CHRONICLE OF THE FAMILY.

NO. 3 DECEMBER, 1916. VOL. 4.

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EDITORIAL.

The Editor has reason to believe that a certain number of subscribers are indifferent about the Magazine or, at least, question whether it is worth the subscription. In fact two members of the family have withdrawn their names on the ground that the result is "too poor".

In view of this feeling of uncertainty, the Editor has decided to make an appeal, through this Editorial, to each subscriber individually, for a perfectly candid criticism and an opinion as to the continuance of the Magazine. Meantime she hopes the remaining subscribers will continue their support until the replies have been received and that they will accept the wish of the majority in the matter.

The Editor would like to take this opportunity of again stating the aim of the *Family Chronicle*, which cannot be attained without the active help of all the Family. It is intended primarily to form a record whose interest and value should increase with time, and secondly to be a means of conveying news to the scattered members of the family and of keeping them in touch with one another. To those living in the Peninsula the *Chronicle* cannot appeal as a newspaper—already they have heard every piece of news and almost every letter of interest has been read aloud—but with those who live in distant parts the case is entirely different, and these have often expressed their appreciation of the *Chronicle* and their dependence on it, in many instances, for all family news.

The Editor believes that if she could get more response to her appeals for contributions, made personally and through the *Chronicle*, the result would be more interesting and more representative.

In conclusion the Editor requests each subscriber to let her have, in writing, an opinion as to whether the *Chronicle* is worth continuing and if so what improvements could be suggested. It is specially urged that the replies to these questions be sent to the Editor without delay.

GENERAL NEWS.

The engagement is announced of Jarvis Murray to Rosamund Eustace, the widow of Captain Eustace. She is at present living in Nairobi and the marriage is not expected to take place until the end of the war.

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Betty Molteno and Miss Greene left for England at very short notice in the middle of August. We have had very interesting letters from Betty, giving her impressions of London under war conditions. She spent a few very happy days at Glen Lyon, where she was overwhelmed with the beauty of the surroundings and the interest of renewing her very early acquaintance with Scotland. We hope that she and Miss Greene will both very soon be with us again.

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Islay Bisset returned to the Cape in August after an absence of nearly five years. She spent two years at Berkhamsted School and then proceeded to Newnham, where she worked for the History Tripos for two years, but owing to her engagement to Jervis Molteno and their approaching marriage she did not complete the course. She has much enjoyed these few months at home renewing old acquaintances and seeing what she could of the country. She had a specially delightful time visiting George and Knysna with Gladys and Murray Bisset in September.

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Brenda and Nesta Molteno arrived back at the Cape in September. Nesta now "grown up" and very happy to be at home again, although she thoroughly enjoyed her two years in England.

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On August 9th Barkly Molteno was appointed to the command of the super dreadnought "King George V", flagship of the 2nd Battle Squadron under Admiral Jerram. Percy Molteno was able to pay Barkly a three day's visit and go all over his new ship and have many interesting talks with his admiral. The latter appears to be more sociable than most, and has Barkly, the Staff Captain and his Secretary to meals with him. Barkly has a nice large and most comfortable cabin. Percy was fortunate enough to be on the Bridge while she was altering her position to make way for an incoming ship. They had to pass ahead close to the "Iron Duke", and as they passed caught a glimpse of the Commander-in-Chief.

Just the day Percy arrived Ethel had most unfortunately to return south with an attack of Phlebitis, but from the latest news we hear she is quite well again.

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Hilda and Rhona are still at Alice Holt with Mr. and Mrs. Robertson and Ethel. Lorna and Stewart are both very happy at their respective schools. Stewart is the youngest, but by no means the smallest, boy in the school. We hear Lorna's nickname is General Smuts!

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George Murray was moved from Arras to the Somme area, going into action on August 9th and coming out on October 1st. He has had a most strenuous time, taking part in some of the heaviest fighting and right in the heart of it all too, night and day work, firing without ceasing. The guns were literally wheel to wheel, and the noise deafening.

His division seems to have had an unusually long spell of it without a break. He has been in charge of the Right Section, that is, two guns about a mile from the left section of the two guns commanded by the Major. The latter has a sub under him, and George has the other sub under him. He therefore has a responsible position. In a letter of his, written before he was moved to his present position, he describes the following wonderful sight:—

"I have just been watching a most extraordinary sight. A lot of our aeroplanes, about 20 or more, were going over the German lines, the Germans opened fire on them and in a few moments a shell hit one fair and square. There was a huge burst of flame and black smoke. At first only smoke could be seen, and then in a few moments the aeroplane became clearer.

It whirled over and over for about 1,000 feet and then righted itself. It circled slowly round and round falling towards the ground, all the time it was burning fiercely in front. Every moment I expected to see it crumple up and fall, but it came down about 200 yards in front of our O.P. just inside our lines. Of course, everyone never doubted for a moment that both the men in it were killed, but, would you believe it, when it landed, the pilot and observer *both* climbed out and staggered away!! They got into our trenches safely and were practically speaking unhurt. Both were slightly burnt but nothing more. Was it not a marvelous escape? Just think of the pilot keeping his head through it all, and getting the machine under some sort of control."

From a letter from George dated October 24th, we hear that after coming out of the "Push" on the Somme he returned to his old position (several miles south of Arras). For ten days he was in command of the battery and was then sent with four others of his division for a five weeks course of gunnery lasting until November 17th. He writes:—

"We had a five hours journey in a motor bus. The school is on the estate of a French Marquis, and we have the use of part of his chateau for our Mess. There are 40 officers on the course, several Majors, most Captains and a few Subalterns. We are kept busy from 9 a.m. till 7 p.m. with an hour for lunch. It seems quite a rest with nothing to think of or worry about, just to do as one is told and nothing more."

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Ernest Anderson has now been out of the firing line for some months. His regiment is constantly being moved to different localities. They find it very tedious waiting and doing nothing, but if there is any chance of breaking through the lines, the cavalry must be at hand to take immediate advantage. From time to time they move up to the front, only to remain there a few weeks and then return to their present billets. The latter are in a valley which has a nice little river running through it and beyond rolling hilly country. There is quite good fishing and Ernest has caught about 100 trout! Fighting the Germans he likens to digging out badgers, which continually dig themselves in again. There was a camp of German prisoners near their last quarters who, he says, receive better treatment than their own men, fresh meat every day, etc. He describes the Caterpillars, or Tanks, as they are called, which were being used for the first time just before he wrote. They were very satisfactory, walking over everything and firing heavily the whole time.

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Brab Newcomen has been back from the Front with concussion of the spine. He and Clarissa have been staying in a small cottage on the river near Maidenhead. Brab is getting on well now and will probably be back on light duty soon.

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Harold Murray, now Brigade Major, was first in France, then in Salonika and has now been in Egypt since January on the Staff of the 53rd Division. His wife is living with her aunt near Hastings.

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George Pigot-Moodie, now a Major, is an instructor in the Machine Gun School at Staples.

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Since the last number came out Ronald Beard has left the Cambridge Cadet Corps and gone on to Exeter where he passed various examinations preliminary to going into the R.F.A. Last mail brought the news that he was undergoing a very stiff gunnery course at Shoeburyness, previous to taking his commission.

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Willie Anderson is still at Bleu Castel, Belvidere Superieure, Tunis. His health is much better, he lately made a short tour to several places of interest in Algeria. He writes:—

"I went to Lavordum and after leaving there visited a little summer resort upon the top of a mountain above Bône—the latter town is the

ancient Hippo which one connects with Augustine the Great. This summer resort, Bugeaud by name, is very lovely all among the cork forests and braken and oaks—the sea nearly 3,000 feet below. I received the *Family Chronicle* a few days ago, and so got plenty of news of the family. It is really a very useful production, as without it one would remain in ignorance of the family—and it is also most interesting."

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News from the Karoo is still most cheerless, the appaling drought conditions are still unbroken. The rainfall on Kamfers Kraal up to November this year has only been 3½ inches and it was also 3½ inches last year and less than 3 inches at Bleak House, so the condition of the veld can better be imagined than described. It will take very big rains to restore it to anything like normal conditions. Wallace brought his sheep back from the Free State in April and again had a very poor lambing, only getting about 400 lambs from his 2,000 ewes. His stock managed to keep going for three months on Kamfers Kraal but in August it was again necessary to trek the half of them and he secured veld at "Poortje" for them, where there had been a certain amount of rain. Now a very critical time has come, as it is necessary to trek them away from "Poortje" and also to trek the remainder of the sheep from Kamfers Kraal, and veld is very hard to procure. The big wheat lands which Wallace sowed in April have struggled manfully and did their utmost to yield a crop, a good shower a few weeks ago would have saved them, but no shower came and they have reluctantly succumbed to the ultra-dryness of the "dry cultivation"!

