we had occupied in the winter. By the evening of the 12th we were settled in, and Pringle joined us then. Orders came in that an attack was imminent, and we were to be ready.

"This has been a wonderful season, and the weather was really glorious. From the time of our arrival the Germans shelled various areas very freely with 'mustard gas,' which does not cause many deaths, but a great deal of discomfort, and renders a man unfit for duty for anything from a week to a couple of months. This sort of thing went on for a week, and caused a good many casualties to some of the Divisions, but not a great many to ours. One of our other ambulances was responsible at this time for the forward area, the plan was that if the front lines was captured they would retire through us, and we should then become responsible for the for-

ward area, until it became necessary for us to retire, when we should go to the rear again, and so on.

"On the 19th the weather broke, and some rain fell, but it cleared again by the afternoon of the 20th, there not being sufficient rain to wet things much.

"On the morning of the 21st we were roused by the German barrage and the typical "Drum-fire," which nowadays always ushers in an attack. We turned out almost immediately, and had a look around to see that all was in readiness. As dawn broke wounded began to come in, and we were kept pretty busy all day, though there was never at any time so great a number of casualties as to in any way upset the steady evacuation of them by the means at our disposal.

"The German attack was favoured by a fine still day with a thick low-lying fog, which gave splendid cover for the advance of their infantry. The village near us was soon under heavy shell fire with gas, high explosive (or HE as the men call it) and shrapnel, and after a time some guns were turned on our camp. One shell pitched just beside the path in the Receiving Hut, where our Serjeant-Major was standing looking at a motor-cycle. The cycle was sent flying right over the hut and pitched close to the Dressing Hut, and a sleeper out of the path went flying into the roof of a neighbouring hut, slightly injuring one of the patient's there. By almost a miracle the Sergeant-Major was untouched. Another shell then pitched into the bath-house, blowing the water main into the air and temporarily cutting off our water supply. This, however, was soon replaced by the R.E.'s. More shells came, but fortunately no one was injured.

"The news that came in from our men was that the attack had been repelled on our sector except in a wood on the right flank, where the Bosches gained a footing. Later in the evening a company of our 2nd Regiment drove them out again, and so our sector remained intact, and our casualties were not high. The fighting in this wood was very intense, and great gallantry was shown in the way in which it was held and retaken and held again by our S.A., Infantry.

"That evening Col. Pringle decided to send our transport back to a neighbouring village for fear of damage to our horses. They were clear of the camp by 4 a.m. on the 22nd. During that night there were not so many casualties. Unfortunately, my batman, who had been sent out with a stretcher squad, was killed. He was a splendid young fellow, and had been through all the previous battles. Only one other man was slightly wounded.

"The 22nd was a glorious bright day, and we now heard rumours that the Divisions on either side of us had been driven back, and it might become necessary for us to withdraw in conformity with their new positions. In the meantime the other F.A. withdrew their posts, and we now became the Advanced Dressing Station (ADS).

"The village near us became more and more heavily shelled, and was an inferno of gas, smoke and flying bricks and stones. Our men could only enter it to collect wounded by wearing their gas-masks. In the afternoon one of the last few cars to come through was struck by a shell. The driver was not aware that the car had been hit, though he realised the shell must have been very close, and kept on. On reaching the MDS we found all the occupants were either dead or dying. As the day wore on more shells came into the camp. A shrapnel shell burst overhead while I was in the Q.M. Stores making some arrangements, and a shower of fragments rattled through the roof, one bullet smashing a bottle on a shelf just over my head.

"The shelling now seemed to be creeping round on our right flank as well, the village being on our left, and the Colonel sent me to see if I could get any news or orders from the A.D.M.S., who was in touch with the next village, where one of our ambulances was running the Rest Station. Shortly after arriving there I heard that the Bosch were now driving back the Division on our right, and that they were trying to hold a village only three kilometres away, from whence I saw clouds of

smoke ascending. Almost at the same time orders came for our ambulance to withdraw at once, so I hastened back, and immediately on my arrival all other work was suspended and our two remaining wagons with our equipment sent off. The Colonel then marched the main body of men straight back across country, leaving me two cars with which to clear the last few cases, and see that the forward posts received their orders to come back. This finally left two cases for the last car on which I went, leaving the place about 6 p.m. The Germans were then coming into a wood on a rise about 1,500 yards away. After I left the R.E. used the remains of our petrol supply to sprinkle the building and tents and set fire to them.

"As we passed along the road the reserves were busily engaged in manning the next line of defence. Driving on I picked up the transport, and gave orders for them to follow me to the place we had been told to make for. This I found very congested, and so chose a spot about halfway between the villages, where we camped in a sort of donga. The whole unit eventually collected there by about 11 p.m., when we turned in to try and get some sleep. We had not been lying down more than about an hour or two when an officer came from the A.D.M.S. to say we must trek again at dawn for another destination further back as the Division had orders to fall back in conformity with a general move. So by 7.30 a.m. on 23rd we were off again, and by 11 a.m. reached a spot near the village we had been told to make for, but which was too congested to afford us a camping site.

"The day was quite a summer one, and we took the opportunity of the halt to have a bath in some old shell holes which were filled with fresh rain water. This was quite refreshing. After some lunch we got a verbal message to go on again, but no definite location.

"The news from the front was that our Division was holding their own quite easily, and only retiring in conformity with orders to that effect. Glowing accounts were given of the South Africans, who were bearing the brunt of the fighting. I went ahead again in a car, and chose a camp in a spot I knew of, as we were going back all the time over ground we knew well. Before sundown the whole unit was in camp, and we all managed to turn in and get a good night's rest. At any rate, I slept well personally.

"By the following morning, 24th, we found the other two FAS had come in too. We got no orders except to send our cars to continue collecting wounded as they had being doing all along.

"In the afternoon the A.D.M.S. arrived, and told us to arrange a dressing station in a neighbouring farm house, in conjunction with one of the other F.A.S., and to send our transport back before dark for a distance of about 5 or 6 miles. In the afternoon a message came in asking for 40 bearers to bring casualties from the S.A. Brigade, who were holding a ridge some way ahead. They went off, but came back in two hours with the news that in the meantime the Brigade had been cut off. A wounded man who came in said that the Brigade were so upset at the constant retiring that they had determined to fight on at all costs. They had only about 50 rounds left per man, and sent for more ammunition, but it did not reach them in time. The General told the men that those who wished could try and escape. The only remaining battalion commander left called on those who did not wish to retire to follow him, and practically the whole of the remainder of the Brigade fixed their bayonets and made a last desperate charge, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible and be no party to a further retreat.

In view of all that has happened, about which I cannot write now, we all feel proud at what they have done. Possessed of the same courage and determination, the rest of the Army would never have allowed the Germans to gain an inch of the ground that they have done. It will go down to history when all the facts are known that South Africans have shown that they at any rate are still possessed of that patriotism and high sense of duty.

which we have prided ourselves on as a nation in the past.

"That afternoon of the 24th of March I was ordered to take charge of the transport and select a camp about 5 or 6 miles back. The Colonel remained with the rest of the ambulance to see everything satisfactorily fixed up. By sundown I camped at the road side, and slept the night there. The next morning I skirmished round and found a newly-made aerodrome, which was deserted except for a few planes who were using the aerodrome as an advanced landing ground. This looked a pleasant spot to use as a temporary camp, so after lunch I moved over, being joined shortly before doing so by the Colonel.

"We now thought we were well away from any further trouble, and so turned in in quite comfortable new huts, and some of us got into pyjamas for the first time for many nights. We had, however, no sooner done so than an officer arrived post haste to say we must be off immediately as the Germans were coming in on our flanks again. So we hustled out of bed, packed up, and were away in about half an hour; and trekked in the moonlight to the next point ordered. Here we waited on the dawn of the 26th for further orders, which did not come until about 11 a.m., when we were ordered to go on to a village about 3 or 4 miles away and form an MDS.

