HIS HIGHNESS MAHARAJA JOODHA SHUMSHERE JUNG,
PRIME MINISTER OF NEPAL
First printed . . . 1940

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO

HIS HIGHNESS MAHARAJA JOODHA SHUMSHERE JUNG
BAHADUR RANA

G.C.B.(Mil.), Grand-Croix de la Légion d'Honneur, G.C.S.I.,
Grand-Croix de l'Ordre de Léopold I., G.C.I.E., G.C. of
the Order of the Netherlands Lion.
Honorary Lieutenant-General in the British Army.
Honorary Colonel of all the Gurkha Rifle Regiments in the
Indian Army.
Prime Minister and Supreme Commander-in-Chief of Nepal.
The Friend and Ally of Great Britain and her other Allies
in this great war and the Leader of a brave and loyal people.
“Unless things mortal move them not at all.”

*Hamlet*, Act II, Scene ii

“Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.”

*Virgil*, Aeneid I, 462
# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAP.</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I. EARLY DAYS</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. SOLDIERING AT HOME IN THE 'NINETIES</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. INDIAN FRONTIER LIFE</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. TIBET</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. LHASA</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. THE TWO INCARNATE LAMAS</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII. CONSUL IN EASTERN PERSIA</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII. CONSUL AT SHIRAZ</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX. PRISONER IN PERSIA</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X. VLADIVOSTOK</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XI. NEPAL</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XII. PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT TO NEPAL</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIII. TRAVELS</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIV. HOLLYWOOD</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XV. PEOPLE AND EVENTS</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVI. MORE PEOPLE AND EVENTS</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POEMS</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ILLUSTRATIONS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Illustration</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>HIS HIGHNESS THE PRIME MINISTER OF NEPAL</td>
<td>Frontispiece</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHOOTING PARTY AT BALTRASNA, 1893</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE TASHI LAMA AND SUITE IN CALCUTTA, 1905</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PRIME MINISTER OF NEPAL, OFFICERS, AND AUTHOR, KATMANDU, 1933</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GROUP AT MR. LOUIS LIGHTON'S RANCH, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, 1938</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MR. AND MRS. ALAN MOWBRAY, MR. LEO REISMAN AND FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW, HOLLYWOOD</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COUNT JOHN McCORMACK</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MADAME ALICE DELYSIA</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
PREFACE

When I was racking my brains for a title for this book, I hesitated between Things Mortal and some words from Rupert Brooke’s sonnet The Dead which I have always liked: “Gone proudly friended”.

Most of us, as we get older, do not feel that we have much to be proud about, but I do think one is entitled to take a pride in one’s friends. All human beings are interesting, and most of them have a story to tell, but it is especially interesting to hear the stories—even the daily gossip—of one’s friends; and it is exciting when they do exciting things like writing best-sellers, or winning the V.C., or climbing Mount Everest, or some little feat like that.

I never knew Rupert Brooke, but I am sure he was the sort of man who would have rejoiced at the successes of his friends and grieved at their failures or misfortunes.

But on the whole, as this book, regrettably but inevitably, is largely about myself and my own doings and experiences, and as some of the characters (such, for instance, as the tigers) cannot honestly be described as “friends”, it seemed better to stick to Things Mortal, as this covers all the living creatures, both human and other, referred to—and even events have a mortal significance.

And certainly, at the moment of writing, Shakespeare’s words are apposite; and, “unless things mortal move them not at all”, the “gods themselves” have reason to be stirred to passion and to weep for poor mortality.

August 1940.
ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Early Days

Chapter I

I was born in Ireland in the year 1870 and spent the greater part of my childhood at Baltrasna, the old seat of the O'Reilly family, in that wild and remote corner of the county Meath bordering on Cavan.

My mother's father, Anthony O'Reilly, was the last male representative of that particular branch of the ancient house, or clan, the O'Reillys, Princes of East Brefny. Like most of the old Irish families the O'Reillys claim to be able to trace their descent to the mythical founders of the Hibernian race, Heber, Herimon and Ir, who are supposed to have invaded Ireland from Spain some thirteen centuries before the Christian era; and from them are descended all the clans who ruled over Ireland through so many centuries. The O'Connors and the O'Reillys among them trace their descent from the second brother, Herimon.

Some of this no doubt is legendary, and more authentic history does not begin until A.D. 130 with "Tuathal the Acceptable", the one hundred and seventeenth monarch of Ireland. But from this date the succession of the Irish kings is accurately recorded. The O'Connor and O'Reilly families branch off from the two sons of a certain Fergus who was the fourth Christian King of Connaught, slain in battle A.D. 499, the O'Connors to rule over Connaught, and the O'Reillys to become Princes and Dynasts of East Brefny, that is, the present county of Cavan and the north-west portion of County Meath. Here they ruled in virtual independence through several centuries, in a constant welter of family, tribal and national wars and skirmishes, until absorbed into the English system of government in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

More fortunate than most of the old Irish families, my grandfather's branch of the O'Reillys was able to retain
some portion at any rate of their ancestral possessions, and lived in considerable state in the old Baltrasna demesne. Gradually, however, partly as the result of extravagant living and partly owing to further confiscations and penalties in the Cromwellian and Jacobite troubles, all the Cavan estates were alienated or sold, and all that was left on my grandfather’s death were the house and demesne of Baltrasna, comprising some two to three thousand acres of land, partly park and woodland, an old deer-park (with no deer), and a number of small farms scattered about here and there on the outskirts of the property.

The O’Reillys had for generations been extravagant and lived in princely style, and the estate was heavily mortgaged. Anthony, my grandfather, had one son, who died at the age of fourteen, and seven daughters; and thus on his death there was no direct heir, and that particular branch of the family came to an end. My father, Matthew Weld O’Connor, a well-known land-agent, married the third daughter Harriet, and on my grandfather’s death he leased the Baltrasna house and demesne from the trustees, and here we lived until his death in 1900, a family of one daughter and three sons—my sister Lina, myself, and my two younger brothers Myles and Matt.

It was an ideal setting and existence for children. We had the run of the old place with its great walled gardens, the park, the lake, and as we grew older the wild picturesque estate, the woods round the house, and the loughs and bogs where we boys used to shoot wild-fowl and snipe. The deer-park had long been devoid of deer, but my father imported half a dozen Shetland ponies which roamed wild and bred there, and there was generally a small herd of twenty or so, which we used to catch and ride. Lovely little things they were.

One of my mother’s sisters, Olive, had married Willie Wade of Clonebraney, a neighbouring estate, and on his death, about 1882, family difficulties made it necessary to give up the place, and their three daughters, of ages corresponding to those of us three boys, came and lived at Baltrasna and were brought up with us; and a wild lot of young ruffians we were, galloping our ponies all over the place and up
SITTING PARTY AT ALTRASNA, 93

ft to right:
Roswell
Battersby
Challenor
or's mother
O'Connors Naper
new Wild
O'Connor
ontagu
Chapman
O'Connor
G. N.
hallenor, R.A.
to every kind of mischief. Our unfortunate governesses must have had a terrible time with us.

My father was a descendant of the O'Connor clan which formerly held sway in Connaught. He was the youngest son of a junior branch of the family. His father and grandfather had been clergymen of the Irish Protestant Church, and their forefathers had owned a small property in the County Meath for several generations, but they had long lost any contact with Connaught and the senior branch of the clan. But the actual family history traces back to the original Fergus, so on both sides of the family we children belonged to the oldest Irish stock.

My father was a typical Victorian Irishman, a type which seems to be pretty nearly extinct nowadays. An immense man physically, well over six foot and very powerfully built, whiskered, genial, kind. His business as a land-agent took him all over this part of Ireland, to West Meath, Cavan, etc.; and in those pre-motor days, he drove about either in one of our own traps or in a hired Irish car. The peasantry with whom he had to deal in his business capacity held him in equal affection and awe. They knew his essential kindness of heart, but woe betide any recalcitrant tenant who aroused his wrath. I remember so well the terrifying roars of his great voice as he dealt with some culprit in the back-yard or his office. They seemed to reverberate through the firmament. He was a great sportsman, had been a good cross-country rider in his youth, and was up to the last a very fine shot. A kinder-hearted man I have never known. Never once during my youth have I known him speak an unkind or hasty word to any of us children—never once—no matter how trying or naughty we might have been. I never heard him use an oath, not even the mildest "damn," although he had a number of strange expletives of his own which seemed to meet his needs. Dogs, children and poor people adored him.

Of my mother, I find it difficult to write or speak without emotion. To us children she was goodness and kindness personified, and we all loved her with a deep and lasting love. Her influence and character shaped our lives and characters and are ineffaceable. She and her sisters had all
had the excellent normal education of those days, with French and German governesses, piano playing, singing, and so on. My mother played well, and it was one of our greatest pleasures to get her to play for us in the evening. It was just then (in the eighties and early nineties) that the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas were coming out, one after another—*Patience, Iolanthe, The Mikado, The Gondoliers, Ruddigore*. We used to get the score and book as soon as published, and my mother played and we sang it all, more or less; so that when we went to the Savoy we were well primed with it and enjoyed it all the more. *The Gondoliers* was always my favourite, and I don't know how many times I saw it when a youth. And, besides this, we were grounded in the Italian Operas, and *Carmen*, etc., and in a good deal of classical music.

She used to read aloud to us her favourites, and so we soon got to know the Victorians—Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson and much other early and contemporary literature. We were all book-worms, and our idea of a perfect social evening was to bury ourselves in our chairs round the fire, each with his or her own book, which we devoured in perfect silence, relieved only by an occasional chuckle or grunt.

In reading Dickens my mother wisely selected what she knew we would like, and so we got to love him and his characters. *Pickwick*, of course, and the Christmas Carol, (which I still read with unabated joy and sentiment every Christmas), and Mr. Pecksniff, and Mr. Squeers, and Mrs. Gamp, etc., etc.—they became part of oneself. Later, of course, I read them all through, and after that developed the art of skipping (as I think most of us do) the parts that bored me. Anyway, I count it as one of the privileges of life to have the capacity of being moved to laughter or tears by Dickens, and I don't think one is much the worse for it.

Thackeray I always adored, and I read him in a different spirit from Dickens, as a wise worldly mentor, sardonic and cynical perhaps, but withal, in my opinion, the most faithful delineator of human nature of all writers of fiction. And what luck for us too, to have been brought up on such magnificent stories as those of Stevenson, Rider Haggard, Conan Doyle and Anthony Hope.

But besides this indoor life, we loved the open air. We
all rode and the boys shot. The Meath hounds did not like our end of the County very much—too many hills and stone walls—not typical Meath country at all. So somewhere about 1888 or 1889 we started a local pack of our own, modestly termed the "Ballymacad Harriers," with Mr. Willie Harman, a local gentleman farmer as Master, and great fun we had with them—although I do not remember hunting many hares! The pack is still going strong, now (or until recently) under the Mastership of Mr. Willie Naper, son of our old friend James Naper of Loughcrew. I imagine that I am one of a very few remaining who remember this pack from its first beginning.

We used to stage a family hunt of our own, too, as children. For this purpose the straw was taken from the ferrets' hutch, securely tied up with string, and the stable-boy was instructed to drag it over a certain course. There is nothing to beat a ferrets' bed for scent. Now the difficulty was that the elders of us rode on fast and large ponies, and the smallest on very tiny and rather slow ones, so the pack had to be suitably graded accordingly. This was done by employing a variety of hounds, ranging from the different breeds of terriers to the two dachshunds. After a sufficient interval had been allowed, the pack, by this time clamorous with excitement, was let loose. Off they went in full cry on the scent, the fastest dogs in the lead followed by the slower ones, and finishing up with the two dachshunds Max and Fritz (black-and-tan and yellow respectively), every dog giving cry to its fullest capacity. Off we went too, the biggest in front, and trailing off gradually to the smallest on tiny Shetland ponies, everyone riding to his or her particular hound. The pace of the leader was terrific, but we all had our share of the fun, and the course was carefully arranged to allow for all kinds of jumps large and small, with gaps where necessary.

The boy generally climbed a tree when near the end of his course in fear of being torn to fragments by the ravening pack.

Another of our favourite amusements was picnicking. The jennet's cart would be loaded with several hampers after lunch, and was led off by the yard-boy to the selected wood
whither we all proceeded on foot. The first thing to do, of course, was to collect "brusna" (Irish for twigs and small sticks) in heaps, and to chop up two or three big logs for a foundation for the fire. After a gigantic tea and some games we used to sit around the bonfire in the gloaming, and were generally regaled with several blood-curdling ghost stories, either by my father or a visitor or our local Rector, Mr. Day, who had a sepulchral voice and a repertoire which was warranted to make anybody's flesh creep.

These rural sports, however, could only take place in the holidays as we three boys were duly sent off to school as we reached school age. We were all destined for Charterhouse, and began our school life at a small preparatory school of some thirty boys nearby—Branksome House just on the outskirts of Godalming—and here we received a thoroughly good grounding, especially in the Classics. To the Headmaster, the Reverend Robert Sainsbury, we all owe a deep debt of gratitude. He was a scholar, an excellent and patient teacher and a good disciplinarian, strict and firm, but just, which boys appreciate. Apart from the normal troubles of small boys we were happy there and all entered Charterhouse in due course.

We liked and respected our Headmaster, and before I left Branksome he came over to Baltrasna on a visit one summer holidays, and, naturally, we children went out of our way to perform the most fantastic and extravagant exploits to shock and astonish him. He was a rather prim, natty, bearded little man, and during his visit he got an insight into Irish country life which must, I think, have surprised and amused him. I got a scholarship at Charterhouse and went into Verites (one of the three "block" houses overlooking "Green") when just under fourteen, and my two brothers followed me there in due course.

We all went to Verites in turn, and a very good house it was (and is!). In those ancient days (we covered between us from 1884 to about 1893), the famous Dr. Haig-Brown was the Headmaster and our House Master was the Revd. T. G. Vyvyan. The school had only been established in the country since 1872, but as far as we new boys were concerned it might have been there for centuries. All the old traditions
had come with it, including the immemorial, inevitable school slang and taboos and conventions, rigid as the laws of the Medes and Persians—although some of these have since been changed or modified. Even some of the old stones with names dating back a century or so (including those of Thackeray and Leech) were brought down too, and were erected in the cloisters near the old chapel. The situation of the school is perfect. It lies high on an open plateau, backed by the Hog’s Back to the north and sloping steeply to Godalming to the south, with lovely views and bracing air. Our house was particularly favoured as it formed one of the three central block-houses. It faced south on to “Green,” and was within a stone’s throw of Chapel and the form rooms—a very material advantage on cold winter mornings, etc. The other eight houses were scattered about within a distance of, perhaps, half a mile or so.

My school days were on the whole happy and uneventful. Owing to my scholarship I started off high up for a new boy, and as I had by that time made up my mind to go into the Army I soon became a member of what was then called “C” Form or Army Class where the boys abandoned the traditional classical education and specialised in mathematics, history and so on, more suited for the Woolwich and Sandhurst entrance examinations. I was reasonably good at soccer, the great Carthusian game, and as I was always profoundly bored with cricket I took up rifle-shooting in the summer quarter and represented the school at Wimbledon, and won the House Shooting Cup, together with a boy named F. L. Vogel, in 1885 (he was killed in the Matabele campaign in 1893)—a feat still commemorated on a faded wooden scroll on the walls of Under-long (the lower boys’ hall in Verites). Target-shooting is not in itself a very exciting pastime, but, as I had always intended to get all the big game shooting I could during life, I wanted to become a good rifle shot, and this was an excellent training.

This may seem a quite extraordinarily dull account of my school days, but I cannot honestly feel that there is very much more to be said about them which could be of the smallest interest to the world at large; and I also believe that in this respect I was normal, and that my time at
Charterhouse must be typical of that of the vast majority of boys who pass through public schools, in spite of the spate of rather lurid and emotional literature which has appeared on the subject during the last twenty years or so. Every school and every house must, of course, have its ups and downs, and must vary from year to year, and even from term to term, with the changing individuals who constitute its inhabitants; and naturally abnormal, or hypersensitive or emotional boys will experience trials and tribulations and emotional crises which are unknown to more ordinary mortals. But this is true not only of schools but of every age and every walk of life. All I know is that, especially after the first two years, I enjoyed my time at Charterhouse and left with real sorrow and regret—the more so, as my father thought it wise to send me to a crammer for six months to ensure my passing into Woolwich on which I had set my heart. This involved my losing the last year at school which is always the best when one has arrived at Sixth Form and has a chance of one's school colours. And every Public Schoolman knows what all that means to a boy. But, even although I missed these crowning blessings, I had, and still have, a deep-rooted and very real affection for my old school, and even now when I re-visit it from time to time it recalls old emotions and friendships which will always be a part of myself and which I share with my feelings for my Irish home.

And I think my two brothers had very similar experiences, and felt very much the same about it all. But the queer thing about most brothers at the same school is how little they see or know of one another. A couple of years' difference in age implies such an unfathomable gulf and such a completely different set of friends and interests. It was only when we started off for home at the beginning of the holidays that we got together again, and, ignoring all school talk, began again to concentrate on our other life. Our two lives, in fact, were kept in quite water-tight compartments, equally vivid and real but perfectly distinct.

The journey home was great fun. An uncle of ours, Edward Watts-Russell, was partner in an old established firm of wine merchants, Gayford & Co., at No. 7 Old Bond
Street, and thither we repaired from Waterloo and deposited our luggage in a waiting-room. The partners and employees all knew us and were very kind and put up with us cheerfully. The next thing was to proceed on a shopping expedition to spend as much of our journey-money as was possible on presents for everyone at home. We used to calculate our resources to a nicety, and always arrived at the North Wall without a penny. Everyone knew us here, however (or rather, I suppose they knew our father), even our special porter, Paddy, and we got home on tick—tips, breakfast at Amiens Street and our tickets to Oldcastle included, all of which our unfortunate father made good without a murmur, and was rewarded by some perfectly useless gift, such as a pencil-case or a pocket-knife.

Gayford & Co., long since removed, had the most wonderful wine-cellar, which we were allowed to visit. They extended from Bond Street to under the Burlington Arcade, and then turned right and ran under the Arcade, and partly, I believe, under Piccadilly. I have no idea whether or no they still exist. In them were some remarkable wines including a quantity of ’34 Port which was still at that time in excellent condition and was procurable here and there in old inns and private cellars.

The six months at a crammers was a curious experience, sandwiched in between the more conventional school curriculum and Woolwich. I joined the establishment of an eccentric German named Wolfram, somewhere down Blackheath way. He had a reputation for successful coaching and he certainly made us work; and, what was more important, we worked at exactly the right subjects for our respective exams. in a concentrated form. This was all very well, but as I was always an exceedingly active and energetic person physically I suffered severely from want of exercise; so with two other youths, an Etonian and a Harrovian, we got together a small pack of about half a dozen beagles, old Wolfram approving, which we kept in an old barn at the bottom of the garden. There was plenty of open country round about Blackheath in those days, and we made friends with some neighbouring farmers who let us have the run of their fields, and here we used to have quite jolly little hunts
on Saturday afternoons; and this, together with exercising the hounds for brief intervals morning and evening, and an occasional football match with Casuals (which I joined) or Old Carthusians, kept me in the pink of condition and I was able to work all the better. It was great fun, this bobbery pack, and I remember how on our return from a run in the evening we used to charter an old "growler" when we got near Blackheath or Woolwich, cram the hounds inside, and return in state sitting on the roof and blowing our hunting horns.

All this was but a brief interlude, but it achieved its purpose, as I passed high into Woolwich where I joined up in the Autumn Term of 1888. I thoroughly enjoyed my eighteen months at "the Shop". During our first term as "snookers" we were four in a bare barrack-like room facing the parade-ground—a Harrovian, Hawkesley, a great powerful fellow and a good boxer, and two other lads from some other schools, I forget which. It was an admirable melting-pot. We were all pitchforked together in these confined quarters subject to a common discipline and free in our spare time to make friends in our own and other terms. Our domestic arrangements were of the simplest. There was a row of tubs filled with cold water in a shed just behind our quarters into which we used to plunge every morning before parade. We reduced the time for bathing, dressing and getting on to parade to a minimum, worked out with scientific precision. My time, if I remember right, was four minutes, and we had to be there on the tick or "hocksters" (punishment drill) followed automatically. Our sole attendant was an old soldier servant, who also had charge of several other rooms.

We soon shook down to the new life, rubbed off each other's corners, and cast a good many of our public school snobberies and repressions, and got used to living under the orders and subject to the authority of our officers and of the cadets of the senior term, boys only a year or two older than ourselves.

I played football strenuously in the winter, and represented the Shop in soccer and athletics (high-jump and quarter-mile) against Sandhurst. At the end of my first term twenty of
our term were offered the choice of remaining in their own term or of accelerating into the term above. I accepted this latter proposition as, although it would involve passing out low with only three terms' marks instead of four, it also meant six months' seniority when we got our commissions, and as I wanted to join the Gunners, rather than the Sappers, this suited me very well.

It was a good choice, and I fell among some good fellows who have been my friends ever since, notably S. H. Sheppard (now Major-General Sheppard, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.), who became Senior Under-Officer during our last term, a coveted honour and one richly merited in his case. I shall have more to say about him later on. As anticipated I passed out pretty low down in the term, but as I won the riding prize (jointly with another cadet) I was appointed to a Field Battery—just what I wanted.

All through these years while I was growing up, from ten to twenty or so, I spent most of my life in England, at school or at Woolwich, travelling backwards and forwards regularly to Ireland three times a year by the Holyhead route; so, although my holidays were spent at home, actually the greater part of my youth was lived in England. Once back at Baltrasna we were all so perfectly happy that we never wanted to go anywhere else, and in those pre-motor days our little world was limited to a radius of a reasonably long carriage drive. In that wild and lonely bit of country where we lived this meant that our actual visitable neighbours were few and far between and our social range very limited. But we were contented with our home life, and the occasional friends who used to visit us from England or elsewhere in Ireland.

Among our nearest neighbours were our cousins, the Wades of Clonebraney, about seven miles away, the Napers of Loughcrew, and in the other direction the Nugents, who also were distant relations of the O'Reillys, and the Maxwells just over the border in the County Cavan.

The Maxwells lived then at Arley Cottage on the shores of the beautiful Loch Sheelin. "Sommy" Maxwell (afterwards Lord Farnham) was a remarkable man, a typical Irish country gentleman of those days, big and jovial,
and a great sportsman. He had scientific tastes, too, and took up astronomy and microscopy, and had a fine telescope mounted in the grounds at Arley. I was always from a boy interested in astronomy and used to drive over there, and watch the heavens at night, and read the fascinating books he lent me—Norman Lockyer, etc. He had married Lady Florence Taylour, daughter of Lord Headfort of Headfort House, Kells. There were two boys, Barry and Arthur. Poor Barry was killed in an accident later, and Arthur succeeded to the title.

Other family friends were the Martins, the Coghills, the Somervilles, the Penroses—all from the South—Rotherhams, Battersbys and Harmans, local neighbours. Robert Martin, who wrote the song "Killaloe" and many others, often stayed with us. Miss Somerville and Miss Martin (E. A. Somerville and Martin Ross) are famous as the joint authors of *The Irish R.M.* and other classics of Irish life, unique and unequalled of their kind.
I joined the 14th Field Battery R.A. at Shorncliffe in February 1890, complete with brand-new kit (including my saddle) and a young Irish horse called Arabi, and soon settled down in very congenial surroundings. There were two Field Batteries at Shorncliffe in those days, both of which had recently returned from India, so I was at once introduced to several regular old "qui hais", and all their Anglo-Indian slang and gossip. My C.O. was Major G. R. Challenor, a keen and good soldier, and a great sportsman, and I got on very well with him, especially as he was always liberal in the matter of leave for hunting and shooting. The actual soldiering did not amount to much, the usual drills and parades and an occasional route march. The great thing was to see which of the subalterns could turn out the smartest section, with the best-polished harness and the best-groomed horses. Spit and polish, in fact.

About the only excitement we had was when the old Duke of Cambridge came down to inspect the garrison, and I well remember his appearance as he rode down the line and all the stories current about him in the Army. I touch my hat to him (metaphorically) whenever I pass his statue in Whitehall.

The only approach to the real thing was an occasional trek down to Okehampton for practice on the moors. We all enjoyed this and it did us a lot of good. It was a long march from Shorncliffe of some 300 miles or so to Okehampton, and was delightful in fine weather, doing easy stages of 15–16 miles a day and billeting in country towns—quaint little places some of them, like Lyme Regis, etc. Our route led us all along the South Coast and we passed through lovely scenery and enjoyed our billets, the officers quartered at the best hotel in the place and the men scattered about among the townspeople. Often they gave us a smoking concert, and I heard
numbers of what are still old favourites: "Bicycle Made for Two", which first appeared about that time, "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo", and the usual sentimental songs about their mothers which the men always loved; and I used to sing "Finnigan's Wake," "Good-bye Biddy," etc.

Okehampton was a pretty bleak camp where it always rained a lot, but we kept very fit and didn't bother about the weather. The actual practice was rather a farce, but at any rate we did have the chance of loosing off a few live shells, which was a refreshing change after all the drill.

I always loved the moor, and used to spend every spare hour I had wandering about and exploring with some of my gunner friends, and we used to catch a few small trout in the tiny Dartmoor streams.

Shorncliffe was not really a good station for sport. The hunting mostly resolved itself into pounding up and down along muddy tracks in endless woodland, and a gallop in the open with decent fences was a rarity, and after what I had been used to in Meath (and with the Ballymacads!) I found it boring. But the 17th Lancers were also there, also back from India, and between them and the gunners a small pack of drag-hounds was started, of which Captain Maryon-Wilson was Master and I his Whip, and with them we had some real good gallops. Maryon-Wilson and I used to lay out the course beforehand, so we could pick and choose our country and get some really sporting runs.

My horse, Arabi, had been bred at Baltrasna out of a hunting mare by some local thoroughbred. He was a big bay five-year-old gelding of seventeen hands, and had a passion for hounds and for jumping. He was a "grand lepper," as they say in Ireland. He would quiver all over with excitement when he heard the hounds give tongue, and once he nearly had me off when he suddenly decided to make a standing jump over a five-barred gate as I was leaning over trying to open it.

Besides Maryon-Wilson there were a lot of good fellows in the 17th at that time, Prince Francis of Teck, Lawrence, Noel, Tilney, Lord Ava, etc., most of whom used to ride with the drag.
After a couple of years at Shorncliffe we were transferred to Aldershot and quartered in the South Camp, and here we had something more nearly approaching to a soldier's life, at least during the summer months—long field days when we would work with other branches of the Service and one could really feel that one was part of an Army. General Sir Evelyn Wood was G.O.C. at Aldershot, a real veteran dating back to Crimean days. As the junior subaltern in the Artillery, I was often detailed to act as his A.D.C. on field days and so saw a good deal of him. He was still upright and active and a good horseman. Very deaf, but with a quick eye which seemed never to miss anything. I remember once as we were on a hill-top watching the manœuvres on Laffan's Plain at a rather exciting juncture he suddenly called to me to dismount and rescue a young rabbit which was crouching, terrified, in a clump of heather, by his horse's feet. I had read of his record with admiration. As a young midshipman in the Navy at the Crimea he had been cited for bravery several times and finally recommended for the V.C. He resigned from the Navy immediately after the Crimean War and went out to India as a Lieutenant in the Army just in time for the Mutiny, where again he covered himself with glory and was awarded the V.C. We were under the impression then that the only reason he did not actually receive the V.C. for his naval service was because of his resignation and taking a commission in the Army. At any rate, he may be said to have won it twice, once as a naval and once as a military officer, which I believe is a record, and likely to remain so. And all before he reached the age of 21.

Queen Victoria came down one summer (I think it must have been 1893) to inspect us, and sat in her carriage with her parasol up on a glorious summer day as we marched past—the only time I ever saw her.

It was a pleasant life, and I have always loved all that lovely country. Charterhouse was only a few miles away across the Hog's Back, and I often rode over to see my young brother Matt who was still there.

I had sold Arabi to Maryon-Wilson before I left Shorncliffe and now had another young Irish horse, Leprechaun, which I had picked up for a song as a two-year-old at a farm-
house one day when I was shooting near Baltrasna. I liked the look of him, and broke and trained him myself, and he turned out very well—not so big as Arabi, but faster and a beautiful jumper. I rode him regularly with the Staff College drag, again preferring that to the fox-hunting in that part of the world, and on him I won the R.A. Lightweight Point-to-Point in 1893. I did a good deal of racing while at Aldershot on the Aldershot course, a very sporting one with some big fences. Leprechaun, though fast, was not quite big enough for this, and I never won anything (except the Point-to-Point) although I had a good chance in some race or other (I have quite forgotten what it was), and was leading up to the big open ditch on the top of the rise behind the grand stand; but my saddle turned with me as we rose at the jump and I came an imperial cropper, but unhurt. It was bad luck, and my poor little driver-groom, who had saddled the horse, was heartbroken about it. But I rode in some other races, including hurdles, on other people's horses. Hurdle racing is really exciting, as one is going full out most of the time and has not much chance of steadying the horse or shortening his stride at the jumps, and if one does take a toss it is generally a pretty bad one, head over heels.

A year later, 1894, I came over from Ipswich, where we were then stationed, and rode a horse called Father Pat, belonging to Major Chapman, R.H.A., in the Royal Artillery Gold Cup, which we won after a good race. That was fun, and there was a great celebration in the R.A. Mess that night. I rode Father Pat again in the Grand Military (which for some reason or other was held at Aldershot that year), but came to grief again at my old enemy, the open ditch. I never quite knew what happened, but I think I was jostled and the horse pecked badly on landing. Anyhow, I came off.

That was my last racing experience as I went out to India to a Mountain Battery shortly after, and as I spent the rest of my service out there in the hills I never had much chance, and I could not enthuse about the local station racing. Polo and pig-sticking were much better fun.

We were transferred to Ipswich in the late summer of 1893 and arrived there just in time for the shooting. There were two Field Batteries at Ipswich then, and as we constituted
the entire garrison of the place there was not much soldiering to be done. All one could do was to keep the horses fit and the harness polished, and again the hunting was not worth the trouble of going out. But as a shooting station it was supreme, and any of us who were fond of shooting and could hold reasonably straight were sure of more invitations than we could very well accept. In all this, luckily, my Major was sympathetic, and between us we had some wonderful days with friends round about.

Captain E. G. Pretyman, himself an old Gunner, had recently inherited that beautiful place, Orwell Park, some miles down the river Orwell below Ipswich, and was most kind and hospitable to his old brothers-in-arms, and many a jolly day we had there. I remember the first day I shot with him walking up partridges in the park — just three of us, Pretyman, Colonel Ricardo and myself — and how I watched the first covey that rose to see where they settled, as I always used to do in Ireland where probably one didn’t see more than two or three coveys in the day and was lucky if one picked up two or three brace. I soon found that there was no need to do this. I see from my old game book that the three of us shot 35½ brace. Paradise after what I had been used to.

There were many other places where we were regaled with equal hospitality and fine sport. I remember particularly Bawdsey Manor, which had only recently been acquired by Mr. Cuthbert Quilter. It lay on the north side of the Orwell above Felixstowe, the property running back inland from the coast. The covers had only been planted a year or two, and the trees were quite small. We had some jolly mixed days there that winter, partridges, pheasants, hares, rabbits and an occasional snipe — bags of 60–80 head. Very nice sporting shooting.

Then there was Sir Brampton Gurdon of Grundisburg, Mr. Waller of Melton, Mr. Berners of Wolverstone, Mr. James Lowther (who later became Lord Ullswater) of Campsea Ash, Mr. Shuldham Shreiber of Marlesford, and a good many others.

I had been brought up in a sporting atmosphere at Baltrasna, and had always had plenty of riding and shooting.
From the time I was a small boy of eight or nine I used to prowl round the woods of an evening and shoot an odd rabbit or two with my little single-barrelled gun. As I got older, and was promoted to a double-barrel, I extended my range, and in the autumn and winter wandered all over the estate picking up duck, snipe, hares, an occasional partridge and woodcock, etc. I think I enjoyed it as much for the exercise and the sheer joy of living and moving in beautiful country scenery as much as for the actual killing—and the same applied to my Himalayan and jungle shooting in India later on. I got to know every nook and corner of the place, every lough and bog where duck or snipe might be expected, and the most likely places for a hare or a woodcock.

The great sporting event every year at Baltrasna was the big rabbit shoot. The old deer park, where the Shetland ponies ran wild, was an undulating stretch of land about a mile long and a quarter to half a mile wide, all made up of small hillocks, rough, coarse grass, and with carefully regulated patches of thick gorse, and at one end a few acres of hazel-thicket. It was too rough and uneven for any sort of cultivation, but was an ideal place for rabbits, and they swarmed in hundreds.

The big shoot generally took place in the first half of October, and for a month or more beforehand the keeper and his boys were busy ferreting the rabbits out of their burrows, which were then closed with a bunch of gorse and a lick of tar—the smell of tar keeping the rabbits away; and as it was a mild time of year, they were content to live and feed in the open and to shelter in the gorse. Consequently when the day arrived for the shoot they were running about in quantities.

My father always insisted on making the shooting as difficult and as sporting as possible. Very narrow rides were cut through the gorse, and as the rabbits were driven along by the beaters they jumped and dashed across the rides very quickly, and it took good and accurate shooting to hit them. When shot, they generally turned head over heels into the gorse on the other side of the ride, so until the beaters came along and tossed them out into the open we could not be sure how many we had got.
The shoot lasted three days and the total bag ran to about 1,000 to 1,500. The record was in October 1893—total 1,738; the best day 855, seven guns, one of whom was the Major of my Field Battery, Major Challoner, who was always full-complexioned but grew quite purple as the rabbits kept on charging him! It was great fun once a year, and as the rabbits had to be kept down it was a better way of disposing of them than just having them netted. All the beaters and people about the place got a share and the rest were sold.

The beaters were a study in themselves. All tenants from the estate and men and boys about the place, and all armed with long stout sticks. They loved the excitement of it all, and their shouts and objurgations as they struggled waist-high through the thick gorse were worth hearing. My father's stentorian voice kept them in line, and he invented the most extraordinary terms for them; but I never heard him call them anything worse than "a parcel of water-hens". In the evening they all lined up at the backdoor (headed by John Kelly, the old coachman, who liked his drop, and who used to get the sack regularly once a month, and reappeared sheepishly a day or two later without anyone taking any notice), and were given a stiff dram of neat whisky each, which it was generally my job to serve out to them, and which they polished off one after another without a wink.

The rabbits were brought in in carts, and laid out in rows in front of the house to be formally counted before being disposed of.

Among the regular guns were some of our Meath neighbours. The old Marquess of Headfort came regularly till 1891. Major Somerset Maxwell, Colonel King-Harman ("the King" as he was always called); James Naper of Loughcrew; Sir Montagu Chapman of Killua; Thomas Rothwell of Rockfield; Captain (afterwards General) Oliver Nugent (a distant cousin of ours on the O'Reilly side), and in later years myself and generally one of my brother officers.

Looking back on it all now one can realise what a cheerful carefree existence one led as a young officer. The pay was of course very small (I think I earned exactly £100 a year as a Second-Lieutenant R.A.), but most of us were helped out by
our families, and with free quarters and an economically run
mess one's expenses were not heavy and one could have a
good time on very little. With the best good-will in the world
it was difficult to take home soldiering very seriously. At a
big station like Aldershot where one was with troops of other
arms of the Service, it was possible to get some experience
from field days, etc., but in small isolated places like Ipswich,
where one never even saw another soldier of any kind, all that
the keenest officer could do was to see that his own particular
unit was well drilled and smart.

And this, I think, we all did to the best of our ability, and
one was lucky if one could manage to expend one's superfluous
energy in such outdoor pursuits as hunting and shooting,
which at any rate kept one physically fit and active.

But at the same time there was no reason why a keen
soldier should not study his profession from books. It had
always been my intention from the time I first joined the
Service to have a try for the Staff College as soon as I was
qualified to do so, and I was always deeply interested in
military history and read up many of the old campaigns. I
continued studies of this kind as long as I remained in the
Army, and later on in India I followed the Staff College
syllabus and worked at tactical and administrative problems
and polished up my languages. My transfer to the Political
Department after the Tibetan Mission changed these plans,
but the reading and study kept my mind active and
occupied.

But pleasant as was this life in England, I soon began to
hanker after something more active and closer to reality.
India seemed to be the only outlet presenting a chance of
seeing active service, and if I had been in the Cavalry or
Infantry I should certainly have elected to enter the Indian
Army. But for a Gunner this was not possible, so as soon as
I was entitled to do so I applied for transfer to a Mountain
Battery, and towards the end of 1894 was duly appointed to
No. 9 M.B. stationed at Darjeeling. I went off home on leave
in October, expecting to sail in November, but just before I
was due to leave I had a fall out hunting and broke a small
bone in my ankle which laid me up for some weeks.

I spent my time while in bed reading up about India,
especially the sporting side of it, and in learning Urdu from a Hindustani primer, and made pretty good progress. I got a good grip of the grammar and learnt to read and write tolerably well. And I even went so far as to tackle that awful old text book, the Bagh o Bahar, used for the lower and higher Hindustani examinations, the passing of which is a sine qua non for any advancement in India. In fact, I stuffed my brain with a lot of dunnage which, although it was useful in helping me to pass these examinations in a very short time, was almost entirely useless from a practical conversational point of view. I well remember trying to converse with my first Indian servant and the men of the battery in the best high-flown language, and their complete inability to understand what I was driving at. I very soon relapsed into the sahib's lingua franca—quite ungrammatical but terse and effective. On looking back at it now, it is difficult to conceive a more unsuitable text-book for a young man going to India than the one which had been in use for years. It has, I believe, long since been abolished.

All this delayed my departure and gave me another Christmas at home and a few more days' shooting after my ankle had set. It was a cold winter, and we had skating on the lake near the house about Christmas time, and got a lot of woodcock in the covers round about. I remember it all so well, although it was forty odd years ago—visions of the past in a vanished world.

With the political and agrarian troubles of the country, we boys were only remotely concerned. We knew of them, of course, and of some of my father's difficulties, and at times dangers as a land-agent. For several years there used to be a couple of men of the R.I.C. quartered in the house to protect him, who were supposed to accompany him wherever he went, and for a short time we had a few soldiers there also. And we had some rockets which we were supposed to fire from the roof in case of an attack at night to give warning to the police at the town of Oldcastle two or three miles away. But nothing of the kind ever happened. My father, in spite of the fact that he followed the unpopular profession of a land-agent, was too much respected and beloved by the Irish ever to have been in any serious danger. I remember the following little
verse which appeared about him in a local paper about this time, which ran as follows:

“Primrose-leaguer,
Grand Intriguer,
Form not meagre,
Faith, Your Honour,
Say what they can,
An Irishman
Is Matthew Richard Weld O'Connor”

which pretty accurately summed up the opinion they held of him. Baltrasna, in fact, was just a happy home and playground for us youngsters, and as such I have always remembered it.

In due time the day arrived when I was to leave home for India, and I drove with my mother to the station in the dog-cart. We have most of us experienced those decisive partings, when one feels instinctively that a change has come, and that nothing will ever be the same again. My father stood at the door as we drove off. I can see him now, and the look on his face. I think he knew we should not see each other again. We drove out under the archway of the old coachhouse (above which I had had my den since childhood, where I carpentered and "mended" clocks, etc.), down the avenue, past the great clump of beech-trees (the "Seven Sisters") bare now of leaves, and through the "Grand Gate" as the people called it, and so to the station. That was the last I ever saw of a home as happy as any boy has ever had. My father died a few years later while I was in India, the house had to be given up, and my mother came over to live in England.

I have never re-visited my old home from that day to this, although often tempted to do so. I prefer to have it in my memory as I knew it as a boy. All the old folk whom I knew are dead and gone, and I should not like to find my old haunts perhaps spoiled, trees and woods cut down, and other inevitable changes. It is a good thing to cherish happy memories untarnished, and there is enough sadness in life without adding disillusionment.
These thoughts were in my mind when I wrote the words of my song "The Old House," which are printed at the end of this book, and which were sung by John McCormack at his farewell Concert at the Albert Hall in November 1938, as will be related in due course. So I will say "good-bye" to the old Ireland which I knew and loved so well half-a-century ago.

I sailed from Southampton a few days later, on the old troopship *Britannia*, and reach Bombay in February 1895, after an uneventful voyage, and so began a new life, one which was to give me full scope for my active brain and body. I did not see England again for over eleven years.
MY FIRST FEW YEARS in India were spent in getting gradually accustomed to the country, learning the languages and something about the people, and included service on most of the frontiers. That at any rate was one of the advantages of joining a Mountain Battery. One might miss the glamour and glitter of a "jacket" in the R.H.A., and the thrill of galloping at full speed ahead of the rumbling guns with the knowledge that if one’s horse tripped (or if one fell off!) one would not have much chance among the wheels and horses’ hooves (not much danger of that sort of thing happening in these mechanical days). But in a Mountain Battery, although one walked soberly along beside the mules (for although the officers had ponies, we very seldom mounted them, and always walked with the men) up and down every kind of mountain, and khaki was the only wear, still we had the satisfaction of knowing all the time that whenever or wherever there was scrambling going on, there the Mountain Batteries would be gathered together—and that was better than all the glamour and glitter and galloping in the world.

As luck would have it, my fate took me not only to a Mountain Battery, but to the only Mountain Battery stationed on the fascinating Tibetan frontier. In those days there was one M.B. quartered at, or rather near, Darjeeling, the hill station perched on the outer slopes of the Himalayas three hundred miles due north of Calcutta. It was a rotten station as far as soldiering was concerned. No prospect apparently of a fight of any sort or kind, and practically no other troops nearer than Calcutta, and our barracks and mule-lines were situated on the summit on the Darjeeling ridge, some 8,000 feet up, and were swathed in almost perpetual mist from morning to night during the greater part of the year.

However, it was all new to me, and in the intervals of
drills and hill-marches, I began to interest myself in the geography and history of the neighbouring countries, Tibet, Sikkim, Bhutan, and Nepal, and as soon as I had passed the necessary examinations in Hindustani (which thanks to my broken ankle at home did not take long) I started off on Tibetan and Nepali, and I also spent every day's leave I could get in exploring the lesser-known parts of Sikkim and the passes leading into Tibet.

It was a fascinating stretch of country to explore and wander about in. The little state of Sikkim is a maze of mountains and rivers. Its northern boundary is the crestline of the Himalayas, marked by great snow peaks, and on its north-western flank stands the massive Kangchenjunga, over 28,000 feet high. There were still in those days sections of the country which had never been visited, and with the Political Officer, Mr. Claude White, I made several trips to these unexplored areas, discovering new passes and following the high-lying slopes on the Chumbi frontier, high above the tree-line.

But my great ambition was to make a little dash into Tibet itself, and to explore the country just beyond the Sikkim frontier, which it seemed to me we might want to use one day, if ever we had to send troops, or a Mission, into Tibet. So I organised a little expedition of ten or twelve of the toughest and strongest coolies I could find, and with a friend from Darjeeling set out one year in the month of September. We went up into the north-west corner of Sikkim, a very wild and lonely bit of country, lying at a height of 12,000 feet and over, and quite uninhabited. The ownership of this piece of country had been in dispute for a number of years, as between the Sikkim State and the Tibetans, who refused to accept the boundary as already laid down by treaty; and before we had been there many days, we met a Tibetan official, who seemed rather inclined to resent our presence. We therefore decided to slip across the frontier by an unexplored pass, the position of which was roughly indicated on the only map available at that time, but which had hitherto never been crossed by any white man, or properly located. It is situated on a spur running north from Kangchenjunga, in the midst of some of the wildest and
most awe-inspiring scenery in the world, and my friend and I made a preliminary reconnaissance of it, and found the approaches easy enough. So we reduced all our loads to the smallest possible dimension, and next morning climbed up the steep slope leading to the pass. Here I took compass and other observations for my sketch-map, and made the elevation of the pass 18,500 feet by hypsometer.

From this pass I got my first view into Tibet, and a very fine view it was—a wide expanse of plain, diversified with small ranges of hills here and there, and a great snowy range in the far distance. I was thrilled with this, and felt that some of my ambitions about Tibet were beginning to take shape.

There was a small glacier on the Tibetan side on which we cut rough steps for the coolies with a chopper as we had no ice-axes, and we all scrambled down safely, and by evening were in camp, in the two tiny tents we had brought with us, near a ruined shrine by a stream.

The next two days we moved slowly along in a northerly direction, keeping close to the foot of the range and hiding our little camp at night in some side valley. Hitherto, we had met nobody, but on the third morning we ran into some Tibetan shepherds, who became very excited and tried to stop us. But beyond throwing stones and shouting they could not do very much, and after knocking down one or two of them with our fists, we went on again. We knew the shepherds would send word to the local Magistrate at Kamba Jong, a Tibetan fort only a few miles away, so we now pushed on as quick as we could to try to reach another pass leading back into Sikkim before they could send out to catch us. It came on to snow, and we struggled along as best we could, the poor coolies very weary, until we came to a well-marked track which seemed to lead in the right direction.

Towards evening the weather cleared, and just before sunset, we reached the top of the pass, luckily a very easy one. Here we turned and looked back, and on the plain a mile or two behind us, we could see some twenty or thirty Tibetan horsemen galloping along after us. We wasted no time, and pushed along down the other side. By now it was pitch dark and snowing again, and just as we were resigning
ourselves to spending a night in the open, without fuel and with practically no food, we saw a gleam of light and to our great joy came upon a herdsman's camp. These were Sikkim people with a herd of yaks, and they received us hospitably and put us up for the night in their tents.

This was only a tiny little adventure, but it was great fun, and we brought back some quite useful information, and a rough map of this part of the frontier. It was in fact by this very road that the Mission advanced into Tibet seven years later.

On my return to Darjeeling I got a severe telling off from my military superiors for venturing to cross the frontier without permission. But this, I think, was only a matter of routine, and shortly afterwards I was summoned to Simla to work in the Intelligence Branch of the Q.M.G.'s Department.

Whilst up here the frontier troubles of 1897 came to a head, and there were outbreaks all along the frontier from Swat to Waziristan. Fearing that my Battery in far-away Darjeeling would be left in the lurch, and that I should miss the show, I persuaded my friend Howard Hensman of The Pioneer to depute me as their Special Correspondent to the Malakand. I squared matters with my benevolent chief, General (afterwards Sir James) Wolfe-Murray, and off I went in high glee to get my first glimpse of the real frontier and some real fighting.

Actually I was not at all sorry to get away from Simla, even after only a couple of months or so up there. The atmosphere of the place was so desperately unreal that it seemed to stifle me. There we all were, stuck up on this ridge of the Himalayas, as utterly removed from India and the life of India as if we had been in a monastery in Alaska (or at Shangri La!) with practically no contact whatever with the other world, and all one's interests outside one's work revolving round Viceregal Lodge and the social functions of this tiny self-centred official society. I was interested enough in my work when I was compiling reports and maps of Tibet and the Tibetan border, but for the rest I detested the life of the place and was glad to get away.

One advantage I did derive from this experience, however, was to get some acquaintance with Indian officialdom, and the
workings of the Indian Government, and also to meet a good many interesting and, from the Indian point of view, important people. My own immediate boss was Colonel (afterwards General) Hamilton Bower, who, a few years before, had made a remarkable journey across Tibet from west to east, and who was also the hero of the celebrated chase after the Pathan murderer of the Englishman Dalgleish in Central Asia. Curiously enough, when General Bower died a few weeks ago, I was asked by the B.B.C. to broadcast an account of these two exploits of his.

The Q.M.G. himself, General Wolfe-Murray, who later became one of the Members of the Army Council, and on whose staff I worked during the manoeuvres which preceded the Delhi Durbar, was a fine soldier, and a most kind and considerate chief to work under; and at the Club and in the offices one came across men, both civilians and soldiers, who were, or afterwards became, famous in Indian affairs.

So down the Kalka Road I drove in my tonga (this was of course before the railway had been built up to Simla or motor cars even heard of) leaving with no regret the cool breezes and the deodars and the society of Simla for the heat and dust and swarming humanity of real India in the hot weather. I stopped a day at Rawalpindi to buy a pony, and arrived at Nowshera across the Indus one stifling day towards the end of July. This was railhead for the Malakand field force, and presented the usual scene of bustle and confusion—piles of stores, grunting camels, squealing mules and vociferous sweating transport officers and N.C.O.'s, all mixed up with detachments and units of British and Indian troops.

I got off as soon as I could, riding my pony and with my servant, syce and small bundle of kit in a hired ekka which I had managed to commandeer in the medley, and next morning arrived at the Dargai Post at the foot of the Malakand Pass. It was now near the end of July, and the heat was terrific. The Dargai Post was full of men, European and Indian, struck down with sunstroke or heat-apoplexy. There were a score or more of them lying on the verandahs, and others were constantly being brought in. Quite a number died.

After a few hours rest I pushed on up the pass, and
duly reported myself to the G.O.C.'s Staff on arrival at the fort.

I had missed the chief fighting, when the tribesmen had attacked the fort, and had only been driven off after reinforcements had been rushed up to strengthen the small garrison. The hill-sides round about were still dotted with tribesmen's corpses—crumpled patches of brown and white clothing, with a grisly limb sticking out here and there. The tribesmen were known to be still full of fight, and there were "lashkars" (armies) up the Swat valley and elsewhere. The G.O.C. of the Forces was Major-General Bindon Blood*. He knew the country well, and he had also commanded the Chitral Expedition of two years before. He had a great reputation as a fine fighting soldier, and the officers and men of the force had confidence in him and were proud to be under his command. He died only a few weeks ago in his 98th year.

The first thing I did after reporting to Headquarters and sending off a telegram to The Pioneer, was to get in touch with the Officer Commanding No. 2 Indian Mountain Battery, and as he happened to be short of a Subaltern, he arranged to have me attached temporarily to his Battery. This suited me very well, as Captain Birch gave me full facilities for my Press work, and at the same time I was able to go into action with the Battery whenever there was any fighting.

A day or two later the force moved out from the Malakand pass to disperse a gathering of tribesmen in the Swat valley. Their main position was on the crest of the Landakai spur, a high ridge barring the valley on the left bank of the river. After a shelling from No. 10 Field Battery (which had managed to pull its guns over the pass—a novelty in frontier warfare) the infantry attacked the ridge, and our battery moved up in support, the mules strung out in single file. It happened that my section was leading, and about half way up the ridge we heard a yell just above us and saw a dozen or so "ghazis" (religious fanatics) rushing at us sword in hand, with their loose, white garments bellowing in the breeze. The officers whipped out their revolvers, and together with our small infantry escort we did some pretty rapid fire

at short range, and they were all bowled over before they could do any damage.