The only bright spot is the good price of wool and Wallace was lucky in procuring 15d. a lb. for his first lot of A wool—a price which up to date has not been obtained by another local farmer. Considering the hardships the sheep have endured trekking in the north-west and Free State it is most forgiving and clever of them to grow so good a clip!

Harold Anderson is now adding pig breeding to his gradually accumulating farming interests, having secured some pedigree Large Blacks. His coming wheat crop promises well, the district has been suffering from a great drought, but rain was falling in moderate quantities when he last wrote. He has, however, succeeded in keeping his lands supplied with water—pumped from the Orange River—and lately has been pumping night and day. Owing to the drought his veld has suffered greatly and he has had to feed his stock of every description.

He has been giving attention to a species of Astrakhan sheep which, he says, should do well with the Persian stock.

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Bazett Bisset has been surveying in the Umtata district for nearly 18 months, but was down on a short visit last December. On account of the drought he has been unable to finish his work sooner, but now that they have had rain he hopes to be home in time for Xmas.

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Wilfred Southey has moved from the farm he had hired on the borders of Basutoland to a much better one quite near Gordon and Evelyn. He and his wife appreciate being within easy reach of their relatives and friends from whom they were separated by a long journey through mountainous country and a very bad road. Their little daughter, Pauline, is just a year old and is very often with her cousins, Mary and Elizabeth.

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Maurice Southey is now Cypher Officer, stationed at Dar-es-Salaam.

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The following are extracts from John Molteno's letters.

16 July, 1916.

I am still in Hospital but am going out tomorrow. This is my fifth hospital and I will be glad to be free again and have something to eat, as so far I have lived on milk. I had

to travel 350 miles—most of the way in motor lorries, and the roads were pretty bad—but I am feeling quite fit again. Before I left Kondoa we were having a busy time.

20 July, 1916.

I am leaving this afternoon for Nairobi. I thought I might be sent down to Wynberg as the doctor recommended a sea trip.

1 September, 1916, Multiaiga Hospital.

This is a very good hospital and you get all the attention you could wish for and want for nothing. It is very different from the field hospitals at the front and is about 4 miles from the town and in quite a nice situation.

(Since his last letters appeared in the magazine John has been ill and was sent back from Kondoa Irangi to Nairobi).

23 September, 1916.

I am now attached to the No. 2 S.A. General Hospital. We are leaving at any moment for Dar-es-salaam and have been very busy the last week getting all the equipment away. It is over three months since I left our corps at Kondoa Irangi. We had rather a lively time there as the Germans used to shell our hospitals nearly every morning and we had to move it several times.

7 October, 1916, Dar-es-salaam.

We arrived here yesterday after a nice voyage. Das-es-Salaam has a fine harbour, you go inland up the river for about a mile before reaching the town, which is built on the banks of the river. There are some fine buildings which are all white and most of them three stories high. The roads are made of a sort of limestone and lined with trees on either side. It is a very clean town and really very pretty. We stopped for a day and a half at Zanzibar to take in water. It looks a regular Arab town with high square buildings right on the shore. There are a lot of small islands round the main one, some only small islands round the main one, some only a few hundred yards long. It is very hot here. There is a nice sandy beach and the water is warm. The swarms of mosquitoes are very troublesome. There are a lot of German women and children still here; they all look quite contented.

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Arthur Bisset writes that his regiment has gone into a rest camp. Out of a total of 1100 men only 250 (including Arthur) have been passed fit for active service, owing to strenuous marching and very inadequate rations.

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Ian Bisset writes from East Africa that all goes well with him, and that he is keeping fit. Long marches and welcome rests have been the order of the day. He has enjoyed some great views of the new country. Various incidents, such as his first action, the extinguishing of a forest fire, and escape from an infuriated ox, have varied the monotony of perpetual tramping.

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Lenox Murray has received a commission as Lieutenant in the East African Mounted Rifles. He is still buying cattle for the Government, moving with the army through the country and having a very interesting time. He says that a few nights previous to writing the lions stampeded about 300 of his oxen out of the boma, in the middle of the night. They were mad with fright crashing through the bush like a herd of buffalo. He was fortunately able to recover them all. When his last letter was written (Oct. 12th) he had been out for 10 months without leave, which was not given him on account of his good health. As there was so much work to be done he did not ask for it.

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Jervis Molteno arrived on Saturday, Nov. 25th, on a perfect summer's morning. Islay, with her father and Betty met him on board and a happy party assembled to welcome him at Claremont House, where he will stay until their marriage. The wedding had been fixed for the 6th of December, but now has, unfortunately, had to be postponed as Gwen Bisset, the only bridesmaid, has developed measles just as Eldred and Murray were recovering from the same epidemic. It is thought the wedding will take place on Friday, December 15th.

Early Reminiscences as a Magistrate.

Our Editor having asked for some of my experiences, glimpses of the life of a magistrate in the Transkei many years ago, may be of some interest, more especially as that life, containing as it did much of the grotesque, has passed away in South Africa and given place to more normal conditions.

Whilst at East London in 1879, I was promoted to the magistracy of Mount Frere in the heart of Kaffirland, 250 miles away.

How to get to my new station required careful consideration—the long journey in the primitive postcart being rough work with the added disadvantage of being able to take very little luggage. Eventually I decided to ride, taking three weeks allowance of clothing on a pack-horse—good pack-saddlery being obtainable locally. As the new appointment carried with it allowance for the keep of two horses—3 high-class animals, that would soon become seasoned to local requirements, could be taken from the Colony.

For my own use, I secured a nearly thoroughbred heavy dark bay "Pompey"—one of the best South Africa has produced. I obtained him by the merest chance when 4½ years old; and he carried me in the aggregate, some 6,000 miles. My native boy, wishing to accompany me, I purchased "Judas," a ponyplate winner, an under-sized thoroughbred—also an excellent animal. As a packhorse, an animal of enormous power was picked up on the market.

All being ready, we started in the month of May going across country to Komgha, where I met the late Mrs. Ham and Montagu White, whose tragic end, lately, so shocked us. For the rest of the journey, there were no hotels, A boarding-house at Umtata, elsewhere the traders put me up in their usually hospitable way, a European, from the outside world, being a godsend. Generally, a bed was made up on the store-counter, on a pile of trade-blankets, which thus got an airing. Food was tinned fish or meat, with discuits or bread—drink mostly a flask of square-face gin.

On the tenth day, after dark, Mount Frere was reached, after having crossed the many bridgeless rivers, more often than not, by atrocious drifts of a slippery, or a bouldery, nature. The journey had been pleasant. The first day or two, one got tired of being in the saddle all day, with no person to talk to, the native boy coming on behind with the packhorse. Then one settled down and studied the natives and nature as one went along.

Four years previously, the Chief Makaula, had handed to the Government his country, which then became the Mount Frere district, The tribe was of recent formation, from elements of recognized tribes who had settled in unoccupied country, then known as Nomansland, on the Pondo border. The new tribe called themselves Amabaca, the country—Bacaland. The people were of the fearless pioneering type, wholly unspoiled by contact with Europeans. Please bear in mind they knew nothing about Europeans, or their ways.

The magistracy, then on a Ridge, has since, for a better water supply, been removed to the valley below. It was not a town, nor even a hamlet. Only a large wattle-and-daub Court-Room with offices attached, all with antheap floors, which indeed all the government buildings had—a telegraph office of same construction with quarters for telegraph officer (who was my clerk and postmaster as well),—a few huts for the police,—huts occupied by my predecessor lower down the Ridge—a European trader a quarter of a mile up the Ridge, another in the valley below, a mile away, with a Griqua blacksmith's shop, constituted Mount Frere. Almost up to the offices on one side was dense forest.

The day after my arrival, I began looking into matters. There was a murderer on the books, where was he? In a matter of fact way, I was informed he had gone to the bush, unaccompanied, in search of honey. Shortly he put in an appearance with a can of honey, which was confiscated with an intimation he must in

future confine himself to the precincts of the offices. At night the prisoners slept in the constables' kitchen with some of the police. Makenke, the honeyman, was a character about whom I shall have more to say. His method of honey-finding was simple. Capturing a bee, he released it after attachment by means of some sticky substance of a piece of down. The bee made straight for home, Makenke following at his best pace, discovering the hive and appropriating the contents.

There were 4 mounted constables on the books. If my memory serves, 2 at £3, and 2 at £1 10s. a month, with supply of uniform clothing. At the muster, 8 mounted men appeared, 4 being volunteers, without salary, finding their own horses and clothing. How were they paid? That was quite simple. All the constables were messengers of the Court carrying out its process and received a beast from the losing party. A "beast" was a head of cattle of any size or age; other tariff of fees there was none. There was always good grass for the horses and the constables' mealie food supplies were sent from their homes. There was fierce competition for enrolment in the subsidiary force, from which the paid force was recruited. Many of the constables had two horses each. Meat they got in abundance when they accompanied the Magistrate on his rounds. Custom required that the kraal at which the magistrate slept had to kill for his use a sheep or beast, dependently on the size of his party.