"It fell to my lot to ride on and see what could be done. On arrival at the village I found it simply crammed with troops, some coming up and others going back, and two ambulances there already in possession. So after a good search I decided to stick to the open as we had been doing all along, and chose a site in the shelter of a wood. Here we made a camp, and used our tents for dressing the wounded in, and spent the night of 26th-27th.

"It was bright moonlight, and enemy aeroplanes came over and bombed all round, but did not visit our camp until they had dropped all their bombs, when they came down low and raked our camp with machine guns. It was a weird experience, as the plane was not more than 500 feet up, and the crack of the machine guns at that range was very sharp. Only one man (not in our unit) was hit.

"The following morning (27th) we got orders that later on we should have to take over the forward work again, so Laurie and I went off to reconnoitre. On arriving near the location described to us as our forward post, under a railway arch in rear of a village, we found our troops falling back. So there was nothing for it but to come too. But the Germans soon spotted this, and put up a barrage of heavy shells behind us and another of gas behind that, so that we had quite an exciting time making our way through.

"We got successfully past the heavy barrage, and were passing the region where the gas shells were bursting when a shell pitched within 3 feet of Laurie's feet, almost under his elbow, and spattered us with earth. Luckily these shells have not a high explosive charge, and none of us were hit. We were also walking against the wind, so that the gas blew away, and we got none of that either. As we got further on we found fresh troops coming up in support, and then I saw one of our Brigadiers, who told me that the position would be reoccupied, as the retirement had been a misunderstanding.

"By this time we were near the village at which we were to make our MDS, and so went in and lunched with the officers of the other ambulance we were going to relieve. Just as we were finishing lunch the Germans began shelling the village, and one pitched almost against the end wall of the room we were in, shattering all the windows and bringing down the ceiling in places. However, no more harm was done. We now decided to wait for our men to come up, and then got orders that our ambulance had been relieved by another one of another Division, and we were to come back. On reaching the wood again we found the other preparing to leave, and the Colonel went off in a car to secure billets for us. We marched away, meeting no end of troops and guns coming up, and so for the time came out of the battle.

"It has been a wonderful experience, and one of these days I hope you will see a more detailed account in my diary, telling the names of the places and giving a more intelligible account of the reason for some of our doings.

"We have now come to a quieter part of the line where we are gradually refitting and making good our losses with drafts of reinforcements. We have been fortunate, although we are doing the forward work, in finding very comfortable quarters in the cellars of what was once a house. These have been quite nicely fitted up and well ventilated, and are kept dry by pumping, and above all are lit with electric light. So as there is not much work I have had this opportunity of writing.

"Since we got here a few days ago I have had two of your letters, one sent by May and the other by Aunt Betty, giving one a lovely breath of warmth and sunshine from Home. I have heard too of the birth of Islay's son. I have not heard anything from George or of him, but as he was in England at the outset and his Division would have been on the move ever since, like ours, I very much doubt whether he could have rejoined until they came out to rest. Ernest I hear was not involved in this, but will no doubt be ere long.

"Now, I must finish off as it is getting very late, and at present one does not know from day to day what the morrow will bring forth.

"Very much love, dear mother, to you all. How one longs to get away from this and back home to peace and quiet. I am keeping very fit and well."

"April 24th, 1918.

"Since I wrote last we have been in incessant and very heavy fighting. I am keeping very well indeed, and find I can do as much as most of the others, when it comes to doing without sleep and long spells of work. The weather has been wonderfully fine throughout all the fighting, such as we never had, at any time when it would have been in our favour during the offensive of last year.

"May 2nd, 1918.

"Dear Kathleen,—

"I have been meaning to write time and again, since your lovely present of honey arrived, but it has not been easy to do so. It arrived when we were in the very thick of some of the heaviest fighting we have had since the German offensive started, which is saying a good deal. We were living in an underground dressing station very close to the front line, and undergoing a good deal of excitement in the way of being heavily shelled nearly every day. . . . . All the others in the dugout were loud in its praises, and it was the more acceptable because it came so unexpectedly and at a time when we had been cut off from luxuries of any kind for a long time. I should have written there and then, but, as I say, we were having rather a trying time, and always on the alert, never knowing whether we should not have to make a bolt for it if the Germans were successful in their attack. . . . . ."

"May 7th.

"Since I last wrote we have come away from the front line, and are resting in the back areas. We have come out in very slow stages, and arrived here only two days ago, where the orders are for training, equipping and generally making good the battle losses both in recruits and materials. . . . . During Col. Pringle's absence I decided that when he returned I would make application to go back to Richmond Hospital for a time to get in touch with hospital work and also for a change, and what will amount to a rest from our very nomadic life over here. However, the German offensive commenced within a few days of Pringle's return, and I felt I could do nothing until things became more settled. I have now been able to put in my application, and heard yesterday that arrangements are being made for me to go to the S.A. Hospital in France, from which I hope to be transferred to Richmond. It is really quite a wrench to leave the ambulance, as not only do I know them all so well, but I know all the Divisional

Staff and many of the officers throughout the Division, and, having been associated with them so long and in such special circumstances, one feels leaving them very much. To-day I saw our A.D.M.S., who spoke very nicely about my impending departure, and said how much he, personally, would miss my help in the work, and other nice things."

"May 27th.

"I think I told you in my last letter that the opportunity arose of my coming back to one of the hospitals, and I have now been at the one in France (Abbeville) for the past fortnight. When it came to the actual decision I found it very hard to go. Pringle and I have been very great friends, but he was extremely nice about it, and said he could honestly urge me to go, although he did not want to lose me. Here I have been having a delightful rest. The hospital is being kept empty on anticipation of further attacks by the Germans, so there has been very little to do. I can't tell you how one appreciates living for a bit out of the sound of the guns and amidst surroundings that do not bear evidence of havoc, at every turn.

"I have had several quiet days along a small stream near here trout fishing, and have thoroughly enjoyed the peaceful scenes it has taken me into."

"July 1st.

"I am still at the S.A. General Hospital in France, and having a very quiet and peaceful time compared with anything previous in this war.

"In a well ordered hospital one can look after quite a large number of patients with far less effort than when one has to be constructing and improvising all the time as well, as we often had to do in the ambulance.

"Here I am getting quite a different phase of the work, and am enjoying the change too.

"I wonder whether you have succeeded in getting Jarvis and Lenox down for leave? I shall be very much interested to hear. We are having a most wonderful summer. One can hardly realise that it is the same part of the world, as there have been very few spells of nice weather since we came to France two years ago."

AMERICAN CANTEEN WORK IN FRANCE.

Extracts from letters of Miss Nan Mitchell:—

"Châlons-sur-Marne,
March, 1918.

"I wrote last of getting away from Paris. In spite of the lovely weather, I found the family looking rather tired, for sleep had been interfered with by the nocturnal visitors. The extraordinary thing to all of us is, what comparatively little damage can be done by tons of the most powerful torpedoes and bombs, dropped from the sky, from relays of 'avious' —keeping it up for five or six hours, five or six days running. This is what they have been doing here. I heard all about the two nights already spent—one in our cellar and another at the 'oevre.'

"We dined early and went over to the canteen, taking the best part of our dinner over for the Red Cross gentlemen who were expected to arrive. Sure enough they came, Mr. Davisen, Mr. Wadsworth, an army man, and Mr. Perkins. I took them all over the place, and they were very nice and appreciative. Mr. D. said it was such a comfort to find it just as wonderful—rather more so—than he had been saying it was. After we had been all over the place, we gave them the supper we had brought over, in our little bureau, and that also they seemed to enjoy. Then they watched the canteen work go on at its most crowded hour, but not for very long, for, just as in a play, the next scene opened, which was an 'alert'; this time no seconds were wasted, the military were more vigorous than before, and we simply drove the men out, put away our things, collected cash, locked doors, and then—simply ran for the 'abri,' more than five minutes' run away, but very good, built primarily for government use, but filled full with people having any sort of right to it. We had watched its building a good part of the summer, and had been much impressed by its solid concrete, and sand bag, protection.

