CHRONICLE OF THE FAMILY.

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EDITORIAL.

An explanation is due to the subscribers of the "Chronicle of the Family" as to the non-appearance of the April number. This was chiefly owing to the difficulty of collecting sufficient material in time to bring it out punctually, and to pressure of work on the farm, which made it impossible for the Editor to keep up a correspondence asking for contributions and information for the general news column.

Later Lil Molteno came to the rescue and supplied the greater part of the news column; and it is hoped that another number will follow this one very shortly so that the usual three numbers may appear this year.

It would greatly lessen the work of the Editor if one member in each family would help by collecting and sending to her all their particular news and any letters and articles of general interest. All contributions should reach the Editor not later than the first week in March, July and November. This kind of co-operation would help to make the "Chronicle" of much wider interest and more truly representative of all that concerns and interests the family and connects them with current events.

GENERAL NEWS.

Jarvis Murray reached Nairobi towards the end of January when he obtained his discharge from the 1/4 K.A.R. On Feb. 3rd he was married to Rosamund Eustace in St. Mark's Church, Nairobi, by the Rev. Thornton Davies. Although it was a very quiet wedding, with no invitations and only the simplest marriage service, quite a number of their friends came to the church and afterwards to tea at Mrs. Bompas', with whom Rosamond was staying.

The ceremony took place at ten o'clock in the morning, and at eleven they left by motor

for Nyeri, the post station nearest their farm at West Kenia.

It was unfortunate that Lenox did not obtain his discharge in time to reach Nairobi for Jarvis's wedding. He was only released from military duty in March and has since joined Jarvis and Rosamund on the farm.

The following is an extract from Jarvis's letter.

"April 28th, 1919.

"Address everything West Kenia, via Nairobi, B.E.A. Our post and telegraph office is West Kenia, and is only about 6 miles from the bottom farm.

"On arriving here we had a strenuous time, getting this building habitable which we are now occupying. The Provincial Commissioner, very kindly, lent me a tent in which we lived for about 6 weeks.

The farm we now hold is capable of very great development and easily carries all our stock. It is a very rich red soil, which will grow almost anything, and the greater portion of it can be irrigated and has been quite unaffected by the unprecedented drought which has now at last ended.

Lucerne is already a well proved crop on it, and everything grows at a wonderful rate, without any trouble. We are not able at present to do much development until our house is ready, as we are living about 4½ miles from where we are building. The house will be a wooden one to start with, and later on, if we find building stone, we hope to have a more substantial one. We have plenty of good wood on the farm—yellow wood and chestnut along the river, and quite a forest, almost entirely of wild olive. Practically all the cedar falls on the three farms we have sold, but the Government cedar forests are easily accessible to us. In the forests there are plenty of buffalo, several rhino, numbers of water buck, bush buck, warthogs, duiker, steinbuck, and a few wild dogs and lions. However, they keep to the forest and don't worry us. The cattle and horses graze always in the open plains. Horses do exceptionally well. Notwithstanding Lenox having lost his two original mares left here when the war broke out, he has now 4 very good horses out of them—one mare and three geldings. They are all from a thoroughbred stallion—Fred Dunn—a descendant of the Australian "Carbine."

One can drive or go by car all over the farm except through the cedar and olive forests. Lenox has eight very good mules which he bought at Dodoma, G.E.A. He is now back on the farm, and he and I and Maurice Southey have been engaged by the firm of Newland & Tarlton to report on all the Laikipia allotment farms.

There are a very large number of applicants for the farms being allotted to ex-soldiers. For the 800 being put up I understand there are already 2,000 applicants here and 5,000 in England.

"Rosamund and I will definitely come down for a visit to S. Africa during next November."

The Family have much enjoyed Effie's visit this summer. She and Elliot arrived from Griqualand East early in February, and spent the first fortnight with the Stanfords at Rondebosch, where Effie did quantities of shopping and visiting among her enormous circle of friends, while Mr. Anderson champed with impatience at Kalk Bay. She spent the whole of March at "Quarterdeck," and many happy days on the beach with her two sweet little children, Sheila and Cynthia, who won all hearts. The latter is known as "Tiny Bob," and is a particularly fascinating small person and most advanced for her 18 months. Their little Cousin Jocelyn much enjoyed their society, and they all bathed together in the safe little Dalebrook bathing pool, generally surrounded by groups of admiring parents and relations. Effie's babies were particularly brave in the water, and marched in up to their necks with the utmost confidence and enjoyment.

Elliot had to return to the farm early in March, but thoroughly enjoyed his short stay at Kalk Bay as well as his visit to Ronde-

bosch. Effie and Elliot made the most of their time, bathing, playing tennis at the St. James' courts, which are such an asset to the place, going to all the receptions and garden parties, and even dancing the Jazz (it is rumoured) at the Marine Hotel dances. Elliot is a very keen and good dancer.

Effie is looking very well indeed. One of the Family remarked that she has "got unmarried again!" which we take to mean that she has all her old charm and does not let her young family weigh her down with care. Mr. Anderson was delighted to have her with him again, and much enjoyed taking her about to the local garden parties, etc. He looked so well and young.

Lil and the children were staying for their usual 3 months at "Newlyn," and saw as much as possible of Effie. Wallace got down for a fortnight in February. The dry season up-country prevented him from making a long stay.

Evelyn and her two dear little girls spent 3 months at the Cape with Mrs. Southey. They are all looking particularly well and happy, and give very good accounts of Gordon's farming operations. They spent a week at Elgin with Kathleen and another week at Kalk Bay, where they stayed at the new boarding-house, "Castle Hill," near to "Newlyn." Little Amy and Edward much enjoyed bathing and playing with Mary and Elizabeth, and Evelyn has promised herself a longer stay at the sea on her next visit.

Effie went for a week's motor tour with Ted, Minnie and Harry during the first week in April, which was a great pleasure to them all, and then spent her last fortnight with Marjorie and Harry at Greenfield House. Marjorie has made the house very charming with her beautiful furniture and arrangements of lovely flowers, and has great schemes for beautifying the garden. Both she and Harry are very keen gardeners.

Marjorie had an "At Home" on Easter Monday to give her relations and friends an opportunity to say bood-bye to Effie, who left the next day, and they rallied round in large numbers and spent a delightful afternoon.

Effie left the next evening Her capable nurse again accompanied her. Wallace, Lil and little Edward met the train at Nelspoort, and travelled with her as far as Krom River, returning by a good's train the same afternoon. The next day was cheered by meeting Dorothy Ruffle at Bloemfontein, and a wire was received from Maritzburg reporting their safe arrival there.

It has been a great pleasure for the Family to see Effie again and to make the acquaintance of her charming little children.

Frank and Ella are building a beautiful Italian villa on the site of old Hamilton House. Owing to the epidemic in October, the architect, Mr. Hoets, was quite unable to fulfill his promise of getting the house finished by the end of the year. Frank and Ella with the girls and their young friends made a weekly visit in their car every Sunday afternoon to inspect the work, but it progressed very slowly, and they sadly and gradually gave up all hope of their annual sea-side visit —("The Barnacle" being let for the year). However, it is reported to be making rapid progress at last, and when it is finally finished will repay them for their patience.

The glories of the house, its beautiful shaped drawing room, its many large windows with their gorgeous sea-views, the atrium court, the many pillared loggia and balcony with its unsurpassed view must be described when the house is finished.

The coming of "Tommy" has been the great excitement of the last two months. Poor Brenda had many disappointments and one mysterious cable which filled her with wild hope—and then, at quite short notice in the end, Gordon Thomas arrived in the "Orieta" on April 6th. He has already become a favourite among the clan. Second to the anxiety about the coming of "Tommy" was the awful suspense as to the coming of the wedding dress—but all's well that ends well,

and it has safely arrived in time for the wedding, and surpasses even Brenda's expectations. The wedding takes place on May 6th. After the honeymoon the young couple mean to return home for a few days and then pay Wallace and Lil a visit at Nelspoort to give Gordon Thomas his first sight of the Karoo and the S. African veld.

Ethel Bisset's baby was born on March 5th, a beautiful sturdy boy. He was christened on April 1st at Christ Church, and named "Paul Edgar Hamilton"—the two last names were Edgar Bisset's. A few of the Family and some friends attended the christening, and a nice little tea party took place afterwards at the house, when Ethel and Bazett received many congratulations on their splendid little son, and much baby worship took place. Their little daughter Patricia is enormously proud of her little brother.

Bert and Bessie Beard's silver wedding fell on March the 8th. This happened to be the day of Linda Mansergh's wedding, so they did not celebrate the happy occasion on that day, but on the following Monday they had a larger tennis party than usual, and received many congratulations.

Beatrice and Jim's silver wedding was on April 19th, and many of the Family went in to tea with them to offer their congratulations.

Helen arrived from England in the "Balmoral" in the middle of April. All "Aboyne" were in a great state of excitement as well as Nesta and most of "the family" at the thought of seeing dear little Helen again. The contingent who went to meet the boat had a most trying three hours' wait at the Docks in a terrible S. Easter, and in the end the passengers were unable to land till the next day. Very early next morning her family went in again, and they all got out to "Aboyne" about lunch time. Quite a little party of friends and relations were waiting to welcome her home. She is looking very sweet and charming, and sings delightfully. On Gwen's birthday Nelly gave one of her charming garden parties in honour of the double event, Gwen's birthday and Helen's home-coming. It was a perfect afternoon, and the family and many friends gathered in large numbers under the trees by the tennis court. The energetic played some very good tennis, and everyone enjoyed the sumptuous tea provided and the usual warm welcome and delightful hospitality which always makes Nelly's parties so successful.

The forth-coming Victory Ball is the great excitement at present. Gwen and Nesta are taking part, as attendants on "Victory." They are to wear Grecian robes with gold leaves in their hair and laurel branches in their hands. Helen is to represent "Peace," and is to be posed in a specially prepared and decorated alcove near the organ in the City Hall. When the curtain is drawn at the given moment she will be standing with bowed head, her hands crossed on her breast—she will spread out her arms over the waiting people and set free a dove she has been holding.

It was Aunt Emmie's birthday on March 4th, and a large number of the family dropped in to wish her many happy returns of the day. She had the room decorated with vases of beautiful flowers, and provided one of her famous teas. Many of us have been most interested to meet Miss Pidsley, who was known in the family as "Aunt Emmie's Missionary." Miss Pidsley is the Principal of the Girls' Mission School in Sierra Leone, and came with a party of other missionaries to the Cape for change of air and rest, as they were prevented by the War from going to England. Aunt Emmie kindly offered her hospitality to one of the party, and Miss Pidsley stayed in her charming little home for 3½ months, and thoroughly enjoyed her comfortable surroundings. She returned to Sierra Leone towards

the end of March in a transport carrying Nigerian troops.