The constables came in for the lion's share and returned to the magistracy with shiny faces, increased bulk and infinitely happy.

As fines were imposed largely in cattle, the Magistrate had to take charge of them. Prisoners herded the government cattle and went where they wished. I found later that unless the crime a prisoner had committed was of an odious nature, there was perfect familiarity, as well as social equality, between prisoners, the constables and the general public.

On any large gathering of natives at the magistracy, fines (cattle) were slaughtered for the Chiefs and their followers, the Fine Account showing the transaction.

Next, a prisoner came to ask for 3 days leave to attend the burial of his mother-in-law. This was granted upon it being represented that was the practice on emergency occasions of that kind. The prisoners played the game and were back on expiry of leave.

On days of heavy rain or snow, business was suspended and not a soul came near the magistracy.

I soon got into local ways. Natives revel in litigation. Proceedings were very informal, no attorney and no agent. Picture a scene in Court, say, a hot day, the Court reeking with bouquet d'Afrique, Magistrate on rostrum, coat off, smoking (he the only privileged one) with a pile of kaffir tobacco at right hand. Plaintiff, with his witnesses, on one side, defendant with his witnesses on the other side, say, a dowry case and perjury rampant. A long all day process, as you cannot hurry a native. If you do, he loses the thread of his discourse, possibly of his lies; and he will always owe you a grudge.

Let him have his fling and the uncivilized native will generally go away satisfied with the judgment. Anyone in Court, whether connected with the litigants, or not, was allowed to interrupt proceedings by putting questions to a witness, if he thought he could elicit anything that would aid in the solution of the case.

Natives do not accept their officials on trust, so a few weeks after my arrival, the Chief Magistrate came from Kokstad to introduce me to the tribe. Chiefs, headmen and people came in thousands.

The Chief Magistrate addressed them, saying who I was, what my record, etc., etc I followed with a few words, being very cautious as kaffirs have wonderful memories. Then government cattle were slaughtered, and after refreshment the crowd, principally mounted, dispersed.

In those days, capital crimes in East Griqualand were tried by the Chief Magistrate and two magistrates, so about a month later the

Chief Magistrate put in an appearance, accompanied by the Magistrate of Mount Ayliff; and Makenke was tried. Of course, he pleaded "not guilty" as he was bound to—the crime being a capital one. The case unrolled itself. There had been a beer-drink on our Pondo border. Pondos and Bacas were present. With much, and probably mature, or heady beer, tall talk followed, eventuating in a fight between Bacas and Pondos, Makenke, with a knobbed stick, killing a Pondo. The kaffir head generally survives such blows but Makenke was very powerful. Possibly, the Pondo's skull was not of average thickness. There was no medical evidence. We decided upon a verdict of culpable homicide. The Chief Magistrate summed up and without further consulting us sentenced Makenke to three months' hard labour, and to pay a fine of £10, with the option of a further 3 months' hard labour.

A day or two later, I was in bed at 7.30 a.m. A knock on the open door and Joseph, the Interpreter, enters. Over his shoulder, I caught sight of Makenke much got up.

What is it? I asked Joseph. Reply: "Sir, Makenke says he has not seen his wife for some months and wants leave to go to his location."

I then noticed that Makenke, who had got close to the door, had on his best clothes, riding breeches, small sjambok in hand. Over his shoulder, I noticed his chesnut stallion saddled. The horse had been sent from home with his best clothes and riding toggery.

Then I replied to Joseph, "Have I not previously told you, it is not the European practice to give prisoners leave."

"Yes, Sir," he replied, "but Makenke is very persistent and has made all his arrangements."

Result, leave refused but his wife would be permitted to interview him.

I have forgotten to mention that a few days after my arrival at Mount Frere, on going to the office one morning, I asked the clerk what the work for the day was. He replied, "All the constables and all the prisoners are up for trial for going to a beer-drink last night."

The prisoners were guarded in a sort of way at night and, as I have said, slept in the constables' kitchen with some of the constables: there certainly was no place to lock them in. The constables, not wishing to miss the beer drink, took the prisoners with them and the latter no doubt as honoured guests, also did well in beer. It was difficult to deal with such children of nature. Small fines were imposed on the police—an imaginary line drawn and prisoners threatened with punishment if found outside the area indicated.

Time went on, occupied in office duties and much work about the district, in the saddle.

A round of the district on horseback was always enjoyable. I rode "Pompey," "Judas" carried the pack with its contents, clothes, provisions, etc., and the patrol tent. My boy took the led horse, two constables accompanying, one with rifle, the other with the shotgun. At times I slept at a Chief's or a Headman's kraal, being made very comfortable in a clean storehut. Of course, meat was provided. On one occasion bread ran out, a messenger being sent many miles to the nearest trader for a supply. Once also candles ran out and the kraal supplied portion of a calabash containing sheep's fat, with some linen stuff as a wick.

Generally, two treks a day were made. An early start after coffee, biscuit and a bathe. Then two hours' trek, off-saddle and breakfast. Another trek later and offsaddle some hours before dark, if camping in the veld.

I preferred veld-camping, particularly when in the mountains. Whilst the camp was being prepared for the night,I used to go in search of game. On my return, dinner was ready, patrol-tent pitched with 6 inches of grass in it; on the grass was placed a water-proof sheet, then the rugs. The saddle standing up, supported by the inner tent-pole, with riding boots and clothes in the saddle made the pillows; all my belongings were put into the tent. The constables and boy slept by the fire. We retired early, I reading sometimes by the

light of a candle, or smoking and watching the insects congregated on the tentwall: I did not disturb them, nor did they disturb me. There was no tossing about but sound sleep, which lasted until the coffee came. Of snakes, one never thought but if the place looked specially snaky, there was the old dodge of putting one's pipe at one end, and turning out its contents at the other end, of the tent. The life gave a healthy condition, fitting one for 60 miles a day in the saddle without fatigue.

In August, rumours of native rising were thick in the air. The outlook was so black that on my own responsibility I fortified Mount Frere at considerable cost. People laughed as I had only recently been appointed and was young; but the laugh was on my side when, a month later, that fort was packed with the European refugees from all parts of the country and Mount Frere had become a big laager. I am only dealing with the lighter side of things and not going to deal with the war. When the crash came, my neighbour (Hope) was murdered. One magistrate was a fugitive in his own district, living in caves and two others were besieged. The country did not settle down for a year.

On outbreak of the war, the gaols, in three districts that were held, were emptied and prisoners converted into warriors. Makenke's sentence had not expired, so he was in luck's way, although his imprisonment was a very nominal matter. He became a great warrior. 3,000 Bacas enrolled in our district and did excellent service.. When Hope's murder took place, I was about my district ascertaining what arms we could muster. The result was so disappointing that I rushed to Kokstad to report, then returned to my station with an extra clerk required by the new conditions.

At the first meal I noticed the refugees wearing my shirts. Everyone was on Government rations.

I am now going to introduce what I called my "Pet Murderer," as loyal and good a native as I have known. As the war broke out, he arrived at Mount Frere under escort, en route for Kokstad. He had been sentenced by a Board of Magistrates at Gatberg and could not, on account of the state of the country, proceed further. His case was this: Working for a German, he was chopping wood. For some reason the German kicked him; natives have a keen sense of justice, only accepting deserved punishment. The native in his wrath seized a knife, with which he fatally stabbed the German and for that he was sentenced to 7 year's hard labour. The sentence may have been severely deterrent in the interests of the sparse European population of the Transkei. He had been placed, before my return, in a room near mine (I then slept at the Telegraph Office) and he groaned all night. Next day, he was made Assistant Supply Issuer, with an old sailor, a refugee from Hope's district; and ere long was allowed to go about unguarded, even being sent for rations to the Trader in the valley below. The Pondo border, it may be remarked, was only 3 miles away, the Pondos then being an independent tribe. As we did not know the native's name, our natives after their fashion found him one, which was "Kwasumlungu", or "Kill the White Man." That name he retained while at Mount Frere. I may as well take this story to the end as far as I was concerned. I had two servants, but eventually added him to my staff, of which he became the best: when I returned home late at night, he was always ready to attend to my wants. At that time, he slept in my kitchen as I was then occupying the dilapidated huts, which the Government had purchased from my predecessor.

For odd duties, he was very handy. In one instance later, the prisoners gave trouble and were put into the old constables' kitchen, Kwasumlungu being placed at the entrance, with a formidable knob-kerrie, with instructions to keep them in—a duty he would have carried out at all hazards.

