

# CHRONICLE OF THE FAMILY.

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## EDITORIAL.

In presenting this number of the Chronicle the Editor appeals again to the Family for its support by sending contributions without waiting for an individual request.

There are many who are going through most interesting experiences yet it is difficult to get direct news of or from them. Then, as well as from those who are taking part in the war, news is also needed from all the scattered members of the family between whom it is the object of the Chronicle to keep touch.

Most helpful would be a sort of news letter from time to time to the Editor. It would save her a great deal of correspondence and delay—make the Chronicle more widely interesting.

Amongst the older members of the family are several who could give us most interesting accounts of past times and of their own experiences;

any contributions in all these various directions would be greatly valued. The financial statement appears at the end of this issue. The credit balance, it will be seen, is due partly to the payment of arrear subscriptions and partly to payments in advance. We cannot therefore, yet see our way to lower the subscriptions or, as some suggest, bring out the Chronicle four times a year.

The number of subscribers is now forty-two and we hope they may gradually increase so as to enable us to lower the subscription which is still 15/- a year.

Subscriptions are due in January next and should be sent to the Treasurer as soon as possible.

Extra copies may be had by subscribers for 1/6 each and by non-subscribers for 5/.

Contributions for the next number should reach the Editor not later than the first week in March.

## GENERAL NEWS.

After the German South West campaign Kenah, now Major Murray, volunteered for service in Europe and was appointed to the South African Field Ambulance. He went, almost immediately, to the training camp at Potchefstroom and only returned home a week before he and Hilda and the children left for England on October 17th. They let their house from the end of September and Hilda and the children and later Kenah spent a happy time with Frank and Ella at Claremont House until they sailed in the "Kenilworth Castle".

About the middle of September Uncle Tom left for East Griqualand to pay his first visit to Effie and Eliot in their home.

We hear he is much enjoying being with them and is delighted with the house and farm. He expects to spend December with Harold on his way home.

Evelyn Murray and Mary have been on a visit to the Peninsula since August and spent the first part of their time with Mrs. Southey at Rondebosch. When Gordon joined them on October 1st they all came to "Tressilian" which had been taken by Caroline and Dr. Murray for two months. On October 6th their beautiful little daughter, "Elizabeth Molteno," was born. Gordon returned to his farm on the 25th and Evelyn and the two children followed in the "Balmoral" on the 20th of November. Lilian Blackburn travelled with them on her way to stay with Effie.

Vincent Molteno was married in September to Eileen Wilson. The announcement of their engagement came as a surprise to all his family, to whom his fiancée was a stranger. The wedding took place at St. Thomas's Church on the Camp Ground and only the parents and sisters and brothers of the bride and bridegroom were present as all was so hurriedly arranged that no one else knew of the event till after it had taken place.

Two days later Vincent left in the "Hyacinth" for the East Coast while his wife remains for the present with her parents at Rondebosch.

Subsequently the family had an opportunity of meeting the bride at a reception given by Clare in her honour at Mrs Couper's house at Kenilworth.

Clare, Monica and Audrey stayed with Mrs. Couper after leaving Miller's Point until they sailed for England in the "Ionic" on Oct. 25th.

James Molteno is still staying at the Palace Hotel, Kenilworth. He did not stand for re-election and therefore his Speakership ends with the opening of the new Parliament.

This will be the first time since the first Cape Parliament in 1854 that the name of Molteno is not represented there.

We congratulate Murray Bisset on his election to Parliament as Unionist member for the South Peninsula. His family must be specially gratified because of the universally favourable impression he made during his election campaign.

The news of Barkly's engagement, followed shortly by the cable announcing his marriage, with Hilda's sister, Ethel, was received by us all with intense interest as well as surprise. The following extract from Percy's letter to Caroline giving some particulars of the ceremony will be read with interest.

August 28th, 1915.

"As I was the only one of the family to attend Barkly's wedding I must try to send you a little account of it.

Owing to the difficulty and uncertainty of his getting leave, we only knew for certain, the day before, so I came down by the night train from Glenlyon and the wedding was at 2 o'clock on Friday at the Chapel Royal, Savoy.

Barkly came up direct from Dover, the headquarters of his present ship, and had only 10 hours leave so had to be back at 7 p.m.

Capt. and Mrs. Wisely and a few of Barkly's friends were there and Commander Marsden acted as his bestman. The Robertsons were all there.

The service was choral, with a choir. Barkly looked very well and very handsome, as also did the bride. Her cousin was a bridesmaid.

After the ceremony there was a small gathering at the Savoy and they left for Dover by the 4.25 train, several of us seeing them off. They both looked very happy."

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The following is an extract from a letter:—

"Since his marriage Uncle Barkly has been on the ——— busily bombarding the Belgian coast. His ship did splendid work. Uncle Percy took us down to Portsmouth for the day and we had a most interesting and instructive time. We arrived at one of the entrances to the dock yard just as the workers were streaming out to lunch. There were thousands of them—18000 altogether I was told—and they swarmed in every direction. Just as we were all occupied in gazing up came Aunt Ethel and a lieutenant who we were told had gone down in the Aboukir but had been picked up after a long time in the water. They undertook to guide us through the dock yard and it was a mercy they were there for we'd most certainly have been lost otherwise.

After a very nice lunch with Uncle Barkly we went for a cruise round the harbour and saw every type of quaint antique in the shape of gun-boats and destroyers which, after having been disused for years, are now being utilised as patrol boats, etc. We also saw the Royal Yachts, the Victor, and the Albion. When we got on board again we went round the ship, examined her guns and saw where the shells had burst during the recent bombardments but unfortunately we hadn't much time to spare so, after a hasty tea, we started home again.

Lesley Wiseley was married in September to Miss Barton. He has been for some time serving at the Front in the Royal Field Artillery but was lately home on sick leave after being operated upon for appendicitis.

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The engagement is announced of Islay Bisset to Jervis Molteno. From what we hear their marriage is not likely to take place for some time as both seem keen to complete their college course first. At present they are at Cambridge, no doubt thoroughly enjoying themselves, and working very hard, we suppose. Jervis is only up for this term as he hopes to be passed next year as medically fit for military service.

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Margaret is, of course, back at Girton and working very hard at her Agricultural course.

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News of George may be had from extracts of his letters which appear further on in this issue. From one of the English letters we hear he got a "splendid report from his course officer at Shoburyness coming second among the fifty officers in his course, his friend D—— who had been training a longer while, being first."

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Charlie Molteno was appointed to a commission of enquiry into the scandals connected with the war contracts and is now away on a long tour of investigation.

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Wilfred Southey, who is farming in Griqualand East, was married last year to Miss Burnet. We have just had the news of the birth of their daughter.

Mary Molteno and Gwen Bisset returned from England on October 20th in the "Saxon." Both were at school at Berkhamsted where only Nesta now represents the family.

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Brenda and Ella Molteno expect to go to England in January and will bring Nesta home with them after the summer term.

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Cecil, now Captain Southey, who re-joined the Cape Garrison Artillery at the outbreak of war is stationed on Signal Hill, which since the war has been proclaimed a prohibited area.

Except for the complete lack of society, he finds his environment most congenial. His descriptions of the freshness of the air and of the grass and flowers as well as of the glorious view, make one almost envy him.