Arthur and Beryl Bisset enjoyed a long stay at Kalk Bay during February, March and April. They stayed at "Discdi," round the Point, and had Beryl's mother with them for the first month. They returned to Alice's Hope on April 30th looking all the better for the change. Beryl really looks as if she had never been ill. Arthur was able to get a short holiday in April, and proved a most successful fisherman. Quite a number of delicious "galleon" found their way up the line among the Clan, who much enjoyed the rather rare fish.

The Karoo is dry as usual. The summer was a time of great anxiety, as no rain had fallen since March, 1918, and the veld was perilously dry. In February some good showers fell, and a month later more rain followed, so that the immediate anxiety was relieved, but the rains this season have been most unsatisfactory as no general rain has fallen, and most of the showers have fallen in strips and patches, so that parts of the veld have had abundance of rain and other parts are still quite dry. At Nelspoort 3.29 has fallen this year, while at one of the out stations a shepherd sent a message to Wallace that the Ou' Baas musn't pray for rain any more as his sheep would be drowned! Kampers Kraal and Bleak House have had six or seven inches of rain, while large parts of Baakens Rug and Nelspoort have had none to speak of. The Victoria West district is still terribly dry, and the farmers are in a very bad way. Altogether the situation is most unsatisfactory, and the unfortunate farmers are only hoping that unusual winter rains may fall.

In a letter to his father, dated Feb. 26th, Ernest Anderson writes of returning to France after leave in England. He found his regiment re-occupying the old area in which they were billeted four years previously; and it was quite gratifying to see how the inhabitants recognised them and how very pleased they were to see them in their midst again.

He expected his regiment to return to England shortly, and we have since heard that it is once more back at Hyde Park Barracks, and that Ernest is busy examining men who are to be demobilized.

Barkly Molteno has been given command of the Naval Reserve, which means that he will continue to work at the Admiralty, and will therefore be able to go on living at Alton. The family much appreciate Barkly's daily train journey to and from London, as he utilizes the time in the train to write delightfully long and more frequent letters. The accounts he gives of little Viola make us most impatient to see her. She is very pretty and full of spirits, and although only just two years old, can repeat all the nursery rhymes and altogether appears to be a most charming little child. Barkly is evidently her slave.

Percy and Bessie Molteno have been chiefly in London lately, but as the petrol control has been almost completely released now they have been able to put the Rolls Royce into commission again. They are hoping to motor up to see May and Freddie towards the end of May, and plan touring up to Glenlyon in June, taking about a week on the journey.

Jervis Molteno returned to Trinity in January, and will be there until December, as he has got to keep three terms in order to get his War degree. Islay spent several pleasant week-ends there, and they had the great pleasure of seeing Trinity go top of the river in the Lent "bumping" races.

During the vac. they were able to motor a good deal as Jervis has bought a two-seater sporting Calthorpe. There was also a good deal to do in the garden, and various guests, such as Margaret, Paul Batley and Victor, had quiet but useful visits, painting benches, rolling, cutting and weeding the tennis lawn and generally smartening things up.

Ian is growing splendidly, and can now nearly walk. He is devoted to animals, and shows every sign of being as mad on motors and trains as his father is.

Jervis and Islay's little daughter was born on April 16th, and is to be called Pamela Elizabeth.

Ronald Beard is at present in London. where he has had an operation on his hand. It is uncertain yet whether he will have the full use of his fingers, but after he has had a course of electrical treatment massage it is probable that he will. His plans are very uncertain, but if Clare College is not too full he may return there in October.

Ken Beard is back at Clare, having spent a very delightful vacation in Scotland and in London with numerous South African friends.

Vyvyan Watson is in London now, doing all in his power to get demobilised and sent out to the Cape as soon as possible. He also spends part of his time in the country with friends recovering from the effects of innumerable Jazz dances and other frivolities.

A cable was received by Victor and Mildred early in March saying that John had been admitted to hospital in Egypt, which naturally made them rather anxious. However, a fortnight later they were relieved to receive another cable stating he was convalescent. Now they hear he has been sent to England, arriving there in April, and is in hospital at Wandsworth. He spent a very pleasant week-end at Parklands and another at Cambridge, which is, of course, at its best in May. It is probable that John may take an agricultural course at Cambridge before returning to the Cape, and that he will be at Pembroke with Victor.

Victor is very much hoping to pay a visit to the Cape in the long vac., but it is very uncertain whether he will manage to get a berth as most of the boats are crowded until the end of June. He is at present like the whole of the new and youthful Cambridge, completely mad on motor bicycles He is going to buy one soon, and in the meantime it is difficult to get him to buy even the barest necessities of life.

Dr. C. F. K. Murray's name was among the Birthday Honours as having been made an O.B.E.

The Surrender of Von Lettow.

The following letter of Jarvis's only reached us about a month after his letter dated Dec. 23rd, which appeared in the last number of the "Chronicle," and gave further particulars as to the surrender of Von Lettow and the journey to Dar-es-Salam as his escort:—

14 miles from Bismarck Burg,
N. Rhodesia,
South end of Tanganyka,
Dec. 1st, 1918.

"We have been very out of touch with everything for the last month. Our Batt. has been on the heels of the enemy since I last wrote and done some very strenuous marching as the enemy were making south, and with no troops in front of them. They attacked Fife unsuccessfully, and then continued south into Rhodesia.

"On the 6th and 7th of last month we had severe engagements, capturing two machine guns, and we continued pressing them hard. By the 9th we were out of range of everything with our wireless, and continued out of touch with everything behind us. On the 12th, we had another severe engagement, knowing nothing of the Armistice. In this fight I was slightly wounded through my arm, and also side, but it did not lay me up.

"On the morning of the 13th, we again skirmished with the enemy, near Kasama (which is between Lakes Banguelo and Mivero) intending to heavily attack them again, on the 14th. While moving along the road to Kasa-

ma, on the 13th, about mid-day, we met two of von Lettow's Askaris, with a large white flag, and a cyclist of our own, who gave us the great news of the Armistice and Peace. It appeared that, a couple of hours before, two of our cyclists had passed, on their way to deliver despatches to our Batt. and to von Lettow. Thinking we were in Kasama, von Lettow received both despatches—so getting the news about two hours before we did. On receipt of the news, there was tremendous excitement amongst our people. Porters, Askaris, officers and local natives all joined in the continuous cheering. The news came most unexpectedly. We at once halted, and so did the enemy, who were about five miles off.

"I cannot give you all the details, in this letter, of what has been happening since. After two days' consideration von Lettow accepted our terms, which were—unconditional surrender, which took place at Abercorn. His Europeans only were allowed to retain their arms, until reaching Dar-es-Salaam.

"On the 17th, the whole German force passed through our camp on the way to Abercorn—100 miles away, and we followed the next day, behind them. Their Askaris say they are very glad it is over, and so do the German whites, who were, at first, very much upset over the terms, but I think they are getting more resigned. They surrendered at Abercorn, which we reached a day ahead of them. They had 30 officers, 125 white N.C.O.'s, 1,165 Askaries, 1 twelve pounder gun, 24 maxims, 14 Lewis guns and 208,880 rds. ammunition. They were just about double our strength, but their ammunition was only sufficient for about one more fight. We are escorting them to Dar-es-Salaam. I sent you a wire on the 16th by motor cyclist through Fife. I trust you received it. It was the first chance of getting any message through. Very much love to you all at home and thankfulness for the termination of the war."

"Nairobi,
Jan. 26th, 1919.

"As you see, I am back in Nairobi, and have got my discharge. We are all disappointed with the leave regulations. If I had not taken leave in June I would have been entitled to six months' leave on full pay and a return passage to Cape Town. I am now entitled to only 3½ months' leave on full pay and no passage. When I took leave I had had some 24 months' service in the K.A.R., and if I had known, by waiting another month, I would now be entitled to four and a half months' leave and a passage. Being on the Nyasaland side, we never heard of these regulations—the old rule being 6 months' accumulative leave. Getting no free passage, I cannot come down just yet, and also the boats are very full, so I am deciding to go back to the farm and am getting married on the 3rd of Feb. I hope you will approve. We will go up to the farm at once and get a small house built and everything arranged, and then try to come down to you at the end of the year. I think there will be a big influx of people up here towards the end of this year. General Pollockstoff, the Russian general, who owns land at Kenia, is out there now with his wife, and I believe intends remaining. There also seems a good chance of the railway being continued to West Kenia, as there is a campaign on against the Northern tribes and some big producers are beginning to go out to Kenia.

"I am taking my surveying instruments up to Kenia, but will only do work in the near neighbourhood of the farm. I believe Lenox has received the O.B.E., which is very good. I heard it only to-day. He thoroughly deserves it, and will probably get a Belgian decoration as well, as I hear he was almost the only one of our people who managed to get along with them fairly well."

Extracts from Lenox's Letters.

"Kigoma,
Nov. 18th, 1918.

"I am now stationed at Kigoma, where we have all our cattle concentrated. It is the terminus of the Central Railway on Lake Tanganyka, and we are railing cattle, and also sending them down the lake to Bismarksburg, where our K.A.R. are and von Lettow is surrendering. Isn't the news magnificent, and hasn't Germany come a crash? I expect von Lettow to pass through here shortly, and I am most anxious to see him; one can't help having a great admiration for the man, his determination and contempt of hardships have been a fine example to all.

"I am trying to get into touch with Jarvis, and as soon as we meet and have a talk will let you know what we intend doing. I hope we shall be able to get down by February.

"We have all had that horrid Spanish influenza, but I am nearly well now, sickness doesn't like me, and I generally get rid of things quickly. We hadn't a fit European in camp at one time, and the natives were just as bad. My French interpreter died, a few days ago, from it, a young fellow who was in the E.A.M.R. Then we have had, and still have, a number with malaria and one has blackwater. This is not a healthy country, but I am quite all right. What about Miller's Point if we get down in February? It will be splendid to be with you again."

"Dec. 12th, Kigoma.

"Jarvis passed through here a few days ago. He only remained about two hours, and was kept so busy the whole time that I hardly had a chance to speak to him. He expected to remain at Tabora some time, and I had arranged to see him when he wired that he was proceeding to Dar-es-Salaam. From there he goes to Nairobi. I thought he was looking very thin and worn out, but I expect, with a little rest and decent food, he will soon be fit. He had been slightly wounded the day before von Lettow surrendered.

