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as
assumed command of the post at Kambat when he and ^{other} battery left. It ran, "Who is the Pioneer correspondent at Kambat?" What, we wondered, could Expeditionary Lt. A want to know this for? However, the answer had to be sent giving my name. Almost immediately a further message arrived, "Who sent the telegram of the -th June?" The major and I instantly got hold of our latest Pioneer and searched its columns anxiously, and discovered that the telegram referred to was the one I had sent it on the morning of our departure. But what could have prompted these enquiries? There was not a word or a line in the telegram that was not completely innocuous - a couple of mules drowned crossing a river, a little sniping, a long convey going through, Convey with stores for Chitral well organized and functioning splendidly, what harm could there be in any of this rather dull routine report? A day or two passed, and then the copy of a circular telegram to all units in the Force arrived, calling attention to King's Regulation number 20 and 20 which laid down that no one on active service was to send any communication for publication to any newspaper unless he had previously obtained permission from His Honor to act as correspondent - and so on at some length and with great sternness. Both the major and I were thoroughly scared - he was obviously as much at fault as I was, since he had not only allowed me to send the telegram, but he had himself corresponded each one. For days I awaited some temperate reprimand from His Honor, possibly even orders for my court martial. Incidentally at the same time, news from home told us of the defeat in Parliament of the Liberal Gov^t, the resignation of a Conservative Gov^t taking its place with a General Election to follow immediately. Little did my major or I guess that my Kambat telegram and the change of Gov^t at home had an odd connection. What had happened was this. The events in Chitral had seriously disturbed the Imperial Gov^t, and once the garrison had been relieved, the Liberal Gov^t then in power decided ~~to~~ ^{to} withdraw altogether from that part of the Frontier and not to replace the Political Officer & his military escort. The Gov^t of India however was strongly opposed to any such withdrawal, both on military and political grounds, and represented that the step would be fatal to its whole Frontier Policy. The Imperial Gov^t (or rather, the Secretary of State for India this Council in Whitehall) proved adamant however, and insisted that when the whole situation had been cleared up and the Expeditionary Force had returned to India & disbanded, Chitral should be abandoned and not re-occupied. Now it was well known that the Liberal Gov^t which had a very small majority over its Conservative opponents, was likely to fall at any moment and be replaced by a Conservative Gov^t. And the Viceroy's government in India knew that the Conservative party was in favour of retaining

Chitral. Therefore stores were quietly being sent up to the fort so that when the time came for the Expedition force to return to India the Govt of India would be in a position to say that it was impossible to withdraw from Chitral until the stores & supplies had been consumed or disposed of. I imagine when the perturbation in Simla when a telegram from the Line of Commanders first appeared in the leading newspaper reporting the passage of the line of big convoys with stores for Chitral! The Viceroy, the Commander in Chief, the entire ~~Messrs~~ hierarchy of the Govt of India must have quaked in their shoes - and all this in consequence of my apparently harmless little telegram from Kanbat. But my lucky star was once again in the ascendant. The appearance of the telegram - of course ~~was~~ ^{disclosed} by my but those in the know - practically considered with the fall of the fort at home, and the latter event decided the fate of Chitral in favour of the Govt of India. So all was well. But I often wonder, suppose the Lieutenant Govt had not fallen when it did, and suppose someone had spotted that telegram and reported it to London, whether there might not have been a first-class political upheaval. In that case the young artillery officer who sent the telegram to the press would in all probability have fared badly, especially in view of the fact that he had, though in all innocence broken the King's Regulations for the Army in doing so. I had been quite aware of course that no ~~officer~~ ^{officer or} soldier on active service could send news of the operations to the press without previously obtaining ~~permission~~ ^{the necessary} permission, but I - and my Major too - had imagined that the ^{Colonel} ~~Sapper~~ ^{of the} ~~subaltern~~ ^{subaltern} from whom I took over the job had been requested to do so by the accredited correspondent of the Pioneer, Hugh Rossy Owen, as his agent so to speak, was ample authority, combined with the fact that no communication was ever sent without first been submitted to and passed by the Officer Commanding the post. The events reported were of course of the most trivial nature, and had not my apparently harmless telegram nearly disclosed a political plot which for obvious reasons the Govt of India desired to keep a deep secret, the Quarter Staff would never have dreamed of taking any notice of it. But it was a narrow shave for me.

We remained in camp on the Tanbatan Pass for about 2 months before the Expedition received orders to return to India. I enjoyed those two months, for we had alongside us two Scottish regiments of whose officers we used to see a great deal, and very delightful fellows they were, and I had some very good friends. One of the first nights we were there, before our tents had arrived and while I was therefore sleeping in my "king" tent d'abri, I was waked by a shot fired from apparently quite close. I sat up for a moment wondering whether I ought not to go out and investigate matters as the sniper sounded uncommonly close, but decided that there was no need to do so, so lay back again on the blanket a

which I was lying, and the next moment I heard another shot, and the canvas of the tent tent just over my head seemed to shake, but I heard the sentry near by ~~call~~ call the sergeant of the guard, and I dropped off to sleep again. Next morning when I got up, I found two small holes ^{in the tent,} made through by a bullet passing through. On going out to question the sergeant of the guard I found that two shots had been fired into the camp by a sniper ~~from~~ from close by, but that the sergeant had immediately called out with one of his men in the direction for which the shots seemed to come he could find no trace of the sniper, who had evidently made it. ~~Clearly I asked~~ ^{When the sergeant} ~~asked~~ ^{had been} ~~asked~~ ^{asked} I made the sergeant show me where the shots had seemed to come from, and we decided that the sniper had been among the sentry posted on the guns just behind my shelter tent, and this accounted for the holes: ~~because~~ he had missed the sentry with both shots but had hit the tent with his second. If I had remained sitting up a few seconds longer the bullet would have gone through my head - another lucky escape.

At last, about the end of September I think, ^{the} ~~we~~ received orders to break up camp and take the road back to India. We were all glad enough to go, now that the fighting was all over. For myself I had enjoyed every minute of it and would not have missed one day: intense heat, bitter cold, pouring rain, alarms and excursions, all these made life all the more real and for this reason brought me far more joy than discomfort. I felt that I was at last doing some genuine soldiering, not merely living through the routine of peace-time training. True I had taken part in but one battle, and even that I had been almost a spectator for a distance, and only one solitary bullet had ever come our way. But marching, & sleeping on the ground, & bivouacking, & accompanying infantry patrols, & standing to arms before dawn, and living for six months in the open air for the most part in glorious sunshine, all in enemy territory, made those months for me a time of glorious adventure, something I had longed for ever since my early childhood.

Our march back to India was marked, so far as I was concerned, by only one incident worth recalling. It took place somewhere between the Panjkora and the Swat rivers, and we had our tents with us. We had arrived late in the afternoon & had pitched our camp near some broken ground. The night was very dark and a light rain began to fall about midnight. I was roused from a deep sleep in the early hours of the morning by a shot being fired close by, and I heard the sergeant of the guard questioning the sentry. "It was one of them damned rifle thieves," the latter said. "I saw something crawling about amongst the tents and I gave a shout and I made a dash for an opening and I took a shot at 'im." Well, it was none of my business so I rolled over and went to sleep again. ~~But~~ It seemed no time before I was again roused by the bawling trumpets and reveille, so I rolled out of my

blankets, & groped about in the half light for my clothes which I had left on the ground beside me the night before, with my "Sam Brown" leather belt and my sword. But where was my sword? I couldn't find it, & I flung back the fly of the tent to let in more light. I turned everything in the tent upside down, including my blankets, but there was no trace of the sword, and at long last the truth flashed on me. The rifle thief of last night had crawled into my tent, hoping to find a rifle, and had seized the only weapon he could find - my sword - and made off with it. Had I waked and sat up, or had I even stirred in my sleep there is no doubt he would instantly have buried in my body the sharp knife which these tribesmen always carry in their hands on such occasions. It was well that I had been sleeping so heavily. As soon as I was dressed I went off to the Political Officer who was accompanying the Brigade and told him the story, and asked if there was any chance of getting back my sword, especially if I were to offer a substantial reward, explaining that it had been my father's sword before it became mine and that I therefore had strong sentimental reasons for wanting to recover it. He said he would do what he could, and he did send out messages to the surrounding Chief Headmen offering a reward and "no questions asked"; but it was all in vain, and I never saw the sword again. I don't say it is at this very moment being worn with pride by some local Chieftain, and I can now after the lapse of nearly 50 years wish him joy of it.

We arrived back in India about the beginning of October. I had hoped to get my year's leave home next spring as the two other subalterns - both my seniors - had had theirs during the two preceding years. Unfortunately however the senior subaltern had ~~contracted~~ been sent to hospital with typhoid a month before we got back, & I was to be invalided home on long sick leave, so my chance of getting leave next spring seemed hopeless. My sisters had however written that my mother, who had just returned with them for a visit to my sister Joy in Australia, was very anxious to see me, as it was six years since I had left home, and they asked if it was not possible for me to get leave, even for a short time. I found that it was indeed possible for me to get ninety days of what was called "privilege leave", a type of leave which had the advantage of being on Indian pay all the time. Allow 3 weeks for the journey from Rawal Pindi to London (traveling overland via Brindisi) and another 3 weeks for the journey back, I reckoned that I should get just about seven weeks actually in England. So with a light heart I applied for and was granted 90 day privilege leave, packed a few things, & took the train for Bombay, a journey lasting the best part of 3 days. At Bombay I went on board the P & O on which I had previously booked my passage, ~~the P & O~~ having taken a 2nd class return ticket to London via Brindisi, and within an hour we were off. How wonderful it felt to be actually on my way home after six long years in India: it seemed almost too good to be true, and I sometimes wondered if I shouldn't wake up

one money, to find it all a dream. The voyage was entirely uneventful, but I made plenty of friends, and we all decided that we had much more fun than the unfortunate individuals who were travelling 1st Class - and I believe it was true. The Red Sea was not nearly so sultry as I had known it six years before, and in due course we reached Port Said and went aboard the P.O. Orvis, one of the fast boats that carried mail & passengers to Brindisi, for the Marseille route was not at that time used. On arrival at Brindisi we had to pass through the Customs, and on being asked if I had anything to declare I remarked casually that I had a broken box of cigars, which I produced. I had bought it in Bombay just before sailing, and it was the cheapest kind of India cigar, the box of 100 costing I think four rupees - about 5/6. I had smoked about half on the voyage, and the sea air had made the remainder so sodden that they were almost unsmokable. The Italian Customs Officer took the box solemnly away, and after some time returned and demanded something like 18 lire as duty. I was distinctly amused and asked whether one could not take a few free of duty for use on the journey. He replied, only ten; whereupon I selected ten of the least sodden that I could find, and handed him back the box saying he could keep it and welcome, which he did.

The ~~train~~ journey in a de luxe train up through Italy via the Mont Cenis tunnel was a continual joy to me, and the scenery in that autumnal weather, so delicious to me after the tropical heat of India, was superb. And had I ever tasted anything like the cup of rich chocolate that was brought me in the morning? I am afraid that, looking back, I must admit - ashamed as I am of it - that the fact of getting back to England on leave thrilled me and occupied my thoughts far more than the idea of seeing my mother and my sisters again. I suppose it is the nature of youth to be selfish and self absorbed, and it is idle to blame them for being what is just natural to youth. Now that I am old I hope I shall be able to recall enough of my youth to prevent me from judging the younger generation harshly when they show precisely the same traits of self-absorption which I can see so plainly in myself when I look back on the past.

The train journey from Brindisi to Calais took, so far as I remember, my 24 hours: then came the Channel crossing - and I defy anyone after a number of years abroad not to feel a lump in their throat when the white cliffs of Dover come once more into sight. I have found the same effect on catching my first glimpse of the heathes, or of the lush grass, at the foot of the red Devonshire cliffs as one approaches Plymouth Harbour. The mere memory of these sights stirs me to this day; but it was perhaps that first return home after so long an absence in India that moved me most and stirred in me a deeper emotion than any subsequent home-

Coming. At Dover the special P+O express was awaiting us, and in a short time we were rushing through the lovely English countryside on our way to London. Victoria at last, and the Customs. I put my luggage in the cloak room - there was very little of it - and sallied out with my mind fixed on going to the War Office, and reporting myself, since my instructions for India had been "to report ^{immediately to the War Office} my arrival either in person or by letter." Had I but realized it, all that was necessary was to send a letter to the War Office ^{before} I reached my home, formally reporting my arrival in England and giving my address. But in my ignorance I imagined that it was incumbent on me to go to the War Office and report myself in person. I was with a genial, big-hearted Australian with whom I had made friends on board ship and who was coming home on a visit to this country with which he was well acquainted, and he said, "You'll need a topper if you're going to the War Office. Otherwise you can go as you are so long as you keep that big overcoat on," I was wearing a long, well-cut overcoat with a velvet collar which I had bought from a butcher's assistant in India just before I left. So I duly bought a topper and went off to the War Office and arranged to meet Batsford at his Club after I had reported myself. Having no visiting cards of my own I bought a packet of blank cards, inscribed my name on one, and presently myself at the War Office asked if I might see the Deputy Assistant General Royal Artillery, incidentally the most senior Artillery ^{Staff} Officer on the Army Staff - I knew of no one else. Being asked my business I said it was to report my arrival from India. I was taken upstairs and through some long corridors, shown into a small waiting room told to wait. There I waited for something over an hour, till at last a messenger came in and had me follow him. I was taken along a passage, at the end of which the messenger stopped before a large door, at which he knocked. "Come in," said a voice and I was ushered into a room where a stern-looking, grey-haired man was seated behind a large desk. He motioned me to a seat, and continued writing for a while, making me feel desperately shy & nervous. At last he looked up and said quickly and rather harshly, "I don't know what your name is. I can't read your card. It looks like ON. Anyhow, what do you want?" I replied meekly that my name was Orr, & expressed regret that I had written it illegibly but that my hands were rather cold: that I had just arrived on leave from India, and had merely come to report my arrival as I had been instructed to before leaving India. This humble explanation seemed to mollify him somewhat, and he asked me in rather less harsh tones what my battery was and where it was stationed. I told him he 3 Mountain Battery, stationed at Rawl Pind after just returning from the Chitral Relief Expedition. At this he appeared slightly more interested, but asked whether in the course of the campaign we had

had many - or any - casualties, to which I replied "Only one, Sir", and was not altogether ~~surprised~~ surprised when he commented ironically "I thought that would be close the number." He then dismissed me, telling me to send in the report of my arrival and my address when I reached home that night, and turned to his papers once more. I realized later that I had stupidly taken up the time of a very senior officer busy with important matters of administration and that my visit to the War Office had been wholly unnecessary.

I joined Bathgate at his Club, and he promptly took me off to his tailor to be measured for some clothes, as after six years in India I had little or nothing fit to wear in England, especially in winter. At last all was done, and it was time to think of getting home to my mother & sisters, to whom I had sent a telegram from Dover announcing my landing there & saying I would come down when I had reported myself at the War Office. By this time it was past six. I said goodbye to Bathgate, returned to Victoria Station, got my luggage out of the cloak room and duly departed for Brasted in Kent where my mother was then living. It was a slow journey with one change, and by this time of course it was quite dark. On my arrival at the little country station I found no cab or conveyance of any sort, but the stationmaster assured me that the village was only a mile away, so I left my one trunk at the station staking the suitcase which contained all my immediate necessities. I took a short cut across a field ~~pointed~~ ^{pointed} out to me by the stationmaster and started off to walk. On reaching the village I enquired for "The Quarry" - my mother's house - and was directed to a narrow lane leading out of the village and told I should find the ~~downward~~ gate of the drive to the house about a quarter of a mile up the lane on the left. There was no difficulty about this, and I was soon making my way up rather a steep drive, at the top of which I could see the lights of a house. By this time I was feeling thoroughly excited about meeting my mother and sisters once more, and being in a gay and mischievous mood, instead of going to the front door I crept cautiously round to a room where I saw a light, and looking in I saw ^{with a gap in the curtains} my mother & sisters sitting round the dinner table ^{to} evidently just finishing the meal, ~~whereupon~~ I knocked on the window pane, whereupon all my sisters jumped up, gave one glance at the window, then made a rush for the front door and the next moment I was being dragged into the house amid tremendous excitement. My little mother, hiding her emotions as best she could embraced me with sparkling eyes, and my sisters clamoured to know what on earth I had been doing all the afternoon and why I was so late. "We've been to meet every train", they said, "but at last gave you up. And now we've just finished dinner, but sit down and we'll soon get you something to eat." What a home-coming it was! I had been a raw lad of barely nineteen when we had last met, and here was

I now, a hardened warrior (a my estimate at any rate) of 25. As for my sisters, they had spent something like 4 years in Australia and returned across the Pacific by way of Canada, so we had plenty to talk about.

The seven weeks slipped by all too quickly. I invested in a bicycle and learnt to ~~use~~ cycle after a fashion, an accomplishment which my sisters had learnt long before. On one occasion I hired a horse and ~~rode~~ with my sister Lucy who had been lent a mount by an uncle of ours who lived at the neighboring village of Westham, rode to a meet of the hounds some ten miles away. The result was that in my journey by train to London next day to visit my tailor I preferred to spend most of the time standing looking out of the window, rather than sitting down, which I found strangely uncomfortable.