Helena is very comfortable at Indian House where she looks forward to seeing her brother once a week when he gets 24 hours' leave.

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"Captain Newcomen had a frightful time during the great assault early this month. He was in charge of a fortlet and trenches and was bombarded continuously for six days. Every night they had to re-build the fort and dig the trenches out again as they were literally blown to pieces. He was buried beneath the debris but fortunately managed to crawl out and is now in London on sick leave.

Clarissa is living in London and is working every day at a depot in Kensington. She is very well indeed and she, Mary and Uncle Percy are the three lucky ones who have actually seen a zeppelin."

## KENAH'S DIARY (*continued*).

April 10th, 1915. Our patrols seem to be unlucky or careless according to the way one views the case. The day before yesterday a Lieut. Dempers in Uys' Scouts with two men were on a long patrol as far as Dorstrivier-mund. On the return, when about 8-9 miles from Salem, they off-saddled for a rest, and, to while away the time, they started shooting at a mark. This frightened their horses, which made off.

Dempers remained with the saddles and rifles, while the men went after the horses, which ran all the way to Salem. When they at length returned, they found Dempers lying on his face shot dead.

The whole episode is wrapt in mystery, because after searching him they found the bolts of the other two rifles in his pocket. It is difficult to explain the position, for if one of the enemy had done the deed why did he leave the bolts of the rifles behind? He did not shoot himself as was shewn by the direction of the bullet.

The tracks in the sand shewed that he was (so I am told) walking along smoking a cigarette and that he fell in his tracks and never moved, his cigarette lying beside his mouth. It is curious this should follow so soon on the episode with Captain Kennedy's men. The other men in the scouts seem to think Dempers must have been shot by a native scout, of which both the Germans and ourselves are making use.

Two days ago one of the enemy aeroplanes visited Rossing, but we have seen no signs here of any attentions from the Germans, except the above mentioned patrol episodes, both of which are so mysterious. In neither case could anyone be absolutely sure of the presence of any of the enemy. The weather is very uniform here, calm and cool at nights, and really very cold in the early morning, with light breezes from the east during the fore-part of the day, then still and hot for an hour or two, when, about 3 p.m., a breeze comes from the west, usually considerably stronger than the easterly one and

often sufficient to raise a good deal of dust. This dies away after sundown, and so the routine begins again. The heat is never serious and often just pleasant. We often see great masses of cloud in the east and flashes of lightning, which seems to indicate that they are having a good rainy season up-country. This is a great slice of luck for us as it will facilitate the rapid clearing of the country when we get on the inland plateaux.

The news from all sources indicates very clearly that the Germans are clearing out of all the southern regions, and either massing what troops they have to resist our northern force in our next advance, or possibly retreating still further north into what I am told is a high mountainous region. I should think the latter course is unlikely as we know that they are already short of a good many kinds of provisions.

April 12th, 1915. Monday. Yesterday we experienced quite a good rain. It started towards midnight on Saturday and continued to rain gently, off and on, throughout Sunday until well on into the night. This is most extraordinarily fortunate as it will bring on the grass splendidly, and has cooled the air and made everything delightfully fresh. This morning Capt. Muller arrived with the first instalment of the Field Hospital which is to be established here. With him came Capts. Jamieson and Brothers. The latter was with us for a time at Tempe, and is doing dental work. I carry on for one day more to give them a chance to unpack and then await our Brigade which will very shortly be on the move again.

This afternoon Redlinghuis—one of our Regimental Medical officers—and I rode up to Salem, a farm on the river about seven miles away. We had a most delightful ride. From a point about two miles above this the river bed becomes quite thickly overgrown with fine trees and a good deal of undergrowth and nice grass. There are evidences of quite a lot of game. We saw some pheasants only. Salem is held by an advanced post of Uys' Scouts and 2 companys of Rand Rifles under Major Cres-

well. There is quite a fine farm here with cattle kraals and splendid wells and pumps with quite an elaborate system of zinc for fluming purposes. There is quite a nice little bungalow of wood and iron for the homestead. The morning of our occupation of Riet, a body of our men rode up to this place and surprised 4 Germans there who knew nothing of our having driven their forces out of Riet.

On approaching the house a Captain and Sergeant went forward and called to the Germans to "Hands up." One of them, however, immediately shot the Sergeant dead, while the rest tried to escape. One was shot dead, 2 others captured and one got away. The house had many bullet holes in it as our men fired into it immediately the German shot the Sergeant. The precaution of clearing the farm of cattle had evidently been taken some time before. Some donkeys and a few goats were all that was found. The kraals shewed signs of having been used for camels. Captain Uys who has lived nearly 8 years in the country, says that the Germans have gone in quite extensively for camel breeding in the southern regions, but that it was unusual to find them in use in this part of the country, as the ground is too rough for their feet.

April 13th, 1915. Riet.

When at Salem yesterday we had tea with Captain Uys who is there in charge of a body of Scouts. These were leaving early next morning, about 30 strong, to ride as far ahead as they could. This evening we hear that they had not returned up to a late hour.

Muller has been busy all day fixing up their tents for the Field Hospital.

April 14th, 1915. Riet.

This morning we heard that 14 of Uys' men had returned about midnight. It seems that they came in contact with a German Patrol. Uys and one of his men were riding considerably ahead of the rest when a German patrol of 9 men came in view. Uys fell back at once and took up a position among some rocks, and as the Germans came on they shot 2 and wounded 3 with the result that they then turned tail and

fled to a farm-house. The rest of the patrol came up and then drove the Germans out of the farm-house, following up until they reached some kopjes in view of Tsoabis, where they saw, what they took to be, a large German camp. They had now got somewhere about 35 miles from Salem, and no water so they were obliged to turn back. Their way led back down a dry river-bed along which they had often passed before. On reaching a point about 9 miles above Salem they came to a place where the river bed narrowed. Two large trees stood on either side, but some distance out from either bank. Their custom hitherto had been to pass on either side of these trees, but, being dark, the patrol kept to the middle. As they passed between the trees there was a loud explosion one man and his horse were thrown over, and almost immediately there was another explosion. Fourteen men had already passed over and these went on and arrived in at midnight, but up to about 10 a.m. no further news of Uys and the rest of his men had been forthcoming. A strong patrol of 50 men was sent off early to seek for them and make further investigations in regard to the enemy. Not long after they left, Uys turned up and said that, after the mines exploded, he thought it wise to off-saddle till daylight.