"By the same boat as he, came von Lettow, his staff and German prisoners. It was a most interesting sight. The Germans all looked quite fit—far better than our own people, who had been chasing them.

"I believe Northern Rhodesia failed to destroy their supply dumps, and that the Germans found our food quite inferior to what they had been accustomed to.

"Von Lettow is a fine well-built man, standing about 6 ft. 2. Of course, he was still wearing his campaign clothes, which were very rough. There was nothing to denote him as a general. He was wearing a very worn and patched helmet, khaki tunic, shorts, putties and a belt round his waist with a bayonet.

"The ex-Governor, von Snee, looked careworn and depressed—he was a small man with a nice face. There was one officer, a young fellow from the Konigsberg, who had had his foot amputated, just leaving the heel; over this they had fixed a kind of boot, and he had been marching thousands of miles since—he must have had some pluck!

"I have had malaria again since I last wrote. You need not worry as its part of the routine out here. If everyone who got a little bit sick were to ask for leave England would soon be without an army. In the military you are expected to report sick only when you are quite down and unable to carry on. There are large numbers who do try to get sick leave as often as possible, but I don't want to class with them—they are a nuisance and no good to anyone. You needn't worry as malaria doesn't stick to me or knock me about as it does some. I do not notice any bad effects."

"Dodoma, G.E.A.,
Jan. 15th, 1919.

"Dear Gordon,—

"I have now left Belgian areas. I don't know if I shall now be evacuated or given another area to close down. There is terrible drought and famine here, and the country looks as bad as the Karoo could look after the worst of droughts. The distress amongst the natives here is terrible, and they are dying in hundreds from starvation. This has been

going on for the last year, and now it has come to a climax. Nice cows and heifers can be traded for a little meal or grain. The Government, instead of selling all the surplus foodstuffs to the natives, from whom most of it has been taken, are selling it to Indians and Greeks, and they, like blood suckers, retail it to natives at its weight in gold. I wonder what people in England would think and say if they really saw what is being done here and the horribly callous way the native is treated? Then they say the native must not again be left to the mercy of the brutal Hun. I don't think they were ever worse administered than they are now. I hope things may improve. . . . . Jarvis is now in Nairobi en route for Uganda, where his regt. is being disbanded. He got a bar to his M.C. He has done really well, and stuck it out better than anyone, and few know the terrible hardships of this campaign to those who have borne the brunt in the firing line."

"Dodoma.
Jan. 22nd.

"It is almost definite that I will have to remain here and close down this new area. That will mean that I shall be here for about another two months. It is terribly hot here, but dry and healthy. I expect that by the time I have been released, and have fixed up our business in Nairobi, it will be winter at the Cape. It is quite impossible to make any definite arrangements till I have got my release and been to B.E.A.

No leave is being given us on discharge, no matter how long we have been without leave—no free passages either, as far as I can understand. I am getting pretty stale at this job, especially as this country is of no interest to me. Having been used to travelling about and leading a more or less active life, I find this sort of stationary depôt life, very depressing. We have plenty of horses and a motor car but still the country is, more or less, an eyesore in this awful drought.

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND.

Naval censorship having been removed I am now able to send you a full account of the "Warrior's" share in the Battle of Jutland, and the events which immediately preceded it.

The Grand Fleet was at Scarpa Flow in the Orkneys on May 30th, 1916, with the exception of the 2nd. Battle Squadron, under the Command of Vice Admiral Sir Thomas Jerram, and the 1st Cruiser Squadron under Rear Admiral Sir Robert Arbuthnot. (The First Cruiser Squadron included the Defence Warrior Duke of Edinburgh and Black Prince,) both of which were in Cromarty Firth as were their attendant destroyers.

It was the custom for one of the three battle squadrons and one of the cruiser squadrons to go in turn to Cromarty Firth for some recreation, and the strict routine of drills and exercises was somewhat relaxed and both officers and men were allowed to land after 1 p.m. for the rest of the day till 7 and 9 p.m. respectively. The 30th was a lovely day. Ethel who had come up to Cromarty to be near me, lunched on board after which we landed and had a lovely walk and took tea at Colonel Luard's (Pitcalycun House) where were also Flag Captain Ellis of the Defence, the Rev. le Patourel also of the Defence, and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas of the Black Prince. On our way back to the Warrior we saw the Defence hoist the signal recalling all officers and ordering the squadron to raise steam. The squadron had been at the customary four hours notice for steam. That is that we should be ready to leave four hours after receiving the signal to "Raise Steam." I ordered dinner at once and sent Ethel ashore directly afterwards.

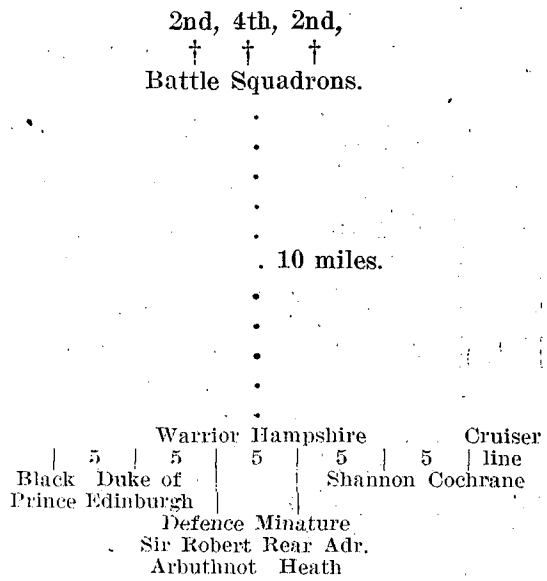
It was the usual thing for us to go out at least once a fortnight so that no one thought anything much about our leaving that night. Orders came on board about 9 p.m. for an "operation" designed to entice the German Fleet to come out and enable us if they took the bait to cut them off from their North Sea ports, but as the date for it was 24 hours later I was not sure if we were going out for this

operation or only on one of our usual "stunts" (whenever we thought it likely that the Germans might come out we used to put to sea on the chance of catching them if they did come out). We left harbour at 10.30 just as it was getting dusk. Ethel watched us go out, also the 2nd Battle Squadron, and wrote a splendid description of what an impressive sight it was to her father the next morning; we all passed quite close to the coastguard's house where she was staying. I had no idea of anything unusual being in the wind, and felt I'd had one of the happiest days of my life.

It seemed quite one of the most peaceful excursions we had yet made. The next morning was fine with a light southerly breeze and good visibility. We exercised "action stations" as usual, joined up with the remainder of the Grand Fleet during the forenoon and learnt that Vice-Admiral Calthorpe had hauled down his flag the day before, and that Rear Admiral Heath was in command of the 2nd and 7th Cruiser Squadrons and in general command of the Cruiser Line. Previous to this Vice-Admiral Calthorpe had been in direct command of the 2nd Cruiser Squadron and in general command of the whole Cruiser Line, consisting of the 1st, 2nd and 7th Cruiser Squadrons.

The Battle Cruiser Fleet and 5th Battle Squadron was about 60 miles S.E. of the Battle Fleet, having left the Forth about the same time as the Grand Fleet (except the 3rd Battle Cruiser Squadron, which had preceded them, and with the 4th L.C.S. had proceeded into the Cattegat).

The formation of the fleet was LSI—10, that is to say, the 1st, 2nd and 4th Battle Squadrons were concentrated in Divisions in Line ahead disposed abeam with the cruisers 10 miles ahead and 5 miles apart, thus



Nothing of interest occurred before 3.15 p.m.; but some of the wireless signals intercepted indicated that we were engaged on the operation for which I had received orders just before leaving; but I could not be sure of this. As it was my duty to count the money on board that day, I arranged to do so at 2.30, and on completing this at about 3 p.m. I returned to the bridge, and almost at once afterwards we intercepted a wireless signal from one of our light cruisers attached to the Battle Cruiser Force that enemy vessels were in sight. We also intercepted strong enemy wireless signals. Reports then followed in quick succession that enemy battle cruisers were in sight and then were being engaged. I could also tell that our battle cruisers were between the enemy and Horn Reef (northern headland of the Heligoland Bight). Our Battle Cruisers, supported by the 5th Battle Squadron, consist-

ing of Barham, Malaya, Warspite and Valiant (Queen Elizabeth class and the fastest of our battleships), were about 55 miles S.E. true from our position at 4.35 p.m., when they reported the enemy High Sea Fleet in sight. The visibility was about 12 miles at 3.30 p.m., and became gradually less. At about 3.30 p.m. Defence made the signal to assume action stations. After seeing everything ready for immediate action, I sent the ship's company to tea, and had mine brought on the upper bridge. The signals intercepted showed me quite clearly the actual positions of our own and the enemy's Battle Cruisers and Battle Fleet as well as the movements of our own Battle Cruisers, 5th Battle Squadron and Light Cruisers. The 3rd Battle Cruiser Squadron, under Admiral Hood, had been detached to the N.E. previously, and was ordered to close the 1st and 2nd Battle Cruiser Squadrons, under Admiral Beatty, after the enemy's battle cruisers were reported in sight.

From 4 p.m. onwards I felt a battle was imminent, and that if only the weather remained clear that the conditions would be all in our favour.

At about 5.40, which was earlier by about 30 minutes than we expected, we heard guns and saw gunflashes about 2½ points before our starboard beam, which I estimated (quite correctly) must be our battle cruisers engaging the enemy's battle cruisers. Our own battle fleet and attendant cruisers, including Warrior, were steering S.E. by S. at 20 knots.

I sounded "Ready Position" (the bugle call which meant the closing of all the watertight doors and completing the last details before going into action), and we all knew that in a few minutes we should be engaging the enemy ourselves.

The Commander had explained the position of affairs to the ship's company directly after tea, just after 4 p.m.

Our own light cruisers (who were stationed on the disengaged bow of the Lion, Admiral Beatty's flagship) soon appeared standing almost directly towards the Warrior.

As our light cruisers approached, smaller natures of projectiles were observed to be falling short of them. Next our Battle Cruisers, led by the Lion, were sighted, and heavy projectiles falling, generally speaking, rather short of them.

At about 5.47 I observed 3, and possibly 4, enemy light cruisers on our starboard bow. I increased speed to 21 knots to close the Defence from 5 cables where I was originally stationed to 2½ cables, while she altered course 3 points to port and brought the enemy's 3rd Light Cruiser, which was closer than the others on a bearing of Green 80 (nearly on our beam). Defence then signalled "Open Fire," "Ship internal 12 secs." The enemy light cruiser we took to be one of those which the Germans were building for Russia on the outbreak of war. She had 3 funnels rather like a minature of our Tiger. Three salvoes were fired at extreme range by Defence and 3 by Warrior, but all fell short, so I ordered "Check Fire." Defence then altered course to starboard, bringing the enemy light cruiser about right ahead, and shortly after by another turn to starboard she brought our port guns to bear. The time of making this last alteration of course was 6.1 p.m. for Warrior.