By this time the crest of the ridge had been cleared of the tribesmen, and as soon as we reached it we could see them streaming away across the plain on the other side to their next position on another ridge a couple of miles or so distant, and we started shelling them as they went. It was at this point that we witnessed a dramatic and, in the sequel, tragic incident. The Landakai ridge, which runs pretty level on the whole, descends steeply to the river bank, leaving a narrow passage between the hill and the river only wide enough for one horseman to pass at a time. As soon as it was known that the tribesmen had left the ridge and were retreating across the plain, the cavalry advanced to pursue them. When they reached the causeway, however, they were forced to halt, and to advance in single file, led by some of their officers and a couple of newspaper correspondents who were with them. Each man, as he rounded the end of the spur and emerged into the open plain beyond immediately, without waiting for the troopers to join him, set off at full gallop across the plain in pursuit of the fleeing tribesmen. To us, watching from the summit of the ridge, it was like watching a steeplechase. By the time the leading hunters had come up with them the tribesmen had had time to take shelter behind some rocks, and with a few shots easily bowled over the riders. Two officers were killed here, and Viscount Fincastle (now the Earl of Dunmore) was awarded the V.C. for gallantly rescuing a wounded officer under heavy close-range fire.

We have recently heard the sad news of the death in action in France of Lord Dunmore's only son, Viscount Fincastle—the gallant son of a gallant father.

Meanwhile disorder was spreading all over the frontier, and my own Battery was ordered up from Darjeeling as part of the Tirah Expeditionary Force under General Sir William Lockhart, so I went off from the Malakand to rejoin them. It would take too long to relate my experiences during the next few months. We took part in the storming of the Dargai pass, where again I saw a V.C. won, this time by Piper Findlater of the Gordon Highlanders as the Regiment made
their gallant attack on the "Sangars" flanking the pass. Two other passes had to be stormed, and then we entered "Maidan," the open central valley in the heart of the Afridi country, where we remained for several weeks, making little expeditions to gather provisions or to disperse enemy gatherings during the day, and being sniped at at night; and after an exciting retirement down the Barah valley, during which we were harassed the whole way by the tribesmen, the force finally emerged into the Peshawar plain soon after Christmas.

It was just one of the numerous expeditions which have been taking place on this frontier ever since the British first acquired the trans-Indus country from the Sikhs, and was excellent training and a useful experience for all concerned. And for me, it was a good introduction to the frontier, as in a few months I saw the Malakand, the Swat valley, the Kurram, the Afridi, and Orakzai countries, and also in my capacity of War Correspondent, I was able to make a short visit to the Khyber and the fringes of the Mohmand area.

Shortly after this, I was posted to a "Native Mountain Battery," where the gunners, as well as the drivers, are Indians, and I joined them in the Tochi valley in Waziristan. This gave me a general outline of the geography of all this confusing frontier area, with its innumerable tribal divisions and political problems. Unless one sees it for oneself, it is difficult to understand the lie of the land. Small-scale maps are rather misleading, and give no idea of what the country really looks like, and large-scale maps only cover some limited section.

For the next couple of years, I was with my battery at Dera Ismail Khan, as part of the famous old "Punjab Frontier Force," and got to know all that part of the trans-Indus province too. In the summer of 1898 I went off on leave to Kashmir and shot ibex and burhel in Baltistan and Ladak, and returned to India via the Kulu valley, through wild and beautiful scenery.

"Dreary Dismal," as we used to call it, is not essentially an attractive place, just a small frontier town on the right bank of the Indus, a bare plain stretching away to the Suleiman range to the west, and no scenery or beauty of any kind. But we had a very cheery mess, and contrived to make
ourselves fairly comfortable in a rather primitive way, and we had lots of games and sport. It was here that I had my first opportunity of learning to play polo, and although in my outlandish stations, like Tibet, etc., I rarely had the chance of any really good polo, I always loved the game and played it whenever possible until I finally left India some thirty years later. There was a certain amount of shooting, too, quail and black partridges, in the dry stretches in the bed of the Indus, and straight-horned markhor on some hills not far away.

It was, however, with no regret that after a year or so here I learnt that I had been appointed as "Inspecting Officer" to the "Kashmir Imperial Service Artillery". This rather grandiose title covered the two Mountain Batteries belonging to the Kashmir state. They were officered and manned entirely by Kashmiri Dogra subjects and supported by the Kashmir Durbar, and two British officers, with Mountain Battery experience, were appointed to act as "Inspecting Officers," to keep an eye on their general training. One of the batteries was stationed in the vale of Kashmir, and the other in the Gilgit district, away to the north-west near the borders of Afghanistan and Chinese Turkestan. To my great joy I was assigned to this latter post, and I spent the next three years in those wild and remote regions. It was an ideal job for an active young man, fond of sport. The battery was most admirably run by its own officers. Their internal discipline and economy were entirely their own affair, and all I had to do was to see that in technical matters of drill, shooting, and so on, they were correct and up to date.

This was a light and pleasant duty, and I had plenty of spare time to shoot, and travel about, in this fascinating corner of the Indian Empire. I had a good excuse for this, as, besides the battery, I was in charge of certain small guns in various forts scattered about the district, which I used to inspect and fire off every year; and on my round I visited Chilas and remote spots on the road to Chitral, and northwards as far as the little states of Hunza and Nagar on the road leading up to the Pamirs. One year I was sent to meet a party of Russians, who were supposed to be coming into India from the Pamirs, and I shot several fine specimens of "ovis Poli" up there. And there were always markhor,
ibex, and bears, and small game to be had. We used, besides, to play polo in the native fashion, with the hill-men on their own ground. These grounds, owing to the mountainous nature of the country, consist of long narrow shelves cut along the hill-side with a steep bank as a boundary on one side, and a stone wall on the other.

All this suited me very well, and in my leisure time I worked hard for the Staff College examination, studied Russian, and read up Central Asian history. I used also to write pretty regularly for the Civil and Military Gazette of Lahore, Kipling's old paper, on a variety of Indian and frontier and miscellaneous subjects.

It was a solitary life, and one had to learn to be self-supporting on one's own mental resources. My summer quarters were in a valley above Astor, where it was cool and pleasant, with good grazing for the mules. Here one of my predecessors had built himself a small two-roomed mud-walled bungalow, which was my abode for 5 or 6 months every year. There was a tiny native village nearby, and not another soul (except, of course, the officers and men of the battery) in the place, and the only other white men I ever saw were the occasional travellers or sportsmen, who might happen to come along from time to time. I was perfectly happy, however, with the battery to look after, some shooting, and plenty of books. I read military history and strategy and worked hard at my Russian and other languages. And once a year I used to dash off on a few weeks' leave across the passes to India, and so up to Simla to renew my contacts with the outer world, and to urge the authorities at Headquarters to take some action regarding Tibet, a matter which was always in my mind.

Lord Curzon was now the Viceroy, and I had several interviews with him, and with his Private Secretary, Sir Walter Lawrence, about Tibetan affairs, in which Lord Curzon was himself deeply interested. For a good many years there had been friction and minor frontier incidents on the Sikkim-Tibet border, which were vexatious, without being really serious, but the matter assumed a different complexion when it was discovered that the Dalai Lama (the same Lama who died some seven years ago, and who was at
that time a young man in the early twenties) had been communicating with the Czar, through the medium of his *fidus Achates*, Dorjieff, a Buriat monk, residing at Lhasa.

Dorjieff was a Russian subject, and was able to pass to and fro between Lhasa and St. Petersburg or Moscow quite freely (on one occasion he had the cheek to travel *via* Nepal and India, as I happened to find out), and in view of his origin he was naturally anxious to make a *rapprochement* between Tibet and Russia. Now although the nearest Russian territory was several hundreds of miles from Lhasa, and separated from it by uninhabited plateaux and deserts and mountain chains, there was, nevertheless, the possibility of the establishment of a Russian Agency at Lhasa, and the intrigues and disturbance which this might occasion to India. India had suffered long enough from the threat of the Russian bogey in the north-west, and no one wanted the same story to be repeated in Tibet. Lord Curzon had realised all this, and made several attempts to communicate with the Dalai Lama, but the latter refused to accept his letters, or to enter into any negotiations with the Indian Government.

All this interested me intensely, and as I had studied the subject pretty thoroughly, Lord Curzon was ready to hear what I had to suggest. These were my first meetings with this extraordinary man, and he made a great impression on me. I had already read his various books of travel, his monumental work on Persia, his brilliant monograph on the sources of the Oxus, etc., and had conceived a great admiration, not only for his intellect, but for his thoroughness and infinite capacity for taking pains. Later on I worked for some months at different times in the Secretariat of the Indian Foreign Department, and was able to get some idea of what his output amounted to from day to day. Any subject which he took up (and there were few aspects of the Indian administration which escaped him), he treated with the same exhaustive care. He would take some old file on a contentious subject, which had been circulating for years through the various departments of Government, and accumulating an even larger collection of notes and memoranda on the way, and would dive down to the bottom of it, get right to the root
of the matter, and then summarise the whole question in a lucid and brilliantly written thesis of his own, which brushed away all the side issues, and verbiage, and constituted the basis for conclusive action. It was an education in itself to read these notes of his, and to mark the logic, and the clarity of his mind. It was the same whether the subject matter was one of vital administrative importance (such as Land Revenue, for instance), or the preservation of ancient monuments, or the case of some individual with a grievance. The same force and sound commonsense pervaded them all. And among other things, he made sweeping changes in the conduct of business in the secretariat offices in one of the most devastatingly critical notes probably ever written.

His chief scorn was poured on slipshod, inaccurate or superficial work. He was meticulous in the matter of spelling, and correct English, as we very soon learned from his red-ink marginal remarks on our notes in the files. And I recollect one priceless remark in the preface of his book on Persia, where, in referring to the omission of the names of certain authors from the bibliography at the end of his book, he concludes: "Nor would I waste one drop of ink in rescuing such from a salutary oblivion." Serve them right, one thought, that's the stuff to give them! And his speeches are packed with verbal gems, like "to build a golden bridge between east and west, which even the roaring floods of time shall never sweep away," or when he said, when speaking to the planters in Assam, that non-official people must often resent what appears to them as a "malevolent bureaucratic streak" in officialdom. (I love Disraelian verbiage of this kind. Mr. Winston Churchill has given us several good examples. We all know his polysyllabic definition of a lie, but I think that the one I like best is his description of some B.B.C. pronouncements as: "Anonymous pontifical mugwumpery ".)

It is an excellent training for a young man to work under a chief like that, and as long as one did one's job properly, he was, as I found, considerate and appreciative.

These little jaunts up to Simla made a pleasant change in the monotony of my life in my monastic cell away up in the Gilgit mountains, but I was always quite pleased to return there, and to my books and studies, and the healthy open-air
life, where one played polo with the villagers, football with
the men of the battery, and roamed the hill-sides in search of
bear or other game. In fact, I discovered how exceedingly
well one can get along with no other society than one’s own,
provided one has plenty of books and some object in view
to work for. And also how much one appreciates meeting
one’s fellow mortals again after such spells of solitude.

I had been living this quiet life for some three years, when
the great Durbar at Delhi to celebrate the accession of King
Edward VII, was fixed for December 1902. Large scale
Army Manœuvres were to precede the Durbar, and General
Woolfe-Murray, who was to command the 1st Division,
invited me to join his staff for the period of the manœuvres.
I accordingly proceeded to Rawalpindi, and thence to head-
quart ers at Umballa as quickly as I could, accompanied
by my little Gilgit Shikari, as an orderly, and with a couple
of the local ponies as chargers. We were the attacking force,
and advanced on Delhi, driving the southern force before us,
and after our victory we all went into camp in the neighbour-
hood of the city. It was a regular Punjab cold weather,
lovely bright sun all day, but bitterly cold at night.

There is no need for me to try to describe the Durbar,
and its attendant ceremonies. Needless to say that under
Lord Curzon’s auspices everything was done in the most
magnificent style, and it has all passed into history. What
interested me most, from my own point of view, was to find
out what was being proposed about Tibet. My friend, Mr.
White of Sikkim, was camped nearby with the young Maharaja
and his picturesque entourage of Lepchas, and I learnt from
him that some action would certainly be taken before long.
My request for employment in the event of a Mission being
sent into the country was favourably received by the Foreign
Secretary, Mr. (now Sir) Louis Dane, and the consent of the
military authorities to my employment on special duty of a
political nature was duly accorded. It was while this was
being arranged that I was first introduced to Lord Kitchener,
who had just arrived in India as Commander-in-Chief, and
who was from the first much interested in all frontier and
trans-frontier affairs. I was taken to see him one day, and
he asked me a few questions about Tibet, and the Tibetan
frontier, and told me that he had approved of my being seconded on special duty under the Foreign Department.

He was by far the most impressive personage I had ever, or have ever, seen. But imposing and grim as he appeared, he could be most human and charming when he chose. I used to see him frequently a couple of years later, when I came down from Tibet with the Tashi Lama, and had many long talks with him about all that part of the frontier, and its problems and people.

On this occasion, however, it was merely a matter of his wishing to meet a young officer who was about to be placed on special duty with a civil department, and I went off very pleased at his approval of the appointment. The great Durbar moved majestically through its allotted course, and passed into history as one of the most gorgeous pageants of all time. The Captains and the Kings duly departed, and I was left to turn my steps back again to the romantic and lovely frontier which I had always, from my first view of it, hankered after. First I parted with my little Gilgit hunter, who went off sadly enough. We had spent many days and many nights on the hill-side together, and had shared the triumphs and the disappointments of mountain shooting—the agony of a miss, and the joy of securing a really good head after perhaps days of patient stalking and climbing (I once spent a whole month in a nullah near Bunji in pursuit of a particularly wily old markhor, and only succeeded in outwitting him on the 30th day)—off went little Rahmat, with the ponies, back to his native hills, whilst I took the train to Calcutta and so to the cool breezes and mountain masses of Darjeeling.

I had now been in India for some eight years, and had been lucky enough to get to know pretty well the whole of the northern and north-western frontiers, and had added to my own experiences by reading and by meeting the men on the spot, both British and Indian. It was a most fascinating and engrossing study, and almost from the day when I first landed in India I had thrown myself into it con amore, and had worked at the different languages which one comes across on these frontiers, sufficiently to get, at any rate, a reasonably good colloquial knowledge of them, which seemed to me all
that was necessary for practical purposes. I had passed examinations in Hindustani, Tibetan, Nepalese, Pushtu, and Persian, besides a qualifying examination in Russian. I never was, or professed to be, much of a scholar. All I wanted to be able to do was to pass the time of day and have a chat with the people I met, and in this I succeeded pretty well, and all these languages stood me in good stead, as time passed on, especially Tibetan and Persian. My little shooting expeditions, too, had the double use of taking me into wild and unfrequented parts of the country, and also of helping me to get into touch with simple primitive people.

It was a grand life for an active young man, and I certainly enjoyed it.
By the end of January 1903 I was back in Darjeeling, and spent the next four to five months hard at work preparing the ground for the Mission to Tibet which now appeared inevitable.

It was a most congenial task. I had already made myself thoroughly acquainted with the geography of the little State of Sikkim through which lay our only road of approach to Tibet. This section of the Himalayas consists of three States, Nepal, Sikkim, and Bhutan (from west to east). Nepal and Bhutan are both independent countries through which we had no right of way, but Sikkim is a protected State under the Indian Government, and here, with the approval of the Maharaja, we were free to make our arrangements. It is a small country, only some eighty miles from north to south, by some fifty miles in width, and its northern boundary is the crest line of the Himalayas. Beyond lies the great Tibetan plateau. On the eastern side is the Chumbi valley, a portion of Tibet which extends southwards like a wedge into the southern slopes of the Himalayas.

Communications through Sikkim, though greatly improved under the régime of Mr. Claude White, the Political Agent, were still primitive, and consisted chiefly of narrow tracks used by coolies and pack-animals, but impracticable for wheeled vehicles. So work was at once set in progress to extend the cart-tracks as far as time would allow, and by the time the Mission started there was a perfectly good cart road extending up to Gangtok, the capital of Sikkim, and other roads elsewhere were re-aligned and generally improved.

This, however, was more or less mechanical work, the job of an engineer like Mr. White, and my time was chiefly occupied, first in improving my knowledge of the Tibetan language, and secondly in finding out all I could about the
internal affairs of Tibet—its system of government, political parties, leading men, etc., etc.

I realised that when the Mission began one of the chief difficulties would be in the matter of adequate interpreters between the Tibetans and ourselves. The only people at all qualified for such work at that time were some of the native clerks employed in Darjeeling and Sikkim who belonged to the semi-Tibetan races found on our side of the Himalayas, and who spoke a dialect of Tibetan, good enough for practical purposes, but not by any means up to the standard of the classical language spoken at Lhasa, and who had been taught English in the local schools. But with the exception of Mr. (now Sir Charles) Bell of the I.C.S. and some local Missionaries, there was no Englishman who had any real knowledge of the language. My studies up to date had given me a fairly fluent command of the everyday speech used for travelling and so on, but I realised that when it came to diplomatic discussion with high officials of the Tibetan Government something very much better than this would be required; and as the ordinary bazaar coolie was clearly useless for such a purpose, I hunted around to try to find a really competent teacher and informant. Luckily the ideal man for the job arrived in Darjeeling just about that time. This was a Tibetan monk, a Lama, who had held various important posts in Tibet, and had had to flee the country for political reasons. He was a middle-aged man, thoroughly grounded in all Tibetan ecclesiastical lore, and, what was even more important, from my point of view, he was possessed of an intimate knowledge of up-to-date political questions and of all the leading personalities of the country.

Shab-dung Lama (as he was called) and I soon became firm friends, and we spent hours together every day talking about Tibet and (in my case) wrestling with the language. And I certainly found it a very tough proposition. Like Chinese, it is monosyllabic, but many words are made up of two or three monosyllables tacked on to one another; and the same monosyllable may mean quite a number of different things according to how it is pronounced. It is not exactly a question of "tone" as in Chinese, where one gets a sort of sing-song (this is not intended to be a scientific linguistical
thesis), but rather a matter of emphasis, and in some cases the use of an aspirated consonant. One finds the same difficulty in some Hindustani and Persian words. For instance, the Tibetan "ka" and "kha" have for the natives quite distinctive sounds, but I am bound to confess that up to the very last I was never quite sure which was which. "But it is quite easy," my teacher used to say, "'ka' means so-and-so, 'kha' so-and-so". But to me it was not easy; and although one overcame the difficulty to a great extent by knowing from the context of the sentence what a word must mean, I never really grasped these nuances. I once rather confounded even my teacher and his friends by writing down in Tibetan a sentence consisting of thirteen words all sounding to me like "ta," (they were all spelt differently), and asking one of them to read it out. They laughed, and were bound to confess that it really was a bit difficult to understand what it meant. However, all languages have their own peculiar difficulties and one has to make the best of it.

So we worked away hard, and besides learning the language I learned a good deal about Tibet which had never been brought to light before—their intricate system of government, with their various officials, monk and lay, and their grades and insignia of rank; about the Inner Cabinet and their Great Assembly, or National Council, only summoned in times of national emergency; the power and prerogatives of the Dalai Lama and of the Tashi Lama; the immense influence in both internal and external affairs of the Church and especially of the three great monasteries at Lhasa. Then there were the hereditary nobility with their country seats and their political patronage, and the various grades of society down to the peasants who were virtually serfs.

As to the writing, Tibetan, fortunately, is not written in ideograms like Chinese, where there are literally thousands of apparently arbitrary and often very complicated little figures representing words, but has a comparatively simple alphabet of thirty letters, derived originally from Sanskrit. These were easy enough to learn, but the spelling is almost incredibly complicated. For instance, the word written "DBUS" is pronounced U (like the French U), or BYED equals "CHE,"
etc., so that a mere transliteration of most Tibetan words gives no idea of the pronunciation. This is very inconvenient in many practical ways, as, for instance, when getting the names of places correct for a map, and I spent some time making out a simple system of transcription so as to give the nearest possible equivalent in English pronunciation of words written in Tibetan. It is not, of course, a scientific method, but it answers all practical purposes, and has been generally adopted.

Meanwhile, the situation was developing. Lord Curzon had succeeded in securing the rather reluctant consent of H.M.G. to the dispatch of a Mission to Tibet, with the proviso that it was not to go further than the nearest inhabited place to the British border, where it should invite Tibetan representatives to meet it and to discuss matters; and on this Lord Curzon appointed Major Francis Younghusband of the Indian Foreign Department to be the British Commissioner. He was already well-known as a distinguished Asiatic traveller and as the author of that fine work The Heart of a Continent.

He arrived on the scene shortly afterwards, and I first made the acquaintance of a man whom I have since come to know so well. He is now so well known that I need not say much about him, but I knew, from the moment I set eyes on him, that he was a man whom one could trust implicitly and follow with confidence. He is one of the few specimens of the typical "strong silent man" whom I have ever met (Lord Kitchener was another). Very quiet, very laconic, sturdily built, with aquiline features and bushy eyebrows, he is at once a philosopher and a man of action, and completely imperturbable. He is an ideal leader of men and no better choice could have been made.

As his Assistants, he had Mr. Claude White, an experienced frontier officer, Mr. Walsh of the Bengal C.S., Mr. E. C. (now Sir Ernest) Wilton of the Chinese Customs Service, as Chinese interpreter, and myself as Secretary to the Mission and Tibetan interpreter.

The Mission to Lhasa has been so often and so well described that I do not propose to recount it now in any detail, but will confine myself to a general outline of main
events and fuller particulars of our more exciting adventures and of the personalities with whom we had to deal.

In accordance with the Government’s instructions, we fixed on a small Tibetan village named Kamba Jong, which lay a few miles beyond the northern frontier of Sikkim on the Tibetan plateau, as our first objective, and in the month of June the Mission, with a small escort of the 23rd Sikh Pioneers, made its way up the valley of the Teesta river, crossed the frontier by an easy pass and went into camp at the foot of the fort of "Jong," the headquarters of the local Tibetan district magistrate, and here we spent some three months, trying to induce the Tibetan Government to send some responsible delegates to discuss with us the various points at issue and to arrive at a satisfactory settlement of our differences. But, from the first, they proved themselves very difficult and obstructive. The local authorities were terrified at our being there at all, in their "forbidden land," and certain delegates sent from Lhasa had no authority to negotiate with us, and confined themselves to urging us over and over again to return at once across our own frontiers.

But although this first approach proved of no use from the diplomatic point of view, it was a most interesting and, in many ways, delightful experience. The mere fact of being in Tibet at all was thrilling, and it was the first chance any Europeans had had for over a century, for getting into close touch with Tibetans and of seeing them and talking to them in their everyday life.

The Lhasa officials themselves remained aloof and unapproachable, but we had two charming visitors to our camp with whom we soon got on very friendly terms. These were two delegates sent to us by the second of the two great Incarnate Lamas of Tibet, the Tashi Lama, as we call him, from his headquarters at Shigatse, a town some one hundred and fifty miles to the north. They were, as is usual in Tibet, a priest and a layman. The priest, holding the rank of abbot, was a stout, comfortable, genial person, fond of good living and very interested to hear about the outer world. His companion, the layman, was a big bluff, jovial fellow, much what one might imagine "Simon the Cellarer" to have been, with a deep, hearty laugh, and a fund of good stories. The Tashi
Lama himself and his entourage were always much more approachable and tolerant than were the Lhasa people, and we saw quite a lot of these two. We visited them and drank buttered tea in their tent, and they in turn came and lunched with us and listened to the gramophone, and so on. It was a grand opportunity for me to practise my Tibetan, and with the help of my Lama we discussed all sorts of things and learned a lot about the inner workings of Tibet and the mentality and characteristics of its people.

What I always found so intensely interesting in my intercourse with the Tibetans was the fact that we were dealing with a highly intelligent and cultured people (I am speaking of course of the upper, educated classes, whether lay or clerical), but people whose culture was what might be described as mediæval. As far as their intelligence was concerned, they were in no way inferior to the representatives of any nation, European or otherwise—just as quick and as clever and as discerning. It was merely in respect to actual modern knowledge that we found that we were dealing with people who had been brought up and who lived in a different era—just as one might feel if one were suddenly confronted with some mediæval statesman or prelate. Modern science and modern history (except for some more or less garbled versions of recent events derived mostly from Chinese sources) meant nothing to them, and their ideas of cosmology were based on the old Hindu myths and scriptures. I gather that even now, generally speaking, the mass of the people is still in very much the same position, owing chiefly to the obscurantism of the Church, which seems to be animated by sentiments towards science and general enlightenment similar to those which have characterised other churches during the course of history.

Our escort of the 23rd Sikhs included a small batch of Mounted Infantry mounted on small hill-ponies, commanded by Captain Ottley, with Lieutenant F. M. Bailey as his second-in-command. Ottley was a dashing and courageous officer and won a brevet later on. Bailey, then a youth of twenty-one or twenty-two, started (after strong pressure from me) to learn Tibetan here, and later joined the Political Department and served for years on this frontier, finishing
up as British Envoy in Nepal. He has had a most remarkable career, for besides all his excellent political work, he is an explorer, a botanist and naturalist, and had some amazing adventures during the great war among the Bolsheviks in Central Asia. But I believe that he is now writing his own reminiscences, and will, I hope, tell the world about it all himself.

Mr. Wilton, of the Chinese Customs Service, too, joined us here, and remained with the Mission throughout. A brilliant Chinese scholar, he was invaluable later on when we came into contact with Chinese officials at Gyantse and Lhasa.

Three months of perfect weather soon slipped away at Kamba Jong, and we seemed no nearer our objective than when we started, so the Government now decided that a further advance into the country must be made in order to impress on the Tibetans that they would have to take us more seriously.

This meant enlarging the scope of the Mission very considerably, and providing it with an escort big enough to cope with possible opposition. Brigadier-General J. R. L. Macdonald was appointed to command the escort, and I was summoned to Darjeeling to help him in any way I could on the military problems now arising. I had already drawn up two alternative "plans of campaign" for operations into Tibet—one route being to the north via Kamba Jong, and the other to the north-east of Sikkim through the Chumbi valley. For the enlarged force the latter was clearly the better route, and so it was decided. During the next few weeks we were all busy making arrangements for the coming advance.

We moved up into the Chumbi valley over a 14,000-foot pass early in December, and Colonel Younghusband, with the staff of the Mission and a small escort, proceeded up the valley and across the Tang La pass (16,000 feet) on to the Tibetan plateau, and took up his winter quarters at a dreary, dirty little Tibetan village called Tuna, and here we spent the next three months, on this bleak open plain, in extreme cold and discomfort. The General, with the bulk of the troops, remained in the Chumbi valley, and he
had a stiff job in keeping his force rationed and supplied over the snow-covered passes leading into Sikkim.

There was a Tibetan force encamped some seven or eight miles beyond Tuna, and one morning the Commissioner announced to me his intention of proceeding there himself unescorted, with the object of having a heart-to-heart talk with their leaders in order to try to induce them to listen to reason, and to make some effort to come to an arrangement with us about the matters in dispute, rather than to risk hostilities which nobody wanted and which must end disastrously for them. He said he would like me to accompany him, and he took one other young officer, Lieutenant Sawyer of the 23rd Sikh Pioneers, who begged to be allowed to come along too for the sake of the adventure.

So after breakfast the three of us rode off northwards across the plain, and soon came in sight of the Tibetan encampment. Mounted men rode out to see who we were, and I explained the situation and said we wished to meet their commander. They conducted us into the camp, and we rode along among the throng of curious soldiers and camp followers into the house where their General had his headquarters. Here we were ushered in, and received by a committee of generals and lay and clerical commissioners from the Lhasa Government. Prominent among the latter were the Abbots of the three big Lhasa monasteries—stern, fanatical-looking monks, evidently wielding great authority and influence.

We all squatted down on cushions in the Tibetan manner, and a long conference ensued. After the usual greetings, and buttered tea, Colonel Younghusband explained the object of his visit, which, he told them, was undertaken on his own sole responsibility as an informal, friendly gesture to try to explain to them our point of view, in the hope that they, in their turn, would explain it to the Dalai Lama and arrive at some mutually satisfactory settlement.

I had not dared to bring my own Lama with me as I knew the Tibetan Government wanted to get hold of him and he would have had short shrift in their hands, and this was the first time I had had to conduct a long diplomatic discussion with Tibetans entirely on my own; but all my practice at
Kamba Jong stood me now in good stead and I was able to convey Colonel Younghusband's message to the delegates.

Their reply and general attitude were most uncompromising. The Abbots did most of the talking and made it quite clear that their orders were to have nothing to do with us as long as we remained in Tibetan territory. "Go back to your own country," they said in substance "and then we may discuss matters with you".

Patiently Colonel Younghusband explained that this was the very thing he could not do. We had been trying for some years to get our differences arranged from the other side of the frontier without avail and now our Government had told us to come into Tibet to insist on a settlement.

By this time the atmosphere was getting a bit strained. The Abbots who were a truculent, hard-bitten lot, were openly threatening in their manner. I personally expected every moment that they would arrest us, and it certainly would have been a very embarrassing state of affairs for the British Government and everyone concerned if they had done so. However, Colonel Younghusband sat like a graven image, and with perfect calm and courtesy said that he was pleased to have met them and would convey their views to his own Government; and with that we rose, said "good-bye," mounted our ponies and rode slowly out through the throngs of wild-looking Tibetan soldiers and so across the plain, back to our own camp.

This effort, unfortunately, failed to produce any effect on the Tibetans, and at the end of March the General marched up with his troops, and we started off again to the north, further into the forbidden land. We had now quite an imposing little army, including some machine-guns and a couple of mountain guns, with Ottley and Bailey scouting ahead with their Sikhs, mounted on their shaggy, diminutive hill-ponies. And last, but not least, the Press was well-represented by Perceval Landon for The Times, Edmond Candler for The Daily Mail, Newman for the Calcutta Statesman, and C. B. Bayley for Reuters.

Our scouts soon brought back word that the Tibetans had built a sort of defence wall across the track a few miles ahead, and were manning this, and also some walls on the hills to the
left of the road, so the General began to deploy his troops for action. Just then we saw a group of mounted men coming out to greet us. These included two of the Tibetan Generals, an Abbot, and one or two other officials. Colonel Younghusband and General Macdonald greeted them, and we all dismounted and sat in a circle on the ground for a final "pow-wow," myself interpreting as usual. It was much the same old story all over again. They would not discuss anything with us as long as we remained on Tibetan soil, and they had orders to stop us if we advanced. We could only say that our orders were equally definite and that we intended to go on, resistance or no resistance, whereupon the Tibetans rode back to their troops.

The situation which followed was probably unique in the annals of war. The bulk of the Tibetan troops were huddled in a mass behind their wretched little wall, with our troops deployed on the plain and outflanking them completely on the right. On the left flank our sepoys climbed right up to the breastworks on the hill, and quietly disarmed and turned out the Tibetans without resistance. The wall across the road was only some thirty to forty yards long, running from the foot of the hill on the left to a small ruined house on the right. Strict orders were given to our men not to fire first, and so they advanced right up to the wall face to face with the huddled mass of armed Tibetans on the other side. It appeared to be a complete and rather ridiculous impasse. Colonel Younghusband and General Macdonald also rode up to the ruined house, where they dismounted and debated what to do.

We then found that the chief Tibetan General had come over to our side of the wall with a group of his men, and General Macdonald told me to go and reason with him, explaining that we intended to continue our advance, and that if he did not remove his men we should proceed to disarm them. So I rode up to where he was sitting on the ground, and dismounted, and gave him the message. The poor man was evidently "between the devil and the deep sea"—our troops all round him and the terror of the Lhasa Government behind. He was at the end of his tether. He was sulky, and took no notice of what I said—just sat there and muttered.
So orders were given to our men to disarm the Tibetans. Several burly Sikhs at once seized hold of the Tibetan soldiers’ old blunderbusses and swords, and at that moment the Tibetan General jumped up, drew a pistol, and shot a Sikh in the jaw.

This shot let loose pandemonium. Shooting began on both sides, and the Tibetans on our side of the wall drew their swords and started slashing at everyone within reach. Several of the sepoys got sword cuts, and Candler of the Daily Mail, and Lieutenant Wallace Dunlop of the 23rd Sikhs were badly cut in their hands. The Tibetan General and his guard were killed, and the rest of the disorderly crew broke and fled along the track leading north. It was all over in a few minutes.

I was standing by the Tibetan General just as the row began, and feeling that it was no place for me I jumped on to my pony and rode back to where Colonel Younghusband and General Macdonald were standing by the ruin a few yards away. From here we watched the whole pitiful business.

Our troops lined up to the wall and fired at the Tibetans as they ran, aided also by the troops deployed on both flanks, until they disappeared from view behind the next ridge, leaving their dead and wounded strewn behind them.

It was a miserable affair. None of us wanted to have to fight this undisciplined mob of poorly-armed peasants; but the situation was none of our making. It was the inevitable outcome of years of intransigence on the part of the Tibetan Government and innumerable provocations—including an armed invasion of Sikkim by the Tibetans some sixteen years before. And Colonel Younghusband had done everything that was humanly possible, and indeed, as in the instance related above, more than perhaps was strictly advisable, to reason with them and to avert just such a calamity.

Everything possible was done for the wounded. They were collected and carried back to our camp at Tuna and treated with every care by our Medical Officers, to their intense surprise and often embarrassing gratitude.

This incident cleared the way to our next objective, the big (for Tibet) town of Gyantse one hundred miles further on, and there the Mission and its armed escort duly advanced with
only a small skirmish or two *en route*. The Tibetans, it seemed, had learnt their lesson, and we occupied the place without resistance, and entered into friendly relations with the local Magistrate, and the Abbot of the big monastery, and other officials.

Gyantse is a quaint, picturesque place, typically Tibetan. The town nestles under a steep, rocky hill, with a strongly built stone fort on top, and defended by a series of walls and parapets, much in the same style as the Kamba Jong fort. And on the north side is situated one of those huge monasteries for which Tibet is famous—a series of temples and barrack-like structures all enclosed by a high wall—another fortress in itself.

The Mission settled down in quite comfortable quarters in a big Tibetan country house, about 1,200 yards south of the Jong, and as the countryside seemed quiet and peaceful, and the attitude of the local authorities friendly, General Macdonald decided to withdraw the bulk of his troops to Chumbi where supplies were more easily procurable, leaving only a small garrison at Gyantse as guard and escort for the Mission. A field-telegraph line had been erected, connecting Gyantse with Chumbi and so with India, and so we were in touch with the outer world, and mounted men distributed along the road brought us in our post daily.

The next few weeks passed peacefully away. The weather was now perfect, bright and sunny, practically no rain, cool at night, and the officials and country people quite friendly. Diplomatically not much was doing. We kept in touch with the Tibetan Government as far as was possible, and certain emissaries came to see us from time to time, but they appeared to be as difficult and intransigent as ever, and no progress was made towards a settlement.

H.M.G. had always been very averse from the idea of our going on to Lhasa. The distance was considerable, and the country was difficult and mountainous, involving the crossing of two high passes and of the great Tsang-Po river (the upper reaches of the Brahmaputra), and they were naturally nervous for the safety of our little force on such a hazardous enterprise. So we passed the time as best we could, and continued to urge upon the Lhasa Government the desira-
bility of sending fully-powered representatives to treat with us.

Unsatisfactory as the situation was from the official point of view, it gave me an ideal opportunity of exploring the country round about and of learning all I could of Tibetan life and people. So hardly a day passed that I did not sally forth to visit some monastery (there are monasteries big and small scattered everywhere all over Tibet) or country house or village. In these little expeditions Mr. Perceval Landon was my constant companion. He was the ideal correspondent, full of curiosity and interest about everything he saw and heard, and always anxious for fresh information. On his return to London later on from Lhasa he produced his story of the Mission in two volumes, in which he embodied a great deal of information which we acquired on these trips, together with his own sketches and photographs.

This interlude, however, proved to be only a lull before the storm. Rumours began to reach us that activities of a military nature were proceeding at Lhasa, and shortly after our scouts informed us that a force of about fifteen hundred men was in occupation of a pass (the Karo La) some forty to fifty miles away on the main road to Lhasa.

The events of the next few days were rather dramatic. The total garrison left to defend the Gyantse post was some five hundred men with a couple of miserable little seven-pounder mountain guns, a couple of machine guns, and our handful of gallant mounted infantry—not an excessive force to defend a post lying one hundred miles beyond the Himalayas and dominated by an impressive fortress within easy rifle-range. However, Colonel Brander of the 32nd Sikh Pioneers, who was in command of the post, did not like the idea of this Tibetan force lying on his flank, and after consultation with Colonel Younghusband he decided to take out a small column to attack and disperse it. So on the 3rd of May off he set himself at the head of some three hundred men with the two guns, leaving a couple of hundred or so (some of them invalids) to guard the Commissioner and the post. Landon and I, glad of the chance of a little adventure, went along too, and after a three days' march we got in touch with the Tibetans occupying the pass.
They held a very strong position. They had built a loop-holed wall, seven foot high, of heavy stones across the valley in a narrow ravine flanked with almost precipitous cliffs on either side, and in addition they had built small stone defence-walls on the hill-sides above.

We camped some three or four miles from the wall at a height of about 16,000 feet, and it was decided to attack the following morning.

Just before dawn a fresh complication occurred. A mounted messenger arrived post-haste from Gyantse, bringing two messages to Colonel Brander—one, a telegram from General Macdonald from Chumbi to say that he disapproved of the whole proceeding, and that unless actually engaged with the enemy Colonel Brander was to march his column back to Gyantse at once. The other, from Colonel Younghusband, saying first that he accepted full responsibility for Colonel Brander's enterprise, which he was on no account to abandon, and adding, in a P.S., the alarming news that the Gyantse post had been attacked just before dawn the previous day by a large body of Tibetans, and although taken by surprise they had succeeded in beating off the enemy who had now occupied the Jong in force.

Colonel Brander did not hesitate. To have withdrawn now, in the face of the enemy, would have been fatal, and in spite of all the obvious risks of the situation, he decided to attack at once.

The action which followed, although almost ludicrously petty and insignificant in comparison with greater fights, was dramatic in its setting and circumstances—the altitude, the towering mountains and great glaciers which hemmed us in, the remoteness from our base and support of any kind, and the disparity of our tiny column to the Tibetan force. At first an impasse arose. A frontal attack, made by a handful of Sikhs, was checked by fire from the wall, and the leading British Officer, Captain Bethune, of the 32nd Sikh Pioneers, was shot dead. Later, two parties, one of Ghurkas under a British Officer and one of Sikhs under a Subedar, scaled the hills to either side, and operating at a height of over 18,000 feet cleared the defenders out of the flanking breastworks. On this, the whole Tibetan force, seeing their flanks in danger,
broke and fled pell-mell down the valley, hotly pursued by the mounted infantry.

So ended a very gallant and a very risky little affair. Early next morning the column set out on its return to Gyantse. Landon and I, under the escort of Captain Ottley and a dozen or so of his redoubtable Mounted Infantry, rode right through to the post, anxious to find out exactly what had happened and what was the present situation. We arrived long after dark and brought the good news of our success to the garrison. They, too, had had a narrow squeak. The Tibetans were right up to the wall of the post before they were detected and in another minute would have been inside, when, no doubt, most if not all of the defenders would have been massacred. However, there was just time to man the ramparts, everyone in the place, including the Commissioner and his Bengali clerk, firing off any weapons they could lay their hands on, and as day broke the danger was over and the Tibetans fled in all directions, leaving a considerable number of dead and wounded behind them.

They then occupied the Jong in strength, and were busy repairing its defences and firing at our post.

From this date, the 6th May, until we were relieved by the arrival of General Macdonald with fresh troops on the 26th June, we were in a state of semi-siege; that is to say, the Tibetans occupied the Jong and some other houses in the vicinity and kept up a pretty regular fire at us every day, and at intervals during the night. But for some extraordinary reason they never severed our long line of communication with Chumbi as they might easily have done at any time. The telegraph line, even, was never cut, and our post was brought in daily by relays of mounted men. We had plenty of food, our water supply was secure, and although it was a nuisance being constantly under fire, the Tibetans' weapons were not the kind to do us any serious damage. And as we knew that we should be relieved in due course, we really had not much to worry about.

But once or twice, when the enemy shewed signs of being a bit more enterprising than usual, we had to take counter measures.

First, a house about half-way between us and the Jong was
occupied by the Tibetans and had to be captured. A night attack was made, the door blown open with gun-cotton, and the place stormed by the Ghurkas with small loss, and from that time on it remained in our possession.

A few days later, similar action had to be taken against another group of houses called Pa-Lha, some twelve hundred yards away to the north-east, which was held by the Tibetans and from which they kept us under fire. The plan was for the assaulting column to move out by a circuitous route during the night and take up its position on the other side of the village. Then, just before daybreak, four "explosion" parties, each consisting of one British officer and four men of the Madras Sappers and Miners, were to make their way into the village and blow breaches in two of the larger houses, and on the sound of the explosion the rest of the column were to rush in and capture the place.

Captain Sheppard, R.E. (now Major-General S. H. Sheppard, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.) who had only arrived at Gyantse the day before, was put in charge of these parties. He was an old friend of mine from Woolwich days, and as we were rather short of officers, I asked, and was given permission to accompany him in charge of one of the explosion parties. The other two officers were Lieutenants Walker, R.E., and Garstin, R.E.

Sheppard, who had already had a good deal of experience of this sort of thing on the North-West Frontier, was a believer in using good strong charges. As he said to me, while we were making our preparations, "If you are going to blow anything up, it's much better to err on the side of using too much explosive rather than too little." So it was decided that each charge was to consist, not of the usual little slabs of gun-cotton, but of whole boxes, containing some thirty pounds each, enough to shake the foundations of the Great Pyramid! It was all very exciting.

The little column crept out silently in pitch darkness, and made its way without incident to the appointed spot, and then our small groups stole quietly up to the village. Just as we reached it, the Tibetans seemed to have had wind that something was up, for they began shouting and talking. According to our pre-arranged plan Sheppard and Walker now moved to
the two houses which we had decided to tackle first, each accompanied by four men carrying the explosives. Just as Sheppard neared his objective, three Tibetans ran out of the opposite house. Sheppard shot two of them with his revolver, and the third ran back into the house he had come from, leaving the door open behind him. Sheppard then placed his box of gun-cotton, lighted the fuse, and returned to where the rest of us were waiting. Walker joined us, and a few seconds later the two explosions followed.

By this time it was beginning to get light, and the houses were packed with men on the flat parapeted roofs, all seething with excitement and shooting and throwing stones at us. We stood huddled together under the wall, waiting for the assaulting troops to rush up and storm the village.

But no one came! It was rather an awkward situation for us, and Sheppard decided that the only thing to do was to try to get possession of the smaller of the two houses, whose door had been left open, and he told me to go in and try to blow up the roof. I ran across the few yards of open ground to the house, followed by two Sappers, with my box of gun-cotton and entered the house by the open door. The ground floor was dark and empty. All the defenders were collected on the roof. There was a steep ladder leading up to a sort of trap-door on the first floor, so I climbed up this and found another empty room, the two Sappers following. We could hear the Tibetans rushing about and shouting and firing on the roof, but they did not seem to spot us. So I placed the box of gun-cotton in a corner touching two walls, where it was calculated to do the most damage, lit the short fuse, told the Sappers to bolt, and started to follow them down the ladder.

The man in front of me was carrying a rifle with a fixed bayonet, and halfway down the ladder he got it well and truly wedged across the narrow ladder. The fuse (a matter of seconds) was burning merrily some two or three yards behind me. I have had a pain in the small of my back ever since! I gave the man a good shove, the bayonet became dislodged, and we fell in a heap at the bottom of the ladder, just as the explosion occurred. It made a terrific uproar, and its force went upwards and outwards. We were unhurt
but most of the roof and sides of the house were blown up, together with about fifty of the Tibetans. Sheppard at once dashed in with a few men he had succeeded in collecting, and proceeded to chase the survivors, a few of whom escaped by jumping from the roof.

I then climbed up on to what was left of the roof, and found a scene of complete destruction: tumbled heaps of bricks and plaster and woodwork, intermingled with the corpses and limbs of the late garrison. The house next door, however, was still unsubdued, and its defenders were firing away briskly at anything they could see. It was only about twelve feet away across a narrow lane. I wanted to see what they were up to, so I crawled to the edge and rashly popped my head up, and was immediately bowled over by a lump of lead in the shoulder, fired from a muzzle-loading "jingal," and sent rolling head-over-heels down the slope of the debris.

One's mental reactions in such circumstances are curious, and I distinctly remember, while I was still rolling, wondering whether any bones were broken and throwing out my arms to test it. I was soon satisfied. The bullet had passed through the fleshy part of my upper left arm, and then continued its course under the shoulder-blade till it was stopped by the backbone. A great piece of luck. Not a bone injured, and very little loss of blood. Someone tied it up for me, and there was no severe pain and no more discomfort than from rather a severe bruise.

We learnt just then, however, that poor young Garstin had been shot dead, and Walker badly bruised on the head by a stone.

We learnt afterwards that the assaulting column, instead of rushing up to where we were when they heard the explosion, as they should have done, had started work at the other end of the village, and so left us isolated. They gradually occupied the various houses, and by noon had cleared up the position and arrived at our house. My bullet was cut out by our medical officer, Captain Walton, next day, without any difficulty, and I was out and about again in a few days, none the worse.

If I narrate all these petty little skirmishes and adventures at such length, it is not because I think that they had any
special importance (God knows any of us who have lived through the Great War have learnt what fighting and slaughter really mean and can appreciate the relative significance of various military operations), but merely to try to give some idea of what a small frontier expedition was like in those days, and what a queer kind of a "Mission" the Younghusband Mission to Tibet developed into.

The Commissioner himself had a second experience of a night attack, for a few days later he went off to Chumbi to consult with the G.O.C. about future plans, and the little post where he spent a night *en route* was attacked by the Tibetans in the dark. They were beaten off and pursued, and Colonel Younghusband continued his journey quite unperturbed.

Relief, however, was at hand, and on the 26th June General Macdonald arrived at Gyantse at the head of a strong body of troops, which included the Royal Fusiliers and the 40th Pathans. After a few days spent in the usual futile negotiations, the General ordered an attack to be made on the Jong. This began before daybreak on the 5th July, and by evening the place was in our possession. But it had been a tough proposition, and success was due partly to the fact that the two 10-pounder guns which had now reached us were able to make a breach in one of the outer walls, and partly to the dash and courage of a small party of Ghurkas who, led by Lieutenant J. D. Grant, scaled the almost precipitous cliff and stormed the breach under heavy fire and showers of rocks and stones. It was a most gallant feat, and Lieutenant Grant was afterwards awarded a well-merited V.C.
By this time H.M.G. had bowed to the inevitable, and had at last accorded to us their consent, for which we had been longing for months, to cut out the palaver and proceed straight to Lhasa. Colonel Younghusband and most of us on the Mission Staff had been convinced from the first that this was the only way to bring the Dalai Lama to reason, and secure some kind of a settlement with the Tibetan Government, and we had chafed at the delay, and the futile conversations with a series of delegates who had no power to do anything except to ask us to go back to India. At the same time, we knew very well that H.M.G. were in negotiation with Russia for a general settlement of many vexed questions, and were anxious that nothing should occur in Tibet which might hamper them or raise fresh complications. And besides this, from the military point of view, the despatch of even a small force into the depths of Central Asia, where supplies were scanty, and the physical difficulties formidable, and with a long and vulnerable line of communications, was a very serious and risky operation, not to be lightly undertaken.

However, the die was now cast, and on the 14th July the column started off from Gyantse in high spirits, on the last lap of its adventure. Our way lay through country of weird and majestic beauty—over the Karo La pass, through a defile flanked and over-shadowed by great snow peaks and glaciers, to the shores of that mysterious Yam-Dok lake, whose dotted outline on the map had caught my boyish imagination long ago in my Irish home. It is a wide expanse of the purest turquoise blue, reflecting the serene blue sky above. Then across another steep and rugged pass, and so down to the banks of the great river of Tibet, the Tsang-Po, which, rising near the Mansarowar lakes hundreds of miles to
the west, flows eastwards through Central Tibet, and then turns south through the forest-clad gorges of the Himalayas, and emerges into India as the Brahmaputra. The further we went the more fully we realised how our little column was plunging deeper and deeper into the recesses of Central Asia in search of the hidden city. To despatch and maintain a military expedition, even at Gyantse, 100 miles beyond the Himalayas, was no light task for a military commander. The risks and difficulties increased now with every mile we advanced, and it is no wonder that the responsibility weighed heavily on the General and his Staff. But our instructions were clear, and there could be no halting, or turning back.

The crossing of the river was in itself no inconsiderable operation. The only means of transportation were a couple of flat-bottomed wooden barges, which we captured at the ferry, and on these men, supplies, and animals were gradually carried to the opposite bank. We were still some 50 miles from Lhasa, the route following a tributary of the great river, up a side valley. The track was rough and narrow, and the stream had to be crossed and recrossed many times over.

Then one memorable day we turned a corner, and there in the distance we caught sight of the gilded pinnacles of the Potala, the legendary monastery-palace of the Dalai Lama.

Our march had been, on the whole, uneventful. There was only one feeble attempt at resistance on the Karo La which was brushed aside without difficulty, and some delegates from Lhasa had met us on the shores of the Yam-Dok Tso. We had the usual prolonged and ineffective powwows with them, over three hours at a time on each of two successive days, each delegate reiterating in turn and at great length the same old arguments which had already been worn thread-bare over and over again, and Colonel Younghusband replying to each with his inimitable patience and courtesy. As usual I was the sole medium of interpretation in these conferences, and my diplomatic vocabulary had by now been considerably enlarged and was improving every day. My invaluable Lama used to stand behind me, and if some new phrase or idiom cropped up which I did not know, a whispered word or two from him set me right; and when the formal talk was over we generally had a friendly chat, and the
Commissioner would crack a joke or two—which, by the way, were far more difficult to translate intelligibly than any number of diplomatic phrases.

We camped a mile or two from the city, and here we remained for a few days until the Mission moved into more comfortable quarters. We found them all at sixes and sevens at Lhasa. A day or two before we arrived the Dalai Lama had seen fit to decamp with a small following, and was reputed to be hurrying north and east towards Mongolia. As a belated gesture he had sent his seal to a pillar of the Buddhist Church, an elderly prelate, the holder of a Divinity Chair, entitled the "Ti Rin-po-che," highly revered as a man of saintly life and learning, but devoid of any political experience.

The National Council was in session, and the four Ministers were bewildered and had had no instructions what to do. No one was prepared to accept any responsibility, and at first it looked as if we were no nearer to being able to arrange a settlement than we were at Gyantse. But gradually matters sorted themselves out. We found the Chinese Amban unexpectedly helpful and reasonable, and we had also two very useful intermediaries in the persons of the Nepalese Envoy and the Prime Minister of Bhutan, who had come with us from Gyantse.

The Ti Rin-po-che, when we met him, proved himself to be one of the most charming and intelligent old gentlemen I had ever known, and with him and the Sha-pes (ministers) formal pourparlers began.

The Commissioner, with his Staff, soon took up his abode in a very fine Tibetan mansion, standing in its own grounds, close to the city, where we settled down in great comfort. It was a spacious stone-built house, clean and beautifully decorated inside in the Chinese fashion, with a large courtyard and outbuildings for servants and orderlies. The troops were encamped nearby.

