

Fort Elliot.

June 9th. 1906.

Dear Longden,

Under separate cover I ^{am sending} ~~have sent~~ you the Official report of poor ^{Holden's} ~~Helman's~~ death, and, With the exception of what I now enclose, I have sent all the private papers etc. I could find, to the Administrator General to be forwarded to ^{Holden's} ~~Helman's~~ mother - his father died only a few months since.

You will see from my report that I reached here just twelve hours before ^{Holden} ~~Helman~~ died. He was in ^{an extremely} ~~a terribly~~ weak condition, so weak that any really thorough examination was ~~quite~~ out of the question. After his death I performed a P.M. The ~~real~~ point of my writing this to you now comes, - ^{Holden} ~~Helman~~ was suffering from no organic disease; in fact with the exception of a weak and rather flabby heart he was otherwise perfectly sound. His blood showed very trifling anemia, and there was no malaria. His condition perplexed ^{me considerably} ~~and worried me~~ it was obvious he was making no effort to recover, and it was equally obvious he feared to die. He died at 2 a.m. during a night alarm. I was sitting close to him, as earlier in the night he had been very restless.

When the bugle went (a second before a shot had been fired) he was sleeping quite peacefully. Almost at the first note he started up, and as the call was repeated and re-iterated, a look of

the most horrible fear became stamped on his face. He seemed quite oblivious of my presence, and, literally, as if struggling with some actual possession. I called his boy, who was asleep in the bath-room, and telling him to watch ~~Holman~~ ^{Holden} for a moment, I ran onto the verandah. The police had fallen in just in front of the house. I told the Sergeant, old

(you probably, by the way, remember him; he was with us in that Somali show, and a finer pluckier chap never lived.)
Mahomed bin Hamis, I was ready to go with the men if a sortie had to be made.

I also added that ~~Holman~~ ^{Holden} was very sick, and that unless it was necessary I didn't want to leave him. Mahomed seemed curiously nervous, and it occurred

~~to me~~ ~~flashed across my mind~~ that he ~~must~~ ^{might} have been drinking. While we were standing together, one of the market guards ran in to say it was a thief in one of the Indian shops, and they had shot him. I gave the order for the men to dismiss, and they all pattered off with the usual ejaculations and yawns, unloading their rifles as they went, obvious relief from tension in all their movements. Mahomed hesitated and evidently wanted to speak to me, but I told him he must come up after morning parade. ~~You probably by the~~

~~way remember him, he was with us in the Somali show, and a finer pluckier chap never lived.~~

I went straight back to ~~Holman~~ ^{Holden} - he was dying as I entered the room. He was quite conscious, and as I bent over him he raised himself and whispered, " I have failed in my duty - failed from fear. . . . " He lifted his hands as if to push someone from him, and again his face became convulsed with that hideous look of terror, and he fell back dead. I am not naturally jumpy but I must confess to being ~~horribly~~ ^{considerably} upset. The ~~whole~~ circumstances, ~~Holman's~~ ^{Holden's unaccountable} ~~curious~~ condition, ~~the alarm~~, the strange nervousness of Mahomed and the men - the ^{whole} atmosphere seemed charged with something uncanny.

The boy refused to remain with ^{Holden;} ~~Holman~~; he was shivering, and the sweat was pouring down his face. He said, " If I stay here alone, the coward who is still in his dead body will leave it and come into me, for he must already be seeking for a new house, his is already almost cold, and ghosts must be warm to live. "

Finally I stayed by myself, and spent the time going over ^{Holden's} ~~Holman's~~ papers. Those I now enclose I found tied together just as they are. Having read them I decided to send them to you - it strikes me as inhuman to send them to his mother, but you must decide. I felt inclined to destroy them then and there, but they throw so much light on ^{Holden's} ~~Holman's~~ case that I think you ought to see them. ^{Holden's} ~~Holman's~~ death is another of Africa's unnecessary ^{brutalities} ~~cruelities~~. You may remember that I travelled out with ^{Holden} ~~Holman~~ ten months ago. I liked him genuincly; he was an honest, straight fellow, rather ordinary, very domestic, and full of some girl he was engaged to, but who had refused to marry him till he'd "done something". He was well fitted for the life of small country squire he had lived in England, but unsuitable in temperament and mental equipment for a solitary life in tropical Africa. The imagination he had was of the wrong sort, and he was only capable of seeing one side - the menacing - of the African shield.