One amusing event is just worth putting down. I had told my sisters that when I wanted to blow off steam I was in the habit of exclaiming "Godfrey Daniel, blast and furnace maker", since it sounded like an awful outburst of swearing ~~to~~ and thus relieved one's feelings. A night or two later I was singing one of those old Cavalier songs that were then all the rage, and I was in the middle of it when suddenly my sister who was playing my accompaniment shifted her chair and by an unfortunate accident shifted it on to my best corn. I stopped singing, grasped my foot in the hand, and burst out "Godfrey Daniel, blast & furnace maker!" My poor little mother who hadn't heard this rather feeble joke, thought that I was using the most dreadful language. Not only that, but that my sisters were ~~not~~ actually laughing at it. In her agitation at this incredible display of blasphemous language on the part of her son after six years of ~~her~~ absence, and the callous way in which her daughters greeted the outburst with laughter my poor little mother rose from her chair, her cheeks burning with shame, and buried her face in the music shelf pretending to be looking for some music. The moment I saw this I realized what was the matter and I rushed across to her and seized her in my arms and told her it was all a silly joke, ^{respecting} ~~deploring~~ the utterly harmless words I had used. But so deeply shocked had she been that it was difficult to make her see any joke in it or to comfort her, and it took her some time to get over it. I was careful ever after not to play off on her again any such foolish practical joke.

All too soon came the day when I was to leave and take the overland route to Brindisi. After an early dinner the cab arrived that was to take me my luggage to Sevenoaks where I was to pick up the train for Dover. We all tried to be merry, and the "best mate" as I always used to call her put a brave face on it as I kissed her & said goodbye. Then the cab drove carefully down the steep gravel drive with my mother & sisters waving to me, and my journey back to India had begun. Of the journey itself I remember little and there is nothing to chronicle except that ^{at} ^{in South Africa} ~~at~~ ~~in~~ ~~South~~ ~~Africa~~ we heard the thrilling news of the Tannier Raid, and of the

serious strained relations between ourselves and the United States over some debt collected, quarrel we had with Venezuela. Christmas Day we spent between Ader and Bombay, and then came the long ^{train} journey to Rawal Pindi where I reached early in the new year of 1876 and found my battery on the eve of its march down to Umballa, to which station it was being transferred, with Jutogh, a detail of Sikhs for its summer quarters.

The distance from Rawal Pindi to Umballa by road is ~~not~~ ^{but} ~~less~~ ^{short} of 200 miles, and the route is by the Grand Trunk road, a broad though in two days very dusty highway. I thoroughly enjoyed those few weeks on the march. Our rate of progress was between 15 and 20 miles a day with occasional halts for a couple of nights at some of the larger stations through which we passed. Each night we pitched our camp, and there was usually first time after evening station to go out with a gun and shoot - or try to shoot - something for the pot. We spent a couple of nights at Amritsar, the sacred city of the Sikhs, where I was able to go & see the famous Sikh temple; and a couple of nights at Lahore, where there was more sight seeing to be done; and at last, towards the end of January we reached Umballa and there went into camp until it was time to go up to Jutogh. It was of course familiar to me as I had been there three years previously when I was first appointed to the Mountain Artillery. We spent the three months of the remainder of the "cold weather" (which in the Indian tests of season for Oct 15th to April 15th) on strenuous drilling, manoeuvres and practice camp, and then marched up to Jutogh and took up our quarters there for the hot weather in most comfortable but ~~pleasant~~ ^{pleasant} ~~to the beautiful scenery~~ ^{the beautiful scenery} ~~of the hills~~ ^{of the hills} and in the perfect climate of the Himalayas in summer time.

Jutogh is a bare three miles from Simla and is situated on the same ridge, a good ^{though rather rough} mountain road connects them. One could ride into Simla in twenty minutes, ^{going} ~~easy~~, ~~going~~, ~~and~~ at night it was usual to send into Simla for a rickshaw, the only method of getting about in that hill station other than on horseback, since carriages of any kind were not allowed, ^{any more than are} ~~allowed~~ ~~at the hill station~~ motor cars to this ^{day} ~~date~~. Two batteries were quartered at Jutogh, one over and one other, and there was ^{from a} ~~also~~ a detachment of British infantry. ~~The~~ ~~battalion~~ ~~was~~ ~~at~~ ~~another~~ ~~hill~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~some~~ ~~20~~ ~~miles~~ ~~away~~. The mess House, which also contained quarters for half a dozen subalterns, was a charming little two-storied house, surrounded by a pretty garden sprands; and dotted about in the vicinity were bungalows for the married officers. The huts in which the men were ^{accommodated} ~~quartered~~, and the mule lines and ^{native drivers' quarters} ~~quarters~~ were some little distance away. ~~There~~ ~~was~~ ~~also~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~hill~~ ~~station~~ ~~was~~ ~~a~~ ~~delightful~~ ~~one~~, and we used to sit down ^{at the} ~~to~~ ~~mess~~ ~~about~~ a dozen officers on ordinary nights and more of course on ^{most} ~~best~~ nights. Simla was a very gay place. Besides Viceregal Lodge there was Snowden, the residence of the Commandant Chief

and Barnes Court the summer residence of the Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab, and the whole hill side was dotted with the bungalows of the Government officials and the Army Mess Mess Staff officers & their wives, as well as of numerous visitors spend the hot weather in the hill station capital of India. Practically every night throughout the season there were dances and dinners and concerts and theatricals, and during the day there were lunches and tea parties, gymkhanas, picnics and all sorts of gaieties. By an odd custom the calling hour in India was (and probably still is) not the afternoon but between 12 and 1. Ladies invariably had a little tin box with a label with their name painted on it and a little slit in the top just wide enough to take a visiting card, and this they used to hang on the gate of their house during "calling hour" or when they did not wish to be "At Home" or were actually out. This was a most convenient ~~arrangement~~ ^{device} for everybody concerned, for one could do one's duty to at least a dozen hostesses by riding round & dropping one's cards in such boxes as were displayed (it was easy to do it without even dismantling), and if one did want to see anyone, the absence of a box on the gate was a sure indication that the lady was at home.

Of course subalterns in general hate this business of paying calls: certainly we all did at first. But the senior officers felt (and rightly) that it was incumbent on the two batteries, since they were the only troops of Sikhs, to enter into the social life of the capital - the mess used to give at least two big garden parties at Jutogh during the year, as well as numerous dinners and concerts and so forth - and all officers were supposed, besides writing their names in the books at Viceregal Lodge and at the Commissioner in Chief's and Lieutenant Governor's, to call on all the big wigs & their wives, both civil & military. The Colonel of the two batteries who was somewhat of a martinet also told off two or three of us subalterns to leave cards on everybody else who was any good, and I was one of those told off for this duty. So ^{frequently} ~~disagreeably~~ at the beginning of the season I used to have to hurry into plain clothes during the morning stables, jump on my pony and canter into Lahore, ^{then ride} ~~then ride~~ round dropping visiting cards into tin boxes, ^{hurrying} ~~hurrying~~ back to lunch when all was done.

Balls at Viceregal Lodge were tremendous functions, very formal and very splendid, with scores of fine looking native servants clad in vice-regal scarlet, and the guests in a dazzling variety of uniforms. The then Viceroy of India, the Earl of Elgin, an undistinguished looking man of rather less than medium height with a white beard, hated these social functions which must have been to him one of the most disagreeable functions he had to perform. He ~~was~~ used to retire to bed as soon as supper was over, about 1 a.m. and we used to watch the solemn procession going slowly & solemnly up the stairs, ~~pass~~ ~~the~~

Very slowly, Elgin surrounded by their staff in glittering uniforms, and preceded and followed by scarlet-clad native servants each holding a long lighted candle. When the procession had disappeared the whole atmosphere of formality vanished and the guests let themselves go and thoroughly enjoyed the rest of the night.

That summer of 1896 remains in my memory as six months of continuous quiet, and frivolity - it was Kipling's India and Kipling's Simla. But actually a subaltern in a mountain battery had precious little time for gaiety or frivolity, for his work kept him busy, practically the whole day. And as these mountain batteries were always kept fully mobilized and ready to go off on active service at literally a few hours' notice, we had to be always on our toes, always keyed up to concert pitch. I have said already more than once that I loved the work, and every detail of it, and our great aim in our drill was speed and perfection, for in hill warfare ~~success~~ ~~success~~ ~~success~~ even a minute, almost every second counts, and much depended very often on the speed with which a battery - or even a couple of guns - could be brought into action. And besides drill and stables and orderly room and the daily routine there were battery institutions such as the Canteen and the Sergeants Mess and the Grocery shop each of which was supervised by one of the subalterns, and very good training it was. I certainly learnt a lot during the time I ran the Grocery Shop - "Coffee Shop" I think we used to call it, thanks to the very capable ~~Buxton~~ ~~Buxton~~ who was in immediate charge under my general supervision. We stocked all sorts of tinned foods, as well as such things as bootlaces, stationery, razor blades, shoe polish - everything that Thomas Atkins required in fact, and it was just like running a small shop. Almost everything we ordered out for England from some semi-wholesale firm which supplied goods at a remarkably low price. We had of course to calculate the cost of transport from England out to our battery station, and fix the price of every article so that while selling to the men as cheaply as possible we could still make a nice margin of profit, for the "Coffee Shop Fund" was an affair which the boys relied for many expenses incurred for their comfort and amusement of the men. How many hours did I not spend poring over the books with my lapboard working out the prices at which various articles should be put a sale. Some of the articles were or became unpopular with the men, in which case we had to mark them down almost to cost price, or even below: but to make up for this we would increase the price of some other article which happened to be in great demand. There was stock-taking, also, once a month, and at rare intervals I would come down and hold a surprise stock-taking to guard against the possibility of any irregularity, a thing unfortunately apt to occur if the same routine is continued for a long time without any change. Yes, I learnt a great deal from my experiences in being in charge from time to time of one or more of the battery ^{institutions}.

Apart from work however, there were endless things which occupied one's time during that gay & busy Simla season - dinners and dances, gymkhanas, amateur theatricals, picnics, it was all very hectic. We used also from time to time to get up entertainments for the men - "gaffs" or "sing songs" we used to call them, and there was quite a lot of talent & talent amongst the men of the two batteries. Songs, clog dances, theatricals, Christy minstrel shows, we jumbled them all together, and we were always rehearsing, singing or dancing. It kept the men occupied & amused instead of getting bored and sitting drinking in the Canteen; and it helped enormously to maintain a delightful camaraderie between officers and men.

One of the great features of Simla Society was the Simla Amateur Dramatic Society, which owned a well-designed little theatre of its own and put on comic operas, burlesques and plays throughout the season. The famous "B.P." ^{later} of Boy Scout fame made a tremendous hit playing "Huntly bright" part in the Geisha, and a certain Major ^{who was} ~~the best~~ ^{on the staff of the Lieut Governor of the Punjab (who as I have} ^{already said, has his summer quarters in Simla)} made an equally great hit in the name part of "Charley's Aunt". Incidentally I had one of the principal parts in this play, in which my major's wife - who was both uncommon good actor - also took part. It is surely one of the most amusing plays ever written and has been revived again and again in London, with its well known poster showing Charley's Aunt in "her" ^{almost the whole of} ^{her} ^{and} ^{the} ^{under} ^{graduate} ^{trowsers} ^{underneath}, with the caption printed in immense capitals - "Charley's Aunt. Still running!" The lines of the play are so amusing that the whole caste was usually in fits of laughter throughout all of the many rehearsals, and we were all afraid that we should be unable to keep our faces when the actual performance came on. It was rather nervous work for me, for when the curtain first rises it displays an undergraduate in his room w/ college trying to write a letter to the young lady with whom he is supposed to be in love, and his soliloquy ~~which~~ takes up two or three minutes before anyone else appears on the scene, and has somehow or other to hold the audience during those first critical moments of the opening of any play. And I was that undergraduate. However, all went well, and we had a large and enthusiastic audience for the three nights that the play ran - no play ever ran for more than a few nights, for there were not enough people in Simla to fill the theatre for longer.

A brother outcallen and I had what in retrospect was rather an amusing experience towards the end of the season, though we didn't think it so at the time. We went off to gether on a small shooting expedition taking food & provisions for one night as we only intended to be away two days. The only servant we took with us was Gray's cook, to whom Gray

extra GDC. asked me if I would like to go to Kashmir with him to short stay as he thought he could get permission through the Vicar, influential, to short in the Maharajah of Kashmir, on preserves. Needless to say I jumped at the offer and my bag raised no objection to my getting the necessary ^{six weeks} ~~leave~~ leave. So early in November young Murray and I started off for Kashmir. The route was of course familiar to me, for I had been over it six years before during my first year in India. The journey to Srinagar the capital took about a week and was uneventful. On our arrival we were met by one of the Maharajah's staff who brought with him two of the Maharajah's best shikaris who were to take us to the ~~place~~ valley where the best stag shoddy was likely to be found, and to remain with us and give us their services. After a couple of days spent in Srinagar collecting supplies and making ^{some 2 or 3 marches away} arrangements we started off with the shikaris for the valley, where we were to make our camp and establish our headquarters, and on arrival there had our tents pitched, and settled down.

Our camp was in a lovely valley miles away from any human habitation, and amidst the most lovely mountain scenery. Practically every day Murray and I were up while it was still dark and after a breakfast consisting mainly of cocoa we would start off in the early dawn each in our own direction with our own shikari, and taking a couple of natives to carry our luncheon basket and oddments. It was bitterly cold in those early mornings, for the season was November, but the cold was dry and exhilarating and we very soon got warm climbing. To George Murray deer-stalking was familiar from his earliest childhood, for his father, the Duke of Atholl, owned large deer forests in Scotland, and he and his brothers were brought up to deer-stalking. To me it was new and exciting, and my shikari was of course an adept at the game, and I placed myself entirely in his hands. Actually stags were that season by no means plentiful for some reason or other, and there were many days when neither Murray nor I saw a sign of one. But even so I found those days on the mountain side enthralling, and the weather was perfect, with a bright sun and keen pure air, and never a sign of rain or mist - very different I imagine from deer-stalking in Scotland. We were climbing all day, up great hills and then down into deep valleys, sometimes following a herd of elusive deer for hours at a time without getting a shot, and sometimes seeing nothing at all. We would take perhaps a couple of hours off in the middle of the day for lunch, and would get back to our camp for a late tea, when Murray and I would compare notes on our day's events. We managed to get one or two fairly good heads, but so far as I was concerned I was not out for trophies: what I revelled in was the climbing, the mountain air, the magnificent scenery, and the excitement of following a herd of deer and watching them through my glasses and trying to approach them without their seeing my scent or being aware of my presence. I made one terrible mistake,

for which I must say my shikari was just as responsible as I was. One morning not very long after my shikari and I had left camp and had begun climbing the hill side we spotted in the rather dim light a herd of deer moving along a ridge ahead of us. This was very exciting, and through our glasses we could see ^{leading the herd was} that a stag with horns appeared at that distance and in the dim light a fine pair of horns. ~~Following~~ ^{the} shikari ^{and} I ^{at once} manoeuvred to ^{move} ~~get~~ round to the leeward and cut the herd off and get within range so that I could get a shot. In doing this we lost sight of the herd behind a fold in the ground, but soon picked it up again with our glasses, moving in the direction in which we were going, and evidently quite unaware of us. Every now and then the herd would disappear and then reappear, moving in single file, but at long last my shikari and I reached a spot from which, unless the herd changed its direction, it would soon be within range. Here I took up my position, lying down with my rifle pointed at the particular spot where I expected the herd to appear. The range was between two and three hundred yards, and I sighted my rifle carefully and waited, my shikari lying beside me in a great state of excitement. At last the leader of the herd appeared, and actually halted for a moment ~~describing the~~, apparently to see if the herd was following, thus giving me a splendid broadside shot. "Shoot, sahib", whispered the shikari excitedly at my side. I held my breath, took careful aim, pulled the trigger, and to my immense delight saw the deer fall and begin rolling over down the steep hillside into the valley below, whilst the rest of the herd disappeared in a flash. The shikari sprang up with his face beaming, and ~~then~~ ~~started~~ started off down into the valley with his knife ready to "killal" (cut the throat of) the stag if it was not dead when he found it. I lit a cigarette and prepared for a long wait as I knew the shikari might have considerable trouble in finding the stag. And a long wait it was - more than an hour - and when at last the shikari returned, his face wore an expression of great anxiety and concern. "It's a doe, sahib!" he gasped out. What had happened was that a doe happened to take the place of the stag while he had been down, just before the herd came in to view before I fired, and I had shot her instead of a stag. And to shoot a doe was a crime that the maharajah would never forgive, more especially in his own presence.

The shikari explained that he had covered the body with leaves to prevent its being discovered, and he implored me to say nothing about the incident to anyone, and I did not in fact tell even Murray till we were on our way back to India, with the consequence that I went about for some days feeling like a criminal, and so I fancy did my unfortunate shikari.