As far as I was concerned, the seven weeks we spent at Lhasa were one unending series of conferences, conversations, and arguments with Tibetans of all sorts and kinds, varied by occasional visits to monasteries and calls with the Commissioner on the Amban, etc. As the terms of the treaty
gradually began to take shape, I had to translate and commit them to writing with the help of my Lama. This was not easy. Many of our diplomatic phrases were impossible of direct translation, and could only be expressed by circumlocutions and paraphrases, and we often spent hours in trying to get the exact meaning of some expression or other. Then, as the negotiations proceeded, alterations continually occurred, and we had to make draft after draft of the document almost daily. Besides this there were a multitude of lesser matters which demanded daily and indeed hourly attention—disputes between the military and the people of the country, the provision of supplies, the visits of private individuals, and so on.

But, needless to say, it was all of the most intense interest. Here we were, not merely at Lhasa, but in a position, and indeed obliged to probe into the innermost recesses of the Tibetan political and social systems, to assess the rank and importance, and even the characters, of all the high officials, and to try to estimate the extent of the authority of the Dalai Lama and of the great monasteries. After most of the formal conferences one or other of the Ministers would come along to my little room to discuss the details of what had been proposed or decided, and to help me in finding the correct phraseology in which to frame the outcome. Some rather feeble attempts were made to bribe me by the unostentatious deposit of little bags of gold dust (worth a few pounds each, a regular form of Tibetan currency) on my table, but none of the "insults" were heavy enough to tempt me—even Pooh-Bah would have spurned them! These little incidents always tickled the Commissioner's sense of humour when I related them to him, and I can see him now, with his grave air and a twinkle in his eye, as he advised me to stand out for something really worth having. And to do them justice, the Tibetans' own sense of humour always kept our relations sweet, and they would laugh heartily at some little joke, or some manoeuvre which we had unmasked.

I do not propose to try to describe here the sights of Lhasa or the course of our negotiations—this has already been effectively done by Colonel Younghusband himself, and by Perceval Landon, and others; but it will be realised what all
this meant to me, and what a curious episode it was in my life, and how it all remains in my memory as a vision of the past, when I was young and enthusiastic. The general attitude of the people of the country was not unfriendly. The monks it is true detested us, and resented our presence in their Holy City, and there were two or three rather unpleasant little incidents. But luckily they had sense enough to realise that it would not be to their advantage to precipitate a crisis, and that their best policy was to humour us, and to get us out of the country as quickly as possible. The laity and the common people generally seemed quite indifferent, and were indeed delighted at such a chance of doing a little trade and making some money out of us. Our officers and soldiers, both European and Indian, behaved throughout with the greatest discretion and good humour, and there was no bullying of the people, and no looting or high-handed procedure.

Finally, when the Commissioner was of opinion that the right moment had arrived, he delivered an ultimatum that the terms we had discussed must now be accepted, and a treaty concluded on these lines. After some little demur the Tibetans agreed, and a date, the 7th September, was fixed for the final ceremony which Colonel Younghusband insisted should take place in the Potala Palace.

This ceremony was the culmination of our extraordinary Mission, and it was carefully staged and carried out. A suitable hall in the Palace, capable of holding 400 to 500 people, was chosen, and thither we all repaired on the morning of the 7th. It was a motley and picturesque assembly—the Chinese Amban and his suite in their formal Mandarin costumes, the Tibetans, some in gorgeous yellow silks and the monks in their sombre robes, the Bhutanese Prime Minister and the Nepalese Representative richly and characteristically clothed, and ourselves in diplomatic dress and military uniforms. Behind the seated officials were packed soldiers, clerks, servants and lesser lights, including a couple of hundred of our own British and Indian troops. It was a large pillared hall, decorated with frescoes and silken hangings. A small folding camp table supported the copies of the treaty.

This was rather a portentous document as we had had to
prepare it in three languages, English, Tibetan and Chinese, and in accordance with Tibetan custom the three versions were all written in parallel columns on one huge sheet of paper, and there were altogether nine copies, three for us, three for the Tibetans, and three for the Chinese. Then in the matter of the Tibetan signatures Colonel Younghusband, in order to ensure the validity of the document, had stipulated that, in addition to the seal of the Dalai Lama to be affixed by the Ti Rin-po-che, there should also be the seals of the Cabinet, of the National Assembly, and of the three great monasteries, six seals in all. So the procedure of affixing all these seals as well as the seal and signature of the Commissioner himself was a lengthy business and took over one and a half hours.

When the signing was complete Colonel Younghusband made an address to the Tibetans, saying that past misunderstandings had now been cleared up, and a foundation laid for future friendship, and that they would find us good friends and neighbours as long as they kept to their share of the agreement, and so on. This speech I translated sentence by sentence to the assembly; and as I did so, I remember the thought passing through my mind, how I had examined the map of Asia years ago as a youngster, and wondered if I should ever have the good fortune to visit this mysterious country and to play a part in great events.

Certainly, one never knows one's luck in this queer world, or what the spin of fortune's wheel may bring about. Most of us jog along on a pretty monotonous level from year to year, and it is pleasant to have had one or two "high spots" to which one can look back as standing out above the commonplace of everyday life. This episode (and indeed the whole of this Mission) was one of mine, and it remains unique. But I have been lucky enough to have had one or two other experiences out of the ordinary which will be described in due course.

The signature of the treaty concluded our Mission, and nothing remained but to pack up and go home. A few days were spent in winding up details in a very friendly atmosphere. The Tibetans felt that they were getting rid of us pretty cheaply, all things considered, and even the
monkish element unbent, when they found that we had not interfered with their religion or their prerogatives. The old Ti Rin-po-che bade us an affecting farewell, and presented to the Commissioner and to myself, and one or two others, small images of Buddha as a parting gift, and back we all trekked to Gyantse. Meanwhile, I had been appointed the first “British Trade Agent,” as the post was to be designated, at the new Trade Mart at Gyantse, to be opened under the provisions of the treaty.

So here I said good-bye to Colonel Younghusband and all my other friends. They went on over the plateau and the passes to India, and I took up my abode in our old post. For company I had one officer of the Indian Medical Service, Captain Robert Steen, a brother Irishman who has remained a close and valued friend ever since, and as escort a company of the 40th Pathans, with a couple of European telegraphists.

I could have asked for nothing better. It was exactly the one thing I coveted and had worked for—the opportunity to delve into the lives and habits of these attractive people, and to find out all I could about them and their country. I began by engaging an all-Tibetan staff (with the one exception of an Indian cook—ideology may be carried too far!), which included my Lama, two or three orderlies, grooms, house-boys, and so on, and a very cheery and eventually efficient staff they proved to be. It was amusing to watch two small pig-tailed boys arguing solemnly as to the proper positions of knives and forks on the table, or the folding of strange garments, or the making of a bed. They were, however, intelligent and extremely zealous in their new duties, and soon settled down into an (almost) model household. I had them all dressed up in the proper costumes for their rank and duties, in accordance with the custom of the country. The house servants and orderlies wore long robes of claret-coloured woollen cloth, girt at the waist with a scarlet sash, flat topped hats with scarlet threads hanging down all round, boots of coloured cloth, and each man had besides a long gold and turquoise ear-ring dangling from his left ear, and a square brooch of the same material clasped on his pig-tail! The grooms wore blue spotted robes trimmed with leopard skin.

This entourage was a great help to me in getting into close
and sympathetic touch with the people of the country. They were naturally pleased to find that I was employing their own countrymen and entering into their ways of life. Any ill feeling caused by the Mission and the fighting soon passed away, and I was able to move about freely, and was everywhere received with smiles and hospitality.

But before settling down I went off on a trip to Shigatse, sixty miles to the north on the banks of the Tsang-Po, the capital of the second of the two great Incarnate Lamas of Tibet, the Tashi Lama. I accompanied a small party, headed by Captain Ryder, R.E. (afterwards Surveyor-General of India) who were returning up the Tsang-Po and so via Ladak and Kashmir to India, together with Lieut. Bailey, and one or two others. We reached Shigatse after a pleasant march of three or four days, and were well and hospitably received and lodged in a small garden house near the city.

Naturally we were all eager to make the personal acquaintance of one of these mysterious Incarnations of whom we had heard so much. The Dalai Lama having fled before we reached Lhasa, we had missed seeing him, but the Tashi Lama ranked second only to the Dalai, and was in the eyes of the Tibetans an even more holy manifestation of divinity. He gave us an audience on the day after our arrival in a small monastery, where he had his summer quarters. After ascending a steep staircase to an upper floor we found him seated on a high chair at the end of a large hall, with his suite of monks and laymen standing in a line down one side of the room on his left. We each advanced in turn and made the customary ceremonial gift of a silk scarf, which we placed on his outstretched hand, and we were then given seats on his right. A short formal conversation followed. I thanked him for his kindness in receiving me, and for the hospitality which he had shewn us, and expressed the hope that we should now become and long remain good friends.

To this he replied that we were very welcome, and he returned our good wishes. He added: "I am pleased to see British Officers again at Shigatse. I have always entertained feelings of friendship for the British, and I had very pleasant relations with the other British Officers who have visited me on previous occasions."
For a moment I was at a loss to know to what he referred, as I knew, of course, that no British Officers had ever visited this part of Tibet during his lifetime. And then, I understood, that in speaking of his friendship with other British Officers, he was referring to the visits paid to two of his predecessors in the time of Warren Hastings, when Mr. Bogle came on a Mission to Shigatse in 1774 and Captain Turner in 1783. Full accounts of these two Missions have been published, and I had studied them both carefully; and the Lama also had of course read of them in the monastic records. Being, as he and all the Tibetans believed, the same person as his predecessors only in a different bodily shape, he felt that in welcoming us he was merely carrying on his own policy after a lapse of some one hundred and thirty years. It was a rather startling, but quite logical demonstration of the creed of reincarnation as accepted by Tibetan Buddhists.

I thanked him again, and said that his hospitality to these other officers was well known to, and highly appreciated by my Government, and that we were pleased to know that his sentiments towards the British had not changed.

This formal visit was the beginning of an acquaintance between myself and the Tashi Lama, which rapidly ripened into a sincere friendship, and indeed, on my part at any rate, into a real affection for a gentle and saintly character. The Lama was at this time a young man of some twenty-two years of age, and had been brought up in the usual routine of such personages, that is to say, in a strictly monastic life and with a thorough grounding in the Lamaistic Scriptures. Being a temporal, as well as a spiritual Ruler, he was surrounded always by a small Court, composed partly of monks and partly of lay officials, and comprising a Chief Minister, Chamberlains, Treasurers, Secretaries, and so on, the monkish element predominating. Outside this small circle he had no friends or intimates. His contacts with the people outside were purely formal and consisted in the ceremonial receptions which he held regularly several times a week, and other similar public appearances on holy days, etc. He had never spoken to any woman except his own mother. Beyond this narrow range he knew nothing, or next to nothing, of the outside world in general.
In spite of the adulation, indeed worship, by which he had been encompassed since infancy, he was quite simple and unspoilt. He had a gentle manner and pleasant smile, and was childishly pleased at this chance of meeting and conversing with strangers. During this first visit, which lasted only a few days, I did not have many opportunities of talking to him alone, and it was during my second visit, a few months later, that I got to know him so well, as I shall relate lower down.

The exploring party, under Colonel Ryder, went off on their long journey up the Tsang-Po a few days later, and I returned to Gyantse with Captain Steen to settle down in my new post. Winter was coming on and we made ourselves as comfortable as we could in the circumstances. Tibetan houses have no fireplaces, and the rooms are heated by open charcoal stoves, which nearly asphyxiated us by their fumes, so I had a small mess-room built on to the house by local workmen, with an open fireplace which served us very well as dining- and sitting-room. There were plenty of local supplies, dairy produce, meat, etc., which were plentiful and cheap, and we had tinned stuff, wines, etc., sent from India. (I remember on one occasion a case of bottled beer, which had been sent up in December arriving in a frozen condition, with the corks forced out and of course quite undrinkable. A real tragedy!) For exercise we played football and polo with the men of the escort, and even taught some of the Tibetans to play polo.

We soon made friends, too, with the local officials and gentry, and even with some of the leading monks, and exchanged visits. They all, including the monks, liked to come and have lunch with us, or to watch the polo matches, and there were no caste difficulties to prevent them from experimenting with our food and drink; and they in turn entertained us hospitably when we visited them. Women in Tibet are very independent and move about freely. They run their own shops and businesses, work in the fields, and manage their households and staffs. They are perfectly capable of holding their own with their own mankind.

Captain Steen used to be kept pretty busy with his medical work. He ran a free dispensary and surgery, and treated
patients and performed operations on Tibetans of all classes who began to swarm in as soon as they knew that there was free medical service to be had. I had plenty to do, too, with my various duties and hobbies, and the unending task of learning more and more about the Tibetans and their ways and grappling with the vagaries of the language. And I had an especially engrossing hobby in the collection of the Tibetan folk-tales which I had begun some months before. This gave me an opportunity, not only of hearing some excellent stories, but also of enlarging my vocabulary with all sorts of queer, out-of-the-way words and expressions which otherwise one would never have come across—things like giants, and ogres, and witches, for instance, or spider's webs, and dancing pillars, and gryphons, all of which, and many others, occur in the stories. Several of my own staff were excellent story-tellers, and when their own stock was exhausted they used to rope in any friends who could make a contribution, and they in turn brought others.

It was great fun, this story-telling business. They were all (or nearly all) pure folk-tales, i.e. stories passed on by word of mouth from generation to generation, and had never been written down before. And as they were mostly humorous (and some very improper) my little audience would be torn between embarrassment and mirth. But the latter generally won, and after bottling themselves up for a while they would all become speechless with laughter for minutes at a time. Immediately after each séance, I used to write down a précis of the story or stories, and I had a carefully selected number of them published when at home the following year.*

So the time slipped away pleasantly enough. The Tibetans had got used to the presence of strangers in their country, and the Trade Agency at Gyantse became what it has remained ever since, a friendly little enclave in a foreign country.

Some time during the summer of this year (1905) I received a letter from the Government of India telling me that T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales (the late King George and Queen Mary) were to visit India during the coming

* Folk Tales from Tibet (Hurst and Blackett).
cold weather, and they suggested that possibly the Tashi Lama might like to accept an invitation to come to India as the guest of the Government to meet T.R.H., and they instructed me to go down to Shigatse to convey their invitation personally to the Lama.

This was in every way a very agreeable mission, so off I went with Captain Steen, and my small mounted escort of Pathans (very uncomfortable on their little Tibetan ponies), and my rag-tag of picturesque Tibetan servants, etc. It was lovely summer weather, and we rode along the banks of the stream, which flows into the big river, by comfortable stages in radiant sunshine with occasional light showers, passing through the small, scattered villages and miles of fields of ripening wheat and barley. The banks of the stream, and of the numerous irrigation channels in these cultivated areas of Tibet are all fringed with willows and poplars, the only trees found at these elevations, and the whole scene at this time of year is bright and cheerful, and in marked contrast to the bare, rocky plains and mountains just beyond, which constitute the bulk of Tibetan scenery. Sometimes we spent the night in tents, sometimes in the outbuildings of a monastery, or in a country house, and everywhere we were received with friendliness and hospitality. The mere fact that we were friends of their beloved Lama, and were on our way to visit him, secured us a good reception, and the simple country-folk grinned at us as we passed and saluted us in their most respectful manner by bowing and putting out their tongues as far as they could go!

On arrival at Shigatse we were again accommodated in the same little house in a garden now bright with flowers, and the same evening there appeared one of the Lama's officials heading a procession of porters bearing customary gifts, grain, flour, butter, dried carcases of sheep, etc., etc.

After the usual formal reception I saw the Lama privately, and placed the matter before him. He was greatly taken with the idea of a visit to India. Not only was there the excitement of a journey outside the narrow bounds of his monastic life and of meeting such highly-placed personages as the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Viceroy of India, but also the fact that a visit to India would give him the opportunity
(desired by all Tibetans) of making a pilgrimage to the sacred Buddhistic shrines—the very places where the Lord Buddha had lived and where Buddhist monasteries had afterwards arisen.

But before a definite acceptance could be given to the invitation the ground had to be carefully prepared. He consulted no one at first except his Chief Minister, in whom he reposed complete confidence. The Minister was a character. An immense, stout, jovial type of monk, shrewd, humorous and loving the good things of life. He embraced the scheme con amore. There were, however, two difficulties to be considered. The first, a comparatively minor one, namely the effect on the Tibetans themselves of such a departure from precedent as the absence from Tibet of so sacred a figure as the Tashi Lama, especially now when the other Great Lama was also absent. This, however, the Lama and the Minister thought that they could cope with successfully. The second objection was of a more serious nature. China, in spite of our Mission to Lhasa and of the resultant treaty, still claimed to be the suzerain power of Tibet and was more jealous than ever of her prerogatives and of foreign influences in the country. The Amban was still at Lhasa, and would certainly take the strongest objection to the Tashi Lama paying a visit to a foreign country without the formal consent of himself and his Government; and his objection might well be supported by the Lhasa Government, who were still the official Government of Tibet under the Regent appointed by the Dalai Lama.

They begged me, therefore, to defer the formal presentation of the Viceroy's invitation until the last possible moment. In the meantime they would bring influence to bear on all the leading local officials, monks, etc., to prepare the way. And when the project was publicly announced they would be compelled, owing to shortness of time, to decide to act with the greatest promptitude, and thus avert the danger of interference from China or Lhasa.

To this I naturally agreed, and so the next few weeks were passed very pleasantly in a round of social visits and little expeditions here and there in the neighbourhood.

It was during this period that I came to know the young
Lama so well. I used to visit him in his private apartments in a small monastery nearby two or three times a week, and we would sit and chat by the hour on all things in heaven and earth. I had brought with me a number of popular books with photographs and pictures of the different countries of the world and their inhabitants, of animals and birds, buildings and mechanical inventions, ships and railway trains, the heavenly bodies, and so on. And these we would go through together, while I explained as best I could what it was all about. It was all new to him. He had been educated like all the monks in the narrowest possible curriculum, based on ancient Sanskrit sacred books overlaid with masses of commentary and as remote from the modern world and from modern science as the dreams of a cave-man. Except for the stories of India, told by the Tibetans who made pilgrimages there every winter, and for his general acquaintance with things Chinese, he knew literally nothing of the outer world. It was all new to him and all fascinating.

And here again I should like to emphasise that the special interest in dealing with the Tibetans was that, although mediæval in outlook, and primitive in their scientific knowledge, they were (and indeed are), nevertheless, a highly intelligent and, within their own limitations, cultured race, with trained active brains, quick to appreciate new points of view and perfectly capable of understanding and absorbing new ideas.

It was during one of these sessions that the Lama told me that the officers who had previously visited "him" (during the time of Warren Hastings) had made "him" a number of presents, most of which had been carefully preserved. He had had these objects collected, and he instructed one of his Chamberlains to bring them in. Two servants then appeared, carrying a large box, and when this was opened we proceeded to examine the contents together. There were a variety of things, and I only wish I could now remember what they all were. There was china and silverware, some French, some English, knives, jewellery and so on, and two large old-fashioned French watches. These latter I inspected with special interest. They appeared to be in good order, and with the Lama's permission I sent them to a jeweller in Calcutta.
where they were put to rights and returned to him in due course in good going order. It was a queer little glimpse into the past, and was given an atmosphere of reality by the Lama's firm belief that these things had actually been presented to him personally by my predecessors of over a century before.

I could write at much greater length of my experiences during these weeks—among the most interesting of my life—with the Lama himself and in the monasteries, the great printing establishment where the Tibetan scriptures are printed from carved wooden blocks, and of the various friends and acquaintances I made. But after all it was only a fleeting glimpse of an almost unknown world, secluded and remote. Other more practical matters had to be dealt with before long. But I do cherish the memory of those days, and now, in my old age, can picture the young Lama in his dark robes, smiling, gentle, and alert, and myself, sitting on our cushions, with our buttered tea in jade and golden bowls before us on carved and brightly painted wooden stools, chatting away to our hearts' content of things both mortal and immortal.
OUR LITTLE PLOT to get the Lama started off on his journey to India before the Chinese or Lhasa authorities could interfere, proceeded according to plan. A few days before the date when he was due to start I sent him a formal message requesting an official audience on the following day. Dressed in full uniform, I proceeded with my escort to the Hall of Audience where the Lama and his high officials received me ceremoniously. After the usual compliments, I informed him that I was charged with a message to him from His Excellency the Viceroy of India, and I handed to him the Viceroy's letter inviting him to come to India, together with the Tibetan translation which I had prepared. The letter was opened and read aloud by the Chief Minister, and I said a few words to supplement it, and expressed the hope that the Lama would see fit to accept the invitation and thus cement the long-standing friendship between himself and the British. And I added that, in the event of His Serenity (which was the title which the Indian Government had selected for him) deciding to accept the invitation, it would be advisable for him to start from Shigatse in the course of the next few days, in order to escape bad weather on the passes leading to India and to adjust his dates with those of the royal party.

The Lama replied in a few dignified words of thanks, and said that so important a matter would have to be discussed with his advisers, and that he would let me have his reply in the course of a day or two. For the next few days there was a lot of running to and fro, hasty consultations and confidential messengers passing between the Lama and the principal people of the place, and I was kept au fait with it all through my own sources of information.

The result, in view of our previous consultations, was a foregone conclusion, and one morning the Chief Minister
presented himself to inform me formally that the Lama accepted the invitation and was preparing for his departure. This journey with the Tashi Lama to India, and our wanderings there, will remain among the most vivid and the most memorable experiences of my life.

We left Shigatse on a clear, bright winter morning, the Lama in a palanquin preceded and followed by an escort of over one thousand persons, some mounted, and the humbler attendants on foot. All his chief officials were there, his Chamberlains, his Treasurers, his Secretaries, his two old Tutors, and dozens of others of lesser degree, and of course the stout Chief Minister, all dressed up in their various robes of office, monks and laymen, young and old (no women, of course). Dense throngs crowded the streets of the city to see him pass, kneeling and bowing their heads to their God as his palanquin approached, many with tears pouring down their cheeks. Poor people—they hated to see him go—their beloved Lama, their God on earth, whom they so devotedly loved and worshipped. They feared that they might never see him again.

It was the same all along the one hundred miles of windswept plateau which we had to traverse, till we reached the crest of the Himalayas at the Tang La. Everywhere along the road the villagers assembled from far and near and lined the track with the same signs of emotion. They lighted little fires to burn incense as he passed, and they would try to press forward to touch his chair and obtain his blessing. He looked out at them as he was carried along, and smiled and blessed them by word and gesture. I rode beside or close behind him on my shaggy little Tibetan pony (a gift from him), and chatted to him and told him about India, and what it was like there, and of the personages he was likely to meet.

An imposing camp, with tents ready pitched, awaited him at each stage, his own tent, a circular felt-lined “Yurt” (as the Turkis call them), carpeted with leopard skins, in the centre. Captain Steen and I had our own little camp pitched nearby.

After passing Gyantse we reached higher, bleaker regions, ranging from 14,000 to 16,000 feet in elevation, where there
was no cultivation and only a few tiny scattered villages, and the cortège dwindled down to the three hundred or so persons who were to accompany him to India. The weather was fine and bright, pleasant enough when the sun was up, but bitterly cold at night and in the early morning—and we generally started our marches at daybreak! Those great plateaux, bare and austere, flanked on all sides by rugged mountains, had always a strange fascination for me. They seemed somehow to suit my temperament, and I loved the cold air and the deep blue of the sky. As we neared the Himalayas lofty snow peaks shewed themselves on the southern horizon—Chumolhari and others—towering higher and higher as we approached nearer, until at last we crossed the barren Tang La and began to descend into the Chumbi valley on the Indian side of the watershed. Hence we crossed into Sikkim over another high pass, and a few days later arrived safely at Darjeeling, where the whole party was accommodated in an hotel and its outbuildings, vacated for the purpose.

So passed the first stage of our journey. For the first time in history one of the great Incarnate Lamas had entered British territory, but although neither he nor any of his following had ever ventured so far before, India was far from being to them a terra incognita in a strange foreign land. On the contrary, it was their Holy Land, the birth-place of their Lord Buddha, and the country where he had lived, taught, and passed on. There was nothing unseemly or alarming for the Lama, himself the earthly reflex of a celestial Buddha, to find himself on a pilgrimage to a land of which he had read so much in his own scriptures.

The Lama had stood the journey well, and was happy, cheerful and excited at the prospect of our tour through India, and of visiting the famous shrines of which he had so often heard and read. His staff had been reinforced by three valuable additions. The young Maharaja Kumar (Heir Apparent) of the little hill state of Sikkim, had accompanied us from the capital of his own country. He was himself of Tibetan race, speaking Tibetan, of course, as well as English, and was also regarded as a minor Incarnation (of which there are hundreds in Tibet). He and I were old friends, and I was delighted to have him with me, especially as he could help in
THINGS MORTAL

interpreting as between the Tibetans and our English and Indian friends, a task which hitherto had fallen on me alone. We also had attached to us a learned Bengali Professor of Sanskrit who had specialised in Tibetan written language and scriptures; and although he could not speak Tibetan (the written and spoken languages are almost totally dissimilar), he proved a very valuable guide in the identification of place-names and sites, famous in Buddhistic history, for which a knowledge of both Sanskrit and Tibetan was necessary. And the third assistant was an Inspector of the Bengal Police, Laden La by name, a hill man of Tibetan origin, speaking both English and Tibetan equally well, and also an old friend of mine. He was a highly intelligent and competent man, who, alas, died only a few years ago after a unique and distinguished career on this frontier.

Our long toilsome treks over hill and dale were now finished, and henceforth the party travelled by special train under the ægis of the Government of India. Our first objective was Rawalpindi, some 1,500 miles distant, away up in the north-west. Here a big review of troops was to take place in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, at which the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Kitchener, also was to be present; and besides this the Lama would have the opportunity of making a pilgrimage to a place called Taxila nearby, the site, famous in Buddhism and well known by repute to the Tibetans, of a Buddhist monastery in the very early days when Buddhism was flourishing in India.

The bulk of the party, with the ponies and other paraphernalia, was despatched to Calcutta to await our eventual arrival there, and the Lama, with some twenty selected followers, and his staff of experts, travelled down to the plains by the little two-foot gauge D.H.R., and thence in special trains through the interminable plains of India to the Punjab. Everything was new to him and his people, and they were like a party of school children on a holiday treat. The trains and engines, the ferry-boat across the Ganges, the electric light, the great plains, the people, the animals—everything was exciting, mysterious and interesting. Owing to the absence of caste prejudices matters of food and drink presented no special difficulties, and were soon adjusted to
suit their tastes and to avoid certain articles prohibited to the priests.

We arrived at Rawalpindi in the early morning, and found the whole place in a great bustle, what with the preparation for the big review, and the presence there of the Prince and Princess, and of the Commander-in-Chief, and other distinguished visitors. A special camp had been pitched all ready for us some little way outside the city, whither we drove on arrival. Scarcely had we entered our tents when an A.D.C. appeared to say that T.R.H. would like to meet the Lama as soon as possible, and could he make it convenient to call on them that afternoon. The Lama was delighted, and so about 4 o'clock we drove down to the royal camp.

Here we were ushered into a large "shamiana" where the Lama was received by T.R.H. They shook hands with him and seated him between them, whilst I sat on one side and interpreted the conversation. The Princess (Queen Mary) did most of the talking, asking the Lama about his life in his monastery, about his mother and other relatives, and so on. They were kind and cordial, and we left after an interview of about half an hour.

Later in the afternoon we called, by invitation, on Lord Kitchener, who also gave the Lama a cordial greeting, and chatted to him for a few minutes.

The next day the big parade of over 50,000 troops of all arms took place, under the command of General Sir Bindon Blood—who recalled the occasion in a letter to The Times only a few months ago. The Lama’s carriage, an open phaeton, was placed near the saluting point, and I sat beside him and explained the proceedings. During the long apparently interminable procession of the troops, I noticed that the Lama called over one of his suite and whispered a few words to him, and the man slipped quietly away. It was only afterwards that he confessed to me, with a smile, that he could scarcely believe that so many soldiers existed in the world, and that he had sent his man to go behind the parade ground to make sure that they were not the same men marching round and round in order to impress him!

From this on our proceedings rather resembled those of Kim and his Lama (except that I was rather older than little
Kim, and my Lama much younger than Kipling’s! in that we made a sort of pilgrimage starting at Taxila and proceeding thence to Benares, Sarnath and Buddh Gaya on our way to Calcutta. Our learned Bengali Pundit, from his knowledge of the Sanskrit and Tibetan sacred writings, was able to identify the various shrines and monasteries, and the higher Tibetan priests were thrilled to visit spots known to them through their own scriptures—spots which had hitherto been almost mythical and which they had never expected to visit in person. And I may add we travelled a good deal more comfortably, though perhaps less picturesquely, than did Kim and his Lama. But the spirit of the pilgrimage was much the same, and my young friend was a counterpart of Kipling’s creation, at any rate in the gentleness of his character and the piety of his spirit.

Buddh Gaya is the spot where the Lord Buddha meditated and finally “obtained enlightenment,” as the Buddhists say, and a shrine already well known to all Tibetans, to which numbers of Buddhist pilgrims from all parts of the Buddhist world were in the habit of resorting yearly. An undoubted Buddhist Temple, it had been absorbed into the all-embracing clutches of Hinduism during centuries when Buddhism was declining in India, and Hinduism again coming into its own, and it had been transformed by the Brahmans into a shrine to their God Vishnu—Vishnu being regarded as an Avatar of Buddha.

The Mohunt (Hindu Priest) in charge of the shrine, however, received our party with courtesy, and gave the Lama and his followers every facility for worship and access to all parts of the temple and its surroundings. Just at the back of the temple, there grew (and still grows, as far as I know, for I have never revisited the place) a Bo or Banyan tree, believed to be the very tree under which Buddha used to sit and meditate some 2,400 years before; and here on the last day of our visit, the Lama sitting on Buddha’s very seat, in the shade of the tree, held a service, blessed his worshippers (and ourselves too), as they passed before him, and conferred higher degrees on some of the priests.

It was a unique and moving occasion. Here in the person of this young and simple priest was Buddha himself, back
again on earth, and occupying the selfsame spot, famous to millions of Buddhists throughout the eastern world, where he had taught his doctrines so many centuries ago to a few poor disciples, doctrines which have prescribed the faith of so many millions of men and women throughout so many centuries.

From these spiritual heights we descended to the more practical and humdrum affairs of the world around us. We went on to Calcutta where the Lama and his chief officers were accommodated in Hastings House, a comfortable two-storeyed building, built originally in the time of Warren Hastings as the Governor-General's Residence, situated in a park on the outskirts of the city. Here we spent Christmas, and the Lama took part in certain official and social functions. His first official call was on the Prince of Wales in Government House. His procession thither was a picturesque affair, as he elected to proceed in full state in the proper Tibetan fashion, he himself carried in his palanquin, and his officers and followers riding their shaggy little ponies or running along on foot, all togged out in their best. It was a sight never witnessed in India before or since, and large and sympathetic crowds assembled along the route to watch it. I went along more prosaically in a carriage sent by the Foreign Office with a Foreign Office official.

The Prince received the Lama at the entrance to the audience hall, and conducted him to a seat on his right hand. I sat next to the Lama to interpret, with the chief members of his staff below. And on the other side were ranged the Prince's staff.

The conversation between the two, though cordial and friendly, was brief and formal. A day or two later the Prince returned the Lama's call, and a similar function took place. Calls were also exchanged between the Lama and the Viceroy, Lord Minto, and the Lama visited Lord Kitchener at the fort. Besides this, he was present at a Garden Party in the grounds of Government House, where he was introduced to many leading Indians and Europeans. And I also took him to a circus, which he thoroughly enjoyed, and we went shopping together.

Early in January he departed for his Tibetan home.
accompanied him to the railway station and there bade him farewell as I was going home on leave (I had been in India and Tibet for over eleven years without a break). We both shed tears at parting. Our friendship had ripened and developed during these latter months, and I think we both felt that we might not meet again. We never did, but up to a few months before his death in 1937 on the Chinese-Tibetan border we corresponded at intervals through the medium of his Agent at Kalimpong.

On my return from leave, towards the end of the year (1906) I went back to Tibet for a few months, but was unable to re-visit Shigatse. The advent of a Liberal Government in England had brought about changes in our general policy on that frontier. Lord Morley (as he had frankly told me when I met him at home) was rather scared at the thought of our extending our Indian responsibilities to vast and almost inaccessible regions beyond the Himalayas, altogether outside the geographical limits of the Indian Peninsula; and he was determined that there should be at any rate no development of our commitments in that direction.

While I was in England I asked permission to take back to the Tashi Lama some gift as a token of friendship from the British Government. The idea was approved, and knowing his interest in mechanical devices of all kinds I decided to take him a small motor car in which he would be able to drive about in the neighbourhood of Shigatse. During my year at Gyantse I had been able to have the 100 miles of track between there and Phari in the Chumbi valley made practicable for cars, so I brought my own little 5½ h.p., one-cylinder, "Baby Peugeot" with me too. They both had to be very small light cars in order to be able to get them over the passes into Tibet at all.

I had the two cars railed up to Siliguri at the foot of the mountains below Darjeeling, the terminus of the small-gauge Darjeeling-Himalayan Railway. From here I first tried out my car by driving it up the cart-road which runs alongside the railway line as far as Ghoom (8,000 feet), whence the road descends to Darjeeling. There was no difficulty about this as the road is good and well graded. All one had to look out for was avoiding the trains at the numerous level-crossings.
This was the first time the experiment of driving a car up this road had been made. Now, of course, it has been in use for cars for years.

I had brought a driver-mechanic with me from Calcutta, and we set out from Siliguri to drive the two cars up to Gangtok. The first section along the banks of the Teesta river were easy enough going, but when we crossed the frontier into Sikkim the cart-track was rough and the last few miles up the mountain were really difficult. The gradient was steep and the curves very sharp, and in many places there was no parapet wall to save one if one went too near the edge, so we had to drive carefully. We arrived all safe, and had the satisfaction of making another record.

However it was the expedition into Tibet which was the really critical business. From Gangtok on we had only the ordinary coolie tracks to go by. They were much too narrow to attempt to drive the cars, so we had batches of coolies to push and pull them along, and to lift them bodily over bad places. By this means we succeeded in getting them to the top of the Nathu La pass, over 14,000 feet high, whence we had an easy run (or rather push) down into the Chumbi valley. From here we were able to drive them up to Phari, although the track was very rough and rocky.

At Phari we came on to the road which I had had made, and drove along over the Tang La, 16,000 feet, across the main watershed of the Himalayas on to the great Tibetan plateau. Here the going was easy, and the two little cars chugged along gaily. The only difficulty now was that the rarified air seemed to affect the petrol mixture, and until we had adjusted our carburettors we could only go slowly and the cars lost pulling power. The Baby was strongest in its reverse, and several times on steep little slopes I had to take her up backwards.

It was quite an experience taking these two cars into Tibet where at that time there was not so much as a wheeled vehicle of any sort. The country people were completely dumbfounded when they saw them coming along. They had never heard of such things and simply could not believe their eyes. They put it all down to the white man's magic and christened them "Devil Cars".
I taught one of my Tibetan servants to drive the Lama's car and sent it down to him at Shigatse, as I was not allowed to go myself owing to the Home Government's new policy about Tibet. I left Tibet shortly after, and that was the last I ever heard of the cars. I daresay that what remains of them is still there.

I spent most of the summer at Simla, in connection with some rather futile negotiations for an agreement between ourselves and the Chinese and Tibetans on the whole question of Tibet, on the conclusion of which I was deputed by the Indian Government to bear-lead the young Maharaja Kumar of Sikkim on a tour round the world. Although I was sorry to leave Tibet, it was clear that in the circumstances I could no longer be of much use there. The Mission to Lhasa had achieved its main object, and our representative at Gyantse would, for the future, have only a passive role to fulfil. So I returned again to England in the spring of 1908, and took my young friend (who had been studying at Oxford University) on his trip. We passed through America, touched Canada, and spent several months in Japan, arriving in Peking in December 1908, just after the death of the Dowager Empress.

It was here that I made the acquaintance of the other great Incarnate Lama—the Dalai Lama—even more famous, and in the Tibetan polity much more powerful, than my young friend the Tashi Lama. The Dalai Lama, having fled from Lhasa before the arrival there of our Mission, went first to Urga in Mongolia and later to Peking, where he was welcomed by the Chinese and accommodated in a Buddhist temple. He had with him a considerable following of his officials and attendants, and among them that somewhat sinister figure the Burial monk, Dorjieff, a Russian subject by birth, who had passed his novitiate at Lhasa and risen to high rank in the monastic world as a Professor of Metaphysics. It was his influence with the Dalai Lama which had induced the latter to coquette with the Russians, and he acted as the go-between of the Dalai Lama and the Czar. He was therefore in our eyes the primary cause of nearly all our former troubles with Tibet, which had led eventually to our Mission. None of us had ever seen him (or the Dalai Lama), and I was
naturally glad of an opportunity of meeting them both and, if possible, of having a talk with them.

My young companion, the Kumar, as a devout Buddhist, was also anxious to pay his respects and devotion to his spiritual superior, and with the approval of the British Minister, Sir John Jordan, we requested and obtained sanction for an audience with the Lama.

On the appointed day we presented ourselves at his temple, and were formally received with the usual ceremony. The Dalai Lama was a man of quite different type from the Tashi Lama. Still quite a young man, he was darker, more intense, rather ascetic in appearance, and, although quiet in his speech, one could feel that he was a man of strong character and emotions. Our conversation was short and formal. As both the Kumar and I spoke Tibetan, we had no need of an interpreter, and the members of the Lama's suite remained silent, watching us closely and curiously. They knew, of course, all about us, and especially of the part I had played in the Mission, and of my friendship with the Tashi Lama. This conversation was confined to a few questions regarding our health, our journey, and future movements and so on. Dorjieff was not present.

A day or two later Monsieur Korostovets, the Russian Minister at Peking, with whom I had struck up an acquaintance, asked me if I would like to meet Dorjieff privately at the Russian Legation. I gathered from him that he had been talking to Dorjieff who hinted that he would like to meet me. I, of course, said I should be only too pleased, and we all three met in the Minister's study on the following day.

So here I was face to face, over a cup of afternoon tea, with this mysterious personage, who had for so long figured in our diplomatic correspondence and secret reports on Tibet. He was anything but sinister or mysterious in appearance—a stout ruddy-cheeked, cheerful monk, very quick and very intelligent. We indulged in a sort of triangular conversation, the Russian Minister speaking in French to me, and in Russian to Dorjieff, and Dorjieff and I speaking Tibetan. It was an amicable talk, ranging round recent history in Tibet, and Dorjieff did his best to explain that his pro-Russian proclivities had not implied any anti-British bias, and that it
was not his fault that the Dalai Lama had treated the Viceroy with disrespect and had disregarded our treaty rights. I, for my part, took the opportunity of asking Dorjieff to assure the Dalai Lama that the British harboured no feeling of resentment against him, and that when he returned to Tibet, which we hoped he would do before long, he would find us good and friendly neighbours, and better worth cultivating perhaps than more distant Russia. All this in Tibetan, of course, which we did not consider it necessary to interpret to our Russian host.

This good advice, on top of that already given by the British Minister, evidently sank in, for not long afterwards the Dalai Lama did return to Lhasa, and was very soon able to put our good-will to the test. I was never fated to meet either of the two Lamas again, but their subsequent adventures were so curious that they are worth outlining just as a footnote to the story of the Tibetan part of my career.

The Chinese, in allowing the Dalai Lama to return to Lhasa, evidently regarded this as the best means for reasserting their influence in Tibet. He arrived at his capital in February 1910, and before he had had time to settle down and collect the strings of government he was alarmed to hear that a force of Chinese soldiers was advancing on the city. Realising that a Chinese military occupation would necessarily imply his relegation to a dependent position, he took the desperate resolve of again fleeing from the capital—but this time to flee south instead of north.

Accompanied, then, by a few attendants and a handful of mounted men, this harassed ruler, this God on earth, a pawn in the manœuvres of three great powers, took flight secretly during the night, and rode post-haste towards the Indian frontier. He was pursued by the Chinese as soon as they learned of his flight, but his little escort held them up at the crossing of the Tsang-Po, and by hard riding he succeeded in reaching the Chumbi valley (still in our possession at that time), and threw himself on the protection of the British from whom he had fled so precipitately a few years before.

The intervening years have accustomed us to strange freaks of fortune for Kings and Rulers, but considering the circumstances of this case—the sacred nature of the fugitive,
the veneration in which he was held by millions of devout worshippers, and the physical characteristics of the mise-en-scène—the Lama's adventures must be regarded as among the most dramatic in all history.

After a day or two's rest he proceeded on his journey to India where the Indian Government accorded him a hospitable reception, and here he remained until the chaos in China gave him the opportunity of returning to Lhasa a year or two later. No further catastrophes fell to his lot, and he ruled over his country in peace and sanctity until his passing away in 1933. We have quite recently learnt that his successor has been found in the person of a young child who has now been installed as the 14th Dalai Lama at Lhasa.

My poor friend, the Tashi Lama, too, was destined to meet with misfortune and exile. Some years after the Dalai Lama had returned to Tibet friction arose between these two august figures, which reached such a pitch that the Tashi Lama became alarmed for his personal safety, and he in turn took flight from Shigatse. Following the first precedent set by the Dalai Lama, he fled northwards to Mongolia and thence to China. Here he wandered about for several years, visiting Manchuria and other places, without ever returning to his own country. It was a melancholy ending to his life, which, one might have hoped and expected, would have been passed in tranquillity and happiness in his home at Shigatse, where he was so universally beloved and revered. At the time of writing, no successor, as far as we know, has been found. I cherish some of the letters which I received from him of later years, and an image of Buddha, and some other small objects, with which he presented me from time to time.

Only once in after years did I have any official communication with or regarding him. This occurred some years later, when I was acting as Consul-General at Meshad in north-eastern Persia. Here in the summer of 1910 I received one day a telegram from the British Consul-General at Bushire in the Persian Gulf, to say that a party of Tibetans sent by the Tashi Lama had arrived there with a letter and presents for me from the Lama, and what did I suggest should be done about it. I wired back asking the Consul-General to explain
that I was stationed about 1,000 miles away, across a country with no means of communication except by camels or mules, and asking that the Lama's letter, etc., should be sent to me by post through the ordinary channels, and that the delegates should be sent back to India.

This was done, and I received the Lama's letter and his little gifts in due course. It appeared that at that time his difficulties with the Chinese were becoming acute, and he begged me to represent his case to the Indian Government, and to ask them to intervene, and to support him as best they could in view of his constant friendship with the British, and the fact that he had visited India and met our present King, George V, when he was Prince of Wales, and so on.

I knew that the policy of the British Government would not approve of any interference in the internal affairs of Tibet, but I transmitted the Lama's request to the Indian Government, begging them to do anything they legitimately could to help him. It was, of course, of no avail, and as stated above, the poor Lama was later compelled by force of circumstances to take flight into exile.

I was much touched by this little episode, and by the confidence and faith placed in me by the Lama. He had heard that I was in Persia, and with his vague ideas of geography, had sent his messengers to the Persian Gulf in the hope of finding me. I shudder to think what the poor things must have suffered there, in the month of July, in their thick stuffy clothing, and used as they were to the pure keen air of the Tibetan uplands.

So ended my connection with Tibet. It was a curious episode which came about by the pure chance of my being stationed on the Darjeeling frontier, where I could meet Tibetans and study the problems of that frontier at first hand, within sight of the snowy ranges which separated us from the mysterious country beyond. Such chances cannot be expected to occur more than once in a lifetime, and although I have travelled much since then, and lived in other attractive countries (notably Nepal), these Tibetan experiences left an indelible impression on my mind.

Tibet, too, was such an almost virgin field for research of every kind. Apart from their scriptures and other learned
books, which are derived mostly from the Sanskrit, and some of which have been carefully studied by various European scholars, the daily life and habits of the people, their real folklore (quite apart from the Buddhistic tales imported from India), their songs and poems were almost entirely unknown to the outer world. A life-time of research and study would not have been sufficient to master it all.

Before I finish with my Tibetan experiences, I should like to add that I have often been asked whether there is any truth in the stories one hears about the mysterious Mahatmas in that country who are supposed to dwell in mystic seclusion, and are responsible for miraculous manifestations at séances of the followers of the late Madame Blavatsky and similar cults. I can only reply that I made the most careful enquiries on the subject while I was in Tibet, but failed to find any trace or record of such transcendental beings. It is true, that Tibet abounds in legends of holy men, who, having arrived at a high plane of sanctity by means of fasting, isolation and reflection, have been capable of certain miraculous achievements—such as wafting their astral bodies to distant places while their mortal bodies remain stationary and apparently lifeless; of being able to seat themselves on the top of a pile of barley or wheat without disturbing a single grain; and so on. But these legends all related to the past, and I could never hear that any living Lama, or other holy man in Tibet, was credited with such powers.

I was in a good position to find out anything of the kind, as for some time I moved about quite freely in Tibet, and was able to converse with people of all degrees, including the Tashi Lama himself. And my own Lama clerk and companion, who accompanied me everywhere, was in an even better position to obtain the confidence of his brother priests and the people of the country. He was an exceptionally intelligent man, and was as much interested as I was in enquiring into this matter, but even he had no better success.

I cannot, therefore, find any confirmation for these stories about Mahatmas in the Himalayas or Tibet. The various legends which are recounted in Tibet regarding the miraculous powers of saints of the past at some particular shrine or monastery are very much the same sort of thing which one
may hear regarding saints and their miracles of other religious denominations, which one may believe or not as one likes. But, at any rate, of contemporary miracle-workers I found no trace. And to the best of my belief others who know the country better than I do, and who have had more opportunities for conducting enquiries (as for instance, Sir Charles Bell, and Mr. David Macdonald of Kalimpong) have, I believe, had a similar experience.

This is very unsatisfactory, I realise, for sincere seekers after esoteric knowledge, and I can only say that I am sorry not to be able to oblige them. Some travellers in Tibet, it is true, have been fortunate enough (so they tell us in their books) to witness all kinds of miraculous events—the levitation of persons and baggage over rivers, for instance, and the Lamas who travel across country at superhuman speed, etc.—but here again, I seem to have missed my opportunities.

I should, however, in justice add that I have been plainly told by exponents of these occult mysteries that it would in any case be out of the question for an outsider like myself to obtain access to, or even any knowledge of, the Mahatmas (who, they affirm, undoubtedly do exist) or their secrets. Such knowledge can only be obtained by long and assiduous study, and by the exercises demanded from would-be initiates. My negative evidence, therefore, according to these adepts, proves nothing and is quite valueless.

What the Tibetans do firmly believe in is magic and divination. There is, indeed, a State Sorcerer at Lhasa, who takes a prominent part in State affairs, pronounces upon lucky and unlucky dates, predicts the future, and is instrumental in discovering the birth-place of a new Dalai or Tashi Lama.

There are, also, wizards who claim to be able to avert hail-storms from the standing crops, by a ritual of incantation which I have seen in practice. In fact, I once had as a servant a lad of seventeen or eighteen, who was the son of such a wizard; and although not regarded as a fully qualified adept, he used to look after the safety of our little garden plot when hail seemed to be threatening. It is just as well to
take out a small insurance policy of this kind as a safeguard. And I have also called in a professional diviner to discover the thief who had been stealing our ponies' forage. He put himself into a sort of trance, with the help of a small fire of juniper twigs, whose smoke he inhaled as he rocked and chanted to himself.

I once saw a very similar performance by a sort of witchwoman up in the Gilgit district, who also used juniper fumes. But all this, together with many other kinds of black magic practised in Tibet, is a study in itself, and like so much else in this strange country, it would require years of research there to explore even a part of it. I was only there long enough to scratch the surface of all sorts of absorbing mysteries which I should have liked to delve into more deeply.

However, it was not to be, and I can only consider myself lucky to have had the chance of seeing and learning even as much as I did, and especially of making friends with an incarnate Lama, and of so many Tibetans of lesser degree.
CONSUL IN EASTERN PERSIA

Chapter VII

I was sorry to leave Tibet, and all its unsolved mysteries, but I had had a good innings there, and there was no question but that it was now definitely a backwater, where nothing at all exciting was likely to happen for a long time to come. I had no inclination to vegetate in any of the British Indian States, and it seemed to me that the most promising outlet for my activities would be in Persia, where great events were in progress and great changes foreshadowed. The Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907 had divided Persia (on paper) into "spheres of influence"—our sphere lying to the south and south-east, and in these regions the British Consuls were supplied by the Government of India from their Foreign and Political Department, of which I was now a member. So I asked to be stationed somewhere in those parts, and in due course I was appointed as Consul for the districts of Seistan and Kain, lying to the extreme east of Persia, bordering on Afghanistan. Here I served for the next three years (with a brief interval as Consul-General at Meshad), and after that as Consul of Shiraz, capital of the great province of Fars, until I was made prisoner there in 1915; and I finally left Persia for good in 1916, after a residence in that country of some seven years—much longer than I was in Tibet.

During the whole of the time I was in Persia the country was in a state of chronic disturbance, amounting at times and in certain districts to anarchy. As was also the case in Turkey, the immemorial system of absolute monarchy was fast breaking down before the influx of new ideas and democratic principles which were drifting in from Europe and America. Vast areas of Persia had, it is true, existed in a sort of semi-independent condition for centuries—such for instance as the tribal areas in Fars, and in the south-west,
and in Persian Baluchistan in the south-east—and all these new-fangled notions made little or no appeal to them. But the young intelligentsia of the more settled parts of the country—the "Young Persian Party"—were trying to organise themselves much on the lines of the Young Turkish Party of Union and Progress, and were determined to abolish the absolute monarchy and to establish some form of popular democratic government. Several attempts had already been made to inaugurate reforms on these lines, but, owing to the obstinacy and treachery of the Shah, Muhammad Ali, and his reactionary surroundings, they had all ended in failure.

It was my fortune to arrive for the first time in Persia just as the latest efforts of the constitutionalists were reaching a crisis. I travelled there from India by the long roundabout route via Egypt, Constantinople, across the Black Sea to Batoum, and so to Baku, and across the Caspian Sea to the port of Enzeli—the jumping off place for the capital, Tehran, 250 miles inland.

As it happened it was a particularly interesting journey. Shortly before my arrival at Constantinople events there had reached a crisis. The revolutionary troops had entered the city, the Sultan had been deported to Salonika, and the newly elected Majlis (Parliament) had begun its sittings. All the old rotting bones of an iniquitous régime had been stirred up with a vengeance, and the corpse was safely buried. It was a time of high hopes, and everyone felt sanguine for the future under the band of young reformers who had brought about the miracle.

Naturally, in view of what was happening in Persia, all this was of intense interest to me, and during my few days in Constantinople I studied the situation with the help of Mr. FitzMaurice of our Embassy, and met several of the leaders of the Young Turk Party. But my stay was short, and on I went again across the Black Sea to Batoum and so to Tiflis.