Six months ago he was sent up here to be with Ellis, (there had been trouble with the natives on the Zara river) and one month later Ellis was invalided home. Since then, and though this was no district to leave in the hands of a new man, ^{Holden} ~~Holman~~ had been here alone. Such

a demand is unfair on the white man, the police, and on the natives.

After the funeral Mahomed had a long talk with me. He and the men were much affected at ~~Holman's~~ ^{Holden's} death - they liked him, he was kind and patient, but he had succeeded in infecting them and the whole station with his panic. The place and people were strained almost to breaking point. Yet ~~Holman~~ ^{Holden} had never said anything: he had kept his fears to himself and his diary, but he had tainted the atmosphere, and the natives had absorbed it most thoroughly. It's another proof of the fact that the native takes his colour absolutely from the white man who is his temporary master.

I suppose I shall stay here till the new man arrives, and I'm not objecting, - its a beautiful spot though none too healthy. What I want to suggest is that you get at H.E. and insist, for health reasons, on two men being sent here, and for not longer than twelve months at a time. Your case is strong: Ellis was invalided, and now ~~Holman~~ ^{Holden} has died - rub it in. This is no place for a youngster alone; its too far away from other humans, (a good four days trek) and the natives are not settled. The responsibilities are too heavy to be borne single-handed. I know they'll argue that the district isn't of sufficient importance to necessitate two men being stationed here, but this line will mean further disaster, as apart from other considerations the police are not fit to stand any more upheavals.

Forgive this outrageously long screed, but I want you to know the facts as soon as possible - and to act on them.

Yours

P. O'Brien.

Addressed to, Colonel J. Longden,
Principal Medical Officer
Kissembe.

1905

S.S. Yangtse. Red Sea. September 4th. 1903.

It was all very well for Muriel to tell me to keep a diary, and to write down my impressions of the people I meet and the places I see, but it seems to me a pretty hopeless task. For instance, the people on this boat are much the same as those one meets anywhere, - they may look healthier, more sunburnt, and as if they lived out of doors always, and they strike one as being more dependable and self-reliant. This description applies to the decent sort - there are others, confounded young pups with swelled heads, going out for the first time, or very young in the Service. There are of course lots of Frenchies, men, women and children, all bound for Madagascar. The men are nearly all military, and are never out of their uniforms - such uniforms too ! Since we left Port Said they have all burst into what they think is khaki - the favourite shade is mustard, but every man suits his individual fancy. All the same they are a very decent crowd, and most of them have had a pretty ^{tough} hard time. The women hardly appeared till we were safely in the Canal, since when they go about in shapeless cotton garments (I'm told they're called peignoirs) and sun helmets. The children scream and fight all day, its difficult to know to whom they belong as their own parents completely ignore them, except when they fall on them once or twice a day to give them the smacking they always deserve. A lot of the little wretches look like half-castes, not a bit like jolly English kids.

As to the places, well, I'm no hand at descriptions. Even a journalist couldn't convey Port Said ~~to an Easterner~~ - its a little bit

of everywhere, and that little bit is dirty. Noise, smell and colour are what struck me most. All the blacks, some of them dressed in their fine native togs and some of them in Piccadilly garments, jabber English, French, any language at all. They all want you to ride donkeys, (all the donkeys are called Mrs. Langtry) buy ostrich feathers, cigarettes, and Turkish delight, and go to see the town (sic) with them.

After leaving Port Said one's in a new world - certainly the heaven and earth are both pretty different from anything one sees in Europe. It rather gave me the blues. Miles and miles of pale yellow sand, lumpy sand making little hills and valleys, just that and nothing else. Dreary, dry monotony - I was glad to get away from it. The only living thing we saw was a jackal, and he seemed starved out - he stood on the bank and looked as if he would like to get on board. // Djibouti is a strip of sand with a Post Office, an Hotel, a few European houses, and a native town on it. The Somali's are fine handsome men (lots of the kids have their hair - wool - bleached pale yellow) - they look a bit too arrogant, and they dont seem to fancy the Frenchies. They behaved quite decently to all us English, but they evidently suffer from swelled head. You can get lots of drinks (and flies) in Djibouti, and the French are making a railway. All the same, its a God-forsaken place.

Port Edward September 10th.