I left Mount Frere just after the country had settled down. One evening I went to the kraal, where the horses were being fed and groomed. There was Kwasumlungu remarking

to a constable: "I am going to the Colony with the Chief and will ride Judas." I had not the heart to undeceive him but wrote a letter to Headquarters, explaining the circumstances under which he was with me, and with which he was to be started to Kokstad when I was out of sight on my way to the Colony.

One of my duties was to entertain Makaula when he came to the magistracy; he was a comfortable-looking person, wholly loyal, with an appetite both vigorous and appreciative. In dining with me, his manners were good and his attitude correct in every way. He could not speak English, nor I Kaffir, and the interpreter was barred the dining-room. At the close of the meal, I would say: "Makaula, have you finished?" (he understood that much). If by any chance there was something on the table he had not partaken of, but intended to, he would turn his gaze to that "something" and say: "Pease."

On one occasion, when the Forces were in arrear with their pay for some months—I rushed to Kokstad with the pay-sheets. While at Kokstad it rained, as it can rain in the Transkei—flooding all the rivers. After waiting some days, I decided we must get home as soon as the rain ceased—heading the river above Kokstad and going over the mountain by a bridle-path. On reaching the drift we intended to cross, the stream was a roaring torrent of considerable width. The drift had been washed away and we got through partly by swimming the horses. It was a disastrous crossing, not one of the party arriving on the opposite side dry; 3 got parted from their horses and 2 were nearly drowned. The pack was sodden, my stirrup-leathers had not been properly clipped, so in swimming up stream they were carried away with the stirrups. Fortunately, I was taking to a Pondo Chief a present of a saddle, which was on the pack, so was able to supply the deficiency temporarily. We rode to the foot of the mountain, a few miles away, then off-saddled for a general dry up. I discarded my clothes, with instructions that everything was to be dried, took a constable's carbine and went in search of a duck, returned a couple or hours later finding the rest of the party also naked and the country-side covered with clothes, blankets, etc. My instructions had been literally carried out, £2,000 in gold coins being also ranged out on the grass to dry. I need hardly add nothing was missing when we arrived home.

I now come to the story of my "Pet Toad." To assist to pay away to the Forces a large sum of money, the Kokstad Staff lent me a clerk. As the weather was wet, we retired to the sleeping-hut after dinner and read there; each on his bed. One evening I noticed my kitten banging something about on the floor. On investigation that something was a smallish toad. The kitten was whacked for ill-using an inoffensive stranger. I subsequently found the toad had taken up his abode under a shower-bath standing against the wall of the hut. Failing information, I have used the masculine. I am unable to say why the toad came into the hut: there were puff-adders just outside the hut in the grass, so he may have entered for protection. As flies were plentiful in the hut, my little friend (as he had now become) had a good food supply, which I used to see him jumping at the wall to obtain. For some months he shared the hut with me. When prowling about, he came to my bed and liked to be scratched on the head with a slipper. He used to take an occasional stroll into the veld. When I returned home at night, he always gave a welcome of joyous bubbly sounds and, after the outer door had been opened, took a little fresh air and then retired under the shower-bath.

In heavy rains a portion of the bedroom hut wall came down, the hut having to be abandoned. The dining hut, with which the other was attached by a passage, had then to serve for all purposes, except kitchen.

Against the wall in the dining hut was an empty beer case, a receptacle for old newspapers: the toad transferred himself to the new hut, taking occupation of the beer case.

There were times when I hardly saw a white face for a week. The toad was a source of much amusement. On leaving Mount Frere I was strongly inclined to transport him in a saddle bag, being deterred by the thought he might be crushed, or suffocated.

In a life so full of incident, it has only been possible to give peeps. I have already exceeded the limits of my intentions, when I commenced writing, so will conclude with two episodes.

Occasion arose for a rapid journey to Kokstad, with an escort of 4 constables. The 50 miles route over the mountain was negotiated in one day, the return journey on the third day. The track was bad and flooded streams took it out of the horses. Pompey reached the magistracy unaccompanied, the escort having dropped out in the last 25 miles: I saw the last of the escort pushing his horse up a rise 12 miles from the magistracy, with a thunderstorm coming on behind.

Next morning I was asked to receive a deputation from the Constables, now a big force as all Hope's constables had joined me. The spokesman stepped forward and this is what he said: "You know sir, we will do anything for you and have never been found wanting. But, we beg of you that when you go on these special journeys you will not, if we are to accompany you, ride Pompey. You know he kills all the horses." I comforted them by saying my boy on Judas would accompany me. I have hardly told you of any of Pompey's exploits—grand horse and a beautiful animal he was. Princely offers were refused for him. I have not told you how he won the big race on Queen's Birthday, nor how Judas took the Pony Plate.

I have written enough, so had better conclude.

A message arrived from an unruly location 20 miles off, that a native had been fatally stabbed by another native. That was the bare message.

Fearing trouble, I selected 4 good constables, sending them armed to make the arrest. Menano, my best man, was in charge with strict injunctions to work through the Headman, be discreet but not to return without the prisoner.

The party should have been back the same day. A second passed and the third was almost gone when I saw the constables on horseback crawling up the rise to the magistracy. They came, oh! so slowly; there was a footman with them. On arrival, the footman was found to be the prisoner, who appeared to be at death's door: he could just gasp out a few words, with each of which there was a whistling noise from a hole in his chest.

Asking Menano what he meant by bringing a man in that condition, he replied through the interpreter, "Sir, did you not tell me not to return without the prisoner," and seemed aggrieved. I certainly had done so and he would have given his life in carrying out his instructions. I replied, I think, even meekly: "Yes, I did, Menano, it is all right." I could not tell him he had not exercised discretion, or infer even, he was entitled to exercise discretion, or next time discretion might ruin the matter involved. The death of the man seemed small matter compared with the loyal service Menano was prepared to give. The messenger reporting the matter had omitted to state the deceased was the assailant and had been killed in self defence. No proceedings were taken. Our prisoner was put into what was called the Hospital hut, his wound disinfected and chest bandaged. In a few days he was able to go home, apparently well.

W. BLENKINS.

John Molteno arrived from British East Africa on Monday, 11th, with a batch of sick and wounded and is stationed at Wynberg Camp. Happily he has made a fair recovery and hopes to be released from hospital very soon. He has been allowed out several times and was able to be present at Islay and Jervis's wedding, making a picturesque figure in his blue coat, green trousers, green tie and scarlet waistband.

With the S.A. Field Ambulance in France.

Extracts from Kenah's letters.

July 4th, 1916.

"Yesterday came a letter from May enclosing a nice long one from you. It has arrived at a time when we are in the midst of a huge battle which is raging for miles on either side of us. The management of the medical side is being done on the huge scale necessary to meet the case.

In company with another ambulance like our own, our hospital sections are combined to look after all the sick—whilst the bearers are with the troops.

Other ambulances are dealing with the wounded only, in the same way. The scheme seems to work well and it is astonishing to see how quietly and with what despatch the huge numbers of wounded are dealt with. On account of the censorship I cannot go into any particulars. One thing that has struck me since I have been in France, is that there is a very real effort being made throughout the units to work as economically as possible. Wagons and motors are well cared for and units take a pride in vying with each other as to whose are best cared for. In fact there is a very different spirit abroad in the army to-day from that which one has been accustomed to see. Of course, there is no question that the unavoidable wastage of war is absolutely fearful but it is encouraging to see efforts to get full value out of everything, going on, side by side, with this wastage.

It is extremely difficult to hear of the whereabouts of others. I found, to my annoyance, this morning from two officers who came in to breakfast, that Ernest was in a camp not 20 minutes walk from here, for the last 4 or 5 days and that he had left this morning at 6 a.m., so I have missed him. The masses of troops are so great and know so little of one another's moves, that it is only by chance that one finds out where one's friends are. I have not managed to get any leave yet as the very day on which I was due to go, was the one on which all leave was stopped for officers for the present."

July 18th, 1916.

"Our ambulance is now up to its eyes in work. The bearers are forward with the Brigade, under the charge of Major Pringle, and are having a very dangerous and arduous time. One man had been killed and 22 wounded up to last night. Pringle wrote yesterday that he had spent over an hour, with 35 of our bearers, trying to get S.A. wounded away from a position they were holding but that the fire was so heavy that, after 5 casualties among his men, he had to abandon the effort.

Please tell Mr. Walsh of Kenilworth, that his son has behaved with the utmost gallantry and made a name for himself in the Brigade. He will certainly get an honour for it and, in my opinion, should get the V.C. Everyone of our wounded officers has spoken in the most glowing terms of his conduct and say he seemed to bear a charmed life.