Here I left the main line, and travelled south to the Persian border, and so set foot in Persia for the first time. I drove in a Persian carriage to Tabriz, the capital of the province of Azerbaijan, and spent a day or two with the Consul, Mr. Wratislaw.
It was the beginning of a new life for me, and I realised what a lot I had to learn. Luckily I had worked at the language on and off for some years in India, and had a fair grasp of the colloquial which I tried to improve daily. But there was much more in it than the mere question of language. It was a matter of coming to spend some years of one's life among a new people, of whose personal manners, habits, and ways of thought, one had only a scrappy and superficial knowledge. In order to live pleasantly with these people, and to be able to influence them and to secure their confidence, it was necessary to get to understand something about their mentality, their reactions to foreign ideas and people, their prejudices, their shortcomings, and their good points. And one would have to try to adjust one's own ideas and conduct to some extent in accordance with what one learnt, and with the customs of the country.

All this sounds easy and simple enough, and actually, in parallel (but totally different) circumstances in Tibet, I had found it a natural process. But when I reached Persia, I was no longer a young man—I was nearly forty—and readjustments of any kind are not quite so easy then as they are in youth.

However, as it turned out, the manner in which I came to Persia proved a great help for all the rest of my sojourn there. Most officials joining a new post proceed direct to their office and take over their duties right away, with the result that they never have the opportunity of meeting the people of the country as man to man. The mere fact of officialdom inevitably interposes a screen or barrier which keeps outsiders at a distance, and introduces formality and restraint.

But I was still a long way from my official post, and was moving about as a simple traveller with one old ruffian of a Persian servant whom I had brought with me from India. And so, although Persian travelling, at the best, involved (in those days at any rate) a good deal of discomfort and irritation, I did get the chance of meeting and talking to Persians of different classes as a human being, and not as an official.

This preliminary experience was particularly valuable to an officer coming from India. In India itself, and even in
the position of a Political Officer in an Indian State, a British Official is necessarily, *ipso facto*, a representative of the dominant power, and no amount of tact or sympathy can alter that fact. The situation has, of course, changed considerably during recent years under the India Act, but until India achieves complete dominion status (or independence) it still remains basically true. My previous service in a country quite independent of India or Great Britain helped me to realise the state of affairs from the first. But an officer whose services had lain entirely in India before coming to Persia was not always able to appreciate at the start the fact that he is now dealing with a proud and touchy race, which owed no allegiance of any kind to Great Britain, and which resented the slightest trace of condescension, or any show of authority. A consular officer was respected in Persia, as elsewhere, as being the representative of a foreign government; and the bigger and more powerful that government, the more, naturally, was he respected. But this is ordinary diplomatic usage, and implies no derogation from the sovereign rights and self-respect of the country to which he is accredited. Friction and ill-feeling have been occasioned at times by failure to realise these elementary propositions.

However, I had made a good start by my flying visit to Tabriz. Mr. Wratislaw, the Consul, was a senior and experienced official, who knew the Persian very well. At the time of my visit he was just about to go on leave, and his successor, Mr. W. A. Smart, had arrived to take over from him, so I had the benefit of meeting two regular Consular Service men who knew the ropes, and of hearing their views before arriving on my own stamping-ground.

Tabriz had been a focus of the new nationalist movement, and had been besieged by the Shah's troops during the preceding winter. Wratislaw had much to tell us of this affair, which, like most Persian military episodes of those days, was a mixture of tragedy—famine, sudden death, and treachery—and the comedy of the antics of the so-called soldiers and their officers. He introduced us also to perhaps the best known of the Young Persian leaders, Takeh Zadah, who came and unbosomed himself to three sympathetic listeners regarding the views and aspirations of his party.
They were dreamers and idealists, many of these young patriots, but no one could doubt their sincerity or fail to admire their courage.

After reading so much about Persia, ancient and modern, it was extraordinarily fascinating suddenly to find oneself thus plunged into the heart of the country's current history, and to meet real participants in a real drama.

The country east of Tabriz was still so disturbed and unsafe that, on the Consul's advice, I abandoned my intention of travelling thence to Tehran by road, and I returned to Tiflis and went on to Baku by rail, and so across the Caspian by ship to the Persian port of Enzeli. Here rumours were rife of revolutionary movements against the capital, and of armed bands of Caucasians who had recently passed through the port en route to Tehran.

I left early the next morning by carriage (there were no motors then), and drove in two days to Tehran, halting a night at Kasvin. All along the road I saw evidence that some big movement was in progress. After Kasvin especially I kept passing bands of armed men marching towards the capital, sturdy, picturesque-looking fellows, armed to the teeth and striding along in small groups without any military formation. Sometimes they called out to me to know who I was, and on hearing that I was a British Consul they gave me their blessing and a cheer for "the English and the Constitution"—synonymous terms in those days.

At a small rest house, about twenty miles from Tehran, where we stopped to change horses, I heard that the Commander of the rebel forces, a Persian officer entitled the "Sipahdar," was occupying the place, and there was some delay. He was told, however, that a British Officer was passing, and he sent a message asking me to come in and have a talk with him. It was my first meeting with a Persian of rank of the old school, and I was charmed by his perfect manners and courtesy. Nowhere have I ever seen manners to equal those of a Persian gentleman. They certainly oiled the wheels of official proceedings. It was just the same with the Chiefs of the nomad tribes whom I was to meet later on in Fars.

The Sipahdar was rather a pathetic figure. A handsome,
rather delicate-looking man, past middle-age, inconsequential and uncertain in manner—not the beau ideal of a revolutionary leader. He told me that he was nominally in command of the two revolutionary columns which were advancing on Tehran—the irregular bands of Caucasian and Armenian cut-throats some of whom I had passed on the road, and of a strong force of Bakhtiari tribesmen who were riding up from the south-west. The two columns expected to join forces the next day within striking distance of the capital. He asked me to assure the British Minister that, whatever fighting might take place, he would insure the protection of foreign life and property to the best of his ability.

I thanked him and promised to deliver his message, and drove on, reaching Tehran at nightfall. It is a great walled city, entered by four gates, north, south, east and west. I was duly challenged by the guard, and passed through. I spent the night with the Manager of the Imperial Bank of Persia, to whom I had an introduction.

The next day, I drove up to Gulahek, the garden suburb outside Tehran, where the foreign legations have their summer quarters, and introduced myself to the British Minister, Sir George Barclay, to whom I communicated the Sipahdar’s message, and was installed forthwith as his guest.

This book is not intended to be a history of the events in which I found myself from time to time as a spectator or participator. This side of the matter has already been dealt with by both myself and others. It is really written from a more personal point of view. I have all my life been more interested in people than in things, such as scenery, buildings, or even events, and that is my reason for the title. And just as in one of Shakespeare’s historical plays, the “alarums and excursions” which take place in the background are mere puppet-shows, while the sayings and actions of the actors who hold the stage are the main interest, so my memory recalls these past events. I remember so well the people I have met, and what they said and how they looked, and their reactions to the affairs of daily life; and all this seems much more vivid than the action of the drama which was going on all round me.

Anyway the events of the next few days were realistic
enough, and sitting up there in our comfortable quarters at Gulahek we had a good view of it all. After a few rather futile skirmishes the revolutionary troops approached the city, and we all expected fierce fighting before they got in. But one morning a day or two later we heard to our amazement that they had actually entered the city with practically no opposition and were in occupation of the larger part of it.

One section only, which was held by Russian Cossack troops under a Russian Colonel, was still putting up some show of resistance. The Shah with his entourage was in a sort of hill-castle outside the walls, a mile or two away. He had with him a remnant of his forces, and some field-guns, so I rode out one day and watched these guns making a rather feeble bombardment of the quarter of the city occupied by the Constitutionalists.

The Military Attaché of the British Legation was Colonel C. B. Stokes, a very capable and gallant officer, who was notoriously pro-Nationalist and was on terms of close friendship with various leaders of the Young Persian Party. When the Nationalist force was approaching the city Sir George Barclay had sent him down to take charge of the Legation there; and there he was still ensconced when the mixed troops under the Sipahdar entered the town. Rumours were soon rife that Colonel Stokes was behaving in a very unneutral manner and was in constant touch with several of the Young Persian leaders. The Russian Legation, reflecting the attitude of the Russian Government, was of course pro-autocracy and anti-nationalist, just as our people's sympathies were the reverse; but as neutrals we were not supposed to show any bias or to take sides. The Russians, not unnaturally, were particularly annoyed at Colonel Stokes' attitude, and complained about it to Sir George.

So the Minister asked me if I would go down to the city and take up my abode in the Legation in place of Stokes, explaining to him that Sir George wanted to have him with him at Gulahek. Escort by a couple of Indian Sawars, I rode down to the city, and was challenged at the Great Gateway by sentinels of the revolutionary force. They let me through at once on learning who I was, and I went on to
the Legation through silent and deserted streets. There were sounds of rifle-firing on the further side, but the Cossack Brigade was still holding out, and an occasional shell hummed overhead from the Shah’s guns outside the city.

The Legation is a large, comfortable house, standing in its own grounds surrounded by a high wall. On being admitted, I was shown into Colonel Stokes’ room, where I found him in full session with a group of the leading Nationalists. He went off at once on receiving the Minister’s message, and I was left in charge of the place, with a small staff of Legation servants and messengers.

Firing was still going on pretty briskly, and occasional bullets whizzed through the treetops, but we were safe enough inside the walls, and neither of the conflicting parties had any desire to stir up trouble with a foreign country. The only accident which occurred was due to my own fault. I strolled out the next morning into the roadway outside the main gateway of the Legation to have a look round, when a stray bullet came along and hit an old Legation Ghulam (mounted outrider) in the thigh—a nasty wound. We hastily retired under cover, and the Legation doctor, who was in residence there, dressed the wound and the old fellow recovered.

Several delegates from the Nationalists came in to see me from time to time, with various requests and questions, and among them the very striking figure of the Armenian leader of the Caucasian bands, one Ephraim by name—a burly, bearded figure bristling with weapons. He was a real fighting man, and did good service for the Young Persian cause both then and later when he was made Chief of Police under the new Constitutional régime.

The drama, however, drew rapidly to a close. The Russian-Cossack Brigade surrendered at discretion, and the whole city came under the control of the Nationalists. The Shah realised that with the loss of his capital the game was up, and he left his citadel and took refuge with the Russian Minister in the Russian Legation. He left Persia shortly after with the promise of a pension, and although he gave some trouble later and staged a rather futile attempt at a come-back, that was the end of his inglorious reign. His young
twelve-year old son, Ahmed Shah, was placed on the throne as the first Constitutional monarch of the new régime.

And so Persia won her Constitution, and started off (just as was happening in Turkey), for better or worse, under a new form of Government. Both experiments have had chequered careers, and both have ended, as we now know, in a manner never anticipated by their originators. However, the future was still blank, and as far as I was concerned I was delighted to have been actually on the spot while these exciting and critical events were taking place. I spent only a few more days in Tehran watching developments, during which I attended the young Shah's first diplomatic Levee, visited the leaders of the Nationalist Party and witnessed the hanging in the great Gun Square in Tehran of several of the worst malefactors of the late Shah's régime.

I still had a long way to go in order to reach my own legitimate "sphere of influence". First some six hundred miles due east to Meshad, and thence for several hundred more miles due south to my consular districts of Kain and Seistan. As there were no railways or motor cars, the traveller had to proceed by the old-fashioned method of caravan, so I fitted myself out with a suitable establishment accordingly. I engaged a staff of three Persian servants, and bought a couple of riding horses. Hired mules carried our baggage, and off we set on our long trek.

It was a wearisome business. It was August, and very hot, and the stages are long, averaging some twenty-four to twenty-five miles apiece, and the country for the most part is bare and monotonous. In order to avoid the heat of the day the little caravan used to start off about sunset, the three servants perched on top of the baggage on the mules' backs, and I slept on the roof of our caravanserai or other lodging till my Persian groom awoke me an hour or two before dawn. It was pleasant enough riding along in the cool of the morning, just before and after sunrise. The horses were well-fed and rested, and we covered the miles pretty quickly, arriving at our next halt generally about eight or nine o'clock to find the caravan there, the baggage unpacked and breakfast ready. One read and snoozed during the heat of the day, and I used to meet
and chat with local notables, and had time to work away at my Persian grammar and vocabulary.

In spite of the disturbed state of the country and the confusion arising from the revolutionary proceedings at the capital, a European traveller, and especially an Englishman, was safe enough, even on this road, which had for years been notorious for the raids of the Turkoman tribes from across the Russian border to the north. I had a good example of this during my journey. A certain brigand, named Ali Gapi, had made himself notorious about this time in this part of Persia, and he and his band held up caravans and robbed travellers daily with impunity. One morning, as I was riding quietly along followed by my groom, I saw a group of horsemen approaching us, and stopped to pass the time of day with them. We chatted for a minute or two, when their leader, a tough-looking customer, with a long moustache, and armed with a rifle and a magazine pistol, admired the horse I was riding, and asked me where I had bought it. I said at Tehran, and that I had named him "Ali Gapi," after a certain brigand of whom I had been warned before leaving the capital. This innocent remark caused great amusement, and the party all roared with laughter. As soon as he had recovered himself enough to speak, the leader told me that he himself was the individual in question, and he thanked me for the compliment. They went on their way still chuckling at the joke.

Meshad was reached in due course, and now I formally assumed charge of the Seistan and Kain Consulate from the incumbent, Colonel R. L. Kennion, who had come up to meet me en route for home. After a day or two as the guest of Colonel P. M. Sykes, our Consul-General for Khorasan, I resumed my long journey, but now in an official position and with an imposing cortège of Indian sawars and other mounted men of the consular staff.

I spent two to three years in these eastern provinces of Persia as Consul (and for a few months acting as Consul-General at Meshad), and found it on the whole an interesting and enjoyable experience. There was actually very little trade with India, just a trickle coming through on camel-back across the five hundred miles of desert which lies between
Seistan and Quetta in Baluchistan, and the Consul’s duties were really more diplomatic than commercial. One kept in touch with the local provincial Governors, and with one’s colleague, the Russian Consul, and exchanged formal yearly visits with the Afghan Governor of the adjoining districts in Afghanistan. I had an excellent staff, which included two Europeans, a British Medical Officer, Captain (now Colonel) J. B. Dalzell-Hunter, and a Vice-Consul at Birjand, Mr. W. H. Howson of the Indo-European Telegraph Department, besides Indian and Persian clerks, etc.

I have often been asked how one contrived to exist in these remote outposts, deprived of the ordinary agréments of civilised society—music, theatres, and the everyday contacts with social friends and acquaintances. Like most things in this world, it all depends on oneself and one’s own resources. It was admittedly a simple and, I suppose, a narrow life, but there was no need to stagnate. The work was always interesting. Then there were one’s Persian friends to meet and entertain; the Russian Consul and his wife were charming and hospitable; we were always well supplied with books, and gramophone records gave us music; and for fresh air and exercise we had any amount of sport—some of the best small-game shooting in the world in Seistan, and rough-and-ready polo. All this made life not only endurable, but very pleasant, provided of course that one had the temperament to support it. To some men, naturally, it would be almost intolerable.

The chief disadvantages of spending many years in these outposts are, first, that one misses whole series of current artistic events—plays, concerts, pictures, and so on—and those blanks can never be adequately filled in. And, secondly, that as the years pass away one loses touch with home friends, and relations. One passes out of their daily lives, and when one comes home after an interval of four or five or more years, one is more or less a stranger, and it is impossible ever quite to pick up the threads again.

These are some of the positive disadvantages to which the poor old "qui-hai" and "pukka Sahib" is subject; and if his life and work have been narrow and dull there are few compensating advantages. On the other hand, if one’s
work has taken one into strange countries, and brought one into contact with strange people and interesting (and perhaps even exciting and dramatic) events, then the exile is well worth while; and I know, in my own case, that I infinitely prefer to have lived in such places as Tibet, Persia, Nepal, etc., and to have seen history made there, than to have been installed all my life in some comfortable niche in England—no matter what social or artistic advantages one may have missed.

The great dangers are mental and physical stagnation. Books and other interests can offset the first, and for the second there is nothing like sport. Luckily for me I was always very active in body, and loved open-air sports of all kinds. In Seistan the shooting was, as I have already said, very good indeed. The great inland fresh-water lake there teems with wild-fowl of every description during the winter months, and Hunter and I had many good days after them. And we had excellent partridge shooting too. This, and our polo kept us fit. In the summer, I used to go up to the town of Birjand in the Kainat, and camp there in a garden near the town. The Governor of this Province was a young man of good family, known as the Shaukat-ul-Mulk, a great friend of the Vice-Consul, Howson. Like most Persians of the upper classes, he appreciated the good things of life, and we had many pleasant meetings and exchanged hospitality. A well-bred Persian is the most perfect and courteous host imaginable, and good Persian dishes and wine are hard to beat. It was very pleasant after dinner to sit in the cool night air in a garden, the trees hung with Chinese lanterns, and to listen to the rhythmic monotonous music of a Persian orchestra while troops of boys danced or acted little plays.

These remote districts were but little affected by the changes which had taken place at the capital. They were well governed and orderly, and the new government were only too pleased to let well alone, and made no attempt to interfere with an administration which functioned so satisfactorily. Almost our only trouble arose from an outside source, namely, the Afghan gun-runners bringing their goods up from the Gulf through Persian territory to Afghanistan. Their route passed through the southern part of Seistan, and there were
no Persian forces strong enough to tackle them. They travelled in large bands of several hundred at a time, and set the local Persian authorities at defiance; and we, of course, could not send troops into independent Persian territory to stop them. Our naval forces in the Gulf were able to cramp their style to a certain extent, but in spite of this the traffic flourished.

One pleasant change during this period was the six months I spent as Consul-General at Meshad during the absence on leave of Colonel Sykes. There was a much larger European community there, and quite a colony of Russians, and there were a doctor and a Military Attaché at the Consulate. So we had dinners and tennis-parties, and so on, during the summer months. Before I returned to Seistan, I arranged to get away on a shooting trip in the wild no-man's-land which lies south of the Russian Trans-Caspian frontier. This bit of country had for generations been terrorised by raiding Turkomans from the north, who used to swoop down periodically into Persian territory in armed bands, and rob, murder and loot at their own sweet will, returning laden with slaves and booty; and in consequence hundreds of square miles were quite unpopulated. It is a picturesque bit of country, very different from most of Persia, hilly and thickly-wooded. In the forests is found a great variety of wild animals—tigers, wild pig, and the great "maral" stags, and on the higher reaches ibex and wild sheep. A local Khan accompanied me, bringing his own escort of armed horsemen, and we spent a very enjoyable fortnight, camping in the forests and living practically on the country, and shooting stags, etc. The tigers eluded us, although we saw their tracks everywhere, and one visited my camp early one morning while I was still asleep, when one of my men encountered him face to face.

I returned to my own Consulate for another year or two and then took leave home. In three years I had learned a good deal about Persia and the Persians. I had been lucky enough to be present during a historical crisis at the capital, and in those remote, desert provinces on the eastern border I had gained experience of Persian ways and character. It was about as great a change from Tibet as one can imagine,
and I missed my Buddhist friends, with their easy-going ways and good humour and tolerance. But all experience is valuable, and certainly the problems which poor, distracted Persia presented at that time were engrossing enough to satisfy anyone's taste for adventure; and it was fascinating to watch, and to some extent to have a voice in, so great a change-over as that from an autocratic to a democratic form of government—or at any rate an attempt at democracy. It is curious, looking back on it all now, to see how events, both in Persia and in Turkey, followed very similar courses—revolt against a hereditary autocracy followed by a fragile and artificial form of constitutional government, and finishing in both countries by the establishment of a new autocrat risen from the ranks.

However, the drama was only in its early stages as yet, and I was destined to see a good deal of the second act later on. And in the meantime I was glad enough of a rest and change back to European civilisation and conditions of life. I drove by motor car from Seistan to Quetta, across the five hundred miles of the Nushki desert, the first time such a journey had been attempted, and travelled home via Delhi and Bombay.
Chapter VIII

After six months at home I travelled back to Persia by rail across Europe to Baku, and so by the Caspian Sea again to Enzeli and Tehran. Here I was hospitably entertained by our Minister, now Sir Walter Townley, and Lady Susan, and learnt all the latest developments which had taken place under the new government.

Bad as conditions had been under the late Shah, they were if anything rather worse under the Constitution. However feeble the régime of the Shah, there was, at any rate, behind him a certain prestige and the respect of ancient usage and tradition which was upheld by a horde of corrupt nobles and officials, and which was in accordance with Oriental conceptions of government. But with the relegation of the Monarch to the background as a mere figure head, all these old bonds were loosened, and neither the officials nor the tribesmen, nor the people in general, felt any particular loyalty to a group of newcomers, however high their ideals and however advanced their democratic principles. The Chiefs of the great nomad tribes for the most part regarded all this new-fangled business with unconcealed contempt, and as the forces of law and order weakened banditism and robbery became rife all over the country. The trade routes, never too safe, swarmed with robbers operating singly or in bands, and commerce, especially in the south, was almost impossible.

It was in these circumstances that the two great nations whose interests were chiefly affected, Great Britain and Russia, persuaded the new government to institute a force of gendarmerie, officered by Europeans, to maintain order on the main trade routes; and as neither Power would agree to the officers of the other being charged with this responsibility, it was agreed that some smaller country should be asked to
supply the necessary officers. The choice fell upon Sweden, and when I arrived in Tehran in the autumn of 1912, I found this new force in process of formation, and I made the acquaintance of some of the Swedes. They were almost without exception men of a good type, capable and soldierly, and their Persian recruits were being rapidly drilled and disciplined for their difficult task.

I was to have gone as Consul to Kerman, in the British sphere of influence, but the Minister thought that my services could be better utilised as Consul at Shiraz, the capital of the great province of Fars, which covers almost the whole of southern and south-eastern Persia along the shores of the Persian Gulf, and through which a large volume of British trade from India and elsewhere normally passes. A small advanced guard of the new gendarmarie had already been sent to Shiraz, but their position was a difficult and rather precarious one, and it was proposed to increase their numbers as soon as possible. Sir Walter impressed upon me that one of my principal duties as British Consul would be to encourage and support in every way I could this new experiment in which the Home and Indian Governments were so greatly interested, and which was being subsidised by funds from Great Britain.

Travelling in Persia was a serious undertaking in those disturbed times. It is some 600 miles from Tehran to Shiraz, and a good part of the road led through areas known to be frequented by robbers and lawless tribesmen. The first 300 miles to Isfahan was fairly safe, and I drove there without incident in the usual decrepit old phaeton, and spent the nights in the usual bleak and dirty caravanserais—an incredibly tedious mode of travelling. At Isfahan I stayed with our Consul-General, Mr. George Graham, and learnt from him the latest news of his province and the surrounding districts. It was everywhere the same story—murder, robbery and outrage, and an almost complete cessation of trade. A young British officer, who had just arrived there from the south-west to study Persian, had been held up, stripped, and robbed by wild tribesmen on the way, and was lucky to have escaped with his life.

The worst part of the journey still lay before me, the 300
miles to Shiraz, and the Persian Governors-General of Isfahan and Fars arranged that Mr. Smart, whom I was to relieve at Shiraz, should be escorted by tribesmen from his province, and that the Bakhtiaris should similarly escort me from Isfahan to our rendezvous at Yezdikhast, about half way.

I bought a horse here, and thus did the next half of my journey in much greater comfort and convenience than in my abominable old carriage. I had about one hundred wild-looking tribesmen as my guard and companions, and it was fun riding over the plateau preceded and followed by these picturesque and handsome scallawags. Every man and every boy was, of course, armed with a rifle, and generally with a magazine pistol as well. The young bloods would go dashing about at full gallop when the spirit moved them, loosing off their rifles and yelling war cries. Some of them were really wonderful shots, and I have seen them shoot running hares with their rifles, going at full gallop. Most of them talked a dialect I could not understand, but the chief men all spoke excellent Persian, and they would chat away and tell me stories of their lives and adventures as we rode along. We used to do about twenty to twenty-five miles a day, and the weather was perfect at that elevation, 5,000 feet or so, bright sun by day, and cool starlit or moonlit nights.

I enjoyed this form of travelling, and it seemed incredible that only a month or two before I should have been motoring on English roads, or going by train to some country house to shoot partridges and pheasants, with all the amenities and conventions of our cramped and artificial (but very agreeable) form of civilisation. Persia had its drawbacks in those pre-war days, but I am glad now that I knew it then, in its natural condition (so to speak)—much the same, except of course for modern firearms, as it had been in the days of Darius. I suppose progress of some kind is inevitable, but it can be very boring.

Smart and I met in great state at our half-way house. We spent the night drinking Shiraz wine he had brought with him (and very good it was!), and he told me all the latest gossip. It was not very reassuring. Things had got so bad on the southern trade routes between Shiraz and the port of Bushire that the Indian Government had been goaded into
sending a Cavalry Regiment to keep order there. How they imagined that mounted men were going to stop brigandage over 150 miles of villainous hill tracks, which run over steep and stony passes and through deep and precipitous ravines, no one has ever been able to explain; but, at any rate, they did send the Central Indian Horse to Bushire. Two squadrons remained at the port, and Smart who had met them there set forth for Shiraz under the escort of the rest of the regiment. They were attacked by tribesmen near a town called Kazerun towards nightfall one evening, and succeeded with great difficulty in getting safely into the town with their baggage and treasure chests, but Smart was hit by a stray bullet in the darkness, and fell off his horse into a ditch. Here he was found by the tribesmen, and as soon as they saw who he was, the Chief took him off to his fastness in the hills and treated him with great kindness and hospitality until he was cured.

Smart spoke Persian very well and had a sense of humour, and the Persians liked him and they got on very well together. Some of their offers of hospitality were rather embarrassing. We passed a pleasant evening, and laughed more, perhaps, than the really serious situation warranted.

We bade each other farewell next morning. He rode off to the north with the Bakhtiaris, and I to the south with the Fars tribesmen. The next time we met was in the British Consul's office in New York in the spring of 1918.

I do not propose in this book of reminiscences to follow very closely my experiences as British Consul at Shiraz during the next two or three years. They have been described already and most of them are matters of history. But as "things mortal" are inextricably mixed up with "things political" the two aspects cannot be entirely segregated. So I will try to give a brief sketch of the queer business I was expected to handle, and of some of the people I was associated with.

The head of the government of the province was a Persian nobleman of the old school, the Mukhbir-es-Saltaneh, who had been born and bred in the traditions of the select aristocratic coterie which made up the personnel of the rapidly changing Persian Cabinet, and which supplied governors and other high
officials to the various provinces. The chaos to which Persia had been reduced was due partly to the corruption and inefficiency of these individuals, and partly, of course, to the misgovernment of the Shahs themselves. It was all part of the same bad old system.

Matters, in fact, had become so bad that even the Persians themselves (who have always resented any kind of foreign interference in their internal affairs) had been compelled to accept the guidance of a number of foreign officials in such departments as the treasury and the customs and, as mentioned above, in the policing of the country by a foreign-led gendarmerie. So when I arrived at Shiraz I found a Belgian installed as head of the local treasury, Swedish officers with the gendarmerie; and shortly afterwards I myself arranged with the approval of the British Minister that a young American officer, at Tehran, should come to Shiraz to re-organise the so-called "army". And he brought with him, as his Adjutant, a young Frenchman, who had had some military training in his own country. The bulk of the funds to keep the whole motley machine in motion was provided by the British Government, the monies being doled out monthly by me as their local representatives.

The Governor-General was a charming old gentleman with the most perfect manners and a good command of French and German, and we always got on very well together. In his heart he detested the whole lot of us Europeans, and would gladly have sent us all packing, but the financial element was too strong for him. So he had to make the best of a bad job, and behind a polished façade he intrigued ceaselessly with his officials, and with the Chiefs of the nomad tribes, to create trouble for the interlopers, and to have all the strings in his own hands. He was a hospitable man, and I often dined with him in the rambling old citadel which was his headquarters, and he regaled me not only with excellent food and drink, but also with stories of his youth and adventures in foreign capitals.

Fars was a particularly lawless and disturbed province, even for the Persia of those days. Not only were there two great groups of nomad tribes, the Kashgais and the Khamseh, which moved in bulk yearly from their summer to
their winter quarters and back, but there were a number of independent chieftains, rather like the robber barons of the middle ages, living in castles of their own and with a following of some scores of riflemen. These gentry were a law unto themselves, and openly levelled blackmail (under the guise of "road-cess") on travellers and caravans on the trade routes. And besides these more or less recognised bandits there were a number of robbers pure and simple who operated singly or in small bands from obscure fastnesses in the mountains.

As may be imagined, incidents tragic, and sometimes comic, were frequent. I had not been a week at Shiraz when some officers of the C.I.H. on a shooting trip were attacked and one of them was shot dead. The gendarmerie were constantly attacked while trying to restore and maintain order on the roads, and one Swedish officer was killed at Kazerun. Caravans were continually being robbed and trade was practically at a standstill.

But gradually the forces of law and order began to assert themselves. The gendarmerie rooted out certain nests of brigands and established posts on the high roads, and it began to look as if Southern Persia might in time revert to, at any rate, a modified form of civilisation.

Even the reconstruction of the "army" (the Persian army of those days always necessitated inverted commas—few pantomimes presented anything quite so comic) began to take shape. The young Frenchman, whom Colonel Merrill had brought with him as Assistant and Adjutant, had entered the French Military College of St. Cyr, but had characteristically got into hot water and had to leave the army owing to a duel with a brother officer. He was a charming lad (he could not have been more than about twenty), a really keen and well-instructed officer, but with all the traits of the French temperament to an exaggerated degree, fiery, impulsive, proud and courageous. He made a spirited and picturesque addition to our mixed international team.

On one occasion news reached us at Shiraz that a detachment of the gendarmerie were in a critical position, practically besieged in their post at Kazerun some thirty to forty miles away by a local brigand who had looted the town and was trying to wipe out the gendarmerie. No other reinforcements
being available, Merrill collected as many men as he could of his half-trained soldiers, and sent off the little band to the rescue. I remember going to see them off under Rimbaud’s leadership and wishing them luck.

The really comical touch, which generally appeared in any Persian enterprise of those days, and which added the last bizarre aspect to the expedition, was the presence on the parade of a local magnate who was suspected of subversive activities and of having connived at an attempt to murder the Belgian Finance Officer. This gentleman had been arrested overnight and was mounted on a mule with his feet tied underneath. Rimbaud, as I heard afterwards, rode beside him all the way to Kazerun with a loaded revolver in his hand.

This motley column turned the scales in the fighting at Kazerun. The gendarmerie post was relieved and the prisoner sent on to Bushire, whence he was deported from Persia and did not show up again for several years.

This was only one incident out of the many which enlivened the tenure of my post as Consul at Shiraz. The whole state of affairs was really a caricature of an administration, and I personally never believed that any stable form of government could result from it.

All through the years 1913 and 1914 this sort of thing continued, and although the Swedish officers and Merrill worked hard at their jobs, they were perpetually thwarted by the jealousy and intrigues of the Governor-General, and they were never strong enough to oppose effectively the lawless nomad tribes who had from time immemorial exercised sway over large tracts of country, and whose chiefs had no intention of being controlled or hampered by inexperienced troops led by foreign officers.

I think it will be pretty clear that my position was scarcely what one could call that of a normal British Consul in a foreign country. Both the gendarmerie and the general administration of this huge province were kept in action to a great extent by funds provided by the British Government, and doled out by me monthly; and this of course gave me a very special status, and also a very special responsibility. I was obliged, whether I liked it or not, to keep track, as far as
I could, of how the money was spent, and the results from the expenditure, and was thus brought into close daily touch with every branch of the provincial administration and with all its leading personages, European and Persian. But at the same time I had no executive authority, and could only advise and admonish as seemed best from time to time.

I find, on looking back at it all now, that although I naturally carried out my duties with a full sense of responsibility, and did my best to see that our Government's money was expended to the best advantage, my life at Shiraz was, nevertheless, on the whole very enjoyable. The climate is good, and we had lots of sport and amusement. Polo and tennis all through the summer, and excellent small game shooting in the winter. I made a point, too, of travelling about as much as I could, so as to get to know the country and the people, and in this way I had many delightful trips and met most of the leading tribesmen and other notabilities in pleasant informal circumstances.

I am writing of the Persia of over a quarter of a century ago, and like all people of my age, have seen many changes in many countries. But while we all recognise the vast alterations which have taken place in this and other civilised countries during the last thirty years or so, I think that the greatest revolution of all must be that in the primitive conditions of pastoral tribes who had been used for hundreds, or perhaps thousands of years to lead a nomadic existence, and wander freely over vast tracts of country with their flocks and herds, varying their resting places with the changes of the seasons.

I have often watched one or other of these tribal migrations on the Persian uplands, either when they were moving from summer to winter quarters, or vice versa. It was an informal, patriarchal sort of affair. The rambling procession would extend over several miles of country, and included the whole personnel of some particular sub-section of one of the branches of one of the great tribal groups. Everyone, with the exception of a few shepherds perhaps, would be mounted on horses, ponies, mules or donkeys—the men and elder boys on the best mounts, every one of them armed with a rifle, while old men, women and children rode on mules or donkeys.
All the tribal paraphernalia, tents, etc., would be piled on any beast of burden available, including cows and bullocks. It was a leisurely progress, the pace governed by that of the weaker and younger beasts. In the spring the young lambs were carried in sacks, slung across the backs of some draught animals, one sack on each side, with three partitions like pockets sewn in it, into each of which a small lamb would be inserted, tail down, and his head and fore-paws sticking out. Very much the sort of thing (bar the rifles) as went on in the time of Abraham, one may suppose.

These tribesmen are magnificent specimens of humanity, tall, dark, handsome, with their black ringlets and moustaches, their flowing robes and broad cartridge belts, and they are fine horsemen and good shots. Their manners and bearing are regal, simple, dignified, and courteous, and their hospitality is famous. For the midday meal a tablecloth of leather is spread on the ground, and is covered with a quantity of appetising dishes—stews, pilau, roasts, condiments, sweets, etc. The party take their places kneeling or sitting cross-legged round the feast. Each person has a large portion of unleavened bread which serves as a plate, fingers take the place of knives, spoons, and forks, and each man helps himself from the pile of dishes. The cookery is delicious, the joints consisting mostly of mutton and lamb, with some poultry and game. As each man (there are of course no women present) finishes, he half turns and a servant pours water on his hands from a flagon, and he then rises and retires. No wine or other liquor is served.

This does not mean that the Persians never drink. The habit varies very much (it must be remembered that I am writing of nearly thirty years ago. I have no knowledge of what is done now). Generally speaking I found the tribesmen of those days much stricter in the Mussulman observances than the townspeople, who drink and appreciate good liquor. The Shiraz wine in particular is excellent, especially an old vintage. Some of my Shiraz friends had cellars containing wines twenty years old. It somewhat resembles a full-bodied Madeira, but will not, unfortunately, stand transportation.

One of my difficulties, as an official of the British Govern-
ment, was the strict rule against the acceptance of presents of any kind. I remember one occasion when I had rashly expressed admiration of a beautiful Arab horse belonging to the Ilkhani of the Kashgais, the Saulat-ed-Daulah. On leaving his tent after a conference, I saw the horse being led up and down before the tent, and was informed that it was mine. My protestations that it was impossible for me to accept it were met with surprise and disappointment, but I had to be firm. Shortly after, the young son of the Chief, a boy of about twelve, came forward with a pair of beautifully-made Persian rugs and said that these had been woven by his mother, were of no value, and would I accept them from him. It would have been too churlish to refuse, and I accepted them (I have them still), and I afterwards sent the boy a suitable gift in return. As in duty bound, I reported the transaction to the Foreign Office, and was mildly reprimanded, but excused in view of the circumstances of the case.

It will be gathered that the duties of a British Consul in Persia in those days were rather extensive and peculiar, and bore little relation to those of the ordinary Consular officer stationed at some European seaport, where he is concerned chiefly with trade and shipping and the welfare of any British subjects who may be resident in, or passing through, his sphere of Consular jurisdiction. The Consul's duties at Shiraz were in reality far more diplomatic or political than merely commercial. As I have mentioned above, large sums passed through my hands regarding the expenditure of which I had to keep in touch with the Governor-General and the heads of the different departments. The various European administrators, with all of whom I was on the best of terms, were only too pleased to co-operate with me, and to spend their subsidies to the best public advantage. But, as might be expected, the Governor-General and his Persian officials did not see things in quite the same light. They were glad enough to accept the grants, but they much resented any foreigner interfering with, or even advising, regarding the expenditure. It galled them to see good money being spent for the benefit of the public, when from immemorial custom a considerable part of it should have gravitated into private pockets. Great tact and care were necessary to steer a happy
mean between dictation on the one hand and laxity on the other.

On the whole I found the Governor-General easy and satisfactory to deal with. Although he rather resented this state of affairs, he was prepared, as a philosopher, to make the best of a bad job, and although some of the usual perquisites of office had dried up, there were plenty of side channels which continued to flow.

I soon found that the presence of a large cavalry escort (four squadrons of the C.I.H. and a company of Indian infantry) was far more embarrassing than useful. The Persians generally resented the presence of these troops in the heart of their country, and regarded it as definitely an insult, and a threat to their independence. Although the behaviour of both officers and men was exemplary, there were many small disagreeable incidents, and hardly a day passed without friction of some kind or another, and several times isolated men were shot at or assaulted. So it seemed to me better to ask the Indian Government to withdraw them, and to leave me just the usual eight or ten sawars, the customary escort of our Consulates in Persia, whose duties were just to guard the main gateway and to accompany the Consul on formal visits and when he was travelling about. And besides, now that the gendarmerie were striving to restore order on the roads, and the army was being reconstituted, further armed force seemed unnecessary. And so it was arranged, and the extra troops marched safely down to Bushire without incident. I missed them, naturally, as the presence of so many British Officers added greatly to the amenities of this remote post, but the Governor-General and the people of the province at large were pleased to see the backs of these foreign troops, and a much more friendly atmosphere prevailed. The Governor-General used to send some of his own horsemen to accompany me when I went shooting or travelling, and in the tribal areas the Chiefs always provided a large and picturesque escort.

After nearly two years at Shiraz, I found myself willy-nilly involved in so many aspects of the provincial administration and with so many responsibilities on my shoulders, that I asked and received permission to pay a short visit to
Tehran to talk things over with the British Minister, and to try to ascertain the views of the heads of various departments at the capital regarding a number of questions which wanted clearing up. Thanks to the gendarmerie posts on the road, my journey there and back was uneventful, and I spent a pleasant week with my friends the Townleys, and met most of the Persian Ministers and their European assistants. I also had the pleasure of meeting again M. Korostovetz, whom I had last seen when he was Russian Minister in Peking, and who had now been transferred to Tehran. We recalled our tea-party with the arch-intriguer Dorjieff, and discussed Tibetan and Central-Asian affairs, on which M. Korostovetz was an expert. It was a pleasant change after the petty squabbles and parochialism of Shiraz.

In order to mitigate the intolerable tedium of the long six hundred mile journey back to Shiraz, I purchased a Ford car from a friend of mine at Baku, who arranged to have it shipped across the Caspian and driven up to Tehran for me. It was my first experience of a Ford with the old-fashioned change-gear system, but I mastered it after a day or two's instruction, and started off gaily with my Persian servant, plenty of petrol, and some spare tyres and inner-tubes. We also carried two goat-skins of water to replenish the radiator when crossing the waterless plateau, and a spade and pick-axe for road-making purposes. Several cars had been as far as Isfahan, but hitherto no one had attempted the journey from Isfahan to Shiraz. We got along very well as far as Isfahan with a few punctures and burst tyres, but the second half of the journey was not quite so easy. Most of it across the open plain was all right, but every now and then we came across small ravines with steep sides where we had to dig a bit and remove rocks, etc., and as we neared Shiraz there were some very rickety bridges over water-channels, which had to be patched up and carefully negotiated.

On the way I left the main road to make a call on my friend the Saulat-ed-Daulah, who was established in his tribe's summer quarters nearby, and the Ford aroused great excitement and admiration among the tribesmen who had never seen a motor car before. And further south the
Kawan-ul-Mulk, Chief of the Khamseh tribes, came and spent an evening with me at a small rest-house. I carried messages to both of them from the Minister, and if the war had not followed almost at once I think that we might have entered into arrangements with them both, which would have been helpful for the future tranquillity of the province, and would have led to better relations between the tribesmen and the gendarmerie.

I arrived back at Shiraz the day after war was declared, and in the next chapter I will describe my experiences of war-time in this out-of-the-way place in a neutral country.
PRISONER IN PERSIA

Chapter IX

For several years before the war it had been perfectly obvious to every observant Britisher in the Near and Middle East that Germany was making plans and training agents in the expectation of war between herself and Great Britain. There was a succession of so-called scientific travellers and trade agents continually moving about through regions where German interests were small or non-existent, and the information which reached our Consuls and others regarding these activities plainly showed that they were actuated by other motives than merely innocent commercial or scientific enquiries. I had submitted reports of several of these travellers myself, and the cumulative effect of a number of such reports from all over the areas in question must, one would have thought, have forced the Foreign Office, and so the British Government, to the conclusion that Germany was deliberately making preparations for war in the not-distant future.

However that may be, we had plenty of evidence of Germany's interest in South Persia, where, by the way, her actual commercial, strategical, or political interests were practically nil. There had been a German Consul at Bushire for some years, and hitherto he had remained at his post there and had not extended his activities beyond a few miles from the shores of the Gulf. But in the spring of the year 1913, Herr Wassmuss thought fit to pay a visit to Shiraz, and up he came and established himself for the summer months in a small house outside the city. There was, of course, no reason why the German Consul should not visit Shiraz and spend a few months in a climate much better than that of Bushire during the summer, but, as mentioned above, German trade was practically non-existent, and there were no German subjects needing assistance or protection. I, of course,
reported his arrival to Tehran, and kept as close a watch as I could on his various activities.

This was the more easily done as Wassmuss was personally a very pleasant and agreeable fellow. He was a blond, bearded Saxon, spoke excellent English, was hospitable and well-mannered, with no trace of Prussianism, and he and I got on very well together. We exchanged visits and dined at each other’s houses, and we even went off on some little shooting trips together. It was, however, with the Swedish officers of the gendarmerie that Wassmuss maintained the closest and most friendly relations. He and the Swedes were constantly together, and he practically lived in their mess. He made a point, too, of travelling extensively all over the province, and of making contacts with the leading men.

Another portent was the arrival in Shiraz of the German Military Attaché from Tehran. I remember one day, when I was returning from some little trip down the road, halting my horse on the top of a rise, and seeing just below me a small column of troops coming up the road. It was a detachment of gendarmerie on their way to occupy a new position. And leading them rode three officers abreast—two Swedes with the German Military Attaché between them. We greeted one another cordially, but I had a good deal to think about as I continued my solitary journey.

It was not, however, until war had actually been declared, that I began to realise how strong were the pro-German sympathies of the Swedish officers. I record this in no spirit of bitterness, or even of criticism against them. It was with them a natural attitude of mind, not based on any anti-British or French feelings, but partly on their admiration for the German military machine as such, and partly on their secular fear and hatred of Russia. In those days many Swedish officers used to go to Germany to study German military methods, and they were one and all deeply impressed with Germany’s military efficiency. In fact, I soon found that the mere idea that Germany could be defeated on land was to them quite absurd and unthinkable. And at the same time the history of their country, and its relations with our ally, Czarist Russia, warned them of the dangers to be feared in that direction. This attitude of mind had not perhaps
been properly realised when Great Britain and Russia agreed to the selection of Swedes to organise the gendarmerie in Persia. Before the war it did not matter very much, but once hostilities had begun it proved very embarrassing, and even, in our part of the world, disastrous.

At first, however, all went well. Persia was a neutral country, and all the gendarmerie was expected to do was to carry out the duties for which they were being paid (with the help of a liberal subsidy from the British Government), namely the safeguarding of the main trade routes. But from the start their pro-German bias was clearly evident. Individually they were a very nice lot of fellows indeed, and I was on friendly terms with them all, especially their Commanding Officer, Colonel Uggla, a Swedish gentleman and officer of the very best type, who, with his charming wife, was a welcome addition to our small society. Uggla, I may say, never showed any pro-German or anti-British leanings of any kind. He was always scrupulously careful to keep his neutral status, and to carry out his own duties. To my great regret he left Persia early in 1915. If he had remained I do not think that the rather disgraceful and tragic events which followed later would ever have occurred.

It was about this time (the early months of 1915) that an event occurred which hastened the dénouement of our little local crisis. News reached the Resident in Bushire that Herr Wassmuss, who had been away on leave, was returning to Persia with a small following of Germans, Turks, and others on a special Mission to stir up trouble for the British in South Persia, extending into Afghanistan and so of course eventually to India. He was said to be carrying with him arms, money, and incendiary anti-British pamphlets and other literature. Owing to his previous activities, and his friendship with certain small semi-independent Khans along the littoral of the Gulf, he rather rashly elected to travel through this region after entering Persian territory from Mesopotamia. Here he made a mistake in not reckoning on British sea-power. The Bushire authorities arranged with some friendly Khan to have Wassmuss and his party arrested while passing through his territory, and they sent a small force by sea to pick them up when they had been caught. This plan was
duly carried out, but Wassmuss, who was a brave and active man, slipped through the hands of his captors by night before the arrival of the British party, made his way across country for some twenty miles or so, and took refuge with a friend of his, the Khan of Borazjun, a few miles from Bushire.

He lost everything he possessed, his money, arms, papers, personal kit, etc., all of which fell into the clutches of the British, and his companions were hauled off into captivity. He was naturally angry and bitter, and swore to have his revenge sooner or later. He began to move about quite openly here and there through this part of Southern Persia, cementing his relations with certain of the local Chiefs, and prejudicing them to the best of his ability against the British. A little later he came up to Shiraz. I never saw him there, but he kept in close touch with the Swedish officers, and with the Governor-General.

Wassmuss’s propaganda, combined with the notorious fact of the Swedes’ pro-Germanism, and of certain unfortunate occurrences at Bushire, now began to have their effect. I noticed a gradual change in the city of Shiraz and neighbourhood from the friendly feelings of former days, and was greeted with black looks when I rode about. And the members of my staff were threatened and insulted. We felt that a storm was brewing, and it soon burst.

The first actual outrage was the shooting of my Vice-Consul, Ghulam Ali Khan. This gentleman belonged to an old Indian family which had been settled in Shiraz for several generations. Although practically a Persian in mode of life, he was still a British subject, had been to school in England, and spoke perfect English. He had only been made Vice-Consul a few months before, at my request, in order to help me in the extra difficulty and strain of my work in war time. He was a stout, genial, sociable person, popular with all our small European community.

Realising the danger which threatened when we moved outside the Consulate, I had asked the Commandant of the gendarmes to furnish both myself and my Vice-Consul with a small mounted escort to accompany us when riding about, and this had been done. One morning Ghulam Ali Khan was just riding into the Consulate through the main gate
with his escort of gendarmes when he was shot in the back, the bullet passing through his stomach. No one could tell who fired the shot, or where it came from. He died that night.

A few days later, my head clerk, a Persian, was shot at and wounded in the arm in the bazaar, and one of the mounted messengers employed by the Consulate was shot through the body and killed.

As may be imagined, it was not a very pleasant situation. All British and other employees were being openly threatened and were in daily danger of assassination, and there was little or nothing we could do to protect ourselves. The only properly equipped and organised force in the city was the gendarmerie, and it was clear that they had neither the intention nor the desire (even if they had the power) to protect us. I remonstrated, of course, with the Swedish officers, and pointed out to them that as the paid officials of a neutral country it was their obvious duty to remain strictly neutral themselves, whatever their private predilections might be, and to see that their Persian officers and men did the same. But by this time they were up to their necks in the pro-German intrigues which were rife in Shiraz, and they simply shrugged their shoulders and professed to be unable to do anything to mend matters.

By this time I had succeeded by means of constant reports to my minister at Tehran in securing the removal of the Governor-General, who was now showing himself as plainly pro-German, and in having the Kawan-ul-Mulk appointed in his place. The Kawan was a straightforward and honest man, friendly to the British, and with no desire to see the province turned into an arena for German intrigues and outrages. He did what he could to keep matters straight, but his disorderly and scattered tribesmen were no match for the now well-armed and disciplined gendarmerie, and his power for good was strictly limited.

So things went on during that very uncomfortable summer of 1915. At Isafahan our Consul-General had also been attacked and fired on, and he was obliged to withdraw altogether, taking the British community with him. A similar course was recommended for Shiraz, but I still hoped
that with the help of the Kawan, and other elements in the province friendly to us, we should be able to weather the storm, and I was reluctant to leave the field clear for the Germans and their friends, so I advocated delay and tried to keep our flag flying as long as possible.

The hostile party proved, however, in the end to be too strong for us. One day, early in November, the Commandant of the gendarmerie called in to tell me that he and the other Swedish officers were about to proceed on a tour of inspection of their posts on the road, and that during their absence, the senior Persian officer would be in command at Shiraz. I expressed my misgivings at this programme, but without any effect, and the Swedes departed on their tour.

A day or two later, on the 10th November 1915, at about 9.30 a.m., the N.C.O. in command of the ten Indian sawars which constituted my consular guard, came running in to tell me that the Consulate had been surrounded by armed gendarmes, some of whom, with a machine gun, had taken up positions on the roofs of houses overlooking the Consulate garden, and that a field gun had been brought up and placed in position just opposite the main gateway. A few minutes later a single gendarme, bearing a white flag, presented himself at the gateway and was ushered into my office, where he presented me with a letter signed by "The National Committee for the Protection of Persian Independence". This letter was in fact an ultimatum, informing me that the "Persian Patriots" had decided on the arrest of myself and my compatriots, and that if I did not surrender within half an hour, the Consulate and the English houses would be bombarded, and that the Committee would accept no responsibility for what might happen to us, especially to the women.

If we surrendered, we should be sent to Borazjun, where we should be held as hostages against the return of those Persians and Germans who had been made prisoners by us on Persian territory, we should be allowed three hours to prepare for our departure, and three mules per person would be provided for the carriage of our baggage.

I had discovered by this time that the telegraph lines, both to the north and south, had been interrupted, so I could not get through either to Tehran or Bushire. The
Consulate was quite indefensible, even if we had had enough men to defend it, and the other Europeans were scattered about here and there in the neighbourhood, so there was nothing for it but to surrender under protest.

The next half-hour was a busy one for me. I had already, in anticipation of something of this kind happening, burnt most of the official cypher books, but there was still one remaining and a good many confidential papers. These I heaped together outside in the garden and set alight to them. But what I was most concerned in was a sum of £2,000 in gold which I had been collecting for some time from funds at my disposal with the idea that it might prove useful some day to finance our friends in the country in the event of hostilities breaking out between them and the party hostile to us. It was clearly useless to us now as we should certainly be searched, and anything of value we possessed would fall into the hands of the gendarmes and their friends. The gold coins (mostly English sovereigns) were contained in two canvas bags.

In the garden adjoining the Consulate lived a Russian merchant, a good friend of mine, with whom I used sometimes to go shooting, etc. There was no gateway in the high sixteen foot wall which divided our two gardens, and the only possible means of communication was the hole at the bottom of the wall through which flowed the little irrigation channel bringing water from his garden to mine. So I entrusted the two bags to a small Persian boy servant and told him to creep through the hole, hand the bags to my friend, and ask him to bury them and to keep them till I was in a position to reclaim them.

The boy, to whom I gave a small present, carried out these instructions loyally, and I never saw him again. My Russian friend also did his share. On my release from prison some nine months later I informed the Minister at Tehran where the gold was, and it was returned intact to the then Consul.