Our light cruisers (2nd L.C.S.) now passed under our stern fairly close to us, and projectiles of 6 in. calibre were falling round us from the aforementioned light cruisers. At 6.5 our port guns had opened fire on the same enemy. I saw her hit by both Defence's and Warrior's 2nd salvo, and she lost speed at once and then stopped.

Just after this we passed about a mile ahead of our battle cruisers, and then steered on a diagonally opposite course to theirs, almost directly towards the enemy's battle cruisers, passing between our own battle cruisers and the enemy battle cruisers, and then between the 5th B.S. and the enemy battle fleet.

Directly after we crossed the bows of the Lion (leading the battle cruisers), Defence and Warrior came under a heavy fire from the enemy battle cruisers, although the light was such that we could not see them although we must have showed up clearly to them.

At 6.17 the Defence turned to starboard, directly I saw she was turning I also turned. Almost at once after she was hit by two salvoes in rapid succession, and she blew up and disappeared. I turned 12 points so as to follow after our 5th Battle Squadron, and gave the light cruiser we had stopped a couple of final salvoes, and she disappeared in a cloud of smoke and I feel sure sank then. My signal boatswain reported to me that she'd been sunk.

Warrior had been hit by at least two 6-inch and I think one 12-inch up to this time.

At 6.17 I ordered the navigator to con the ship from the conning tower, and then entered it myself, and continued to fight the ship from that position till the action was over. A few minutes later a shell wrecked the bridge (where we had been previously) and wounded the Lt.-Cr. (T) (torpedo lieutenant) (Bromley), who was outside the conning tower.

My leader, Sir Robert Arbuthnot, having perished with all the gallant Defences, I decided to withdraw. At this time the Warrior was between the enemy's battle squadron and our own 5th Battle Squadron. 1½ miles from them.

As I turned away I observed that the Warrior was losing speed, so I sent a message to the engine room to keep the engines going at all costs. I struck a zig-zag course as four of their battle ships at least were concentrated on us. They fired broadsides by director, each broadside falling with one huge splash. All the projectiles being so close together, but for our zig-zagging I am sure we should have been sunk—their broadsides fell so close on either side of us.

At 6.26 all the electrical instruments failed and also hydraulic power, and at 6.30 I received the report that the starboard engine room was out of action. In response to my question as to whether they could keep the port engines going, it was reported a minute later that both engines were going ahead slow.

At 6.35 main topmen's mess deck was reported on fire, and 6.40 the left deck was reported on fire.

From the time the Defence blew up we were under a very heavy concentrated fire. As we drew out of action all our battle cruisers and 5th B.S. had passed on, leaving us alone in rear of them with the exception of the Warspite, who had dropped about 2 miles astern of her squadron owing to her steering gear having broken down and she having made a big circle towards the enemy's line. I anticipated passing astern of her also, but she turned towards the enemy and passed close under Warrior's stern.

Thereafter she drew all the enemy's fire, and we were left alone. We saw her badly hit as we passed her, but all her guns were firing.

Soon afterwards we sighted the Engadine (a seaplane carrier), she had been attached to the Battle Cruiser Force. I ordered her to "stand by" the Warrior till I could ascertain more accurately what were our damages.

Fires were raging so badly aft that it was impossible to get access to the engine room. The whole main deck was full of flame and smoke as well as gas from enemy shells which had burst there. The upper deck was torn to pieces and every boat damaged beyond repair. The masts stood and so did the funnels in spite of their being much damaged and most of the rigging being shot away. Just before the Engadine was sighted a submarine's periscope was reported before the port beam, but no torpedo was seen. While I was getting reports about the damage the ship was getting a serious list to starboard, and I ordered the spare hands to rig rafts in case the ship should capsize. Soon the Engineer Commander (Kitching) reported that both the engine rooms were rapidly filling with water, and that very soon the engines must stop. Also that, while the fires raged and steam was blowing off from the several steam pipes, he could not ascertain all the damage nor our prospects of repairing it.

I then gave orders to draw fires in the boilers and shut off steam in the boiler rooms, and ordered the Engadine to take the Warrior in tow.

This was completed by 9 p.m. in spite of the fact that the 6-inch wire hawser was stowed on the main deck, which was still dangerous on account of gas fumes and full of smoke.

The ship took a heavy list to starboard at first through the starboard engine room filling up rapidly (a shell had burst on the bottom of the starboard engine room, making a huge hole), but as the port engine room filled also the ship gradually righted. It grew dark about 9.30, and the barometer started falling, so that our prospects were none too bright. All hands worked with a will at stopping leaks and shoring up and strengthening bulkheads of the compartments that were filling.

All the usual communications being disabled, and the ship having to be steered by hand from the tiller flat, I had a field telephone rigged from what remained of the bridge to the handwheel which answered very well.

The Engadine managed to give us a speed of 8 knots at first, but as we filled up she could only tow us at 6 knots. Next morning I ordered her to steer for Kinnaird Head, the nearest point of the British Coast.

When safely in tow on our course at about 9.30 I was able to quit the bridge for the first time to make a personal examination of all the damage we had received and see how the wounded were doing. After giving orders as to what should be done further, I felt that there was a sporting chance that we might save the ship if the weather remained smooth. I thought at any rate we could keep her afloat during the dark hours. The amount the water had risen in the engine rooms was reported to me every 2 hours. From 2 a.m. to 4 a.m. it was stationary, which was very encouraging. But after 4 a.m. the wind and sea increased and the water gained rapidly.

At 6 a.m. I made a tour below and again at 7.15, as a result I came to the conclusion that nothing we could do would save the ship. I then ordered the Comd., Engineer Comd. and senior unwounded Lieut. Comd. to report on the possibility of saving the ship and how much longer in their opinion she could be kept afloat. All agreed that 2 hours was the maximum, and that she might go at any moment. The barometer was falling fast, wind and sea were rising rapidly, so I gave the order for Engadine to slip our towing hawser and come alongside the Warrior, and gave directions for abandoning the ship.

All the wounded were got up in cots or stretchers, and the men were fallen in by divisions. After all the wounded had been transferred, the remainer of the men by divisions clambered on board the Engadine. Every sea was washing over the Warrior's decks and pouring through the huge rents in the upper deck on to the main deck. All our steam pumps and all but two hand pumps had been disabled, so we could not possibly cope with the volumes of water pouring into the ship.

At the stern her upper deck was awash. My cabins and all the main deck were flooded. It was dangerous work getting everyone transferred to the Engadine. One of the wounded fell between the two ships and was crushed to death. The Engadine had a hole knocked in her just below the waterline and received other damage while alongside.

As the Engadine left the Warrior we gave our gallant old ship three very hearty cheers. She must have capsized within half an hour. We could not wait to see her go, as the Engadine was very short of coal and our 700 men could not be accommodated except on the upper deck, and very many were clad in nothing but their stokehold rig and most were wet through.

We reached Rosyth at 2 a.m. next day. The wounded were at once transferred to hospital, and at 8.30 we went alongside the dockyard and were accommodated on board the Crescent and Dreadnought, and I reported at once to the Commander-in-Chief Coast of Scotland, Admiral Sir Robert Lowry, who was very kind, and made arrangements to pay and clothe our men and send them to their depot next day. He also gave me a very welcome breakfast.

I will now add some of my general impressions of the battle.

Everything that happened seemed quite natural and in order. There was nothing surprising and nothing really unpleasant except the loss of the Defence, which was our "chummy ship," and my admiration and affection for my Admiral, Sir Robert Arbuthnot, was unbounded. He was the keenest and most zealous

man I've ever known. He did everything and excelled in everything, work or sport. This about Sir Robert is a degression. I must resume my general impressions.

When a huge salvo fell very close I felt, "Well, that is all right, they've not got us with that one."

There seemed plenty of time for everything: to give orders and to have them reported as executed. Even although the enemy's battle fleet were so close before they became visible, owing to the mist, smoke and bad light, I felt more concerned in the early stages of the battle for the Defence than for my own ship.

We all felt highly elated at hitting our first antagonist so quickly as soon as we got within range and stopping her at once.

Even after we were so badly damaged ourselves everyone was happy and felt confident that as soon as our battle fleet got into action they would make short work of the Germans. Officers and men were as cheerful as possible even during that night working at the pumps and stopping leaks. I felt sure that the loss of the Defence and Warrior would be counterbalanced by far greater losses in the German Fleet.

On arrival at Rosyth I had a telegram ready to send to Ethel to meet me in Edinburgh, The Comder. (Ingham) and 1st Lt. (Bromley) sent similar wires to their wives, and they all arrived about 8 p.m., not having known till we met them that there had been a naval battle.

There were 108 casualties, of which 68 were killed. One surgeon was stunned by the explosion of a shell which killed most of those round him, but he was able to attend the wounded soon after. The Fleet Surgeon (Bolster) was overcome by gas after attending the wounded for a couple of hours, but then went on with his work, but directly after getting on board the Engadine he was again overcome till we landed.

My cook and steward were among the killed and my valet lost his left hand.

The conduct of officers and men was beyond praise. The 1st Lt. (Bromley) was badly wounded outside the conning tower, but said nothing about it. He went on with his work and got the ship in tow, and it was only when in the file that I saw he was wounded.

American Canteen Work in France

"Châlons, Nov. 3, 1918.

"The day I wrote you we had dinner with Gen. Petain. I came in in the afternoon, and found he had telephoned asking us to dine on his car. Gen. G—— stopped to get us, and it was all very pleasant. Gen. Petain is gayer than any of us would have expected him to be. It was a most delightful car, and of course we had a very good dinner.

The next morning we started out for a most wonderfully interesting day. The G—— arranged it all, and invited M——, Madame de L——, and me to visit the great battle fields of this past offensive, the automobile was due at nine, with a little captain to escort us, who proved the most efficient and cheerful guide for the day. We went first to the present little village where the Etat Major is stationed. I had a cosy breakfast at ten o'clock, the roughness, yet comfort, of their establishment made me think of the Adirondacks. I felt at home.