Murray and I had one or two good days after that as a variation from deer stalking, and I was lucky enough to get a fine specimen with a splendid skin which I eventually brought home, together with a couple of heads of the deer I shot. The end of our leave came all too

soon, and in December I found myself back in camp in Umballa with my battery. The cold weather passed with the usual manoeuvres, drills, practice camps, and at last came April when I was due for my long awaited leave home. I had planned to go and stay a few days at Lucknow ^{for the Races} into some fields I had made in Simla, on my way down to Bombay, but for some reason - I forget what - I gave up the idea. Instead, I accepted an invitation from my old "Shop" friend, Webb Gilman, now a subaltern in a battery of Horse Artillery at Meerut, to stay a week with him, and very much I enjoyed my visit. I found Gilly as cheery and as wild as ever, and I had an exceedingly good time with him. I watched with immense interest the finals of the All India Regimental Polo Tournament which was won by a very massive man in by the Durham Light Infantry (the only infantry regiment that ever won the Cup) under the famous Col de Lisle, after a most exciting match with the 16 Lancers. "Gilly" had, besides his two chargers, a stud of something like six ponies, and was quite a shining light at Station polo, though he took some mounting as he weighed a good twelve stone. That summer he achieved the feat of winning the Kadai Cup at pig-sticking - the ambition of every man who ever chased a pig in India, but he was one of the best and boldest men on a horse I have ever seen.

Meerut, as I have said, had a peculiar interest for me, for ^{in my early days in India} I had read up ^{everything} I could find about the Indian Mutiny, and it was at Meerut that the mutiny had first broken out, one Sunday in June of 1857 when the British troops were all in church and with out their arms. It is for this reason that in India the troops always parade for church with their rifles and carry them with them to church, whereas elsewhere they go to church unarmed. I went therefore on Sunday to morning service in the same little church to which the troops had gone just 40 years before, and was deeply stirred when I pictured the scenes that had taken place in Meerut on that historical day. History - and more especially the history of my own people - had always stirred my deepest interests and emotions, and I never missed an opportunity of visiting the site of any great historical event, more particularly if it concerned anything that formed part of British history. It was for this reason that I cut short my visit to Gilly so that I might spend a couple of nights with my old battery which had moved from Allahabad to Delhi and was now quartered in the Fort there. So I said farewell to the cheery hospitable Gilly and took the train for Delhi where I received a warm welcome from the only one of my former brother officers still serving with the battery. The whole of the next day I spent wandering with immense interest and emotion over the celebrated Delhi Ridge just outside the City wall, ~~and~~ to which our troops had clung with desperate valor during weeks of tropical heat, + from which they had finally

advanced to the storming of the Kashmir Gate where General John Nicholson, that heroic character, still worshipped almost as a God amongst many of the Indians, was mortally wounded. What an epic is the whole of the Indian Mutiny. No English boy or girl in any walk of life ought to be allowed to grow up without having read the account of that British saga.

Next ~~morning~~ ^{day} I ~~immediately~~ set out on the last lap of my long journey to Bombay, and after one night in the train reached my destination and went straight on board the P.O. Australia on which I had booked my passage. I had taken a 2nd Class return, at this time was going the whole way of sea to London since there was no hurry as I had a whole year's leave before me. I found my cabin at once, and then ran straight into Reggie Bond, an old friend, who a ~~relative~~ ^{Cousin} is the K.O.Y.L.I., who was also going home on leave and travelling like me - and most young officers - 2nd Class. He and I had been at Bath College together, where he had attained the distinction of being the youngest boy to get his colours for cricket. But like all good sportsmen and decent fellows he was entirely unspoiled and remained charming & modest all his life. We sailed next morning and I soon settled down to life on board ship. The second-class took up the whole of the stern of the ship and the accommodation was very comfortable, while the food was practically the same as the 1st Class, the main difference being that instead of having dinner at 7 we had a sort of high tea at 6.30. But we had a great deal more fun than the 1st Class passengers had, as some of the latter admitted ruefully to me: and as we were not allowed to go on to the 1st Class part of the ship, our friends used to come on to us. One of the 1st Class passengers was Ruffian Haldane of the Gordon Highlanders with whom I had struck up a great friendship at the Chitral campaign although he was several years older than I was. He was very homesick with his General, Gen. Lockhart, who was destined subsequently to command the troops in the Tirah Campaign, & while I was to meet Haldane once more. Later still he was to come into my life again to help me make one of the most critical decisions in my career.

Of this voyage itself there was nothing of any interest to chronicle, or if there was I have wholly forgotten it. We duly reached Tilbury and disembarked, and I took the train with my belongings for Cambridge where my mother had taken a small furnished house while she and my sisters looked round in the neighbourhood for a suitable house to settle down in. Once more there was a great and joyous family reunion, and my first act was to buy a bicycle so that I could accompany my sisters - all indefatigable cyclists - in their rides round the neighbouring country. What stands out most vividly in my memory was ~~the~~ our expedition to London on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. It was a glorious day in mid-June, with a brilliant sun, clear blue sky, and slight breeze which tempered the heat. We started for Cambridge at some unrecalled hour - I think it was 5 am & did not return till after midnight. I think my sisters had seats somewhere for which they could view the procession, but I watched it stantly ~~by~~ the kerb in Pall Mall just behind the row of

troops lining the streets and opposite the entrance to St James's Square. I remember to this day watching first the Detachment of Life Guards, ^{90 by} their brass helmets and steel cuirasses sparkling in the sun, their scarlet tunics white breeches and long black boots, and the white plumes of their helmets fluttering in the breeze. Behind them came a battery of Horse Artillery, the men in their yellow-trimmed jackets and busbies with scarlet buff bay and white plume, the carefully groomed horses with their coats shining ^{brilliantly} in the sun, the harness polished up to the highest degree and glistening in the bright sun-light. Then a cortege of foreign princes and members of every royal family in Europe in handsome uniforms of every description, and finally the Royal carriage drawn by its famous team of cream horses with their postillions, and the little Old Lady herself in her dress of sombre black, bowing and smiling in acknowledgment of the cheers that resounded along the entire route. It is not difficult to imagine the feelings of a young subaltern home on leave for one of the outposts of Empire as he watched this magnificent procession pass slowly before his eyes on that brilliant June morning in 1897. They cannot have been very different from those of a young Roman centurion a score of centuries previous as he watched a triumphal procession pass along through the streets of Rome on its way to the Capitol. My heart beat faster and my breast swelled with pride in the thought that I was a member and a servant of the greater ~~Empire~~ and most widespread Empire the world had ever seen, over whose flag the sun never set and which held sway over millions of people of every creed and colour. It was a ^{highly} and intoxicating draught that I drank that day, but there was ^{undoubtedly} pride of race mingled with vanity, and an unconscious feeling of belonging to a race superior to any other on the face of the earth, yet I can recall that the uppermost thought in my mind that I was called to devote all my time, brains and energy to the maintenance of this Empire, to the exclusion of all personal desires or pursuits, in the interest of mankind, and I trace to that hour the birth in me of the idea that the British Empire with its democratic foundations and its ideals of truth, liberty, justice, fairness and respect for the individual man was, under God, the instrument by which peace and welfare and happiness and liberty would be secured for the peoples of the earth for all time.

I remember only vaguely what happened during the remainder of the day. I think the whole family met for a sort of cold supper at about half past six at the house of an uncle who then had a house in St James's Square. And when dark came we all ^{and crowds,} wandered round London watching the fireworks and displays ^{finally} tumbling, tired out, into a train at Waterloo being some time after 11. When we reached Canterbury ^{about} ~~some time after~~ midnight my sister was fast asleep, but I happened to be awake so I slipped quietly out of the carriage, then put my head in and roared out "halt! halt! halt! All change for Canterbury!" (Some of the trains by which we used to travel went to North Camp, Aldershot, where one then had to change into one for Canterbury, only 4 or 5 miles distant.)

I don't think my sisters appreciated the joke at that moment as much as I did. But it was a memorable and exciting day, and one that none of us would have missed for the wealth of the Indies.

The summer of 1877 must I think have been a stupendous fine one - at any rate I can recall nothing but a series of gloriously sunny days, and my sisters and I went for long and delightful excursions on our cycles. I had no intention however of spending ^{the whole of} my long leave in idleness. ~~and~~ I ~~was~~ still too young to work for the Staff College, but I decided to take up the study of Russian since I found that if one could pass a preliminary examination in the language one might be granted a year's leave ^{for further study,} in Russia ^{as} a qualified interpreter. Accordingly, I bought a Russian grammar and devoted a short time each day to studying that somewhat difficult language. It is a bad way to start learning a new language merely from a book - and a grammar at that - and I must admit that I found it abominably dull and heart-breaking: but I knew from experience that the stars of any task was almost invariably hard and dull, so I persisted with all the resolution I could summon in wresting with the maddening complexity of Russian declensions, and hoped that by degrees I should begin to make some headway. Then one day the papers published news of an outbreak on the Indian frontier, and of a punitive expedition being prepared: the weeks went by, and more outbreaks occurred, and before long the frontier was in a blaze. Preparations to deal with the situation were put in hand, expeditionary forces organized, and at last I ~~to~~ read one morning in a telegram from Simla published in the papers that the 3 Mountain Battery - my battery, then at Turbat - was one of those ordered on active service. For a few days I waited feverishly for a telegram summoning me back to India to join my battery, but none came. I went to the War Office, but was greeted coldly and told they had no news, and as the day went by I realized that the Gov. of India had no intention of recalling me to join my battery since in that case they would have to pay my passage out. There was nothing for it therefore but to give up the rest of my leave and rush out at my own expense. After all, I should have had the best part of 3 months in England in glorious summer weather, and what more could I ask for? I certainly wasn't going to remain kicking my heels at home when my battery was ordered a service. At this moment a kind old Scotch relative ^{managed to} send me a cheque for twenty pounds as a present. This decided me to go immediately overland to Brindisi and catch the outward bound P.O. at Port Said. I hurriedly packed my things, said goodbye to my mother and sisters, and caught the ~~Express~~ ^{Continental} Express from Victoria. How lovely France and Switzerland and Italy looked in that lovely September weather as we rushed through in the hurrying train. But I had decided to make the most of my journey by stopping a few hours at Rome, a city I had never seen and had always longed to see because of not only of its far famed beauty but still more of its imperial traditions. I found that

I could arrive there at 3 in the afternoon and then at six catch a train which would take me across country to Brindisi and land me there just in time to catch the fast P.O. "ferry steamer" due to carry mails & passengers to Port Said.

On arrival in Rome I accosted the first Cook. To my man I saw on the platform and told him that I had three hours ^{to spare} before my train left, and wanted to see all that I could of Rome. He promptly summoned a English speaking guide, chartered a carriage, and instructed the guide to take me round in the carriage and show me all he could in three hours. Off we started, and I was taken first to ~~St~~ Peter's, and then to the Coliseum, and then to the other "sights" of the City, my guide all the time chattering of this that is the other in perfect English. "There are 365 churches in Rome" he told me, "one for every day of the year: yet Rome is the most godless city in all Europe." The first part of his assertion was probably true: the second most assuredly was not. But my guide was a cynic. When the conversation turned however to Abyssinia it was he, not I, who turned it into the channel - he dropped his cool cynicism, his eyes sparkled, and he broke out into passionate vituperation against, not the Abyssinians but the French and Russians. Only a few months before the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, had inflicted a terrible defeat on the Italians at Adowa, and it was alleged that many of the Italian prisoners taken by the Abyssinians were cruelly & shamefully mutilated. My guide, it turned out, had been in the army in Abyssinia, though he had never got beyond the base and had not been present at the battle of Adowa. The stigma of defeat at the hands of a primitive & barbaric race (as he regarded the Abyssinians) had embittered him, as it had so many Italians, and he firmly believed that Menelik's victory was due to the fact that, as he expressed it, "thousands of Russians & Frenchmen" were fighting in his ranks and had provided him with artillery and weapons of all sorts. I listened with some human interest, knowing nothing about the facts myself, but I think I should have seen a good deal more of the sights of Rome had my guide not been so carried away by his feelings regarding the shame and indignity suffered by his nation at the hands of a "tribe of barbarians". As it was, I was only just in time to catch my train, and after an uncomfortable night's journey I reached Brindisi and within a couple of hours we were heading for Port Said in R.M.S. Osiris at some 24 knots. Again there was nothing eventful about my voyage to Bombay or the train journey from there up to the frontier. I found my battery in the Reserve Brigade some miles beyond Peshawar, infuriated because the two other Brigades were pushing up into the Afghani country and had already had some preliminary fighting with the Turkis, while here we were, idle in camp, not having even crossed the frontier.

As I am writing merely my own personal memories, and not history, I do not propose to say anything in general about

what is known to history as the Tirah Expedition 1897-8. The 1st & 2nd Brigades under Gen. Lockhart (whom I have mentioned before) fought their way over the Sampaga and Rukhanga passes into the valley of Tirah, the heart of the territory occupied by the Afidis, the most formidable tribe on the frontier. There Gen. Lockhart had several parleys with the local Chieftains, ^{with judicious results;} but when December ^{came} arrived and the snow began to fall on the passes, recognizing that it was impossible to keep the troops in Tirah, Gen. Lockhart decided to withdraw them ~~to~~ back to the frontier, and made his arrangements accordingly.

Meanwhile, we in the Reserve Brigade had remained camped on the level ground at the entrance to one of the valleys - the Bare Valley - leading to the interior, chafing at ~~the~~ inactivity to which we seemed doomed. At last we received orders to break camp and proceed ~~at~~ short distance up ^{find a suitable camping ground} the valley, and ^{await orders.} Our route lay through a narrow defile which continued for several miles until the valley opened out and gave more room for movement. The next day the advance guard moved off at dawn, followed by the four battalions that made up the Brigade: then came the baggage, and behind it a very strong rear guard. My two guns were detailed to accompany the rear guard, the rest of the battery marching with the main body. The rate of progress was incredibly slow, for it was only possible to march up the valley in single file, and moreover the heights on either side had to be "crowned" by detachments of infantry to guard against hostile tribesmen attacking the flanks. Actually it was late evening ^{before} the main body ~~reached the camp~~, and the whole of the long baggage train (there was not, of course, but pack transport) had left the camp, and not till then did we of the rear guard move off. Notwithstanding the long wait I was in high spirits, overwhelmed with joy that we were at last a little more towards the front after our incredibly dreary sojourn in camp doing nothing. I set off briskly with my men & the two guns and the mules, glad also to have for the moment a little command of my own instead of being a mere unit in a battery. But I did not reckon on what was in front of me, though I might have guessed from the simple fact that it was some 12 hours since the advance guard had left camp, and here were we of the rear guard only just beginning to move off. Presently there was a block in front, and I was forced to halt: three minutes passed and the pack mules in front began to move slowly on, and I followed: but we had only gone a few yards when there was another block, another halt, and then further progress for some yards till once more we were stopped by another block. Darkness fell, the night air grew chill, and we struggled on, halting and pushing on, halting again, and I grew desperate thinking of my mules with the great heavy guns and gun carriages and loads strapped tightly on to the tops of their backs. This dreary funeral procession must I know be infinitely worse for them than for my men or myself, or even for the baggage mules whose loads were slung on either side of them and therefore formed a very much easier burden than the guns,

balanced on the top of the gun-mules backs and swaying at every step they took. But there was nothing I could do. To halt stake the loads, off for 1/2 an hour would mean blocking every man and animal behind us, for no one could pass in that narrow defile. By the early hours of the morning I was cold and stiff and hungry, and could with difficulty keep myself from going to sleep, and it was not till just before dawn that we made camp. I hope I may never spend such a night again.