April 16th, 1915. Riet. Yesterday was full of interest and on the whole a very unfortunate one for our men. Early in the morning we heard several explosions far off that sounded like heavy gun-fire, and it was immediately surmised that Captain Barnard, who was out with the patrol of 50 men, had come in contact with the enemy. A little after 11 a.m. came a helio to say that a patrol out towards Sphinx, on our extreme left, had come in contact with the enemy,—3 men wounded and one killed—action still going on. I went off in the motor ambulance with the driver. In spite of grave doubts on my own part and assurances of certain failure on the part of others I managed to get the car up the long deep sandy kloof leading out of this valley on to the higher Flats around Jackals Water. Once on to these flats going was good and easy. Sphinx—the place

at which the trouble was going on—was about 16 or 17 miles up the line from Jackals Water. At Modderfontein we had picked up one of the troopers as a guide, and now could get along splendidly as regards pace. It was wonderful to note the effect of the rain. Blades of grass were pushing up through the sand and soon the veld will look quite respectably green, where a short time ago there was not even a dead blade of grass to be seen. Our way led out over a huge sand flat with a range of fine rugged looking mountains of considerable height, away to the N.E. These must be the Ghuosberg, which I see on the map are about 5,000 feet in height. The huge sand flat sloped away to the S.E. towards the Swakop River, from which we had come and were now running parallel with. Right ahead of us on the horizon was an isolated kopje, where the Scouts had encountered the Germans. About an hour's run brought us to the scene of action; our reinforcements had just arrived and were coming back towards the wounded men after having made a reconnaissance to be sure that the enemy had all gone away. We found what had happened was this.—a patrol of 30 men had come out to Sphinx the previous afternoon and slept the night, with a view to pushing as far forward as possible the next morning. At dawn they started off leaving 4 men to go over to the kopje and form a look-out station. These poor fellows rode over and, having tied up their horses in a little kloof at the foot of the kopje, proceeded to go up. In the meantime a patrol of about 23 Germans had, unbeknown to them, hidden themselves overnight in the kopje. The Germans allowed our four men to dismount and start up the kopje, until the leading man was within about 8 yards of where they were lying. Then, without a word of warning or any attempt to take them prisoners, they shot all four men simultaneously.

On hearing the firing, the main body of the patrol sent back a man to reconnoitre. When he got about 400 yards from the spot, seeing 5 horses instead of 4, he made off to fetch the others, but immediately he turned, the Germans

fired, killing his horse. He however, ran on in zig-zag fashion and, as far as the wounded men could tell, escaped. The Germans then bound up the wounds of the two men who were still alive, shot their horses, smashed their rifles and then made off. When we arrived we found one man lying dead alongside his horse at the foot of the kopje. It appeared that he had remained with the horses and was about to make coffee. Further up we found the two men, both badly wounded.

While I was attending to and removing these two men to the Ambulance, the rest of the patrol proceeded to search for the remaining man and found him higher up near the top of the kopje, lying dead. We buried the two dead in the little kloof at the foot of the kopje, not far from the station of Sphinx, and went off again back to Riet. The whole episode was the most cold-blooded affair up-to-date in this scene of operations, as the Germans were 23 in number and had the four men entirely at their mercy. They evidently meant to take no prisoners. One of the wounded was fired at after he had fallen, the bullet going through his leg. One of the killed was shot at about 8 yds., at a point where he might have been captured without even the other 3 men knowing what had happened. The place is well named Sphinx as there is a small kopje of rock lying to the N. of the railway, which has a remarkable resemblance to the great Egyptian Sphinx. The country there though still desert was quite reasonably well covered with grass and signs of an increase of bush. Our patrols have frequently been out there before and have seen a good deal of game in the vicinity.

Just after the shooting of the men an aeroplane came up and circled over the place for a few minutes and then went off again in an easterly direction. Our patrol said that they had also heard the big gun fire over towards T— as they thought—they had also heard rifle fire in a North-Western direction—so as I drove back I wondered whether I should have to go out immediately to Tsoabias, which is nearly 40 miles from Riet.

April 17th, 1915. Saturday. Riet.

On arrival I heard that no news had yet been received of Captain Barnard and his patrol, and his Commandant, Bezuidenhout, very much feared he must have met with serious trouble, with a considerable force of the enemy. Reinforcements were being sent up. I therefore wired to Van Collier for the 2nd Motor Ambulance to be sent through that night so that I might be fully prepared. To go out 30-40 miles with animals would mean a 2 or 3 days' job. It was not till nearly 10 a.m. next day that news came that Captain Barnard and all his men were back in Salem. They had penetrated to the point previously reached by Captain Uys and saw what they also took to be a large German camp. However, on drawing nearer they found it was only some farm buildings at Tsoabis itself, and that it was being visited by German patrols. They had heard no gun fire, so we came to the conclusion that the explosions must have been the Germans blowing up the railway. This information has relieved the situation considerably as now it would appear that the Germans have given up all idea of venturing to attack us. A wire came from Van Collier this evening—in answer to one from me asking why he had not sent the 2nd Motor Ambulance,—to say that he had not received my original wire. I have wired again for it and it should be here this evening or, at the latest, early to-morrow.

Sunday, April 18th, 1915. Riet.

We are having some hot weather again with heavy clouds in the east, so I expect there is more rain inland. The Motor Ambulance has not turned up yet nor any wire to say why.

Major Moffat arrived on the evening of the 15th so that now the Field Hospital has its full staff. We have been helping them to settle down and as the rough part of the work is now over, I have moved out and camped further up the river. I have found a splendid place under the shade of some very fine trees. The commonest kind of tree here is a sort of huge mimosa. They are really very fine and afford quite good shade. There are also a few wild fig trees like

those I have seen in the Tugela valley. The fruit is more like a green loquat to look at, but is a real fig, very sweet and full flavoured but quite dry and free from juice, so that they are not pleasant to eat. These trees grow to a huge size and have nice clean pale stems and very beautiful dark green foliage, the leaf being small and rather like a mulberry to look at. There are also kameldoorn trees, but they do not grow to nearly such a size as the other thorn trees. The bulk of the shorter trees and scrub is wild tamarisk, such as one sees along the Orange River. To-day is exactly a month since we marched into Riet. There is now a fair accumulation of supplies, but the railway is not yet completed so that there is no telling when we shall be ready for a move forward again. All but about 20 miles of the railway to Jackals Water has now been explored. It looks like another week's work before we can get forward.

C. M. MURRAY.

*(To be continued).*

## MARJORIE WISELEY'S WEDDING.

Glenlyon House,  
Fortingal,  
Nr. Aberfeldy,  
Perthshire.

July 20th.  
My dear May,

Now that I have a free morning for writing, I must tell you about Marjorie's wedding. It was a most lovely day, and Jervis drove us to Dunkeld which is about 30 miles from here. We drove to the hotel, where we found a large "gathering of the clans," about 150 I think. After a scrambiy lunch, cars conveyed the visitors to the old Cathedral Church of Dunkeld, part of which is in ruins. The Church dates from St. Columbus' time 1318, and it was the first church in which he preached in Scotland. Previously it was the Abbey Church. My father re-built most of it and Marjorie was married in that part, a most beautiful