I am at the Main Dressing Station to which the wounded are brought. It is being run on a huge scale. There are 6 operating tents always going. On arrival the cases are unloaded into an anteroom (tent) where they are given soup, hot drinks and food. They are then passed in rotation through the operating tent, where they are re-dressed and splints put on, shattered limbs removed and so on. They are next passed to another tent to await evacuation by motor to the casualty clearing station at the rail heads. There is a steady flow of cases all day and night and at times they come in huge numbers and we are all hard at work to keep pace. The noise of the bombardment is tremendous and continuous and the Germans are being driven back by degrees at great loss to both sides, but I imagine, particularly, to ourselves. The rush has not been so great this last 24 hours, so I have had a good night and time to write."

August 7th, 1916.

"We arrived in the area a couple of weeks before the great battle began, the Division holding the trenches at the time others made the first attack, and then our Division among others made the second wave, and so on it will go until, whatever was the objective, has been attained. The attack commenced by a most tremendous bombardment which lasted day and night for 8 days. During this time hundreds of our guns of all sizes smashed up everything over the first area of the German position which we wished to capture. On the morning of the 9th day the Division in front of us attacked and as far as they were concerned were most successful. The shelling had entirely obliterated the German position and the few who remained alive were easily captured or killed. Then came a period of consolidating and getting into line with the others on our flanks. Where they had failed or only partially succeeded they had to make good. In the mean time the guns kept steadily bombarding the next position as they had done the first, whilst our Division gradually replaced the one in front preparatory for another attack. You can imagine, therefore, (although I am sure you can't, because it is beyond imagination) what it was like for our Division during this period. They were not actually in the rifle firing line, but living among our guns and the shells that were directed to hit them. What with the roar of our guns and the bursting of the enemy shells there was no rest for anyone during those days of waiting to attack. After a tremendous bombardment the second wave of attack began and the part allotted to our Division was looked upon as one of the most difficult and at the same time must crucial positions to be taken. Two large woods filled with every kind of hidden defence. But they did it and did it well on the first day. Then came the consolidating part which was worse than the attacking part, as now they had to hold on to the ground gained, in the face of combined shell, rifle, bomb, and grenade fire. This they did until the shelling became so heavy that they were bound to fall back from the most advanced trenches. These they held against all attacks until, after having been 19 days from the time they came up in support, under shell fire and amidst all the extraordinary din of a modern battle, they were relieved. What the cost has been you will have already judged from the casualty lists, but it has been deemed worth it and not greater than was anticipated. The arrangements for dealing with the wounded were arranged on a new plan for this occasion. Instead of each ambulance looking after its own Brigade, or even the 3 ambulances of a Division distributing themselves for the service of that Division, the matter was regarded from a larger standpoint still. The ambulances for the whole Corps were so to say pooled, and distributed in a manner best suited to deal with the casualties of the Army Corps as a whole. To this end the bearer division of the ambulances were all told off to their Brigades and moved with them, whilst the tent division were told off in combinations to form (1) a main dressing station for severe casualties; (2) a place for walking wounded; (3) a rest station to deal with minor casualties and sick. Myself and two others (of the M.O.'s) with our tent division worked for the first part at the Rest station, and later at the Dressing station. The arrangements worked well enabling us to deal with casualties in huge numbers.

Owing to the fact that a modern gun does accurate shooting at ranges of many miles a battle area is very extensive indeed. For the first 4 miles behind the front line the shelling was intense. For another 3 miles (7 in all) it was more or less confined to certain points, so so that to get a spot safe from shell fire it was necessary to have the Main Dressing Station about 8 miles from the firing line. Behind this at the nearest railhead were the casualty clearing station where the patients rested and were operated upon when necessary, before being put on the ambulance trains for conveyance to the General and Base Hospitals. So if a man was wounded in the front line, he

was conveyed by the Regimental stretcher bearers to the Reg. M.O., who dressed him. This meant a distance of anything from a few hundred yards to half a mile. From the Reg. M.O. the ambulance stretcher bearers formed a chain through the shell swept area—a distance of nearly 4-5 miles, the last mile or so being accomplished in horse drawn ambulances. From this point to the Main Dressing Station they were taken in the French ambulance motors. Quite a number of these motors were blown up by shells at distances of nearly 9 miles behind the front line. At the Main Dressing Station where I worked we redressed the cases, amputated shattered limbs, tied arteries and generally made the patient fit to travel to the Casualty Clearing Station. As the wounded were always very dirty and covered in mud or dust as the case might be, all wounds even amputations were left unsutured. Here we also gave them a dose of anti-tetanic serum as a prophylactic measure. We arranged ourselves in 8 hours shifts and the station thus never ceased working day or night. From the Main Dressing Station a convoy of 50 motor cars plied incessantly carrying the wounded to the C.C.S. From the place for the walking wounded the patients were conveyed in empty lorries returning from bringing up supplies and ammunition. Everything worked well. Owing to the awfulness of the fire nearly all the Reg. stretcher bearers were killed or wounded in the first day or two in spite of only going out when "things were more or less quiet," and so our men had to go right up to the line as well.

In some regions the fire was so incessant that rescue of wounded was impossible at any time and these poor fellows slowly died or were killed by shells sooner or ater.

Personally my duties only took me into the shell area 3 or 4 times; on one occasion a shell pitched in the road in front of us and blew up an ambulance motor and two lorries. I won't go into details but it was very unpleasant. The approaching shells make a peculiar whistling sound, different from those going away and when the sound reaches a certain pitch you know the shell will pitch near by and if you are wise you lie down flat until it has burst. Every one who works under these conditions has to keep his wits about him if he wants a chance of escape, and the result is all wear a sort of furtive hunted look in the eye, and no one looks happy. All round you see men having narrow shaves, or else worse. It is wonderful too how callous men do get to their surroundings and how even the horses and mules cease to take much note of the noise and guns going off close by. Another outcome of the vast scale on which things are done is that a day counts for very little, and so it is no longer a question of a man finding himself in the mêlee of a battle for an hour or two, but he is in it, if he survives, for days and even weeks together, until the remnants of his unit are withdrawn utterly exhausted. The strain, of course, is enormous both mental and physical, but even so it is marvellous what a comparatively small percentage break down altogether. I saw two cases of complete temporary mental derangement. The men simply looked about in a frightened manner and could say nothing. Altogether it has been a wonderful experience and one on which one could say much from many points of view. Although the Division has come out to rest we are very busy in the ambulance as all the work of washing, disinfecting the troops, getting their clothes mended and so on devolves on us."

Sept. 13th, 1916.

"We have been having a comparatively quiet time since we were withdrawn from the great battle which is still going steadily on. When the wind is favourable we can hear the guns roaring in the distance. No wonder they have to work hard at munitions. A battery commander told me that his guns fired 75,000 shells in 19 days, while we were in the battle and there were hundreds of batteries doing it together, and are doing it still without ceasing. To see it one wonders how anything can exist before it.

This is a wretched country to campaign in—seldom more than 3 days without rain—the ground has never got dry the whole summer (if one can call it summer). We occasionally see, through rifts in the clouds, that there is a sun trying to warm the earth. In this sort of life nothing is more miserable than the constant wet. The wretched Tommies during the "summer" months, have no blankets allowed them and, in many instances, no great-coats either and, of course, only one suit of clothes. Then, in the Army, no notice is taken of weather conditions—everyone walks about and works in the wet as if it were not raining—and then to bed, with sodden clothes. I tell the fellows I have a good suggestion, that we should all go out to the Karoo and fight it out there where not nearly so much damage could be done and where the climate, at any rate, would be tolerable.

We are now on a very interesting sector, having a sort of "rest and change." This means that we only get a few casualties per week instead of huge numbers per day.

I had an interesting visit to the trenches the other day. For once in a way it was fine and clear and so when the mist rose, about 11 a.m., both sides began to take advantage of the fine weather to "strafe" one another. One big shell fell in a quarry in which a large number of men were burrowing "dug-outs" and killed 8 poor fellows and wounded about 20 more but otherwise "things were normal." I am keeping very fit and have been very well all along. The climate does not seems to effect me.

Since I wrote last, Usmar has been detached and sent to another job and Maj. Pringle is in command. He is a very nice chap and very much liked by everyone. I believe Usmar is being sent to organize a hospital for the coloured contingent, but he has not written to tell me yet." Major C. M. MURRAY.

News was received last mail that George Murray has been awarded the Military Cross, his General sending him his heartiest congratulations. The order was dated 9th November, 6.20 p.m.

The East African Campaign.

Extract's from Jarvis's letters.

6/8/16, Bombo, Uganda.