We got here at 6. 30 yesterday morning. There was only sea - The Indian Ocean - between Djibouti and this. It was uncommonly blue

and rather rough, not much " smiling " about it or most of the passengers. The women were nearly all sick - they lay about on deck and entirely disregarded the elementary decencies. A wretched boy went about with a mop and a pail of water all day. I actually heard one woman, as he passed, tell him to come back in five minutes. He was fortunately punctual, for he was badly needed. It was pretty disgusting, but no one seemed to think anything peculiar was going on, and all the Frenchies, even the sick ones, managed to eat enormous meals.

I'm not sorry the voyage is over, though I quite liked it. One man I really liked on board - a doctor, Irish, ~~and~~ called O'Brien. He knows the country inside out, and gave me lots of tips. He seems to have been everywhere and done everything. In some things he was a trifle too imaginative for me, and his enthusiasm about natives struck me as a bit out of place. He made one remark I couldn't fathom at all - he said all people who went to tropical Africa voluntarily were a bit queer, but if they stayed on permanently it was necessary for them to be queer otherwise they couldn't stand it. According to him it is no place for the absolutely sane, - they take things too literally. Now I've always fancied myself absolutely sane, yet I can't see why I shouldn't have come here. I expect sanity is just what's needed.

All this time I meant to describe my arrival at Port Edward, but somehow O'Brien would obtrude himself - I expect it's because I've just said goodbye to him. ~~He~~ He went off up country this morning to some out-of-the-way station with a name I can't write or pronounce.

We dropped anchor in a really fine harbour, big enough to hold most

of the British Fleet. The entrance is rather narrow but very deep. Two coral reefs, one from the mainland and the other from the island of Pembi, run out a long way, and make navigation a rather ticklish affair. There's no pier, - one lands on a mole, and rows a fair distance in small boats to reach it. We lucky Government Officials, (sounds very superior!) had all the dirty work of the customs etc done for us by a transport man who met us and looked after everything - a very decent chap. He said he had arranged for me to stay in the Police Officer's bungalow as he (the Police Officer) knew John when he was in the West Indies. Its a piece of luck for me, as though there are Hotels I was not exactly drawn to them after the lurid accounts that had been given to me on board - it appears to be the custom for several visitors to use the same bath water, among other similar trifles.

I'm being done top hole by Roberts (Captain of that ilk) and couldn't be in better hands. Roberts was in the Police lines when I arrived, but everything was ready for me in his bungalow - hot tub, breakfast, etc. His servants ('boys' they are called here) are surprisingly efficient, and as the head boy ^{speaks} ~~spoke~~ English there were no difficulties. The houses are mostly one storey, and all the rooms open into one another - this line of rooms is surrounded by a large latticed verandah, which being the coolest and lightest place is invariably used as a sitting room. The kitchen and the boy/s' quarters are separate buildings, at some little distance from the bungalows. If you want anything you just shout " Boy " and one of the servants turns up. Bells are an unknown quantity - so is electric light, oil-lamps with punkah tops (the wind makes these latter a

necessity) are the only method of lighting. Mosquito nets are de rigueur, the mosquitoes swarm, particularly in the evenings - and make even mosquito boots necessary.

Roberts turned up just before lunch, looking jolly smart after the Frenchies on board, in his khaki uniform and dark blue putties. He's a decent sort, and made me feel quite at home. I must admit that I had not appreciated taking possession of another person's house, and ordering his servants about when I didn't know him from Adam. He told me a good deal I wanted to know: first, that being an administrative officer I should have to stay here on the coast for a fortnight to attend the Courts and learn something about legal matters. It appears that once an administrative officer is in an out station, he has to do every mortal thing, from building his own house, and drilling the Police, to trying cases in Court. I suppose it's all right, but it sounds a big order. After I have done my time here I shall get my marching orders, and then I shall know my fate. If I do go up country, Roberts says I ought to have a pony. He approves of my guns, though he says I am not likely to use my .450 except for elephant, rhino, or buffalo. I only hope I have the luck to go to a good game district. The tales Roberts has told me of man-eating lions and rogue elephants are enough to raise the hair off one's head.

After lunch Roberts went to bed till 2 o'clock (apparently everybody does this here) and then back to his Lines. He returned a little after 4 o'clock, got into flannels and took me off to the Sports Club to tea. Here I met all the rank and fashion of Port Edward. I forgot to say that one goes about in small covered trollies on wheels. A light, narrow-gauge

line runs all over the Island, and the trolleys are pushed by a couple of boys. They certainly ^{do} lick along. It struck me as distinctly dangerous, but each trolley has a brake, and can therefore be stopped pretty quickly.