building. She looked so nice and very happy. She wore a very pretty cream satin dress, train and all, and an exquisite old lace veil of her mother's who had worn it at her own wedding. A little girl and boy held the train, and she had four bridesmaids, Miss Fergusson (sister of the bridegroom), Miss Barton (Leslie's fiancée), Miss St. John, and Margaret. They wore mauve crêpe de chine dresses, with gold net veils hanging down the back, and the effect was really quite pretty. Lieut. Fergusson wore his naval uniform and they made a very nice looking couple; he looked thin and white, and will not probably be able to go on active service for a while. His ship was the "Raccoon." There were four ministers—Dr. Wisely, aged 90, Mr. Rutherford (Minister of the Church), and Mrs. Wisely's and the bridegroom's ministers. After the service we all went to the hotel where Mrs. Wisely held a reception (not at all a war marriage) the senior tenants, estate and house servants, and Mrs. Wisely's servants all helped to swell the number, and all enjoyed it. The surroundings were so lovely. Then came the inevitable photograph, but it was quite good. The bride and bridegroom left by car at 5 o'clock—she in a blue dress, and he, in his clan tartan kilt, looked very well—lots of rose-leaves like you had, Gunter supplied the cake and on the top was a ship in sugar, it was very pretty. Smilax and Sweet Peas were on the tables and the bridesmaids carried roses. After the bride left, all took leave, and we arrived here in time to receive four guests of Mrs. Wisely's. The hotel took Captain and Mrs. Wisely and eight guests, Lady Currie had seven—so they were well distributed. Marjorie and Edmund went to Scalpay, in Syke, for their wedding trip, and on Friday go to Lady Currie. He has to appear before the Medical Board on the 28th. We are having a great deal of rain, Jervis is pleased because he can go fishing, but the farmers want sunshine for the hay. Uncle Percy comes up about the 10th. Now I really think I have done wonders in such a long letter and with love.

Yours affectionately,

E. M. MOLTENO.



## A ZEPPELIN RAID OVER LONDON.

14th October, 1915.

My dear Charlie,

We had another zeppelin raid last night over London, and a few particulars may interest you. I was returning to the House of Commons, after dining with Lord Loreburn. The streets were very dark, and it was difficult for the taxi to get along owing to the dimness. When I arrived at Palace Yard, the whole of the place was in darkness. Just as I alighted from the taxi, there was an explosion. The driver said to me, "What is that?" and I said, I thought it was probably the misfire of the engine of a motor bus! I walked a few steps to the member's entrance, and found a group of members and the House police assembled there. Suddenly I heard it said, "there it is" and sure enough there it was, the searchlights playing upon it. It lit it up, so that it was distinctly visible. It was up a very considerable height and at some distance away. It looked like a cylinder about 6 feet long and 1 foot in diameter. As soon as the searchlight lit it up, there was a flash which illumined the sky over the Local Government Board Offices and the Foreign Office, and the back of St. James' Park, and this was followed shortly after by a loud explosion, and then a shell burst near the zeppelin. The shell looked like a little red star. This effect would be given, because it would be surrounded by its own smoke, and the light from the burst would be obscured by the smoke. A number of guns from different parts on the Embankment were firing at it. It must have been just about over Waterloo Bridge and S.E. of Waterloo Station. It soon disappeared over the roof of the House and I then went down to the terrace, where a number of members, including the Home Secretary, were watching the shelling that went on for some time, and finally it was lost to sight in the South East. In a few minutes we heard that eight people had been killed in Wellington

St. Strand, and damage had been done at Moor-gate St., Chancery Lane, and other places in the City. There were 2 zeppelins seen by most people, though I personally saw only one.

This morning I learned that considerable damage had been done at Hertford, and also at Croydon.

The airships appear to have come across the East Coast, over Cambridge into Hertfordshire, and no doubt followed the River Lea to London.

At Palace Court the sound of the firing attracted attention, and 2 zeppelins were seen at some distance off, which were being fired at by the guns in Hyde Park and elsewhere.

The two little dogs, Rabbie and Corrie were much upset at the firing. Bessie and Miss Cowan were out in the Bayswater Road and large numbers of people of the neighbourhood were all out looking at the bombardment of the airships.

Mr. Johnson tells me this morning that an anti-aircraft battery was established near his house at Broxbourne in Hertfordshire. The guns were placed in a meadow about 100 yards from the house, without his knowledge, and that suddenly last night at about 8.30 p.m. a tremendous explosion occurred followed by two others, and then by the firing of the guns. The zeppelin had located the gun and was dropping bombs on it. One of the men was slightly injured, and the searchlight was demolished and the hut where the men took their meals was shattered. He thought the airship was at an altitude of 1,500 feet.

In this morning's papers up to 11.45 p.m. last night, eight people were reported to have been killed and 34 injured, but the number has since been very much increased. The night was a perfectly calm, starlit night, most suitable for the operations of zeppelins.

The approach of the airships had been signalled some time before, and all trains approaching London had been stopped so as to afford no clue to where they were. But evidently the Rivers Lea and Thames are sufficient marks to indicate to the zeppelins, where they are, while they would follow the Railway line from the East coast.

It is very annoying that we have not succeeded in bringing down these monsters of cruelty this time, when we were warned in good time that they were coming.

The use of aeroplanes at night is not possible yet, as they cannot land in the dark, and cannot remain up all night.

Yours affectionately,

(Signed) P. A. MOLTENO.

P.S. I have since heard that the casualties are 56 killed, and 114 injured. Eight bombs were dropped on Guildford, and it looks as if a fleet of airships visited this country.

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### Letters from East Africa.

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Lenox writes:

Mzima, Voi Area.

"There has been some pretty heavy fighting here lately and I have had rather a trying time but we have gathered a good deal of useful information. On one of my trips, near the German lines, I ran into some of them in the moonlight. I saw them first and had a bang and then had to bolt into the bush. Where I have been lately, there were lots of lions but one does not think much about them,—being the lesser danger—one just lies down in the grass or bush anywhere and moves off again long before light. The only chance is to keep moving and rest as little as possible. I go alone with a few natives and keep out several days at a time. I am now just moving off to another place for a month—a water-hole between our railway and their border. I have to watch to get early information of any raiding parties coming through. Maurice is going back to the E.A.M.E. Jarvis is also there now.

July 23rd, 1915. Chyulu Hills, Voi Area.

I have arrived at my new camp. It is very cold up here and makes a nice change after the awful climate at Mzima. It takes my boys 5½ hours to fetch water and in consequence one has to be very careful and there is not much

chance of a wash. This is still all volcanic formation and full of old craters—I have got my camp in one. I get a very good view from here—close around there is a good deal of lava and bush but beyond there are open plains stretching towards Kilimanjaro.

I send out native scouts every day in various directions and should we see any of the enemy making towards our railway I at once report and keep in touch with them as far as possible. One always feels a bit anxious lest our camp should be located by the enemy and they may rush it at night.

In spite of the climate I feel fairly well. I always take 5 grains of quinine every day. At Mzima there were generally about 100 down with fever and dysentery. I suppose it is about the most unhealthy spot in B.E.A.

I must say my opinion of the Germans in this part of the world is very favourable. Any acts of brutality are due to the native troops and ours have been equally bad. The papers put these down as the acts of white men but it is a lie—and the papers are much to blame."

Jarvis writes:

E.A.M.R., Nairobi.

"I rejoined on May 10th and was detailed to get a plan framed of certain sections of country of which we had no details.

I have been doing this ever since, between patrols and any off days and am glad to say that it is now completed.

I have been on every large patrol that has been out as I know the country well.

Soon after I rejoined a small patrol was ambushed and lost a couple of men but that is the only success the Germans have had on our front.

The E.A.M.R. have a long piece of border to guard (about 200 miles) but it is difficult to operate in, for both sides.

Since I rejoined, our first large patrol was about a 300 miles' ride, to check a German raid on our Masai.