Our new camp was on broken ground in the valley with great high hills all round, and we had pickets on the heights day and night and built a low wall of loose stones ~~between~~ round the entire camp, since we were now in enemy country and had to take every precaution against attack. Presently we heard that the 2nd Brigade was coming down the valley from Tirah, the 1st Brigade marching by another valley some way further west, and that both were being constantly attacked by the tribesmen more for the sake of the loot they could pick up than from a desire to kill. One afternoon our Brigadier, General Hammond V.C. received news that the 2nd Brigade was not far from our camp, marching down the valley with tribesmen attacking both flanks and the rear, so he hastily collected a small force to go out and meet them, and to my intense delight my two guns were to accompany the force. In less than half an hour we were making our way up the valley and before long we heard the sound of distant firing ahead of us, and on turning a bend we saw on the top of a ridge running parallel with and overlooking the valley a considerable number of tribesmen, shooting at something down in the valley which we could not see but knew must be the 2nd Brigade's advance guard. "Get your guns into action at once and shell those men if there should be the General to me, and I immediately had the guns whipped off the mules, & brought into action. Now ~~before~~ in those days each battery was provided with a range-finder ^{instrument} worked by two gunners whose ~~gave an average~~ approximate ranges, but for practical purposes the range was found by what is called sighting shots and the system of "bracketing". That is to say, a shell would be fired at the range (was ^{say 2000 yards} by the range-finders: if it fell short, ^{gun-sight} ^{another} ^{was} ^{to} ^{be} ^{fired} ^{at} ^{the} ^{target} ^{at} ^{say 2200 yards}, and if ~~it fell beyond~~ this fell beyond the target the latter would be said to have been bracketed ~~between 2000 and 2200 yards~~, and the next shell would be fired at 1900 yards, and so on till the exact range was found. Then and then only could a shrapnel shell be fired, the time-fuze being set at the exact point shown on the table for that range. It is clear that with our old muzzle-loading 7 pounder mountain guns, when the operation of springing-out had to be performed after each round, and then a cartridge, followed by the shell inserted in the muzzle and rammed home, the process of finding the correct range must inevitably take some time. However perfect the drill was and ^{Keen and} however rapid the men worked and constant practice resulted in ^{well} trained men working at lightning speed. So in this case, almost before the General had spoken the words I had got the guns into action & loaded, the range-finders had given me their computation of the ~~range~~ ^{range} of the ~~tribesmen~~ ^{tribesmen} ridge along which the tribesmen were scattered, and I had fired

the first shell. Anxiously I watched through my glasses for the shell-burst, but though I heard a faint bang I could see nothing, and it was impossible to guess whether the shell had fallen over or short of the ridge, for a small intervening ridge hid everything but the summit. In a hurried guess that the shell had fallen over the ridge I shortened the range by 200 yards and fired another shot, but the result was the same - no sign of a shell-burst, merely a distant bang. There was nothing for it to try hastily a number of ranges, looking steadily through my glasses in the hope of seeing a shellburst: but it was not till I had fired something like 7 or 8 shells that at last I saw one burst just below the ridge, whereupon I immediately shifted to sharpshoot and was glad to see a couple burst beautifully in the air ^{short of} ~~just~~ ^{at} the top of the ridge. But it was too late! The target had been a fleeting one, and the tribesmen had left the ridge and disappeared ~~and~~ left sight. The General, a pebbly man, who had been nearly close to my guns the whole time and who knew nothing whatever about gunnery, was staring with rage. "The most pitiable exhibition of gunnery I have ever seen!", he cried, "pitiable. If you can't do better than that I might just as well never have brought you out with me." And with these scathing criticisms he turned on his heel and stomped off. Shortly afterwards the head of the 2nd Bde began to appear, and order came to me to return to camp. How utterly crestfallen I felt as I made my way back to camp with my two guns. From then on the General would no doubt put me down as utterly incompetent, and in my bitterness I felt myself to be a hopeless failure. When I got back to camp and repeated myself to my Major told him all about it he was however very comforting & reassuring. The General, he said, knew nothing about gunnery or he would have realized that the finest battery in the world would have been unable to do better. But I remained very sore over my apparent failure ~~at~~ the very first time I held and independent command in active service.

I must here anticipate my "Memories" so as to relate the sequel to this, to me, distressing event. A couple of months later we were in the Khyber Pass, and three times a week we had to ^{send out a small force to} picket the heights and guard the road when convoys of supplies came through from Peshawar. A couple of our guns always accompanied the force and remained the whole day in a central spot in the valley where it could command all the surrounding ridges and heights and shell any ~~conceivable~~ tribesmen who might collect and fire on the convoys or the pickets. One day I was on duty with my guns at this spot, watching with my glasses the hills all round for any sign of the enemy, while my men were in position round the guns ready to leap into action at a word from me. The General with a couple of his staff officers was standing close by, when suddenly fire was opened from a sangar, neatly hidden in the hills, at some of our infantry making their way up to the top of the ridge. Fortunately when I was on duty a few days before I had got the exact range of this sangar, though the General of course didn't know this. The moment therefore that fire was opened from the sangar I gave the order to load the guns with

sharpened with the correct length of fuse, and fired each gun in quick succession. A few seconds later two little white puffs appeared in the sky just in front of and above the saucer, and the shooting ceased. The General was delighted. "Bravo, my boy" he called to me, "an uncommonly pretty piece of shooting." I felt that I had at last retrieved my honour and the battery's.

When the 1st and 2nd Brigades had returned for Titch my Brigade was ordered, with the 2nd, to Fort Jamrud when the Khyber Pass debouches on the plains of India, some 20 miles from Peshawar. After a halt of some days here we were ordered to open up the Khyber Pass and set up our camp at Lansi Kot. On Christmas Eve 1897 therefore we advanced up the Pass, and meeting little opposition camped that night in Ali Musjid, an old disused fort in the middle of the Pass. Next day, Christmas Day, my battery was sent into an adjacent valley in support of part of the 2nd Brigade which was engaged on what would to-day be called "mopping up" operations, but we saw only a few scattered tribesmen during the whole day, and towards the evening we returned to Ali Musjid. The following morning the whole Brigade moved on to Lansi Kot, the infantry crossing the heights as we advanced along the valley, and by mid-day we had reached our destination. Lansi Kot lies at the Afghan end of the Khyber Pass, and from it one gets a magnificent view of the plains of Afghanistan, lying at one's feet, with the town of Peshawar faintly visible in the far distance. A rough, rocky and windy path leads down to the level plain, at the foot of which is a stone pillar marking the frontier between India and Afghanistan.

It was very pleasant to leave the narrow enclosed valley which constitutes the Khyber Pass all the way from Jamrud, and to come out into a wide area, still for some distance enclosed by rugged and rocky hills, but dotted with little mud villages, each with their watch tower and their encircling mud walls. They were of course now deserted except for a hairless-looking old man or woman whom one could see standing at the door of their houses, and a few ~~very~~ children. At Lansi Kot itself there was a so-called "fort", consisting mainly of a high rectangular wall, built of mud brick, some 60 by 40 yards in extent. ~~The~~ ~~enclosure~~ ~~was~~ ~~open~~ ~~space~~ ~~with~~ ~~some~~ ~~huts~~ ~~inside~~. This in peace time was garrisoned by a detachment of ^{the} Khyber Rifles, an irregular body raised from amongst the tribes themselves for keeping the pass open on certain days during the week for the safe passage of caravans between India and central Asia. This small corps was officered by 2 or 3 British officers seconded for the purpose and was very efficient as a kind of police body. By an odd arrangement which the Government of India had made with the tribesmen - the Khyber & its neighbour country was inhabited by a band of the Afghans called the Zakka Khels - the Pass was to be open to caravans on three agreed days during the week. During the remaining days the inhabitants were at liberty to carry on their interminable tribal quarrels without let or hindrance - an odd arrangement

which worked perfectly satisfactorily. When the Afghans rose and attacked our outposts on the frontier west of the Khyber Riffs deserted and joined their own kinsmen, as was only to be expected, and the Khyber Pass was in the hands of the tribesmen until it was re-occupied by our old 2nd Brigade at the end of 1897.

Our brigade, consisting of 2 British & 2 Native infantry battalions, and my battery, pitched a camp surrounded by a stout zarba, outside the so-called fort, which was reserved for the Britisher's staff and a few sappers and auxiliary troops. We were packed fairly tight together so as to render the camp more easily defensible, but we had our tents and could make ourselves reasonably comfortable.

In the summer the Khyber is about as hot a place as one can imagine, for there is no shade and the sun beats down pitilessly all day on the rocks and stones which retain its heat till the whole atmosphere seems to be like the draught from a furnace. In the winter on the other hand it is literally cold, for the wind from the snow-crowded Afghan hills comes sweeping through the Pass, and day & night a sort of icy blizzard blows. We all dug a six foot square hole under our tents, which just took our beds and a camp chair and table, and down in this dug-out, protected from the wind, we could keep reasonably snug and warm at night. Fortunately, living in the open or in tents for months together one gets used to excessive heat and cold, and I can't remember being either particularly. We cleared a good deal of the level ground round the camp to make football & hockey grounds, but the Khyber seemed to grow stones, for if you cleared a space of all the stones one day, next morning you would find them there in almost as great a quantity - at least, so it seemed. Association football and hockey we could play on a bit of bare rocky ground, but later some enterprising spirits proposed to start rugby football and polo and proceeded to clear the necessary extent of ground of as many stones as possible and then to put on it a layer of stable rubbish for the muck lines. The result was not as good as it might have been: for in a rugby scrum when more or less all of us "bit the dust" as the saying goes, it was not dust but stable manure that we bit and that we found filling our mouths. Polo was comic, for although the soft stable refuse made it possible to gallop without ruining the ponies, the hardest drive would not carry the ball many yards, and if one "topped" the ball at all it simply became imbedded, and somebody had to dismount and hunt for it in the litter and pick it out. Still, it was all great fun and first class exercise and we thoroughly enjoyed it. One of the keenest polo players was a tall subaltern in the Scots Fusiliers whom I knew well and liked. Some years later he went to Nigeria and commanded a battalion of the West African Frontier Force (I didn't meet him as he was serving in Southern Nigeria, then a separate unit from Northern Nigeria), and afterwards he took up flying and was one of the first to join what was then known as the Royal Flying Corps, and was great fame during the Four Years War. He is now Viscount Trenchard.

For the first few months the Zakka Khels were in open rebellion

but there was no ^{serious} fighting. Our troops had to picket the Pass every day along its whole length - our Brigade from Landi Kotal, and the 2nd Brigade from Ali Masjid and Jamrud - and the tribesmen contented themselves with sporadic ~~sniping~~ sniping, or sometimes in concerted attacks on some of our outposts as the pickets retired in the evening. About five miles from Landi Kotal the narrow pass opened out into a broad valley about half a mile in width, and in this open space were scattered a few native houses with their great walls of mud and high watch towers. These were deserted when we first arrived, but after a few weeks some of the old folk returned ~~furtive~~ furtive, and we took no notice of them, for so long as their fighting men did not put in appearance, we had no objection.

This open bit of valley serves as the base for all our pickets, and two guns of my battery always went with the infantry and remained here in this central position, ready to plant a shell in any spot in the surrounding hills where the enemy might show ~~any~~ signs of activity. On one occasion some tribesmen began firing ~~from~~ the shelter of a sangar at a detachment of our men climbing the heights to picket them, and I was ordered to shell the sangar. My first ranging shot fell about 50 yards over the target and burst in the hill well above the sangar, whereupon to my great annoyance a tribesman jumped up and waved a red flag signifying "a miss" in the ^{honouring custom of an} army rifle ranges. It was a good joke - evidently the ^{honouring custom} tribesman ~~had served~~ had served in the India Army and had a sense of humour - ~~but~~ I couldn't help being amused by his impudence. I ^{applied to} shortened my range by 50 yards and burst a shell end just on the sangar: ~~the tribesmen were~~ there was no more shooting, and though I doubt whether it inflicted any casualties - for the tribesmen took cover in the rocks directly they saw the gun fire - it certainly shifted them from the sangar.

I came across amongst my papers the story of a programme of sports, very nicely printed by some native printing press, a sort of handbill giving a list of all the events. These sports, according to it were held at Landi Kotal on some date, I think in April, 1898 under the patronage of Brigadier General Stannard V.C. Commanding the Brigade, and the ~~document~~ document ended with the printed signature "C.W.J. ORR, Lieut R.A. Hon. Secy." I had totally forgotten that I had run those sports, but I remember now what fun they were and how thoroughly we all enjoyed them. Of course the men of the Brigade were busy for weeks before-hand training for them, and that is the kind of thing that keeps troops fit and keen when serving for long months at a time on lonely outposts such as ~~beside~~ the Afghan end of the Khyber Pass. At that time too I was appointed Camp Provost (pronounced "Provo") Marshal, ~~in~~ addition to my normal battery duties, and besides being work that interested me very much and took up most of my spare time it brought me ^{an extra} 150 rupees (nearly £10) a month, a most useful addition to my pay. This appointment was made when affairs in the Pass had quieted

down sufficiently to make it possible to introduce to camp a few native traders who set up a sort of bazaar (in Dr. Indian sense) in one corner of the camp that was allotted to them, and sold the troops - British & native - all sorts of odds & ends they wanted, both food and dry goods & bottanous & so on. It was the duty of the P.M. to look after these traders, make rules & regulations to see that they behaved themselves and did not charge unfair prices for their goods, kept their grass or mud huts tidy & the whole place clean & sanitary, and so on. There was ample scope for work and organization and the kind of administration and discipline which always attracted me, and there was also the human element to be dealt with, for I had to know every one of these traders personally and be always on the look-out for any requests, for they were past-masters in all artifices. I had authority to punish their summary for any offence either by fine or whipping, and as my assistant I had a splendid little sergeant of the R. S. Co's Fusiliers who was quite first class at his job.

When the hot weather came on I determined to start learning Pushtoo, the language spoken throughout the frontier of India and by all Pathans (Pronounced "pūstāins"), the generic name given to the whole of those fanatical Muslim tribesmen who inhabit those regions. I managed to find amongst the traders in my bazaar a little old man who knew Hindustani and Pushtoo and a little English, and I engaged him to teach me Pushtoo. I must confess that I nearly gave up my self-imposed task a dozen times. The first steps in learning any language are both hard and dull, and tempt one to despair. As the hot weather advanced and the heat in the daytime became appalling we used to do our battery drills & exercises in the comparative cool of the early morning and finish by about 11.30 am. Then we would sit down to a hot breakfast, after which we dispersed to our tents, ~~and~~ stripped on uniform and lay down for a siesta till about half past three; tea in the mess tent followed about 4, and from 5 to 6 evening exercises, then a game of polo or football, a hot bath, dinner, and early to bed. This daily routine obviously left little time for study, so I used to get my native teacher to come round to my tent between noon and one o'clock when everyone else in camp except the sentries was asleep, and I used to wrestle with his assistance with the difficulties and complexities of the Pushtoo language, the perspiration pouring down my face in the grilling heat and with sleep threatening every moment to overwhelm me. Every now & then I would drop off to sleep for a moment, then wake with a start, pull myself together and apply myself once again to the accursed grammar, or Pushtoo history or poem I was trying to translate, then lulled once more by the droning voice of my teacher I would drop off to sleep again. Finally I would blurt out "Enough, Ahmed Shah, I can do no more to-day. Be off & let me go to sleep, and come again at the same hour to-morrow."

So passed those hot grilling days in the Khyber Pass. And gradually the tribesmen began to cease even to snipe, and some even of the young men - jawāns, as they were called - crept quietly back to their villages and set to work to till their land, looking as

innocent as could be, as if they never had fired a shot at anyone, least of all a "sahib."

One day when I was on duty, with my two guns at the spot I have previously described it occurred to me that I might wander off into one of the nearby Afghan native houses and see if I could find some old tribesman on whom I could practice my Pushtu. So leaving my service ~~appear~~ in charge and telling him when I could be found if wanted I strolled off, and on arrival at the house I came across an old white-bearded tribesman, with an infant in his arms evidently suffering from ~~some~~ some acute eye-disease. I saluted the old man in Pushtu, whereupon his eyes brightened with surprise and pleasure and he invited me into a bare room with floor of baked mud, ^{where we squatted down together} and in my rather halting Pushtu I began a conversation with him. I asked him to let me see the child in his arms, and I expressed my dismay at the ugly sores in the child's eyes and said next time I came I would bring some ointment. This in fact I did a few days later when I was again on picket duty, having obtained it for the doctor, and after that I used regularly to visit the old man whenever I was on duty.

I think it must have been about the middle of July that I obtained two months leave to go up to Kasauli, a small station in the hills, not very far from Simla to attend a Class of instruction in the subjects an examination in which every subaltern had to pass, before he could be promoted. There were about 17 of us in all who joined this Class, belonging to a variety of regiments, cavalry and infantry, British native, and a very good lot of fellows I found them. My greatest friend amongst them was a subaltern in the 5th Fusiliers, named Roberts ~~usually~~ usually known as "Bobbie", a wild fellow who had lost an eye or pole a year previously when a pole ball crashed into the glasses he was wearing. This terrible accident had no effect on his high spirits or his cheeriness. He was one of those happy-go-lucky men who regard life as something out of which their great aim is to get all the fun possible, and who take the knocks with just the same imperturbable good humour as ~~anything else~~, good luck and ill luck being all the same to the. It is odd that I should have struck up the peculiar friendship with him ~~the~~ with me that we did, seeing that our characters differed so entirely. Possibly the link was that we ~~both~~ were both in love with life, enthusiasts for adventure, enjoying everything as it came along. Several of the Class were serious-minded, taking copious notes of all the lectures, reading up the text-books with the utmost assiduity, and applying themselves most of their waking hours to the work in hand. They seemed to me dull, hard-headed fellows, for whom I hadn't much use, but so far as I can remember I worked fairly hard myself as I had no intention of failing in any of the subjects, and indeed I was keen to do well in the exam. But once I had finished the day's lectures I liked to be free to enjoy the rest of the afternoon and my nights in company with Bobby Roberts and other friends of his kind.