Breakfast over, we started out on the motor. We soon reached ground that had for years been No Man's Land; it made one shudder to think of the lives that had been poured out on that bit of barren clay. It was seared and marked by the fires that had raged over it, full of shell holes, which gave it a ragged, pock-marked look, with little inadequate looking ditches running all across it, and an occasional charred stump of a tree standing up against the grey sky. One rather expected Nature to look stupendous there, the front line trenches, which have stood in one's thought for years as some distant invisible spot where stupendous deeds are done and tremendous issues settled—but if there is any halo and glamour to war, Nature in these parts at least is not responsible for it. One could vision no armoured heroes scaling impregnable peaks in

a glittering sun, but just plain men, our appealing poilus, pulling themselves out of a muddy ditch, ducking again into a jagged hole, scrambling over mounds of tangled barbed wire, and then, on a prosaic bit of bare ground, making their great sacrifice. The courage of it seems really superhuman, for it seemed to suggest no exciting chances of escape or failure, but just sure grim death, in order that the men who came after might claim a few more yards of useless ground towards the hope of recovered France.

When we got a little way back of what had been the German front line trenches, the ground was less battle scarred, and the trenches much more what one had imagined them, deep covered underground passages, where there seemed hope of escaping any sort of inferno that might be let loose over one's head. We went into one, straight down partially destroyed steps to a bit of square ground, from there up a ladder to what had been a machine gun emplacement, a tiny square room, in which the gun was placed, was a narrow slit, which commanded all the ground in front of it, Imagine men walking up over ground which must have belched forth unseen fire. We went much further down the steps, to where evidently the men who worked that gun lived. A narrow pitch black passage at one place widened out, and there two straw beds, a piece of old bread, and rags. When in the dark my foot struck some of the latter. I had a horrid feeling I might be stepping on a dead Boche, for our officer had warned us we would probably find them lying about. I also wondered whether we might not let off some of those bombs with which according to all accounts they inevitably leave their pathway strewed. We saw no end of hand grenades and other remains of munitions and all sorts of intimate indications of the life that had been lead there.

The bell to ring for gas, the signs giving names of the trenches in German, discarded helmets and accrutement, but no dead Germans. The ground had been wonderfully cleared up in these short scarcely three weeks since the fighting took place.

We went into several trenches more or less as I have described the first, and we stopped only at the places where the hardest battles had taken place, bits of ground whose names have become familiar to one in the papers all these days past. One was the top of a hill, where we walked for some time through, and on the top of trenches leading to what had been the front line. This ground was one mass of them, and as it stretched away had a kind of weird barren beauty, like the Karoo, and the picture was perfect when up over the hill climbed a long line of artillery, grey with the grey soil, and surmounted with the blue horizon of the poilu. Here we met the General on his way somewhere, and he stopped to show us a cemetery, just a little collection of graves on the top of the hill, but interesting because there were the fresh ones of those who had just fallen, and besides them graves on which was laid all the accoutrement, weather beaten and old, and at the top stuck a rusty musket, These were the graves of French soldiers, fallen in 1914, to whom no burial had been given till their comrades took back that ground three years later.

The last spot we visited was one where they told us had been some of the very hardest fighting, the ruins of a little village on a low hill. The ground sloped very gently up to it, a long sweep bare of the slightest cover, and we stood where the emplacements of the German guns had been, and saw how they must have mown down the French as they came up. Along the road had been a whole line of German machine guns, only a foot or two apart. Each man had dug himself into a little scooped out ditch, and our guide told us that when he had been there only three or four days before in every scoop there was a dead German. In one of these were still blood stains on the earth, and we saw signs too of where the French had fallen, pierced helmets, broken wallets with their letters strewn on the ground, and an unrolled emergency bandage. It was altogether a spot which made one tremble with the horror and the pity of it, and subdued even our irrepressible little Captain.

From there we went to see the little, mostly ruined, hamlet which the authorities had picked out as the centre from which the rolling kitchen, promised and asked for, should roll. Our itinerary included tea with the general of that corp d' armee, but it had not sufficiently counted on his style, a military looking little nut brown man. He firmly waved us from his door, to go off with a commandant and see the house he was prepared to offer us to live in, for General ——, having asked us to move forward with his army, and having decided that this would be a good place for us to be in, had calmly gone ahead to arrange for us to get there, without our realizing that anything was settled.

They took us to about the only little house we saw standing. It was at the moment lodging Americans. We could only peep into a room full of sleeping figures on straw, and then into a drafty kind of barn where other American soldiers, having discovered an old piano, were making music, and we decided at once we could start a foyer in the barn while waiting for the rolling kitchen.

Back in the motor, and free from the commandant, the little captain let off such a splendid amount of steam, and used such graphic, French expressions regarding the lost tea, that we all felt much better, and finally when we neared our destination, secured us some chocolate and toast, and we sat in the car and ate it, so as not to get back to the General too early for dinner. When we did, we had a very nice gong one, all the staff at a long table, and the discovery of several very pleasant members of it we had not known before. The General made us a nice little toast, in which he said he had arranged the day for us as a slight recognition of all our work for the soldiers.

(After returning to Châlons.)

On Wednesday Mme. de L— and Miss R— went up to definitely arrange about the cleaning of the little house. They lunched with the General, and settled lots of things, for they are keen to have us there at once, and we have no idea of refusing. It also seems, however, to keep this place going just as it is, and to do this either M. or I must be here, so the new venture seems to mean the breaking up of our congenial little family here, which is really very unpleasant to think of as M— seems scarcely fit for roughing it. I planned to go up to-day with Mme. de L— and Miss R. We had secured camions for our things, and sent them up, and Miss R— and I went with "Robin" to see they were unpacked and to look after them. We found the General's aide, to whom he had given our affairs in charge, running around on the spot, and doing lots to make the house habitable, and I think it will be very cosy.

"Châlons

(The day of the Armistice).

"What a wonderful day—for the first moment in years, thousands of men are not trying to kill thousands of others. One seems to feel the stillness of peace in the air, though as a matter of fact we had not heard the front guns for some time, and the town is all gay with flags, as of course every other town is. The poilus are rather rollicking about the streets, and it is all I can do not to go up and clasp by the hand all the nice old ones, whose weather beaten war scarred faces are at last wreathed in smiles. They all do smile at one, and ask for a "petite drapeau" as I was going around this morning with some in my arms. I got them to put it on the camion, that the cantine camion should not be behind all the other gaily decorated ones, that were going about the street. In the cantine I gave out lots of little ones, a French and American to each man, and they loved them, and some one had the idea of sticking them on the bread, on the plate of each repas, which made them look too pretty and gay.

A little of the flavour of the news had been taken away by its having been officially announced to us, in the cantine on Saturday, by our credulous colonel, and then yesterday there was the abdication of the Kaiser. When some one held up the paper with that in a shout went up. It is all hard to believe. I really feel as though I

were living in a fairy tale, the contrast between those dark days, only a few months ago, when one felt the grip of that same Kaiser closing relentlessly around one, and I was not personally optimist enough to vision it's relaxing. When one tried to see the end of the war, all I could manage to see was that solid up-standing wall of Germans, and to think that all this was going on behind the wall without one knowing.

But to go back to the days before this great day, a week ago Saturday, Miss R— and I went up to the little destroyed village, where two or three of us were going to stay and distribute coffee from a tent by the cross roads, to the stream of soldiers passing to the nearby front. It was a little house on a hill, and we found the military engaged in papering it for us and repairing holes, etc., so we saw why they had telephoned we must not come till Monday. The little place looked as though it would be so warm and comfortable that I changed my mind about it not being advisable for M— to go there—she was still not well, but the out-of-door life here would be more healthful for her than the confinement of the cantine in Châlons. So Monday morning, M. with R— and Mme. de L— got off, Mrs. Francis went up with them for the day, and returned with the news that same afternoon. General Gourod had appeared, and said there was no use unpacking as the army had made such an advance there were no longer any troops passing through there, and they must go on to the next place. How the Armistice will affect such an order one does not know yet. I suppose if the army had to settle down on the frontier it would need things done for it just the same, and nothing seems to diminish the amount of it that pass through here. They have kept me pretty busy the last week, at least morning and evening, and perhaps a bit in the afternoon. The general feeling seems to be that the cantine will have its use for some time to come, but events have marched to much greater than one had any idea, one does not know what to expect. In the meanwhile we are preparing ourselves for the winter, which I should think would be a very hard one for many. Even yesterday there was a pathetic little group of refugees from Sedan at the station, being taken somewhere in camions, and I took some bread, coffee, and chocolate out to them while they waited.

Written from Châlons discribing—

"Nov. 25, 1918.

"Next morning there were very few men coming in, and we wandered around the town. It was very impressive in its ruins and with a touch of beauty, when lines of convoys came through it. The destruction seemed so recent, one house through which a bomb had apparently fallen, had everything in it still, the sewing machine, the little photographs and mirrors on the walls, strangely unbroken. There are, of course, lots of German signs around. The house of the cantine was used as an officer's mess, and in the kitchen I found a slate with evidently the last menu, a *Sonnetag abends essen,* it sounded quite good. They were also provided with amusement by a bowling alley, in the midst of which I discovered and stept gingerly over an unexploded shell.

The cantine was comparatively empty during the day The Fourth Army had moved away, and the reason for the cantine being thereabout finished, except that prisoners out of Germany had started coming through, and about four in the afternoon they began again. You have never seen or imagined such pathetic figures, every one emaciated, in strange ragged garments, parts of old German or French uniforms, pinched and cold looking, for it was freezing weather, they streamed in and asked for food—a bit of bread or anything. Bread, chocolate and cigarettes were all we had to give them, except that the men prepared as quickly as they could some canned soup. They came into the cantine and huddled around the cooking fire in the yard, and we took the food out to them. There were Italians, French, English and Americans. The English were in far the worst condition. One man, scarcely able to stand, I led at once to a chair by the fire, and we only dared to give him liquid

food. The others with him looked as badly off. All were like some exaggerated stage representation of starved and maltreated prisoners. One seldom sees in real life anything so extreme.

They practically all agreed that the German people had very little more to eat than was given to them, but that gave no excuse for their treatment, being made to work long hours, with blows if they were ill, and even being kicked, when they were dying. The stamp of misery and suffering was so strong in the faces of all, but the French could still smile and say things with their gentle touch of "esprit," but it went to one's heart, with all of them, to hear their "Thank yous" for the little one could give.

They had all just walked away from their captors, getting some way the knowledge they could go, though the Germans seem never to have told them so, either the gates were simply lifted or their guards removed, or they met other prisoners going towards France, and of course they started out with no provisions whatever and with only a vague idea of their direction. They said the women in Belgium had been very good to them, giving them a little food, even when it meant depriving themselves. The Americans were naturally less physically worn out as they had been there a shorter time, and they seemed to have shown a good deal of spirit and been consequently less bullied. Some of them said they passed the night concocting tales to tell the Germans in the day, putting just enough truth in them to have them believed. They appear to have been of a truly terrifying nature, as to what the Americans had and were going to do.