Within half an hour we were all rounded up by the gendarmes and taken to their headquarters in the city—eleven Europeans altogether, seven men and four ladies—two of the latter being girls of seventeen and eight respectively,
the daughters of Mr. Ferguson, the Manager of the Imperial Bank of Persia, and his wife, and an hour or so later we started off, the men mounted on horses and mules, the ladies in a carriage, on the main trade route to the south under a strong escort of gendarmes.

It was all a very sudden and complete change of fortune. A few hours before we had been foreign residents in a neutral country, enjoying the privileges and prestige due to British subjects, and holding, most of us, responsible posts—myself the position of Consul, Mr. Ferguson, the Manager of the local branch of the State Bank, Mr. Smith, the local head of the Telegraph Department, and so on, living in security in comfortable houses. Suddenly we found ourselves ousted from our homes, forced to abandon everything we possessed, except what we could hurriedly cram into a suitcase or two (the three mules per person never materialised I may say), and hustled off ignominiously under the escort of a force which owed its arms, and indeed its very existence, to the British funds which had passed through my hands during the last two or three years.

But on the other hand, it was not really so unexpected a dénouement. For months past we had all realised that the situation was critical and that anything might happen. Anti-British feeling had been running strong all over south Persia for some months, fostered by the pro-German Swedish officers and the Persians under their influence, and connived at by the Governor-General. The tribesmen and their chiefs were on the whole friendly enough, but they had their own interests and rivalries to consider, and they were not sufficiently interested in European politics to bother very much about what was going on outside their own country. The Kawam-ul-Mulk would have helped us if he could, but the well-organised coup took him by surprise, and we had been whisked away from Shiraz before he had time to take any counter action. And in any case his ragged bands would have been no match for the well-armed gendarmerie.

Our captors were civil enough, but it was a disagreeable and humiliating experience. We were hurried along at the start in order to get us away from any chance of a rescue at Shiraz. After an hour or two's halt at the first stage, we had
to ride all through the night, and were pushed on again for another stage the following afternoon. We were now in rough and hilly country, the carriage had to be abandoned, and the four ladies were carried in litters. Next day, we arrived at Kazerun, and were greeted with a hostile reception, organised of course by the gendarmerie with the help of some local ruffians. But beyond yells and a few stones we were not actively assaulted. The ladies were wonderfully brave and stood it all with the greatest pluck, including little eight-year old Peggy Ferguson—now, I may mention, the authoress of a baker's dozen of popular novels, and also of an autobiography, Bid Time Return, wherein she recounts these and other equally exciting experiences of her girlhood in Persia.

On arriving at Borazjun a few days later, I was informed that Wassmuss was also living in the fort, so I went along to his room to have a chat with him, and we had on the whole quite a friendly conversation. He had adopted Persian dress, and with his beard and his bronze complexion might easily have been mistaken for a Persian. He greeted me warmly as an old friend, and said that he was really sorry that I was one of the victims of his reprisals against Britishers in Persia. He told me all about the capture of his caravan, and how he had succeeded in making his escape, and in making his way across some twenty miles of wild country without his boots, and how he had thrown himself on the protection of the Khan of Borazjun while his companions, kit, treasure, arms, and papers, etc., had all fallen into the hands of our people. "After that" he said: "It was naturally up to me to get a bit of my own back, and you would probably have done just the same in similar circumstances." He said that the ladies would be sent under escort to Bushire, and the men prisoners to a little fort, at a place called Ahram about twenty miles away.

And so it was arranged. The ladies reached Bushire in safety, and the men were conducted to Ahram, where we were destined to spend the next nine months. The so-called "fort" consisted of a tower built of the usual mud bricks, where the Khan himself and his family lived, and two courtyards, one of which was devoted to our use, surrounded
by a high wall and provided with an imposing entrance gateway. One side of our pen (it was about twenty-five yards by ten in size) was formed by a single-storey building divided into two rooms, and here we existed, as best we could, during the ensuing months, closely guarded all the time by the Khan’s henchmen. Two other Europeans, a Doctor and an employee of the Telegraph Company, were brought in a few days later, making our numbers nine all told. The latter poor fellow, who was ill when he arrived, died from heart-failure a month or two later. For the first week or two, we slept on the floor, but later were provided with camp cots of sorts, and some camp chairs and a table sent from Bushire. It was a monotonous and wearisome existence.

The Khan himself was an irresponsible, swash-buckling individual, a semi-savage, and utterly ignorant of everything outside the range of his own petty jurisdiction and the surrounding districts. On the whole we could not complain of his treatment of us. He knew of no standard of living any better than what he and his friends and followers were accustomed to, and he prided himself on having lodged us in the best quarters, usually reserved for honoured guests. For food we had at first to rely entirely on the rice, mutton, fowl and unleavened bread with which he provided us, and our cooking was done by a couple of Persian grooms, who had accompanied us from Shiraz, and who naturally did not know very much about it. Later, when we had made contact with Bushire, we were kept supplied with tinned goods so that, although our fare was rough enough, we never suffered any serious inconvenience, and never went hungry.

Wassmuss himself came and lived in the village near the fort, passing himself off as a Muhammadan, and living in exactly the same fashion as the people of the country. He came to see me once or twice, and I arranged with him that we should be allowed to correspond with Bushire, subject, of course, to his and the Khan’s censorship, and that we should be accorded the usual privilege of prisoners of war of receiving letters, parcels, etc.

This, of course, made things a lot easier for us, especially as we soon devised a way of evading the censorship. We
arranged a regular system of exchanging news with our friends in Bushire by means of messages written in invisible ink, made by a simple mixture of powdered alum and water. The letters containing these messages would be written in ordinary ink, and the secret messages between the lines and on the back and any blank spaces. They came out quite clear and distinct when held over a lamp, or before a fire for a few seconds. Letters with invisible writing would be indicated by a pin prick in the left-hand top corner of the paper. This little plan lasted us all through our captivity, and we were able to communicate freely with Bushire, and to get news regarding the progress of the war when our papers were held up, as they sometimes were.

But the principal object in all this was to try to arrange a means of escape. For the first few months at Ahram I was myself very ill, and quite incapable of any such effort, but when I got better towards the spring, we began to sketch out a plan. It was perfectly practicable, and I have no doubt that, if we had tried it, it would have succeeded.

Ahram was only about thirty miles from Bushire over a level country, and our friends there sent us out a sketch map of the ground and a compass, soldered up in a tin of Huntley & Palmer’s biscuits. The walls of our prison being made of mud bricks and not very thick, there would have been no difficulty in making a suitably sized hole—in fact we had begun operations, and with the help of an iron tent peg we had loosened several bricks in readiness. The plan was to slip out one dark night after our lights were out, and we were all supposed to be asleep, and strike straight across country by compass bearing. We reckoned that by daylight we should be in sight of Bushire, which was only some 30 miles distant, and out of danger.

The snag was that the Khan had always said that if any of us did escape he would take his revenge on the rest, so it was a case of all or none. We found, when the time came to make the attempt, that two of the eight were physically incapable of the effort. They were both married men, and, in the case of Mr. Ferguson of the Imperial Bank, his wife and two daughters were awaiting him at Bushire in the hope of his eventual release. I felt, and the others felt too, that we
could not very well see ourselves striding gaily into Bushire and informing these ladies that we were safe after our little adventure, but unfortunately we had had to leave the father of the family behind to the mercy of the semi-savage Khan and his riflemen.

So with great regret and some heartburning we abandoned the plan. A little later we all agreed that the two young men of military age should make the attempt, as they of course wanted to do, and they would have done so but for the fact that just then negotiations for our exchange had been set on foot, and any such attempt would probably have compromised the deal, which in the end resulted in our all being released.

Thousands of unfortunate people underwent the disagreeable experience of being prisoners during the last war, and we have had some very interesting, and some very harrowing accounts of their daily lives, and their escapes and attempts to escape. It is certainly a particularly trying business. There is the boredom, and the sense of futility, and the realisation that one is not only useless, but actually a nuisance and an embarrassment to one's own people. We felt all this, but on the whole, in spite of the confinement, bad food, and discomfort, we managed to get along pretty well. Thanks to our friends at Bushire, we were well supplied with books, and another great resource was bridge. The eight of us just made up two rubbers, and every evening we used to settle down for a game. This kept us busy for several hours, and gave us all a much-needed opportunity of talking and thinking about something outside our daily lives, and of arguing hotly over things which did not really matter. We kept a careful account of winnings and losings, which (as far as I remember) simply disappeared into the blue when we were released, and has never been settled to this day.

Our worst period was during the hot months, May to August. Our wretched little shed was only about eight feet high with a thin mud and straw roof, and as the heat increased the temperature inside became almost unbearable, and there was no way of mitigating it. I, being rather thin, did not feel it as much as some of the others. Two of them became so ill that the Khan, after much badgering and haggling,
agreed to send them away to Bushire rather than have them die on his hands, as they certainly would have done. The remaining six stuck it out as well as they could, but I remember one very hot day, when three of the six went down with heat-apoplexy and the other three only kept them alive by pouring cold water over them at intervals.

All this time Wassmuss had been living in a house in the miserable little hamlet of Ahram, close by the fort, in the most primitive conditions. He had indeed, besides adopting the dress of the country, adopted also their ways, manners and customs, and was by way of having accepted their religion. To what extent they accepted him as a genuine Mussulman, I cannot say, but he undoubtedly exercised great influence over these ignorant folk, and filled them up with all sorts of promises of what the Kaiser was going to do for them when Germany won the war. But as time went on, and nothing from Germany materialised, his position became most insecure, and the Khan and his friends began to think that they might have backed the wrong horse. He rode about the country, visiting the neighbouring chiefs, and working desperately to maintain his prestige and that of his Government, but gradually the scales were tilted against him, and he knew he was playing a losing game. The geographical facts of the situation, too, were against him. Britain still held the control of the Persian Gulf, and even the fall of Kut, and the Dardanelles debacle, did not bring German ships and German troops any nearer. We seldom saw him. He came into the fort once or twice to have a chat with me, but I could see that he was losing confidence. I bear him no malice. He did his utmost to serve his own country loyally, and he was at heart an honest and honourable man. Mr. Christopher Sykes has written a memoir on his life which brings out the quixotic side of his nature, and his deep sense of obligation to the ungrateful, ill-conditioned people on whom he had pinned his trust.

Meanwhile, however, our friends at Bushire, helped by information which we were able to supply by means of our invisible ink messages, were busy negotiating for our release in exchange for some of the Khan's people (including a nephew of his) whom we had captured in skirmishes at
different times; and after several postponements and disappointments, the matter was finally arranged, and a day fixed for the great event. It was arranged that the exchange of prisoners was to take place on the 10th August at a point about half-way between Bushire and Ahram. With feelings of indescribable relief, we packed up our meagre possessions, and rode out of the fort on the morning of the 7th. As we passed Wassmuss's house he came out, mounted, and rode beside me for some distance. Our release was a blow to his plans, and he made no attempt to disguise it. He admitted that his coup had miscarried, and that our exchange implied a diplomatic defeat for him, and he said that he hoped I would not carry away too hostile feelings towards him. But I felt bitter, and was not inclined to respond to his advances.

During our captivity he had, of course, read and censored all our correspondence (except that part of it written in invisible ink), including my letters to and from my mother, and I suppose (indeed, I am sure) that he realised what we meant to each other. The next day he sent me a letter by hand, saying how he regretted that he had had to treat an old friend so shabbily, and asking me to convey his respects and regards to my mother when I saw her. It was a queer message to receive from an enemy who had subjected my compatriots and myself to so much humiliation and misery. But Wassmuss was a queer character, and the evil he did should be blamed rather on the Government he served than on himself.

There was a hitch in the exchange of prisoners, due to the non-arrival of one of the Khan's people, no less a person, in fact, than the Khan's nephew. The others were duly released, but I remained behind as a hostage for the missing man. My guards were now friendly and sympathetic, and after waiting ten days in camp, the absentee turned up safely, and I was at last a free man, and rode into Bushire with feelings of profound relief.

As a footnote to this little experience, I think I may relate the story of my dog "Lion". One day at Shiraz, some old pedlar from the bazaar turned up at the Consulate to try to sell me a pup. I was busy and told him to go away. But the pup put out one of his paws, and I hesitated and was lost.
It was the most charming little yellow morsel ever seen, and (although I had vowed after previous tragic experiences never to own a dog again) I fell for him. He was named “Lion” (pronounced in the French way), and he grew up into a reasonably good-looking mongrel, about the size of a big Irish terrier. But like most mongrels, he was of uncertain temper, and although devoted to me, and respectful to Europeans, he despised Persians, and used to attack any of them who approached the Consulate with the utmost fury. So I had to keep him chained up on the verandah. He once bit my hand by mistake when I was rescuing someone he was attacking, and he thereupon retreated under my bed and lay there for hours in agonies of remorse and contrition.

When we were taken prisoners, Lion came along too. He used to run alongside my horse until he was tired, and I would then take him up and carry him. When I was tired I used to hand him over to someone else, but he immediately set up such an outcry that I had to take him back on to my saddle.

At Borazjun they told me that the Khan of Ahram was such a fanatical Mussulman that he would not tolerate the presence of a dog in his fort, so I had to leave Lion behind in charge of one of the Indian sawars.

A few weeks later, word was brought to me that one night, when Lion was taking a stroll on the roof of the fort, he had suddenly rushed at one of the sentries, who in his fright lost his balance and fell over the parapet and broke his neck. So it was decided, with the Khan’s permission, that Lion was to be sent on to me.

He duly arrived one evening and was brought into our room on a chain. He was a subdued and miserable object. He crept to my feet, and at first scarcely knew me. Then he realised that he was back with his master again. He put his head on my knee, and (this is a fact) tears streamed from his eyes.

He soon perked up, but alas, one day he bit one of the guards. This sealed his fate. The Khan (although despising us for our love of an unclean beast as a dog is regarded by Muhammadans) was very nice about it, but said he would have to be destroyed. So I asked to be allowed to shoot him myself. That night after dark I went out of the fort—the
first time for weeks. Two of the Khan's men held lanterns, and the third handed me a loaded rifle. So I shot poor Lion, and we buried him nearby.

I have only told this story to two people—Kipling, who in return presented me with a copy of his *Collected Dog Stories* on the day of publication. If anyone wants an example of a dog's affection, read "Garm" in this book.

And the other was Robert H. ("Bob") Davies, a great friend of mine and a great dog-lover. He too has published a book of dog stories: "—the more I admire Dogs." Good stuff. More about him anon.
VLADIVOSTOK

Chapter X

It takes a few months of being cooped up in a loathsome little mud hut on the shores of the Persian Gulf (or perhaps being cooped up anywhere, for that matter, in unpleasant conditions) to enable one to appreciate properly what it means to be a free man again and actually in London. I remember so well driving up St. James's Street in a taxi on the day of my return, and sticking my head out of the window, and saying incredulously to myself, "It really is London once again".

But a changed London and England, and indeed world, it was from what I had left behind the last time I had gone out East. The people who had been living in the country since the war began had of course got more or less used to war conditions, but to us who had emerged from our tiny little pen in that obscure corner of the globe it was like a different world. England gone all military—uniforms and men in hospital blue everywhere, petrol and other restrictions and, most incredible of all, zeppelin raids. We had had some foretaste of it on the journey home—the Suez Canal banks, usually so deserted and dull, now lined with camps of Australian and other troops, our ship zigzagging through the Mediterranean, the aeroplanes and cruisers watching our cross-channel boat, and so on; but one had to be living in England at war to realise it all properly. And it is rather appalling, while writing this, to remember that we are in the thick of it all over again, only in an intensified form.

I had paid a hurried visit to Simla after my return journey down the Persian Gulf from Bushire to Bombay just to report on our experiences at first hand to the powers that be, and had had interviews with the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, the Foreign Secretary, Sir Hamilton Grant, and others,
had renewed some old friendships and made fresh contacts. But once this was over I tried to put Persia out of my mind entirely.

It was only after I got home that I realised that I was rather below par both mentally and physically. The whole conditions under which we had been living for the best part of a year had been pretty trying, and I had never quite recovered from my illness during the first few weeks at Ahram, and I found too that the mere fact of being a prisoner is bad for one's morale. Other men who were prisoners during the last war have told me that they had the same experience. It takes time to shake off the effects, and to become normal again.

I find it difficult to reconcile myself now to the fact that for the second time in my life I have to pass through all these emotions and these stresses of mind, which we all of the older generation experienced in the last Great War. It is like the re-opening of an old wound. I remember so well a young cousin, who had just left Eton, coming to see me in his uniform of an O.T.C. cadet, and going to visit him at his camp with all the other youngsters. He served on three fronts, was wounded, and promoted, and later left the army to resume his interrupted career. A few months ago back he comes again, once more a Second-Lieutenant, once more in training for the war. I was no chicken myself when it first occurred. Now in my old age it all happens over again.

One really extraordinary coincidence happened. Another cousin, a lad of eighteen, burst into my flat early one morning, to say he was leaving for France at nine o'clock from Charing Cross, would I come to see him off. On the way to the station in a taxi he said he hoped I would not mind, but his sweetheart was coming to the station too. When the train had gone I took the girl to have a cup of coffee and asked her her name. She was the daughter of the poor fellow in the Indo-European Telegraph Department who had been one of our little band of prisoners at Ahram, and who had died there little more than a year before. I had been by his bedside when he died, and helped to make the wooden cross we put on his grave. It was pure chance that these two young people should have met, but what a strange chance that out
of all the girls in England this young relative of mine should have met and fallen in love with her.

Small things like this stick in one's memory, when larger things are forgotten or dimmed by time. So it was throughout those war years, and so it is again now. "Mentem mortalia tangunt".

But my experiences in England during this time were no different from those of millions of others, and have only a personal interest and significance. As my health improved I began to get restless again and anxious for some active work. I had been told that I had been selected for the post of British Resident in Nepal when it fell vacant in December 1918, and so I had nearly a whole year to fill in. It was about this time (early in 1918) that Lord Beaverbrook was appointed Minister of Information for neutral and allied countries, and it occurred to me that possibly I might be of use to him in Siberia, where the situation was very confused, and where large issues were pending. So I obtained introductions to him from my friends Colonel John Buchan and Mr. Leo Amery, and laid my ideas before him. He approved, and I was told to proceed to Vladivostok via the United States and Japan.

These war-time journeys were always interesting and sometimes exciting. There was a camaraderie which does not exist in peacetime, and one met and made friends with all sorts of types which one would not ordinarily encounter, and heard of strange adventures and experiences all over the globe. Our Atlantic crossing took eleven days, and there was time to get to know the majority of the passengers—captains and mates of merchant vessels who had been torpedoed or mined over and over again, officers who were unfit for active service on their way to lecture in the States on their war experiences, one or two American boys who had joined up with the Canadian Forces, had been wounded or invalided out, etc., etc.—every one of them with a story to tell if they could be got to speak.

One of the American lads was a regular handful. Of Irish parentage, he had inherited all the proverbial characteristics of the Irishman—wild, gay, irresponsible, impulsive and courageous. He had served in the Air Force and been shot
down twice, and the second time so badly smashed up that he had had to be invalided. But he was now convalescent and quite irrepressible. The ship was, of course, heavily "blacked-out" every night, but this did not affect our cheerful gatherings after dinner in an atmosphere which could be cut with a knife, with music, and singing, and poker. The great difficulty was to get our young friend to go to bed when everybody else had had enough, and he had had rather more than enough. I, for some reason or other, was the only person on board who could persuade him to do so, and was often sent for as a last resort on this ticklish mission. He was still very lame as the result of his wounds and had to be handled with great care, especially at that convivial hour of the night. Many a time did I lead him staggering to his bed, and saw him safely tucked in. But he did me, and a compatriot of his own, a good turn later on in New York.

One evening in the hotel where I was staying, a young American officer came up to me in the lounge, and asked if he might speak to me (I was in Lieutenant-Colonel's uniform). He was in great distress. He had left home against his parents' wishes and joined up in the Air Force. The rules about drinking were very strict in the American Army. It was strictly forbidden to any man or officer in uniform. This boy, he was only eighteen, had been induced to take several drinks, had been arrested by the Provost-Marshal and was being cashiered. He dreaded the disgrace, and dared not face a return to his home. Could I help him?

So I telephoned to my young scapegrace of the ship, and he came along at once, and in a day or two the other lad was, with his help, packed off to Canada with suitable letters of introduction. I heard from him later from England that he had joined up with the Canadian Air Force and was doing well. I never heard of him again, and I only hope he came through it all safely. At any rate we "saved his face".

New York was amazing. The States had been our allies for a year, but hitherto no troops had been sent over. But the great German break-through of March 1918 had thoroughly aroused the country. I have never seen (and I do not suppose that I, or anyone else, will ever see again) such martial enthusiasm as then prevailed. Great crowds
thronged the streets, and all down Fifth Avenue and elsewhere orators on stages bellowed through megaphones exhorting everyone to support the current "Liberty Loan". A British officer in uniform was almost mobbed when he showed himself. I was driven out to visit some of the camps on Long Island, and saw the young troops in training. What it was like in the West and the Middle West, I cannot say, but in New York, at any rate, one felt that America was with us heart and soul.

I paid two visits to Washington, and found much the same spirit prevailing there. One night at a theatre I was asked to go on to the stage between acts and say a few words. I agreed, in some trepidation, which was increased when I saw that President and Mrs. Wilson were present in a box draped with the Allied flags.

I met our Ambassador, Lord Reading (under whom, when Viceroy, I was to serve later on), and various leading American politicians, and learned all that was to be known at that time regarding America’s attitude towards Russian affairs. It was not really very much, as the whole situation was still too involved and obscure for any clear definition of policy, and there were conflicting views and currents of opinion.

But at least I had made some very useful contacts, so as soon as possible I started off again—first up to Montreal, and then across Canada by rail to Vancouver, and across the Pacific to Yokohama on a Japanese vessel—all the Empress boats having been taken for the transportation of American troops across the Atlantic.

We had, as usual, an interesting collection of passengers on board, bound on strange missions for queer places—such, for instance, as a Yukon pilot *en route* to pilot boats on the Tigris and Euphrates. I remember too a young cowboy from Montana who confided to me his romantic reasons for wartime service. His sweetheart lived some twenty or thirty miles from his ranch, and he used to ride over to see her when he got a day off. His last visit was unexpected. He arrived after nightfall, and as he led his horse up to the farmhouse he caught a glimpse through a lighted window of the young lady in the arms of a rival! So he rode back through the night to his ranch, chucked up his job, and was
en route to the Far East, where he had friends who had promised him war work of some kind. His broken heart, I am glad to say, seemed to heal up pretty satisfactorily during the voyage, and he enlivened our evenings with his banjo and his cowboy songs.

In Japan I spent a few days at our Embassy at Tokio, and had conversations with our Ambassador, Sir George Conyngham Greene, the U.S. Minister, and certain Japanese officials. No one seemed to know very much about what was happening in Siberia, and the Allies in general had no definite programme as to what their policy there should be. So I soon pushed off again, and crossed from the port of Tsuruga on the west coast on a Japanese boat to Vladivostok, arriving there early in June.

For the next four or five months I was an observer of, and in a very minor degree a participant in, a portion of the vast confused drama of the aftermath of the Russian Revolution. The Bolsheviks were still in the throes of establishing themselves at Moscow and in central Russia, and had not as yet had time to consolidate their forces, or to break down opposition. Not only were they still at loggerheads with rival revolutionary parties, but throughout Russia the old Czarist elements were still strong enough to put up formidable opposition, whilst the Cossacks and other outlying communities were definitely anti-Bolshevik, although not necessarily Imperialist.

The Allied Governments, for their part, naturally wanted to establish some kind of Government in Russia which would be at any rate passively friendly to their cause, and they were prepared, as far as was possible, to support any elements likely to bring about such a result. And it was with this object in view that they dispatched expeditions and backed various individuals in different parts of Russia during the course of the next year or two—Denikin and Yudenich in South Russia, General Miller and others at Archangel and Murmansk, and Kolchak in Siberia—where vast sums of money were spent, and all of which petered out unsuccessfully.

This is all a matter of history, and all I was able to see of it was a part of the scene of action in Far Eastern Siberia.
A very confused and a very confusing scene of action it was.

At the time of my arrival at Vladivostok, the Bolsheviks had succeeded in establishing themselves there, and were in fact governing the city and district. But they were far from secure. Large numbers of ex-imperialist officers and of the bourgeoisie had been driven eastwards to escape the terror, and had fetched up at the sea-port. And besides this, certain allied warships were anchored in the bay, watching developments, and ready to take action if necessary.

Then there were the Czecho-Slovak troops. These men, hostile to, but forced to fight for the Central Powers, had deserted *en masse* into Russia during the earlier part of the war. After the Revolution, however, everything changed. They had no use for the Bolsheviks, and the Bolsheviks were suspicious of them. The problem was what to do with them. So it was decided to transport them gradually across Siberia to Vladivostok in the expectation that the Allies would find means of shipping them to Europe to join up with the allied armies. This process of evacuation had been in progress for some months, and at the time I am speaking of some 15,000 Czecho-Slovak troops had been concentrated at Vladivostok under command of their General, Dietrichs. The remainder were still scattered all along the two thousand miles of the Trans-Siberian Railway between the Ural Mountains and Irkutsk, awaiting the necessary transportation.

So, as may be imagined, Vladivostok was a hot-bed of intrigue and conflicting international ambitions and schemes, which centred round the various Consulates. I at once got into touch with our Consul, Mr. (now Sir Robert) Hodson, and before I had been twenty-four hours in the place I was up to my neck in local politics. Owing to the hostile attitude of the Bolsheviks towards the Czecho-Slovaks, the first thing to be done was for them to get the upper hand, first at Vladivostok itself, and then on the Railway. Plans were laid accordingly.

Before daybreak on the 29th June, a strong force of the Czecho-Slovaks marched out of their barracks, and by dawn had surrounded the Soviet Headquarters and had occupied
various strong points in and around the city. All the leading Commissars were arrested without a shot being fired, and together with certain notorious bad characters and mischief-makers were marched off to jail, where they were duly locked up, and the other political prisoners released.

By noon the whole city and neighbourhood had been occupied by the Czecho-Slovak troops without resistance, with the one exception of the barracks which occupied one side of the Square opposite the Railway Station. Here the Bolshevik troops put up a fight, and began to fire on the Czecho-Slovaks who had surrounded the barracks.

The British Consulate building also was situated in the Square, and from its windows we had a good bird’s-eye view of the proceedings. They did not last long. A machine-gun was carried up into the rooms adjoining the Consulate, and opened fire on the barracks, and within a few minutes the Czecho-Slovaks had rushed the place, breaking in through doors and windows with only slight casualties.

Meanwhile a huge mob had filled the Square, cheering the Czecho-Slovaks and yelling curses at the Bolsheviks. As the Czecho-Slovaks entered the barracks, they seized the inmates and began to lead them out into the Square. The infuriated mob surged round the prisoners, cursing and reviling them, and even succeeded in capturing and killing some of them.

It was a wild and savage scene, but in a few minutes it was all over, and the Czecho-Slovaks were in full possession of the whole town, arsenal, barracks, etc.

A council was now held of the Czecho-Slovak Commander, the Foreign Consuls and the Captains of the allied warships, and it was decided to set up a local Government, chosen from the leading Russian citizens of the principal parties; and that, pending a proper system of administration, the town should be policed by a mixed contingent of sailors from the various allied ships. This was quickly arranged, and the next day we were greeted with the spectacle of a mixed patrol, consisting of British, French, American, Japanese and Chinese bluejackets, marching down the main street in a body to the cheers of the populace, all with broad grins on their faces.
The only Bolshevik force left in existence now was the crews of the two or three small gunboats in the harbour. They tried to put out to sea, but were ordered to heave to by the allied ships, and their Captains were instructed to report at once personally to the senior allied Commander, Captain Payne, R.N., of the cruiser Suffolk. I went off in a boat with our Consul to the Suffolk, and was present when the Bolsheviks came on board. There were, of course, no officers—those had been "liquidated" long before—but each ship was represented by two or three ordinary seamen chosen by lot. They were given their instructions by Captain Payne, and returned to their boats rather crest-fallen, but relieved that nothing worse was in store for them.

So the first part of the allied programme had been successfully accomplished. The little coup had been well planned and carried out. Not only had the Czecho-Slovaks (and thus the Allies) gained possession of the important seaport of Vladivostok, with practically no casualties, but they had secured also the vast accumulation of arms, ammunition, and warlike stores which had been shipped here by the Allies during the course of the war, and had been accumulating for months. I saw lists of the various items at the time, but cannot quote any actual figures. All I remember is that they were immense, and that there was said to be enough barbed wire to go five times round the world, but I don't think anyone measured it, and I should not like to vouch for it. However, at any rate, we had the stuff.

Matters now began to move pretty fast. Once the Czecho-Slovaks were in possession of Vladivostok, they sent word to their scattered detachments along the railway to seize the stations and to take over the management of the line. This was accomplished with little difficulty, and the Allies were in the position to make use of the 4,000 miles of rail from the sea to the Urals. Measures were at the same time set on foot at Vladivostok to organise an Expeditionary Force to advance up through Siberia in order to form a front against the Bolsheviks in Central Russia.

It was a big undertaking, and had the various allied nations been able to agree on a concerted policy, there is little doubt that it would have been successful, and the whole
history of Russia since then would have run a very different course. But there were many difficulties in the way.

France and England were working together, and were only too willing and anxious to do their share, but the critical situation which prevailed just then on the Western Front made it impossible for them to spare any really effective force. Great Britain, it is true, despatched a battalion of B.i. men from Hong Kong under the command of Colonel Ward, the labour leader, and France sent some colonial troops; and a detachment of bluejackets with a gun from the *Suffolk* also went up-country, and later on a brigade arrived from Canada. But the American attitude was still uncertain. Some fine troops reached Vladivostok from the States, but their orders were that they were on no account to take part in any fighting, so except for making a fine show at the base, they were of no practical use. Similarly, Japan was concerned rather in cementing her own interests in and near the littoral than in adventures further inland, and her troops also did little or nothing to help the main campaign. Local regiments of White Russians were enrolled and organised, but proved most unreliable.

In fact, Admiral Kolchak, when he arrived and took charge as the representative of the White Russians, found himself dependent almost entirely on the Czecho-Slovaks—foreigners in a strange country, fighting for a cause which was not their own, and backed only by the half-hearted support of the Allies and of the people of the country for whom they were supposed to be fighting. No wonder their whole campaign broke down, and ended disastrously, and even shamefully, with the withdrawal of the force and the surrender of Admiral Kolchak to the Bolsheviks, and his execution by them.

All this, however, is again a matter of history, and I did not remain long enough in Siberia to see the end. For the few months I was there I was busy enough. I was, of course, in close co-operation with our Consul, and did what I could to help him and the other British representatives who appeared upon the scene from time to time—General Knox, heading the British Military Mission, and his staff, Mr. Alston, the British High Commissioner, who was later succeeded by Sir Charles
Eliot, and various experts in different lines. Newspaper correspondents too came flocking in. The question of accommodation for these new arrivals soon presented difficulties. Vladivostok was inconveniently crowded as it was by refugees and foreigners, and every house was cramped full. Luckily I had made friends with an English businessman who owned a small hotel, and this I arranged to rent from him, and it came in very useful.

Life at Vladivostok, as may be imagined, was somewhat hectic during these busy months. The representatives, civil and military, of the various countries concerned all had their own axes to grind, and their particular interests to consider. Endless conferences took place, and the cables hummed with urgent messages.

General Knox was an old friend of mine from our subaltern days in India, and no better man could have been selected for the job. He had been our Military Attaché in Russia since before the war, spoke Russian fluently, and thoroughly understood the Russian character; and he brought with him an admirable and capable staff. Among his Staff Officers was Colonel Paul Rodzianko, whom I then met for the first time, and who has had a remarkable career. Of noble family, he was one of the Imperial Pages in the old Russian Court, and then an Officer of the Imperial Guard, and was one of the finest horsemen in the world. He performed the really extraordinary feat of winning the King's Prize for jumping at Olympia three years in succession before the war. Luckily for him he was in Italy when the war broke out, and so escaped almost inevitable imprisonment or massacre. He found his way to England, and enlisted as a trooper in the Household Cavalry. By pure chance he met General Knox, an old friend of his, one day in the streets of London, and Knox immediately arranged that he should have the commission of Colonel in the British Army and should accompany him on his Mission to Siberia. He could not have found a better or more useful assistant.

Many other personalities came and went at Vladivostok during these queer times. Notable among them was Sir Charles Eliot, who succeeded Mr. Alston as High Commissioner. He was one of the greatest linguists in the world, and
came from his post as Principal of the Hong Kong University to take over this particular job. After the Siberian episode he was appointed our Ambassador at Tokio.

He was one of the denizens in my hotel, and among others were The Times correspondent in the person of my old friend David Fraser, whom I had first met at Tehran during the Revolution of 1909. The Daily Mail correspondent, Bernard Falk, was another of our guests, and it would have been difficult to find a more original or a more amusing one. He had (and has) one of the most alert minds of any man I have met, and an inexhaustible repertoire of stories and a fund of wit and humour both in speech and in writing. I had been appointed censor for all press messages, and got a very great deal of fun out of Falk's graphic "telegraphese" to his paper. He has now settled down to the writing of books, which will fortunately preserve his style and humour for posterity better than ephemeral newspaper articles.

I made many friends, too, among the handful of English business men, who were resident in or had drifted to Vladivostok during the war. They were immensely helpful with regard to knowledge of local personalities and methods, and (although we are accustomed to say that the English are bad at foreign languages) I found here, as I have often found elsewhere, that wherever one goes, all over the world, there are always some Englishmen on the spot who speak the language of the country well and fluently.

I came into contact also with some of the Russian refugees, who had fled to Vladivostok from the West. Poor things—there were many hard cases—imperial officers reduced to absolute penury, respectable middle class families, and business men, formerly of good position, now completely destitute, and so on. One small family which I got to know especially well had with them their poor old French governess, who had been with the family for years, and had taught all the children. She was now old and feeble, and with small prospect of ever seeing her native land again.

The youngest son, a boy of thirteen, was a mischievous young dare-devil, and caused his family great anxiety. He was always running away, with another young friend of the same age, to join up with the Cossacks, or the White Russians,
and as constantly being pursued and brought home very angry and rebellious. Finally, his parents confiscated and hid all his boots and shoes, and locked him into his bedroom. But he escaped through the window during the night, slipped into the hotel, and I was awakened by him at about 2 o’clock in the morning, begging me to lend him some kind of foot gear, with which to join the war against the Bolsheviks.

I am glad to say that he escaped the horrors which followed the eventual re-occupation of Vladivostok by the Bolsheviks, and when last I heard from him he was doing well, working in a garage in California.

So the time slipped away, spent partly in the stress and strain of international politics and intrigue, and partly in fostering those human contacts which have always interested me. It was time for me to leave to take over my post in Nepal. I was not sorry to go before the cold and storms of winter set in. A group of friends came to say “good-bye” to me at the railway station—Hodson, a tower of strength and good sense in a bewildered world, other Englishmen, some Japanese, French, and Americans, and a few Russians, including the two poor little would-be heroes and adventurers. It was a long, tiresome, but uneventful journey back to India, via Harbin and Mukden to Shanghai by rail, then on a Japanese boat to Singapore, by rail to Penang, British India boat to Madras, and so north and west through India to Delhi. Here I arrived just as the armistice was announced, and a few weeks later I set forth for my new post in Nepal.
THE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE hermit Kingdom of Nepal lies hidden away in the Himalaya Mountains to the north of the great Indian Peninsula. With the exception of a strip of jungle country ten to twenty miles in width lying along the foothills, it is made up entirely of a maze of hills and valleys, rising gradually from the plains of India, and culminating in a great unbroken line of snowclad peaks and ridges, stretching for 500 miles from east to west. This country is more inaccessible even than Tibet. No foreigner, with the one exception of the British Minister and the members of his staff, can cross the border of Nepal without the express permission of the Nepalese Government; and even so no visitor, not even the British Envoy, can travel anywhere except along the main route from the Indian railway terminus at Raxaul to the capital, Katmandu, and within the confines of the Katmandu valley. The Nepalese Government do, it is true, occasionally grant permission to privileged guests to join in the shooting camps held by the Prime Minister, or the Envoy, in the forests lying along the foothills. But, apart from this, the interior of Nepal is completely barred to all foreigners.

Another point about Nepal, regarding which mistaken ideas sometimes arise, is that it is an entirely independent country. Owing, I suppose, to the fact that it is geographically part of the Indian Peninsula, and that Nepalese subjects (the Gurkhas) serve in the Indian Army, there is a tendency to regard Nepal as being one of the Indian feudatory states, like Kashmir or Bikanir for instance. But Nepal is, and has always been, since this area was united under one rule towards the end of the 18th century, an independent Kingdom, with its own King, Prime Minister, and system of government;
and her relations with Great Britain, just as in the case of any other foreign country, are governed by the provisions of the various treaties and agreements which have been concluded from time to time between the two countries.

I give these few words of explanation just to make it clear that the British Representative in Nepal is not in the same position as a "Resident" in an Indian state, but occupies a diplomatic post at a Foreign Court. The system of government of this little kingdom is peculiar, and I must say a few words about it before trying to describe my own experiences there.

The King of Nepal is a semi-sacred figure, treated with every honour and respect, but possessing little actual power. Except on ceremonial occasions he is seldom seen abroad, and he takes little or no part in public affairs. The real governing power is the Prime Minister, and the premiership is hereditary in the family of the present occupant of that post. The founder of this powerful family was a certain Jung Bahadur, who occupied the post of Prime Minister just over a century ago, and who inaugurated the system which has lasted ever since. But the succession to the premiership does not necessarily pass from father to son, but to the next eldest relative in the male line—for instance, from brother to brother, or from uncle to the eldest nephew. Some such arrangement is clearly necessary, for, whilst a King may be succeeded by an infant son, and the affairs of the country may be conducted by a Regent, or Council of Regency, till the child comes of age, the succession of an infant to the premiership would clearly be absurd. So the existing method of succession ensures that the post shall always fall to an adult.

The Prime Minister, I may add here, is termed "Maharaja", while the King's title is "Maharaja Dhiraja".

The Prime Minister at the time of my arrival in Nepal was Sir Chandra Shumshere Jung, a nephew of the great Jung Bahadur, and the third of a family of brothers who had held the office in succession. He had come down from the capital on his winter tour in the plains, and was camped a few miles beyond the Indian Frontier, so as soon as I had taken charge of my new office from my predecessor I went over to pay him
an informal visit (my formal reception at the capital took place later).

Sir Chandra had succeeded to the premiership in the year 1901, and was a man of striking appearance and character. Like all his family, he had received an excellent education, partly from Indian tutors at Katmandu, and partly in Calcutta, and he spoke English fluently and well. He had a commanding presence, quick intelligence, and dignified and courteous manners. I had met him once before at a Garden Party given by King Edward at Windsor Castle, when he and some of his family were on a visit to England in 1908, and I was, of course, well aware of the support which he had given us during our mission to Lhasa, and during the Great War. So we were not strangers to one another, and I realised how fortunate I was to be associated in my official work with a man of such outstanding ability and one so friendly to my country.

It was pleasant, too, to find myself the representative of Great Britain in a country with which for so many years we had been on such good terms. In the early days when Nepal first came into existence as a united state, there was occasionally friction between the new Kingdom and its neighbour, the old East India Company, which culminated in hostilities lasting for two or three years. But in the year 1816, all this was brought to an end, and the relations between the two countries were regulated by a treaty, one of the clauses of which provided for a British Representative to be stationed at the capital, and from that day to this these friendly relations have continued without interruption. And this friendship has not merely been a passive one, for, on several occasions, Nepal has actively intervened to help us in time of trouble. The first occasion was during the mutiny of 1857–8, when the first of this dynasty of Prime Ministers, Jung Bahadur, sent detachments of his own army to fight for us against the rebels, and later came down himself, and was present at the relief of Lucknow, and other engagements. Then, during our mission to Lhasa, his nephew, Sir Chandra, did all he could to persuade the Dalai Lama to take a more reasonable attitude in the dispute; and when this was of no avail he gave us most valuable and timely help by
the provision of yaks and coolies for transport purposes.

During the Great War, Sir Chandra from the very first day declared Nepal on the side of the Allies. He arranged that the numbers of Gurkhas serving in the Indian Army should be doubled for the period of the war, and he also sent a large force from Nepal's own army to India to fight side by side with the British and Indian troops.

When I took over my new post, shortly after the armistice, these troops were still in India, and one of my first duties was to go to Delhi to be present at a review of the force held by the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief to thank them for their services, and to bid them farewell before they returned to their own country.

It was an impressive and interesting occasion. The men were the pick of the Nepalese Army, and a fine soldierly lot they were, as they paraded and marched past under the command of their own officers headed by relatives of the Prime Minister.

I may interpolate here that twenty-five years later, early in the second great war, the present Prime Minister, Sir Joodha Shumshere Jung, similarly ranged Nepal on the side of Great Britain, and a strong detachment of the Nepalese Army, under the command of the Prime Minister's eldest son, Sir Bahadur Shumshere Jung, was despatched to India to support the cause for which we are fighting.

After a wonderful tiger shoot in the jungles it was time for me to take up my residence in my official capacity at the capital. In those days the journey from the plains to Katmandu was quite a little adventure, and, although great improvements have since been effected in the road, it is still full of incident and one of the most interesting journeys in the world. From the railway station on the border it was about seventy-five miles to the capital, and the road may be divided roughly into three approximately equal sections. The first twenty-five miles lies over level country, half of it open cultivated land, and the other half through virgin forest, the home of tigers, wild elephants and other kinds of game.

Then in the next section one enters the foothills, and the road rises gradually along river beds, and through lovely
mountain scenery, until one comes to section three, where the track rises steeply and climbs by a zigzag path to a 6,500 feet pass. Down again on the other side, and after some miles of undulating country, up to and over a 7,400 feet pass, and then a very steep descent into the valley where lies Katmandu.

At the time I am writing of, twenty odd years ago, this route was practicable for wheeled vehicles only in parts, and during the rains when the rivers were flooded elephants were almost the only possible means of transport. Nowadays a narrow gauge railway has been built by the Nepalese Government over the first twenty-five miles, and a good motor road for the next twenty-five. But the last section still requires ponies or light litters, and although better graded than it used to be, it still involves a lot of hard climbing both up and down.

But it is well worth the while and trouble. It is a wonderful change suddenly to enter the silent forest, with its great “sal” trees bordering the track on either side, and to pass from one vista after another of woodland beauty—to say nothing of the chance of being confronted at any moment by a tiger or a wild elephant. Then in the hills the scenery becomes wilder and more picturesque with every mile, and the final section opens up great expanses of a tumbled mass of forest-clad mountains. The final view from the summit of the last pass is superb—looking north down into the Katmandu valley, with its fringe of mountains, and away in the distance the line of snowy peaks which always impresses one as something mystic and transcendental.

Katmandu lies in an open cup-shaped valley some 5,000 feet above sea-level and some thirty miles across, surrounded by a rim of wooded hills, and always with the snow-line in the distance which includes Mount Everest and other great peaks. It is a city of some 100,000 inhabitants, very old (it is known to date back at least to the time of Buddha, 500 years B.C.) and full of ancient Hindu and Buddhist temples and palaces, images of Hindu deities, every house almost a museum-piece with pagoda-like roofs and intricate wooden carvings. The British Legation, a simple two-storeyed building, stands in a little enclave of its own just outside the city, and nearby are the palaces of the King and the Prime Minister and other
members of their families. Here the British Minister and his staff live during the summer months, descending generally to the plains for a winter sojourn in the Terai and possibly a shooting camp in the jungles.

Life is much the same in most of these out-of-the-way stations. There is a small European community, which passes the time in their various duties, and for amusement there are tennis, bridge, and so on. One has to be self-sufficing and to cultivate some hobby if possible. In my own case I always found unlimited scope in studying the strange countries where I happened to be stationed.

It was pleasant to arrive in this tranquil mountain valley, and to settle down quietly after all the turmoil of the last few years, but we had not quite finished with it all even now. Scarcely had I reached Nepal, when news reached us of the serious state of affairs in the Punjab—riots in various districts, incitements to mutiny, etc. The Government of India were perturbed about the situation, and they instructed me to ask the Prime Minister whether, in the event of a really serious outbreak, he would be prepared to despatch another detachment of his troops to India to help to restore order.

This incident has, naturally perhaps, never received much publicity, and is probably unknown to the great majority of the people of this country. But it has, nevertheless, a special significance. Here we find Great Britain, after emerging, together, of course, with her Allies, victoriously after the greatest war in history, appealing to this small neighbouring country, with a population much less than that of London, to help us to maintain order in our own possessions.

The Nepalese troops had only just returned to their country after a long absence on foreign service, but the Prime Minister at once agreed to the Indian Government’s request, and a force of 2,000 men was held in readiness to proceed to India at a moment’s notice. Meanwhile, however, the firm action taken by General Dyer at Amritsar (which, however severely it may have been criticised afterwards, unquestionably saved a most critical and dangerous situation) made Nepal’s intervention unnecessary, and I was able to inform the Prime Minister accordingly.
But scarcely had this crisis passed when another arose, in the shape of an attempted invasion of India by the Afghans.

Again the Indian Government applied to Nepal for help, and again the Prime Minister agreed; and this time, a small force actually did take the road again, and marched down to the plains of India ready to stand by us as they had in the time of the Mutiny and in the Great War.

As we now know the Afghan attacks were repulsed without serious difficulty, and the danger passed. But the incident remains, nevertheless, significant, and is one more proof of the value of our friendship with Nepal, and of her value to us as an ally—as she is once again in the present struggle.

This, however, was the last reverberation of the last war, and henceforward, until my return some six years later, we walked in the paths of peace.

Particularly pleasant paths they were too. All through the summer months we lived in this beautiful valley in a mild climate, and among friendly, kindly people. In spite of the restriction against foreign visitors, the Nepalese Government placed no difficulties in the way of guests invited by the Resident, and so I was able to have a series of friends up to stay with me. Every one realised what a privilege it was to be allowed to come to Katmandu at all, and the difficulties encountered on the journey up only gave an additional zest to the adventure. And, besides my personal friends, the Nepalese Government were always glad to welcome distinguished scientists (such, for instance, as Professor Sylvain Levi), who were interested in the history, archaeology or languages of the country, and who wished to study such subjects on the spot. Besides Katmandu two other ancient cities are situated in the valley—Patan and Bhatgaon—all formerly the seats of independent principalities, and all three abounding in quaint buildings of great antiquity, a real treasure house for an antiquarian.

It was always interesting and instructive to visit these places and others in the valley, especially in the company of experts, and I made many such little trips during my time there. Fairly good carriage roads have been constructed by the Government round about the city of Katmandu,
and here and there in the valley, and our State visits to the Prime Minister, or for our rare audiences with the King, were made in carriages provided by the State, and it was also possible to use motor cars. The difficulty was (and still is) to get the cars up, owing to the nature of the last section of the road, as described above, which can only be traversed on foot or on the little hill-ponies of the country. So the cars and other heavy loads have to be carried up by coolies for a distance of some sixteen miles or so, over two steep and lofty passes, each car requiring some eighty to one hundred coolies. Long poles are fastened lengthways under the axles, projecting at each end, and with cross-pieces here and there, and the whole contraption is hoisted up on the men's shoulders, and laboriously carried step by step up and down these steep narrow paths. I have often watched the process in my journeys along the road. It is a miracle of strength, ingenuity and endurance the way the unwieldy burden negotiates sharp turns on almost precipitous goat-tracks. But up they come nevertheless, and when I was last in Katmandu there were several hundred cars there. I had my own little Ford carried up my first year there, and used to run it all about the valley.

On this occasion I had succeeded in driving my car for the first 50 miles, as far as the foot of the mountain where the really difficult bit begins—the first time any car had been driven to this point as far as I know. I always enjoyed making these pioneer trips in cars. The first was when I took the two cars into Tibet, as described in Chapter VI. Then came my journeys from Seistan to Quetta, and from Tehran to Shiraz. This last one in Nepal was quite a minor affair, but the nature of the country through which we had to pass gave it a special interest. After the first fifteen miles or so from the British border, along the remains of what had once been quite a decent cart track (unmetalled of course), we entered the forest and drove along a winding track through the trees. A friend of mine from the Indian Foreign Office, Mr. (now Sir Robert) Holland, was with me. It was nightfall when we entered the forest. The old Ford’s headlamps were not working too well, and one had to drive carefully to avoid trees and snags. But it was a picturesque drive through the
dark silent jungle, our rather dim lamps just illuminating the track enough for us to follow it, and we never knew when we might come across some wild beast or other.

Actually, we met nothing on this occasion, but a few years later, when I was driving out to the Prime Minister’s camp in another part of Nepal, a tiger did appear on the road just in front of us. He turned tail and ran off along the track, and we pursued him for about half a mile till he turned off into the forest and disappeared. And several times in other camps guests of mine have seen tigers and rhinos as they were coming along in the dark, and arrived in camp thrilled with excitement at their adventure.

After the forest we had to drive for some miles up the dry bed of a river from which the stones had been cleared to make a narrow track, and then over a steep little pass (now tunneled) where we had to have half a dozen men ready at the steepest part to push us over the top. There were one or two other awkward spots, but we reached our destination safely, and after that I always used the car for this bit of the journey when coming up or down. I found my old Ford very useful for this sort of country, as it was light and had a high clearance. Its chief drawback was that the water of the circulation system was apt to boil on a long steep slope, which meant constant replenishment.

Besides the ancient buildings in and about the city, there are quite a number of modern palaces and large houses belonging to the State and to members of the upper classes. The King’s palace is an immense structure standing in a park near the city, and here His Majesty resides; and nearby is the official residence of the Prime Minister, built by Sir Chandra, and bequeathed by him to the State. It was here that I used to visit him from time to time for our private and official talks or on ceremonial occasions.

It is all this, I think, which makes Nepal such an altogether fascinating and astonishing place. One struggles up to the capital through wild mountain country, over high passes and across rivers and streams, and in this secluded valley one comes across this strange medley of old and new—temples and tumuli, dating back to before the Christian Era, and palaces and houses furnished by Maple and Hamptons,
and replete with every modern comfort and convenience (as the House Agents say).

And after the aboriginals of the jungles and the simple hill folk of the villages on the road one meets the courteous, high-bred, well-educated aristocracy of the capital. Both the leading families of Nepal, that of the King and that of the Prime Minister, are of Rajput stock, of high caste and ancient lineage—a different stock altogether from the Gurkhas and other races who inhabit Nepal. All members of these families are highly educated and speak fluent English, and keep themselves au fait with world events by means of books and newspapers. The only obstacle in the way of social relations between them and Europeans lies in the matter of caste. To these caste rules the Nepalese aristocracy have always adhered very strictly. As the late Sir Chandra once said to me when I was discussing the question with him: "Nepal is now the only independent Hindu Kingdom left in the world. We are proud that this should be so, and we are determined always to keep the observances of our religion according to the immemorial rules of the Hindu faith".