At last the course came to the end and we had to face a three

day's examination in the five subjects - Tactics, Military Law, Surveying, Fortification, and Administration I think they were - one painful, wet day being taken up by tending my unit a plane table and prismatic compass for miles over the hillside, making a survey of the summit, county. I spent an hour or two helping one of the class who was in difficulties and had almost given up in despair, though I didn't feel very much in better case myself. However both surveys got done somehow and we returned home, dripping with both perspiration & rain, and I handed my sodden sketch maps in, wondering if I should scrape enough marks to qualify. The papers in the other subjects I didn't find very difficult, and I hoped that with luck I might get through. One last night Bobby Roberts and I gave a dinner party to about half a dozen others in the class, and a rather hectic night followed. Next day we broke up and went back to our several stations, each of us leaving with the Instructor a stamped addressed envelope containing a sheet of paper on which the five subjects for exam were recorded with blanks left for the marks we had gained in each. He promised to fill in the marks as soon as the results were out, and post the envelopes to us. A "pass" required 50% of the marks allotted to each subject. If one obtained 80% or over in any subject, one was recorded in the Army Gazette as "distinguished" in that subject, and if one obtained 75% of the marks in all the subjects combined, a "special mention" was recorded.

I was glad to get back to my battery and my somewhat harassing work in the Khyber, though I found Lahore Kotah intolerably hot after the cool air of the hills. But by now it was early September and the cold weather season was not far off. Stopped in with the Tudekha, I found, had more or less put out and the Zakkhe Khels were fitting back into their villages in the Pass and getting busy on their farms - always a good sign. It was good to resume my duty as picket, and the first day I strolled off to renew my acquaintance with my old ~~friend~~ friend with the white beard, who greeted me as if he were really pleased to see me. I bought him some more ointment for the child, whose eye seemed better. I felt that I must now settle down in real earnest to work at my Pushtu which I hadn't touched for nearly two months - as the examination for the Higher Standard was to take place in Peshawar the first week in October and I had only about 3 weeks left. There was, I feared, little hope of my passing it, for languages did not come easy to me, and my two months' break had prevented me from making the progress I had hoped. I had arranged to pay off a certain amount of my debts after a year of active service, but I needed the 800 rupees (about £50) very badly which was the reward fixed by the Gov. of India for passing the Higher Standard in Pushtu.

One morning shortly after my return to the Khyber, the marks for India came in and brought me a letter addressed to me by

my own handwriting. For a moment I was puzzled: then I remembered the stamped addressed envelope I had left with our Instructor at Karauli, and I tore it open hurriedly. Had I passed my promotion exams or had I failed? What about that so-called sketch map? I glanced at the sheet of paper - I still have it somewhere. The names of each of the five subjects, two figures had been inserted by the Instructor, the maximum marks allotted to each subject, and another figure representing the marks I had gained. And below were scribbled the words "Bravo!" "Distinguished" in all the subjects, and a "Special mention". ~~Bravo!~~ In all the subjects except one the maximum was 500, and a glance at the paper showed that in each of these I had scored over 400. In the last subject the maximum was 300 and I was credited with 240. On the back of the sheet the Instructor had very kindly recorded the marks scored by the other members of the class, and I found that my total was the highest of the lot. I could hardly believe my eyes. Not that it really matters or at so long as I passed in the five subjects, for it was in no way a competition examination, but it was encouraging to me to have done so well. Surely I might manage to pass the very difficult examination for the Staff College when the time came if I could do so well in my promotion exam? I may as well add that it never did me the slightest good to have been gazetted as "distinguished" in all the five subjects for promotion. It didn't accelerate my promotion for a day, nor was it regarded as the slightest recommendation for any military appointment at the staff or otherwise - but that I was supposed or expected that it would: but the true rule of promotion by seniority then existed in the Army, at any rate in the junior ranks, and there was little incentive to work hard or take a special interest in one's work.

One day, about a week before I was due to go with Peshawar for my Pushtu exam I was a duty with my two guns in the Pass and as usual, in the heat of the day, I strolled over to my friend the Zakka Khil. As usual he brought me into the darkened room with the hard mud-baked floor, and as we entered I saw to my surprise a couple of young men already seated on the floor. "Hallo, hallo" I said to them as I took my seat between them and the old man, "So you have got tired of fighting at last and have come back to your guns?" "Oh no, Sahib," one of them replied with emphasis, "We have never fought against the Sikhs. We never should. When the troubles began we got up and went to Jellalabad and have been there ever since, but now that things seem to be quiet once more we have come back to till our lands." I didn't believe a word they said and I was fairly convinced that they had been fighting with the tribesmen all along - why shouldn't they? - but I just smiled and said nothing and began talking about other things. Presently some three of the company were told the story of how some months before I had fired a shell at a sangar not far from where we were sitting, and a man had promptly jumped up and signalled a

miss. The old man lay back his head and rocked with laughter. "Why, there is the jawan who did it!" he cried, pointing to the young man opposite. "Halls, halls", I said, turning to the young man who was looking scared and dismayed. "So, master of Truth, you came for Sahib to wave a flag?" For a moment the young man hesitated, dumbfounded, not knowing what to do or say. Then he caught the amused expression on my face, realized that all was well, and lifting the skirt of his long white robe showed me a scar where a bullet had obviously gone through the calf of his leg. "That's what I got that day, Sahib," he said, and I shall remember it for the rest of my life. The ice was now broken and we fell to discussing the fighting of the last twelve months. "You men are brave and fight well," I said, "but what is bad about you is the way you come out and kill our wounded when the fight is over. It is shameful to kill a wounded & helpless man in cold blood. Your wounded we pick up & take into hospital and tend with exactly the same care as our own wounded. & when they have recovered we send them back to you." "Ah ho, Sahib" replied one of the young men. "What we do after a fight is this. We go out and we examine all the wounded & may have left behind & and you have ever seen any - and if we ~~they~~ find that they are so severely wounded that they will certainly die, we release them." [The expression he used was "Khalass Kowarwan", which literally means, "release"]. "If on the other hand," he went on, "we find they are not seriously wounded we take them into your camp, ^{as a few moons ago,} & hand them over to you - as we did with that Sergeant ~~of the British~~. This was delightfully ingenious. So far as I know, in all the frontier fighting that has ever taken place during the past 200 years, there is only one instance when the tribesmen ever brought in and handed over a British soldier who ^{had} fallen into their hands. That was at the very end of the fighting ~~at the end of the~~ in the Khyber some months before when the tribesmen did actually bring in a Sergeant ~~of the R.S.C's~~ position who had been wounded and had ^{been captured by them.} They were at the time making overtures for peace and I imagine that they considered this unparalleled act of mercy on their part a good gesture. I doubt if a similar instance has ever occurred again.

Once confidence between us was established these young men talked freely & openly. It was no doubt a new and wonderful experience for them to find themselves talking in their own tongue to a British officer, still technically an enemy, who was obviously ~~to~~ friendly and ~~to~~ interested in their affairs. I told them I expected to be promoted captain next year & to be sent back to England, which I should regret because I loved India and enjoyed serving there. ^{I explained} that I didn't want to serve in England where there was always peace and never any fighting, and I should probably try to get out to East Africa where there was always something exactly going on, and where in fact there were Indian troops

at that moment. "They take me with you as your ally, Sahib and the young man. "I will serve you faithfully wherever you go and I will protect you till my death. Take me with you Sahib. I am tired of this narrow frontier life. I want to get away from it and see the world. I will serve you Sahib. Take me."

I was touched ^{by} the man's sincerity and ardour. ~~and~~ I ~~put my hand~~ ^{put my hand} lightly on his shoulder, and said "I should like to have you with me ^{my} friend, and I would trust your loyalty anywhere. But I may never get to Africa and I can make no promises. Anyhow, here is my hand in token of friendship." I ~~shook~~ ^{shook} our hands and clasped his for a moment, and then I bade them all farewell and walked back to my guns.

A week later I went into Peshawar for my Pushtu examination. I found there were more than a hundred candidates and it was rumoured that ~~the Government~~ ^{the Government} orders had been given to the Examiners to pass as few as possible since only a certain sum was allotted annually for language rewards, and this could not be exceeded. But all thought of the exam. vanished from my mind when I found myself greeted by my old friend Philip Mead, now a subaltern in the Sappers' quartered temporarily at Peshawar. He carried me off to his bungalow where he insisted I should stay so long as I was in Peshawar. We hadn't met since our Shop Days and we sat up that night till the early hours, talking of old times and old friends.

My examination began next day and lasted two days ^{being} ~~both~~ both written and oral. The first day was taken up with the two Pushtu works which formed the text books - a long epic poem in rather flamboyant language, and a biography of a famous Central Asian conqueror, Mahmud of Ghaznavi, both presenting considerable difficulties to the student. Next day there were translations to be made from Pushtu into English & English into Pushtu, and then in the afternoon candidates had to engage in long conversations with Pathan sappers and Native Officers - an exacting test as may be imagined. When it was all over I felt as if I had been through a mill and completely tired out. I ~~of~~ entertained such hope of having passed, and told Philip that I feared the 800 rupees were not for me. He and I adjourned to the Club and there I fell into conversation with one of my examiners whom I had known for some years. Incidentally I made the same remark as I had made to Philip, whereupon he was silent for a moment and then said "I wouldn't worry old chap" then turned the conversation to something else. The results of the exam were to be put up on the board next day, and ~~the candidates~~ ^{we} were all waiting to see them at the appointed hour. At last one of the examiners arrived with a paper which he proceeded to pin it up. Out of more than 100 candidates only twelve had passed. I imagine my delight when I saw my name amongst the lucky twelve. I don't know whether I was more surprised or delighted. I cut myself out late. That night

I gave Philip and the best dinner the Club could produce, and next day I took the road back to Landi Kotal, starting the first night or I am sure when I had arranged for a horse to meet me, and starting off early next morning to us, through the Pass. It was at the very hottest time of the day - ~~about~~ about 2 o'clock - that I approached the familiar spot where I had spent the day with my guns. We had ~~been~~ now given up picking the Pass as hostilities were virtually at an end and war had ceased. For miles ~~around~~ I had seen no sign of life: the heat was grilling, the sun beat on the rocks and there was no breeze; the tribesmen were at that time of day taking refuge in their houses for the heat, enjoying a siesta. Suddenly I saw ahead of me a group of men sitting by the side of the road. I wondered what they were doing there, when everyone else was indoors. As I rode up I suddenly saw to my surprise that they were my friends, the old white bearded Pathan the two young men and a friend or two of the farmer's whom I had met from time to time. "What on earth are you doing here at this time of day?" I asked in some surprise. "We have been waiting here for two days" said the old man "we wanted to know whether you had passed your intention (examination)."

I jumped off my horse and gave my hand to each one of them, and I am not sure that I was not ~~more~~ more pleased with their human touch of interest and friendliness, even than with passing my exam.

We had now spent a ~~rather~~ bitter winter and a grilling summer in that confined camp in Landi Kotal, and more than a year of active service. The fighting seemed to be over, and we hoped any day now that we might be sent back to India. Little did we guess that we should be kept there another six months, but so it was. The Gov^t of India decided to keep our brigade at Landi Kotal until a complete settlement had been made with all the tribes of that turbulent frontier and until it was certain that ~~the~~ the tribesmen really meant peace. So we had to endure another winter in camp in the Khyber, and our days were mainly spent in elaborate manoeuvres in the hills surrounding the camp. And when at last we at long last received our orders to go, my battery was told off to attend a fortnight's manoeuvres "under war conditions" near Attock whilst the rest of the ~~the~~ units of the Brigade returned to their own stations. The idea of manoeuvres after a year and a half of active service was as amusing as it was ridiculous and my major put forth a serious protest, but was merely told in reply that no other battery could conveniently be spared and it was expected that the order must stand. We knew of course that it was a bit of cheese-paring economy. Attock was on the way back from the Khyber to Rawal Pindi (to which my battery had been transferred for Amulka in July) and it was cheaper to let our battery take part in the manoeuvres en route than to send another battery. However there was no more to be said, and after

putting in a fortnight of on these wretched mauls we at last reached Pindi about the end of March 1899 and found ourselves once more in these hot barracks for which we had started just 4 years previously for the British Relief Expedition. Three weeks later we were a the march up to the hills for the summer, our station being Kalabagh where I had spent the hot weather of 1894.

By this time I had completed 10 years service as a Subaltern and was well into my eleventh year. Promotion was at that time fairly slow to the Germans and I saw no prospect of its coming my way till the end of the year. I confess I was through tired of everlastingly ordering officers duty, and of constantly having to go down in pitch darkness between 11 and 12 at night to turn out the guard and tramp round the mule lines, and I looked forward with eagerness to the day when I should at last become a captain and so gain immunity from these rather tiresome duties which fell to the lot of a subaltern.

Round about July I applied for and was granted six weeks leave. As I was desperate anxious before I left India to go to Kashmir once more and make the journey up to Leh, on the borders of Tibet, about which I had read in the books I carried by hand, and which interested me immensely. I calculated that I could just get there back in 6 weeks (which was all the leave I could be granted) though the march would, all the time and left no time for shooting on the way. I did not therefore take a rifle or apply for a shooting licence, but started off with a tent and the least kit I should need for a six weeks trek, and made Srinagar in three days. After a lay in 5 weeks previous there I crossed the Wular Lake and took the road up the lovely Biddar valley which leads up to the Zoji La Pass some 10,000 feet high. Never shall I forget the beauty of the valley when it opens out at the foot of the Zoji La. Nothing in Switzerland can beat it, and the risk of wild flowers is intoxicating. For company I had my ^{young} ~~own~~ murrette, called so by me after my friend Arthur Murrey who had given her to me some two years before when I was in the Khyber, and I was entirely happy. The climb up the Zoji La is a stiff one, and the Pass is snowed till June: there was snow upon it when I was there. When I reached the top after many hours of climbing I found myself on the plateau which forms the State of Baltistan, & for the next three days my route lay in wild but fairly level country possessing a certain picturesque beauty of its own though not comparable with the beauty of Kashmir's valleys. At the end of my third day's march I almost walked into a large sized camp, and was hailed by a man who introduced himself as Clark of the India Land who explained that he had been sent by the Govt of India to the Govt of Kashmir to make a cadastral survey of Baltistan and assess the district for taxation. His invitation to dinner I gladly accepted, and he then suggested that I should join

him as his guest and accompany him through part of Baltistan
which he was visiting. I could have said I will ^{cook and} tent and store
ahead along the road to Leh, and ~~deposit~~ pick them up
again further on where the diversion he was making, would meet
that road again. I jumped at the offer as it would enable me
to see something of the country, its inhabitants which I could
never do by keeping to the main caravan roads and its best
houses.

So for the next few days I travelled with Clarke, and a
very interesting experience it was. He was treated with the
utmost deference and respect wherever we went, the villagers
turning out to meet him and bringing him supplies, since they
imagined that by securing his good will they would get off with
a lighter assessment for taxation. At last we reached the
place where we were to separate, he to continue his work, I
to rejoin my cook and store on the Leh road. This entailed
my making my way over a pass 18,000 feet high, and Clarke
and I spent our last night together in a little Baltistan
village in the mountains some 15,000 feet above sea level.
It was of course above the snow line and biting cold was
the air was pure and fresh and we were both in command
fit and we had sufficient blankets to keep us warm, so we
did not mind the cold. Near morning we made a good breakfast,
packed some food in our harnesses, and set off to
scale the mountain pass that lay ahead of us, for Clarke
was going to accompany me so far, and having put me on
my way to the Leh road, ~~was to accompany me to return and go~~
on with his work in Baltistan. We started in great spirits
for we both felt invigorated by the high mountain air,
but as we climbed higher the rarefied air made breathing
very difficult, and we had to make frequent halts to
regain our breath. I shall never forget the last 1000
feet. The snow was hard and walking over it was three
times more difficult but the effort of breathing was tremendous.
I would take two steps forward and then stop and
pant, two more and then pant again, and in this way
Clarke and I finished painfully and laboriously the
last lap of our struggle up the pass. At long last we
reached the top, and there before us lay a great smooth
snow-covered slope, stretching down, down as far as we
could see. At the bottom of this slope, Clark told me,
was the Leh road, and the Balti guide he had
arranged for me would take us down ~~there~~ to it. So
after we had recovered our breath and rested ourselves
we parted, I with profuse gratitude to the man who
had showed me so much kindness and been such a
cheerful host. To add to his kindness he had given me
a letter ^{to the High} to the High ^{Commissioner} Wazir Wazir, the Maharajah of Kash-
mir. Darya is Leh who ruled the entire district in
the Maharajah's name, and to ~~write~~ a letter of introduction.

deduct to whom was a previous asset.

The descent to the Leh road was pleasant and easy after the struggle up the pass, but it proved interminably long, and poor because the terrain and I were fairly tired out by the time we reached my camp long after dark. We had come down about 8000 feet, for the lowest valley in all Ladakh is ten thousand feet above sea level: and I blessed my luck when I found that he had a dinner & hot bath in my tent awaiting me. I turned to sleep & slept the sleep of the tired.