When the "camion" came to get Mrs. F— and me the prisoners were coming in such crowds I decided to stay for the night, and we kept on all evening feeding them. We were afraid our provisions would give out, and with a long line of these poor pathetic remnants of humanity trailing after me, went to find the military post, where we were told they would be fed, but this turned out to be futile. No provision had been made for them, and I had to take them back to the cantine, to be fed as long as our supplies lasted, which they just about did for that evening. We could offer them no place to sleep, except the floor of the cantine, and many of them spent the night splitting wood and keeping up the fires in the court.

Next morning I came back (to Châlon) very early, as there was no bread left, and I spent the best part of the day hustling around to get supplies and camions to send up. I was met in the cantine by hoards of prisoners who had gotten thus far. We gave them on one day 1,500 free meals. They were the same pathetic creatures, but here one had less time to hear their stories.

Extracts from Betty Molteno's Letters.

President Wilson's Arrival in London.

"London,
January 12th, 1919.

"How thankful I am that you did not come on Friday, for we are back in the fog and gloom of November, and you, you sun lover, cannot bear to live in a cave, and to snuggle over a gas fire all day long. But you know that I have a queer fancy for the fog and the mist, when Nature is in one of her mysterious moods, and has many other matters to attend to, as well as her human children's immediate happiness and welfare. Can you remember Thoreau's delightful description of his home in the woods, near to what we, in the Cape, call a Vlei? And this vast London must cover much land that was once a swamp, and the old Dragon of swamps and mist must have had a good time here. And now I see you eager for me to get into the London of to-day, and to tell you some of the late interesting happenings I have been in the midst of. But how to paint the pictures that you shall see them with your own eyes as I saw them!

Death has been very busy in London, and had just snatched a life from the

midst of people with whom I was in daily contact, when President Wilson, the great lover and friend of Humanity, was about to reach these shores. I did what I could to comfort my sorrowing friends, and was not sure that I would have the strength to go into the crowds to try to see Wilson. But the morning of his arrival broke gloriously, and the sunshine and frosty air gave me the necessary fillip to start on my pilgrimage to Charing Cross, where I arrived in good time, and, after moving from point to point in the vast crowds there assembled, settled at a point where I thought there would be some chance of catching a glimpse of the illustrious new-comer, whose wonderful words we had read in print. Just at the moment, indicated in the programme, of his arrival at Charing Cross numerous aeroplanes began to soar overhead, and then the church bells of London clanged and clashed their welcome, and the cheering of the vast crowds announced the coming of the Peacemaker. And I did catch a glimpse of him as he passed out of Trafalgar Square into Pall Mall. But how describe that passing glimpse! I saw neither King nor Queen nor President's wife—only the President himself. And now I know the lofty and lovely and harmonious and poetic soul lives in him. What he will accomplish on behalf of Peace, God only knows. But I believe in him as a friend and lover of humanity. So strange it was to catch that passing glimpse of the man on whom such a vast number of hearts and hopes have centred. There he was actually in the flesh, no mere abstraction, but a flesh and blood man. Free of himself, simple, unaffected, no attempt at imposing himself upon the people, no armour of any kind, an observer of the scene before him—as he moved in the midst of that sea of faces. A philosopher, a philanthropist, yes, and a poet too—for a moment the politician was completely dropped—and he was trying to find and meet the heart and soul of the English people. I saw that, for him, it was a moment of overwhelming emotion. A high colour burnt on his cheek, the shadow of a smile played on his lips, which opened slightly as if to emit some sound that would relieve the tense emotion. I saw him again driving up Fleet Street. Again the crowds were immense, but less tense, less reserved than those around me in Trafalgar Square. And the President had now his wife sitting beside him. The tension was gone, he had grown accustomed to his English surroundings. The poet, the philosopher, the keen observer of men, seemed in abeyance, and he and his wife seemed to be in the midst of friends they had long desired to see, and whom they must look at and enjoy to the full during this brief moment of physical contract. And yet it was all so simple, so natural, so unaffected; they were not distant gods, who had descended for a moment, to receive the homage and applause of admiring crowds, but human beings who loved to find themselves in the midst of masses of their fellow men, and who desired to reconcile humanity and open a new road for it to walk upon. Let us find the good in each other—and there is so much in each of us. Brotherhood is a reality. It is not an unreliazable dream.

Meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster, to support President Wilson's Policy.

"London,
January 12th, 1919.

"The meeting I am now going to tell you about took place at the Central Hall, Westminster. Margaret came from Parklands to attend it, and she called for me that we might go together. Lady Courtenay was on the platform, and I believe she had been taking a leading part in getting up the meeting. We had reserved tickets, and sat near the front. Lord Weardale was in the chair, and beside him on the right sat Maude Royden. On the left he was supported by the Bishop of Oxford, and on the platform were numerous other supporters. The purpose of the meeting was to support President Wilson.

The meeting was opened by the singing of a very moving hymn composed specially for the occasion, and then Lord

Weardale made his introductory speech, in which he referred to President Wilson and the absolute necessity of a League of Nations, if European civilization was to be preserved. He was supported in this by a very lengthy speech by the Bishop of Oxford—a strange personality physically and mentally. He seemed to desire to place before us various facets of his mind, and the results of study and thought in the retirement of the Episcopal palace of Oxford. He paid a high tribute to Mazzini, and described him as an intense believer in nationality, but, as the greater includes the lesser, so Mazzini pointed out that nationality was included in the yet greater factor of common Humanity. And as the Bishop had to reconcile this theory with his support of the late war his ideas were placed before us in various packets, so that we could as it were see the workings of his own mind as he strove to reconcile the idea of free nations united in a League of Nations. One realized that he was not often subjected to criticism, but was accustomed to speak with the authority of a bishop.

The resolution in support of Wilson was moved by Maude Royden. I had last listened to her at the first great Albert Hall meeting, when she had much disappointed me. But now she rose to the occasion splendidly, and I realized that she had become quite accustomed to platform speaking, and was in possession of many of the arts of a great popular speaker, who perfectly understands her audience, and how to focus it, and really reach, interpret it, and influence it. Her speech was a real feat of oratory, but there was something more than ordinary oratory. Her whole being was moved to its depths by the tremendous position in which Europe to-day finds itself. "Take a leap onward, or perish, is the alternative before it. Appeal to the bit of gold in your neighbour's soul, and you will find the universal human soul that is deep enough, and strong enough and loving enough to be able to create a new world." These were not her words, and still what she said sums itself up in my mind.

She was followed by the Master of The Temple, and he brought us back to ordinary life, and spoke in the language we are accustomed to hear from the lips of good preachers and finished speakers, but Maude Royden was electric, and she lined up with Wilson, whose words have reached the ends of the earth, and found echoes and responses in innumerable souls.

You will realize from what I have said that this was an audience of superior, finished and cultivated people, and I am sure that, on the whole, they were well satisfied by the food supplied them—for a real communion of heart and soul and spirit had taken place. People with very different ideas and points of view had realized the necessity of sinking differences, and of finding points of agreement that would enable them to work effectively for a great cause that was worthy of supreme sacrifices and of supreme efforts.

The Albert Hall Meeting to support President Wilson's policy.

"London,
January 13th, 1919.

"And now for the great Albert Hall Meeting to support Wilson's policy. It was called and arranged by the Labour Party, and many familiar faces were on the platform,—among them dear old George Lansbury, Ramsay McDonald, and Mrs. Snowdon. Margaret was to arrange for a vehicle to take us there and back. She arrived in good time, but had much difficulty in getting a vehicle, and we were not sure of it till it actually appeared. And now you see the three of us driving to the Albert Hall, and next we are standing in a wide queue, and after a fairly long wait, we are squeezed inside the doors, and soon find ourselves in the Hall, and happily not very far from the platform. And now another wait of an hour before the meeting opened. But at these moments time does not seem to count.

No lively music as on former occasions. A rather overwhelming sense of the gravity of the situation, for the election results had been

delayed, and weighty and momentous are the issues for the country. All the speeches struck this note, and very fine they all were, with the exception of Bernard Shaw. I think he saw too much, and therefore had nothing definite to say. We know that he did magnificent work during the elections, which must have made a tremendous draw upon his vitality. He rose to speak after Mrs. Snowden had made one of her impassioned appeals to the high fearless daring souls of the audience. She, like Maude Royden, became electric, and so touched and stirred the electric element in other souls, and then, as Wilson would say, a great "moral wind" passes through the audience which, as it increases in volume and intensity, will sweep all obstacles from its path and prepare the way for the descent of fresh power and inspiration to heal and enlighten and uplift humanity.

Mrs. Snowden's personality is quite different from Maude Royden's. She strikes the original, elemental, inevitable note, while Maude Royden voices what is already moving in other people's souls. And how splendid is Mrs. Snowden's presence. Apparently she does not know what fear is, the indomitable English soul is in her. Emotion does not overcome her—rather she dominates it and turns it to account.

Ramsey McDonald made a more impassioned speech than I have yet heard from him, but he is not elemental like Ethel Snowden. He also has the arts of oratory, and can manipulate his audience, and rouse it to great enthusiasm, but he does not touch the deepest springs of action. He imposes himself and his views upon the audience, he does not make them realize their own initiative, and believe that they must act upon it. He is a splendid stage figure, has a very fine voice at his command, and has the possibilities of a very fine actor, but he is not elemental enough to lead a whole people. Wilson does not merely try to impose himself upon men's minds, he calls upon them to have faith in themselves, to believe in the great inherent possibilities of every human being. "All for each and each for all," may well be one of his mottoes.

Ethel Snowden does not directly teach, but she reveals some of the depths of Womanhood. She is in her own fashion supreme, and so reveals something of the high destines of mankind to those who look upon her and listen to her winged words.

Thursday, January 16th, 1919.

"And now I come to the last speaker, dear old George Lansbury—here I bend in reverence—for he speaks on behalf of all Humanity. His idea of Brotherhood includes every race and every shade of colour. For him Humanity is God's rainbow, and it must paint itself in these various colours. God wills it should be so, and when we look deeply into the matter, we realize it must be so. The Sun is obviously the source of life, and the Sun is the glorious Painter who paints Humanity these various colours, in order that they may inhabit all the regions of the earth. It was this note of the divineness of all humanity that George Lansbury struck. Another great lover of Humanity, Sir Harry Johnston, has told us that, in 50 years' time, out of Africa will come such Music as will startle, and inspire, and recreate Europe.