"It was just a long narrow passage in shape, and you entered it down a few steps,

When we arrived at the entrance a few Red Cross people were there, and there were some who said Mr. D. made no bones about getting in as quickly as possible. We lined ourselves up against the walls, for it was clear there was going to be no extra room. A very large French officer, with a voice with stentorian tones of command, took charge, and commanded silence, if people talked too loud. I could not quite see what effect it had on the bombs, but M suggested that way might cause a panic, and I think myself, he wanted to hear what was being done outside, in which I quite sympathised with him. When the bombardment was in full swing there was no difficulty about hearing, and they were rather awe-inspiring sounds, but not, to me, terrifying, only when, an especially big one, seemed to crash quite near, sending a kind of queer uncanny wind into the 'abri,' did we catch our breath and wonder, for a moment, just what was going to happen. Even a charming French soldier boy, who was talking to us later, said he ducked his head quite unconsciously. It was rather strange to hear several of them say they did not like that kind of thing, it was a good deal more comfortable at the front. Between the most violent moments, we talked pleasantly, and Mr. D., who amiably supplied me with his coat to sit on, I found knew Clarence. Finally everything got quiet, and after waiting quite a long time, we came out. It was apparently all over. He and the others went back to the hotel, and M. declared it the mark of a banker, when he thanked us for a delightful evening. We went to open the canteen, and were going, when Mildred appeared from the Paris train; she, "M." and I, she, to get a clean blouse, "M" and I for bed. It was a beautifully clear moonlight night and we got to the middle of the bridge crossing the river when we heard an Avion near by; it sounded so low, we thought of course it was French, and were just thinking how nice to have them out, when suddenly the whole sky we were facing was lit into a red glow, followed by a terrific crash; I said one must drop (the thing one is always told to do if caught out) and down we went on our stomachs, in the dust of the side walk; then we edged up to the parapet of the bridge, but, by this time, the whole world seemed to be one roar of whizzing, bursting bombs, the deep boom of cannon and the rattle of Mitrailleuse, and, thinking of all that might come down on us, in the shape of shot and shrapnel, we decided to make back for the abri. I shall never forget that run as long as I live; we started off with a dash, Mildred in the lead, her long legs flying out behind. She was dressed in her cutest clothes, with hat and veil, and she carried a dinky little band box, with her Paris hat. Every time a bomb went off, we would throw ourselves flat again, for there was something singularly uncomfortable in being upright, and the Abri seemed far off; it is easily approached from the canteen, but not from the street; a door which they could leave open would make it much nearer, and M. wasted a minute beating on it with her hands, shouting for them to open, in a most melodramatic manner—as it struck me at the time. Meanwhile Mildred was getting over a tall spiked fence; she hung on it by her dress, but I came along and took her off; and then got over it myself. I had to call to my aid all my childhood's experiences and general intelligence, for it was a very high unapproachable fence, and in the act I thought how stupid it would be—and like what often happens—to escape from bombs so fast you die on a spiked fence. Well, we got into the 'abri,' and M., who had gone around, joined us a moment later, and there we spent the rest of the night until nearly 3 a.m. Once more all seemed over, and was, this time. The Paris train just drawing in as we emerged, I saw Mildred into it, and she was off.

"We opened the canteen and worked till next, or rather that, morning. After washing up and breakfasting at home, M. and I came back to see the Red Cross people, and they all came in and talked long and seriously about the abri they wanted the military to build for us, and the general necessity of taking precautions, and how responsible they would

feel if anything happened to any of us, etc., and were all very nice; then they went off. That afternoon I went to bed for three hours, and have not had my clothes off since then, except for a rare bath. That was four days ago! It is extraordinary how one can dispense with the ordinary ways of civilisation, and, I find, with sleep as well; I think we all do, but I have the great advantage of being able to tuck in an hour or two anytime the moment offers and yet not seem to miss it.

Sunday night was almost like the last one. The canteen closed even quicker after the alert, and we made for the same abri where we stayed all night. The bombardment was a good deal heavier than before, and the abri fuller. As before, we stood flat up against the wall or sat like Turks when the crashes were not too near. When we came out in the morning we saw what concerned us very nearly—the flames from a rather distant store containing our extra supply of provisions; they were gone, and they represented a good deal of skillful buying on R.'s part, as well as money.

We opened the canteen again at 4 a.m.—and it went quite cheerfully all day; but the General sent an order that it should close for the present from 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. This means that we do not now wait for an alert, but shut up and leave for the night, and we now go to the great wine cellars, which, towards evening every day, gather in the entire populace. It is an extraordinary sight to see them streaming down the roads leading to them, carrying great bundles of blankets, or bedding, or pushing these things in baby carriages, or little carts, women, children, babies carrying or being carried. One of the most pathetic, is a push cart piled high with bedding surmounted with a feather bed, and on this a feeble old woman. A little further such a tottering lame old couple who can scarcely walk helping one another along. When actually in the cellars, the scene is indiscribably picturesque—a kind of barndoor entrance, and then great stone vaulted galleries, running straight into the hillside—such a mountain as the Pied Piper might have opened for his troop of children, only I can not say it suggests their delights. It is packed full of humanity, double rows down each gallery, with just room to pick one's way between the prostrate forms; some lie on heaps of rags, and one feels in a free lodging house of the poorest order; others have set up their beds, and one looks into the most complete domestic scene, perhaps a lantern and an alarm clock over their heads, and the whole family comfortably ensconced. One such was a most picture-book party—from under a huge feather bed appeared a man, and his wife, and the perkiest little baby sitting up between them. Each step one takes brings one into the intimacy of a different ménage, and all, one sees in the flickering light of candles, in the dark shadows of the rock room.

It looked at first despairingly impossible to find a spot to establish oneself, but the galleries seemed to extend on and on, and we were finally conducted to a remote, quite empty one; as far as I could understand, it was empty because so far away, and not rock. The guard, however, said it was absolutely safe, as we had fifteen mêters of dirt on top of us. Here we established ourselves on steamer chairs we had taken, and, wrapped up in blankets, tried to keep warm. It was the coldest, dankest, atmosphere I have ever felt in my life, and smelt so strongly of earth, one felt as though one must surely have waked up in one's coffin after being buried a hundred years.

After two nights spent standing up, a steamer chair, with a cushion behind one's head, seemed bliss, and I slept or dosed quite a lot, and found my old capacity, of not minding noise, most useful, for many were kept wide-awake by crying children and snoring adults. Before four, those of us who were to open the canteen, turned out, and were not altogether sorry to escape from the bowels of the earth; there had been no bombardment. It is no joke opening the canteen at that hour by the light of candles, with everything cold,

the fires mostly out, and a crowd of men who have been waiting to get in, and must be fed at once, to catch trains. Everything in the way of dishes are left dirty from the night before, and the cooks, considerably demoralized, don't come, except the coffee men.

Gen. —— did not come till we were having supper, and was anxious to know where we slept, and on what, and seemed to think the cellars a bit plebian. R. had already gotten us an army tent, which he was planning to put up outside the town, and we have all been supplied with army helmets.

"I have forgotten to say how awfully nice the American Military Police have been to us personally (they were ordered to more or less spend the nights where we did, and look after us in every way), but much more—how finely they behaved, and some ambulance men, in the night of greatest horror, when, in the bombardment, we saw, from the bridge, a torpedo crash through a house and killing those who had taken refuge in the cellar. There was a big relief party trying to dig them out, when those fiendish avious, seeing them, by the lights they had to work by, tried to drop a bomb squarely on them—it came very near. We heard many people in the town here speaking of how the Americans worked.