I was guide practically the whole time as it was country I knew pretty well and only one other man had been down before. We did not

come in touch with the Germans but four of us had an adventure with our own Indians.

I was detailed to guide one of our captains and an escort of two men back to headquarters with despatches while the main body patrolled round our temporary camp. Unfortunately a squad of 15 Indians were on the way to our camp and we were unable to warn them that we were leaving.

We left our camp at dusk and at midnight just after crossing a river (I was leading) we were halted by an Indian just as the Captain and I came into a strip of moonlight and were immediately covered by the whole 15. It was a wonder they did not shoot right away. I sat perfectly still on my horse while the Captain dismounted without his rifle.

The problem then was to make them understand that we were English as they spoke only Hindustani. They kept us covered, at about 20 yards, for 25 minutes until I remembered we had a native who knew a native of theirs and, through these boys, we were allowed to advance.

On this trip we had quite a number of adventures with wild animals which are a great added handicap to the fighting we are doing as our travelling is always done at night and we dare not fire a shot except under absolute necessity.

We passed numbers of buffalo and, in one place, several lions kept growling just in front of me.

On another occasion, on this trip, a rhino charged our column, luckily in the open, and scattered us without getting anyone.

The German patrols are constantly in our neighbourhood, but it is very difficult to get in touch with them as the country is full of bush and dongas. However we captured 7 men out of a mounted patrol of 11, some little while ago, and all their horses (12 in number).

On another occasion, we captured all the horses of a patrol of 22 men as well as 2 prisoners and again, a few days ago, one white man and 4 horses.

I had a long chat with two of the men we caught on the one patrol. One was a lieutenant in the regulars, who was farming on the slopes of Mount Meru in German East Africa, which is a very high mountain near Kilimanjaro. He spoke very gratefully of the treatment he had received at the hands of the British and said he would be glad when G.E.A. was captured. He seemed very much exercised as to whether private individuals' land would be taken away from them which he seemed to anticipate but I told him he need not fear such a thing.

The other man was a journalist who had come out to represent a German paper at Dar-es-Salaam Exhibition. These two were quite gentlemanly fellows but the others were very rough and, I think, expected to be shot as one of them broke into tears when taken.

I think they were all pleased to go off to India, with the exception of the Lieutenant who was anxious to get back to his farm.

We have had Indian cavalry operating with us and have been considerably strengthened up in the last two months. I shall be able to write a better letter in a couple of weeks' time. I hope I have finished the sketching work as it has kept me busy when the other fellows were having their off days.

Lenox and Maurice are back again with us and I am very glad they have left the Intelligence as the country they were operating in was much worse than this.

We are quite well fitted out with kit. Otto Smuts has joined us. I have a Princess Mary's gift which I will send you when a chance occurs. It is a box with a 303 cartridge with a silver bullet."

(Jarvis). October 11th, 1915. Same date as Lenox's account of Inlyido.

"Since last writing we have had quite a stiff little fight. I believe we are not allowed to give numbers or places—in fact the censoring is very troublesome—Maurice, Lenox and I were together. Maurice had charge of the horses but Lenox and I were under fire during the whole action which lasted from daylight till about mid-day.

We went out to attack a position held by the Germans, about 2 days' march from our camp.

Our mounted men made a *détour* in the night and took up a commanding position at daylight while our infantry attacked from the opposite side.

For about 4 hours a heavy fire was kept up on both sides and we should most certainly have taken the position except for the unfortunate difficulty we had in distinguishing our native troops, from those of the Germans, in the bush.

We were under fire from 2 maxims most of the time and were unable to use our own maxim owing to there not being sufficient cover. Eventually we were ordered to withdraw for fear of shooting our own men but, during the night, the enemy evacuated the position."

Lenox and Maurice Southey left the Intelligence Scouts and after spending their leave in Nairobi rejoined the East African Mounted Rifles and are again in "C" Company together with Jarvis.

Lenox writes:—

"Maurice Southey, myself and four of the E.A.M.R. are being sent to scout the old camp at Longido. Longido is a high mountain 14 miles from here. Earlier in the war an all day action was fought there and we occupied it for some months. Neither side occupy it now except at irregular intervals.

A column will move out from here three days after us and after we have scouted Longido we will return and report to the column at a point about 20 miles this side of Longido.

17/9/15. We left Bissel camp at 5.30 p.m. and picked up 10 Masai about five miles out. It had been arranged that they were to go with us. They had no food with them so went without any and did not have anything to eat till we rejoined the main body several days later.

We travelled all night and reached a place called Donyo Orok (the black mountain) early next morning.

18/9/15. We hid all day here and could find no traces of the enemy having been here recently. At 5.30 p.m. we left Orok and arrived

at S.W. Longido at 10.30 p.m. We hid our animals close under the mountain in the thick bush, and then had some rest till dawn. Early next morning (19/9/15) three of us started to climb Longido while the other three got up on the ridge for observation purposes and to keep guard over the animals. Longido is a high mountain rising about 3,000 feet above the surrounding country and is very rough climbing. By getting up on top of the mountain one could look down into the camp on the W. side and would be able to see if it was occupied. The three who did this part of the work thought they would be back by 4 o'clock in the afternoon. They took four Masai with them. We kept watch from our side but saw nothing all day. By sunset the three men had not yet returned and it was making us rather anxious. By 8 p.m. there was still no sign of them and it seemed as if something must have gone wrong. What made us feel nervous was that if these men had been caught or shot the Masai with them would be forced to give us away and we would all be surrounded. This has happened before. We now saddled up all the animals and took them about half a mile in another direction into some bush. One of us, with a couple of Masai stayed to look after the animals, while the other two returned to the old camp to watch for another two hours to see if they turned up. Just as we got near the place we heard two short whistles (our signal). Our party had returned. We were awfully relieved to see them and they were equally glad to see us as they quite expected us to have gone, owing to their being so late. The walk was longer than they expected and when it got dark they found it very slow travelling. They had found the camp occupied and saw 4 German officers and about 50 men. This is all they could see but there may have been many more as it proved later. We had a bit of a rest and left about 12.30—mid-night. We travelled till 2.30 a.m. and then lay down to rest. At dawn we moved off again and reached Donyo Orok at 7.30 a.m. where we found the column just arriving.

20/9/15. We had not had much rest since leaving and were glad to be back with the main body. Jarvis was amongst the E.A.M.R.