And so ended another tremendous Albert Hall Meeting, and this time darling Margaret sat between Olive and me and we were in a deep sense fellow-workers and co-operators. The problem for many of us to-day is, "Can we build on the foundations laid for us in the pouring out of the life-blood of those who are a part of ourselves? Are there sufficient possibilities in ourselves to enable us to rise to these heights, and to become real lovers of God and real lovers of Humanity? He that loveth not his brother whom he had seen—How shall he love God whom he hath not seen? "Where Love is there God is." And Love is active, and is the most powerful force in the production of results. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men to me." "In God we are all one." Unity in Diversity. Diversity in Unity. This underlies the true meaning of a League of Nations made by a League of Peoples—not merely by governments ruling and administering, but not *voicing* the Peoples."

Kingsway Hall Meeting to send Food to Europe.

"London,
January 27th, 1919.

"And now you and I are going to do what we did not like to do when you were with me —turn our hearts and our thoughts to the awful condition of Europe. You remember I told you I would write you an account of the meeting I had been at. It was held at the Kingsway Hall last Thursday, and Olive was already there when I arrived, and had kept a place for me beside her. Mrs. Swanwick was speaking when I entered. There is something about her which recalls Mrs. Charles De Villiers, and, like her, I believe she is a very capable orgaiser, and I know she did splendid work for the Women's Franchise. Though outwardly cool and collected, I felt she was inwardly aflame to help Germany and suffering Europe. Through Mr. Nevinson's letters we know something of the conditions in German cities that he has passed through, and sufficiently awful is his description of the war pinched faces of the starving dying babies for whom he pleads. Mrs. S. moved a resolution to ask the British Government to assist in sending food supplies to Europe. Of course, we know the only effective way to help is to raise the blockade. Mr. Hoover, who is working on behalf of America, has asked again and again that this be done, as very little can really be done by private effort. Lady Courtenay spoke and told us she had seen Mr. Hoover personally, and he expressed great disappointment that so little was being done in England while America was making such great efforts to help. It was asked later whether this help was given by government or by private people. The reply was that it was all done by individuals. I do not know how to embark upon the appalling condition of Europe as revealed by a study of the European Press. One cannot attempt to look at it unless one can bring help of some kind. Unless help comes promptly millions must die in the next few months. Vienna is already on the verge of starvation. They are in want of everything. Food, firing, clothing, and they are already in the midst of their very severe winter. Switzerland is very short of every thing, but even so they are depriving themselves of necessaries in order to send a week's supply of food to Vienna. A gentleman who helps Mrs. Buxton to prepare her reports of the foreign Press for the Cambridge Magazine made a short address on behalf of starving Europe, but he found it very difficult to speak. He said that it had to be his fate to have to go through so very many of these reports, and he scarcely knew how to place them before us even in a very brief form. Europe was one vast hospital, a charnel house, the streets of great cities were filled with the dead and the dying. What could be done to alleviate such an ocean of misery? The only effective thing is to raise the blockade, and give the people a chance to help themselves. Meanwhile we could not sit down quietly here and let things take their course. We must join Mr. Hoover and the American nation, and do what we could."

"London, March 17th, 1919.

"Alice has given me some very interesting information about Wilson. An Englishman, who has been lecturing recently, in America, was her informant. He says Wilson is really hated by the Republicans as he is the exact opposite of the sort of man they favour—men like Rooseveldt, who are filled with ceaseless energy, always in the lime light, before the public—these sum up and voice the opinions of the multitude, whose exponents they are. Wilson, on the contrary, forms his own opinions and expresses the ideas that he himself has thought out. He disappears for days and retires into himself until he has got his light clear and then he expresses himself in the meritable way we now know so well. He has very few intimate friends and supporters and of these Col. House is the principal and he is a very great stay and assistance to him.

At this moment Wilson's supporters say he must instantly make a firmer stand if he is to keep their confidence. Of course they sympathize with his difficulties but they say he

will be swept away unless he can instantly make his influence felt and do deeds as well as speak words. He is in the thick of it in Paris and the real tussle is now on. This week is a truly momentous one, which will show what he is made of and whether he can act as well as speak. Sometimes it looks as if Europe were bent on destroying its own civilization and the fate of the United States is intertwined with that of Europe. Each one of us must now do our best and not wait for, or lean upon others. A few really living souls can work miracles but they must realize that they are servants of God and Humanity and therefore must be selfless or those healing and regenerative forces cannot work through them. Wilson is being weighed in the balances, but he must be helped by an immense rally of all the forces that have even a glimmering of what he stands for. They must be the "incoming tide," of which he speaks, the "moral wind" which, he says, is beginning to blow over the world and which will eventually sweep away all that opposes it.

You will be watching the struggle in this country between the Government and the three great Labour Federations that are demanding the nationalization of the coal mines and other great industries. You will also notice what an outstanding figure Smillie is becoming in the Labour world. I heard him speak at the first great Albert Hall meeting and then formed a high opinion of his capacity and of his sterling character. There is weight, staying power, fire and elemental force in him—and he is self-less. As I see him he is the finest man in the Labour world. It is not versatility and adaptiveness and cleverness—the more manipulation of forces—that can lift the world on to a new platform; it is rather a question as to whether the volcanic forces, that must now have scope, can be guided into constructing channels, or whether they will overflow and destroy existing society. The force itself cannot be destroyed. The question is—can it be guided and used? Great masses of people seem to know nothing, to see nothing, but little immediate petty ends, and the so-called leaders of the people merely play upon their ignorance and prejudices and use their own selfish limited personal ends. Smillie stands out like a lighthouse in this futile aims, purposes and ambitions."

Essex Hall Meeting.

Resolutions on Russia, The Blockade, and the League of Nations.

London, March 20th, 1919.

"Again I must be eyes and ears to you to bring before you the meeting of yesterday afternoon. Such a determinedly wet, dark and murky day it was that but for the importance of the meeting I should not have ventured out into it. Fortunately I caught a buss for the Strand immediately, and it put me down not very far from Essex Street, and after a few minutes of the wet streets and and pouring rain I was inside Essex Hall. It was almost empty for I was early. People slowly filtered in, and by the time Lord Beauchamp and the Committee were on the platform, the Hall was fairly full. Percy was on the platform, and good it was to see him there. A deadly seriousness and earnestness was written on every face, and even the urbane Sir Hugh Bell looked somewhat shrunken and pinched, while a labour member, who sat in front of him looked as if he had not known good sleep, nor rest of soul and spirit for many a day. Lord Beaucamp was thinner, but courageous as ever. Beside him on his right sat Lord Parmoor—whom I have now grown to love. He is one of the Fathers of Humanity, full of an abounding loving kindness, and desire to alleviate the sufferings of Humanity. He too shows signs of incessant work, and of intolerable anguish of soul. Lord Beauchamp opened the Meeting, and said that he would deal with three important matters. The condition of Russia and the policy that should be pursued there. The lifting of the Blockade, and the alterations that should be made in the proposed draft of the League of Nations. I hope I shall be able to send you a printed

report, for much of the detail of the speeches has gone from me. Percy spoke on the Russian Resolution, and was one of the first speakers. He, like the rest of the speakers, was under the pressure of great emotion, and of the vast importance of the subject he was dealing with. He was quite outspoken, clear and definite, and dealt fully and comprehensively with his subject, and said certain things that needed absolutely to be said. Our armies have no business whatever to be in Russia, and we have no right whatever to meddle with the internal affairs of Russia. Many of the ill-deeds attributed to the Bolsheviks are directly due to our interference, and to the utter lack of food and the necessaries of life. For our own sakes, as well as for the sake of Russia, all this must be changed as quickly as possible. Our troops must be withdrawn, the Blockade must be lifted, and we must show Russia sympathy and give her help. We must again act up to the highest traditions of our country, and remember her glorious past when she stood before the world as the leader of freedom, as the champion of lost causes. Our people are a magnanimous people. They are generous and forgiving, and this our soldiers are proving to-day in their demand that German women and children shall be fed, and that they will not see them die of starvation before their very eyes. We rejoice that this is so, and that it is our soldiers who are championing the cause of the starving population of Germany. Russia is in the same position, and masses of her population are also dying of starvation. We can take steps to help starving Europe, and we must make every effort to do so as quickly as possible. Mr. Lees-Smith also spoke under very great emotion on the proposed League of Nations. He was overwhelmed with indignation at the proposed peace with Germany, and said it was madness to attempt to cut up Germany in the way it was proposed. Such a peace would be no peace, but would engender hatred that would bring about future terrible wars. *We* would never submit to a peace that would cut our country in half, that would cut off from us Cornwall and Devonshire. And yet it is proposed to do this to Germany—to cut off parts that are inevitably and essentially German. The present draft of the League of Nations is hopeless. The present five great powers are to remain dominant for all time. America, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan are to rule the whole world. Germany and Russia are to remain inferior powers for ever. This is no democratic scheme, the Peoples have no voice, no say whatever in it. It is a League of Governments, and it would be run by officials. There is no time to be lost. We must at once send to Paris the amendments we propose, for it must be made democratic, or it will not live.

The labour member also made a wonderful speech, and pointed out that unless an immediate change took place in the idea of the Governments a deluge was about to sweep over Europe, and would completely destroy our civilization, and neither France nor England would escape it. He said he was at Salonika when a vast conflagration destroyed the half of that great cosmopolitan city, and in one night 80,000 people were homeless. All kinds of rivalries, dissensions, differences of religion and nationality had disrupted that city, but in face of this overwhelming catastrophe all differences disappeared, and the one idea of helping to save life came uppermost. Brotherhood alone remained and common Humanity."

BRENDA'S WEDDING.

Brenda Molteno
to
Lieut. Gordon Victor Thomas, R.N.R.

MAY 6TH, 1919.

Everyone delights in a wedding—especially where, as in this case, perilous duty and grey anxiety had been the constant companions of the two—who now—after patient waiting and trying hours, had at last emerged into a sunlit world. We were therefore specially glad to be able to join in giving good wishes to Brenda and her "Tommie" (it seems hopeless to try and convince anyone that Lt. Gordon Thomas

has any other name), when on Tuesday, 6th May, they were married at St. Paul's, Rondebosch, by Rev. J. Brooke, assisted by Rev. T. N. Lloyd.