"Tuesday night we spent in another cellar. A French nurse friend told us about it, and offered us some of her brancards (stretchers) to put up there. M., Mme. D. and I had scarcely gotten settled, when the bombardment began. It sounded quite different from what it did in the little abri—more like a majestic storm, with an occasional near-by crash, and a queer resounding echo in the cellar. It went on and on, from before nine to about 2.30, but it did not, by any means, keep me continuously awake. I slept a great deal in spite of it, and, at about 4, as it had been quiet for some time, I grasped my helmet and crept out, to go to the canteen (the others to open it were in another cellar).

"It was still bright moonlight, and there was another of those ghastly fire glares in the direction of the canteen. I felt sure, however, it was not that, but some supplies that had been set on fire before. When I reached the canteen my heart sank; the bureau door was swinging on its hinges, and the first words of Miss Rogers, who had already arrived, were, "Your poor dear canteen." I thought, of course, all of it had gone except the part I stood in. Then I began to look around and take notice. Everywhere was shattered glass, torn paper, (of which many of our windows are made), splintered door frames, and the remains of torn shutters. Soot lay thick on everything, and a piercing cold wind blew through. All comfort and beauty seemed suddenly like chaff that had gone. But the main thing was to get something hot for the frozen men who were waiting, and struggling with soot, and almost frozen fingers. We managed, before long, to get something out on the counter, and, at the same time, to be more and more convinced, by what a miracle the cantine was still there. The bomb or torpedo had struck, within about fifty feet, outside. Another, a little farther away, had completely ruined a big wooden building. They had torn off every bit of our woodwork, and the tiled roof looked as if struck by a torpedo, but they had not even cracked the walls.

None of these things need make you the least nervous, for now that we repair, with great caution, every night to shelter, it is quite safe.

"Châlons,
April 22nd, 1918.

"My last letter was written before we began our latest line of work, which is most time-consuming, that is—feeding the passing troop trains.

"We got the push carts from the buffets' people, who departed at the time of the bombardment, also their Norwegian 'marmites,' as they call the cans on the thermos bottle principle.

"We started in one afternoon, and the second train that arrived was packed full with men straight from the Somme battle, parts of the very divisions who had gone up to help

the English; any halo that can gather round warriors, one feels must certainly be around these men, and one did feel it a privilege to cheer them up with hot drinks and food. On our cart we had bread, cheese, chocolate, and hard-boiled eggs—all very popular—and two other people served the coffee. M. and I happened to be doing so, and when we found ourselves being frantically pushed forward and knew that the train was starting any moment, we simultaneously decided we would not collect sous, but would pay for it ourselves, and it was such fun; we plunged our pitchers in, brought them out full, and passed and passed, just as hard, and as fast, as we could. The men clamoured in their gentle French way, and paid compliments to our amiability, the excellence of the coffee and the pleasure in having something hot. As the train started, we ran alongside and gave to some who had been left out, and it moved out, a mass of smiling waving poilus, with tiny American flags, we gave them, stuck in their caps.

"The train work is not always so delightfully satisfactory; sometimes they say trains are coming, and we wait hours, and none comes, and then, when one is not ready for them, they arrive, as, for instance, the other evening. We had just closed the canteen, and were to start for the country, when an enormous one arrived. There was no time to get out marmites, but we all grabbed pitchers, jugs, anything we could lay our hands on, and rushed back and forth across the tracks, like ants in a panic, and a perfect horde of blue coats swarmed out to meet us. As I ran, I motioned them back, for one did not want them on the tracks, to be possibly caught by a passing train, and I made them wait till, breathless, I had gained the platform on which their train stood. One was then simply submerged by them, there was a moment of expecting to be literally upset, if there had been the least bit of roughness, in their high spirits.

"The distressing part of this particular train was, that, when it had gone, there was another one behind it just moving out, full of Chasseurs, who cast us reproachful glances, and who deserve coffee, if any troops do. However, two at once do not often happen, and many days it is, on the contrary, dull, because none come in, or without many men on them.

"I wonder if I have told you of our present living arrangements. At a farm house, six or seven miles out, we have pitched our tents, obtained from the military, and here we go, in the camion and camionette, every evening. On good nights there is something delicious in getting into the fresh air, but on bad ones one feels the season is a little early for tenting. The country round here is not particularly pretty, perfectly flat and open, with only some scrub pines. Our tent is in the edge of these, however, and far enough away from the farm house to be quiet, and to really feel the country. It is on higher ground, so that one looks off to the sky line, and, unfortunately, to the battle line also, and the sound of the guns comes very clear. Last night I thought how delicious it would be if they would only stop, and one could know the world as peaceful as the murmuring night sounds of the country were now trying to tell one it was, and thinking this, I went to sleep, and was waked by what sounded like a whole fleet of avious passing overhead, so near that their engines made a tremendous noise. They were English or French, starting out to bomb some German town; it is indeed an incredible world we live in.

"The country seemed specially delicious last night. For the last week I have been taking the early morning shift at the canteen, and consequently sleeping in town, in the cellars, with the two others who were on it. Our arrangements there were, however, much better than in the first days. We were in a rather private part reserved for the military. One went down a broad flight of stone steps into a stone cavern roughly divided off into three rooms, and, as the nights I was there were rather cloudy, no one came into the one we were in. Then, later, General ——— had a little one reserved for us just big enough to hold our four beds.

"The vaulted roofs are not as high as in the general big part of the cellar, and it feels, all the world, like sleeping in one's family massoleum. Our beds are wooden frames, with canvass stretched across them, and with a straw mattress, or not, as one's luck may be; we roll ourselves into them, at half-past eight at latest, and wake up at half-past three; get to the canteen about four, and are ready to open it at half past; it sounds rather an unpleasant hour, but I calculated that, if one really got to sleep at 8.30, one had a good seven hours—and I have been able to keep going quite comfortably all day, the regular shift finished at half-past ten, and one has an hour, when the canteen is closed, to get one's breakfast at the canteen.

"This week I am going to devote myself to trains for half the day, and also do what I can to get the canteen back into better running order. The bombardment had the most demoralising effect on the cooks, and on all of us. I found myself it was impossible to take as much interest in the locking of the cupboard door as I had before, it seemed so much more important to rush things out to a train, but we have now obviously got to do both or our finances will be in a bad state.

"I am writing rather against time, for I ought to be out on the "voie" now. When one is not, trains always come, with the result that one never quite feels one has free time."

THE EAST AFRICAN CAMPAIGN.

Extracts from Lenox's letters:—

"Dar-es-Salaam,
April 7th, 1918.

"I arrived here a few days ago, having been called down on business. The work goes on here as usual, and no discharges are being given. Some of our dept. are now going to assist with the columns in Portuguese territory. I am to return to the Ruanda country in a few days' time.

"This has been a very dry year. Last year, where rivers were impassable at this time, there is now not a drop of water. There is the prospect of a famine throughout the country, and I am afraid the natives are in for a bad time.

"Von Lettow seems to have got into a very difficult part of the country, and the prospect of catching him seems small at present.

"I hear Jarvis has got the M.C., which is very good.

"What terrible fighting there is on the Western Front, and it is a very anxious moment, as the Germans seem to be making a great effort to completely beat down our defences.

"I am sending you a few prints which may be of interest, but most I have sent to Nairobi for safe keeping.

"I have done a great deal of travelling since I last saw you. It took me 18 days' continuous travelling to reach here—including 800 miles from Tanganyka to Dar-es-Salaam.

"After leaving Kigale, in Ruanda, and having sent all cattle forward, I went to Mausa, and visited the King of Ruanda.

"In Ruanda there are two tribes—the Wa Tassie and Wa Ruanda. The Wa Tassi are the aristocrats and ruling class, and own all the cattle. The Ruanda are slaves to the Wa Tassie, and do all manual labour and cultivate the land.

"The Wa Tassi are a very tall race, have sharp features, and are most intelligent. The King stands about 7 ft. high. He says everything belongs to him, and he has about one million cattle.