"From the commencement of the war I have been on the go the whole time. For about 3 months I was specially detailed off to sketch, which meant that I was relieved from all ordinary duties, but still did patrol chasing when the Germans where in our near neighbourhood. On one occasion I was out with an R.E. man about 4½ miles from camp sketching (5 miles was the limit we were allowed without an escort) when we heard 3 shots about half a mile ahead. We had patrols out in that direction, but they had strict injunctions not to fire unless attacking an enemy patrol, and as only 2 shots were fired we knew it could not be a fight. I was keen to investigate but the R.E. did not think it worth while as he thought German patrols would not let off shots near camp. I reported the shots at once on getting back to camp and offered to take a patrol out there next morning first thing, but was told to go on with my sketching and a patrol would be sent out. I watched the patrol move out and they never reached the particular spot which was in dense bush, and as nothing happened that day, I had my leg pulled over it. But on the next day a convoy of ours was attacked 5 miles out of camp. Convoy guard lost one man killed and one wounded, but captured all the German horses (23 in number) and one Askari. Our squadron was sent off to try and capture the dismounted men and I took them to where I had heard the shots two days before, and found where they had been camped for several days in some dense bush, but it was hopeless in that thick scrub to find dismounted men and we came back with only one more enemy Askari who surrended to us. We were constantly chasing enemy patrols, but seldom had a chance of getting up with them. We were so few in number that it made successful operations exceedingly difficult. As the E.A.M.R. have been quite reorganised and

I am speaking of a year ago, there is no harm in giving some details. Up to this time last year we were seldom more than 120 to 150 strong, that is each squadron from 30 to 40 men, and had a border of roughly 150 miles to guard. The consequence was our patrols varied from 4 to 7 men and as the Germans seldom were less than 20 to 30 strong, we usually had to report the enemy first and then give chase with what men one could find, which was rather hopeless in thick bush country when the enemy were lost sight of for several hours. On one occasion we got word through the natives that the Germans were contemplating a raid about 150 miles down the border. We took all the E.A.M.R. except 15 left in camp; about 60 Indian cavalry and 50 infantry, in all about 120 men. It was country I had been through in the early stages and knew well, so I was detailed off with one other man as guide. As we travelled only at night, except when advancing on positions known to have been in the possession of the enemy, and therefore, advanced in half sections. At one stage of the journey one passes through dense thorn bush and Sansiviera, through which in the early days we had cut a track. However this track passed through a bad fly belt, so I advised our commander to allow me to make a detour of about ten miles which meant moving through about 5 miles of dense Sansiviera with no path. Our track led first over the south end of Lake Magadi and then on to the Guaso Nyiro River which we reached on a certain morning just as it was getting light. Here we found a raid had recently taken place by a German patrol when several of our Masai had been killed and a lot of cattle swept off, but it was not the raid we had come to stop. About 15 miles down this river runs into Lake Natron. When dusk set in we moved down to a point near Lake Natron from where we could rush two old German camps at daylight. This we did but found the Germans gone, although there were signs of their having been there. When dusk set in we moved across towards the escarpment which we had to climb by a very precipitous path rising about 4,000 ft. in a mile. To reach this escarpment we had to cross the dense bit of bush I have spoken of before about 5 miles wide with no path. In daylight I should have had no difficulty but at night it was quite a job, but we finally reached our camp on the top of the escarpment safely, not having run into any rhino or buffalo which are very numerous. On reaching the top of the escarpment we were disappointed to hear that the Germans had raided our Masai, taking about 500 head of cattle and killing a few Masai, and that we were two days too late, but from information received we learnt that the raiding party were still in the neighbourhood, and the Major in charge of us decided to send despatches back to headquarters asking for supplies to be sent us for two weeks and permission to remain for that length of time. I was detailed with one of our Captains and 3 men to take these despatches back and return as soon as possible. It was a 40 mile ride back to the terminus of the Magadi railway. We left the top of the escarpment as it was getting dusk and decided to take our old path through the fly belt, to save time. One serious difficulty we had before us, namely, that a patrol of 20 Indians were on this path somewhere, who knew nothing of our return, and could only speak Hisdustani which none of us knew. All went well till about midnight; I was riding in advance with the Captain just behind me, and had just ridden into a piece of moonlight when Indians sprang out with fixed bayonets some lying down, the others standing and covering us at about 20 yards. I had my rifle across my saddle and sat quite still while the Captain holding his hands above his head and calling out "friend" tried to advance but the slightest move was the signal for a clicking of bolts and shouts from them which, I suppose, meant they would shoot. We remained in this uncomfortable position for about a quarter of an hour and began to wonder how we were to get out of the difficulty, when I remembered we had an armed native with us, who might know some of the porters.

with the Indians. I made him lay down his gun while still out of sight of the Indians and come up to me from where he called out to the porters with the Indians and luckily was recognised and we were then allowed to advance one by one and finally got past this patrol; after about 3 hours ride we finally struck the Guaso Nyiro River which was very full and I was unable in the dark to find the drift, so after twice riding into herds of buffalo we finally decided to wait till daylight, when we found the drift and got safely to our destination. After interviewing the authorities at headquarters we had instructions to return with orders of recall for the column. When we got back to the column we found they had been over to the scene of the raid and doctered 3 or 4 wounded Masai, but had seen nothing of the enemy. We walked nearly on top of two lions and just after getting out of the thickest bush a rhino charged through the column, but did no damage. The same day we passed several herds of buffalo; one herd of about 50 did not run away but stood and watched us pass at about 200 yards. The rest of the trip back was uneventful, but we had no sooner got back to camp than we heard that the Germans had again attacked some friendly natives near where we had been. This was only one of many patrols on a smaller scale, and you can realise how many fruitless trips we made, which often just missed by a little, catching the enemy. The 4 of us who returned with despatches through the fly belt lost our mules of fly, but the column lost no animals. I will tell you of some more experiences in my next letter. When I wrote my last note I was on my way to the front to Onuanza but was recalled at the last moment to take over the job of Acting Quartermaster here, it is supposed to be only for a month or so but looks to me like hanging on indefinitely. This is a very fine regiment with a splendid record. The headquarters, Bombo, is an exceedingly pretty spot about 23 miles from Kampala.

September 17th, 1916.

"I think I told you that I am now Acting Regimental Quarter-master to the 4th K.A.R. Our regiment has just been entirely re-organised, originally we were the 4th Battalion of the K.A.R., now we are the 4th Regiment of K.A.R. with 2 Battalions, numbering nearly 3,000 men. There should be 2 battalion quarter masters but, until the regiment is fully reorganised, I am acting for the battalions, as well as for the Depot. I have very good Goanese clerks under me, otherwise I should not be able to tackle the job, which is very strenuous. I have to be very careful that my store does not run out of necessities, as it takes about 3 weeks to order and receive goods from headquarters at Nairobi and at least a fortnight before the troops in the field receive what I send them.

We are most fortunate in the officers we have in the higher grades and the 4th have a splendid record in the field. They were originally recruited by Capt. Lugard in 1889 as the Uganda Rifles and finally became the 4th K.A.R. When the war broke out there were, the 1st in Nyassaland, the 3rd in B.E.A. and the 4th in Uganda. Col Stoner is in charge of the regiment and is also Colonel of the 1st Battalion, in which I am. He is a most energetic and capable man. Col. Wilkinson, commanding the 2nd Battalion, is also a splendid officer. Our regiment was originally composed mostly of Sudanese, who are splendid fighting men. We have also a Garrison Company consisting of men considered to be too old for active service, but they have also done very good work on occasions. About a month ago, ten of them were sent out, by a mistake, to check a German patrol who had been raiding friendly tribes. They were away 7 days and came back, having killed 6 German Askaris and two German officers and brought in 1900 head of cattle being driven off by this patrol.

The 4th have lost heavily during this war but have done splendid work as have the other K.A.R. battalions. The Baluchis and Punjalrio have been associated with them throughout and have also fought splendidly. On one occasion the commanding officer of the 4th

wanted to get some prisoners in the hope of getting information from them. A big sergeant, about 6 ft. 3 in. was detailed the job of getting a prisoner. He took 2 men with him and when about half a mile from the German lines, stripped himself, leaving his clothes and arms with his 2 comrades. He then crept up unarmed and overpowered a German sentry without letting him make a sound and brought him uninjured into camp.

I can't understand why our letters are more strictly censored than the South Africans. We are having a very busy time here; one of my daily jobs is to ration between 1,000 and 1,100 men. I doubt if I will now go down to the front again as the Colonel does not seem to have anyone to put in my place.

Bombo is a very pretty place but Uganda has a much hotter climate than B.E.A. and not so nice to live in; parts of course, such as Ruengori district, are very healthy and I believe the Ruanda district is also very good.

The King of Uganda, Dandi Cha., is undergoing a course of military training at the Department here. He is quite young, about 22 or 23, and seems quiet and well-behaved. He is a lieutenant in the 4th K.A.R. and does the same duties, and is under the same restrictions as the other officers. He has been to England and is quite well educated."