The Sports Club is in the middle of enormous mango trees, a very slap-up pavilion, plenty of tennis and badminton courts, and a good cricket ground. Lots of people were there, about a dozen ladies among them, some playing games and some looking on. Roberts introduced me to a good number, and to-morrow I shall have to pay some calls. In the morning I go to the sub-Commissioner's office to see him, and ⁱⁿ the afternoon I have to call on his wife and one or two other people - Judges and so forth. I played a couple of sets of tennis. ~~The courts are all cement and very fast, - it took me some time to get used to the tremendous high bouncing of the~~

~~balls.~~ No one seemed to mind the heat - it's a fairly equable temperature of about ~~84°~~ ~~degrees~~ day and night. Fortunately the monsoon blows pretty hard most of the day, though they say the nights are, after about 10.30 p.m., very still. We had iced drinks in the Pavilion after we'd finished playing - the sun sets at 6 p.m. and it's quite dark by 6.30 - and then toddled off to THE CLUB. This celebrated building is in the town, and most people, ladies as well as men, turn up there at 6.30 every evening, and gossip and drink. The ladies invade the reading room, so reading isn't a possibility - still on the whole they don't seem to talk more than the men. A billiard handicap was on and the row was terrific, everyone was immensely excited over it, and quite a lot of money had been staked.

No one dines before eight o'clock, and most people don't leave the Club till then. Roberts and I toddled off fairly early as he had a couple of men to dinner and bridge. We didn't get to bed till past midnight. Though I was dog tired, it wasn't easy to sleep. With French windows and doors wide open, and nothing between oneself and the black African night, the strangeness of it all kept me awake. The sentry padded up and down on his naked feet, and somewhere far away a drum was being beaten - a monotonous rythmetical sound, so ~~horribly~~ persistent and unending that it really annoyed me. It beat and drummed away in my head like some beastly insect. Just as I thought I had got level with it, a hyaena howled, so close that it sounded as if it was on the verandah. It was a vile noise, and it went on, fortunately going further and further away, for quite a long time. No sooner had I disposed of the drum, and the hyaena had disposed of its revolting self, and I'd got comfortably asleep (~~dreaming of home and Muriel mixed strangely with food drinks and tennis balls that were always just out of my reach~~) than I was flung wide awake again. This time it was a bugle call - the Alarm, the first time I had heard it in real earnest. It is a crawly affair - talk of a native drum, it's a chicken to the alarm. It begins, rises, falls, rises and never ends, and the damned thing sounds as if it itself were afraid and calling for help. Before the first call was through Roberts was out, and patter, patter came bare feet in every direction till the whole force was assembled. Absolute silence, just the click of a rifle and the heavy breathings of the men told they were there, but otherwise the black night might have been empty. Of course I tumbled out, but honestly I didn't like it - it was uncomfortable. In a few minutes Roberts came

on to the Verandah full of apologies - the Alarm had been pre-arranged: he had his suspicions that certain of the men were not sleeping in their quarters, and wanted to catch them out. In this way the culprits were discovered. He had meant to tell me not to worry before we turned in etc. etc. We stayed together for a few minutes chatting after the men had been dismissed, and then went off to our beds again. I didn't sleep much after this (it was 2 a.m. when the alarm went) as the silence which filled the empty compound seemed somehow more bothering than the previous noises. The fact is I was over-tired - the newness of everything had thrown me out of gear.

September 18th.

The last days have been so full up that this wretched diary has had to be left on the shelf. I wish I could leave it there for good and all, but a promise is a promise even when it's a stupid one - so here goes. I did my duty by the sub-Commissioner and got my temporary orders from him. My mornings are spent in the High Court, and from two to four in the Sub-Commissioner's office, where I am learning how to draft despatches, keep files, and also the hundred and one details of office work. I like it, and I can't help hoping I shall be left here. After all, one does have some sort of a time here - there are quite a lot of decent people of both sexes, and one has one's fill of games, sailings, and target shooting. Somehow, the more I hear of up country life, and life in out stations, the less I like the idea of it. It can't be much of a catch to be quite alone, just with black people, or perhaps with one other white man, ~~some~~ miles away in the

bush. The responsibilities of such a position, when one knows little or nothing of the country and natives, seem to me an unfair demand.