But these observances are very strict and very far reaching. They relate chiefly to matters of food and drink. No member of these higher castes is allowed to partake of any article of food or drink cooked or served by persons of a lower caste, or belonging to other creeds—not even a glass of water; and so the usual amenities of social life—the luncheons, dinners, and so on—are ruled out entirely. We could meet our Nepalese friend at garden-parties, on shooting expeditions, etc., play tennis or golf together, but all eating and drinking was "taboo". It is the same, of course, in India with the higher caste Hindus, but there some relaxations have begun to creep in, and a certain number, especially of the younger generation, visit Europe nowadays and conform to European customs.

Another difficulty arising from caste is the fact that under the Hindu religion it is laid down that caste is broken by crossing the ocean. Here, however, the priesthood can condone the offence, and the offender can be re-admitted to his caste and his offence purged by submitting himself to a formal ceremony of purification. In this respect, also, the
Nepalese priesthood are very particular. The rule is that re-admission to caste cannot be granted to any Nepalese Hindu subject who crosses the ocean, unless his journey has been made in the service of the State; and this applies also to the Gurkha soldiers of our Indian Army. Active Service, or Official Missions of any kind permit reinstatement, but not private business or pleasure trips. And even so, those who cross the sea to foreign parts are expected to follow the laws of their caste as regards food, and drink, in so far as is humanly possible in the circumstances.

The ladies of the upper classes in Nepal lead very secluded lives, and although the "purdah" system of the Muhammadans is not absolutely obligatory under the Hindu code, it is actually observed for all practicable purposes. The ladies never appear in public and can only receive the ladies of the foreign community in their own houses.

The King of Nepal, too, lives a secluded life in his own palace, and is only seen in public on ceremonial occasions. The British Envoy's audiences with him are purely formal affairs, held in the old State palace in Katmandu. The King is seated on a high throne at one end of the audience chamber, with his officials, civil and military, ranged all down the hall on each side. The Envoy is received at the outer door of the palace by the Prime Minister, and conducted upstairs into the hall, where he advances and bows to the King and takes his seat on the King's right, with the Prime Minister next to him. On the King's left are seated the Commander-in-Chief, and the Chief Priest. A few brief questions and answers are exchanged through the medium of the Prime Minister, and the Envoy then takes his leave, shaking hands as he goes with the principal officials.

The only occasion when I had a more intimate glimpse of the King was on the occasion of his marriage soon after my arrival in Nepal. It was an occasion of much rejoicing and festivity in the capital. There were two brides—two little sisters of some high-caste family in India—and I was privileged to see them both unveiled. They were all assembled at the Prime Minister's palace, towards the end of the ceremonies, and Sir Chandra, taking me by the hand, led me to the room where the two little girls were seated, and we
exchanged smiles. A few minutes later they all three drove off in a State carriage to the King's palace—His Majesty (then aged 14) with a little bride on each side of him. He was a very handsome lad then, and has grown into a fine-looking man with handsome sons of his own. I may mention that the succession in the Royal Family is by the ordinary rule of primogeniture, passing from father to son, and not, as in the Prime Minister's family, to the eldest agnate.

On another occasion I spent a day or two in the Prime Minister's shooting camp where the young King was also residing, and was close beside him on an elephant when he shot his first tiger.

A distinctive feature of any ceremonial in Nepal is the wonderful head-dresses worn by members of the Royal and Prime Minister's families. These consist of a close-fitting cap, thickly encrusted with jewels, and with a plume of osprey feathers sweeping up and back from the top. They vary, of course, in richness and value, with the rank and wealth of the wearer, those of the King and the Prime Minister being especially valuable.

Some of the jewels in the Prime Minister's head-dress are of historic interest. Towards the end of the Mutiny in 1858, that sinister figure, the Nana Sahib, who was responsible for the massacres at Cawnpore, fled before the avenging British troops, and with a small following crossed the frontier into Nepal and threw himself on the mercy of the then Prime Minister, the great Jung Bahadur. In accordance with the Oriental custom of sanctuary, the Prime Minister agreed to harbour the fugitives, but in exchange for this, and other privileges, he obtained from the Nana Sahib some of the jewellery which he had carried away with him in his flight, and some of these stones now form a part of the official head-dress of the Prime Ministers of Nepal.

The most remarkable of these jewels are the great uncut emeralds which overhang the forehead in a fringe, and a group of similar stones, like a bunch of grapes, over the left ear. The largest jewel is a square-cut emerald three and a quarter inches long. The front and sides of the head-dress glitter with diamonds, pearls, rubies, and other precious stones.
In fact, the whole thing is like a setting from the Arabian Nights. This secluded valley, reached only by villainous tracks, and accessible only to privileged foreigners, with its ancient temples and palaces, its exclusive high-caste aristocracy, and the glitter and glamour of its Court, the marble stairways, and halls, and the fabulous jewels.

And besides, and apart from all this, as I have tried to emphasise, we see in Nepal a proud and independent Kingdom ruled by scions of ancient lineage and chivalrous traditions—fit rulers and leaders for their people, the Gurkhas, who are renowned the world over for their bravery and fighting qualities.

Great Britain is fortunate to possess so staunch a friend and ally.
Pleasant as life was in the peaceful valley of Katmandu, I personally was always pleased when the time came to descend to the plains again for our camps and shooting excursions during the Indian cold weather. Nepal borders on the south with the Indian provinces of the United Provinces and Behar, and here I made a number of friends among the planting community, and others, and used to travel about and shoot and play polo, pig-stick, etc. Behar was formerly the centre of the indigo industry, and before the invention of synthetic indigo this was a most flourishing business, and large fortunes were made from it. It was exploited in the first instance almost entirely by various English firms and individuals. Large tracts of land were leased, and the tenants subsidised to grow indigo which was manufactured on the spot. Some of these estates extended to 100,000 acres or over, and the planters lived in lordly style in fine bungalows, and hunted and shot over their properties like country landlords in England. But at the time when I first came to this part of the world, the prosperity of the old days had greatly declined, and although there was still good profit to be made from the ordinary agricultural produce of the land, it was nothing like what it had been in the palmy days of indigo.

Still, conditions of life were exceedingly pleasant, and the small scattered European community was regal in their hospitality. One of my friends had an empty bungalow on his estate, a few miles from the Nepal border, and this he kindly placed at my disposal, and I used it as my headquarters in the winter for several years. It was a charming little house, and the country all around provided excellent shooting, chiefly partridges, quail and so on, and there were
three or four small lakes where one was always sure of some wild fowl and snipe.

My closest friend was Mr. W. H. Irwin, who managed a very large estate close by. He had come out to India as a youth, and had spent his whole life in this district. The property belonged to the Miller brothers, the well-known polo-playing family, and in the prosperous days they and their friends used to come out to India for the cold weather, bringing with them a pack of hounds, and used to hunt, shoot and play polo, and entertain in great style. It was Colonel Charles Miller who about forty years ago started the Roehampton Club, which he still manages with the help of his charming and capable wife. Irwin and I had many jolly days together after partridge and snipe, and he in turn used to join my camps in Nepal, and bagged several good tigers.

The great feature of my winter tour, however, was the shooting camps in Nepal itself. The first tiger shoot I ever had there was as a guest of the Prime Minister, shortly after my first arrival, and the whole thing was arranged with real Oriental magnificence. There were about 130 elephants, and the process of "ringing" and shooting the tigers was carried out with extraordinary skill and care.

Sir Chandra was a perfect host, gracious and considerate always for the safety, comfort, and good sport of his guests. With him on this occasion were several of his sons (of whom he had eight), whom I met for the first time, and all of whom have remained my friends ever since. I need scarcely say we enjoyed very good sport.

In fact these jungle camps and the shooting were one of the great features of my life in Nepal during the years I spent there. Game of all kinds was plentiful, and I felt no remorse in shooting the tigers which preyed on the villager's herds, and sometimes on the villagers themselves. But apart from that, the mere fact of being out in these great forests was an unfailing source of delight. The Prime Minister was kind enough to allow me two shooting camps every year, one about Christmas time, and the other later on towards the end of March, when it was beginning to warm up a bit. We generally had forty or fifty elephants assigned to us, enough to make a good "ring" round a tiger in these dense jungles.
Our tents would be sent on ahead, and we might have to drive twenty or thirty miles along a rough cart track through the forest to arrive at our camp, and there we would settle in comfortably in our big Indian tents. Such things as tinned stores, tea, sugar, etc., we would bring with us, but our daily supplies came from the forest or the nearest village—eggs, milk, and game in plenty. The weather was perfect at this time of year, bright sunny days and cool (at Christmas time often actually cold) nights. A big camp fire of whole trees and heavy logs would be lighted in the centre of the camp, heaped up and blazing brightly in the evening, and left to smoulder during the day-time.

Each day brought its fresh interests and fresh excitement. Tigers were, of course, always the main attraction, and were the most coveted bag. In Nepal, owing to the extent and density of the forests, the only way to get at them is on elephant back. In places the grasses and reeds grow to sixteen to eighteen feet in height, and are over one's head, even when standing up in a howdah on an elephant. And there are thorny thickets which even an elephant or a rhino find it hard to penetrate. A man on foot is helpless.

The native hunters have brought their particular technique to a high state of perfection. At night young buffaloes are tied up round about the camp at likely spots as bait, and in the morning the hunters go round to see if any have been taken. The tiger when he kills drags the carcass into a thicket nearby, eats his fill, and sleeps close by till it is time for his evening meal. So the hunters can tell by the tracks approximately where he is. The elephants then make a big circle round this place, and approach gradually till they are in a close ring, perhaps 100 yards across, only a few feet apart. Then one or two big tuskers are sent into the ring to stir up the tiger. Nine times out of ten one will be found there, and sometimes two, or three, or more (I have known five), and as the tiger roars and charges at the ring the guns in their howdahs get their chance of shooting him—not so easy as it sounds on a restless elephant and in this thick jungle.

Then on the way home there are deer to be shot, and partridges and pea-fowl, and other small game for the pot.
And throughout, whether there is good sport or not, there is always the fact that one is wandering at large through the most exquisitely beautiful scenery, sometimes in open forest of tall "sal" trees, sometimes through tangled thickets, sometimes in open grassland by a river's bank. And at intervals in a clearing there comes a glimpse of the snows dim and ghostlike in the far distance to the north.

It was a great privilege to be allowed to have these camps, and the use of the State elephants and the chances of such wonderful shooting. Once I had shot a tiger or two myself I did not want any more, but I had the opportunity of inviting my friends, and naturally everyone likes to say that they have bagged a tiger while in India, and no one was ever disappointed. So I was able to return the hospitality of my planter friends, and of my hosts in Calcutta, and elsewhere.

Royal shoots are quite a tradition in Nepal. The first of these was the great shoot arranged by the famous Jung Bahadur for the late King Edward VII, when he was in India as Prince of Wales in 1876. This was held in the western part of Nepal, where an immense camp was prepared with no less than 400 elephants. Besides the usual tiger shooting the party indulged in the rather unusual sport of chasing a wild tusker elephant on horseback, and apparently had a thrilling time. And on one occasion they were attacked by a swarm of wild bees (one of the most dreaded dangers of the jungle), and in the book written by the famous *Times* Correspondent, W. H. Russell, about the tour, there is a sketch of the Prince wrapped up in rugs to ward off the bees, with the Duke of Sutherland's Piper, MacAllister, perched behind him in his howdah, while the elephant scuttles off as fast as he can across country.

Then in 1911, King George V, when he came to India as King Emperor, was also the guest of the Nepal State, during the premiership of Jung Bahadur's nephew, Sir Chandra. The camp was in the heart of the finest shooting preserve in central Nepal, and a very big bag was made, the King, who was a wonderful shot, both with gun and rifle, shooting no less than twenty-one tigers, besides rhinos, deer, and small game.

And in 1921 it was the turn of a Prince of the third
generation—the Duke of Windsor—when he was visiting India as Prince of Wales. Here again Sir Chandra was the host, and I as British Envoy was present to see that everything was all right in the camp (as of course the Prime Minister and his family could not partake of any meals with us), and to accompany him every day while the shoot lasted.

The Prince with his suite duly turned up on the 14th December, at the tiny little railway station on the Nepal frontier, the terminus of a short branch line leading to nowhere. There is not even a village within miles, and on the Nepalese side of the border sheer jungle. However, as the jumping-off place for some of the best shooting in the world "Bhikna Thoree" has its points, and has been honoured by the presence of a King Emperor, and a Prince of Wales, to say nothing of such lesser lights as Provincial Governors (Lord Lytton was my guest there some years later when he was Governor of Bengal), and other distinguished personages.

The Prince was, I think, delighted to get away for a few days from India, where he had not been having too pleasant a time owing to the political troubles which were in full blast just then, and to escape into the purely masculine atmosphere of a shooting camp, where there were no politics and no social ceremonies. The party was confined to his own staff, myself, one press correspondent (my old friend, Perceval Landon, for whom I asked special permission), and one outside guest, my friend Edward (now Sir Edward) Villiers from Calcutta, whom also I had been allowed to invite to the camp.

The camp was pitched just across the frontier, which here consists of the wide gravelly bed of a shallow stream, on a little plateau among tall forest trees. The undergrowth had of course been cleared away, and a stockade built round the rim of the plateau. It had all been most elaborately and carefully arranged by the Nepalese Government under the supervision of the Prime Minister's own sons and relatives. There was an electric-light plant, and big standard lamps lit up the camp by night, and all the tents had electric light. Water was brought in by pipes from a stream some distance away, and telephone wires had been erected stretching away from the camp east and west to centres where groups of elephants were kept in readiness so that news could be
instantly sent in when a tiger had killed or a rhino had been marked down.

I had heard a good deal about the Prince before his arrival, and knowing his love for riding, and his rather restless disposition, I realised that he would not much care for sitting about on the back of an elephant all day, a form of amusement which certainly becomes tedious after a few hours, so I arranged beforehand that he would be able to get active exercise both before and after the regular jungle shooting—polo in the morning, and walking up small game in the evening. Just across the border, on the British side, there is an open piece of land near the railway station large enough for a polo ground, and with the help of the local Police Officer, Mr. McNamara, I arranged for a number of coolies, and had it cleaned up and goal-posts erected; and at the same time McNamara looked into the possibilities for small game shooting in the neighbourhood.

Immediately after the Prince's arrival in camp he asked me to come into his tent to tell him what the programme was and how the shoots were conducted. As I expected, he did not at all like the idea of wandering about in the forest all day on an elephant, and he said that he particularly wanted to keep fit, as he was to play in some polo-matches at Calcutta and elsewhere as soon as the Nepal visit was over. When I told him that if he liked we could have a few "chukkas" of rather primitive polo in the morning before breakfast, he was delighted, and said that this would be just the very thing to keep him in training.

He then said that he must insist that in the tiger and other big game shooting everyone should be given an equal chance, and no favouritism shown to himself by always putting him in the best place, and so on. I replied that of course this would be done if he wished it, but that, as a gesture of courtesy to his hosts, who had taken so much trouble in preparing the camp, I thought he ought to be prepared to let us arrange for him to shoot at any rate the first tiger, after which he could do as he chose.

He agreed to this after a little demur, and as soon as the party had breakfasted we went out to where there was a kill, and the Prince duly got his tiger. After that all his staff and
the other guests were treated on equal terms with himself, and as a result everyone, without exception I think, got a good bag and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

From this on our day was a pretty strenuous one. The Prince, with Captain "Fruity" Metcalfe, and perhaps one or two others, would drive over to the polo-ground early in the morning before breakfast. There we would find McNamara and two or three of our planter friends with ponies, etc., all ready, and we would spend an hour or two in rough-and-ready polo, or just knocking a ball about for practice. It was extraordinary to see how keen the Prince was about any kind of horsemanship. Several of the ponies were only half-trained, but he often made a point of mounting some awkward country-bred, and handling it gently and carefully till he got it quieted down and used to stick and ball.

Then back to breakfast, and out into the forest after tiger or rhino or general shooting. I generally drove him on these trips out to our objective, ten or twenty or as much as thirty miles along the rough forest tracks, winding in and out between the trees and over the flimsy bridges across streams. I had an old American car which was better for this sort of thing than his English cars.

By lunch-time the main business of the day was generally over, and after a hasty meal of sandwiches or hard-boiled eggs (his lunch generally consisted of a couple of these latter) we would drive, or sometimes ride on horses provided by our hosts, back to camp, and again cross the border to the more open country, and spend an hour or two till sunset walking up partridges, snipe, quail, etc. And so back to camp in time for dinner.

It was on one of these little tramps that he was attacked by a venomous snake, a king-cobra (hamadryad), the only Indian snake which ever wantonly attacks human beings. He saw it rustling along through the brushwood just in front of him, and fired one barrel of his shotgun at it, whereupon it turned and charged at him, and he killed it with his second barrel a few yards from his feet. It was a big snake, ten feet five inches in length, and deadly poisonous. He was delighted with this adventure, and I may say that all of us were delighted, and thankful too, that his second shot had stopped the brute.
The poor coolies who were beating for us had not at first realised who he was, but when they were told that he was the Heir to the Throne, they were astounded. One evening after our shoot, just as we were leaving, they asked if they might say something to him. They came along in a group, these simple people, and their head-man said that as long as they lived they would never forget that they had had the honour of seeing the Heir to the Throne and working for him; and they added some remarks of a political nature which perhaps I had better not put on record. When all this was translated to him the Prince laughed, and said it was the nicest and most sincere thing he had had said to him since he had landed in India.

One morning as I was driving him along the forest-road to some rendezvous or other in the heart of the forest, he caught sight of a British soldier in uniform standing by the side of the track—a very unexpected sight in Nepal. "Hallo," he said, "There's a British soldier. What on earth is he doing here? Stop, and let me talk to him." So I pulled up the car, and the Prince called to the man to come up, and asked him who he was, and what he was doing in Nepal. The man explained that he was one of a company of Sappers and Miners who had been lent to the Nepalese Government to supervise the erection of the telegraph line through the jungle. The Prince chatted with him for a few minutes, asked him where he had served during the war, and so on, and we were just about to move on when the man saluted and said: "Would you mind shaking hands with me, Sir? I have a particular reason for asking it."

"Certainly," said the Prince, "of course I will shake hands with you with the greatest pleasure." And did so. "But," he added, "what's your particular reason?"

"Do you remember, Sir," said the Sapper, "when you were up in Hull some years ago, and shook hands with a lot of factory girls?"

"Yes, I remember it very well," said the Prince, "what about it?"

"Well," replied the man, "one of those girls was my sister, and ever since then she's been bragging about it, and telling me that she has shaken hands with the Prince of
Wales, and I haven't. So now, I am going to write to her and tell her I've done it too!"

Well, it is a simple little human story, and I have no doubt that there are thousands of such to be told of the encounters of the Duke of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales with men and women all over the Empire. He laughed as we drove along, and then his mood changed.

"You know, O'Connor," he said, "that I suppose that no Heir to the Throne had ever had the same chances as I have had of seeing men in the raw as I saw them in the trenches during the war. Sometimes," he added, "when I was in England, I used to go down to Victoria to see them going back to France after a few days at home. They knew very well what they were going back to, and that they were leaving the comforts and decencies of life behind them, and their families, and their sweethearts. I realised it too, for I had seen it, and knew what it meant, and I have often gone home," he said, "and cried like a child."

If ever there was an unaffected, natural human being, it was, and is he. He detested pomp and show, and especially ostentation of any kind. It was the "Things Mortal," and the tears in them, that touched his heart.

He was of extreme moderation both in eating and drinking. His obsession to keep himself fit made his diet almost Spartan. At dinner, after our strenuous days, he would relax like anyone else and drink a peg or two. After dinner in the big tent, carpeted with leopard-skins, the Nepalese (always the most thoughtful and considerate of hosts) had arranged that a couple of their own pipers, with the authentic Scotch bagpipes (the Ghurkas and the Scottish regiments have always been on particularly good terms, and the Nepalese pipers were regularly trained in Scottish regiments) should march in and parade round the table in the orthodox style. The Prince loved this, and followed them with his eyes as they strutted round. After dinner a big massed military band of Nepalese used to play in the centre of the camp under an arc light. This, too, intrigued him, and once or twice he edged his way into the circle, quietly removed the baton from the hand of the bandmaster, and conducted the music for a few minutes—to the
mingled scandal and amusement of his Nepalese hosts. I soon found that he resented any attempt to dictate to him what should or should not be done in particular circumstances; but once or twice when I thought that a word of warning or advice (about local customs for instance) was indicated, he was immediately receptive and amenable.

The Prime Minister, with his family and staff, lived in a camp of their own a few hundred yards away, and did all that was possible for any hosts to do to make the Prince's visit a success. The Prime Minister was not in very good health at the time, and could not himself accompany the Prince on his shooting excursions, but every morning he would come into the camp to discuss the programme of the day, and again in the evening to hear the news of the day's sport. Other members of his family, especially his four eldest sons, Generals Mohun, Barber, Kaisar and Singha, and his brother the present Prime Minister, Sir Joodha, were in constant attendance on the Prince and his staff wherever they went. All the intricate arrangements worked without a hitch, and everyone had plenty of good shooting.

It was all, of course, only a brief interlude in the Prince's long tour, but I am sure it was an enjoyable one for him, and he carried away a very pleasant impression of the Nepalese and of their courtesy and hospitality.

Generally speaking, life for the British Envoy in Nepal is tranquil enough, and is occupied with matters of routine and occasional formal ceremonies. This visit was one of the outstanding events during my term of office there. Another was the negotiation and signature of a new treaty between my country and Nepal. As mentioned above, the old treaty of 1816 had regulated the relations between the two countries for over a century quite satisfactorily, but with the progress of time certain fresh aspects had arisen and required discussion and adjustment, and the Government of India instructed me to suggest to the Prime Minister the framing of a new treaty to meet modern conditions. His Highness agreed to this, and a draft was prepared for discussion. Certain technical details concerning customs duties, and so on, required expert handling, and it was the best part of two years before all the clauses were settled to the satisfaction of
both parties. But by December 1923, the draft had been approved by both Governments, and the signature of the new treaty took place with due ceremony in a large, pillared marble hall at Katmandu—the Prime Minister signing on behalf of Nepal, and myself on behalf of Great Britain. It was an interesting occasion, and set the seal on the friendly relations between the two countries.

It was termed in the preamble a "Treaty of Friendship," and began by making quite clear the independent position of Nepal, both in her external and internal affairs, which we undertook to acknowledge and respect. Another important clause was the one under which it is laid down that the two High Contracting Parties agree to inform each other of any serious friction or misunderstanding with other neighbouring States, and each to "exert its good offices as far as may be possible to remove such friction and misunderstanding"; the object of this clause being to facilitate efforts made by either party to avert hostilities in the event of any such danger arising with neighbouring States. As a matter of fact both countries had already in the past exercised influence of that kind. Sir Chandra had done his best to effect a friendly settlement between ourselves and the Tibetans in 1903; and the Indian Government had similarly intervened as a mutual friend when friction arose between Nepal and Tibet later. So the treaty merely placed formally on paper a principle which was already accepted by both parties.

The treaty was duly ratified by the Sovereigns of both countries, and an exchange of the ratified copies was made at a formal Durbar at Katmandu in April 1925, between the Prime Minister and myself—my last official duty before retirement on reaching the age limit a few months later.

As will be seen from this account of my thirty years service under the Indian Government, the whole of my time was spent either on or beyond the Indian frontiers, most of it in the independent countries beyond the frontier, Tibet, Persia, and Nepal. In this, I always think, I was very fortunate. Frontiers are always interesting, and it was quite a different matter serving in a diplomatic capacity (and as Consul in Persia my work was certainly more diplomatic than commercial) in foreign countries from the work of a Resident
in an Indian State. These States are, of course, part of the British Empire and feudatory to the British Crown. In the latter capacity a British representative acts as a friendly adviser to the Ruler of the State where he is accredited, but as a last resort there is always the possibility of pressure, and even compulsion, being applied, as has been necessary on various occasions when misgovernment has compelled the intervention of the Indian Government, and possibly a change of Ruler.

In an independent country the position is entirely different. One tries, naturally, to keep on good terms with the Government of the country and its local representatives, but there can be no question of dictation, and the only compulsion that can be applied is the threat or the actuality of war—just as in Tibet we were obliged to support our Mission with an armed force and eventually to fight with the Tibetans. But these are extreme measures which are not usually contemplated, and are not applied except as a last resort. The duty of a British Representative abroad, whether he is a Consul, or an Agent, or a Minister, or Ambassador, is to support the interests of his own country and of its subjects as best he can, and generally speaking the best way to do so is to cultivate friendly relations with the authorities and the people of the country concerned. In this I was fortunate, for once our treaty had been signed at Lhasa no difficulty or friction arose with the Tibetan authorities themselves, and it was a very real pleasure to live among them and to get to know them better, and to try to overcome any mutual prejudices. In Persia the people were always quite friendly as a whole. It was only the advent of the war and foreign intrigues which led to the unpleasant experience we had in Fars. And even then the Government of the country remained nominally neutral, and it was the undisciplined, petty chieftains in the south who were actively hostile and allowed themselves to be made catspaws by the German agents. Whilst in Nepal, as I hope I have made plain, the relations between our two countries were of the most friendly nature possible, and the British Representative was made to feel that he was an honoured guest.

Then the moment one crosses a frontier the whole horizon
widens, and one begins to take a share, however small, in international affairs. In Tibet we were constantly concerned with Chinese and Russian reactions to our policy and proceedings. In Persia, with Russia again, and also, before and during the war, with German and Turkish intrigues, and with Afghanistan on the eastern frontier. In Nepal other foreign countries and their policies were not so prominent, but even there questions sometimes arose regarding China and Tibet.

And one meets, too, the representatives of other foreign countries as well, of course, as the British diplomatists.

In fact one gets a much wider outlook than one does by serving only in India, and a more realistic view of world affairs—or at any rate, as in my case, of Asiatic affairs—which stands one in good stead for the rest of one's life.

I bade farewell to Nepal with real regret, but, as will appear in a later chapter, I have been fortunate enough to revisit the country several times since retirement, and to keep in touch with many of my old friends there.
THE YEARS AFTER retirement from service abroad are often tedious and difficult to fill in. A man who has spent thirty odd years or so in work which is often exacting, and which has occupied his time and thoughts, finds himself suddenly thrown entirely on his own resources; and after so large a slice of his life spent out of England, it is all the more difficult to settle down in some quiet back-water in a country where most of the associations and friendships of his youth have long since been interrupted, and at a time of life when new roots are not so easily thrown out.

A married man with a family carries his own interests and associations with him, but a bachelor is deprived of this consolation. It is a common experience for many retired officials, civil or military.

Luckily for myself I have always had a good many hobbies—writing, reading, languages and music among them—and I have also been fortunate enough to be able to do quite a lot of travelling and to visit a number of new countries and places all over the world. In fact, I have done a great deal of globe-trotting since my retirement. I have been round the world twice, thrice to India, once to Australia and New Zealand, and twice to Hollywood. Not that there is any merit or distinction in making comfortable journeys in comfortable ships and trains, but it is always amusing and instructive to see new countries and to make new friends.

My three journeys to India were all made on invitations from my old friends in Nepal. To the deep regret of all who knew him, Sir Chandra, the Prime Minister who was in office during all my time there, and with whom I signed the new treaty as described in the last chapter, died in December 1929, and was succeeded in accordance with the family custom by his next brother, Sir Bhim Shumshere Jung. Sir Bhim
kindly invited me out on a visit, and provided me with a camp, elephants, etc. It was a real joy, after several years of the rather humdrum life in England, to find oneself in the jungle once again, with the lordly accompaniment of elephants and in the home of tigers and rhinos. Our camp was situated some thirty miles from the nearest railway station, right in the very heart of the best preserves and on the site occupied by King George's Camp, when he was there in 1911. It was a lovely setting on a knoll, overlooking a wide river, dense forest all round, and a great expanse of reeds and high grass on the opposite bank, where rhinos were actually wandering about within a few hundred yards of our camp. We had the usual excellent sport, paid a flying visit to Katmandu, and I returned home via the Far East, spending a week or two at Hawaii en route.

Following the advice of a friend I had met in India, I stayed at the Halekulani Hotel at Honolulu. It is situated right on the famous Waikiki beach, and the breakers wash its garden wall. The central block of the hotel is just a big wooden chalet, with wide verandahs and cool spacious rooms. In its grounds are a number of smaller chalets, each including three or four sets of apartments, and it was in one of these that I took up my abode in a grove of coco-nut trees. The whole place has a definitely Hawaiian atmosphere, and seemed to me preferable to any modern monstrosity. Here I spent a fortnight, until the next Empress boat called, in great comfort and extreme languor. For this was the effect the place had on me. Never have I struck such a relaxing climate. Lotus-eating is nothing to it, and for the first ten days or so I was utterly unable to make the smallest effort either mental or physical. I am told that this is a common experience with newcomers, and passes off to a certain extent as one becomes acclimatised, and I certainly did feel a little less lethargic the last few days of my stay. But I cannot honestly believe that the people who live in Hawaii can ever suffer from an excess of energy—except, perhaps, when they dance the Hula in the moonlight!

This, however, did not prevent me from having a very pleasant time. I had a few introductions, and was taken to see all the regulation sights—drives across the island, and to
special beauty spots in the hills (it is all beautiful, except, perhaps, the pineapple areas), and of course we saw Hula dances by moonlight, and experienced all the charm of the swinging grass skirts of the dancers, and the sweet voices of the native singers. And as a special treat, I was flown around the island in an Army aeroplane, by the General commanding the troops, a real piece of kindness which gave me a bird’s-eye view of all those lovely coasts with the exquisite colours of the shallow waters round the shore, changing to every hue of blue and green every minute as we flew along. From up there it was the epitome of all the romance of all the South Sea Islands which one had ever dreamed of, or read about.

It was here, too, that I first met Robert H. ("Bob") Davis, famous columnist of the New York *Sun*, of whom I shall have more to say later. We swapped yarns and became friends at once, and he introduced me to some of his many friends—notably Mr. and Mrs. Woolley, and their charming young daughter Virginia. Before we left the island, Bob treated us to a lunch at P. Y. Chong’s well-known Chinese Restaurant, where we devoured all the usual weird Chinese dishes, such as bird’s-nest soup, and sharks’ fins and “slugs and snails and puppy-dogs’ tails” (literally I mean, not merely metaphorically).

It was a delightful interlude, and I felt that pang of nostalgia which I think affects most people when they leave Honolulu decked with “leis,” and to the strains of “aloha”.

Sir Bhim only held office for a short time. He died in 1932 and was succeeded by the last of the five brothers of this remarkable dynasty, who have in turn occupied the post of Prime Minister, namely, Sir Joodha Shumshere Jung, the present holder of the office.

Sir Joodha, shortly after his accession, in turn invited me again to Nepal, and made me the very flattering announcement that he wished to confer on me the Order of “The Star of Nepal,” and asked me to be his guest in a great tiger shoot which he was arranging in the western part of the country, which hitherto I had never visited.

So off I set once more on the familiar journey to India, and up over the hills to Katmandu, travelling now in much greater comfort and with much greater speed than in the old
days. I stayed at the British Legation, as the guest of the Minister, Colonel (now Sir Clendon) Daukes.

The ceremony of investiture took place a day or two after my arrival in the great hall in the Prime Minister's palace, where I had taken part in so many other ceremonies, and in the presence of all the high officials of the State, dressed in their official uniforms and gorgeous head-dresses. The Prime Minister made a brief and complimentary speech, to which I replied in what I hope were appropriate terms. I was, indeed, greatly moved and touched by this graceful act of kindness and consideration, and I value my decoration as a token of the mutual friendship which exists between myself and the rulers and people of this gallant little country, our friends in good times and bad, and our allies in two World Wars.

The photograph facing page 160 will give some idea of the setting of such ceremonies.

I then returned to the plains, and a few weeks later I joined the Maharaja in his camp in Western Nepal. This part of the country, being rather remote from the capital, had been very little shot over of recent years. In fact, there had not been a shoot there on a really big scale since that given by the then Prime Minister, Jung Bahadur, for King Edward, when as Prince of Wales he was visiting India in the year 1876, as described in the last chapter. So there was quite a thrill in visiting this almost unknown part of the country, where the tigers, always plentiful in the Nepalese jungles, were said to be swarming in quite extraordinary numbers.

I will not harass my readers with any further descriptions of tiger shoots, but two incidents stand out in my memory as rather unusual and spectacular—one of them serving to illustrate elephant psychology.

As it happened there was among the 200 tame elephants in the camp a female which had been captured in this neighbourhood only a year before. One night we heard a terrific hullabaloo and it appeared that a wild tusker had scented the presence of his long-lost mate, and had boldly invaded the camp of the tame elephants and kicked up a fearful row, which ended up in a fight with one of the tame tuskers. This latter, being chained up as usual for the night, was rather at a
disadvantage, and one of his tusks was broken off by the wild one before the latter was put to flight.

The very next day this old chap was savagely attacked by a tigress in the ring. She leaped up at him and seized him by the ear with her teeth. The big brute swung his great head to and fro, the tigress flying out horizontally with her legs and claws all extended until she was flung off and shot. The Prime Minister and I were alongside on our own elephants when this happened, and it certainly was a fine spectacular performance, the best I had seen in all my hunts.

What with the wild elephant during the night and the tigress next day, our poor old tusker had had a pretty tough twenty-four hours. But he was none the worse, and seemed to take it all as part of the day's work.

On another occasion no less than five tigers were surrounded in one ring late in the afternoon. Four of them were shot, but as night fell the fifth still remained. Torches were prepared from dry sticks and brushwood and flares were lighted all round the ring, and by this flickering light the fifth and last tiger was driven out of cover and shot by the Prime Minister.

This, too, was a sight worth seeing—the great circle of 200 impactive elephants, the dark forest behind them, all illuminated by the torches, glimpses of the tiger as he ran to and fro, and the end of the scene as the final bullet finished him off.

It was after I left this camp in February 1934 that the great earthquake occurred which did such damage to this part of northern India. Central Nepal, including the capital and the adjoining British districts, was in the centre of the disturbance and suffered terribly. Whole towns were reduced to ruins, all railways and roads were interrupted for days, and there was great loss of life. But the work of restoration was taken up at once with great energy. Ancient buildings, such as temples, etc., were reconstructed on exactly the same lines as before, and when I visited Katmandu again, only two years later, nearly all traces of the earthquake had been wiped out.

From India I now set off in a new direction to pay a visit to Australia. I sailed from Colombo on a P. & O. ship bound
for Sydney where I had some friends. Our first port of call was Fremantle, where I was greeted on my first arrival on Australian soil by the sight of a statue on the wharf of a first cousin of mine, the late Charles Yelverton O'Connor, an engineer who had designed and was responsible for the harbour works which had first made Fremantle into a port fit for ocean liners. He had later also designed and engineered the waterworks for the goldfields of Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie. Both were remarkable triumphs of engineering, carried out under circumstances of great difficulty and in the face of much factious opposition, to which the prosperity of Perth and of the province of Western Australia, as a whole, is in a great measure due.

I spent a few hours at Perth, and continued my journey by sea, visiting Melbourne and Adelaide en route, and we reached Sydney on the 22nd February. Here I was met by my friends Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Wren (to say nothing of Bruce and Pippa and "Wilf") who drove me across the great bridge to their home in Manly on the northern side of the Bay, and I had my first view of this beautiful harbour, and its bridge. The next few days were spent in sightseeing. Mr. Claude Willmott drove me inland to the summit of the Blue Mountains one day, and on the next up the coast northwards to Palm Beach.

These excursions gave me a sort of bird's-eye view of some aspects of this wonderful country. I was especially fascinated by the coast. As we drove north, one lovely bay after another opened up, each more beautiful than the last. I decided to spend two or three months in the country to try to get acquainted with, at any rate, some small part of it, so I hired a small bungalow at the little village called Dee-why (I don't know why) on the coast a few miles north of Manly, bought a second-hand car, and settled down as a resident in the most perfect climate and ideal surroundings. It was much better and more healthy than living in a hotel in the city.

I soon began to make some friends and acquaintances. My first call, as in duty bound, was on the Governor, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Philip Game (now the Chief Commissioner of Police in London), who had been (but several years after my
time) at my old school, Charterhouse. At Government House I met many prominent people, amongst others the Governor-General, Sir Isaac Isaacs, and Lady Isaacs, who had come down from the Federal Capital for a change. Here also I first met Sir George Julius, who had married a daughter of his old Chief, my cousin, Charles O’Connor. So altogether I felt myself from the first at home and among friends and relations.

Indeed, nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality of these and many other friends whom I met in New South Wales. One particularly interesting visit was to the sheep ranch of Sir Frederick McMaster, some 200 miles inland from Sydney, to whom I had been introduced by Sir Arthur Rickard. I drove out there with Sir Arthur and Mr. Wren, over the Blue Mountains, and down on the other side into typical sheep country, mile after mile of undulating land producing nothing but grass—great expanses of grassland stretching endlessly in every direction, broken into sections by wire fences.

We had a puncture a few miles from our destination just before dark, and while doing our repairs, we were enlivened by the sight of a large kangaroo skipping across the road, and probably wondering what we were up to. That little scene, an everyday matter to any Australian, remains in my mind when I look back on this particular expedition.

Dalkeith, near the town of Cassilis, the McMaster’s home, is a big single-storey bungalow-type of house, standing in the middle of a 30,000 to 40,000 acre ranch. Conditions of sheep farming (at any rate in this part of Australia) make these big ranches necessary from an economic point of view, and the owners live a somewhat isolated life in consequence. It must have involved real isolation in the old pre-motor days, but now everything is changed. There are excellent roads everywhere, and an hour or two’s drive brings neighbours together, and even Sydney is only a few hours away.

In fact, a visit to a big ranch like Dalkeith is very like a visit to a country house at home, except that the countryside is different. Lady McMaster was away in England at the time of our visit, but Miss McMaster acted as hostess, and Sir Frederick showed us over the ranch where we watched
some sheep shearing, conducted under the most up-to-date conditions, and learnt something about sheep, grasses, and, above all, rabbits and how to cope with them. The Dalkeith sheep are famous throughout Australia, and the walls of the dining-room are literally covered by the diplomas of the prizes won at shows over a number of years.

In one of the verandahs of the house Sir Frederick has installed a projector, and we were shown excellent films every night after dinner.

Mine was, of course, only a fleeting visit to one small corner of a vast Continent, and I can only record fleeting impressions. These were, no doubt, superficial, but without actually seeing things for oneself it is difficult to visualise the realities. One of the most striking features of Australia, as we all know, is the contrast between the great cities and the country inland. Sydney and Melbourne both contain over a million inhabitants; and then, only a few miles away, one may drive for miles without seeing a human being, and with only a small village or country town every here and there. Further inland, in the deserts of the interior, there is nothing at all, and many thousands of square miles are still unexplored.

Before I left I paid a visit to Canberra as the guest of the Governor-General. Canberra has been created as a capital much in the same way, and for the same reasons, as Washington and Delhi have been created capitals—that is, on account of the rivalries and jealousies between the capitals of the various provinces constituting a federation, or united under some similar form of central government. It is situated in a typical piece of ranching country, 300 miles into the interior from Sydney, and possesses no apparent raison d'être, except perhaps that the capital had to be somewhere, and that the climate is good, and the surroundings suitable. Government House is an enlarged and modernised rancher's dwelling, and the town, such as it is, is built round the Federal Parliament buildings and offices. It is a pleasant country retreat, but inevitably lacks the amenities and society of a great city.

These considerations, however, did not trouble me as a guest at Government House. Sir Isaac is a remarkable man,
a student and a linguist among other accomplishments, and we spent many hours chatting in his library. Besides his great knowledge of constitutional history he has specialised in a number of unexpected languages, modern Greek and Chinese among them, and we were able to exchange views regarding the comparative intricacies and difficulties of Chinese and Tibetan, for instance. But our conferences were generally broken up by an imperative summons to me from Lady Isaacs to come upstairs and make a fourth at bridge!

I went to see the Parliament Houses, the waterworks, and other places of interest, but what impressed me most was the Anatomical Institute, where the curator, Sir Colin Mackenzie, showed me round and explained many of the exhibits. I had known, of course, that Australia, as a whole, is a Museum piece, with a flora and fauna dating back to the geological epoch when the Continent was cut adrift from the rest of the world, long before the evolution even of the placentals (the aborigines and the dingo were late-comers). In the marsupials nature certainly invented some of her most astonishing freaks, and we may well be grateful to her for so thoughtfully arranging to segregate an entire continent for their preservation.

Is there a more fascinating creature on the face of the globe than the koala bear? I had been out to see him in his private preserve at Koala Park, near Sydney, and there at once fell in love with his outside. But here in the Institute I learnt something about his inside as well. We humans are rather inclined to scoff at our appendices, and have suffered a good deal on account of them, and spent a lot of money on having the wretched little things cut out of us. But the koala bear’s appendix is something to be proud of. I saw several of them preserved in bottles. They run to a length of twenty to thirty feet!

And the platypus, that most amazing and illogical of all living creatures, with his duck’s bill, and his amphibious habits, and his (or rather her) eggs, and so on. Here I was shown his life history, from his nest, through all his youth, up to maturity. It is, I believe, the only complete exhibit of its kind in the world.

Both these queer creatures, and several other Australian
species, would probably be extinct by now were it not for the strict measures taken by the Australian Government for their preservation.

It is well worth a visit to Koala Park to study the bears there. They are quite unbelievably grotesque and comical as they sit in their trees and nibble their own particular kind of eucalyptus leaves. Occasionally one of them will descend leisurely to the ground and lollop slowly across to another tree, but generally speaking they are quite content to loll about on a branch.

I was talking to one of the keepers, asking him about the habits and characters of the bears, and ventured the opinion that they were inclined to be lazy (as they undoubtedly are!), but he was much too fond of his little charges to admit any such impeachment. "Oh no," he said, "It's true, they are not very energetic as a rule, but I would not like to say they are lazy." I admired him for the way he stood up for them, but I think any one who has ever seen a koala bear would agree with me. (I felt very much like that myself when I was in Honolulu!)

I used, in my innocence, to think that rhinos and elephants took one back a good long way into pre-historic times, and were genuine antiques. But compared with these marsupials they are new-comers in the history of evolution, and the original koalas certainly anti-dated them by many millions of years.

But, however fascinating it was to delve into the remote past, Sydney and its society were far from antediluvian, and I was kept busy with sightseeing, public speaking and other forms of entertainment. I find that besides public lectures at the Criterion Theatre where I gave some talks, illustrated with lantern slides, on the Indian Border countries, I spoke at a number of Club lunches, at the King's School at Parramatta, to the Empire Society and the U.S. Institute, made some broadcast talks, and wrote several articles for the newspapers.

This was all amusing and gave me the chance of meeting many interesting people, who generally had much more to tell me than I had to tell them.

But although I was in and out of Sydney pretty con-
stantly, I spent most of my time in my little Dee-why bungalow, and on the beach, and with my friends at Manly. I found it an ideal existence, much better than in any city. The weather while I was there, March, April and May, was quite perfect. Day after day of glorious sunshine, not too hot out there with the sea breeze blowing, the sea sparkling and the unending breakers rolling in. There is a spaciousness about Australian scenery which impressed me more even than that of the Himalayas, or of the Tibetan or Persian plateaux. And for sheer tranquil beauty I think this eastern Australian coast beats even Hawaii. Certainly the climate, to my mind, is infinitely preferable. Honolulu I found by far the most relaxing climate I had ever encountered, more so even than Bombay or Calcutta in the hot weather. But this Australian climate is far from relaxing—it is fresh, bracing and invigorating.

Another thing about Australia, as we have all heard, but do not always fully realise until we get there, is its amazing "Englishness". It is the same in any grade of society over there. I used to chat with the small shopkeepers at Dee-why, and got to know some of them quite well—Andrews, the grocer at my corner of pacific highway, and others. And just across the road there was an old fellow who was a descendant of the Burnaby whose *Ride to Khiva* was one of the classics of Central Asian travel in my young days. He was delighted to meet someone who knew all about the famous Burnaby and had read his book. And the same with all of them—English in their ways and their talk and their prejudices.

This is more apparent in Australia than in Canada, which, although as loyal and as much a part of the Empire as is Australia, had been much more open to foreign immigration, especially from the U.S., and has naturally been affected by this in many of its superficial aspects. And, besides this, there are the French Canadian Districts, which still preserve their own language and other national habits and characteristics.

Australia, and also New Zealand, however, have always been conservative in their immigration policies, and are as English in all their ways as England is herself.

It was just the same, too, in the various clubs which so
courteously made me an honorary member, and where I used to play bridge and have my meals when in Sydney. They are exact counterparts of the most conservative old-fashioned London clubs. Every family has its roots somewhere in the British Isles, and keeps up its connection over here; and even if the connections are lost, or severed by lapse of time or other circumstances, there has been no change in the mode of life or thought due to time or space.

There is, however, one shadow always lurking behind the scenes of these lovely Australian beaches and that sparkling sea—the fear of sharks. The actual number of fatal casualties on all the Australian coasts is actually nowadays very small—not a score a year, I believe. But this is only brought about by incessant care and precautions. It is dangerous to venture out more than thirty or forty yards, at the large bathing beaches, such as that of Manly, etc., and the life-savers are always on guard and ready for instant action.

During the three months I spent in New South Wales there was only one fatal case, and that occurred at Dee-why. A shark seized a boy of fifteen who was only a few yards from the shore, certainly not more than twenty or thirty according to another lad who was with him. On hearing him scream this other boy rushed into the water and shouted and splashed, and the shark let go his victim. But he was terribly mauled and died as he was being carried ashore.

The next day the local boatmen caught a shark just off this spot with a lump of pork on a hook. They say that sharks having once tasted blood generally cruise up and down in the neighbourhood for a day or two on the lookout for another victim. Whether it was the same shark or not I cannot say, but anyhow it seemed a timely act of retribution. He was kept on show for a day or two in a shed on the beach, everyone paying a shilling to see him, and the money going to the boy’s family. He was a huge brute, thirteen feet six inches long.

Much as I should like to do so, I cannot mention by name all my kind friends at Sydney. There was Archbishop Mowll and his wife, newly arrived from China, where they had been missionaries for many years—he is a fine figure of a man with whom I had many interesting conversations. Sir George
Julius and my cousin Lady Julius have a charming house at Darling Point in Sydney. He is a most distinguished scientist and engineer, and Chairman of the Commonwealth Council for Scientific and Industrial Research, among other offices; but is best known as the inventor of the "Julius Totalisator," now in use on Australian and other race-courses elsewhere. He has himself constructed a perfect model of an electric railway in an outhouse in his garden, where the trains run through mountain scenery across bridges, and through tunnels, the lights, signals, switches, etc., all electrically operated. A most fascinating toy. Then there were Sir Arthur and Lady Rickard, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Willmott, the late Dame Edith Walker, Mr. Consett Stephen, and many others.

But my time was up. I bade farewell to Sydney and all my friends there and to my little bungalow at obscure but charming Dee-why with real regret. I only hope that some day I may have the chance of re-visiting them all.

Then came the crossing to Auckland, which quite lived up to its deservedly bad reputation. I had only a few hours at Auckland before taking ship for Vancouver, so had no chance of seeing anything of New Zealand. We touched at Suva, capital of the Fiji Islands, where I dined with the Governor, Sir Murchison Fletcher, and witnessed a reception by him of a deputation of the islanders, and admired their grave courtesy, and elaborate ceremonial manners. From here we went on to Hawaii in typical serene Pacific weather. It was my fourth crossing of the Pacific, and a more perfect voyage I cannot imagine—day after day of light trade wind over that endless expanse of glittering blue. Although of course it can be very nasty indeed if it likes.

There is nothing in the world I think which stirs the heart-strings quite so much as hearing the natives sing the "Aloha" as one's ship enters or leaves the Hawaiian docks—their jolly, brown faces, and sweet voices singing that haunting refrain. My kind friends Mrs. Woolley and Virginia, more beautiful than ever, were awaiting me on the wharf and whisked me away for a day's visiting and driving. Then off again the same evening, garlanded with those exquisite "leis" which it seems such a sin to have to commit to the deep. And so to
Vancouver. And from Vancouver I was destined to pay my first visit to glamorous Hollywood, as shall be narrated in the next chapter.

A far cry from the jungles and tigers of Nepal, with which this chapter began, or the unsophisticated koalas of Australia.
HOLLYWOOD

Chapter XIV

I HAVE TWICE VISITED Hollywood, once in 1934, and again in 1938. It was a curious experience, but a very pleasant one, which I hope some day to be able to repeat.

It is easy to sneer at Hollywood, or to make fun of it, or to emphasise its seamy side, and I certainly admit that I should not care to go there with the idea of "muscling in" to the picture industry, or, for a matter of that, of having to earn my living there. The competition is much too fierce, and the available talent much too brilliant and too securely "dug in".

But very much the same kind of argument might apply anywhere. The lot of a penniless young man or woman in London or New York or Paris, for instance, is not usually an easy one, and to make one's way anywhere and come out on top is always a tough struggle—unless, of course, one is favoured with phenomenal luck or has influential friends in the right places. Talent, no doubt, will tell in the long run, but the run is often so long that the competitor is exhausted (or has lost his talent or good looks, let us say) before the end of it. And in Hollywood, for the screen at any rate, good looks are a very important kind of "talent".

So it seems to me that because success is difficult or chancy at Hollywood, and failure is frequent, that is no reason for condemning the place. No doubt it is the cause of many broken hearts and thwarted careers; so are other places. But it is the glamour of Hollywood, and the almost incredible pinnacles which await the successful Stars, male or female, which give the place such a reputation, and make any story from there "news" of the most thrilling kind.

Certain special factors contribute to this glamour and news value. The first of them is perhaps the youth of the competitors. What other profession (except the stage to a
GROUP AT MRS. LOUIS LIGHTON'S RANCH, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, 1938

Left to right:
Hass Heather Thatcher
Louis D. Lighton
Mrs. Disney
Batt Foreman
Mrs. Lighton
minor degree), can suddenly raise some totally unknown and inexperienced boy or girl, of humble parentage as likely as not, coming from some backwoods village or small town, into a position where his or her name, features, voice and mannerisms become familiar to millions of people all over the habitable globe—from China to Peru, or Iceland to the Antipodes?

There has never before in the history of the world been any publicity even to approach it. A Henry Irving, or a Sarah Bernhardt, or a Caruso, or a Melba, had a world-renown in their day just as other famous actors and actresses and singers have to-day. But even such fame and renown have their limitations. Nowadays, it is true, voices can be broadcast or distributed on gramophone records, but they would probably arouse but small interest in, for instance, the Fiji Islands or Lapland, and certainly the appearance of the singers or actors would not be known.

But when it comes, for example, to Mickey Rooney, or Freddie Bartholomew or Shirley Temple, these child prodigies, among others, have their fans in the remotest corners of the globe. Their faces and general appearance are as well-known to many a Zulu or Tibetan family as are those of their own children.