When I woke next morning, I jumped out of bed full of curiosity to see my new surroundings, for I had been unable to see much in the darkness the previous night. I was here in Ladakh and the contrast with Baltistan was extraordinary. The latter country was a high rugged plateau with high mountains at the edges. Ladakh was on the other hand a timbered mass of mountains broken by occasional valleys, and there seemed to be little vegetation and few trees, just fantastic rocks of every colour under the sun - yellow, blue green, crimson, as if some giant had been amusing himself with ~~various~~ ~~various~~ pairs of paint, splashing colours about at random as the fancy took him. My camp I found was on a level bit of ground at the foot of a vast ~~blanched~~ ~~blanched~~ or monastery that extended high above me, clinging to the mountain side in tier upon tier. Ladakh was at one time a province of Tibet and is even now sometimes known as Western Tibet. The inhabitants are Buddhists, and they are also polyandrist. That is to say, a woman when she marries, marries not one man alone but his brothers as well, and the young brothers have a poor time for they have to do the fielding & carrying for the whole family and have few rights or privileges. The population of Ladakh is very small, for the simple reason that there is little soil to cultivate and it would be impossible to feed anything but a scanty population. Quite a large proportion of the male inhabitants live in the ~~some~~ ~~some~~ monasteries which are scattered up & down the country clinging to the steep hillsides like moss to a wall, and are mostly self supporting, the monks taking what soil exists in the neighbourhood and growing enough food to support themselves in reasonable comfort.

These monks belong to a branch termed the Red monks as distinguished from the Yellow fraternity common in Tibet itself, and wear robes of a reddish or more accurately a terra cotta colour, made of some rough cloth which becomes much stained by constant exposure to rain and snow. A common sight on the Leh road is one of these monks in his reddish garments riding a little Tibetan pony & dragging behind him a mule with his cooking pots, food and personal possessions, on his way from one monastery to another, looking all the while as the old monks must have looked in medieval

about Europe seven hundred years ago.

After my strenuous day crossing ^{the mountain range} for Baltista into Ladakh I decided to rest when I was for another night, and I took the opportunity to visit the monks, whose I was cordially & courteously received by the monks, who showed me one part of it. There were quaint and queer paintings, and representations of the Buddha, and everywhere were the praying wheels to which each monk gave a twist as he passed, thereby acquiring merit - an easy way of saying a prayer I thought.

Next day I resumed my journey, and for some days the route lay along a deep and narrow valley with gigantic cliffs on either side. At last however I reached more open country and knew that I was approaching Leh. One morning I was having my breakfast in the open at a camp place where I had spent the night, and which I had shared with a small caravan ~~on the way~~ on its way from Central Asia to India. My servant was superintending the packing up of my tent and equipment, and as soon as I had finished my breakfast I intended to push on. Presently the leader of the caravan came to me and said that one of his camel men was very ill and looked as if he was going to die: would I come over and see what I could do? These men have an exaggerated idea of the power & knowledge of the "schib" and attribute to each one a medical skill which not one in a hundred of us possess. I realized of course that I had neither skill nor medicine to afford relief to a sick man, nor could I even hope to diagnose his disease, but I did not want to appear unsympathetic or unhelpful, so I told the man I would come over presently, & I went to eat my breakfast. ~~Without~~ Without any very definite plan in my mind I broke off a bit of the chapatti (a sort of cake of unleavened bread) that I was eating, and rolled it into a couple of balls. I then went over to where the caravan was making ready to depart, and I found the sick man lying under a stunted tree, with his eyes shut and looking indeed as if he were not long for this world. I went through the motions of feeling his pulse, made him put out his tongue, passed my hand over his stomach, called for a bowl of water, which helped the man to sit up with his back resting against the tree, and made him take the two pills I had just made for my chapatti. I then told him that he would shortly feel better, and I returned to finish my breakfast, saying that I would come back in a few minutes and see how he was and if necessary give him some more medicine. While I was finishing my breakfast I rolled a couple more pills, then ordered my boy to pack everything up saying I should start as soon as all the loads were ready. This done, I returned to the caravan, and was delighted to find my man still sitting up, his eyes wide open, and talking to the caravan leader. Once more I went through the

pretence of taking his pulse, pronounced his mind better, gave him the two fresh pills which I said finally would complete his cure, and with that I sauntered back to superintend the final packing of my cooking utensils. When all was ready, I ordered my boys to start, and then I returned to the caravan. My man was up and gloomy, his camp, although quite recovered, and with blessings showered on me by the caravan leader I took my leave of them, wished them a good journey, and with Mummie at my heels turned and followed my own little caravan northwards. I had learnt yet another lesson.

The following day I reached what appeared to be a broad and very shallow river, flowing through immense mud channels in a north westerly direction, and this I knew to be the Indus. Beyond it in the distance I could just see the walled city of Leh, the great meeting place for caravans plying between India and Central Asia. It was for me an exciting moment when I finally reached the town and rode through an immensely broad avenue of ~~spacious~~ trees to the central market place and was duly conducted to the government resthouse, a pleasantly situated little bungalow not far away. It was good to settle down for a few days in such pleasant surroundings after my long march from Kashmir, and I lost no time in sending to His Highness the Wazir Wazirath the letter of introduction which Clarke had given me. A messenger soon arrived bearing the Wazir's compliments and saying that there was to be a polo match near by and His Highness would place at my disposal a couple of his ponies: as to what he hoped to be able to make arrangements for a display of Tibetan ceremonial dances in my honour - a day or two. I trusted that I would come as his honoured guest, to their courteous hospitable messags I sent a suitable and grateful reply.

The following afternoon a groom came over leading ^{sturdy} two little Tibetan ponies, and mounting one of them I rode with him to the great expanse in the market place where the polo match was to be played. A motley assembly of horsemen awaited me - a couple of Ladakhs with fur caps, a couple of turbaned Baltis, and a few wild-looking men from Central Asia with nothing on their heads to cover them in flowing locks. As is well known, the game of polo is indigenous to Tibet, and it was in that country that an Englishman learnt it in, I think, the seventies of last century and brought it to India. Thence it was introduced into England by a famous cavalry regiment, and it is now of course played all over the world.

The game has ~~obviously~~ naturally suffered some modifications since it was first borrowed from Tibet, as I found when I came to play it in Leh. To begin with, the players were not limited to four a side: that afternoon we played 5 a side, and I believe there is no fixed rule as to numbers -

There may be 3, 4, 5 or even more players a side. There is another peculiarity. When the ball is hit between the goal posts (usually as in the Leh market place just two heaps of stones) it does not count as a goal unless a member one of the attacking side picks it up, either dismounting for the purpose or leaning over ^{for} his saddle and picking it up while still mounted. The player who does this immediately gallops down the ground at top speed with the ball still in his hand - ends are changed automatically whenever a goal is hit - and when he arrives at the centre he tosses the ball in the air and hits it a tremendous blow with his stick, and the game goes on as before. The sticks used are very much like hockey sticks, small and handy.

Before I had been playing five minutes I found myself panting and out of breath, for although after my long march up from Kashmir I was tremendously fit, the violence even of galloping without a moment's pause in the highly rarefied air - Leh is well over 11,000 feet above sea-level - was trying to me not used to it. I managed to get a smack at the ball occasionally but the lithe and handy men from Central Asia who never seemed to tire, hipped in and out on their handy little ponies, and one needed to be as quick as lightning to forestall them. There was no definite boundaries so the ball never went out of play, and as I have explained, even the hitting of a goal did not entail one minute's cessation in the play. So far as I remember, we stopped ^{only} once for 3 or 4 minutes to change ponies and this was the only breathing time we got the whole afternoon. Fortunately after about ten minutes I (at my second wind) and did not again experience quite the same suffocating breathlessness, but by the time the game was over I was pretty well at the end of my tether and was glad to get back to the Resthous, and have a hot bath and a rest.

The next morning I spent wandering round the bazaar + the town with an intelligent Hindustani-speaking Ladakhi kind provided by the Wazir, and I was immensely interested in the cosmopolitan population living in Leh, men and women from every country in Asia. Here I found myself in the very sort of place I had dreamed of as a youth, but it seemed in the middle ages - for Leh can have changed little in the last thousand years - and a whole continent away from Europe and its civilization. After my meagre lunch a native arrived bringing me a note from the Sisters of the Moravian Mission established in that wild + distant place, inviting me to come up to the mission for tea, an invitation which I gladly accepted. The whole staff of the mission I found when I duly presented myself, consisted of the Mother Superior, Frantzen Kant, and one Assistant, a girl still in her twenties. The Mother Superior told me that she had been thirteen years in Leh without once going home, but was happy

to get home on a short holiday some day. I asked if the Mission had made many converts during her long stay in Lhasa, and she replied with a charming smile, "None yet. But we are in no hurry. They will come in time. We get the Tibetan girls Khaspa to come to us here and we teach them to knit & sew so that they can make clothes for their men-kind: we teach them hygiene so that they can keep their homes and surroundings clean: we teach them a little rudimentary arithmetic so that they may not be cheated when they go to the bazaar to buy their supplies: and as they sew or knit we read out to them bits of the New Testament - particularly the parables and the sayings of Jesus - and we tell them about Christ. But we don't try to convert them, knowing that when they are ripe for it they will come to the true faith of their own accord." What a splendid attitude. I thought to myself, and what marvellous devotion. Here were these two women, both young & charming, - Franka Kant looked no more than 40, if that, and her Assistant quite 15 years younger - who had given up everything, a life to come to this strange, desolate and distant spot to carry the gospel to their fellow-women living here, and were content if they could but impart to them a ~~few~~ ^{few} human, everyday accomplishments, a little practical wisdom & knowledge, and the elements of the Christian faith that might, perhaps, someday bear fruit. I came away full of admiration for these devoted women, and with a feeling of deep humility when I compared my own pleasure-loving careless life with their sublime and calm selflessness.

The night before I left a myretum party His Highness staged at his Palace the performance which he had promised me. I was conducted through the great gates into an open courtyard surrounded by buildings dimly visible in the darkness, and I was led up to a broad dais on which were seated the Wazir himself and some of his notables, to whom I was duly introduced. Refreshments were spread on a table - sweetmeats of all kinds, and wine - and afterwards I was motioned to a seat near to the Wazir and invited to partake in the food and drink provided. All the time I could hear drums and musical instruments being tested somewhere in the back ground, and at last a huge figure dressed in a quaint costume appeared and took his stand in the centre of the courtyard and recited what I understood to be a poem, written for the occasion, extolling His Highness and paying compliments to his guest (myself). Scarcely had he concluded his address when a motley crowd of figures burst upon the scene, most of them wearing immense and most comical masks, representing the heads of men and of grotesque human beings, and these figures began a wild dance, to the strains of equally wild music played by an orchestra hidden from view. I could not make out any particular order or pattern in the dancing: figures whirled round in all directions and flung up their arms, pre-

senting the wildest and most absurd spectacle with their
hurling and ludicrous masks. The dance must have lasted a
full half hour, and then the music began to slow down. One by
one the masked figures separated themselves from the rest,
came, still whirling, before the dais, and steady themselves for an
instant made a profound bow to the Highness & myself, then
vanished of a lost themselves in the darkness. The music died
abruptly away, the courtyard was once more empty, only a few torches
saving it from complete darkness. The "Devil Dance" was over.

I expressed my gratitude to my host for his kindness and
hospitality, asked that my thanks should be communicated to
the performers and left some money to be distributed as wages,
took farewell of the Wazir and his other guests, and was es-
corted out of the Palace and made my way home by the light
of a young moon, intoxicated with the barbaric quaintness
of what I had seen.

My return to my battery was uneventful and I had to make
hasty in order to get back before my short leave was over, but
~~my~~ hurried trip to that marvelous country buried away
in the fastnesses of the Himalayas ~~was~~ ~~unforgettable~~
~~experience~~ the ~~memory~~ will always remain one of the
most interesting and delightful of all my wanderings.

The beginning of October brought with it preparations for our
move down to the plains once more. My promotion was now
very near as my name was almost at the top of the
long list of quondam subalterns and I had over 10 years
service. At the same time there was exciting news from
South Africa, and a considerable number of British troops,
both cavalry and infantry had been despatched from India
to Natal to reinforce the garrison. It was during our
march down from Katabagh to Randfontein that we heard
of the declaration of war by Kruger's Government and
the first clash between the Boers and ourselves as the former
immediately invaded Natal. I remember very vividly
reading the ~~assassinated~~ telegrams in the "Civil & Military
Gazette" describing the outbreak of war and the fighting at
Talame Hill when I was sent ahead to lay out our camp
on the fifth day after we had left Katabagh. The mails
had just come in, and I had torn open the papers
as we had had no letters or papers since leaving Katabagh
and in those pre-incident days, no news of any sort.

What excitement prevailed throughout the battery when
it arrived at our camp, found as how late and heard
the news. Of course we all imagined that our perfectly
trained and equipped ^{as we thought it} ~~troops~~ ~~troops~~ would make short work of the
Boer farmers, but it was somewhat disconcerting to
learn that our first encounter with the latter should
have apparently resulted in our being driven back, and
most distressing is now that the General in command of
our advanced force had been killed in action. He was

General Penn Symons who had been commander of Umballa when we had been stationed there 3 years before, a man of great charm and enormous energy and a highly competent soldier. We afterwards learnt that he had been picked off by a Boer - and every Boer was a first class shot with a rifle - when riding about among his troops followed by lance carriers, a large flag. What follies were to be committed before we got the measure of the Boers, and how little did any of us dream that it would take the whole embarked might of the British Empire 3 1/2 years to overcome that brave & hardy people.

On our arrival at Pindi I heard news of my promotion and of my being posted to a depot near Portsmouth as captain. I was to go home as soon as a troopship passage could be provided for me from Bombay. My one idea was to get home as rapidly as I possibly could in order that I might ~~at once~~ use every means in my power to join the forces in South Africa, and I was truly thankful that I had been promoted to a battery at home and not in India (in the Artillery it was a mere chance to what battery one was posted on promotion), since it would have been impossible to get on to the Boer War for India.

It did not take me long to sell off my ponies, saddles, tent, camp furniture and the rest of my few possessions. It was with regret that I left the battery in which I had spent the best part of seven very happy years, but the officer had all changed since I had first joined, and most of the men, and I was profoundly glad to leave the rank of subaltern behind me with its everlasting routine ^{duties} and have the prospect of more varied duties as a captain. It was with high hopes therefore that I took the train for Bombay accompanied by my faithful Munnie, and in due course the long train journey was over and I found myself once more in Bombay. But here bad news awaited me, for I discovered that no dogs could be taken to England unless the owner had previously received a permit for its importation from the Board of Agriculture in Whitehall, and such a permit would take at least two months to obtain. The tragedy was that I must part with Munnie. The day after my arrival in Bombay I had tea with a cousin of mine - a major in the Sappers - and his wife who were quartered there, and they took a great fancy to Munnie and asked if they might have him since I could not take him with me. There was at least a chance of seeing him a really good home, and on the day I sailed on the troopship on which a passage had been allotted to me, I called on my cousins to say goodbye, and then slipped quietly away leaving Munnie behind. The dog had been strangely quiet all morning and had never left me out of his sight. Some strange instinct seemed to tell him that something was up, though what could have put it

into his head that a party was in the offing I cannot guess. His eyes were on me all the time I was with my cousin, and I felt like a criminal when I slipped out of the door after a last affectionate pat. I heard afterwards from my cousin that he refused food for two days after my departure but soon settled down in his new home and was then faithful companion till they left India some years later, when they had him mercifully put to sleep.

The transport on which I sailed from India was, I found, taking home ~~many~~ ^{the} wives and families of the officers taken of the regiments which had been sent to South Africa & which was now in the thick of the fighting in Natal. And things were not going well there. After General Penn Symonds had been killed, the force which he had commanded fell back towards Ladysmith where the bulk of the Natal Field Force was assembled under the command of General Sir George White. In those pre-wireless days news could only come by cable or telegraph, and at sea one could of course obtain none at all. Rumours therefore often took the place of news, and just as we were sailing a wicked rumour spread round the ship that Ladysmith was surrounded and that Sir George White had committed suicide. It may be imagined what sort a rumour meant to the scores of women on board whose husbands were with the force in Natal, and what terrible anxiety they went through during the week that elapsed before we reached Aden. The moment we dropped anchor the entire ship was afoam for news, but when the Agent & the Post doctor came on board bringing with them a bulky sheet of Reuters telegrams, our busy captain grasped the latter and strode off to his cabin without a word and shut himself in. His intention was obvious - to read through the news himself before anyone else saw it lest some of the wives on board should first learn of their husbands being killed or wounded by seeing the announcement in these telegrams. Actually he need not have taken the precaution since the telegram contained no news affecting personally any individual on board, whereas they set at rest the absurd rumours we had heard in Bombay. As it was we all gathered in a crowd outside the Captain's cabin, trying our best to curb the intolerable impatience which we all felt. A little lady, whom I had known well in Pondicherry and who had married a great friend of mine, a Captain in the Devon Regiment, was standing close beside me and I was trying my best to allay her obvious and terrible anxiety and impatience, and distract her attention with our unfortunated much result when suddenly she burst out, "If the Captain doesn't come out soon and give us his news, I shall go in and brain him." Fortunately for the Captain (who was 6ft 2 and broad as preparation, while she was at least a foot shorter and thin in proportion) ~~the~~ ~~this~~ ~~terrible~~ ~~threat~~ was not put into execution, for he

emerged from his cabin shortly afterwards, and the telegrams were read aloud from the open deck. Ladysmith was indeed surrounded and the celebrated siege which was to last for nearly three months had begun.