I'm rather bothered because the Sub-Commissioner told me to-day he had had a private letter from the Secretariate, saying I should most likely be wanted up country. Anyhow its not much good worrying - if I'm ordered I have got to go, but I don't feel competent. Natives are such queer brutes. They look at one out of their uncanny black and white eyes, and seem to see all one's peculiarities in a few moments. They are jolly cute at understanding what one means, but all the time they seem to be taking one on trial, — sort of weighing one in the balance. It's to be hoped they won't find me wanting. I've been swotting a good deal at the lingo, and as I did a certain amount on board I'm not doing so badly. From six to eight every morning I have a teacher; he sits on the floor of the verandah and talks to me and I try to do the same to him. He's a rum sort of beggar, he never appears to look at me, but if ever I look at him suddenly, I find his beady eyes fixed inquiringly on my face. If he hasn't made more of me than I have of him he hasn't got very far. I wonder how long it will take me to get used to the servants sneaking about barefooted. Roberts has got me a very decent boy - he is quite a first rate valet and has excellent manners - but somehow it always makes me uncomfortable to find him suddenly standing behind me just as if he had risen out of the floor without a sound. ~~Down~~ Just as I finished that remark I began to feel uneasy, and turning my head half round I saw Hamis standing by the wardrobe, a pile of well brushed clothes on his arm, his hand raised to open the door, his eyes fixed on me. I'm off !

September 21st.

Roberts and I don't see so very much of one another these days, now that I am working too, we keep more to ourselves. There has been quite a lot of going out, and I must say the people here seem very decent as well as amazingly hospitable. I have been to dinners, teas, bridge-parties, pic-nics and all sorts of festivities. The women-kind do make a difference. After living in a bachelor establishment, where everything is more or less anyhow, to go into a pretty verandah or drawing room, with cosy teas, carpets, cushions, and pictures, a mem-sahib in a dainty white frock looking as cool as a cucumber, makes a man want to be married and have a pretty wife and home of his own. All the same I expect a good many of the women have a fairly mouldy time out here. Most people are not too well paid and lots of them have kids at home. It must be pretty beastly for a woman to leave her kids - its a horrid idea, and when I have kids I won't let anyone but myself bring them up. Africa doesn't seem much of a place for a family man. Roberts is a cynical fellow, when I say nice things about the women here, he says they are only decent to me because I've got money (I don't suppose they even know this interesting fact) that if I hadn't, they would take no notice of me, for as an Assistant Collector I am of no importance, and don't count. He also says that before long one of them will want to attach me to herself and trot me round as her latest young man - her property in fact. According to him they all expect the men to make love to them, and have no use for a man if he doesn't. I expect he has been hard hit, and that's why he's so gloomy. Anyway, I am quite sure the half dozen women I have met are not that sort.

They are sympathetic and natural and take a real interest in one's work. Roberts says the way the Wa-pussies ('wa means "people" in the lingo, the "cat people" is a fair translation) as he calls them fight among themselves is typical. He says there's always some row on because Mrs. B. went into dinner before Mrs. A. and that this is the sort of thing they never forgive, though it stands to reason the hosts or hostesses are to blame and not the reviled individual. The table of precedence, he says, is their creed. This seems pretty rotten, and I'm sure is an exaggeration. I have seen the women-folk at the Sports Club and the Club, as well as in one another's houses, and they always seem on the best of terms. Of course one occasionally hears them making rather pointed remarks about someone who isn't there, but the men are much worse and the scandal they talk over their evening drinks at the Club is really fairly hair-raising. It is pretty obvious that certain of the heads of departments fancy themselves to such a degree that they don't even recognise that we of the small fry are in existence. They merely talk to a few people of their own standing, and ignore the rest. Naturally, the really decent men don't do this, and many of the quite big pots behave as if they were nobody, and help one in every possible way.

October 1st.

It is curious how time flies here seeing how alike all the days are. One does the same things at the same time, one sees the same people - the only difference consists in one's own thoughts. These are bound to change

considerably, for as one gets to know and understand the life and people better, one unconsciously revises one's first impressions. I have got my own rut now, and I belong to it all - I'm no longer an on-looker; I am a part, a small one certainly, of the complicated machinery of this country. I am beginning to find my feet, and I don't get so worried when important looking people come into the office and ask all sorts of impossible conundrums.