"All payments are made to him. He is a most inquisitive man. He has three nice-looking sons, and they all speak French fluently. In his office he has a Wa Tassi clerk, who wears only a blanket, and who types all his letters with a typewriter in Swahili characters.

"When I was there the King gave me an exhibition of jumping; they are really most wonderful, and I should say they jumped somewhere about 7 ft. I'll send you some snaps I took of this.

"From there I travelled down the edge of Lake Kivu—one of the borders of the Belgian Congo. Belgian Kivu is a wonderful country; there are some very high mountains, several are active volcanoes. It is a high cold country, and there are a number of white settlers —including Dutch.

"Everything grows there, including European fruits and wheat. It is a most wonderful country, and perfectly healthy; with better communications it should one day be one of the most productive parts of Africa. I ate more strawberries there than I have ever eaten. A man told me that last year they sent 40,000 lbs. of strawberry jam to the Belgian troops.

"I got some seed of wheat which had grown there for 11 years without getting rust.

"All down the Kivu Lake we passed through most magnificent scenery—just like Switzerland. I only wish I could describe it all; nothing in all my travels has appealed to me like this. You constantly meet Arabs who speak about **Stanley.**

"The rivers running into Kivu are full of otters. I managed to get about 20 skins, and hope on my return journey to get more, and make them up into a rug.

"Before reaching Ussumbara, the port on the north end of Lake Tanganyka, we got amongst crowds of elephants; they were doing great destruction amongst the native crops, and even destroying their villages, but owing to the very long grass the natives would not even go with me to follow them up. If I had not been travelling fast, to catch the boat which was due, I would have remained over and would have had no difficulty in shooting some. All day long we passed through their fresh tracks, and saw signs of their destruction.

"However, one night I went out in the moonlight, and bumped a big bull at 20 yards. He gave just one blow, and the natives cleared, yelling, and frightened him, not giving me a fair chance of a dead shot, but I think elephants have you at every disadvantage, at nights. Next time I hope I may have a chance in the day time.

"Ussumbara is a quaint village, its inhabitants being chiefly Arabs and Swahili. Its a very neat and artistically arranged little place; all the streets are planted with trees, and each house has its own little garden with tropical fruits growing in them.

"All around here there are thousands of palm oil trees, and there is a big export trade in palm oil.

"This is a port of call for the lake boats. Tanganyka is a beautiful lake—not very wide, but very long, with high ranges of mountains on each side. The water of the lake is beautifully clear—just like the sea, with lovely white sand beach. I saw no mosquitoes, and the whole way down the lake it was the same, nice white sand and no nasty swampy ground.

"All along the shores you find most beautiful villages, and so picturesque. You could not imagine a more delightful trip than round Lake Tanganyka, just camping where one felt inclined.

"The lake abounds in good fish, which was a great treat.

"We had a nasty, uncomfortable little boat of 50 tons, towing one large lighter. Four German boats are seen in the lake, which the Belgians are trying to raise.

"At Kigoma we entrained, and after a four days' journey arrived at Dar-es-Salaam. Its a horribly hot place, and one feels wet through all day, but there are not so many mosquitoes as last year. I shall be very glad to get away again.

"I met Mary Steytler, who is nursing here, but no one else I know."

Extracts from Jarvis's letters.

Part of letter to Mr. Hunt. "14.5.18.

"The Headquarters of our Batt. having been for some time at Tunduru, Major Hawkins was ordered to take two companies and occupy Liwale, situated about 100 miles north of Tunduru, and at the same time in possession of the enemy. Liwale was considered a strategically sound position to hold, as being in the direct

route the northern enemy forces would take in attempting to join up with Von Lettow, near Massassi. After successfully occupying Liwale, where 26 German whites were captured, mostly ill, Major Hawkins was ordered to hand over the Boma to a Belgian force, who appeared from the direction of Kilwa, a couple of days after our occupation, and he himself with our two companies retired 40 miles south to a native village called Jumbe Mfaumwe to await the enemy in the event of their avoiding Liwale. On the 12th Nov. Major Hawkins had information from one of his patrols that the enemy were starting to pass near Jumbe Mfaumwe, avoiding Liwale altogether. He immediately sent half a company with two Lewis guns, under Major Gee, to a point 16 miles N.W. of our position to reconnoitre and report the route being taken by enemy. On 14th Major Gee reported enemy in near neighbourhood, but patrols not in touch. During the night of 14/15 a native brought information that one German white and a few Askaris were at a point two hours along the road Major Gee had taken. At daylight a platoon in charge of one officer was sent to capture this patrol and support Major Gee if pressed back by the enemy. This platoon on reaching the supposed position of enemy patrol, became heavily engaged with two German companies and retired on to a hill overlooking the enemy position. Word was sent back to camp that enemy would be watched until 4 p.m. in case the Major decided to advance and attack. The Major at once determined to attack, and moved out with his whole convoy, our force then consisting of one and a half companies, four machine guns, and two Lewis guns. On joining up with our platoon, we were able to see the enemy about three miles off commencing to move. From loca l natives we knew the track taken by the enemy would cross the Tunduru—Liwale road at a certain point. The Major decided to try to reach this point before the enemy, and lie up for them there. The time was about 4 p.m., and we started off at once by a short cut through the bush, and reached our objective about 9.30 p.m. after a most trying march through the bush in pitch-darkness, as there was no moon. We examined the road carefully, and found the enemy had not crossed yet, so going back along the road about 600 yards we made a perimeter camp, while I placed a platoon with two Lewis guns to watch the path by which the enemy must move. I may say here that we were very short of officers; I had only one officer under me with my Coy., and altogether we had 15 fighting whites with the one and a half coys.

"At daylight the action commenced by my platoon on the road firing a few shots, followed soon afterwards by heavy rifle and machine gun fire. Captain Hunt was ordered to reinforce the platoon outside with another of mine, and, as the firing got heavier, I reinforced with a third platoon and two machine guns under Lieut. Buller. On reaching the firing line I sent the machine guns on to the right flank, where the attack seemed heaviest. I found we were being heavily attacked on both flanks and in front, and my one platoon on the left flank in extending to prevent being outflanked became detached, and had to fight its way back independently to the perimeter camp. The situation now became serious, as Capt. Hunt came across to tell me that both our machine guns were put out of action by the enemy rifle fire. I should have mentioned that this fighting all took place in dense bush at a range varying from 50 to 80 yards. Capt. Hunt advised a retirement to our perimeter camp as enemy were getting between us and our camp. We then with difficulty got the two disabled guns behind the middle of our line, and commenced slowly to retire. Before retiring I was slightly wounded in the neck, and Capt. Hunt narrowly escaped being hit; also one of my two Lewis gunners was killed while trying to repair a jam, and the butt which he had taken off was lost, so that when we retired we were reduced to one Lewis gun. On commencing to move the second time, Capt. Hunt was hit in the thigh. Mr. Buller and myself then with great difficulty got him back about 400 yards, but the enemy fire became so heavy that we had reluctantly to leave him,

and reached the camp with about 30 out of the 100 who went out. From the time we commenced to retire the enemy made repeated attempts to charge, but our fire kept them back. On reaching camp I found that Major Hawkins had made two attempts to support us, but each time our men were driven back into the camp. When I reached the camp I found that Major Gee had joined up with us with his half Coy., and he immediately went out to try and recover Capt. Hunt, but found that the enemy had already removed him, and as we subsequently found treated him very well. Fighting continued up to midday, when the enemy retired, and we were able to return to our fortified position at Jumbe Mfaume. We found that the enemy had advanced on us in two columns. The one that we attacked was in charge of Tafel, and consisted of about 1,000 Askaris and 150 whites, and we found prisoners and dead belonging to all of his eight companies, so that we engaged his eight companies.