The weather was lovely, and many friends and relations were waiting in the beautifully decorated church to welcome one of the prettiest bridal parties that anyone could wish to see. Brenda's wedding dress was exquisite, and wonderfully suited to her style and figure. It was of soft ivory satin, with a panel of heavy silver embroidery down the left side, and which continued above the waist, showing between the draperies th swathed bodice, and also forming the sleeves. The court train of satin, falling from the shoulders, was caught in at the waist, and embroidered at the end with a large design of silver and pearl. The tulle veil, worn over the face, in true bridal fashion, was fastened with a fillet of orange blossoms, whilst a shower bouquet, of pink carnations and asparagus fern, completed the lovely picture. As her father proudly led her up the aisle, the bridegroom turned from his place of waiting at the chancel steps, and watched her approach with a smile of encouragement that seemed to feel her presence only in that crowded church.

Following her, were her three charming bridesmaids, Nesta, Helen Bisset and Doris Syfret. Their dresses were of shell pink georgette over soft satin of the same shade, the bodices being embroidered in fine beadwork, in soft shades of pink. Most becoming were the quaint black satin hats they wore, turned up at three corners and with a soft trimming of pink ostrich feathers resting on the brim. Their bouquets were of pink carnations and fern.

Little Patricia, Bazett and Ethel's daughter, made her début into the world of weddings by acting as train bearer, and bravely she bore herself, looking a dainty picturesque little figure in her short frock of pale blue georgette bordered with white swansdown, and a huge blue satin bow in her hair. Brian Mansergh supported Gordon as best man.

When the ceremony was over, the Rev. J. Brooke's kindly, earnest words had been spoken, and that wonderful music that never grows old was thrilling every heart, a very bright, happy looking couple passed through the many guests to where, at the door of the church, a few special military and naval friends of both bride and bridegroom added a final touch to the scene by providing an arch of swords under which they passed to their car.

It would be rather delightful if we could, by means of one of the wonderful new inventions of our day, contrive to conjure up, in a series of mind pictures, the many weddings, and other happy social functions, which have taken place under the fine old oak trees that surround Claremont House. If ever a place lent itself to charming occasions like these, it is this old world thatched roof house, with its spacious rooms and many French windows leading out upon a moss grown stoep.

In the ante room leading from the Hall to the drawing room, Frank and Ella stood to receive their guests. Ella wore a most becoming dress of dull electric blue chameuse with straight loose panels of satin bordered with silver embroidery in soft pastel shades. An original touch was the long streamers of black velvet which hung from the back of the bodice to the hem of the skirt, where it was edged with silver rings. Her hat was of black velvet with a crown of heavy ribbed silk, a touch of embroidery to match the frock and lines of hand stitching in silver thread. After the guests had given their congratulations, they passed on to the beautiful drawing room, with its feeling of old time spaciousness and repose. and there the bridal party were grouped at the end with the green ferns of the conservatory making a perfect background for the delicate colouring of the dresses. In the decoration of the room exquisite taste had been shown in the arrangement of autumn hydrangeas, bronze chrysanthemums and light feathery green.

The dining room had been given up entirely to the display of Brenda and Gordon's num-

berless and lovely presents. Outside under the shade of the oaks were tea tables without number, which quickly filled with gaily chatting guests, whilst an added touch of charm and pleasure was supplied by the music of Fisher's band. The bride's table was arranged in a large marqué, and was tastefully decorated with white flowers and a touch of pink. The wedding cake bore—besides a little sailing yacht—a smiling "Kewpie," which, tradition tells, had borne a charmed life, having been carried in safety through the battle of Jutland and emerged still smiling.

The health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed by Mr. Justice Searle and that of the bridesmaids by Major Hands, who had arrived that very day from his long service overseas.

As the pleasant afternoon was waning, the bride changed her lovely gown for a coat and skirt of bottle green and a travelling coat of the same shade of velour cloth. She wore a hat of green and putty colour with touches of blue, and amidst showers of congratulations and confetti, the happy pair whirled off to Miller's Point, that ideal spot for a honeymoon.

BRENDA'S WEDDING.

An Impression, by "Onlooker."

A word of explanation may be necessary as to how it came about that Onlooker got a temporary job as reporter to the "Chronicle of the Family." Well, it was in this way. I must first confess that I have long worshipped Brenda from afar; alas my humble position made the distance such a gulf that I don't think she ever even heard of my name, but at last, in my capacity as a journalist, fortune favoured me so that, on her wedding day, I should at least catch a glimpse of her. Why should I not volunteer as one of the reporters for this special job? Rumour had affirmed that there was a "Chronicle" run by the family. *Entre nous,* Rumour also hath it that the aforesaid "Chronicle" is sometimes looked at askance by some of the more critical members of the circle, but "enuff said."

There was another thing that impelled me to seek the job, and that was to get a glimpse of Claremont House, to come in touch with its magic circle, and to see for myself if its surroundings were on a par with the (traditional) beauty of its fair daughters.

My employers gave me a day off, the "Chronicle" accepted my services, "so there you are."

And now the day dawned, I awoke and remembered this was Brenda's wedding morn, first of all I thought of the weather, a look from my window and a close scrutiny of the grand old mountain reassured me that we should certainly have a delightful day. Old Sol smiled beningly, and the Clerk of the Weather said "All's well." Now I commenced to get ready, out came my very best suit, for was not this a special event when one of the fair Miss Moltenos was about to give herself away, furthermore I was filled with curiosity to see what manner of man this fortunate Sailor was, (a veritable Sindab), by the bye he also must be getting ready, and I imagined him singing Poniatowski's song, "Ding dong, we'll gallop along, for it is my Wedding Morning." At last I set off to Rondebosch Church, I would have "gallopped along" had all other things been equal, but had to content myself with a tram car. Finding it hard to do so, however, I consoled myself by remembering these are democratic days, and mayhap it is wiser not to air the lordly Buick or Rolls-Royce too frequently.

Well, I reached the church in good time, and elbowed my way through the crowd of onlookers at the porch, eventually getting a seat in the crowded church where I could see and hear well. The organist discoursed pleasant music, and after a little time the whisper of "here they come" sounded through the church not actually in words, but in the almost imperceptible rustle and movement of those present.

At this time the Sailor man and his bestman sat with his back to us, but on hearing the approach of his bride he turned round, his face beamed, and we all could see that he saw naught but her. History hath it that he was

in the Warspite in the battle of Jutland, and that the Germans found him a hard nut to crack. However that may be, his honest smile as he gazed on the face of his fair young bride showed him not altogether hard, and that he felt he was the most fortunate Sailor man that ever sailed the seas. Nevertheless there was a dogged firmness in the way he repeated the solemn words "I take thee to have and to hold." Yes, I have no doubt he will hold, for the British Navy doesn't let go easily. The bride, very beautiful was she, and well did she maintain in that respect the tradition of the family, by no means an easy task. Charming looked the bridesmaids, surely the hearts of the bachelors present must have been stirred with the thought of emulating the lucky Sailor! The bridal cortege was pleasant to look at, finished off to perfection as it was by the diminutive and captivating train bearer. Had I been free I would have enticed her straight away to come and eat toffee and chocolates, but I remembered there are such things as beautiful dresses and sticky fingers, so forbore.

And now the organ peeled forth the Wedding March, the bridal procession left the church, and gradually the large congregation followed. I just caught sight of the bride vanishing in a motor, whilst many followed in her wake in their Buick's and Rolls-Royce's, but a goodly number of the guests awaited the friendly tram car, speedily filling the first, and leaving others to wait for the next. I managed to squeeze in, and as we approached Claremont a discussion arose as to where we should get down. The discussion waxed warm, the tram conductor didn't "know nothink about Claremont House," but he did know where Mr. Molteno lived. One set of disputants said, "Oh, yes, the entrance was a poky little one round the backs of houses," and she and her followers got off near Molteno Road, another said, "Oh, no, it is higher up, and through a beautiful avenue," so hearing that, I stayed quiet, and eventually the tram set us down at the entrance to a noble avenue—verily the last speaker was right. I attached myself to the party, and we walked down the beautiful oak avenue, and then turning a little to the right, before us stood Claremont House. We passed through its hospitable doors, through the hall and anteroom, and entered a noble reception room, at one end of which stood the bride to receive her guests.

Now I had an opportunity of once more admiring the beautiful bride, surrounded by her charming bridesmaids. To me it is not given to be able to describe what lovely dresses they wore or what she went away in, but having shaken her hand and wished her Godspeed I strolled outside to look around. This stroll enabled me to catch a glimpse of the natural beauties of Claremont House, of which I had heard much. One breathes there the atmosphere of an eventful past, it was there that Sir John Molteno, the first Premier under Responsible Government, lived, down that oak avenue came governors, officials, and ministers to interview him, aye even men of letters also, to wit, James Anthony Froude, and furthermore I seemed to hear the echoes of voices and happy merriment, of fair ladies attended by naval, military and civilian officers as they strolled along under the glorious oaks listening to the strains of a military band—truly a distinguished as well as delightful past.

But turning from this reverie, let us go back to Brenda's wedding. Numbers of small tables were placed where refreshment was served, and in a large marquee as many as could get in assembled to hear the speeches and see the wedding cake cut, all of which was done in the happiest and most orthodox manner.

What struck me most was the atmosphere of perfect peace and happiness that pervaded all and everything—the young folk looked radiant—and the old folks looked younger, for had not the Great Giver of All given his blessing on everything as well as to those two young people about to start on life's journey —and so we had all joined hands in wishing them a farewell blessing, and thus we came to "the end of a Perfect Day."

ONLOOKER.

Woodlands,
West Byfleet,

To the Editor, *Chronicle of the Family.*

Madam,—It is with the greatest alarm that we hear rumours that you are thinking of giving up the *Chronicle.* We feel so strongly on this point that we are taking the liberty of writing to you to express our dismay. As English readers we value the *Chronicle* as must as even those living in East Africa! It seems to us that the *Chronicle* keeps the various branches and members of the very scattered family in touch in a way which nothing else could.

The letters are all intensely interesting and are alone well worth publishing a magazine for, but when articles on various subjects and from readers holding widely divergent views are included the value of the *Chronicle* is enormously increased. The family is so large that uniformity of opinion is impossible and undesirable—in fact it is the very difference of opinion which should add to the interest of the paper. We hear it said that only one sort of opinion is expressed in the *Chronicle*—but surely that is neither the fault of the Editor nor of those contributing but of those who make the criticism? We would be glad to see those other opinions expressed in the *Chronicle* thus making it broader and more comprehensive. May we through this letter make an appeal to all readers to contribute instead of criticising?

We are, yours etc.,

MARGARET MURRAY,
ISLAY MOLTENO.