It seems more likely I shall be left here for a time. My fortnight in the Courts is well over, and, so far, there has been no hint of my move. The Sub-Commissioner says that if I am left here he will send me out to travel in the district next month. The P.W.D. ^(Public Works Department) man has to go down the coast to inspect buildings, and I am to go with him and rub the vileness of the roads and the absence of bridges into his thick head. The idea here is that the P.W.D. make the roads and the natives of the districts through which the roads run keep them clean and repaired. So far the P.W.D. haven't bothered to make the roads, so inter-communication is pretty difficult especially during the rains.

October 10 th.

Five days ago the Admiral arrived on his blessed Flagship - the "Circe" came along too as a sort of escort. We have been having a high old time in consequence. Luckily I'm for it all, as I act as the Sub-Commissioner's A.D.C. so get asked to everything. A lot of the officers including the Admiral have gone up-country shooting. They went off in a special yes-

terday, but there are quite enough officers over to keep us pretty busy looking after them. Before the Admiral and Co left we had cricket, sailing and shooting matches, and the Admiral gave a big dinner and At Home. On his return the Club is going to give a dance. All the ladies have come out in their smartest frocks, and there is great competition as to who can give the smartest tea at the Sports Club. The said ladies are having a jolly good time - there are so few of them compared with the men, that they (even the unattractive ones) are very much in request.

October 25th. In Hospital.

I have had a horrid bit of bad luck - at one of the numerous pic-nics given the lobster salad was made of tins, and I, and quite a number of other people got ptomaine poisoning. No one was really bad except myself, I must have got the most tinny bit, and for a couple of days the doctor seemed to think I was likely to be translated. The pain was so vile I didn't seem to think of anything else - not that I want to be snuffed out; I don't. I have only just begun things, and the awkward part about it is one doesn't even know whether it would be snuffing out. I must frankly state I like this wicked world, and have no leanings towards another either better or worse.

October 27th. Still in Hospital.

I couldn't even go to the Club dance last night, Roberts has been

broken English to put him on board a German boat in the harbour, and let him go home to the Fatherland. Sister Alice was the only one he seemed to want, and he kept her there, holding her hands and entreating her to help him. As the night wore on he got weaker and weaker and finally died quite quietly. After poor Sister Alice had done all there was to do she came in to me, and ^{broke down completely.} ~~cried dreadfully~~. She said so many people had died lately that she was going all to pieces. I felt a bit that way myself - it isn't much of a catch to be a nurse in a place like this where you know all your patients personally, and when one dies you lose a friend as well.

November 4th.

My knell has struck. I have got to go up country. No orders as to where, but I am to proceed to Kissimbi at once. My final orders will be issued after I have seen H.E. I am very sick about it, but the general opinion is that I am a lucky dog. As a matter of fact the medicine man says I need a change - I've been a pretty fair worm since my poisoning. For the first time in my life I have been depressed, and I don't seem able to shake myself free from all sorts of queer feelings and thoughts. That dying German crying, and then the nails being driven into his coffin, the actual bump of the coffin at the corner of the verandah staircase, the exclamations of the boys carrying it, and finally the trolley rumbling off, the noise getting fainter and fainter in the distance. — I suppose it is because I was sick myself at the time. Everyone says this country is all

right if you are well, but it gets on your nerves when you are seedy. It has got on mine right enough.

November 9th. Kissembi.

Here I am in the highlands, and so far I don't yet know whether I am to remain ^{at Kissembi} ~~here~~ or to be sent off into the wilds. The journey from the coast here takes about thirty hours. One leaves Pembi early one morning, and arrives here by mid-day the next day. Everyone told me I ought to have quite a clean journey, as the rains are on, but when we had got about forty miles from the coast the whole country was as dry as a bone, and there were no signs that it had ever rained in its life until we were within thirty miles of Kissembi.

They gave me a top-hole send off from the station at Pembi; I'm sorry to have left them and the coast. I feel sort of cut off from everything, and this means beginning all over again with work as well as with friends.

Notwithstanding the dirt, I thoroughly enjoyed the journey. The railway carriages are not the most comfortable I've ever struck, and the lighting arrangements (wretched stinking oil lamps which go out altogether after about two hours) are too rotten for words. You take your own bedding, and while you are at dinner in a dâk bungalow at a station about a hundred miles from the coast, your boy pops in and makes your bed. Food, of sorts, is provided at dâk bungalows at the hours the train is supposed to be there - and luckily we were up to time. I am told that if there's a