"The other column, under Otto, consisted of 600 Askaris and 60 whites, and ran into our Colonel, who was coming to our assistance with one Coy. and a large convoy of food, and a very stiff fight took place there. We lost our convoy, but inflicted heavy casualties on the enemy. Both the enemy columns joined up a couple of days further on, and practically all shortly afterwards surrendered near Massassi. A Belgian detachment was sent to our support, but only arrived in time to get in touch with the enemy rearguard and capture the hospital in which Capt. Hunt had been left."

"Beira,
July 11th, 1918.

"I arrived here this morning at 9 a.m. after a very comfortable trip. As far as Buluwayo I had the compartment to myself, and from there travelled with a fellow called Croxford, whose brother I remember at college with me. He has been mining in Rhodesia, and has done well enough to purchase a farm in Myoe valley and another just outside the Portuguese border near Macequace. He was on his way to visit this latter farm where he is growing mealies, monkey nuts, and cattle. The Croxford I knew has been farming in New Zealand since he left college, and is now returning to South Africa on account of labour difficulties. He says the Labour Gov. are driving farmers out of New Zealand. One law is a minimum wage, for white men, of 9s. a day.

"I travelled from Gwelo to Salisbury with Major-General Edwards, who is in charge of the Rhodesian forces in Rhodesia. He seems a nice man, and was most interested in hearing about British East Africa. General Northey's train was three hours late at Kimberley, so instead of passing it there we passed it about 9.30 p.m. at a small siding, so I was therefore not able to see him.

"The regular boat at Chinde left at daylight this morning, but there may be a boat to-morrow. I have to go to Blantyre first, and from there get instructions as to where our Battalion is, and probably will not catch it up for at least three weeks from now. I met the Resident of Blantyre and his wife this morning, who are going to Japan for their leave. They were both most hospitable to me while at Blantyre. He has been in Nyassaland for 22 years."

"Quilimane,
July 15th, 1918.

"I left Beira on the same day as I arrived—the 11th, or rather, I should say, embarked, as the ship did not leave till 7 a.m. next morning. She was a Portuguese Government transport, and had been a German interned boat until Portugal declared war. The captain spoke a little English, and also a young Norwegian passenger; the rest of the seven or eight passengers and the crew were all Portuguese, and spoke no English at all. The boat was not too bad—rather dirty, but the food terrible—everything floating in grease. As the ship was very heavily loaded, the captain did not touch at Chinde, but came direct here. When we reached the bar the tide was very low, but we came in safely nevertheless, though bumping heavily many times—otherwise we would have had to remain outside till the next day.

"Quilemane is about one and a half hours' steam up a broad lagoon, and has quite a number of houses. Its export trade is wholly copra (dried cocoanuts) and ground nuts. The young Norwegian on board was working for one of these large cocoanut companies. He told me their trees had just commenced to bear when war broke out, and now, of course, they cannot export. At Quilemane I found one of my officers, who had been sent here to buy stores, so I am returning with him. Don't expect many letters as I hear the posts are very irregular, but I will write by every opportunity.

"July 22nd.

"I am now with my company again, and have command of it. We are not very far from Quilemene. I can't, of course, give any military news.

"Quilemane is prettily situated amongst cocoanut groves, and has quite a number of substantial buildings. There are very extensive plantations along the coast here, but I hear the trees are only about 10 years old, so that the companies who planted them have made nothing yet out of them as they cannot export while the war is on. Inland there are some very large sisal factories, and also some of sugar, and the country seems, on the whole, very productive. The best oranges I have tasted grow here.

"The country, on the whole, seems pretty healthy and is well watered. Some very large arms of the sea run inland for miles, like great rivers."

"August 8th.

"We are still moving about a good deal. I am astonished to see what big areas are under cultivation in the district in which we are operating. One estate contained 5,000 acres under sisal (fibre) and about 1,500 acres under cotton and tobacco, and was only one of several properties run by the same company.

"The enemy have done a lot of damage to these big companies by burning down the factories and destroying machinery.

"My trench coat has been very useful as we are having quite a lot of rain. Near the coast, as we are now, it seems to rain all through the year, and most of the rivers are very large. There appears to be plenty of native food and many natives. All the development is done by large syndicates, who will make plenty of money as soon as they can get export. I do not expect to get letters for some time."

"August 12th.

"I have been moving the whole time since last writing, and have done 120 miles in the last eight days. The country is very wooded and hilly. The last few days we have had quite a lot of light rain, which is tiresome for 'sefari work.'

"Ten days ago one of our porters was taken by a lion, and about four nights afterwards a porter gave a yell in his sleep which set the whole of the porter camp off yelling, thinking another man had been taken."

"August 20th,
Chingo.

"I am resting for a few days here to get rid of a headache which has been troubling me. I am undergoing a course of treatment at the hospital here, and will be returning to the Batt. in three or four days.

"The war here is dragging along, but if we could only get the chance to strike a good blow at the enemy it would soon be over. The difficulties are the dense bush which cover the country everywhere and the unfriendliness of the natives. I met Moolman a few days ago, who is in the Intelligence Department—the man who was to have brought a parcel up for me some time ago. I have done about 200 miles walking since I landed at Quilemane, and the motor soles have stood it very well. The hills here seem to be all granite, and one sees some wonderful peaks and masses of rock. The soil is mostly sandy, but productive.

"I have met a neighbour of ours at Kenia named Anstey, quite a nice young fellow, who has recently bought a farm opposite the Bastards. He says the drought up there has not affected Kenia to any extent, and that our stock are looking very fit. He was up there towards the end of May."

Extracts from John Molteno's Letters.

"7.3.18.

"We have just about come to the end of our voyage, which has been a very pleasant one, and which has taken us just ten days by the time we arrive in Egypt. This is a very fine boat, and used to run between England and America before the war.

"We called at Aden, but it was night when we arrived there, and we only stayed a couple of hours, so we could not see anything of the town. It is frightfully hot here, and you notice it more at nights. Our quarters are very nice; we are in a big hotel, it is really a tremendous building. I am on the fourth floor, and it is quite hard work climbing up the stairs every time that you want to go to your room.

"I found some fellows here that I know. We are not far from the town (Cairo); it takes about 20 minutes by tram, which travel quite as fast as our trains! Next Sunday I want to go to the Pyramids. We can see them from our windows, although they are quite a distance from here."

"12.5.18.

"We have just finished Church parade. We have a service in the building every Sunday morning. Last week seemed a very strenuous one. The weather turned very hot, and there was a sirocco blowing. I had to do 24 hours' sentry, and nearly got frizzled up in the sun. During the week we are always busy. On Saturday I usually go down town. There seems to be any amount of people living here, but very few English people.

"The town is quite a fashionable place on Saturday afternoons; you see some very gaudy Paris fashions. I should imagine the people live a very Bohemian life here; but for soldiering it is far too expensive. The value of a sovereign here is about 5s.

"We write our exam in ten days, that will be the entrance to the School of Military Aeronautics; so far we have been doing mostly infantry training, which consists of military law—topography, machine gun, buzzing, and several other subjects. The weather has turned very warm again, but the nights are cool.

"Last Sunday I went to the Zoo, and was very struck with it. I should think it was nearly a mile square, and has the most natural scenery that I have seen in any zoo. It has also a large assortment of animals.

"The gardens are all very well laid out. We had tea on a sort of island. You go out by tram, and it is quite a nice run as you cross the Nile, or rather several tributaries, which are full of boats of all descriptions.

"There are quite a number of house boats, or 'felukas' they call them. The scenery is very pretty in the vicinity of the river, and all the houses in that part have very nice gardens.

. . . . .

"I wonder how long a letter takes to reach you, as they take two months or more from home? I should like a newspaper now and again. The paper we get here is about the poorest rag imaginable, and then you pay 3½d. for two sheets, mostly advertisements, too!

"Yesterday afternoon when I was down town I met Mr. Beauclerk, so stopped and spoke to him."

THE LABOUR CONFERENCE.