It was a strong column consisting of E.A.M.R., K.A.R. and Indian Cavalry. We also had maxim guns. The plan of action was this, that the K.A.R. should come in behind the enemy while we attacked from the front. The Indian Cavalry were to remain in reserve in case the enemy tried to retreat. Our squadron was to take up its position on a ridge just opposite the enemy, a space of 2 to 3 hundred yards separating us. Here there would be some of the enemy's pickets and we were to rush them with fixed bayonets just at dawn. The whole column left Orok at 6 p.m. There was a good moon and it was quite a fine sight to see the mounted men and cavalry moving along silently. We made a big detour and then made straight for the camp. We left all our horses in a big donga with a guard. Our squadron (C) was (21st) ordered to the front and to fix bayonets. I didn't quite like the idea as I don't fancy myself with the bayonet. We then scrambled up these rough little kopjes. There was a picket on the one hill but it did not fire on us. We could see one man making off and we did not fire as it gave us more time to get into position before the alarm was given. It was light before we had got into position. At first we could not see anything but as it got lighter we could see men moving about. I could see three white men on a ridge about 250 yards away and one was looking at us with glasses. I could see quite plainly as I was using glasses. We were told not to fire as they might be our K.A.R. Some of our officers shouted across when—crack went the first shot and got one of our men through the leg. Some of our men had got a bit down the ridge and had great difficulty in getting back, one being killed. Firing commenced in earnest and the enemy were using two maxims on us. We also came in for a cross fire and it must have been some of our men mistaking us for the enemy. One man lying on my left was shot through the head but not killed, so I moved into better cover. Ours

was not a very big hill and as they concentrated their fire into the ridge there were a lot of bullets flying about. Then the K.A.R. advanced in the rear of the enemy and with cheers rushed towards the enemy. They got into very hot rifle fire and also got out of hand and exposed themselves a good deal. Then there was a good deal of misunderstanding as to exactly where they were and no doubt we were firing at them a good deal and they at us. It was rather a mix up and there seemed no clear understanding as to exactly where the various units were and what they were doing. All I know is bullets were coming our way which undoubtedly were from our own men. The enemy were strongly entrenched with a thorn kraal all round them and they had maxims. It was very difficult to locate them, they kept using their maxims and it was quite impossible to locate the positions. Our plans had not worked as they should and it was not considered worth while to rush the position which would have entailed a big loss of life and there would have been nothing definite gained. It was now almost noon so we had been under fire for about six hours. We now got the order to retire, which we did. Out of our tent two were killed and one wounded. Several of our wounded had to be left behind and were taken prisoners. The fire was so hot that it would have meant more loss of life to try and get them away. The total casualties amounted to 15 killed and 38 wounded.

We got back to our horses and reached Donyo Orok at 8 p.m. very tired and glad of some rest.

22/9/15. The Red Cross went out to Longido but found no sign of the enemy. They had left about 50 loads of provisions behind. We also found some of their dead and evidence of a lot of wounded men.

23/9/15. Most of the mounted men went out to Longido again to have a look at the battlefield and bring away the material the enemy had left behind. As our scouts entered the place they were fired on, one of the chaps getting his face cut by a bullet. The place may

have been re-occupied during the night or they may have sent back for their stuff and this was a picket we ran into. Anyhow the O.C. considered it unwise to enter the place, so we returned to Donyo Orok reaching there about sunset.

24/9/15. We remained all day at Orok and were very glad of the rest. At sunset we moved off and reached Bissel camp at about 9 o'clock the next morning.

## LETTERS FROM GEORGE.

Royal Field Artillery,  
Preston.

July 23rd, 1915.

"I arrived here on Thursday, just a fortnight ago. I had been prepared for a very ugly and grimy sort of place and was quite surprised when I got here to find how very nice it was. Preston itself is a big town, but the Barracks are two miles from the station and just in the country. It is very hilly with plenty of trees, and practically no hideous factories.

There were only four or five subalterns here when I arrived but now there are quite twenty five and all of them newly joined and knowing very little about artillery work. It was rather awkward for the first day or two, as none of us had the slightest idea of what we were expected to do and were told very little. For instance on Saturday I saw that I was Brigade and Garrison Orderly Officer for the day. I found that I had to go round the whole Barracks Hospital, Institute, Detention rooms, Kitchens, Canteens, inspect them and attend to any complaints. I also had to turn out the guards, parade the fire and stable piquets and in fact do a host of things that I knew nothing whatever about. I managed to get through it somehow, but luckily we are not given anything in the way of drilling or looking after the men, that will only come when we have been trained a bit.

We are all under an instructor and spend most of our time doing gun drill and learning how to use the guns. It is all very interesting

and I think I will like it very much. On three days in the week we go out mounted which is rather nice. We have an hour's riding in the riding-school every afternoon. I have quite a good horse, but he doesn't manage the jumps very well. Somehow or other I have stuck on and tried to look as though I had done it all my life.

The Barracks are just the typical bare ugly stone kind with bare parade grounds. I share a room with a very nice man who was in the Artist Rifles and knew the Horseleys and Trubshawe well.

The officers are almost all new, just the Colonel and four Majors being permanent. They are quite a nice lot on the whole and I think much nicer than I had expected. They are many of them men from distant parts; for instance, four from Australia, one from New Zealand, two from Canada, one from Uganda and one from Nyassaland, so we are quite a mixed lot."

R.A. Mess.

Shoeburyness,

August 5th, 1915.

You will see that I have been moved from Preston. Four of us have come down from there to do a month's course of gunnery.

This is a most extraordinary place. It is about 7 miles east of Southend on the northern shore of the Thames.

The barracks are along the coast and the sea comes up to within a few yards of my room. At low tide it goes out a mile or more and leaves endless stretches of sand.

This is a sort of school at which officers are trained and I should think there are about 150 of us all together. We are worked very hard indeed and from 8.30 in the morning till 6 o'clock in the afternoon we have no time to ourselves except for an hour at lunch.

The course is evidently well mapped out and the instructors very good, so that we ought to have a good idea of our work at the end of it.

During the week we are tremendously busy but from Saturday at 5 p.m. to Sunday night we can do what we like.

There is quite a lot of interest down here, particularly as we are on the sea. There are ever so many guns of all kinds and sizes in the forts in the barracks, they do plenty of firing with them and with the ships practising on the sands, it is quite exciting.

There are 24 other officers in the particular course that I am doing. When it is over I go back to Preston and I may possibly be sent to the front a few weeks after that, which would be some time about the end of September, but of course that is very vague.

I share a room here with one of the officers who came with us from Preston and we get on very well. He was a choral scholar at King's Cambridge and so has a splendid voice.

August 12th, 1915.

"The only excitement has been a zeppelin raid which took place last Monday night.

We were woken up to hear a good deal of firing and about 6 very heavy explosions of bombs that shook the whole place.

[We went out but there was nothing to be seen beyond the flashes of a few guns and the beams of numberless searchlights. Unfortunately there was a good deal of low cloud which gave the searchlights no chance of finding the zeppelins and showing them up.

It appears that many bombs were dropped at various places but those near us fell about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile out to sea. When the tide was out next day we looked about for remains but could discover nothing. One zeppelin was finally brought down off Ostend."

September.

"By last mail you will have got my letter written at Palace Court on my way to Southampton where I arrived that afternoon and met the rest of our party.

We found we were all to leave that night for Havre. They gave us all bunks on a very comfortable boat and at about 10.30 most of us turned in. The ship did not leave till much later.

It was a lovely night but somehow the sea was quite unusually rough. We only got in at mid-day and I was glad to get on shore.

At Havre we were sent off to a camp a few miles off where we reported ourselves and fixed up quarters. We expected to remain there for a few days but, next morning, we got our orders to proceed to our various divisions. Unfortunately our party was broken up—all going to different places. I was ordered to join the 14th Division. We were not told, of course, where these various units were but only that the train left at such and such a time and that our carriage would be marked.