What strikes one next is the introduction of pure fantasy into the films. Walt Disney may be said to have started the vogue with his Mickey Mouse and other immortal creations, and it is now being busily exploited with an extension of the same technique in the shape of fairy-tales like Snow White and Pinocchio, and there are a host of imitators. These puppets are enjoying an immense success, and in spite of the complete absence of love interest or the glamorous personalities of human Stars, are rivalling the real actors and actresses as screen favourites. But of course nothing in the long run can seriously rival the popularity of the human Stars, with their sex-appeal and, in so many cases, their good acting. The puppets are amusing and attractive, but can never replace the real thing.

Other freakish things, too, suddenly spring up and achieve an amazing popularity. Most of us saw the stage ventriloquist with his boy puppet in the days of our youth,
and were mildly amused at him. But who could have predicted that a Charlie McCarthy could ever become a figure of nation-wide popularity as Edgar Burgin’s puppet has become in America, and to a lesser extent elsewhere, and earn for his creator a fabulous income, with screen and broadcasting rights and fees? Or take Joe Penner and his Duck. I met Joe in Hollywood shortly after he had first emerged into the limelight. He is a perfectly unaffected little man, with a keen sense of humour, and he used sometimes to come into my room at the hotel where we were both staying, carrying handfuls of fan letters which reached him in hundreds every day from all over the U.S. and Canada, and we used to have great fun opening and reading some of these.

No wonder people want to visit Hollywood, and to see for themselves what sort of a place it is which produces these extraordinary freaks, and what sort of people inhabit it. And given a few suitable introductions, and provided one has not to take it all too seriously, it certainly is a delightful place to spend a few weeks. I was never a tremendous film fan, but like most people I enjoy going to the pictures now and then, and have my likes and dislikes, and once in a way one sees a picture so good that one feels it would have been a tragedy to have missed it. So when I found myself in Vancouver, after my Australian visit in 1934, I thought I might as well run down the coast and take a look at Hollywood before crossing the Continent en route for England.

It is easy enough to go to Los Angeles, but that by no means implies that one will get the entrée to the studios or meet the Stars. I mentioned my idea to Bob Davis (who knows everybody) on the ship, and he at once put me in touch with the Czar of screenland in America, Mr. Will Hays, and this, with one or two other introductions, made things easy.

I met Mr. Will Hays both on first arrival and on subsequent occasions, and nothing could have exceeded his courtesy and kindness. Not only did he frank me into any studios I might wish to visit, but he deputed one of his own staff to accompany me on these visits, and thus secured for me not merely an entrée, but the opportunity of meeting many of the chief executives normally inaccessible. I thus
met the late Irving Thalburg, and Mr. Mannix of M.G.M., Mr. Zukar of Paramount, Colonel Joy of 20th Century Fox, and others. On my last visit, too, I had the opportunity of a long conversation with Mr. Hays, and later with his second-in-command, a countryman of mine, Mr. Joe Breen, on the question of Technical Advisers for pictures dealing with Britain and the British Empire, the selections for which posts have not always been of the most happy or judicious nature.

On both my visits to Los Angeles I have stayed (at any rate for part of the time) at the Ambassador Hotel. It makes a very good centre, for, apart from being a delightful place to stay at, it includes the famous Cocoanut Grove where so many now famous stars have made their début and afterwards risen to fame and fortune. The presiding genius of the Grove is my friend John Barton Browne, who has been with the hotel ever since its first opening some twenty years ago as Publicity Manager, and whose speciality is looking after the fortunes of the Grove, and selecting the orchestra and the cabaret performers. John is an Englishman, and in spite of his many years in the U.S.A. as journalist and in hotel work, he had retained his nationality and his national characteristics. He can talk the lingo as well as the most hard-boiled reporter or agent in the country when he wants to, but among his books in his own home he is a typical cultured Englishman. Between my two visits he blossomed out unexpectedly (to me) as a writer. A story of his called The Garden of the Moon (written in collaboration with H. Bedford Jones) was published in the Saturday Evening Post, and was afterwards made into a picture by Warner Bros. I went with him to see the trade show two years ago. Quite a thrill for us both. (The Garden of the Moon, by the way, is of course, the Cocoanut Grove).

The first studio I visited was Paramount, where they were then making The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, and I met Mr. Louis Lighton, the Producer, Mr. Henry Hathaway, the Director, Gary Cooper, the late Sir Guy Standing, Aubrey Smith, and others of the cast, and went several times to watch the picture in production—the first time I had seen this process. Louis Lighton, especially, interested me very
much. I had, foolishly I suppose, expected to find most people connected with the industry rather of a flamboyant type—of the school which most of us associate with the name of that eccentric genius, Mr. Cecil B. de Mille. It was only when I came to meet some more producers, directors, and writers that I realised (as I ought to have done before) the amount of intellect, intelligence, solid hard work, and often real genius, which lies behind the making of a great picture. Mr. de Mille represents one type, but in Mr. Lighton I found another—thoughtful, meticulously careful, well read, conscientious and immensely painstaking; but, withal, with a keen sense of humour and great literary ability. I was greatly impressed with what I saw of him and of his pictures then and later—Captains Courageous and Test Pilot made for M.G.M. among others, both of which have been very successful.

Mr. de Mille I met a few days later, when I was lunching with the chief of the Los Angeles Police, Mr. James E. Davis. After lunch we had some revolver practice at which Mr. de Mille is an adept. The targets consisted of wooden torsos with the vital spots marked, and we had to fire our six rounds at one of these within a time limit of a minute or two. I forget exactly what it was, but I do remember that Mr. de Mille did deadly execution. Mr. Davis told me that his police were carefully trained in revolver shooting, both for speed and accuracy, and when they have to use their weapons at all their job is to be first on the draw and to shoot to kill. If a man misses, or bungles his shot, he is fined, and the money is expended on extra ammunition for him to practise with to learn to do better next time!

After this visit I was driven from Police Headquarters to the Paramount Studios, where I had an appointment, in a police car with a policeman driving, and with an escort of two exceedingly tough-looking policemen preceding us on motor-cycles. It was a memorable experience. The two outriders raised the most ear-piercing uproar with their screeching klaxons as we careered along, and the entire traffic of the city froze into immobility as we approached—every car and every bus and tram halting where it happened to be and standing stationary until we had passed. It was an
open car, and I sat leaning calmly back trying to look as if this was my ordinary mode of taking an afternoon jaunt.

We drew up with a parting flourish in front of the Paramount Studios, and as I descended, rather dazed, from the car, I was beset by the usual crowd of boys and girls who hang about outside the Studios on the chance of getting autographs of the Stars. As they clustered round me, I asked them if they knew who I was. "No, boss," a small boy ingenuously replied, "but I guess you must be some very important guy to come along in a police-car like that."

Well, this brings me to what I feel generally about a visit to Hollywood. One may, and does, meet clever and interesting people anywhere—certainly there are plenty in London—but they are scattered throughout the length and breadth of great cities and countries, and if one meets one or two at a time one is lucky. But in Hollywood all this amazing collocation of beauty and talent from all over the world is crowded into one comparatively small area—for, although Hollywood and Beverly Hills and Bel Air are spacious enough, they cover after all only a few square miles. Here they all are—these fabulous glamorous figures, whose every gesture, feature, and accent are familiar to millions in the remotest parts of the earth—here they are living practically on each other's doorsteps, and making up a society whose concentrated talent, charm and beauty are unique.

When I say "concentrated" I do not mean to imply that the Stars, Producers, etc., live in tenements or semi-detached villas. Not quite that. Although this fashionable area is small, and is only a portion of the whole area covered by Los Angeles and its suburbs, it is nevertheless spacious enough, extending for some ten or twelve miles from east to west, and five or six miles from north to south, and up into the hills; and in the comparatively new district of Bel Air the houses stand far apart in beautiful gardens with trees and hills all around. Almost hourly coaches from Los Angeles take parties of trippers for tours through these favoured regions, and the occupants can have the thrill of passing the gateways of their favourite Stars, or gazing spellbound at the roof of Charlie Chaplin's house high up on the hills, or seeing Shirley
Temple's pony's stable over the coping of the surrounding wall.

Some of the houses (like Pick-Fair for instance) are big and imposing, but the majority are modest, single or two-storey abodes, built in the Spanish style, with wide verandahs and brightly-tiled roofs, and well-tended lawns and gardens, which generally include a swimming pool—all very bright and attractive and comfortable.

Contrary to the general impression the private lives of the Stars are far from hectic. They work much too hard to be able to indulge in late nights and orgies—even if they wanted to; and of course they have to be careful of their appearance. So a Hollywood party is generally a very quiet affair. Dinner time is an uncertain quantity as they never know at what time they may get back from the sets, and it may be anything from seven to nine, or even later. Every house has its miniature bar, where the master or mistress of the house mixes a few cocktails, and the party generally breaks up before midnight.

The prevailing form of after-dinner entertainment when I was there two years ago was a sort of charade, where the party is divided into two sides, one side going out and the other making a list of quotations, or slogans, or proverbs. Each member of the "outside" party is given in turn one of these slogans, and has to act it in dumb show so that his or her friends shall divine the meaning within a time limit. And it was really an experience to see some of the best-known actors and actresses in the world striving desperately to make their friends understand that they were acting: "All is not gold that glitters" or "To be or not to be" or "The Bottom says its Tops" (see "Thermos" advert.) within a limit of three or four minutes. But they are so clever, and act so well that it is almost impossible to stump them. I once suggested "much of a muchness" as a test, but that was ruled out as being unfair.

These innocent pastimes are (or were then) in great vogue, and no young ladies' seminary could have provided more sedate gatherings. Mary Pickford (for whom I confess a profound admiration) said to me one evening as I was leaving after a quiet party spent in seeing a picture in her
little theatre, and I think a game or two: "Now you see what hectic lives we Stars lead, Sir Frederick." I replied that it exceeded anything I could have conceived possible.

But simple or not, every gathering at Hollywood does include personalities who are world famous for their beauty, acting, singing, wit, or writing, or as producers, or directors of great films. Lord Warwick was still in Hollywood when I was there. I had met him once or twice in England, and he was kind enough to invite me to a little party in his new house to meet some of his friends, and Miss Constance Collier (to whom I had an introduction) acted as his hostess for the evening. There were, I think, ten or twelve guests, and they included such a dazzling galaxy of beauty as Maureen O'Sullivan (Mrs. John Farrow), Hedy Lamarr, Simone Simon, and Paulette Goddard (besides, of course, Miss Constance Collier, who is not only a great actress, but an authoress and playwright and producer): and among the men were John Farrow (author of *A Life of Father Damien*, etc.), Reginald Gardner (author and director), Charles McArthur (author and playwright—husband of Helen Hayes), and my old friend John Browne of the Ambassador, also an author and playwright. Where but in Hollywood could such a party, at once so glamorous and so intellectual, be got together? We played parlour games after dinner, and broke up early.

The party was aptly summed up in the heading of a gossip writer's paragraph in some paper next day as: "CRESTED ROMP" (Lord Warwick presumably being the "crested" part of it) which I cut out and cherish as the really perfect headline. It conjures up such a vision of flushed cheeks, tousled hair, and a stray coronet or two lying about here and there.

Other parties, almost equally glamorous, come to my mind as I write, the setting often adding further charm to the charming people. One such setting stands out in my memory—the house of Reginald Sharland (at one time so well known for his broadcasts as "the Honourable Archie"), situated high in the hills above Hollywood Boulevard. These houses in the hills all look down on that wonderful view of Los Angeles, Hollywood, etc., stretching away south and east to the sea, and at night all lit up with endless lines of lamps,
which show up the straight-cut streets and avenues fading away into the far distance. There are no actual skyscrapers in southern California (because of earthquakes), but the larger buildings and sky-signs stand out here and there above the level of the smaller houses and bungalows. Up here it is still and silent, and overhead the clear Californian sky, bright with stars, the air cool and a gentle fresh breeze. A quite perfect setting.

Or as a contrast to this, take the patio at the Mowbrays' house, the swimming pool in the centre, and the low Spanish-like building on three sides, with a garden-house and verandah at the end. Many a delightful afternoon and evening I have spent there. Wendy Barrie, perhaps, and the two children, Patricia and Butch, and some of the other guests in and out of the pool in their bathing costumes, tea and drinks in the garden, billiards, and the coming and going of friends as they look in from time to time. No view here, just the Californian sunshine in a lovely setting, with a perfect host and hostess and good company and good cheer. Patricia has a miniature house of her own in the patio, with her visitors' book, etc., all complete. I made her a little song in honour of it. Butch is a sturdy lad like his father. I wonder if he will give as many people as much happiness and as much laughter when he grows up.

Among the talented Britishers at Los Angeles was that wonderful young blind pianist, Alec Templeton, who was living with his father and mother in a bungalow in the garden of the Chapman Park Hotel, just on the other side of Wilshire Boulevard from the Ambassador. Alec was then performing nightly at the Cocoanut Grove, and was an immense success. Not only is he a first class musician, a graduate of the Royal College of Music, but he has a great sense of humour, and his comic turns were very popular—notably his "Miniature Wagnerian Opera," which he plays and sings himself, and his rendering of Sullivan's "Lost Chord", à la Gilbert and Sullivan, and many others. Some of the liveliest nights at the Grove are when the Universities are breaking up for vacation, and the place is crammed with hundreds of young students, boys and girls, all overflowing with high spirits. Alec's Miniature Opera begins with a loud
Hollywood, 1938

Left to right:
Alan Mowbray
Leo Reisman
Mrs. Mowbray
Freddie Bartholomew
chord and a shrill squeal from Alec, as the prima donna is supposed to make her *entrée*. One such night, just as he struck his chord, the whole bevy of youngsters anticipated his squeal in a body, to the surprise and consternation of poor Alec. They all loved him and his fun, and he and they all laughed together at the little joke.

It was a touching sight to see that blind man in that glamorous (sorry, there is no other word for it) setting, unable himself to see it, with its lights shimmering through the (ersatz) coco-nut trees, and that host of young flushed faces (and if any one wants to see the vigour and beauty of young America I advise them to visit the Grove on such a night)—to see him, I say, led across the dancing floor to his piano on the platform by the orchestra, and keep the whole crowd amused with his fun, or charmed by his music, for an hour on end. He is now in New York fulfilling a radio contract, and I hope he is doing very well out of this and his other engagement.

The Templetons held a weekly reception at their bungalow where one met many Hollywood celebrities, musical and otherwise. It was here I met Mrs. Carrie Jacob Bond, composer of the well-known song "A Perfect Day," and Mary Pickford, and John and Lily McCormack, and many others. The McCormacks lived in a large and beautiful house on the slopes of the hills just above Hollywood Boulevard, surrounded by nearly 200 acres of their own woodland. One drove through a big gateway up a slope to the house, and then further up along a winding road, through pine trees, to a spur 500 feet or so above the city, which has been levelled off for a tennis-court and swimming pool. Here there was always a cool breeze on the hottest days, and a bird's-eye panorama of the city below, with mountains and the sea in the distance.

It is impossible to conceive a more perfect spot for an afternoon party. Here several times a week the friends of the McCormacks used to assemble to play tennis and bathe, or just to loaf and admire the players and the view. Very good tennis it used to be too, the players, some young, some old, ranging from famous veterans like Maurice McLaughlin to lovely young things in shorts, exquisite to look at but
hitting like navvies. The Count himself in shorts and a singlet as energetic as any of them, and no mean performer. Then back to the great galleried drawing and music-room, where John would perhaps sing and play something himself, and tell us stories out of his inexhaustible repertoire. It is like a dream to look back on. Now they have returned to England, and John is delighting audiences all over the country, and making lots of money for war charities. More about him anon.

When I got back to England after my first visit to Hollywood in 1934 I drove over one day to lunch with Rudyard and Mrs. Kipling (old friends of mine) at their house Batemans, near the little Sussex village of Burwash, and we had a chat about Hollywood and the films, etc. Kipling told me then that M.G.M. were proposing to make a picture of his *Kim*, and that when it was being produced he would like me to act as "Technical Adviser" regarding details, owing, of course, to the fact that I had myself (like Kim) conducted a Tibetan Lama on a sort of pilgrimage through Northern India; and he told me a few days later that he had informed M.G.M. accordingly. When I learned a little later that my friend Louis Lighton was to produce the picture I was in hopes that some day we should be able to co-operate in making the film of what is, in my opinion, one of the great books of the world, and certainly one of Kipling's best. It has long been on the stocks, but for one reason or another has not yet been made. Lighton talked to me about it when I last saw him, and told me the reasons for the delay, and also his conception of how the picture should be made—and a very fine conception it is, as might be expected from the producer of *Captains Courageous*.

The difficulty with these pictures of Kipling's stories is that they contain no love, or indeed scarcely any female interest. *Kim* is a case in point, and so of course was *Captains Courageous*. It was Lighton's inspiration which gave the latter picture that touch of sentiment which the book lacked, the affection which grew up between Manuel (Spencer Tracy) and the poor little spoilt rich boy (Freddie Bartholomew) on the boat. He has made it into a most dramatic and moving film, as all who have seen it will admit.
One can only hope that he will do something of the same kind for *Kim* one day.

It was from the Lighton's house that Mary Pickford was married to "Buddy" Rogers. One night there after dinner she took me by the hand and led me out on to the verandah, where, in the moonlight she pointed out to me the tree under which the ceremony had taken place. A romantic setting and occasion. I saw her last in London last summer, and she seemed very happy. May she be as happy as she deserves!

Here, too, I met little Freddie Bartholomew and his Aunt Cissie, and I dined with them later in their small unpretentious house in the Beverly Hills. They have had a difficult time. The nestegg which Miss Bartholomew had been saving up for Freddie's education has been swallowed up in law expenses, and he is now at work again trying to accumulate another. Poor little David Copperfield! How he made us all cry in that picture. He is still a handsome and attractive young actor, but that childish grace and charm, which were his as David and Little Lord Fauntleroy and in *Captains Courageous*, have, of course, gone with his childhood. It seems sad that all his earnings of those days should have been taken from him.

A great feature in the "Upper Circles" of Hollywood is the week-end ranching. One sees advertisements in the papers of "Fine Ranches of One Acre" for sale. My week-end on a ranch was, however, on a different scale. I joined the Lightons at Bing Crosby's racecourse at Del Mar one Saturday afternoon, and we drove to their ranch some twenty miles inland. This was the real thing. A large tract of 2,000 acres or more of wild undulating country, hills and valleys, covered with timber or rough scrub, and a river flowing through meadow-land in the centre of the property. A timber two-storied ranch house with extensive outbuildings, stables, barns, and a guest house. A perfect retreat for a busy man.

Lighton is a country-bred man himself. He comes from Montana. And on his ranch, besides the usual domestic animals, he has a stud farm, and breeds some fine racehorses. Walt and Mrs. Disney, and the English actress, Heather Thatcher, were of the party. We all dressed up in cowboy
costumes (or did the best we could), and were shown over the farm, and part of the estate, and admired the young stock. Walt, coached by Lighton, spent some time in the afternoon learning how to crack a stock whip, and we all kept well out of reach while he did so. It is far from easy, and I expected every moment to see him flick out one or both of his own eyes—in which case, I suppose, we might never have had Pinocchio, and other recent favourites, which would have been a real tragedy.

A few days later he took me over his old studio (the new one was still in course of construction), and I spent a most instructive and interesting day watching his artists at work, and learning something of the technique of his films. Pinocchio, himself, after months of trial and error, had only just emerged in his final form, and a small model of him, with jointed limbs and neck, stood on each artist's table, so that he could be drawn from any angle, and in any position. Every one of these draftsmen is a master of his art. Walt showed me some of their little studios, where each man works, during their lunch hour—their pads and scraps of paper covered with little gems of comical sketches of animals and fairies, and all sorts of unexpected things, just jotted down for their own amusement. And in the little theatre there I was shown Mother Goose in Hollywood, not yet released at that time, and two or three others of his pictures. When I was leaving Hollywood Walt presented me with one of the original sketches from Mother Goose, showing Edward G. Robinson and Greta Garbo on a see-saw. A treasured souvenir.

What is so pleasing to a Britisher in Hollywood is the number of Britishers in the place, not only in the films but throughout this part of California. There is the British United Services Club which meets monthly at the "Masquers Club" for dinner, where I have had some of the cheeriest evenings I have ever enjoyed. The Chairman was, and still is, Alan Mowbray (the Honorary Chairman at that time was the British Consul, Mr. Francis Evans), and there is generally a big attendance of about a couple of hundred or so members and guests, and some first class music, singing, or other entertainment. There one meets the British actors and other
artistes, ex-members of the Services, and distinguished travellers of other nationalities who may be visiting Los Angeles and Hollywood. It is a most admirable institution and has owed a great part of its success to men like Evans and Mowbray who have organised it and kept it going.

I have attended several premières in London and Hollywood, but the première of Marie Antoinette certainly was a "wow". (I hear it has since been eclipsed by that of Gone With The Wind.) It was shown at the Carthay Circle Theatre, and the press notices exhausted every adjective in their repertoire to let the public know what to expect. A corps of one hundred workmen, we were told, "had transformed the Carthay Circle Esplanade into a replica of the famed Gardens of Versailles. Fountains, pavilions, flower-strewn pools and rare shrubbery, all symbolic of Marie Antoinette's beloved retreat. Grand stands with a seating capacity of four thousand, had been built on both sides of the forecourt to give spectators a satisfactory view." And so on.

The Lightons had kindly invited me to go with them. Long before we were anywhere near the theatre we could see the sky lit up with searchlights, and besides the four thousand who were accommodated on the grand-stand dense crowds lined the roadways for the best part of a mile around, all craning their necks to try to spot the Stars, and only kept in order with difficulty by a large force of police. As each party alighted from their cars and walked across the forecourt to the theatre, the fans recognised their favourites, and loud applause greeted the various Stars, male or female, some of whom were then induced to broadcast a few appropriate words from a small rostrum.

After the show there was a party given by Mr. Louis B. Meyer at the Trocadero Restaurant, where of course every prominent personage in Hollywood was to be seen, supping or dancing or chatting in groups. Norma Shearer herself, looking very beautiful and pleased with the success of the picture, and other members of the cast (except Robert Morley who had returned, I think, to England), and all the big producers and directors, executives, writers, etc., etc. It certainly was great fun to see them at close range, all
chattering away at the tops of their voices. The photographers were busy running about with their cameras and their flares taking snaps. Heather Thatcher was at the Lightons’ table, and they begged her to wear her monocle, but she was obstinate about this and they had to make the best of her without it.

But besides all the glitter and glamour of this rather meretricious film society, there are plenty of people to be found in Los Angeles and neighbourhood, and even in the sacred areas inhabited by the film folk, who have nothing whatever to do with pictures, and many of whom do not know a single film-star or director and very likely don’t want to. There is, in fact, a considerable and exclusive society, containing old families who were here long before the films were invented or Hollywood ever heard of, business men, and the staffs of the great scientific institutes, and a sprinkling of old aristocratic Spanish families. It was often a welcome relief to meet such people, and to get away altogether for a time from any talk of pictures or film gossip.

In this part of California are to be found some of the greatest scientific institutions in the world. The Mount Wilson Observatory with its hundred-inch telescope is everywhere famous, and now a fresh observatory is under construction at Palomar in the mountains some miles to the south for the new two-hundred-inch telescope. Then there is the Californian Technical Institute, richly endowed and carrying out all kinds of scientific research under the guidance of highly qualified experts. And there are, besides, two universities, museums, libraries, a very fine planetarium, and other smaller schools, colleges, and institutes, devoted to culture, education and research.

In fact there is so much to be seen and done in this part of California, that all the casual visitor can expect to do is to have a glimpse here and there, and perhaps to meet some of the men who are directing these various activities. Without attempting to go far afield I did most of the regulation trips round about—spent a night at Mount Wilson and looked through the great telescope; visited the planetarium, and some of the libraries and museums, and spent a perfectly delightful week-end up at Arrow Head Lake. Here within
a few hours of Los Angeles one finds oneself in an ideal mountain resort. The lake lies 5,000 feet up in a valley surrounded by pine-clad hills and the air is sweet and cool. It is a wonderful change of scene and climate from the heat and the rather hectic life down below.

Thanks to some introductions which I had brought with me, I was able to make some friends in Los Angeles who had no film connections, and was introduced by them in turn to others, notably to Mr. Allan C. Balch, the President of the famous Hollywood Bowl and of the Californian Technical Institute, by whom I was taken to hear a symphony concert at the Bowl together with Mrs. Balch and some of their other friends. The Bowl has been described often enough, and I can only add my humble tribute to the beauty of its setting, and the excellence of its acoustics. It is an experience which no visitor to Hollywood should miss.

But quite apart from meeting film Stars and other prominent persons or visiting scientific institutes, there is an immense amount of fun to be got from a visit to Hollywood which is open to anyone. I used sometimes to go with a friend to a Restaurant in the Hollywood Boulevard called "The Brass Rail" (which I found had disappeared the last time I was there), where we had some very amusing evenings and met some very amusing people. We found ourselves one night at the same table as "Man Mountain Dean", the famous all-in wrestler, accompanied by his wife and two small sons, and looking, in spite of his bulk and his beard, the most mild-mannered family man in the world. It seemed incredible that it should be the same man whom we had seen only the evening before pick up a husky sixteen-stone opponent, hurl him to the ground on his back, and then leap into the air and come down with all his ponderous weight on the unfortunate victim's body. The last time we saw this happen the poor wretch was carried out unconscious with a dislocated jaw and other injuries. We made friends and chatted with the Man Mountain, and used to go and see him wrestle and pay him a visit after it was all over in his dressing-room.

At this time the "Big Bad Wolf" was all the rage, and at a given moment at "The Brass Rail" each evening the waiters would all retire except one who stood on a barrel and
sang the refrain, when the others, with check table-cloths girt about their waists, would troop in in procession and prance down the room singing the chorus; while one of them would creep up behind some guest and shout "boo!" very loud in his ear to frighten him! It was all perfectly absurd, but it made us laugh, and one felt it could not happen anywhere else.

And I always liked the democratic simplicity which really does prevail in America, and the man-to-man talks with anyone one happened to meet without any trace of class-consciousness or class-feeling. The Barman of the "Turf and Field" Club at The Ambassador, Mr. McClune (always, of course, known as "Mac"), with whom I used to chat, when he found that I had no car of my own at once invited me to take a day's tour with himself and his wife to show me the country. We still exchange Christmas cards every year. And one meets a thousand such human kindnesses from men and women of all classes. You need not be rich, or a big social light to feel at home among these kindly and warm-hearted people—as long as you don't try to "high-hat" them.

I hope I have not painted too halcyon a picture of Hollywood and its ways. It has its bad as well as its good side, as I know very well. But I was lucky enough to come across mostly the good, and it was good enough for me. It is perhaps ephemeral, and it changes like a kaleidoscope from year to year. Its motto should be "carpe diem," and it's not a bad motto for anyone visiting there. Take it as you find it, and leave a few roots behind to sprout and flourish in friendly soil, and to find again when next you go there.

I finished up my last Hollywood trip with a little party at the Hotel before I left, and I made the experiment of trying a mixture there. From the film world there were Freddie and Miss Bartholomew, Alan and Mrs. Mowbray, Louis and Mrs. Lighton, and Heather Thatcher, and others on the one hand; and on the other Mr. and Mrs. Balch, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Seaver (it was she who composed that lovely song, "Just For To-day," which John McCormack loves and has so often sung), Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Burr, the Count and Countess de Solis (he is a great pianist) and Leo and Mrs.
Reismann (his orchestra was playing at the Cocoanut Grove), etc. The small hotel orchestra (of their own free-will and accord) came in, and as a graceful compliment played some of my little trumpery waltzes out of sheer good-heartedness. Alec Templeton, too, played for us some of our favourites. Mr. Balch had never, I think, heard a Wagnerian opera rendered in quite such a light-hearted style before, and I only hope he was not too shocked. The Manager of the hotel and his staff did everything possible (as indeed they always did) to make everyone happy and comfortable, and my friend, John Browne (may his shadow never grow less and his stories, plays and pictures prosper) presided over us all.

Then I said good-bye to all these kind and gifted friends. As things are at present the chances of my ever seeing any of them again seem remote.
I propose in this chapter to try to recall some of the people whom I have met in the course of my wanderings, and some of the experiences which I have omitted or only touched on lightly. As one grows older these recollections become more and more elusive. Impressions, which at the time were so vivid that it seemed as if they could never be forgotten, tend to become blurred and indistinct with the passage of years, and some even fade from memory altogether. I am constantly finding, when I meet some old friend, and we start reminiscing together, that he will remember quite well details which I have entirely forgotten, or which have lain dormant for years in my memory. It often requires a meeting like this, or a visit to some old haunt, to bring such memories to life. Or sometimes, for no conceivable reason, and apropos of nothing, some scene or figure or event will suddenly present itself to one's inner consciousness with startling clarity. So in what follows I will just set down what comes into my mind without any attempt at orderly arrangement or proper sequence.

I will begin, as is only fitting and proper, with some royal contacts.

My first presentation to King Edward VII was at a Levee which I attended at St. James’s Palace in the summer of 1906. I had made my bow and was passing on when Nansen, who was at that time Norwegian Ambassador in London and whom I knew, caught my eye and beckoned to me to come and join him in the group of foreign representatives and other notables who were standing in front of the throne where the King was sitting. I stood with him there for some time watching the ceremony. The King seemed to be in high good humour. He was leaning back in his chair, laughing and chatting in his deep guttural accents with Prince...
Arthur of Connaught who stood beside him, and occasionally speaking a few words to some of the distinguished men who passed before him. I carried away the impression of a genial, portly man, thoroughly at home in his natural surroundings, and thoroughly enjoying it all.

The next occasion was at a Garden Party at Windsor Castle in the summer of 1908, when I was in England on special duty with the young Maharaja Kumar of Sikkim prior to our tour round the world, as narrated in Chapter VI. It was a perfect summer day, and the gardens of the Castle were thronged with a glittering array of well-known people, men and women, including some Indian Rajas. We were duly presented to the King, who chatted for a few minutes with the Kumar and asked him some questions about his country; and he questioned me, too, about Tibet and the Lamas.

I may mention that the Prime Minister of Nepal, Sir Chandra Shumshere Jung, who was then on a visit to England, was present at this party together with some of his sons and other relatives, and I was introduced to them also. This was my first meeting with Sir Chandra and his brother, Sir Joodha, the present Prime Minister, and other members of the "Rana" family, with all of whom I was to be so closely associated in later years, and whose friendship I still cherish.

When I retired from my post as British Envoy in Nepal on the conclusion of my active service, I had the honour of being received in audience by H.M. King George V at Buckingham Palace.

As recounted in Chapter VI, I had previously met H.M. in 1905–6 when, as Prince of Wales, he was on his Indian tour and I was conducting the Tashi Lama on his pilgrimage, and I had also seen him when I was knighted by him at Buckingham Palace.

For this final interview I was received by him in his study, and spent about half an hour there with him. He recalled the past, and told me how interested he and Queen Mary had been to meet the Lama, and how amused they were at the quaint costumes worn by him and his entourage, and he questioned me about Nepal and my time there—especially
about the shooting. He himself, he told me, had much enjoyed his visit to Nepal and was pleased at having made such a fine bag of tigers, and he wanted to know if his son also had enjoyed the sport and whether I considered him a good shot.

To this I could only reply that, although the Prince had shot very well on the whole, he was not, according to the accounts of the various Nepalese Officers who had been present at both shoots, nearly such a good shot as H.M.

This was perfectly true, for, although the Prince did quite well, everyone told me that King George was by far the best and quickest shot they had ever seen. On one occasion he shot three tigers one after the other as they were jumping over a small stream in the forest and half hidden by brushwood. The King was well known as having been one of the finest small-game shots in the world, but it does not always follow that a man who shoots well with a shot-gun is equally good with a rifle.

But actually in this brief interview it was the King himself who did most of the talking. He got up from his chair and walked up and down the room, telling anecdotes of his experiences in India and his impressions of some of the Indian rulers and other highly-placed personages whom he had met during his two tours—not always in their favour. He expressed himself, in fact, with considerable pungency about one or two of them.

I never saw him again, but like so many millions of others I listened to the Christmas Broadcasts which he made to the Empire with deep emotion.

These Broadcasts of King George brought home to me more than anything else had ever done the miracle of wireless. It was the mental vision of our King in his old age, and after all the troubles and anxieties he had had to bear during the war and after, sitting alone in his study at Sandringham, and reviewing in his thoughts the panorama of his life before the moment came when he was to lift up his voice and speak his simple and moving words to the multitudes who were waiting to hear him at the furthest ends of the earth. I tried to put my own conception of it into words, and I ask the forbearance of my readers for the sonnet printed at the end of this book
which I wrote to try to commemorate the occasion; and for another written on his death.

These are occasions which live in one's memory—when the heart is deeply stirred with a common emotion shared by millions. They constitute some of the strongest links in the chain which binds the Empire together. They emphasise our common humanity and our common mortality. This, it seems to me, is the meaning of Virgil's line from which I have taken the title of this book and for which I know no adequate translation—the sadness inherent in the world, and how all that is common to mortal man touches our spirit.

I have at different times during my periods of leave in England met some of the Ministers who ruled over the destinies of us small fry out there, including most of the Secretaries of State for India who held office during my time in India.

Lord Morley was the first of these, and I met him when I came home on leave in 1906 after the Mission to Lhasa, and had several conversations with him about all that part of the Indian frontier, both in the India Office and at his own house at Wimbledon. The Liberal Government had only recently come into power at that time, and the Secretary of State for India had many other more important and more serious questions to occupy his time than the comparatively trivial matter of our relations with Tibet, the chief importance of which, as I have mentioned before, lay in its repercussions on Czarist Russia and on China. He and, I believe, the rest of the Government (and indeed their Conservative predecessors also) had never altogether approved of Lord Curzon's Tibetan policy, and were anxious to limit its effects as far as possible and to avoid any further complications. I remember Lord Morley saying to me in the course of one conversation: "Captain O'Connor, when first I took over this great Office and began to examine the affairs of our Indian Empire, I was appalled by the magnitude of our Imperial responsibilities," and he gave me a pretty plain hint that as far as Tibet, at any rate, was concerned, there were to be no further responsibilities in that direction.

I tried once or twice to put forward my point of view that it was not logical to embark on a certain policy and expend large sums of money in carrying it out, and then suddenly to
abandon it. To which he replied, characteristically, I think: "When did you ever know logic and politics to go hand in hand?" and to this I had no adequate reply.

Another matter I discussed with him was that of Indian reform. The view which I held then was that "India" is merely a geographical expression which could not be held to connote a country or a nationality. All history went to show that the Indian Peninsula had never at any time in the past been united under one Government or Ruler. It consists of a medley of wholly dissimilar races, speaking a number of different languages, and divided by fierce and irreconcilable religious differences; and the only unity which had ever been achieved was that brought about and maintained by British rule. The logical (poor old logic!) deduction therefore seemed to me to be that, while we might well encourage devolution to the extent of making each of the great provinces self-governing within its own borders (just as the Indian Chiefs have self-government within their States) the essential unity of India could only be maintained by the strict maintenance of British rule at the centre.

I do not propose to develop this argument (which is now a cause jugée) here, and merely mention it to say that Lord Morley was interested in my thesis as I put it to him, and at his request I wrote him a memorandum setting forth my ideas. Dyed-in-the-wool democrat and radical as he was, I believe that these ideas coincided to some extent with his own. Everyone knows his own expression regarding the "bloody chaos" which would ensue should the British withdraw from India. But these remarks are not intended to be controversial. Times have changed since then, and I merely record them as reminiscences.

Sir Austen Chamberlain was Secretary of State for India when I returned to England after my captivity in Persia in 1916, and I had a couple of interviews with him at the India Office; and similarly with Lord Birkenhead shortly before and just after my retirement in 1925.

I had interviews, too, with Sir Edward Grey, both in 1906 and again in 1916 during the war, since he, as Foreign Secretary, was interested in events and countries outside the Indian frontiers—Tibet and Persia for instance. These were
merely short conversations during the course of which I told him of my experiences in those countries, and gave my impressions of the conditions prevailing there at that time. But short and few as were my contacts with him I carried away the impression of a great Statesman and a courteous high-principled English gentleman.

Lord Balfour I met unofficially on several occasions. The first time was at a luncheon party where my neighbour began asking me questions about Buddhism, and the theory underlying the Tibetan belief in the Incarnate Lamas. Lord Balfour, who was sitting on the opposite side of the table, overhearing the magic word "metaphysics", at once left his seat (lunch was finished) and came round to sit beside me to hear what it was all about. I am afraid I could not do very much to enlighten him, but he was much intrigued to hear about the various Heavenly Buddhas and Bodhisatwas and their female companions and earthly reflexes. What an admirable Lama he would have made himself, and how he would have loved to split hairs with the monastic Doctors of Philosophy and Metaphysics at Lhasa!

The last time I saw him was twenty odd years later at Lord Midleton's country house at Peperharow, when I played tennis and bridge with him. But he seemed to have forgotten all about the poor Tibetans.

It was in 1906, too, that I first made the acquaintance of Lord Haldane, the War Minister, and I visited him several times at his house, Cloan, near Auchterarder in Perthshire. Here I met his mother, old Mrs. Haldane, his sister, Miss Elizabeth Haldane, and other members of the family. Lord Haldane's personality made a great impression on me. There was a massive benignity in his large presence and a sense of immense intellectual power. In manner he was the most courteous and gentle of men. At that time he was working desperately hard at his new task of army reorganisation which bore such good fruit later when war actually came, and for which his ungrateful countrymen gave him but little credit at the time. His achievement, however, is now generally recognised.

I remember one night after dinner we were talking about his work. He told us that his official duties occupied him in
one way or another some sixteen hours a day. So I asked him what he did for relaxation. He replied: "I have read through the whole of Hegel in the original German since the war began. I find it distracts and rests my brain." Not everybody's meat. Most of us prefer a detective story.

During my Indian Service I met at one time or another all the different Viceroy (with the exception of Lord Elgin whom I saw once or twice at Simla in 1897). With Lord Curzon, as mentioned above, I had several interviews, while still quite a junior officer, about Tibetan affairs; and I also saw him in England both at his own house in Carlton House Terrace (now the Savage Club), and once in his private room in the House of Lords during the war when he was Foreign Secretary in Mr. Lloyd George's Ministry.

His successor, Lord Minto, I first met when I brought the Tashi Lama to call on him at Government House in Calcutta during our pilgrimage through India, and I also had several interviews with him about that time regarding Tibetan affairs. He was, in personal relations, the antithesis of Lord Curzon, always affable and pleasant, even to a junior officer, and entirely devoid of the slightest hint of pomposity. We had a common hobby in our love of riding, and Lord Minto was interested when he heard that I had ridden the winner of the R.A. Gold Cup and other races, and he told me of some of his own exploits in the saddle. He had been a really first-class gentleman jockey (which I never set up to be), and had even ridden in the Grand National which is the supreme test of courage and horsemanship. It was rumoured in Government circles that when he first came out to India as Governor-General he wanted to play polo, but his official advisers demurred. They pointed out that, apart from the actual risks of the game, the sight of the Governor-General jostling fiercely with an opposing back whilst being urged on by shouts of "Ride him, man. Why the —— don't you ride him?" or "where the —— do you think you are going?" if he happened to cross anyone, might afford good entertainment to the spectators but could scarcely be considered edifying. So he reluctantly abandoned the idea.

But Lord Minto, besides being a sportsman, was also a statesman. Anyone reading the correspondence between the
Secretary of State for India and the Viceroy as published in Lord Morley's *Recollections* might imagine that the Secretary of State was in the position of a schoolmaster dictating his views to a well-meaning pupil (in fact, Lord Morley excited considerable controversy by once describing the Viceroy as the "Agent" of the Secretary of State). But the Dowager Lady Minto, in her book *India, Minto and Morley*, has quite dispelled any such false impression, and has shown that Lord Minto was well able to hold his own, and on more than one occasion succeeded in securing his point of view in some controversial matter.

During the Viceroyalties of Lord Hardinge and Lord Chelmsford I was out of India most of the time, and only met them once or twice, but I frequently had meetings with Lord Reading, and was his guest more than once at Viceregal Lodge at Simla. He, too, was a charming man to have any dealings with, always courteous and considerate, with, of course, brilliant intellectual gifts, and very witty. We had all heard the romantic story of how his first sight of India was as a cabin-boy from the deck of a merchant vessel in the River Hoogli. But we did not have the story quite right, and I heard the actual facts from his own lips one night at a dinner given in his honour by the "Pilgrim Club" in London on the occasion of his retirement from the Viceroyalty. Lord Birkenhead, in his speech regarding the Guest of Honour, had mentioned the "cabin-boy" story. Lord Reading, when replying, referred to this and said that his Right Honourable Friend had not got the facts quite correct. A "cabin-boy" he said, has a comparatively easy time of it. He, however, was not a "cabin boy" but a "ship's boy"—quite a different thing. All sorts of rough, dirty and disagreeable tasks fell to his lot in that capacity, including that of the daily cleaning out of the pigs' pen. "A duty," he added, "which in view of my origin might well have been spared me."

Well, it was interesting to hear that from the man who had been Lord Chief Justice, and whom I had met as British Ambassador in the U.S.A. and as Viceroy of India.

Coming now to Commanders-in-Chief, I knew both Lord Kitchener and Lord Rawlinson. As mentioned in chapter VI, Lord Kitchener showed considerable interest in Tibetan
affairs, and he invited the Tashi Lama to visit him both at Rawalpindi, and later in his quarters in the Fort of Calcutta; and he questioned me several times regarding the position on that frontier. I was rather surprised at the time that he should interest himself in a frontier which did not possess any great military importance, but it is now known that Lord Kitchener had ambitions of succeeding to the Viceroyalty, and so it was natural that he should wish to make himself acquainted with the politics as well as the military aspects of the various frontiers. Lord Morley has told us something of this in his book, and his reasons for opposing the appointment.

From India Lord Kitchener went, after an interval, as Consul-General to Cairo, where I visited him when on my way to Persia in 1909, and was very kindly received by him, and had a long talk about Indian and Persian affairs. He still held this post on the outbreak of war in 1914.

In spite of his formidable appearance Lord Kitchener could be a very charming host. His two main hobbies were the collection of Chinese art and the cultivation of roses. In the former I was able to be of use to him once or twice, and I brought him some cloisonné work from Tibet and a really beautiful red-lacquer box which I had picked up at Shigatse. And later the Tashi Lama (at his request) sent him some objects of art, I believe, though I never saw them myself. I did my best to see that the Lama got a suitable quid pro quo, but that was not easy, and my suggestions as to what might be considered appropriate did not meet with approval.

But this was a foible which may well be excused in so distinguished a man.

As to the roses, he showed me round his garden at the Commander-in-Chief’s house one day at Simla after lunch, and it was an unexpected sidelight on that grim, awe-inspiring figure to see him lingering over and discussing these beautiful and delicate flowers. He had, too, a very fine collection of swords by which he set great store.

A strange, complex, enigmatic character.

Lord Rawlinson came to India as Commander-in-Chief towards the end of my time in Nepal, and after dining with him one night at Delhi I asked him if he would care to come and shoot a tiger or two with me, to which he gladly agreed.
He joined my camp in an outlandish part of eastern Nepal in 1924 and we had the usual good bag of tigers. But as it happened we had to work unusually hard for them. The daily "kills" were far apart and generally necessitated a three to four-hour trek on our elephants to reach the spot, and the same distance back again to camp in the evening, arriving long after dark. It meant a long tiring day, and sometimes a long wait while the necessary preparations were being made. But Lord Rawlinson accepted all this with complete detachment, and during the hours of tedious waiting he used to amuse himself with his sketch-book. He would sit on a camp stool under a tree, set up his canvas, and become completely absorbed in a water-colour sketch of the scene. One or two of these sketches which he gave me I preserved in the game book at Katmandu. It goes to show what a useful thing it is to have a hobby!

On one occasion our tiger had taken refuge in a nasty, swampy piece of ground, and we had the greatest difficulty in driving him out. The one thing an elephant really detests is a swamp, and we had to hustle and drive the poor old things into the marsh before we could get the tiger to move. The Commander-in-Chief enjoyed all this, and helped to organise the attack with as much keenness as if he had been directing operations with his army in France.

It was a wild, rough desolate district with no proper roads and only villagers' cart-tracks here and there, so I had hired a particularly disreputable old Ford car as a means of transport, and in this ancient rattle-trap I used to drive H.E. wherever it was possible to drive at all. It was certainly a change for him from the formality and routine of a Commander-in-Chief's progresses in India.

He died as the result of an operation only a few months after he had left my camp.

Owing to the fact that practically all my service in India was spent in solitary posts on or beyond the frontiers I did not come very much into contact with my brother officers of the Foreign Department, or of the Civil Service and Army, nor did I get many opportunities of meeting the Governors of the various provinces. Of these latter however I did meet some of the Governors of Bengal of later years, as I
often had to pass through Calcutta for one reason or another. Lord Ronaldshay, whom I had first met when as a young man he came out to India on a shooting trip early in the century, was there as Governor for some years. He, like myself, loved the mountains and made several trips into Sikkim and elsewhere in that neighbourhood, about which he has written a charming book called *The Lands of the Thunderbolt*. Recently, when Secretary of State for India, Lord Zetland was wounded in that deplorable affair after a lecture given for the East India Association when Sir Michael O'Dwyer was killed by an Indian fanatic.

He was succeeded in Bengal by Lord Lytton whose father had been Governor-General of India from 1876 to 1880. I often stayed at Government House with him and Lady Lytton when passing through Calcutta or at Darjeeling, and they too came to some of my tiger shoots in Nepal. On his first visit Lord Lytton was accompanied by his second son, John, aged not quite twelve. My camp on this occasion was situated in some wild country where I had never been before, and which had not been shot over for years. It was a long drive of twenty or thirty miles from the little frontier station, first over rice-fields, now dry and bare, where the villagers had made a rough track for the car, and then through miles of jungle along a woodcutter's path.

We arrived in camp about noon, and were met by the information that a tiger had killed close by during the night, and had been "ringed," and that the elephants were all there awaiting our arrival. So after a hasty lunch we mounted our pad elephants and hurried off to the place, a mile or two away, where it was hoped that the Governor would bag his first tiger in Nepal. Here we transferred ourselves to our howdah elephants, little John taking his place with me. As soon as we were ready the beat began, and in a few minutes the tiger (or rather tigress, as it turned out to be) suddenly appeared at the edge of the clearing just in front of us. Lord Lytton, whose elephant was a few yards away on my right, could not see her, so John, who had his own little rifle, took careful aim and laid her low, stone-dead, with one shot. Not bad for a boy of twelve. The Governor shook his fist at him in mock
anger, but I think, as a matter of fact, we were all delighted, and telegrams were at once despatched by special messenger to the nearest telegraph office to convey the exciting news to Lady Lytton and other friends and relatives. He is now Captain the Viscount Knebworth of the Queen's Bays, and has recently been awarded the M.B.E. (Military Division).

A year or two later Lady Lytton herself came out to camp with Lord Lytton and their two daughters, and we had some good sport.

The Governorship of one of the great Indian provinces is no sinecure, and Bengal especially was often the focus of political agitation. It was I think, a relief, for the Governor to cross the border into independent Nepal, and to leave his official state with all its inevitable ceremony behind him for a few days, and to be able to relax in the informal atmosphere of a shooting camp where it was difficult for letters or telegrams to reach him.

Lord Lytton's elder son, Lord Knebworth, was killed in an aeroplane accident some years later at the early age of thirty. A terrible tragedy and an irreparable loss. Lord Lytton has written of him in his book Anthony. It is a touching and worthy memorial to a young man of quite exceptional gifts and promise, beloved by all who knew him, and it depicts the ideal relations which can exist between a son and his parents. No one can read it unmoved.

Another Governor, this time of Bombay, was Lord Lloyd, who was an old friend of mine of a good many years' standing, and I sometimes stayed with him at Government House. Lord Lloyd is, and always has been, a man of strong purpose and great energy—a human dynamo in fact. It was a joy to hear him discourse on current events and contemporary personages, and few men I have met could excel him in the pungency of his commentaries or in scathing invective. I remember once asking him his opinion of some prominent person and his reply: "That's not a man—it's a public calamity!" He is a fine administrator, and on more than one occasion during his Governorship at Bombay he acted on his own initiative with courage and decision at a critical moment. He is now included in Mr. Churchill's Government as Secretary of State for the Colonies.
Talking of Lord Lloyd brings to mind some other old friends, Sir Hugh and Lady Bell, at whose house I first met him, and also their daughter, Gertrude. I had just returned from Tibet, and her vivid intelligence and unquenchable search for knowledge made her want to know all about any part of the world she had not herself visited. We became friends, and I often visited Rounton, her home in Yorkshire, when Sir Hugh and Lady Bell were still there. I corresponded with her, too, until shortly before her death in Mesopotamia. She combined feminine charm with a masculine intellect and courage, and she had the satisfaction during the war of doing work in the service of her country, for which her knowledge, experience, and character fitted her. Her books remain classics, and her record as a traveller, and as a great public servant, will not be forgotten.

The Bells were always surrounded by a group of interesting people, and at their house in Sloane Street, and in Yorkshire, one met travellers and politicians and all the people who were doing things. I think it was here that I first met the late Lord Tweedsmuir (John Buchan), and with him, too, I formed a friendship which lasted till his death the other day. What impressed me most about him was his power of concentration on whatever work he might have in hand. He might be, and often was, occupied with half-a-dozen tasks at the same time, and most men would have been distracted by having to switch their minds from one thing to another several times a day. But John seemed to be able to keep each separate undertaking in a separate water-tight compartment, and to concentrate on each one when its turn came with equal vigour and precision. During the war he was for a long time in charge of the Intelligence Department at the Foreign Office, a sufficiently engrossing task to provide most men with a whole-time job. But in addition to this, he was compiling during the same period an excellent contemporary history of the war, and produced at intervals several of his best adventure stories. And he made, too, constant visits to G.H.Q. in France. It constituted a really extraordinary achievement for any one man's brains and energy.

When I first knew him, before his marriage, he was living in rooms in the Temple, and later he transferred himself to
Elsfield Manor, near Oxford, and used sometimes to spend a night with me in my London flat, when business kept him late in town. I used to wonder then how he managed to find time for his writing in his brief leisure after his business and official work, but I soon found that the secret was his power to concentrate absolutely, if only for a few minutes on the task in hand. I observed the same thing during the occasional visits I paid to him and Mrs. Buchan at Elsfield. His study, where he used to sit writing, was open to any one who wanted to come and chat with him or consult him. Nothing seemed to ruffle or disturb him. He would break off his writing, listen and talk, and then resume again without a murmur.

He loved to have young men around him, and to get them to tell him of their difficulties and ambitions. I remember one summer afternoon at Elsfield, when two or three undergraduates came up to call. We sat in a group in the garden, and they were asking him what profession, in his opinion, would enable them to achieve a life of action and adventure most rapidly, and with the shortest possible tedious preliminaries. We debated this serious question for some time, and both he and I threw out some suggestions (mine was, I think, newspaper reporting, with an eye on being a War Correspondent at the first opportunity). I never heard whether any of the young men profited by our suggestions, but I do remember very well how sympathetically John listened to all they had to say, and how seriously he took up their problems, and gave his advice.