28/6/18.

You have probably noticed that the whole of the Labour Party, and the Labour delegates for France, Belgium and Sweden, are holding a three days' Conference in the Central Hall, Westminster. Olive went on the opening day, and gave me a very exciting account of the appearance of Kerenski on the platform, and of the scene that followed. She told me that Kerenski was to speak on the following day, and that there would probably be considerable opposition to this. We arranged to meet just before two at the entrance to the Hall. She had a seat for the platform; the gallery was thrown open to visitors (for the first time), so I was sure I could get a seat in the gallery.

Olive and I met near the Hall, and soon after we entered, I. Ford joined us, and she said I must get a seat on the platform, and then disappeared. Presently she rejoined us, said she had arranged matters, and consequently I sat beside Olive just behind the first row, where the foreign delegates were seated. You know what a moving experience it is to look down upon a crowd of faces. Unfortunately I had no opera glasses, and could recognise none of the faces in the top galleries to right and left, and even in the body of the Hall. I could only see clearly and distinctly the faces immediately to the front of me and to the right. Far to the left sat the Independent Labour Party delegates, and among them I could only distinguish Snowden, I. Ford, and Mrs. Dora Montefiore. Mr. Purdey was in the chair, and proved a very capable chairman. Proceedings opened at two o'clock. Immediately questions and interruptions as to Kerenski being allowed to speak, began and continued some time, and recommenced at intervals during the afternoon proceedings. Cries of "Why is Litvinoff not allowed to speak?" were heard from various sides. The chairman at length succeeded in quieting the audience, by making a most earnest appeal for unity and by reminding those who were interrupting that they had carried their point at the Leed's Conference, when Litvinoff, at their request, had been allowed to appear on the platform, and to get a hearing, though very many of the audience disagreed with him, and were not convinced by the speech he made.

Afterwards the proceedings continued in orderly fashion. The speeches of the foreign delegates interested me very much, especially those of Renaudel and Jean Longuet. French was used by all these speakers, and each speech was translated into English directly the speaker sat down. I lost very little that Renaudel said, and his voice and his eloquence were a language in themselves and put one into some living contact with the soul of France, and with the tremendous emotions that are moving the people of France. I hope I shall succeed in getting some fairly full reports of the speeches, that you may get them in detail. The French speakers were to me a harmony, different facets of the same exquisite French soul. No hatred, no bitterness, only sorrow too deep, too poignant, to be expressed articulately in any human language; what they didn't say was even more moving than what they did say.

One felt oneself on the soil of the desolated, blood-drenched, ruined, destroyed land of France. Their bodies were still alive, but their souls were tortured almost beyond human endurance. And I am sure that the great audience in some measure understood and was moved—for to me the English soul looked out of some of the faces I could see before me with something of a divine compassion—and comprehension of what the war meant to France. . . . . .

"I broke off this letter yesterday to go to the afternoon meeting, but found on my arrival at the Central Hall, Westminster, that the Congress had broken up at the end of the morning session. I now try to resume the account of Thursday's meeting. After the speeches made by the French delegates, Mr. Van de Velde spoke (the Belgian delegate), and a very great contrast to the Frenchman he proved to be. One was at once taken out of the French world of ideas, and felt oneself again in the commonplace newspaper atmosphere. He made the same kind of statements one has heard so repeatedly that one can no longer seriously listen to them, and his personality was more that of the ordinary man of the world. He wholly failed to carry me into Belgium. All he said I had heard so often before. He was followed by the Swedish delegate, Mr. Branting, who also spoke in French. This I think handicapped him. But he was very serious and very earnest in the efforts he made to place the views of his party before us. For the details of his speech I must again refer you to the papers. And now began the dramatic conclusion of the afternoon's final proceedings.

Henderson rose to explain the introduction of Kerenski to the meeting, and associated the chairman and Ramsay Macdonald with what he was about to say. He referred to his meeting with Kerenski in Russia and of the high opinion he then formed of him and the work he was doing for Russia, and he thought him entitled, as a distinguished stranger, to a warm welcome from the Labour Party. Not for anything in the world would he subject Kerenski to a discourteous reception, and he now desired to obtain by a show of hands the real feeling of the audience on the matter. The response to the appeal was an overwhelming show of hands and repeated bursts of cheering, culminating in the enthusiastic singing of "He's a jolly good fellow." And then appeared Kerenski, surrounded by a body-guard of Russians. I have often seen Kerenski's face in a photograph, and it has never appealed to me as that of a great lover of humanity. And the sight of him in the flesh did not change this opinion of him, but he was undoubtedly a pathetic figure. A slight and fragile body. The face pale and very worn. An imperious and dominating spirit expressing itself, to me, under a very unpleasing exterior. Will power, nervous energy, determination to dominate, and the underlying motives not fine enough. He seemed to me not to stand for the great mass of Russian peasants, but rather for the dominance of Russia as a world-power.

He spoke in Russian, and the voice was rather metallic and the style oratorical. The speech was translated by Henderson, and you will be able to read it in the report.

I seemed to see the great body of the Russion peasantry as Tolstoi saw them and painted them in his stories—and Kerenski seemed to me nowhere related to them. Nor did he seem to me in any way to represent the great slumbering forces and ideas that are fermenting and trying to take shape in Russia. He is a man of the world and a politician, and not gifted enough, nor powerful enough, nor elemental enough to guide Russia at this supreme moment of her destiny. One could see plainly why he was swept aside and fell between the stools. There is not in any sense enough of him. But he was pathetic. I shall be interested to hear what other people think of him; so far I have not discussed him with anyone who was at the meeting.

The meeting broke up immediately afterwards. I am sure every one went away with much to think of, much to ponder, much to digest.

THE GREAT TREK.

Wallace and his family are now settled in their new home at Nelspoort. The great trek took place in Easter week. Lil and the children arrived from Kalk Bay on Easter Monday and, on the way down to Kamfers Kraal, stopped to inspect the alterations and additions to the Nelspoort house. They found the contractor, Mr. Deas (who is also the local undertaker and has cultivated the appropriate demeanour for the part) in possession, with an army of workmen and the usual chaos, which the latter always manage to create around them, piles of shavings, pots of paint, pails of water, dust, dirt, etc., in all the rooms. Mr. Deas proudly and gloomily displayed his handiwork, from the new wing to the large living room, 40 ft. in length, where he had caused linoleum, of two different patterns, to be nailed down over the entire length and breadth, which feat he proudly announced had taken two men more than two days. He looked worse than funereal when Lil very kindly, but quite firmly, requested him to have it taken up again at once, as she intended to have the floor polished and adorned with rugs—evidently considering her quite mad when she might have good expensive linoleum.

On the way back to Kamfers Kraal, after a thorough inspection, Lil pronounced herself much pleased with the work and said the house would evidently be ready for the

furniture, in another week's time. However, the man-of-wrath announced that the trek must take place next day, at latest, as the lambing sheep required his presence at Nelspoort immediately. As the family's bread and butter, to say nothing of their jam, depends on a successful lambing, there was obviously no room for argument; so next morning the wagons were piled high with furniture, while Lil, assisted by Miss Reynolds, Nurse and the invaluable Mrs. Fouché, feverishly packed books, pictures, glass, crockery and silver in boxes, cases, wash-baskets and every, likely or unlikely, recepticle available.

By lunch time the first loads were completed and the wagons rumbled off along the road to Nelspoort. Then a battle raged fiercely, for some time, between the conflicting ideas of Man, as represented by Wallace, with Mr. Wilmot in reserve, and Woman, represented by Lil, reinforced by Miss Reynolds and Mrs. Fouché, as to the next procedure. The opinion of Man was that the furniture should be moved straight into the house as it stood, after which it could be cleaned in a leisurely manner, while Woman flatly refused to move one chair or table into the house until it had been thoroughly scoured and cleaned from top to bottom.