We left Havre on Monday evening and have been travelling slowly ever since. I got here last night (Wednesday). It was most interesting gradually approaching the front. The first sign of anything we saw was an aeroplane being shelled. The evening was beautifully clear and it was really a very pretty sight. Later we saw 7 or 8 aeroplanes, all British, with the sky just dotted with puffs of white smoke from bursting shells. None of them were at all near the mark.

I must not say where I am at present but we are a few miles behind the firing line and, as I expected, I am in an ammunition column. There is a continuous sound of firing and tremendous activity everywhere. The firing must have gone on most of the night as, whenever I woke, I heard it.

I slept with several other officers in a cow stable. The floor is of rough stones but I was quite comfortable and very warm in my sleeping bag.

The weather is beautiful during the day but cold at nights.

We are at a funny tumble-down sort of farm. The people are still living in it and are busy working and farming their land as usual.

So far I have not seen much of the people here nor have I had any duties to do. Tomorrow, I suppose I shall begin.

4/10/15. It was a long time before any letters reached me, but on the whole they come very quickly (2 days). During last week we

got no posts and none went away as all communications had been stopped.

There is practically no fighting going on that affects us in the Column and we have now received orders to make our winter quarters at this farm.

The weather is fine but cold and already the mud is dreadfully bad. It is not more than ankle deep but there is absolutely no getting away from it. I wear a pair of rubber boots which keep my feet fairly dry. I have now managed to get a sort of bed rigged up with wood and sacking which is very comfortable and I am thoroughly warm at nights.

Our food is pretty good on the whole. We are able to get milk and butter from the farm people, eggs at 2½d. each and most odds and ends of provision are sent direct to us from England.

At present we are very busy building standings and stables for our horses to keep them out of the mud and rain.

We collect timber and bricks from the ruined houses and the place I am near is the most wonderful sight in that way that you can possibly imagine.

It is such a shame that I had to send my camera back but orders are strict on that subject. It is extremely interesting to go round and see everything here. I went round one of our batteries a day or two ago. The guns are so well hidden that there is no sign of them even at about 5 yards distance!!

Narrow deep trenches wind about from the gun emplacements to the dug-outs. They are covered by bushes and trees and in a few minutes I had absolutely no idea where I was. I suppose I ought not to describe things too closely. The position was out of sight of the German lines and about 2,500 yards away so that you could walk about anywhere you liked as long as no aeroplanes were up. There are always men on the look-out for them and they warn people by signals with a whistle to get under cover.

I had a spill off my horse yesterday which is my first for ages. I was cantering along and

it was rather dark; the horse is not very sure footed and we went across the edge of a shell hole. He had plenty of time to see it but down he went on to his nose and right into the middle of it. Luckily the ground was soft so that neither of us suffered any damage.

There are endless shell-holes all over the place of every possible size. It is an extraordinary sight to see the places made by the 17-inch shells. If they go properly into a house there is literally no trace of what the place was like beforehand. There is just an enormous hole and piles of splintered wood and brick. I saw a house about the size of Hunsdon and Wayland combined before and after and there was not a trace of a wall left standing.

It is rather strange, as you see the shell burst and then after a few seconds you hear the sound of it coming, followed by the sound of the burst.

October 10th, 1915. Since last writing we have received definite orders to make winter quarters for ourselves and horses. I suppose they put it off until now as there were vague hopes of a move forward.

It means doing a tremendous lot of work as the mud is fairly bad already and the horse lines must be built before it is too deep. We have from 80 to 90 horses in our ammunition column so that it is quite a big business building something substantial for them to stand on and which won't sink below the mud.

The men's huts also have to be built because at present they sleep in very miserable little dug-outs, made of sand-bags and old doors, which are damp and cold. After that we are going to set about making ourselves comfortable.

The cow stable is quite a nice room but the wind blows in under the roof and through the doors making it too cold to be pleasant. We are going to line the roof with sacking, putting sand-bags in the gap between wall and roof. We will fit in a stove of some kind and cover the brick floor with sacking. My bed consists of sacking stretched over a wooden frame work and is very comfortable; but being so thin is



cold underneath. Things are pretty settled on this part of the front. There is fairly continuous firing by the guns, but nothing will happen here until there is a movement in other parts."

G. A. MURRAY.

## LETTERS FROM SERVIA.

The following are extracts from letters to Lucy Molteno from her sister Miss Nan Mitchell who has gone to Serbia with an American Red Cross Expedition.

Salonika,

July 19th, 1915.

We were most thoroughly investigated from the moment we reached Gibraltar. First little destroyers came out and circled around us in a very business-like way. After we anchored officers came on board and went most carefully over everyone's passport. Some of our Serbs, born in Austria, and some of the American doctors with German names had some nervous moments, but were finally let through. Gibraltar looked disappointing when we came in, but as the afternoon lights grew, got more and more beautiful, the mountains on the African coast reminded me so much of those across False Bay from Miller's Point.

We left just after dark with the lights out in the houses. The great rock looming dark, and searchlights playing on us as we passed. We felt we were really entering the war zone, emphasised by the cheering remark of the English officer when someone murmured at the fuss they were making, "that we should blame it on the Kaiser, and we would be jolly lucky if we were not torpedoed as well."

The English did not seem quite satisfied about our cargo and made us go to Malta while they telegraphed back to England about it. We had visions of being held up at that uninteresting spot for perhaps weeks but, to our joy, we had scarcely stopped in the Bay when we got word it was all right to go on. After leaving there. (Malta) we had, one evening,

quite a sensation when two searchlights bore down upon us. They passed on each side then turned and followed close on our heels till they were near enough to hail us by word of mouth and ask where we were from and where bound; they seemed contented with our answer for after following a little longer with the searchlight on us they suddenly turned away, all their light went out and they vanished in the dark. It shows the English are patrolling the Mediterranean pretty well but until one knew it was them one had an uncomfortable feeling; it might be a German "something."

The most wonderful part of the voyage was getting to Piraeus. I have never seen a more beautiful harbour. I woke very early that morning and my first glimpse from the port-hole thrilled me with joy—just a high promontory we were passing close—but it was Greece—it could not possibly have been any other country; it seemed to speak of Byron's poems and all the lovely paintings one had ever seen of it.

From there on, the sail was a dream of beauty; one seemed in a charmed circle with mountains and hills all around one, and everywhere the exquisite Grecian colouring, the sea of soft blue, the land the colour of pale sun light with a rosy tint and, between them both, an opal coloured mist. When we came up to Piraeus it looked very eastern, and deliciously quaint. Everywhere the same colouring, light, sand and sunshine, making things almost white and the only green was in the silver coloured aloes and olives. These aloes carried me back again to the Cape, they are the most beautiful plant and, in Athens they were flowering. We went to a little hotel right on the water front at Piraeus, kept by some connection of the ship's captain. Our whole effort was to get something cheap for the expedition which has been started off without nearly enough money for incidentals such as, stopping along the way to Nish, which we did not know we would have to do.