He was serious in his outlook, and very high-minded. There is nothing in any of his writings that is trivial or unworthy. He thought and wrote always, even in his lightest novels, on a high plane—clean, manly and sincere. He had a great appreciation of men of action and courage—men like Rhodes or the Grenfell twins, for instance. I have several of his books which he gave to me at different times. One, *A Lodge in the Wilderness*, published in 1906, the year I first met him, is an account of a symposium of clever men and women who meet in a millionaire's Lodge in the wilds of Africa, and discourse at large on politics and world affairs. Each of the characters is intended to represent some real
person, and I still have his autographed letter telling me who most of them are supposed to be. They include Rhodes, Leo Amery, himself, and others.

Another of his books, which I value highly, is his life of the Grenfell twins, Francis and Riversdale—the type of men whom he so admired.

Like Kipling, he disdained honours of which he knew the real worth. His own name and his own work were honour enough for him. I cannot think he liked being made a Peer, but I suppose it had to be done. His letter to me, in reply to my conventional congratulations on receiving his peerage, is signed

"TWEEDSMUIR
(Your old J.B.)"

He is a loss to the Empire. There are not many like him.

It was in 1906 also that I first met Mr. L. S. Amery. We met by chance in a railway train both en route to do some climbing in Switzerland. I knew him well then by name and reputation, and had read several of his books including his brochure called The Fundamental Fallacies of Free Trade, which chimed in with views of my own which I had previously formed. I had always reacted mentally against the dogmatism of the Free Trade Apostles, feeling instinctively, perhaps, that no doctrine could be quite so water-tight as they set themselves out to prove, and I developed my own theory of an Imperial Zollverein even before the days when Joseph Chamberlain first launched it on the world. I had even written a magazine article on these lines while wandering about in the Gilgit hills shooting markhor. And I had also been much impressed with his writings on the subject of army reform.

So I was naturally pleased to meet a man whose opinions and intellect I admired, and I soon came to admire, too, his sturdy courage and the love of mountains which we shared. He is a tough and plucky man with a brilliant intellect and the courage of his convictions. All his many friends were delighted when he was appointed Secretary of State for India by Mr. Churchill.

Among my chief regrets when I retired from service under the Indian Government was the thought that, except possibly
PEOPLE AND EVENTS

for an occasional visit, I might never see my Nepalese friends again, and so it is pleasant to be able to record the fact that there is now a Nepalese Minister representing his Government in London. This innovation came about as follows.

When after World War I the status of the Resident in Nepal was altered to Envoy, and the Envoy was recognised as being a diplomatic representative in a foreign country, it appeared rather anomalous that Nepal should not be similarly represented in England. The matter was first raised by the present Prime Minister, and as the British Government expressed full approval he appointed his eldest son, General Sir Bahadur Shumshere Jung, as the first Nepalese Minister to the Court of St. James's, and a fine house was acquired for the Legation in Kensington Palace Gardens; and here the new Minister duly established himself and his staff in 1934.

Now although no official or diplomatic difficulty of any kind arose in connection with this appointment, there was one very serious difficulty on the side of the Nepalese themselves, which had to be overcome—namely the supremely important matter of caste. As I have already explained in a previous chapter, these laws of caste are very strictly observed by the Nepalese and relaxations are only made in special cases. The rule that a Nepalese Hindu subject is permitted to cross the ocean on State service was held by the priests, after some demur, to apply to the Minister and his staff, but only on the condition that all their other rules and regulations should be observed as far as possible during their stay in England. They are, consequently, debarred from partaking of any kind of refreshment cooked or served by foreigners. This, naturally, precludes them from attending the ordinary social functions, such as lunches, dinners, or other parties; and the ladies too are restricted in a social sense, as they are not permitted to attend parties or to receive male visitors.

These restrictions have been strictly observed ever since the Legation was first opened in London six years ago, and to illustrate the difficulties which they cause I will mention a case which came under my own observation. The Duke of Sutherland was invited by the present Prime Minister to come to Nepal for a tiger shoot a few years ago, and as he wished to find out what he could about the country, and as a
matter of courtesy, he invited the Nepalese Minister to come and spend a few days and shoot grouse at Dunrobin Castle. I had mentioned to the Duke the difficulty about meals, and was asked to come up to Dunrobin a day or two ahead to advise as to the best arrangement in the circumstances. On arrival at the Castle, the Duchess told me that several Nepalese servants and cooks had already arrived and had explained their wants, and that a special suite of rooms including dining-room, kitchens, etc., had been set apart for the party. Under their caste laws they are not allowed to eat meat of any kind except game, such as venison, grouse, etc., nor ordinary hens’ eggs; but ducks’ eggs are allowed and certain articles, such as rice, millet, and spices, they were bringing up themselves. So arrangements were made accordingly.

The party duly arrived, and all the arrangements worked quite satisfactorily. Venison and other game was provided, and plenty of ducks’ eggs, and the Nepalese staff cooked and served the meals in their own apartments. And similarly, for our shooting lunches on the moor, special baskets of food were brought out, and the Minister and his staff retired behind some hillock out of sight of the rest of the party and ate their lunch in privacy.

It was an interesting example of the practice of strict Hindu caste regimen in a country house in Scotland. In every other respect the Nepalese were free to mingle with the rest of the party, to shoot, play cards or golf, and to enjoy themselves like anyone else. And I may mention here that the Minister proved himself an excellent shot and did good execution, although it was the first time he had ever seen a grouse, and our form of driving birds was also new to him. Only in this one matter of food and drink were they apart and adamant—that, and of course the fact that their ladies were debarred from taking any share in such visits.

We may deplore the fact that our Nepalese friends, so hospitable to us and so courteous and cultured, and now our allies, are unable to accept our conventional forms of hospitality; but at the same time we must admire the spirit which impels them to adhere so faithfully to the demands and observances of their own religion.
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HE LAST CHAPTER has dealt entirely (or almost entirely) with persons, and even personages, belonging to the great worlds of politics, war, and diplomacy, most of whom I had met in some official capacity or other, or who, like, for instance, Lord Tweedsmuir or Miss Gertrude Bell, occupied official positions after I had first made their acquaintance. In this chapter I propose to recall some of my "unofficial" friends.

I have always found that journalists are very stimulating and interesting people to deal with. A good journalist's curiosity is insatiable, and it is his business to find out everything that is going on and all about it. One of my earliest friends in the profession was the late Perceval Landon, who joined the Mission to Lhasa as The Times correspondent on the eve of our advance into Tibet from Chumbi and Tuna after a long winter of inaction. He naturally fixed on me, as being the Secretary and Interpreter to the Mission, as the most likely person to be able to give him information about Tibet and the Tibetans, and what was happening from day to day.

On the Commissioner's invitation, he became a member of our Mission mess, and lived with us, and he and I were constantly together till we all arrived at Lhasa. Later on I used to see him whenever I came home on leave, and once or twice when he revisited India. I lost an old and valued friend in him when he died some years ago. I mention him particularly because of the two books of his on countries with which I had so much to do—his Lhasa and his Nepal, both packed with information and very well written and profusely illustrated, partly with photographs and partly with water-colour sketches of his own. (This sounds like a book review, but it is only my way of talking about my friends. I love to see them publishing books and doing interesting things. Most
of the few books which I possess have been given to me by their authors.)

Landon had a sort of dual personality. In London, as I found when I met him there, he was a bit of a *poseur* and a confirmed "socialite" (as the Americans call it, we have another word) and distinctly of the "precious" type. He had in his young days written a scholarly little book about Sundials, and also a very excellent book of short stories, *Ragged Edges*, which contains what I think is almost, if not quite, the best ghost story I have ever read. He was the last kind of man one would imagine to be a newspaper correspondent in the rough-and-tumble of active service. And yet he was, as I believe his papers always found, a really first-rate correspondent. Anyway he helped to open my eyes to the larger aspect of our Mission, and he afterwards introduced me to many of his friends in England, including Rudyard Kipling.

Kipling and he were great friends. I first met Kipling in Landon's London flat when I came home on leave after the Tibetan Mission. Kipling always liked meeting men from the frontiers, and was, I think, especially interested in meeting some one who had been to Tibet and was a personal friend of a Lama! *Kim* had been published only a few years before, and we discussed it at length. Needless to say I am a devoted admirer of the book, and am more impressed every time I read it by his amazing grasp of detail. His descriptions of the Grand Trunk Road, among many others, are so true and so real, that they seem to bring the scene before one's eyes. He has made a few minor errors of detail about the Lama, which I mentioned, but not in a carping or critical spirit, merely in the course of a general chat. They do not affect the story in the slightest degree, and to record them would be merely pedantic, and I detest pedantry. But in his character sketch of the Lama, his gentle ways, his charity, and his love for the boy, he has, with his inimitable genius, sketched a real Lama to the life—in fact the poor Tashi Lama as I knew him. He told me, too, his original idea of the construction and plot of *Kim*, and how it was insensibly modified as the book proceeded. He alludes to something of the kind in his autobiography, *Something about Myself*. 
Later on, when Kipling was living at Burwash, Landon took a small cottage nearby where he used to spend weekends so as to be near his friend. I stayed with him there two or three times after I came home from Persia in 1916–17, and we used to walk over to Batemans across the fields and chat with Rudyard and Mrs. Kipling.

The last time I saw Kipling was about a year before he died, and he told me then how much he missed Landon. Landon, he said, had a great sense of humour, and they used to amuse themselves by hatching out together some of Kipling’s more ridiculous stories (like *The Village that Voted the World was Flat*, for instance), each inventing in turn some more preposterous situation, and roaring with laughter. It was a side of Landon which I had not suspected, well as I knew him.

I asked Kipling on this last visit how it had been possible for him to describe not only the operations of a cod-schooner off the Banks of Newfoundland, but actually the daily life of the crew, their chit-chat, their jokes, their social evenings—a life which one would have thought was utterly outside his range of experience and about as different from his *Soldiers Three*, and other Indian stories, as anything could well be. He only smiled and said he had spent some little time on that coast and picked it up somehow. In his autobiography he tells us rather more, but I have always regarded *Captains Courageous* as perhaps his greatest *tour de force*, and I know of no other book quite like it and certainly of no other author who could have written it.

I wrote a little sonnet in humble tribute to him on his death which was published in *The Morning Post* on the day of the funeral at the Abbey and which is printed at the end of this book.

Of other journalists I have known I valued highly my friendship with Valentine Chirol, a wise and kindly mentor and adviser, whom I used to see whenever I was in England and with whom I kept up a correspondence over many years. Other friends, now dead and gone, were Lovat Fraser of the *Times of India*, a brilliant journalist and writer, and poor Edmund Candler, who had his hand slashed in Tibet, as described in an earlier chapter. Candler came out to India
as a youngster the same year I did, 1895, as a schoolmaster at St. Paul's School at Darjeeling. But writing was his real vocation. His book of the Mesopotamian campaign is a classic. He was never very strong physically, and did not long survive his war experiences.

I seem to have dealt hitherto with writers who have now departed, so I feel I should mention another friend who is still very much alive—Mr. Beverley Baxter. I have known Bax since his very early days with the *Express*, and before his marriage, and have watched with interest and admiration his rapid rise to fame and fortune in the world of journalism and letters. As a young unknown Canadian with but little experience in journalism he was placed early by Lord Beaverbrook in the responsible and difficult positions, first of Assistant Editor and then of Editor of the *Daily Express*, and the fate and fortunes of that Journal lay very largely in his hands through a number of critical years; and we all know with what results. He has told us his own story in his book *Strange Street*, and I can add nothing material to it. Besides his literary gifts he is also an accomplished musician, with a fine tenor voice, and he plays the piano well himself; and he has embarked into politics as M.P. for the constituency of Wood Green. He is now working under his old chief, Lord Beaverbrook, in the Ministry of Aircraft Production.

He is still a young man, and I, like all his many friends, wish him and his beautiful wife many years of prosperity and further successes in his various fields of activity.

Then there is my old friend, Cecil Roberts, that prolific writer of a whole series of delightful books of fiction. I first knew of him through his *Scissors* (which, I think, was his first book) quite a long time ago, and I have since come to know him personally, and have more than once had the pleasure of being his guest at his now famous "Pilgrim Cottage". I esteem and admire him, both as a friend and as a writer. Much as I enjoy his novels, I think that my favourite of all his books is his autobiography *Half Way*, in which he recounts his experiences up to the age of thirty-five. It is an inspiring story of how a young man, by sheer grit, hard work and genius, triumphed over adverse circumstances, and rose to the front rank of contemporary
writers. Everyone who knows and loves his other books should make a point of reading this—as well, of course, as his latest work on the Bath Road, and the others which we all hope will follow in due course!

As I am talking so much about literary men I may as well continue the series, and say a word or two about my very good friend Robert H. ("Bob") Davis, of the New York Sun, whom I first met at Honolulu in 1934, as previously mentioned. He was staying at the Halekulani Hotel, and we were introduced by a mutual friend. As usual, with any new acquaintance he makes, he immediately proceeded to find out if I had a story to tell, and shortly afterwards, in two of his columns, he gave an account, in his own inimitable style, of tiger shooting in Nepal, the Prince of Wales' visit, and so on. I travelled on the same boat to Vancouver with him and Mrs. Davis, and got to know them both better. Since then, they have visited England several times, and I have met them in New York. They were in London during the September crisis in 1938, and I dined with them at their hotel on the 28th, that dramatic evening when the Prime Minister announced that he intended to go himself to Munich. So they saw the strange spectacle of England feverishly and belatedly preparing for war—trenches being dug in the Green Park, just opposite their Hotel, and all the rest of it, and they were duly fitted with gas-masks, which I presume they have preserved as souvenirs.

Bob Davis is a character—a brilliant journalist, a literary man, humorous, highly strung, and temperamental. For some years he was Fiction Editor of Scribner's Magazine, and was instrumental in discovering and launching a number of promising young writers. Of latter years he has been working exclusively for the Sun, in which he produces a column three times a week, which is enormously popular all over the United States. His "assignment" for the paper carries him all over the world, wherever he chooses to go, and he has covered an immense range. All America and Europe, India, China, Japan and the Far East generally. He writes in a distinctive style, and he specialises in "human" stories. Highly placed personages do not interest him as such—only if they have a story to tell. He would as soon meet and chat
with a dustman or a porter or a farmer, as with a Prime Minister or a Duke, and he always succeeds in eliciting his companion’s confidence, and in extracting their best from them. He can do that, I suppose, because he is so very human himself, so sympathetic and understanding that people are willing and glad to open their hearts to him. He is a good sportsman, too, and has a special weakness for fishermen, boxers, and above all, for dogs. I have mentioned already his dog book: “—the more I admire Dogs”. And besides this mere anecdotage his articles are invariably informative. He will find out all about a man’s special trade or profession or hobby, and tell the world more about it in his column than most writers could in a book. It is really amazing how he can go on, year in and year out, producing three 2,000 word columns per week, all good and readable, and most of them packed with information—especially when one remembers that he never touches what are the mainstays of most columnists, namely, social gossip and politics.

His restless, impatient temperament will never allow him to remain long in any one place, so his unique assignment suits him, and keeps him for ever on the move. He is like a child in practical matters, and would be a lost child without his wife, who watches over him like a mother, and manages all his financial and other practical affairs for him. His head is always in the clouds, his active brain seeking new fodder and stimulus.

For some years his articles have been published in batches in book form, under such titles as Bob Davis Reveals, Bob Davis Again, Over my Left Shoulder, etc., a dozen or so in all up to date. They contain a great volume of interesting, amusing and valuable matter, and are among the best bedside books I know. One can dip into any of them at random, and be sure of finding some good stuff.

As I was looking through one of these books of his (With Bob Davis Hither and Yon) the other day, I came across a group of his articles covering a visit to Ireland some years ago. As usual he had succeeded in contacting the most interesting personalities in his neighbourhood, and I was pleased to find mention of three friends of mine in three consecutive chapters—Count John McCormack, Senator
MADAME ALICE DELYRIA
Oliver St. John Gogarty, and my namesake Andrew O'Connor, the sculptor. I shall be referring to John McCormack again lower down, but the other two are (or until recently were, for Senator Gogarty had now returned to Ireland) near neighbours of mine in Chelsea.

Senator Gogarty is one of those versatile Irishmen who write prose or poetry with equal facility, is erudite on an amazing range of topics (in fact I have not yet succeeded in finding any topic on which he is not erudite), and is a brilliant conversationalist. His irrepressible vitality absolutely oozes out of him in every direction—one senses the same thing in his writings as well as in his speech. I refrain from recounting in detail his extraordinary adventure when he was taken out to be shot during the troubles in Ireland, and succeeded in giving his captors the slip by jumping into the Liffey, and so escaping from a situation which would have been fatal to any man less nimble both in body and mind than himself.

His daughter Brenda, who is a clever sculptor, had a small studio on the other side of the road from mine, and here one used to meet all sorts of artistic, literary and accomplished people.

Chelsea, indeed, is still the abode of artists in all the arts. Close to me, for instance, dwells one of the great sculptors of the world, Andrew O'Connor. The presence of no less than two O'Connors in the same street was naturally rather perturbing to the local postman, and so, during the early days of my residence, Andrew (as having prior rights, I suppose) used to get the bulk of my correspondence. This led to an acquaintance which has since ripened into a friendship with himself and his wife.

I had heard of Andrew O'Connor from time to time, but it was not until I visited his studio and saw there some of his finished and unfinished works, and photographs of numbers of others which adorn the cities and art galleries of Europe and America, that I had any proper realisation of the extent and grandeur of his genius.

His father, also a sculptor, and mother, emigrated to the U.S. from the town of Ballyjamesduff in the country of Cavan, the old O'Reilly country. Andrew was born in the States but his blood is pure Irish, and both his name and origin
added to my interest in him and gave me a feeling of kinship. He has lived and worked mostly on the Continent (Rome, Paris, and Spain) and of recent years in England and Ireland.

He is another of these astonishing Irishmen whose genius seems to spout from an inexhaustible reservoir, fresh, unceasing, and untiring. He has been steadily at work almost from boyhood to the present day, and the range and variety of his works are really amazing. It would be tedious to try to enumerate them, but I will mention some of the best known.

In England we have five of his works in the Tate Gallery, including that terrible group which he has called "Ghosts"—the Descent from the Cross. I say "terrible" because of its realistic tragedy. The face of the Christ enshrines in stone all the grief and suffering of humanity. It is by far the most moving piece of statuary I have ever seen. Then there is his bust of Lincoln in the Royal Exchange, a noble work, carefully situated, I may mention, where it is next to impossible to see it at all.

Ireland, among other of his works, has his O'Connell statue in St. Stephen's Green, and the Government of Eire are showing their appreciation of this great Irish-American by their project of a Hall in the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art at Dublin dedicated to his works.

In the U.S. are to be found several of his finest works. The Roosevelt Memorial of "Youth" at Glenview, Chicago, shows four youths modelled on his four sons, ranging from about sixteen to eight years of age, symbolising the dreams, the simplicity, and the charm of adolescence. Then there are the La Fayette equestrian statue at Baltimore; the Lincoln at Springfield; several pieces in the Metropolitan Museum in New York; and that masterpiece the "Vanderbilt Memorial"—the Central Façade and the Bronze Doors of the Church of St. Bartholomew in Madison Avenue. And many others.

Paris has several examples of his work in the Luxembourg and elsewhere. In 1928 he was awarded the Gold Medal for sculpture by the Paris Salon for his group "Tristan and Isolde," the first occasion that any foreigner has been so honoured. He is also a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.
Elsewhere on the Continent are to be found his "Justice" in the Palace of Peace at The Hague (a sad commentary of worldly hopes); pieces in the Buda-Pesth Museum; in the Museum at Huelva in Spain; a statue of Justice at Querceta in Italy; and many others scattered over the world.

Some of his finest works have never been exhibited or erected. In these are included a statue and fountain in commemoration of Commodore Barry (who was a Wexford man, by the way); and one work of real magnificence, a triple Cross, cast in bronze, which shows on its three sides three different aspects of the Redeemer: the Desolation, the Consolation, and the Triumph—a truly noble work, which for the sake of mankind in general we may hope some day to see erected on some suitable site.

I am no art critic, but it needs no technical knowledge to appreciate these sculptures or to be moved by their beauty.

O'Connor has taken his wife, also Irish, for many of his most beautiful pieces—notably two exquisite bas-reliefs of "Maternity" chiselled from white marble.

His four sons, Hector, Owen, Roderic, and Paddy, are all artists too—two of them poets, and two painters. At this moment (May 1940) the two eldest are serving in France.

"God help us all," as Andrew said to me when telling me about them.

Another Irish-American neighbour of mine in Chelsea was (for he has recently returned to America) Robert H. Flaherty, the Director of so many famous films—*Nanook of the North*, which he photographed entirely by himself in the Arctic, *Moanna of the South Seas*, *Man of Aran*, and lastly *Elephant Boy*; and he has recently published two delightful books on the Arctic, *The Captain's Chair* and *White Master*, both moving and tragic human stories with some wonderful descriptions of Arctic life and scenery.

Here again we have the same Irish genius and sensibility, manifesting themselves through another medium. He is a most lovable character. Lucky is the man, who can call such men his friends.

I owe my acquaintance with Bob Flaherty to a much younger friend of mine, John Betjeman, who is also a true Chelseaite, as he was born and brought up in Old Church
Street. I have known him since he left school, and, although he is not Irish, he has a similar sense of beauty to the Irishmen whom I have been trying to portray, and (also like so many Irishmen) a strongly developed sense of humour, which he uses as a veil to conceal his deeper feelings. His chief study is, I think, architecture (mainly ecclesiastical), but he has many other pursuits and hobbies, and has published books of light verse, a beautifully illustrated work on Oxford University, besides his characteristic handbook on architecture entitled *Ghastly Good Taste*. His wife, Penelope, the daughter of Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, is also a student and an authority on oriental religions. Between them they conduct a multifarious assortment of activities in their home at Uffington in Berkshire, where their combined assortment of books overflows into every corner of the house and scarcely leaves room for their two-year-old son, Paul.

Before I leave Chelsea I must mention also two near neighbours, Ivan Phillipowsky, the musician, and Stuart Hill, the artist, who have for many years shared a studio in my street. Ivan is a world-famous pianist and, moreover, one of the wittiest talkers I have met. He might almost, I think, be a match for Doctor Gogarty—but I have not as yet encountered them together.

Talking of musicians brings me to my young friend Adrian Beecham, who has inherited his musical gifts from his famous father. Adrian has a number of charming compositions to his credit—songs, one or two light operas, and a ballet, and he has performed the formidable task of writing and orchestrating the music for three of Shakespeare’s plays. I may add, with due modesty, that I have the honour of being the godfather of his young son, John Stratford Roland.

It was at the flat of Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Beecham that I first met Sir Thomas. Sir Thomas was, I think in a frivolous mood that night, for after dinner he seated himself at the piano, and to my astonishment he sang to his own accompaniment several old favourites, including *Knocked ’em in the Old Kent Road, Widdicombe Fair*, etc., before he proceeded to play for us some of the real classics which were more
suited to his genius. It was a sidelight on his character and gifts which was to me quite unexpected.

Among my friends from America, a British subject, although he has been domiciled for most of his life in the States, is Mr. Arthur Vernay, whom I first met when he came to my shooting camp in Nepal in the year 1922. Vernay has had a remarkable career. He was born and brought up in England, and went to New York as a youth to seek his fortune with little or no capital. He had a great flair for art, and after a short time he succeeded in starting a small art business in New York which, in the course of years, grew to be one of the largest concerns of its kind in the world. Character and integrity, as much as knowledge of art and business ability, were responsible, I always think, for his success. While still a comparatively young man he was prosperous enough to be able to entrust the conduct of the business to his manager and to relax and travel.

But what he did was done with a definite object in view. He felt that he would like to leave behind him in the City of New York, where he had worked so hard and been so successful, some permanent memorial of public value. He therefore made a proposal to the trustees of the American Museum of Natural History that, if they could see their way to building a new wing to the Museum, he would undertake to stock it at his own expense with specimens of the fauna of Southern Asia. The offer was accepted, and Vernay came out to India, and in collaboration with his friend, Colonel Faunthorpe of the I.C.S. (a noted big-game hunter and rifle shot) he began his collection. I was at that time the British Envoy in Nepal, and was informed by the Government of India of Vernay's programme, and was asked if I could help in the matter of tigers and rhinos, to which I gladly agreed and invited him to my camp. This was the beginning of a friendship with a man whom I admire and esteem very highly.

We had a good shoot, and Vernay bagged a fine tiger, which together with a tigress and cubs now figures in the National History Museum. Later he secured specimens of the Indian rhinoceros, also in Nepal.

For several years he worked hard at amassing his speci-
mens, and the results are now to be seen in the Museum. The "South Asiatic Hall", as it is termed, is an imposing building, sub-divided inside into separate chambers, each containing beautifully mounted groups of the various species —tigers, rhinos, leopard, bison, buffaloes, deer of various kinds, etc. Each group stands in its proper setting and scenery. There is a painted background, and in the foreground the animals are seen in their native jungle or other country, every tree, shrub and leaf exactly modelled on originals brought back by the expeditions. It is called the "Vernay-Faunthorpe Collection", and is a lasting and worthy memorial of a great public-spirited enterprise undertaken by a private individual (and a British subject at that) on behalf of the city of New York, and indeed of the United States as a whole. No visitor, especially a British visitor, to New York should miss seeing it.

Another adventurous friend of mine is Mr. William J. Morden, now on the staff of the Natural History Museum at New York. I met Mr. and Mrs. Morden when they were travelling in India some years ago, and they joined my camp in the Nepal jungles. They had just come from East Africa, where they had made a big "safari" and shot all kinds of wild beasts including lions. So they were "old-timers" and ready for anything, and indeed they accounted between them for quite a number of tigers. Later they travelled and shot elsewhere, and Bill Morden with a friend made an adventurous journey in Central Asia, where they were attacked and captured by brigands, and the two of them had an extremely disagreeable time of it. Among other things, their captors roped their wrists so tightly that the circulation was completely stopped, and they were lucky not to lose their hands altogether. He has told us some of his adventures in his book Across Asia's Snows and Deserts. To the grief of her many friends, Mrs. Morden died last year. She was a plucky traveller and a good sportswoman in the best sense of the word. Extracts from her journals have recently been published by Mr. Morden for circulation among their friends.

One of Mr. Vernay's friends, and his companion on several of his expeditions, is Mr. Suydam Cutting, a member of one of the old "Knickerbocker" families of New York. Mr. Cutting
also is a man of an enterprising turn of mind, and for long it was his pet ambition to visit Lhasa. He entered into communication with the late Dalai Lama, and finally after several failures obtained permission to make a trip to Lhasa. Mr. Vernay accompanied him on this expedition, and they were the first private individuals to visit Lhasa since the departure of our Mission in 1904. And not content with this, Mr. Cutting was permitted to make a second visit a year or two later, and on this occasion was accompanied by his wife—one of the few ladies who have ever been so privileged. I had the pleasure of presiding at the lecture given by Mr. Cutting to the Royal Asiatic Society on his return from this trip, when he showed us photographs and coloured-films of the country and people.

This was a very fine journey, especially for a lady, and Mr. and Mrs. Cutting made full use of their opportunity. The photographs and films which they brought back with them were excellent, and the next time I saw them was in New York. A party was given by the Cuttings for the occasion in the "Cloud Club" which is situated in the Chrysler Building. I went along with the Cuttings, with whom I was staying, and we were whisked up to the 66th floor, where the club premises are situated. In fact they occupy, I believe, two floors, 66th and 67th. What a setting for a party! To a staid Britisher like myself, accustomed to London clubs of one kind or another, it was bewildering to look down from this height on the lights of New York and Brooklyn, and to see several rival monsters towering up here and there, some of them even taller than we were. My friends the Vernays were there, and other friends of the Cuttings—Mrs. Vanderbilt, whom I had already met at their house, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, and many others. After supper Mr. Cutting showed us his films in a little theatre in the basement of the building. Strange for me to see pictures of Lhasa and other places I had known so well over thirty years before in such bizarre surroundings.

I called on Mrs. Vanderbilt one afternoon at the huge Vanderbilt mansion in Fifth Avenue on the next block to Radio City, and showed her some of my photographs of the Duke of Windsor when, as Prince of Wales, he visited Nepal,
and told her my impressions of him, and of the grief of all who loved and admired him at what had happened. She had known him too. He had stayed with her in her Long Island house when in America, and had been several times in the New York house, and she was one of his admirers, and felt the tragedy of his abdication very keenly. She showed me over some of the reception rooms of the house, one immense room after another, hung with priceless tapestries, and other spoils from French chateaux and elsewhere in Europe. The house, big as it is, is now dwarfed by the gigantic buildings towering alongside.

While in New York, too, I renewed my acquaintance with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, whom I had first met in London some years before. He and his brother Kermit were at that time on their way to shoot in India and Central Asia, and I was able to help them to get permission to shoot in Nepal. He, in the meantime, had been Governor-General of the Philippines, and had invited me to visit him there when I was on my way round the world in 1932, but to my great regret I could not manage it.

Both brothers are, like their father, men of character and enterprise. They have travelled and shot. Theodore has held high offices under the U.S. Government, and Kermit joined and fought with the British Army in the last war and was awarded an M.C. in Mesopotamia, retiring with the rank of Major.

He has now rejoined our Army for World War II, and he volunteered and was selected to command the contingent of British volunteers who were to have gone to Finland. I saw him while these preparations were still being made, just before the Finns made peace with Russia, and introduced to him a volunteer who would, I believe, have given a good account of himself if the opportunity had come—my cousin, Colonel James Lynch O’Connor, D.S.O., a tough and gallant warrior with a number of campaigns to his record, and a first-class administrator. Just the man for a tight place in difficult and unusual circumstances. But, as we know, the whole thing fell through at the last minute.

I mentioned in the chapter on Hollywood, how I had met and been entertained there by Count and Countess
McCormack, and how they themselves returned to England shortly after. Although I have no pretensions whatever to being a musician, I have had since boyhood a certain knack (it is nothing more) of inventing tunes, and to some of these I have put words and have had suitable accompaniments written. One of these I thought might possibly be suitable for John, so one evening, as I was leaving his house at Hollywood, I slipped it on to the piano without saying anything about it, thinking he might see it after I had gone, and perhaps try it over.

However, his quick eye spotted it, and he took it up and looked at it.

"And what's this?" he asked, eyeing me severely.

I replied modestly that it was just a little song.

"And what do you mean by writing songs?" he demanded. "I thought you spent your time killing things."

I explained that, sometimes in the brief intervals between slaughter, I tried to make songs.

"Well," he said, indulgently, "I'll try it."

He did try it, and liked it, and he sang "The Old House" towards the end of his programme at his farewell concert in the Albert Hall on the 27th November 1938. It was one of the great moments of my life, one which I certainly had never expected. The great hall was packed to the roof (many of John's admirers had never expected to hear him sing in England again), and needless to say this great artist rendered the simple words and music with such beauty and emotion as only he can do. And when he came to the last line:

"'Tis time I were moving, 'tis time I passed on",

there were a good many people in tears, and cries of "No, John, never!"

What an artist he is, and what a character! It is not only that he has a beautiful tenor voice, but he has the power of bringing out every sentiment and every shade of meaning in what he sings, and this power means of course that he is himself sensitive to the beauty both of the music and of the words. It is this which stirs the heart-strings of his innumerable admirers, whether he sings sacred or operatic music, or the simplest ballad, or one of the favourite Irish
traditional melodies. And besides being a singer, he is a
gifted musician, with a deep appreciation of all that is best
in music.

He is one of the most delightful and stimulating com-
panions imaginable—witty, well read, with strong views of
his own on most subjects, and an excellent linguist in at least
three or four languages. He had, as I know, intended his
"farewell" concert really to be a farewell to the platform,
and one of the few good things that this war has done for us
is that it has brought him back there again. All through last
winter he was touring the country and making lots of money
for war charities. Our birthplaces were in adjoining counties
in Ireland, Meath and West Meath, and this perhaps makes
me take a rather partial view of him and his accomplishments.

But then, I must admit, I do tend to take a partial view
of my friends, and to be proud of them.

As I am writing of singers, it is only fitting that I should
conclude with the ladies.

Madame Lily Payling is well known, not only as a beauti-
ful singer herself, but as the teacher, inspirer and producer
of many young artists, male and female. For years past her
monthly concerts during the winter at the Albert Hall have
given a welcome platform to many of her pupils, and an
opportunity of appearing in public which they could other-
wise never have hoped for. An Australian by birth, she has
been instrumental in encouraging the art of singing in this
country, and she cherishes hopes of being able some day to
do even more in this direction. But for the moment the
times are unpropitious either for singing or for any of the
other arts.

My friend Miss Anne Croft is one of those artists who,
besides her own gifts of acting and singing, has produced a
number of successful light operas, including a revival of
The Chocolate Soldier, Tulip Time, Primrose Time, etc.,
and will, it may be hoped, produce and play in many more.
In this she, too, is hampered for the time being by adverse
conditions. During the last war she and her husband
organised and ran a most successful Camp Theatre at Rugeley
Camp in the Northern Command, which will be remembered
with gratitude by many thousands of officers and men.
Her two boys, Peter and David, too, are both shaping well for a stage career. Peter, aged 23, has already made a name for himself both on stage and screen, but for the time being his energies are diverted to the war as he is now serving in the Merchant Navy.

David, only 17, is having his first part shortly in a new play, *When the Cat's away*, and is said to sing as well as he acts. Both boys, therefore, are following in the footsteps of their mother, and of their father, Reginald Sharland, by whom I was entertained at Hollywood as mentioned in Chapter XIV.

A very gifted family.

I will finish my rambling recollections with a tribute to that gifted and beautiful lady, Madame Alice Delysia. Those who have seen her recently during the long and successful run of *French For Love* at the Criterion, must all agree that the years have not only dealt with her lightly, but, as I maintain, have passed her over altogether! Look at that slim, girlish figure, that light, active, buoyant step, that unlined face, and those bright, mischievous eyes—why it is the same Delysia whom we have always known and loved, unchanged by the changing years, and with all the piquancy and provocative allurement of the past.

This is the more marvellous when we bear in mind that besides her nightly performances ever since the war began, Madame Delysia has been untiring in her services to the troops, and not a week-end passes that she does not travel far and near to entertain both French and British soldiers. This is a programme which few younger women (and I am pretty sure no man) would or could undertake without showing some signs of fatigue.

We may all take off our hats to a brave woman, who not only does her share, and more than her share, of war-work, but makes us all laugh, and cheers our hearts at the same time with her fun and her mischief and her sweet voice.

Indeed, as a mere male, I felt that a warning should be issued to the rest of my sex, and I ventured to write for her a little song called "Gare l'amour," to stress the dangers and the wiles of Cupid; but I very much fear that, if she continues to sing it with her present charm, it may have precisely the
opposite effect to what I intended, and merely serve to ensnare fresh victims!

Since these words were written the whirl of world events has called for a postscript here.

In June, when the German advance was threatening Paris, Madame Delysia flew to France in order to see to the safety of her 84-year-old mother. In this she and her brothers were successful, and the old lady is now safe in unoccupied France. But Madame Delysia herself got caught in the stream of fugitives fleeing south and, leaving behind her everything she possessed, she succeeded with great difficulty in reaching the coast with nothing but the clothes she was wearing. Here she found a British ship, intended for British subjects only, just about to leave for England. Luckily one of the officers recognised her and took her on board, and she reached an English port in safety after a voyage of two days and three nights. There were 4,000 people on board, "packed", as she said, "like sardines".

Her safe return to this country is more than welcome to her innumerable friends and admirers.

She arrived back in time, also, to take part in the moving ceremonies associated with France's "Day of Glory", the 14th July, and her singing of the Marseillaise to great crowds, stirred to tears of emotion, will never be forgotten by those who heard her.

And so I say "Good-bye" to my friends and fellow-mortals all over the world.
'Twas Christmas Day. A quiet, simple man, 
Alone he sat, here in his English home, 
Sunk deep in thought, and to his memory come 
The vistas of the past, as when we scan 
Some distant crowded scene. From youth to age 
The pageant passes—triumph, joy and grief— 
From homely things to pomp beyond belief, 
The glittering background of a Royal Stage.

He spoke. And lo! the miracle occurred, 
For with the speed of light, to every land 
Both near and far, was flashed each heart-felt word, 
Where subjects young and old in homage stand. 
And as his words their Christmas greeting bring 
A myriad hearts reply, "God Save the King!"

_The Sunday Referee._ 
29th December 1935.
IN MEMORIAM REGIS

Gone is our Gracious Sovereign, our great King! Gone from amongst us to his last long rest! Shrined in the hearts of millions, east and west, Let us revere his memory as a spring Of noble qualities, and every thing Which men uphold as manhood's highest test. Always he gave his people of his best, Gave more to us than we to him could bring.

And so, belovèd Ruler, we are proud That we have known and served you day by day, Seen how the people loved you, how the crowd Grew hushed in sorrow as you passed away. But only the frail mortal shape departs, Your spirit lives undying in our hearts.

20th January 1936.
R.K.—IN MEMORIAM

A great Imperial singer has passed on. In him the Empire mourns its truest friend, One who could feel its pulse, one who could lend Beauty to homely things. Although he's gone His words will live, and all that he has done To weld our scattered Peoples. He would blend Humour with warnings of the certain end Of Nations who neglect what they have won.

Think of the Fairyland he's left behind! Visions of India, lovely Sussex scenes, Soldiers and Sailors, Mowgli, "They," and Kim, Dogs, ships, and children, jungles where we find Wolves who can talk, live engines and machines— All these we picture when we think of him.

Morning Post,
23rd January 1936.
THE OLD HOUSE

Lonely I wander through scenes of my childhood,
They call back to mem'ry those happy days of yore,
Gone are the old folk, the house stands deserted,
No light in the windows, no welcome at the door.

Here's where the children played games on the heather,
Here's where they sailed their wee boats on the burn,
Where are they now? Some are dead, some have wandered,
No more to their home shall those children return.

Lone stands the house now, and lonely the moorland,
The children are scattered, the old folk are gone.
Why stand I here like a ghost and a shadow,
'Tis time I were moving, 'tis time I passed on.
INDEX

A

Afghans, 166.
Afridi Country, 45.
Ahmed Shah, 112.
Ahram, 139, 141.
Aldershot, 29.
Ali Gapi, 113.
Alston, Mr., 156.
Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles, 203.
Amery, L. S., 149, 232.
Amritsar, 165.
Arley Cottage, 25, 26.
Astor, 47.
Auckland, New Zealand, 198.
Australia, 190-8.
Ava, Lord, 28.
Bailey, Lieut. F. M., 58, 61, 156.
Bahadur Shumshere Jung, General, 163, 188.
Ballymacad Harriers, 19, 28.
Big Rabbit Shoot, 32, 33.
Barbour, Miss Millicent, 211, 216.
Batemans, 237.
Bawdsey Manor, 31.
Baxter, Beverley, 238.
Bayley, C. B., 61.
Beaverbrook, Lord, 149, 238.
Beecham, Adrian, 244.
Bel, Sir Charles, 54.
Bell, Sir Hugh, 230.
Bilston, 45.
Ballymacad Harriers, 19, 28.
Barab Valley, 45.
Barber Shumshere Jung, General, 182.
Barclay, Sir George, 109, 110.
Bartholomew, Freddie, 201, 210, 211, 216.
Bath, Miss Millicent, 211, 216.
Bateman, 237.
Bawdsey Manor, 31.
Baxter, Beverley, 238.
Bayley, C. B., 61.
Beaverbrook, Lord, 149, 238.
Beecham, Adrian, 244.
Birch, Captain, 43.
Birkenhead, Lord, 222, 225.
Bombay, 37.
Bond, Mrs. Carrie Jacob, 209.
Borajgun, 139.
Bhanuji, 134.
Bower, Colonel Hamilton, 42.
Brander, Colonel, 65, 66.
Branksome House, 20.
Brefny, East, 15.

B

Bailey, Lieut. F. M., 58, 61, 79.
Bahadur Shumshere Jung, General, 163, 233.
Balch, Mrs., 215, 216.
" Allan C., 215-17.
Ballool, Lord, 223.
Baltistan, 45.
Ballymacad Harriers, 19, 28.
Big Rabbit Shoot, 32, 33.
Barab Valley, 45.
Barber Shumshere Jung, General, 182.
Barclay, Sir George, 109, 110.
Bartholomew, Freddie, 201, 210, 211, 216.
Bath, Miss Millicent, 211, 216.
Bateman, 237.
Bawdsey Manor, 31.
Baxter, Beverley, 238.
Bayley, C. B., 61.
Beaverbrook, Lord, 149, 238.
Beecham, Adrian, 244.
" Sir Thomas, 244.
Behar, Province of, 273.
Bell, Sir Charles, 54.
" Sir Hugh, 230.
" Lady, 230.
" Gertrude, 230.
Berners, Mr., 37.
Bethune, Capt., 66.
Betjeman, John, 243, 244.
" Paul, 244.
" Penelope, 244.
" Bid Time Return", 139.
Birch, Captain, 43.
Birkenhead, Lord, 222, 225.
Bhim, Shumshere Jung, H.H. Maharaja, 186, 188.
Bombay, 37.
Bond, Mrs. Carrie Jacob, 209.
Borajgun, 139.
" Khan of, 134.
Bower, Colonel Hamilton, 42.
Brander, Colonel, 65, 66.
Branksome House, 20.
Brefny, East, 15.

D

Dalai Lama, 47, 74, 96-9, 162.
Dane, Sir Louis, 50.
Davis, Robert H. (" Bob"), 146, 188, 202, 239, 240.
" James E., 204.
Dargai Pass, 44.
" Post, 42.
Darjeeling, 34, 38.
INDEX

Dartmoor, 28.
Daukes, Colonel Sir Clendon, 189.
Day, Rev. Mr., 20.
Dee-why, N.S.W., 191, 196.
Delhi Durbar, 50.
Delysia, Alice, 251, 252.
de Mille, Cecil, 204.
Denkin, General, 152.
Dera Ismail Khan, 45.
de Solis, Count and Countess, 216.
"Devil Cars", 94, 95.
Dickens, 18.
Dietrichs, General, 153.
Disney, 119.
Daukes. Colonel Sir Clendon, 189.
Dorjeff, 48, 96, 97.
Dunlop, Lieut. Wallace, 63.
Dunmore, Earl of, 44.
Dunrobin Castle, 234.
Dyer, General, 165.

Edward VII, H.M. King, 176, 189, 218.
H.R.H. Prince of Wales, 177, 182, 247
Elgin, Lord, 224.
Elliot, Sir Charles, 157.
Elshfield Manor, 231.
Evans, Francis E., 212.
F
Falk, Bernard, 158.
Farnham, Lord, 25.
Farrow, John, 207.
Fars, 122, 123.
Father Pat, 30.
Faunthorpe, Colonel, 245.
Fergus, King of Connaught, 15, 17.
Ferguson, Mr., 138, 141.
Finstad, Viscount, V.C., 44.
Findlater, Piper, V.C., 44.
First Visits of British Officers to Lhasa, 80.
FitzMaurice, Mr., 103.
Flaherty, Robert H., 243.
Fletcher, Sir Murchison, 198.
"Folk Tales from Tibet ", 82.
Fraser, David, 158.
Fraser, Lovat, 237.
Fremantle, West Australia, 191.

G
Game, Air Vice Marshal Sir Philip, 191.
Garbo, Greta, 212.
Gardner, Reginald, 207.
Garstin, Lieut. (R.E.), 68, 70.
"Garm", 146.
Gangtok, 95.
Gayford & Co., 22, 23.
George V, H.M. King, 176, 219, 221.
"(then Prince of Wales) and the Tashi Lama, 82, 91, 93.
Ghulam Ali Khan, 134.
Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, 18.
Gilt, 46.
Godalming, 20, 21.
Goddard, Paulette, 207.
Gogarty, Brenda, 241.
"Senator Oliver St. John, 240, 241.
Gold Cup, R.A., 30.
Graham, George, 119.
Grand Military Steeplechase, 30.
Grant, Sir Hamilton, 147.
"Lieut. J. D., V.C., 71.
Greene, Sir George Conyngham, 152.
Grey, Sir Edward, 222.
Grundisburg, 31.
Gurdon, Sir Brampton, 31.
Gyantse, 63-5, 67, 72.

H
Haig-Brown, Dr., 20.
Haldane, Lord, 225, 224.
"Elizabeth", 223.
Mrs., 223.
Hardinge, Lord, 225.
Harman, Willie, 19.
Hathaway, Henry, 203.
Hawaii, 187, 198.
Hayes, Helen, 207.
Headfort, Marquess of, 26, 33.
Heardt, Mrs. Wm. Randolph, 247.
Heissman, Howard, 41.
Hibernian Race, 15.
Hill, Stuart, 244.
Holland, Sir Robert, 167.
Hollywood, 200 et seq.
Honolulu, 187.
Hope, Anthony, 18.
Howson, W. H., 114.
Hunza, 46.

I
Indian Trans-Frontier Countries, 183-5.
Ipswich, 30, 31.
Ireland, Agrarian Troubles, 35.
"Irish R.M." , 26.
Irwin, W. H., 174.
Isaacs, Sir Isaac and Lady, 192.

J
Jordan, Sir John, 97.
Joy, Colonel, 203.
Julius, Sir George and Lady, 192, 198.
Jung Bahadur, 161, 162, 171, 176, 189.

K
Kaiser, Shumshere Jung, General, 182.
Kamba Jung, 40, 57.
Kangchenjunga, 39.
Karlo La Pass, 65, 72.
Kashmir, 45.
Kashmir Imperial Service Artillery, 46, 47.
Katmandu, 187, 188, 190.
Katmandu, Journey to, 163, 164.
Kaval, Valley, 166, 167.
Kawam-ul-Mulk, 130, 135, 138.
Kazun, Fighting at, 124.
Kelly, John, 33.
Kennon, Colonel R. L., 113.
Killa, 33.
Kim, 210, 236.
King-Harman, Colonel, 33.
Kipling, Rudyard, 146, 210, 236, 237.
Kitchener, Field Marshal Lord, 50, 51, 91, 93, 225, 226.
Kneebworth, Lord (Anthony), 229.
Knox, General Sir Alfred, 156, 157.
Koala Bears, 194, 195.
Kolchak, Admiral, 152-6.
Korostovets, Monsieur, 97, 129.
Kulu Valley, 45.
Kumar, Maharaja (Sikkim), 89, 96, 97.
INDEX

L

Ladak, 45.
Laden La, 90.
Lake Arrowhead, 214.
Lamarr, Hedy, 207.
Lancers, 17th, 28.
Landakai, Action at, 43, 44.
Landon, Percival, 61, 65, 67, 75, 177, 235, 236.
Languages, 52, 54, 55.
Lawrence, Sir Walter, 47.
Lepchas, 50.
Leprechaun, 29, 30.
Levi, Professor Sylvain, 166.
Lhasa, 72, 74, 75.
Lighton, Harry, 203, 210, 211, 213, 216.
"Mrs., 216.
"Lion", 144, 146.
Lloyd, Lord, 229.
Lockhart, General Sir William, 44.
Levi, Professor Sylvain, 166.
Lhasa, 72, 74, 75.
Lighton, Harry, 203, 210, 211, 213, 216.
"Mrs., 216.
"Lion", 144, 146.
Lloyd, Lord, 229.
Lockhart, General Sir William, 44.
Lockhart, General Sir William, 44.
"Levi, Professor Sylvain, 166.
Lhasa, 72, 74, 75.
Lighton, Harry, 203, 210, 211, 213, 216.
"Mrs., 216.
"Lion", 144, 146.
Lloyd, Lord, 229.
Lockhart, General Sir William, 44.
Mackenzle, 63.
Mackenzie, Sir Colin, 194.
Mahatmas, 101, 103.
Malakand, 42.
"Man Mountain Dean," 215.
Manly, H.M., 151.
Manix, Mr., 203.
"Marie Antoinette", Premiere, 213.
Marlesford, 31.
Martin, Family, 26.
"Miss ("Martin Ross"), 26.
Mary, H.M. Queen, 219.
Maryon-Wilson, Capt., 28, 29.
Maxwell, Arthur (Lord Farnham), 26.
"Barry, 26.
"Family, 25.
"Major Somerset, 25, 33.
McArthur, Charles, 207.
McCleure ("Mac"), 216.
McCormack, Count John, 37, 209, 240, 249, 250.
"Countess, 209, 249.
McLaughlin, Maurice, 209.
McMaster, Sir Frederick, 192.
McNamara, Mr., 178.
Meath County, 15.
"Hounds, 19.
Melton, 31.
Merrill, Colonel, 123, 124.
Metcalfe, Colonel ("Fruity"), 179.
Meyer, Louis B., 213.
Midleton, Lord, 223.
Miller, Colonel Charles, 174.
"General, 152.
Minto, Lord, 93, 224, 225.
"Dowager Lady, 225.
Mohun Shumshere Jung, General, 182.
Morden, William J., 246.
Morley, Lord, 94, 221, 222.
Morley, Robert, 213.
Motoring in Nepal, 167, 168.
Mount Wilson Observatory, 214.
Mount Battery, British No. 9, 34, 38.
"Native No. 6, 45.
Mowbray, Alan, 208, 212, 216.
"Mrs., 208, 216.
"Patricia, 208.
"Butch, 208.

Mowbray, Archbishop, N.S.W., 197.
Muhammad Ali, 105.
Mukbir-es-Saltaneh, 121.

N

Nazar, 46.
Nana Sahib, 171.
Nansen, F., 280.
Napper, James, 33.
"Willie, 19.
Nepal, Head-dresses in, 171.
"King of, 161-70, 171.
"Prime Minister of, 161.
Nepalese Caste Restrictions, 169, 170, 333.
"Legation, 233.
Newman, 61.
New York in Wartime, 150, 151.
Nowshera, 42.
Nugent Family, 25.
"General Oliver, 33.

O

O'Connor, Andrew, 241, 243.
"Charles Yelverton, 191.
"Family, 15.
"Jessie, 243.
"Lina, 16.
"Matthew Wred, 16, 17, 35, 36.
"Myles, 16.
"Mrs. (Author's Mother), 17, 18.
O'Dwyer, Sir Michael, 228.
Okehampton, 27, 28.
Oldcastle, 23, 35.
O'Reilly, Anthony, 15, 16.
"Harriet, 16.
Orwell Park, 31.
O'Sullivan, Maureen, 207.
Uttley, Captain, 58, 61.

P

Pamirs, 46.
Payling, Madame Lily, 250.
Payne, Capt. (R.N.), 155.
Penner, Joe, 202.
Penrose Family, 26.
Persia, 104, 117.
Perth, West Australia, 191.
Phari, 195.
Phillipowsky, Ivan, 244.
Pickford, Mary, 206, 209, 211.
Potala Palace, 76.
Pretyn, Captain E. G., 31.
Punjab, Disturbances in, 165.

Q

Queen Mary, H.M., 91.
Quilter, Cuthbert, 31.

R

Rawalpindi, 42, 50.
Rawlinson, Lord, 226, 227.
Reading, Lord, 151, 225.
Reissmann, Mr. and Mrs. Leo., 217.
Ricardo, Colonel, 31.
Ricard, Sir Arthur and Lady, 192, 198.
Rider Haggard, 18.
Rimbaud, 123, 124.