It is not necessary to add that Woman, as usual, in matters of real moment, prevailed, and in consequence, the trusty Hup. left the house an hour later with the following load: Wallace, bathed in the calm of resignation, at the wheel Lil beside him armed with a large apron and the wherewithal for making plenty of tea—at the back of the car, two trusty coloured ladies with their luggage and food for two days, tied up in large pocket handkerchiefs and all the babies, too young to be left behind, on their laps.

On the arrival of this strange assortment at Nelspoort, Lil marshalled her forces, having called up her reserves in the shape of more coloured retainers, on the spot, with more babies, and, having provided the adequate number of scrubbing brushes and pails (or paraffin tins where these ran short) brooms, mops, etc., the babies being disposed of under a tree in charge of the oldest baby! the army advanced on the position in close formation. The gloomy Deas was discovered lying on a bed of pain, having "most inconveniently" (to quote Wallace who was furious at the episode) fallen off a scaffolding that morning and hurt himself. In the absence of their general, his army of workmen fled in disorder at the approach of the invaders and the work began, and proceeded with such speed, that the house was ready for the furniture by 11 a.m. the next day.

Wednesday was spent in moving in furniture and that night was the last at Kamfers Kraal and there were many sad hearts under its dear roof that night. On Thursday morning the wagons were loaded again, with all the beds and remaining furniture, and a very scratch lunch was eaten round a kitchen table, while everyone sat on chairs too old or decrepit to be moved up to Nelspoort. Then the elastic Hup. was loaded to bursting point with all the things thought too fragile for the wagons, such as the large portrait of Colonel Sandeman, and all the things that no one would part with till the last and the toys that the children would not be separated from, such as Aimée's best doll and little Edward's toy wagon and when it was finished and all the things that had been forgotten crowded on, it was discovered that there was no room for the family! Mr. Wilmot then nobly stepped into the breach (up to that moment he had been busily occupied in not getting in the way and pretending to like picnic meals with insufficient crockery,) and offered his car and himself which were gratefully accepted. The afternoon was spent in feverishly unloading the wagons and getting beds made up and everybody sorted into their new rooms before night, and by supper time the trek was a "fait accompli."

The following week was somewhat chaotic, owing to the accumulated possessions of 11 years, having been hastily snatched up and dumped down in another house in 3 days, and everything having to be found and sorted into

its new home. Days of continuous unpacking and arranging were followed by evenings of strained conversation with the doleful Deas and his carpenter, a Dutchman who was working in the house. Lil had mildly suggested that the latter might be entertained in the "outside room" but was squashed and informed that he was a very well-connected carpenter and would be hurt at such treatment. So she struggled vainly to keep the conversation away from coffins, which was Mr. Deas' favourite topic; the carpenter could not speak English and only opened his mouth to put food into it, and Wallace was of no assistance, as he vanished into the folds of the "Cape Times," directly he finished his meal, and only emerged to say good-night.

However, everything comes to an end, even alterations to a house, and the happy day came when the last workman departed leaving only his rubbish heap to be cleared away, and the household settled down into its new home.

The additions to the house consist of three rooms opening out at a passage built on at the back of the house. The rooms face the north and the large windows make them very warm and sunny in winter. Two of the rooms are bed rooms and the room at the end of the passage is Wallace's new office. It is a nice sized room, 16 by 12 feet, with a window, through which he can see any cart or wagon coming to the house along the road, and a door facing the other way, through which he can see the "boys" working on the lands. Now that Wallace has added the duties of J.P. and Field Cornet, to his farming labours, this outside door is a great convenience, as people coming, only on business, can go to the office without coming through the house.

The two front rooms which used to be a dining-room and bed-room are thrown into one and make a very large and comfortable living room, with a big casement window facing north and another on to the stoep.

The stoep has been widened from seven to twelve feet and the green wooden railing replaced by a low white wall, on which stand geraniums and palms—and it is furnished with Madeira chairs and a couple of tables and makes a delightful out of doors sitting-room. The pepper trees make it impossible to have a garden in front of the house so that space is to be gravelled, while a garden is being made at the side of the house and Wallace has put in a dozen peach trees and a row of figs (there are apricots and plums there put in by Mr. Jackson) and planted a rose garden—under protest! The water is not strong which makes gardening rather difficult at present. The only members of the family that have visited Nelspoort so far are Charlie and Victor Molteno, and Gwen and Eldred Bisset.

TO A JUTLAND BABY GIRL.

Through the gay tender early spring
I wended my way
To the shrine where the infant lay
Wrapped in its Mother's warm caress.
The babe had come to earth to bless
A world that lay bleeding to death.

Out of the water, out of the fire, came she,
This precious morsel of humanity.

Great guns thundered,
Huge leviathans sank as bubbles,
Into the red seething tormented waters.
Flame, fire, mist, sea-foam mingled.
A chaos of disaster and destruction.
A holocaust of Humanity
Offered on the altars of civilisation.

And the high soul of man exulted
Cried aloud, triumphed,
Laughed in the face of high heaven.
God from whom we come,
God to Thee we return.
Sparks of Thy flame,
We know not Thy name.
But self-surrender, self- sacrifice we proclaim
As the only road to obtain
More light, higher vision,
Fresh Roads for Humanity to travel,

Fresh Crowns of Glory,
The thorny crowns of supreme surrender.
Self-sacrifice the road to God.

Scorning the body's temporary limitations.
Souls and spirits leapt out of the warm flesh
Flashing into the Beyond.

Sucked into the depths of the tormented waters,
Huge ships, with their precious human freight,
Sank shattered, a prey to the inrushing waters,
Broken playthings of the mighty Gods.
Angels met Devils. They fought together.
An apocalypse—the open vision,
For Angels to gaze upon,
Thus casting out of Devils,
Thus rending of the body of Humanity,
Man's playthings—his instruments of death and destruction,
Doing their deadly work, fulfilling their function.
The Old age crashing to its Doom,
The new age not yet born.

But, lo, a Herald of the New Age,
Here lies a blessed woman-child,
Symbol of the Great Mother of the Gods!
Love divine descending into the realms of flesh,
Here in this blessed child, soft little human blossom,
So tender, so exquisite, so fragile, so perfect.
Born out of the Water Mist, the Sea-Foam,
Out of the unquenchable Love of God.
Sweet wee babe.
Various strains of blood mingle in thy veins.
Herald of the New Humanity.
Monotony never. Fresh visions ever!
New nations are exquisite flowers in the garden of humanity.
Roses, the white golden flowers.
Colours of the Dawn, midday glories, splendours of the Sunset.
Fresh prisms for the God-head to shine through
Man in his new Garden of Eden,
Beginning to comprehend to decipher the Love-Message.
Written in the starry flowers of the heavens,
In the flowers of earth these blossoming fairies.

Death is naught. Life is all.
Bodies pass. Souls flame on through the ages.
Here we salute thee, sweet girl child,
God's lovely message of Love Supreme.
Venus born again from the waters
Out of the Great Heart of God.
Woman-hood we salute Thee,
This is Thy century.
Long, long has man toyed with his bliss.
Now the veil falls from his eyes.
He divines his high emprise.
God-commissioned, God endowed,
He enters upon his new world.
He walks upon the waters,
He soars into the skies,
He recognizes the wondrous latent powers of womanhood.

She is being freed.
The great Mother of Humanity
Is revealing herself to Mankind—
Asking to serve, to love, to inspire, to guide
Woman, the channel through which life is playing.
Recognizes better her mission.
Children, glorious children. Bodies meet shrines.
For spirits immortal she must provide.
Man, the immortal spirit, passing the flame,
Into fresh bodies, gives of himself of his divinity.
Woman takes of this divine spirit life
To enshrine it in temporary flesh bodies.
In the Garden of Eden again walk
Man and Woman.
Still Angels of the Flaming Swords
Guard the Gates of the Garden,
And its tree of Life Immortal.