Miss E—— and I determined to keep with the others, and we were most pleasantly surprised by the hotel which proved to be new

and spotlessly clean and comfortable; cleanliness we had not dared to hope for. There was no restaurant in it, so we planned to take our meals where we spent all our time in Athens. It was only about 30 minutes off by a little electric tram. The first day, by the time we found our way to the Acropolis, it was too late to get to the top of the hills where the ruins are, and around which there is a wall. They look, however, almost more beautiful from a little below, and we sat there and watched the sun-set across the plains of Attica behind the mountains which I had no idea were so beautiful. Then there is the sea, and near at hand. these wonderful columns rising, almost like spirits, against the clear sky. I hope I shall never forget how lovely it was. The little boat was very full with ourselves, Lady Paget and her party, some Greeks, various odd military men—Greek and Russian—some of whom were very fine looking. Lady Paget had been in Greece recovering from her bad attack of typhus, and was going back to a hospital for a while. She was very nice in telling us all she could, and giving us advice.

#### Salonika.

We were pleasantly surprised in getting accommodation here as every one said the place was over-crowded. The American Consul had been telegraphed to, and had fitted us all into different hotels. He brought Miss E. and me, with one or two others, straight off in his launch. We then landed in a very comfortable room which gets all the breeze there is from the water. The hotel is right on the water front and it is fascinating to look out on the gaily painted boats, putting up their quaint sails and awnings, and on the mixed population going by. It seems to me, this place must have a little bit of the atmosphere of Cairo. You see fezzes and Turkish costumes—women in lovely brocade clothes, with most quaint head-dresses, who, they say, are Jewish—then Turkish women with veils down—and a good many quite smartly dressed Europeans, I suppose Greeks, and everywhere a sprinkling of people with red crosses on their arms.

We expected to get off to-day to Nish, but now are held till to-morrow. Nish is about twenty hours from here. They say letters from Serbia never arrive so if you do not hear from me again you will know why. I do not know what happens—if they are censored or only lost,—but I feel it probably is not as bad as it sounds. We hear that the Typhus is practically over. There is what they call relapsing fever, but it is not fatal and we are so thoroughly inoculated with germs, that we expect to escape everything.

We have just heard we go to Nish to-morrow. We have had very peaceful comfortable days here. The view from our window is a continual joy. We could see snow on Mount Olympus this morning, and the weather has been delicious.

Nish, July 30th.

We have been in Nish three days, lodged in a big building—a hospital—which was originally a barracks. There are still patients there, but they are no longer typhus ones, only those suffering from old wounds. Nish is far less attractive than most of the towns we passed through coming up. It is very dusty, hot and bare, especially where the hospital is situated.

We went to see Sir Ralph Paget, about distributing a fund Miss E. had for widows and orphans, and it was interesting to hear from him that a Gen. Joubert, nephew of the original Gen. Joubert had just been out here, in the interest of a Jewish Relief Committee and had formulated a scheme for an industrial orphan asylum.

A Miss G. to whom I had a letter, was going to take money to some Bosnian refugees in a remote little village, and invited us to go with her. We started the next morning at 5.30. With us went another Serbian lady, quite charming, Madame M. and a friend of theirs, Mr. S., attached in some capacity to Sir Ralph. We travelled all day in a third class carriage and a baggage car, of which the whole train consisted. It was full of soldiers and officers. We went through most wonderful country, and did not find the journey nearly as exhaust-

ing as it might have been, although we only arrived at 11 p.m., at the little town of where we spent 3 or 4 nights. The first day Miss G. and Madame M. went on in Sir Ralph's motor, to the refugees, but as the garrison motor was out of commission there was no means of our also going, so Mr. I. was left behind, to show us what we could see by carriage. This he did most successfully. We spent the whole day driving through lovely scenery, and got quite acquainted with the Serbian Army, for we lunched with the garrison in a tiny little village. There was stationed there a cavalry regiment and a mountain battery presided over respectively by two handsome and dashing colonels, who did everything to entertain us, gave us a delicious lunch and took us to see the encampments, where they went through all the movements of dismounting and firing the guns for our instruction. They were camped in a wood to avoid hostile aeroplanes, and it was a very realistic war scene.

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 Bisset, Mrs. J., Larne, Kenilworth, Cape.  
 Bisset, Murray, M.L.A., Plumstead, Cape.  
 Bisset, Bazett, Hilbrow, Kenilworth, Cape.  
 Beard, Mrs. H., Belford, Kenilworth, Cape.  
 Blenkins, William, Beaufort Villa, Kenilworth, Cape.  
 Bingle, Miss, 62 Wolfingham Road, West Norwood, London, S.W.

Botha, Mrs., Hunsdon, Kenilworth, Cape.  
 Greene, Miss A. Ivydene, Rondebosch, Cape.  
 Jarvis, Miss, Beaufort Villa, Kenilworth, Cape.  
 Molteno, P. A., (M.P.) 10 Palace Court, Bayswater, London, W.  
 Molteno, Mrs. P. A., 10 Palace Court, Bayswater, London, W.  
 Molteno, D. J., Trinity College, Cambridge, England.  
 Molteno, Margaret, Girton College, Cambridge, England.  
 Molteno, J. C., Sandown, Rondebosch, Cape.  
 Molteno, F., Claremont House, Claremont, Cape.  
 Molteno, Mrs. F., Claremont House, Claremont, Cape.  
 Molteno, Brenda, Claremont House, Claremont, Cape.  
 Molteno, Dr. V. G., Fir Lodge, Wynberg, Cape.  
 Molteno, Sir J. T., Palace Hotel, Kenilworth.  
 Molteno, W. W. D., Kamfer's Kraal, Nelspoort, Cape.  
 Molteno, Mrs. W. W. D., Kamfer's Kraal, Nelspoort, Cape.  
 Molteno, Capt. V. B., United Service Club, Pall Mall, London.  
 Molteno, Lady, Glen Elgin, Elgin, Cape.  
 Molteno, E. F. B., Glen Elgin, Elgin, Cape.  
 Molteno, Miss, Ivydene, Rondebosch, Cape.  
 Murray, Mrs. C. F. K., Kenilworth Cottage, Kenilworth, Cape.  
 Murray, Major C. M., Alice Holt, Nr. Farnham, Surrey.  
 Murray, Gordon, P.O. Cedarville, Griqualand East, Cape.  
 Murray, Lenox, "C" Squadron, East African Mounted Rifles, Field Army Post Office, Nairobi, B.E.A.  
 Murray, Kathleen, Oak Lodge, Elgin, Cape.  
 Murray, Lieut., George A.  
 Moodie, Miss Pigot, 10 Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.  
 Parker, Mrs. F., Trevaldwyn, Llandrindod Wells, Wales.  
 Sandeman, Colonel, Orchard Lodge, East Street, Surrey.  
 Southey, Miss H., Indian House, Kenilworth, Cape.  
 Stanford, Mrs. E., Innugi, Kokstad, Griqualand East, C.P.

# FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

EXPENDITURE.				RECEIPTS.			
Printing—	£	s.	d.	Balance in hand per last	£	s.	d.
April	8	19	0	statement	1	13	2
August	11	8	0	Arrear Subscriptions	6	15	0
December	7	18	0	Subscriptions for year 1915	30	15	0
Wrappers, Postage and P. Cards		16	5	Subscriptions in advance for 1916	1	15	0
Balance	12	19	3	Extra Copies	1	2	6
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	£42	0	8		£42	0	8
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