Lieut. T. J. MURRAY.

Extracts from letters of Gerald Sandeman.

(Brigade Major, 164th Brigade, B.E.F.)

July 6th.

"Forgive scribble but I am lying in bed at an open French window—suppose all windows in France are French, but there it is! I am supposed to be wounded, but as a fact I have "a mere scratch" (sounds well that!) cut on my head from a falling 6 inch shell, otherwise I am perfectly fit and will be at work again to-morrow.

To begin 5 days back—July 1st, it started like thousands of others, on the previous night we marched all night arriving just before dawn at our position of assembly; very pleasant it was to think we were really to get a scrap at last after a year of trench warfare. At 6.30 a.m. on July 1st every gun I should say on the Western front burst forth—topping!! It really was very jolly to think we had some guns at last, and—what was better—shells.

At 7.30 a.m. the division in front of us went over—that simply means that thousands of little blokes in khaki clamber over their parapets and in most cases walk forward towards the Hun trenches. The blokes in front of us took 3 lines of trenches in a very short time, but the ones on our right were held up. Its generally the way—seldom you get the wire cut and the enemy's machine guns silenced all along the line. Soon after we were sent up nearer the line and still had to wait in reserve under a fairly useful fire and any number of gas shells—unpleasant little fellows, make your eyes water and tickle up your throat. In the afternoon we were ordered to attack, in the evening we were ordered to attack and again at night. In fact so many people ordered us to attack in so many places, so many times that at last we had nothing left to attack with, except the Brigadier, myself, our servants and a few signallers. About 2 a.m. the following morning the whole brigade appeared to be throwing bombs somewhere in the German lines—quaint show, very. It certainly had its humourous side. My Terrier battalion really did topping work—one place they attacked by themselves. They did not succeed as it was a place a division might have taken but certainly not a battalion. They went at it splendidly and were jolly plucky. The papers' description of folks being absolutely fearless is obviously all rot, but on the other hand our fellows really did stick it jolly well and went forward in spite of hundreds falling.

We had this sort of thing a couple of days, when we were withdrawn to billets. During the night a shell came into my room and upset things a bit, hence my present condition. Luckily I have a hard head. The wall above me came down and I have never had so many bricks fall on top of me before. The fuse came into the room and played havoc. However, I am quite all right. The men are full of beans, quite ready for another show. We got quite a lot of prisoners, they *did* look bored, some fine men but a lot not up to much, all sorts, Prussians, Bavarians, etc.

July 15th.

We have been fighting off and on now for 14 days and I don't see much prospect of getting a relief. Our Division has been, intentionally or otherwise, selected for a *very* trying, extremely dangerous, but very pleasant job, and that is to help the blokes who go round and get in rear of the Bosch. We are attacked every night at present. I am actually now taking a watch, 1 a.m. to 3.30 a.m., during which I am fairly certain the Bosch will attack, but after a week of attacks it is really quite jolly. Gad, it *is* soldiering. At 2.25 a.m. this morning we attacked the Bosch but were driven in after a fairly bloody battle. My Terrier battalion bombers were thrown in as a last resource when we were being driven back. They behaved like fellows on a field day, got right into the Bosch and drove him back—topping! I *am* tired, never get more than one hour's sleep now each night.

We are holding German trenches and jolly good ones they are, what is left of them by our own Artillery. I am sitting about 50 feet underground with telephones strewn round me, and message forms simply paving the dugout.

Since I started this letter a number of scared orderlies have pushed their noses in at the door. Each one has a message to say the Bosch is attacking us. Gad, I wouldn't be out of this show. The Artillery has really never stopped at all for 3 solid weeks, its extraordinary. Got a "gallantry card" to-day in white and gold saying what a wonderful fellow I am! Rigby got one too—its nice to have. I only did my job and I quite realize that I don't deserve it half as much as the last-joined private who went over the parapet, that's the worst of being a regimental officer, one knows the blokes who really do the work, though I suppose one does run a few risks ocasionally.

September 21st.

Another relief. How long is this muddy old war going to last? its about the last straw, these days, we are all so jolly stale. On watch —there are two of us to do it and we take turns, it gives one 3½ hours' sleep, which is not bad in war time, the blokes we relieved did not get that and they were in 18 days, they seemed to be scrapping all night. We motored to our Headquarters here where I am writing, its about 800 yards or so from the jolly Bosch. You don't exactly use headlights when you come here! What you actually do is to creep along in the pitchy dark, running into "trench reliefs", men coming in and others going out. You arrive at the entrance to an underground cave, tumble out, simply laden with gas helmets, field glasses and kit of all sorts. You find in the dugout a very weary Brigadier with quite a cheery lot of officers, all kinds, from a Brigade Major to a dump officer, the latter a product of the great war. Never discovered yet what a dump officer does! We have a couple, he has a staff captain assisted by another staff captain to assist him. Between the three of them they manage to find places to hide every scrap of ammunition in the place so that no one can find it. Maybe after the war, some of what they have put away will be discovered! We also have a "salvage officer". He is a bloke who picks up everything dropped, so you have to be careful.

Our aeroplanes are splendid, the old Hun hasn't a chance, all day long they just hover over his trenches, its a fine sight to see them. I think the infantry of all is very much the same, but we lick the Bosch these days in flying and I think in gunnery but I've always thought our guns beat the Bosch. Well, my fellow watchman will have to get up now as it is 5 a.m. The Intelligence Officer is just off now to his O.P. Wonderful institution—the lad goes daily into a tree with a huge telescope and spots things. Only had one hour's sleep so far, but one gets less the first night."

ISLAY AND JERVIS'S WEDDING.

Islay Kathleen Bisset to Donald Jervis Molteno
December 15th, 1916.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," is the old saying and surely there never was a happier bride than Islay Bisset when her oft-deferred wedding-day dawned at last, bright and fair, in spite of Aunt Ella's gloomy prognostications of rain and the murmurings of the younger set over the choice of an "unlucky Friday"

Who can describe the chaos of the three weeks preceding the wedding? When Jervis had arrived joyfully from England, only to find an unromantic measled Fate had interposed, for the second time, between him and his wedding-day, though the invitations had already been sent out. When Eldred Bisset, then Murray and lastly, in spite of heroic struggles against the enemy—Gwen—had gone down before the unpleasing malady—when Dr. Murray was feverishly consulted, several times a day as to the probable duration of quarantine, when poor Nelly wearily nursing night and day was quite unable to give a thought to wedding festivities or wedding garments. Poor Islay, exiled from her home and her last few weeks with "mother", took refuge under Beauleigh's hospitable roof, where a suite of rooms being put at her disposal, she spread out her lovely trousseau, so generously sent her by Bessie and chosen with Margaret's unerring taste, where bevies of many cousins revelled for hours turning over piles of filmy laces and delicate-hued ribbons and inspecting charming summer frocks with ecstatic superlatives while making mental notes for the future!

Frank and Ella magnanimously offered the whole spaciousness of Claremont House and grounds for the wedding, should Aboyne remain infected to the last, and controversy raged around the earliest possible day available for the great event.

Only two people remained apparently unmoved by all these vicissitudes, and they were the young couple themselves. They preserved an unruffled mien and hummed contentedly about from morning till evening in Jervis's charming little Singer, shopping in Town, lunching and dining with hospitable relations, playing tennis and even bathing at Fish Hoek, where, it is rumoured, Islay spent one memorable afternoon gracefully garbed in bath-towels, having leapt inadvertently into the sea, fully dressed, in her well-meant efforts to assist Jervis's fishing operations!!

But all things, even the measles, come to an end at last, the patients recovered with surprising celebrity, and "Aboyne" was pronounced free from infection.

Then another sort of chaos prevailed, the pleasurable chaos of wedding garments and wedding preparations, and the excitement of the ever-arriving stream of wedding presents. I shall not attempt to describe the collection of really charming gifts bestowed on the young couple, space is limited and printing expensive, and the family are apt to grumble as it is, at the cost of this *Chronicle* of their doings. But I must mention one great idea that seemed to prevail, a kind but *very* firm determination among Islay's relatives and friends, that wherever she may live in future, under no circumstances shall this child of the Cape Peninsula be allowed for one moment to forget the beauties of her native land, or, above all, the glories of her Father, Table Mountain, under whose shadow she was born and spent her childhood. This idea expressed itself in pictures and still more pictures and as the wrappings of each flat parcel were torn off, Table Mountain was revealed again and again, Table Mountain at sunset—at dawn—from the sea—from the flats—from every possible coign of vantage—by the gifted brush of Miss Glossop, of Churchill Mace, of Mrs. Penstone, of Harold Boyes and others.