Our next port of call was Port Said, after which we made no further stop till we reached Southampton towards the end of November. When passing Gibraltar we got into town but to Sepe Station there and asked for news of the war. "War still continues" was the approving and senseless reply.

From Southampton I went straight to Portsmouth as to the outlying fort - Fort Brockhampton I think it was called - where was the depot to which I had been posted. ~~was~~ On reporting myself to my new major he readily gave me leave to go home at once and said if I cared to apply for a month's leave he would raise no objection, so I took the train immediately to Farnham and drove from there to Frimley where my mother and my sisters were now settled in a very charming little house of which I had heard much from them in their letters. I arrived long after dark in a frost so hard that my driver had to dismount and lead the horse when he came to a hill. How glad I was to find a blazing fire and a warm welcome and to realize that I was once more at home in England after ten years of service abroad in the East, the last five of them mainly in active service.

But it was not like my previous home-coming, 2½ years previously, for the Boer War cast its shadow over everything, and I could not sit quietly at home while the country was at war and most of my friends in the army were either out in South Africa or going out there. Frimley is close to Canterbury and my a few miles from Aldershot and so in strongly military surroundings and there was hardly a horse in the neighbourhood which did not have at least one of its menfolk out at the war, and before the end of December there were few of our neighbours not in mourning. My mother sensed my anxiety and watched me with care-worn eyes. I was conscious that she yearned to have me at home for a few years and had been vexed when I was posted a promotion to a battery in England. ^{at least} of all could she welcome the prospect of my going out to this war which was already taking toll of so many of our young men. Was it only for this, she must have thought, that I had come back to her after ten long years of separation? So the days passed, and I turned over in my mind how I could get out to South Africa. I was obviously tied by the heel of the chain to a depot battery which could not do its very essence even leaving the ^{country}. I might apply for a transfer, but on what grounds? ^{I had only just been posted to this battery.} If only there were someone in the War Office, some friend who might use his influence to get me sent out in some capacity. I procured an Army List and searched the pages that gave the list of officers on the staff at the War Office, and I found that a certain General E. D. Hay was Deputy Adjutant General, Royal

Articles, i.e. head of the branch that dealt with the postings & appointments of officers of the R.A. If anyone could get me out to South Africa, here was the man: and surely, I had heard my mother speak of him as having been a subaltern under my father, and as having been very fond of my elder sister Joy when she was a little fair-haired child of 8 or 9. I asked my mother casually if this were so, and when she confirmed it I remarked that in his present position he would be able to get any German officer at S. Africa who wanted to go by my mother's aid, but next morning she asked me rather shyly whether I would like her to give me a letter of introduction to General Hays. I could hardly believe my ears, and replied of course that it would be just splendid if she would do so: and that evening she put the letter in my hands.

One used to read of Spartan mothers who sent their sons to battle, with the words "Return either with your shield or on it"; and I for one always pictured them as hard-faced, tight-lipped viragos, rather masculine and not very human. But here was the shy, loving, timid little mother deliberately and without even being asked, giving her son a document which might in her imagination very well be a sentence of death. Once again, she put aside all thought of herself, of her affections or fears or hopes.

The next morning I went up to London, and with the letter of introduction, and made straight for the War Office where I duly presented it and asked that it should be taken to General Hays. I was shown into a waiting room, and after a while the messenger came back and informed me that the General was engaged at the moment but would see me later if I cared to wait. I certainly did care, and in about half an hour, time the messenger returned and led the way along some winding corridors and finally stopped in front of a door marked D.A.G. R.A. and knocked. A pleasant voice answered "Come in" and I was ushered into the presence of a grey-haired man of about 50 who was sitting behind a vast writing table piled with papers, and who stretched out his hand with a kind gesture as I came in and bade me be seated. He was holding my mother's letter in his hand, and he began by asking after her and how she was, and then he asked after my sister Joy and said how well he remembered her thirty years or more ago as a pretty little fair-haired child. Then he asked me about myself and my service in India, and went on to talk about my father and of how much he had admired him and of how good he was to my father & how he had been to him as a kindly firm subaltern. All the time he had been talking I had been rack, my brain, how I should approach the one subject that was uppermost in my mind - my ardent desire to get out to South Africa. At last I summoned up my courage, and in desperation when he paused for a moment in his reminiscences I stammered out "I was wondering, Sir, whether you would help me to get out to the Boer War."

Never before or since have I ever seen anyone change so completely in face and manner. Up to now he had been friendly, genial and charming. In an instant his face froze, and with an entire change of manner he said coldly and sternly, "If you wish to go to South Africa you must apply through the normal official channels: then after a slight pause he added rather less coldly, "And now I must get on with my work: remember me warmly to your mother and thank her for her letter. I am glad to have seen you. Goodbye". The interview was over, and I left the room feeling crushed and thoroughly uncomfortable. I ought to have realized, I said to myself that a man of that austere, puritanical type would look with severe condemnation on any attempt to gain official favours from a private friendship, even if the "favour" was that of going to fight for one's country. I wondered if my father would have been the same: I hoped not, for notwithstanding his puritanical standards of belief and conduct he was, I knew, blessed with an ever-present sense of humour which always carries with it the human touch and softens the sharp edges of an ultra-rigid standard of behaviour.

My leave ended a few days after Christmas and I returned to Gaspard to take up my duties in the depot at Fort Bruekhurst. January 1900, the first month of the new century was one of the most miserable months of my life. Things in South Africa were going shockingly badly for us, and the "black week" after the battle of Colenso, a battle we had lost, was black for us all. Ladysmith was besieged, Mafeking was besieged, and we seemed to be able to make no headway against the invincible forces of the Boers. I longed to get out to South Africa, or if I couldn't get out, to do some real war work at home. But here was I, imprisoned as it were in this ancient fort, and for the life of me I could not find work for more than an hour or two each morning, for the major carried out the administrative duties, the subalterns supervised the drills, and all that I as captain of the battery could find to do was to superintend for an hour or so each morning the fitting of the recruits' uniforms by the battery tailor - a job that any corporal could have done. By half past eleven my work - such as it was - was finished for the day and all I could do was to retire to the mess and read the papers till lunch at 1. After lunch I would go to my room + change into plain clothes and go out for a solitary walk or ride in the surrounding country, or walk into Gaspard, take the ferry across the harbour to Port Natal and go + see ~~one~~ one of my friends quartered there and discuss with him how we could manage to get out to Africa. There was but one break in this dreadful, soul-destroying monotony when I was sent down to Southampton for a week to act as an Assistant Embarkation Officer. This was very interesting work, when troop trains arrived full of khaki clad soldiers, generally singing a Thomas Atkins chug down or some other ditty, and these, with their baggage + equipment had to be collected and

embarked on the troopship waiting for them. Anyone who has seen Noel Coward's Cavalcade and remembers the scene when the Germans embark and where the heroine bids a tear-stained farewell to her husband, will have in their minds a complete picture, accurate in every detail, of what I saw day after day in the Southampton Docks in January 1900. What poignant scenes did I not witness, and how vividly it was brought home to me that heroism and a truly lovely devotion are constantly rubbing shoulders with sordid vice and bestiality: for some of those scenes of embarkation were not pleasant to witness, whilst others caused a lump in one's throat.

Suddenly, in the middle of February our Adjutant, Capt Dodge, came to me one morning, & said "We've had a circular from the War Office asking if any officer of the rank of Captain wants to apply for 'Pom-poms' for S Africa. I'm putting my name down. Do you want to send in yours?" "Do I not," I cried, "and I'll do it here & now." And within an hour both our names had gone forward officially; and a few days afterwards orders came that we were seconded for duty with 'pom-poms' and were to report at the War Office in London as soon as possible. In a frenzy of delight I went to my sister ^{Lucy} to bid her to come down & help me pack up my kit, which she did, and I lost no time in winding everything up & hurrying up to London. On calling at the War Office I was ordered to go down to 'Vickers' Works, W. Thames or E. of it, to try a course of the 'pom-poms', and next day found me with about half a dozen other gun captains gathered round a 'pom-pom' while a very competent foreman explained its mechanism to us.

I must explain that a 'pom-pom' was a glorified and enlarged Maxim gun working on precisely the same mechanism but firing 1 pound shell instead of a 303 bullet. These shells are packed in belts of 35 and the gun can be set to fire one singly or to go on firing till the belt of shells is exhausted. In the field it is drawn by six horses, like an ordinary field gun, and can be brought into action with great rapidity. One or two single shots are fired to discover the range of the object at which it is directed, and the moment the range is found the automatic switch is moved, and a stream of these little one pound shells poured on to the object.

It is a fact I believe that the gun was offered by its inventor to the British Government some years before the Boer War, but was rejected by the War Office, which probably considered it ingenious but unlikely to be of much practical use. Possibly they were correct in their diagnosis, for what I have called its 'shells' did not in fact burst on impact since they had neither a bursting charge nor a fuse. Hence they were harmless unless a direct hit was obtained on the object fired at, whereas a field ~~gun~~ gun - at that time an eighteen pounder - which required no more horses to move it, could kill or wound a very large number of men with one well-aimed shell. The value of the 'pom-pom' I have always regarded as more moral than physical. For a sudden stream of little shells falling on one spot had an alarming effect, and whether that spot was or

carried by gun, horses men, wagons or what not, these could be
reliably counted on to clear all at speed the moment ~~that~~
a stream of pom-pom shells were to fall in the vicinity.

Those few days spent at Vickers' works at Epsom were highly
unpleasant ones, for the weather was vile, with a mixture of snow,
sleet and rain every day, and the mud was indescribable. Fortu-
nately we had learnt in a few days all there was to know about
the mechanics and construction of the gun, and I received orders
to take over a draft of men at Woolwich on a named date in
early March and embark with them at the Docks in a transport
boat was to take us out to Salt Africa. I had collected all the
service uniform and equipment necessary, and I just had time
to rush down to Drimly for a couple of nights with my mother
and sisters to say goodbye before sailing. My mother was as
brave as I knew she would be, knowing, as she did that I
was getting my heart's desire, and we all pretended to be in
the highest spirits. The last two days, whatever any of us were
actually feeling - ^{and so came} the day of parting, I said farewell to
"the little water", my sisters saw me off at the Station, and I
took the train to London, having engaged a room for the night at
a little inn in Woolwich since I was to take over my draft at
6 o'clock next morning. An old friend of mine, there in the War Office,
had asked me to dine and go to the theatre with him to celebrate
my last night in England and he took me to *Horadora*, a very
pretty little musical comedy which we both much enjoyed and
I reached my inn at Woolwich just before midnight, was shown
my room, and I turned in, giving orders that I was to be called
at 4.30 next morning. I hardly seemed to have got to sleep
when I was awakened by the boots hammering a bit. I got up
was 4.30. Sleepily getting out of bed I shaved washed and
dressed in uniform, packed all my things, had some coffee, and
about half past five an orderly wagon came by arrangement to
take my kit to the ship, and when I had seen everything put
on the wagon I started to walk up to the barracks. A thick
yellow fog hung over everything; it was inky black, and bitterly
cold, and I stamped my feet as I walked up the hill to
the barracks to get some warmth in them.

When I arrived on the barrack square I saw a ~~squad~~ the
dim figures of a squad of men in their great coats, each carry-
ing his kitbag and a couple of officers with a hurricane lamp
walking about in the thick fog that hung over everything. Round
the barrack square were a number of women, some crying. I
don't think I have seen many more dreary or dismal spectacles
in my life, and what with the darkness and the fog and the
bitter air it ~~was~~ it was impossible for anyone to feel very cheerful.
I went up to the officers and was duly handed over a sheet
of papers containing the details about the men, and then told
that all the rest of the documents, together with the men's kit
kit would follow in a cart, and when all was ready I took over
the parade, called the men to "Attention", and off we marched.

Our route lay down the hill into Woolwich, and then through some mean streets towards the river, where a great swing ferry would take us across to the docks on the far side. All the way we were followed by a concourse of women, determined to see the last of their menfolk, but I had orders on no account to allow them on to the ferry, and this they knew, so they were aware that the final parting was close at hand. At last our dismal procession reached the riverside, but here the dank yellow fog was so thick that the man in charge of the ferry declined to move, and it was nearly an hour before the fog had lifted sufficiently to enable them to push off into the river. Last farewells were said, I marched the men on to the ferry, the gates closed behind them, and we nosed our way in the semi-darkness across the river to the northern bank. Disembarking from the ferry a short march along the docks brought us to where our ship - one of the old Allan Line ply between Canada and the United Kingdom, ~~was~~ ^{now} chartered by the Canadian Pacific - was berthed, and I marched the men aboard at once. I found that there was already a board about 200 horses which I was to take out to Salt River, together with a contingent of drivers, and there were also some infantry drafts, mostly of the Essex Regiment. To my surprise I discovered that I was the senior officer and was therefore to be Officer Commanding during the voyage, which incidentally entitled me to a cabin to myself; and I immediately appointed as my Staff Officer a young subaltern of the Essex Regiment. I went round the horses and the men's quarters, gave all necessary orders, and then sat down to a most welcome breakfast. By noon all was ship-shape and we were ready to sail. The Embarkation Officer wished me luck and went ashore, the tugs came fussing round to haul us into midstream, and with the men singing "God Save the King" we headed down river, every ship soundly if, since the whole way down stream as they always do when a troopship sails. How grey and dark everything looked - sea, sky and shore - as we made our way down the Thames before turning south to make the Channel. I wrote a few lines to my mother and sisters and gave them to the pilot who left us shortly after we had passed Dover, and then I settled down to unpack and to plan out with my Staff Officer the routine for the voyage.

Few details of the voyage out to Capetown remain in my memory, and I think it was altogether uneventful. As the Boers had no ships there was no possible danger - an extraordinary contrast to the present day or the last war. We might almost have been taking a pleasure cruise, and the weather was fine throughout and the sea calm. We had the usual ships' ceremonies on crossing the Equator, of which I was fortunately a mere spectator, although it was my first experience of "crossing the line": but as Old Tom's I was immune from all indignities. The captain of the

ship, on whose right hand I sat at meals, was a reserved and rather silent Scotsman whom at first I regarded as something of a dull dog, but before the end of the voyage I began to appreciate him and to have a real affection for him. Early in the voyage he had told me that he had been with sailing ships all his life until only a couple of years before when he had been transferred by the Company, much against his will, to steam. He said this ship was the only steamship he had ever commanded.

For many years, he told me, he had been in command of one of the crack sailing ships of the Allan Line, of which there were four, carrying cargo between Glasgow and the western coast of South and North America via Cap. Horn. He infinitely preferred, he said, sails to steam. Sails required real seamanship, he asserted: but whenever he spoke of his experiences at sea, a wistful look would come into his eyes and his thoughts seemed to me to turn to some thing tragic, something that stirred some deep emotion in him, and I wondered what it was. And there one night when we were sitting together on deck under a brilliant moon, enjoying the cool after a very sultry day of ~~less~~ tropical heat, he told me the story. He had one child only, a boy, who was evidently the apple of his eye. From his childhood this boy was set on following his father's profession and becoming a sailor, and though his father and mother both tried to dissuade him he refused to be turned from his desire. So at last, when the boy had reached the age of 15 the old man approached his employer and asked if the boy might sail with him in his own ship as apprentice. The Company very readily agreed and all arrangements were made, but a fortnight before the ship sailed the old man was sent for and was told that he was to be promoted to "steam" and had been given command of one of the Company's newest steamers. In consequence, the sailing ship left two weeks later with his son on board under command of a new captain. A little later reports came of very heavy Atlantic storms. The old man paused in his narrative for so long that I was on the point of asking him what happened, when he continued in a voice charged with emotion, "That ship was never heard of again. There can be no doubt whatever that she foundered with all hands. And God help me I can never prevent myself from fancying that if I had remained in command of her she would have got through, and that feeling will haunt me all my life." So this was the cause of that wistful and tragic look that I had noticed for time to time come into this old merchant skipper's eyes. From that day I felt an affection and respect for him and a sympathy which was ever present with me throughout the voyage. It was one of those intensely human incidents, which ~~like~~ so often lie hidden in the experiences of men and women whom we meet casually, casting its shadow perpetually over them and making them seem perhaps dull and ordinary until ~~that~~ a chance remark or conversation reveals in a flash the cause of their reserve.

We arrived at Capetown as luck would have it on

Easter eve and ~~anchored~~ ^{dropped anchor} out in Table Bay amidst a regular fleet of transports and freight ships. I had been worried in my mind for some time about the horses - I had lost 2 or 3 on the voyage - and how they would stand up to disembarkation, and I had talked things over many times with my Drum Sergeant and planned out arrangements with him. But all my worrying soon turned out to have been - as is generally the case with worry - mere stupid waste of time or energy. For late in the afternoon a Staff Officer came out in a launch and brought us our orders. The ship was to go on as it was to East London, but I personally was to disembark at once and go up to Stellenbosch to join the Pompa depot there. If I could get my kit together at once, the Staff Officer said he would take me ashore in his launch. So I hastily summoned my batman, a cheerful youngster named Luck, whom I had selected for the job soon after we sailed, and together we packed up my kit and in less than half an hour I had handed over my command to the next senior officer and with Drum Luck had climbed down the companion ladder and boarded the launch.

Table Mountain is one of the most impressive sights imaginable, especially from the sea. The great gaunt ~~Table Mountain~~ ^{rock} dominates the Bay, and at its feet the town, harbor and docks spread themselves under its sheltering height.

The ~~Staff Officer's~~ launch reached the docks, and Drum Luck and I together ~~handed~~ ^{lugged} our kits on to the wharf, the Staff Officer bid me a hasty farewell and hurried off, and we were left to our own devices. It was about 5 o'clock in the evening, and as the town was some distance from the docks and in any case I had been told that it was impossible to get accommodation in any hotel, so crowded were they, it seemed to me that my batman and I would have to find some corner on the wharf and bed down there for the night. Whilst I was cogitating what to do a Good Angel came along in the shape of a young Embarkation Officer, who directly he saw us acted the part of the Good Samaritan and came over and asked if he could help me. When I explained the position he said that he had quarters of a sort in a shed close by where found his office as well, & that there was room on the floor for my bed as well, & I was welcome to ~~dump~~ ^{sleep} there. As for Drum Luck, he would be looked after by my corporal & two men who slept in another shed. So before darkness fell we ~~was~~ had settled ourselves down in our new and temporary quarters, and the hospitable Embarkation Officer ^{later on} opened a tin of bully beef which with some cheese and stale bread made an excellent meal, and we turned in early and slept peacefully till dawn next morning.

Breakfast I had with my friend on board one of the ships lying alongside, and then I set off to find Stellenbosch and get my orders and travelling warrant. This took me most of the morning, for I did not know my way about the town and it was some time before I got my bearings, and when I did find it. As the town was established the task of discovering anyone who would allow to me proved both difficult and unpleasant. It was

Easter Sunday, and such officers as were on duty seemed to resent being on duty on a public holiday and to be exceedingly peevish in consequence, and I was obviously regarded as an unnecessary nuisance by everyone to whom I applied. At long last however I tracked down the officer whose duty it was to deal with my business, and I duly extracted ~~an order~~ from him a warrant for myself and my batman to travel to Stellenbosch, and I arranged for a Cape cart to take our kits for the docks to the Railway Station ~~at Stellenbosch~~ the next morning in time for a train leaving about 10. As I was leaving the Castle I ran into an old quinner friend who happened to be sent with a battery in the Castle, and he invited me to have "Sunday supper" as he called it with him that night in the mess at 7, an invitation which I readily accepted. When I turned up that night ~~there was~~ ^{there was} such a number of officers in the ante room that I wondered how we should all be ~~accommodated~~ ^{found seats} at the long mess table which I could see in the adjoining room, but my host assured me that it would be all right, and in fact it proved to be so, though we were packed so close together that one could hardly move one's arms.

Cape Town was in fact swarming with officers - staff officers of every kind, officers like myself just out for home ~~and on their way~~ ^{and on their way} to the front, officers down for the front on some business or other, officers on transfer and so on. The town too was full of civilians, men and women of every sort and kind on every sort of business. I was indeed thankful to get any rest however for all this hubbub. I thanked most profoundly my kind host at the Docks who had played so admirably the part of the Good Samaritan, and Driver Lack collected and loaded our kits on the Cape cart and we drove off to the Station to pick up our train. The scene at the station was a busy one, and every inch of space seemed to be taken up with piles of warlike stores which were being loaded on the trucks or unloaded from waggons by fatigue parties of soldiers. I found my train however without difficulty, packed myself and Lack and our possessions into it, and before long we were puffing along slowly on our way to Stellenbosch, which lies in the heart of the wine country some county almost due east of Cape Town and only a few miles from it. Here I found the "Pompon" Depot ~~at~~ in a big camp on pleasant grass-land country through which a stream ran, and nearby was a large ostrich farm. The pompoms were being organized in sections of 2 guns ~~each~~, commanded by a captain, with its proper complement of quenners, drivers and horses. Each section as it was ~~organized and~~ ^{organized and} ~~equipped~~ ^{equipped} was sent up-country to be attached to whatever brigade or column that required it. The whole depot ~~and its~~ ^{and its} was under the command of a Quenner major, named Crampton, and there were about a dozen captains waiting for their turn to come, as fresh sections were organized, to be put in command of one and sent up to the front. As I was the last to arrive I realized that some time must elapse before my turn came, and that I should have to exercise all the

patience of which I was capable. But meanwhile there was plenty of work to be done drilling the men, getting the horses fit, and mastering all the details of the gun and its equipment. What odd incidents make an impression on one, sometimes so utterly trivial that there seems no reason whatever for their remaining in one's mind for a hour, and yet they spring to remembrance 40 or 50 years later. As an instance I remember the feeling of surprise with which I saw a trooper of a squadron of Yeomanry which had marched & camped beside us one evening, take out from his saddle bag a toothbrush & tin of tooth paste and solemnly proceed to brush his teeth by the side of the stream at which the squadron was watering its horses. There was of course nothing the least surprising about this, but what made it stick in my memory, no doubt was that ~~the~~ the sight of a trooper taking the trouble to clean his teeth seemed to me the height of oddity. Looking back I realize how indelibly consciousness we were in those days, though we were eating unaware of any such feelings and should ~~have~~ probably have denied it stoutly and quite sincerely if we had been ~~confronted~~ ^{taxed with} it. And I was unaware that most of the troopers in that first batch of Imperial Yeomanry which went out to the Boer War were young men from the universities and public schools, many of them well known in the hunting fields. What in heaven's name was odd about ^{one of them} brushing his teeth as he watered his horse? The very fact that the surprise which registered itself in my thoughts has remained in my memory to this day throws an interesting light on the unconscious but immense strength of feeling that existed in those days.

One morning some ten NCOs and men of Strathcona's Horse - a Canadian Regiment of Cavalry raised ^{equipped} ~~by the~~ ~~Government~~ ^{for} Strathcona as his own expense - were sent over to an camp to be instructed in the mechanism and use of the pom-pom gun, as ~~one~~ a couple of these guns were shortly to be handed over to the regiment. I was told off to carry out the instruction, and did so. When I had finished, ~~and~~ ^{and} asked if any of them would like to ask any question, whereupon one young corporal came out with an abstruse question in ballistics which was quite beyond my capacity to answer. Fortunately I had with me a very knowledgeable Master Gunner, so I turned to him and said "I think you can best answer that, Mr Hepburn", which he did. Some years after wards when I was in the African bush in the back of beyond I came across a young engineer working on the advance survey of a railway that was being built, and whilst talking to him I noticed that he was wearing a South African medal ribbon on his bush shirt. "I see you were in the Boer War", I said "What unit were you serving with?" "Strathcona's Horse", he replied. I looked at him for a moment and some memory began stir in me. "Were you by any chance", I asked "one of a detachment that came to the Pom-pom depot at Stellenbosch to be instructed in that gun?" "I was", he replied. "Then here, my hand" I said, "for you were the inquisitive young corporal who stumped me with a question that I couldn't answer." We had a good laugh over the incident which we both remembered clearly, and it

turned out that when the Boer was broke out he had just take a
engineering degree at U. Royal Military College at Kingston, Ottawa, &
enlisted in Stratton's Horse directly it was formed. I have met
him frequently since, for he became an important railway official in
West Africa.

I had not been more than 2 or 3 weeks in Stellenbosch when
orders came for the Depot to move up to Bloemfontein as our
focus had by this time - the beginning of May - shifted then up to
Pretoria and the advanced base had been shifted for Cape Colony
to the Orange Free State. So our main reduced Depot - for
most of the officers had gone up to the front with the newly
formed units - made the long train journey up to Bloemfontein
and we pitched our camp in the wide stretch of veldt on the
outskirts of the town. The chief things I remember during the
rather dreary weeks I spent in camp there were the flies and
the wind. The plague of flies was appalling. Our tents
swarmed with them, and before one put any food into one's
mouth it was necessary to beat off the flies with one's hands.
On the other side of Bloemfontein the Base Hospital was accom-
modated in a perfect sea of tents, and most of the patients
were suffering from enteric fever: they were indeed dying whilst
I was in Bloemfontein at the rate of about forty a day. The pre-
valence of this disease was not to be wondered at considering
that at all the latitudes throughout the camp were just open
tranches, thick with flies, and these same flies swarmed
over ~~us~~ every mouthful of food we ate.

As for the wind, it would from time to time blow with great force
for days at a time, never ceasing night or day, sweeping the veldt
dust before it, ^{to} covering everything we possessed, tearing the tents
pegs out of the ground, scattering our possessions, ^{and} rattling the canvas
so that one could not sleep at night. I found myself unconsciously
regarding this wind as a malicious person who took a delight
in tearing across our camp and tormenting us, and I used some-
times to rush out of my tent and shake my fist at it, cursing it
in the vilest language at my disposal, and after this ebullition of
temper I would return to my tent, thoroughly ashamed of myself, but
somehow feeling the better for my outburst.

It was hard we arrived in Bloemfontein when Maj. Craunthorn was
ordered up to Pretoria and I found myself alone, with the remnants
of the Depot and instructions to "await orders". This continued inaction
was hard to bear. In those days, before flying had come in, troops
in the rear of the fighting line were as immune from attacks as if
they were on mansevens at home, and in a sense endured all the
discomforts of active service without any of the excitement, and
what was worse we felt that they were not really taking part in the
campaign. I tried very hard to preserve my patience, and to
persuade myself that my job was to do what I was told, and
not let personal considerations or desires come into the picture
at all. "They also serve," I quoted to myself, "who only stand and
wait." I joined forces with a quinner captain whose camp

was alongside mine, and we arranged to mess together. Bloemfontein itself was a typical little Boer town, planned in the midst of the veld, with a few wide streets flanked by white houses of the Dutch pattern, and in the middle of the town was a hotel, the Postoffice and the Council House. What attracted me most was the statue of a former President, Reitz, for on the stone which bore his name and the date of his birth and death and of the term of the Presidency, were engraved these words: - "Alles zal recht kommen." I used to go often in the evening and gaze at the statue and at the inscription, and repeat over and over to myself "Alles zal recht kommen" - All will come right - until the words became engrained on my very heart and constituted for me a kind of philosophy, infinitely encouraging and helpful.

On May 24th, Queen Victoria's birthday, a very significant ceremony took place in Bloemfontein which I was able to witness from a point of vantage, since I was not on duty and was able to go early to the appointed spot, and I took my camera with me. Detachments from all the troops occupying Bloemfontein were paraded and took their stand in the big open space in the centre of the town, forming three sides of a hollow square. At eleven o'clock the General Officer in command rode a horse to the Square with his staff and took up his position beside a large flagstaff which had been erected overnight. At a sign from him the Provost Marshal rode out into the centre of the square, and unrolling a document read out a Proclamation of His Majesty announcing that the Orange Free State was this day annexed to the British Empire and would be known henceforth as the Orange River Colony. The Union Jack was then broken at the flagstaff, the massed bands played the national ^{anthem} ~~song~~ and the General called for three Cheers for the Queen which were given by the troops with tremendous enthusiasm, and the simple ceremony came to a close.

My own feelings at the time were mainly I think pride in the realization that I was a citizen and servant of a great Empire, pride in the fact that I was taking a part, however humble, in the history and evolution of that Empire, and an earnest and very sincere hope that I might throughout my life be worthy of my membership of the Empire and help to maintain its reputation and its traditions. I do not think that I had any feeling of exultation that we were adding another territory to the already vast area constituted the British Empire; I certainly felt no enmity, whatever against the Boers whom we were fighting, nor any wish for domination over them. I quite honestly thought they were fortunate in coming into the great commonwealth of peoples that together composed the British Empire. I had since I came to Bloemfontein obtained some insight into the feelings of the Boers themselves, for my gunner friend had introduced me to some people in Bloemfontein who though not Dutch themselves had been long settled in the

country and were Orange Free State citizens. They were a hot & hot
Leisurer, with I think 5 daughters ranging in age from 10 to 22. The
two boys were out on commands and I naturally did not see
them, but the father and mother showed me a kind hospitality
and my guna friend and I had had supper with them at least
once and had been to their home two or three times. We had dis-
cussed the war quite frankly, and each of us respected the
other's point of view however much we differed, and of course
we differed almost entirely. They were fair and liberal minded
and had a good deal to criticize in President Kruger and
his government: policy and action, and in the "Transvaal" as
a whole. In consequence I found myself becoming a very
great admirer of the Free States, ~~though~~ and also understanding
the attitude of President Kruger and his people far better than
I ever had before. My belief in the rightness ^{and justice} of our cause
was in no degree lessened, but in my talks with this cultured,
sincere and delightful couple and their family I did learn
something of the Boers' point of view, and felt that if I had
been born an Orange Free State instead of an Englishman, I
should almost certainly had felt, thought and acted precisely as
the Free States & their government had done. Think, it all
over I wrote an article based on the views I had formed and
sent it to my sister by in Australia, who was connected with
the Sydney press, telling her that she was welcome to get it
published if she thought it worth publication & could find a
publisher, but it must be anonymous as I was not allowed to send
articles to the press whilst I was actually serving with the forces.
Actually it was published in one of the Sydney papers, and there
was a curious sequel. Some months afterwards I was in Shanghai
and was discussing the South African war with a Shanghai resident
at the Club one night, and incidentally I gave the point of
view, as I saw it, of the Boers, a point of view which not
many Englishmen, especially those living abroad, ever thought
of considering. My friend listened with some interest, and then
remarked, "It's an odd thing, but I was reading up this morn-
ing an article in the West paper which expressed very much
the same views as you have been describing to me. I think it
was copied from some other paper, but I'll send it round to you
tomorrow if you like." Next morning a boy arrived with a copy
of the paper in question and with some attachment I found it
contained the very article which I had sent for Bloemfontein
to my sister & which had been published in a Sydney paper. I
am not of course claiming any particular merit for the article
merely as a newspaper article. The point ~~of interest~~ is
that an attempt ~~to express~~ the Boers' side to give expression to
the Boers' side of the case should have appeared interesting
enough and novel enough not only to be published in Australia
but to be re-printed in a much respected and well read
English paper published in China.

I had been in camp in Bloemfontein, trying to bear the

enforced inaction for nearly 2 months when I suddenly received orders from Pretoria to come up there with the depot by rail as ~~soon~~ ^{soon}, and Major Crampton went at the same time that I was to take command of a newly formed section, "P" section. There was news at last. I called to Lark to saddle my horse, and I came off to the Railway Station, showed the Railway Staff Officer my orders, and requested passage for myself and men at once. He replied that all accommodation on every train for Pretoria was taken up for at least a week, and although I tried my best to persuade him that it was of the utmost importance that I and my men should get transport at once (which promise was ~~not~~ ^{not}) I could not do better than get an undertaking from him that we should be allocated the top of a coal truck the following Wednesday, just 5 days ahead. With this I had to be content, and I spent the next 2 days arranging for ~~the~~ tents + equipment to be taken over from the Ordnance Dept and the horses transferred to the Remount Dept for I was to bring up the men alone - NCO's quinnies + drivers amounting to about 30. Then on Monday came for me startling news. A long telegram arrived for Pretoria to say that I had been selected to take 4 companies to China when the Boxer War had just broken out. I was to hand over the depot to the senior Sergeant, who would bring it up to Pretoria and I myself was to take four NCO's and proceed immediately by rail to Capetown where I was to go on board a transport waiting there with the 4 guns already on board and sail at once for China. I was beside myself with delight. The Boer War seemed to be practically over now that Lord Roberts had entered Pretoria with his troops, and here was I was just beginning in China. There was no difficulty whatever in getting a lucky warrant to Capetown for my friend the Railway Staff Officer, for the train south was going practically empty, and the very next day I was off, taking with me the faithful Dixon Lark, and 4 fine best NCO's. All the way down to Capetown I found myself envied by the officers I met at the railway station who respectfully called me a lucky dog, the luckiest fellow in the whole South African Force, and indeed I considered myself so.

I remember there were 6 of us in the railway compartment on the journey down of whom I was, oddly enough, the only regular officer. Of the rest, one was a Cambie, an Australian, one an officer of a S.A. local corps - the Cape Rifles I think, and the other an officer of the Imperial Yeomanry. We used to play a ~~spoke~~ ^{spoke} game for some small pay ~~for~~ ^{for} our ~~dissever~~ ^{dissever} We got so famously together during the long + rather tedious [^] journey down to Capetown and it gave me a warm feeling of the comradeship of the British Empire, for here were we, gathered from all parts of the world, met together for a common purpose and united by a common language, common traditions, common ideals, and a common attachment to liberty, justice and fellowship.