At last, on Thursday evening, after a long day of busy preparations, the most enchanting order was evolved out of chaos. The drawing room and sitting room at Aboyne were thrown

into one by the removal of the double doors and transformed by the clever touch of such artists as Lady Juta, Jan Juta, Mrs. Rathfelder and others, into a veritable fairy-land.

Nothing could have been more charming than the colour scheme, the white walls and soft green carpet displaying to perfection the banks of maidenhair and masses of delicate blue and agapanthus in the fire places, the many bowls and vases artistically filled with roses, sweet peas, and carnations in softest shades of palest pink, the tall graceful palms in the corners and great baskets of asparagus fern and maidenhair hanging from the ceilings. The walls glowed with the colour of the many pictures received by the young couple and on tables round the room the charming and varied presents were displayed.

The morning of the great day was spent by Brenda, Nesta, Doris Beard, the Easts and other girl friends in decorating Christ Church, and they are to be congratulated on the result, there was something particularly graceful and artistic in the whole effect produced, the lightly-wreathed pillars, the delicate lattice work of creepers studded with bunches of tiny button daisies on pulpit and lectern, the tall feathery palms in the corners of the chancel, the banks of maidenhair on the altar steps and great bunches of agapanthus and Californian poppies on all the uprights of the choir stalls.

By half past two the church was filled to overflowing with the wedding guests and the varied light hued summer frocks of the fairer sex presented a very pretty sight. Jervis made a very self-possessed and dignified young bridegroom as he walked up the church with Jan Juta, a most efficient, not to say dashing best-man, and took his seat quietly in the first pew to await his bride. The great moment came at last, the sweet voices of the choir boys, assisted by some of Islay's girl friends, struck up that most lovely hymn, "Love Divine, all love excelling", and the bride swept up the aisle on her father's arm. It was a very sweet and charming picture—Islay in her lovely wedding gown of brocaded satin lightly embroidered in silver, falling in the softest folds imaginable round her straight young figure, her long court train lined with rucked chiffon held at the corners by the two little flower girls, Betty Bisset and Gladys Rathfelder, the most perfectly matched little couple in their cream and lace frocks, their little fichus caught at the waist with tiny bunches of apricot-hued rosebuds, their long golden curls tied with big pale blue satin bows, while their baskets of apricot coloured flowers were tied with huge bows of the same pale blue. Gwen, the only bridesmaid, wore a soft satin frock of the loveliest shade of apricot pink with touches of pale blue on the bodice, her big black hat of transparent tulle was bound with a pale blue ribbon and she carried a bouquet of roses, their tones shaded to match her dress. The colour scheme was charming and the happy faces of the little group made it a memorable picture. Mr. Lasbrey, who is so soon to become one of "the family", performed the ceremony. Jervis and Islay made their responses quietly and confidently and Archdeacon Brooke assisted in the service and gave a short address. While the bridal party was in the vestry a choir boy sang a solo with great sweetness and reverence, then the wedding march pealed out and Mr. and Mrs. Jervis Molteno walked down the aisle with shining eyes and faces beaming with smiles.

A few minutes later the garden at Aboyne presented a very animated appearance. The arriving guests were greeted with the skirl of the bagpipes, a very happy tribute to Jervis's nationality, and beheld a piper in his tartan glory piping the young couple up the drive. Nelly and Willie Bisset received their guests in front of the house, Nelly looked her very best, which is saying a good deal, in a charming frock of satin merve, a very uncommon shade of dull blue, the chiffon of the bodice veiling touches of palest pink, her bouquet was of pink roses and she wore a black lace hat and most becomingly-arranged loose veil.

The bridal party stood some fifty yards to their left in a shady spot under a great bell of white flowers tied to the trees by ropes of

flowers—Jervis and Islay were the most unselfconscious and delightful young bridegroom and bride, Jervis had the time of his life embracing all his pretty cousins and Islay evidently was thoroughly enjoying her wedding, their happiness was so spontaneous that it was most infectious and communicated itself to all the guests. A charming al-fresco drawing-room had been arranged under the shade of the big india-rubber tree with carpets, rugs, sofas and arm-chairs, while in every shady spot under the trees and big palms little tables were spread for tea. After all the guests had arrived and had tea and some had inspected the presents indoors, a general move was made to the big marquee on the lawn, open at the sides, in which stood the long tables wreathed in smilax and decorated with vases of white flowers and maidenhair. Jervis and Islay took up their position behind the wedding cake and while the champagne was handed round Judge Searle proposed the health of the young couple. He dwelt on the pleasure it gave him to do so, intimately acquainted as he was with the families of both young people for three generations. Speaking of the bride he said he had known her from childhood and only regretted that he had had so little opportunity of making her acquaintance since she had grown up, but he had already seen proof of her capabilities in several directions. He fully believed that the way to know and appreciate a young woman's or a young man's character, was not so much by their ability socially or even in their profession as by their value in the home and how great a gap their absence caused and he felt if the bride was judged by this test she would reach a very high standard.

Referring to the bridegroom, he not only had the pleasure of knowing him, but also his parents and grandparents and he felt great regret that Mr. and Mrs. Percy Molteno were unable to be present, which he was sure was their dearest wish. He would like to say that Mr. Molteno was his old and personal friend, they had been at school together and had followed the same profession. He had one grudge against Mr. Molteno and that was that he had exiled himself from his country at so early an age—settling in England. However, many may have done this but few have kept the close touch, both politically and socially with South Africa and South Africans which Mr. Molteno has done. Mr. Molteno retained his love and interest in South Africa and always looked up his old friends when they came to England, entertaining them most hospitably, and many South Africans owed a great deal to his kindness and generosity.

Perhaps this love of South Africa is in the blood and that is why his son came to this country for his wife. They were returning to England after a few months and although it was a long way from Perthshire and from London to Cape Town, he hoped, and was sure, the bride would keep up her connection with this country and it would not be long before she would say to her husband (and it was always the wife who settles these matters) that it was time to pay a visit to the old folks at home. In conclusion Mr. Justice Searle had great pleasure in proposing the health of Mr. and Mrs. Jervis Molteno.

Jervis's speech, once it got going, after one or two false starts—simply couldn't have been improved upon, he thanked everyone from Islay and himself for their kindness and good wishes, he regretted the absence of his parents owing to the war, and he paid a graceful little tribute to his mother-in-law, which we are sure was much appreciated.

Then followed the usual photographs, and while Islay was changing her dress, the guests regaled themselves with ices and conversation. Gwen created a diversion by collecting the unmarried girls in a charming group under the balcony and throwing down Islay's garter, it was caught by Nesta and Mary Anderson simultaneously, who I am told divided the spoil although they won't be able to divide the husband that it is supposed to bring!! Islay's going-away frock was a lovely blue silk with the pannier effect of the skirt and oriental touches on the bodice, she wore a transparent black tulle hat with oriental crown. As the young couple crossed the grass to the motor

they were of course pelted with rose petals, the young people contriving to get a large quantity down Jervis's neck, which is always a crowning joy. There was a chorus of good-byes but no tears and the happy pair drove away amidst the cheers of their friends and skirl of the pipes.

At Claremont House they rested and had tea and changed their big closed motor for Jarvis's little Singer car. The crowning triumph of the day was achieved when two young cousins, more wicked than the rest, successfully fastened a satin shoe with wire behind the Singer and purloined the wire-cutters, with which Jervis, foreseeing this contingency had provided himself. The joy of the villains was complete on hearing since that the shoe was trailed through the suburbs and streets of Cape Town in blissful unconsciousness and only discovered at the door of the Mount Nelson itself.

Nelly and Willy are to be congratulated on the unqualified success of Islay's delightful wedding, it could not have been prettier or happier and the young couple take with them sincerest good wishes and deepest affection from very many loving hearts—God bless them.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS AND THEIR ADDRESSES.

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THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

The financial statement appears below from which it is seen that this year's subscriptions do not cover the expenditure this year, which has only been met by using part of last year's balance. A balance of £6 11s. 3d. now remains to carry into next year's account, but unless we get at least four more subscribers (two of which to replace those who have withdrawn) we shall have difficulty in meeting our expenses and shall have to considerably reduce the size of each issue. 38 subscriptions have been received this year (3 of which were paid last year in advance) as against 37 last year. If we could get 12 more subscribers, raising the number to fifty, we should be able to reduce the subscription to 12/- a year.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR 1916.

Receipts.	£	s.	d.	*Expenditure.*	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand, including £1 15s. advance paid subscriptions per last statement December, 1915	12	19	3	Printing, May	14	18	0
Subscriptions for 1916	26	5	0	Printing, August	7	18	0
Extra copies		3	0	Printing, December	9	6	0
				Wrappers, Postage, etc.		14	0
				Balance	6	11	3
	£39	7	3		£39	7	3